

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

February 27, Sunday. Third Sunday in Lent.
 ,, 28, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 March 1, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 2, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 3, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 4, Friday.—St. Casimir, Confessor.
 ,, 5, Saturday.—Of the Feria.

St. Casimir, Confessor.

St. Casimir (Prince of Poland), Confessor, was born in the royal palace at Cracow, in 1458, and died at the court of Grodno on March 4, 1484. He was the grandson of Wladislaus II. Jagiello, King of Poland, who introduced Christianity into Lithuania. St. Casimir was possessed of great charm of person and character, and was noted particularly for his justice and chastity. Often at night he would kneel for hours before locked doors of churches, regardless of the hour or the inclemency of the weather. He had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the hymn of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, "Omni die die Maria mea laudes anima," was long attributed to him. After his death he was venerated as a saint because of the miracles wrought by him. He was canonised by Pope Adrian VI. in 1522. Pope Clement VIII. named March 4 as his feast. St. Casimir is patron of Poland and Lithuania.

GRAINS OF GOLD

VIRGIN AND MOTHER.

Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,
 All hearts are touched and softened at her name.
 Alike the bandit with the bloodstained hand,
 The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
 The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
 Pay homage to her as one ever present!
 And even as children who have much offended
 A too indulgent father, in great shame,
 Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
 To go into his presence, at the gate
 Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
 Till she goes in before and intercedes;
 So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
 And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
 With their request on an angry father's ear,
 Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
 And she for them in Heaven makes intercession.
 And if our faith had given us nothing more
 Than this example of all womanhood,
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
 This were enough to prove it higher and truer
 Than all the creeds the world had known before.

—LONGFELLOW.

REFLECTIONS.

When you recognise a weakness in yourself, grapple with it without delay. Do not delude yourself with the thought that you will outgrow it and lose it accidentally somewhere along the way.

How inspiring it is in all our intercourse with our fellow-men, how efficacious in resisting temptation, is the thought, "I am a child of God!" Does not this dignity demand of me purity of soul and body?

I know that misery is the alphabet of fire, in which history writes in flaming letters the consequences of evil; and that without its glaring light we should never see the path back into the kingdom of God.—Florence Nightingale.

We shall never convert the world nor renew the achievements of old times without a mighty zeal for the salvation of souls. In your prayers, in your desires, ask for others and for your own soul this fire that can light and warm a world.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"I am not coming to dun you about that trifle of rent, Myles," Harman said, as he threw the reins to the boy, and joined Myles Rohan, who was standing at the door of the mill-house with his hands in the pocket of his blousy white breeches, and a less aggressively open look than usual upon his broad ruddy face. "I always say you are as safe as Threadneedle Street. But the fact of it is, Lord Drumshaughlin is always tight for money—he is a most unreasonable man—it is so long since he saw his property, he forgets that we can't quarry gold out of the Coomhola grits. And such a temper as he has! Speaking between you and me, I sometimes think of flying to a ranche in the Rocky Mountains, or mid-Africa, or somewhere. Well, but what can we do to stop his mouth? It is only a matter of—let me see—yes, by Jove, there are four gales—£256 14s, besides that little balance for the stable."

"I am sorry to say I cannot do much at the present moment," said the miller. "The milling business is not what it used to be. The Americans are running us off our legs. We are no match for them in this unfortunate country. They have the capital and the new machinery. You can get American flour in Cork market this moment for a song. There will soon be nothing but Indian corn left for us to grind—or to eat, either, I'm thinking."

"I am sorry to hear that, Myles—you millers used to hold your heads so high, you know. Those Americans are playing the devil with everything. I would not have an American article enter the country, except American letters. There's an infernal lot of treason in them, but there's money, too. Keep the money, say I, and hang the treason. Well, but we'll have to manage something, you know—a bill at three months, now, would do nicely, and you'll have the harvest-work coming in."

"There are bills of mine out in both the banks," said the miller, shaking his head, "and until I can make a lodgment or so—"

"Pooh! Dargan will discount one for £250 at all events."

"Dargan and I are not on very good terms. I should not like to ask him."

"Then I will, and I should like to see him refuse me! A hundred and fifty will keep his lordship's gout in good humor. I dare say the odd hundred will turn in handy enough for yourself."

"This is very kind of you, sir," said the miller, with downcast eyes, coloring.

"Not at all. I'm a skinflint and a heartless tyrant, you know. Or was it a black-livered exterminator you called me that day you ran against me for the chairmanship of the Board and raked up that old business of the Coomhola clearances against me?"

"Well, and I was right about the Coomhola clearances, if it comes to that," cried Myles, bridling up.

"There you go—I knew I would draw the badger," laughed Mr. Harman, gaily. "My dear Myles, I would let a fellow heave every adjective in the dictionary at me at a shilling a gross. Besides, I beat you for that chairmanship, you know, so I had the best of the argument. A man must live, even if he is an agent, till you've got an act to hang him. I have to do some grinding, like yourself, only in a different way—worse luck mine. Trade is hard for both of us. Why shouldn't we be good neighbors? By the way, I am sorry to hear of your trouble with your boy, Myles."

"Well, sir, we can't put old heads on young shoulders, can we?" said the miller, fidgeting a little uneasily.

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Who never to himself has said,
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"Certainly not. I suppose we all had a dash of the devil in us in our time. And after all the devil is not so black as he is painted. Why shouldn't we be able to get the youngster out of harm's way? They'd probably transport him, and it's such utter rubbish, you know. A post in the Four Courts, now—there are so many of those things going that keep a young fellow loyal to his cigars and clean collars. If the Government want the county for their Attorney-General at the election, I really don't see why we of the Drumshaughlin interest should not claim our bunch out of the basket of grapes. You always voted Whig, Myles, in spite of his lordship and myself being on the same side—which was very creditable to your principles. Think it over, and if a note from me to Glascock can put the boy in the way of a good thing—There, I'll say no more. If you've filled the bit of paper, I'll make it all right with old Dargan myself, and send you down the balance in bullion."

"I wonder is he laughing at me?" mused the miller, scratching his poll, as he saw the agent's tall figure swinging off through the Mill-gate. "He's a man, somehow, that it's a greater comfort to be pitching into than to be taking a hundred sovereigns from. Sure enough, he caught it hot that day at the Board. Well, well, maybe it's too much of what we call spirit and strong language we have in this country for our means. That hundred comes in the nick of time, whatever."

"I want you to do a bill of Myles Rohan's for two hundred and fifty," said Mr. Harman, dangling his long legs unceremoniously from the counter of Mr. Dargan's private money office.

"Hun, Mr. Harman, sir, don't you think now, reelly, sir—you see, the milling trade—and, don't you persave, Rohan has been dipping a little lately?" Mr. Dargan piped in his plaintive voice, stroking his starved white beard deprecatingly the while—"I would say dipping, don't you persave?"

"Yes, Rohan has got a bad shake—all round," said the agent. "But this is to oblige me, and there is his note of hand."

Mr. Dargan took the stamped paper in his thin hands, and examined it with the martyr air of an editor who is required by an influential subscriber to insert bad poetry.

"Well, well, Mr. Harman, we have done a goodish bit in this line—you and I have—a goodish bit. I may preshume to say, sir, for a small country practitioner, sir, so to say—"

"And made a devilish pretty thing out of it," said the agent. "You might let me have three Bank of England fifties. I don't want to appear in this thing at the bank."

Mr. Dargan skipped to his safe in a series of mild electric shocks. "No news yet, sir, about—ahem!—that small affair of mine, sir?" he asked timidly, as he fumbled for his keys.

"About the magistracy? No, certainly not. These things are not done in a day."

"Just what I observed to my wife, sir; but you know what leedies are, sir. Lord Drumshaughlin is Lord-Lieutenant of the county—that's what these foolish wimmen do be saying, sir—and his lawrship could arrange it with a scratch of the pen, sir—yes, reelly."

"You don't imagine Lord Drumshaughlin keeps a staff of clerks to answer all the begging-letters in the county?"

"Indeed, no, sir, it did not strike me that way—that's very clever, sir," said Mr. Dargan, half closing the safe again, and turning round to face the agent, "though there be those that would tell you—I don't cleem it myself, sir, but there will be those that will talk and will say—that I have resaved more begging-letters than ever I wrote, and have the signatures at the bottom to show for them, too, sir."

"Nonsense, Dargan, don't be so hard on my little jokes. The thing will be done, of course, but you know what Lord Drumshauhglin is when he has the gout on him, and you know what a snuffv lot those local magistrates here are, and how they have to be humored and squared—confound them!—before

making you free of the craft. But it's as good as done—take my word for it."

"That's very eemiable of you, sir," said the money-lender, dipping the beard until it seemed low enough to sweep the floor. "Very eemiable, I'm sure, sir; and will be very consoling to Mrs. D.— coming from headquarters. How will you take the balance, sir—notes or gold?"

"That is young Harold—the young Frenchman—Father Phil's scapegrace—crossing the street from the hotel, isn't it? That's all right. Bye-bye, Dargan," cried the agent, arriving at the door in time to come plump against the cigarsmoke of the young gentleman in question. He hailed him with a cheery "How do you do? I got that application for the Town Hall for your Christy Minstrels. Of course, you must have it. I don't know anything a country town wants more than a good laugh. I wish we could instal your uigger minstrels in the Town Hall permanently in place of the Board of Town Commissioners. Your stump speeches would be just as sensible, and more amusing."

"I hardly hoped our darkies would earn the civic crown, sir," laughed Jack, a little embarrassed by the agent's cordiality. "We owe you a thousand thanks."

"Not a bit—only the gaslight, which won't be much. Put me down for three front seats."

"It is very good of you to occupy yourself with such trifles—a man of affairs, who must be so pressed as you."

"That is the way with all you youngsters—you want to squeeze all the fragrant essences of life into your own scent-bottles, and leave us old fellows nothing but our ledgers and our Bibles. You would never suspect me of a taste for Chopin, now, I dare swear! Come up to Stone Hall some evening and see. I suppose you regard me as the enemy, and will hold no parley with the Philistine?"

"I—I don't understand, sir."

"Nonsense; you understand very well, and so does all the world. You don't suppose you can conspire with a man like Dawley, now, for instance, without every bird on the hedgerows knowing that you are preparing to blow us all sky-high one of these nights. Don't be a bit alarmed, my dear fellow, and don't in the least apologise. I believe the British Empire will blow you sky-high instead, and therefore I stick by the British Empire; but in the meantime I am very glad indeed to see the British Empire getting a dose of the terrors it thinks so lightly of, when it is we small fry that are being flogged for its sins. Them's my politics. If you think a barefooted Irish Republic, or the county gaol, preferable, that is your affair. I dare say we'll exchange a shot or two some day on the subject—if we let you get hold of revolvers; but *en attendant*, as the French say, I shall be glad if you will drop up to Stone Hall and hear me strum a fugue or two."

And before a week was over Jack Harold found himself actually in the drawing-room at Stone Hall, lolling over the music-book, while Lord Drumshaughlin's agent was—playing the piano. Mr. Harman's taste for Chopin was no joke. The pianoforte was one of his few dissipations in life. His long white fingers had recourse to the piano after dinner, as other men have recourse to wine. Abbé Liszt's recitals were the one form of London entertainment that attracted him. He himself played with excellent technical skill—some judges thought like a musician, as some judges thought Hans Harman a remarkably handsome man of his years.

Others (among whom Jack) remarked that Harman came very near being a great musician, as he came very near being a handsome man; but that there was something just a shade too hard in his touch, as his face was just a shade too thin, and his eyes a shade too bulgy, and his teeth a shade too sharp looking for the best models. But where will you find perfection outside Books of Beauty? How many young girls of Cortone did Zeuxis take as models for his Helen? Young Harold was musician enough to feel a good deal of interest in Mr. Harman's performance, and hypocrite enough to feign a great deal more. He

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was thoroughly glad to have advanced from the bar-parlor at the Drumshaughlin Arms to the drawing-room at Stone Hall, cheerless and drab though it looked; and I cannot conceal the fact that when Miss Deborah made her appearance with tea our friend courted her and deferred to her with the enthusiasm of a finished young toady. Even gay young revolutionists are not perfect.

"My sister and you ought to be sworn allies, now that you are at war with Monsignor McGrudder," said the land-agent, who really liked young men's ways, as he liked young monkeys. He spent one whole wet Sunday afternoon in the Regent's Park about the monkey-houses, and expended a large sum in copper on nuts. "I hear he thundered against you finely."

"I missed it. I was in bed," said Jack, with a flavor of insolence. "It is a hint I learned in Paris—tell your *concierge* never to be in a hurry to wake you until the revolution is quite over for the day."

Miss Deborah, who had only consented to meet the priest's nephew under her brother's orders, and expected to find a bumpkin with an Indian-meal complexion, was greatly edified to find a Papist who was not afraid to talk of his priest with this cheerful impertinence—a young Papist, too, with an uncommonly-turned foreign moustache and a dash of delicate color in his cheeks. She had remarked his smart dolman with its pretty capuchon as he came up the lawn, and thought it picturesque and *chic*.

"I should hope there are a good many Roman Catholics who are not much frightened by incantations nowadays," she remarked graciously, "though it is really distressing the number of poor people who still believe in Mr. McGrudder. We have only to trust to the influence of enlightening zeal and loving counsel to dispel the shades of ignorance which still haunt the darkened souls of our humbler brethren," said Miss Deborah, falling into a quotation from the last annual report of her society. "At the same time I feel bound to tell you, Mr. Harold, that I cannot approve of young men lying in bed upon the Sabbath. That is a matter I should like to discuss with you. It is not enough to have lost the relish for the debasing doctrines of Mr. McGrudder. That is something, but it is not all. That is only the first sprinkle of the waters of regeneration—"

"Hang it all, Deborah, you're not going to regenerate the young man with tracts and blankets, I hope," said Harman.

"Upon my word, I was never half so happy under a pulpit," said our democratic rascal, more than half persuading himself that the younger Miss Harman had a bright pair of eyes, and a not irresponsive pair when you looked into them, which he did, saucily.

"Your compliments are as inexcusable as brother's levity," she murmured, dropping her eyes with a guarded sort of austerity.

"Especially as he will have nothing pretty left to say to Miss Westropp, whom I see on the terrace," said the agent, rising in time to extend his hand to a young girl, who pulled off her straw hat as she came into the room, with a wolf-hound at her heels, and cried: "I have come to ask Deborah for a cup of tea. I felt so lonesome—not a soul to talk to except Bran." Then she stopped, with a startled look, seeing a stranger.

(To be continued.)

Untruth is the lack of agreement between the heart and the lip. When we say what we do not mean we are untruthful; when we say what we do not will we are insincere. Insincerity is vocal hypocrisy, just as hypocrisy is insincerity in action.

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Chapter LXXI.—"The Culloden of Ireland." How Aughrim was Fought and Lost. A Story of the Battle-Field; "The Dog of Aughrim," or, Fidelity in Death!

St. Ruth fell back to Ballinasloe, on Ginckle's road to Galway, which city was now held by the Irish, and was in truth one of their most important possessions. The Frenchman was a prey to conscious guilty feeling. He knew that Sarsfield held him accountable for the loss. Athlone, and his pride was painfully mortified. How often do dire events from trivial causes spring! This estrangement between St. Ruth and Sarsfield was fated to affect the destinies of Ireland, for to it may be traced the loss of the battle of Aughrim, as we shall see.

At a council of war in the Irish camp it was at first resolved to give battle in the strong position which the army had now taken up, but St. Ruth moved off to Aughrim, about three miles distant, on the road to Galway. The new position was not less strong than that which had just been quitted. In truth its selection, and the uses to which St. Ruth turned each and all of its natural advantages, showed him to be a man of consummate ability.

Close to the little village of Aughrim—destined to give name to the last great battle between Catholic and Protestant royalty on the soil of Ireland—is the Hill of Kilcommedan. The hill slopes gradually and smoothly upward to a height of about three hundred feet from its base, running lengthways for about two miles from north to south. On its east side or slope, looking towards the way by which Ginckle must approach on his march westward to Galway, the Irish army was encamped, having on its right flank the pass or causeway of Urrachree, and its left flank resting on the village of Aughrim. A large morass lay at foot of Kilcommedan (on the east, sweeping round the northern end of the hill) which might be crossed in summer by footmen, but was impracticable for cavalry. Through its centre, from south to north, ran a little stream, which with winter rains flooded all the surrounding marsh. Two narrow causeways, "passes," or roads, ran across the morass to the hill: one at Urrachree, the other at the town of Aughrim; the latter one being defended or commanded by an old ruin, Aughrim Castle, at the hill base. Along the slopes of the hill, parallel with its base, ran two or three lines of whitethorn hedge-rows, growing out of thick earth fences, affording admirable position and protection for musketeers. It may be questioned if the genius of a Wellington could have devised or directed aught that St. Ruth had not done to turn every feature of the ground and every inch of this position to advantage. Yet by one sin of omission he placed all the fortunes of the day on the hazard of his own life; he communicated his plan of battle to *no one*. Sarsfield was the man next entitled and fitted to command, in the event of anything befalling the general; yet he in particular was kept from any knowledge of the tactics or strategy upon which the battle was to turn. Indeed he was posted at a point critical and important enough in some sense, yet away from, and out of sight of the part of the field where the main struggle was to take place; and St. Ruth rather hurtfully gave him imperative instructions not to stir from the position thus assigned him, without a written order from himself. "At Aughrim," says an intelligent Protestant literary periodical, "three apparent accidents gave the victory to Ginckle. The musketeers defending the pass at the old castle found themselves supplied with cannon balls instead of bullets; the flank movement of a regiment was mistaken for a retreat; and St. Ruth lost his life by a cannon shot." The last mentioned, which was really the accident that wrested undoubted victory from the Irish grasp, would have had no such disastrous result had St. Ruth con-

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fided his plan of battle to his lieutenant-general, and taken him heartily and thoroughly into joint command on the field.

I know of no account of this battle, which, within the same space, exhibits so much completeness, clearness, and simplicity of narration, as Mr. Haverty's, which accordingly I here borrow with very little abridgment:—

"The advanced guards of the Williamites came in sight of the Irish on the 11th of July, and the following morning, which was Sunday, 12th of July, 1691, while the Irish army was assisting at Mass, the whole force of the enemy drew up in line of battle on the high ground to the east beyond the morass. As nearly as the strength of the two armies can be estimated, that of the Irish was about 15,000 horse and foot, and that of the Williamites from twenty to twenty-five thousand, the latter having besides a numerous artillery, while the Irish had but nine field pieces.

"Ginckle, knowing his own great superiority in artillery, hoped by the aid of that arm alone to dislodge the Irish centre force from their advantageous ground; and as quickly as his guns could be brought into position, he opened fire upon the enemy. He also directed some cavalry movements on his left at the pass of Urraghee, but with strict orders that the Irish should not be followed beyond the 'pass,' lest any fighting there should force on a general engagement, for which he had not then made up his mind. His orders on this point, however, were not punctually obeyed: the consequence being some hot skirmishing, which brought larger bodies into action, until about three o'clock, when the Williamites retired from the pass.

"Ginckle now held a council of war, and the prevalent opinion seemed to be that the attack should be deferred until an early hour next morning, but the final decision of the council was for an immediate battle. At five o'clock accordingly, the attack was renewed at Urraghee, and for an hour and a-half there was considerable fighting in that quarter; several attempts to force the pass having been made in the interval, and the Irish cavalry continuing to maintain their ground gallantly, although against double their numbers.

(To be continued.)

THE LOVABLE WILL OF GOD.

(After St. Alphonsus de' Liguori.)

I would fulfil Thy will,
Thy will my own,
Loving Thy loving will,
My God, alone!
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

What other love would dare
Face Thy desire
Thy throne with us to share,
O heart of fire!
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

Our crowning is Thy cross,
Thy tender breath
Changes to gain our loss,
To joy our death.
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

Tho' in eternal flame
My soul should dwell,
Could I Thy love but claim
'Twere Heaven in Hell.
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

My Lover, hear me sigh
And set me free,
Undying so to die
To live in Thee!
What love can compass Thine,
O will Divine!

—GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT, in *Studies*.

TERENCE MacSWEENEY: LORD MAYOR OF CORK

Born on March 28, 1879—Arrested and began hunger-strike on August 12—Died in Brixton Prison on October 25, 1920.

(BY DANIEL CORKERY.)

I have but a few simple things to say of Terence MacSweeney. In this sore-ried corner of the earth and in stricken corners elsewhere there must be other young men built of the same earnest clay, who, already knowing him on the heroic side, will wish in the impulsive way of healthy human kindness to have some hint of him as we in Cork in our great privilege knew him—comrade and friend. To such I speak.

Almost two months before his agony had spent itself "A.E." wrote nobly of him in the *Times*, hoping (as he himself has since declared) to stir the conscience of the English people—hoping in vain:—

BRIXTON PRISON.

August 31, 1920.

See, though the oil be low, more purely still and higher
The flame burns in the body's lamp! The watchers still
Gaze with unseeing eyes while the Promethean will,
The Uncreated Light, the Everlasting Fire,
Sustains itself against the torturers' desire
Even as the fabled Titan chained upon the hill.
Burn on, shine here, thou immortality, until
We too have lit our lamps at the funereal pyre:
Till we too can be noble, unshakable, undismayed:
Till we too can burn with the holy flame, and know
There is that within us can triumph over pain,
And go to death, alone, slowly and unafraid.
The candles of God are already burning row on row—
Faréwell, Lightbringer, fly to thy heaven again.

When I read these lines I felt in me a strong desire to write the poet telling him, on the word of one who knew him, that Terence MacSweeney was fully worthy of them, telling him especially that he was as great in the hundred and one disconcerting, scrutinising surprises of the everyday which take a man unaware, as he was when the last scene of all was dressed and he had stepped upon the stage in the eyes of the world; and this I should certainly have done had the poet been an unknown wayside singer and not one who was bound to meet with many who could make him better aware of our Lord Mayor's greatness by word of mouth than I could in a formal letter. Let England be as callous as a vicious war could leave it, yet this man has not lain there in his death agony of 73 days without at least disturbing it: and other lands than England, which are free to express themselves, have spoken of a breath of renovation passing across the seas from that cell in Brixton Gaol, have spoken of a new revelation. Yet all the time we in Cork have been walking in a sort of aloof silence that denies the revelation: to us there certainly has been no revelation; the flower has opened in all its bright and pure beauty, but only as the bud promised; the music has clashed out its finale—and ceased, but that exulting finale was inherent in the motif—as indeed also was the tragic silence that closed it. We had seen others of our fellow-countrymen go nobly to their death—Pearse, Casement, many others: we thought occasionally of forerunners of theirs that died in this and other lands; in literature there was "Brand" for our kenning—well, long before the world had heard of him we had put Terence MacSweeney, while still living out his days within the confines of a little provincial city, alongside the great ones of history and literature. Of late years we never had any doubts that he would die tragically, nor that the end would crown his life:

II.

Any great movement towards a spiritual end, such as Ireland's present push for freedom, obviously endows itself with creative power, as if otherwise it could not progress. It takes the most diverse types and unifies them, as all who to-day walk the streets of Ireland must openly acknowledge. The explanation is that in such movements men like Terence MacSweeney act out the desires of their souls, express those desires in living matter, the dearest that is, flesh and blood. Such men we speak of as master-spirits, master minds, outstanding figures, commanding personalities—all good words, if none be quite the right word.

But this, the outstanding aspect of Terence MacSweeney, is not that on which I would dwell; and yet how to give the sense of that homelier, more intimate human being that was in him as in all others, I do not know. Who can impart the full sense we have of a lyric that little by little has become one with us, or the sense of a country-side in which we lived when young? The features

J.M.J.

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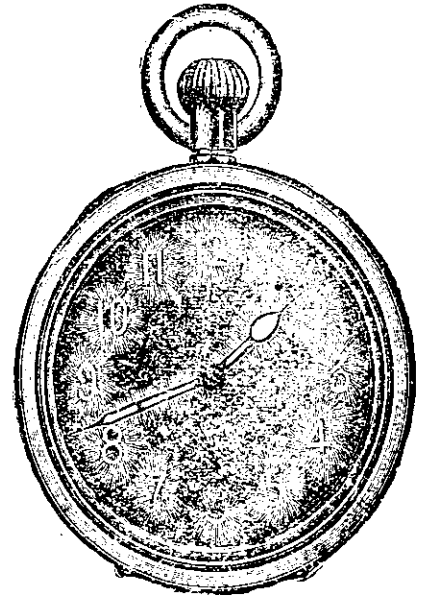
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Gore

of the country-side, the cold words of the lyric, will not do so. We can but try.

Pearse has a noble poem, written out of his very being: "Why will ye torture me, desires of my heart?" More obviously than Pearse, MacSweeney's desires tortured him, hunted him, as the poem has it, like a poor deer on the hill. That was what the eager, wistful leanness of his face meant, the spiritual hunger in it, the brooding shadow. That was what the headlong rush through the streets meant. One felt it too in his swift, onward-rushing penmanship, in the swift run of his speech. His verses, his plays, the propaganda he wrote—all are full of it. . . . He was right, he knew it; he had the key of things; there were waverers everywhere, but they could be gathered in, straightened up and set marching—they could be even taught how to die.

No one ever saw him dawdle. He never made holiday, if the mass of men know how to make holiday. If he did sit still, and he could sit still for hours, it only meant that the chase was harder than before. It was the sitting still rather than the rushing from place to place that left him so lean of aspect. A cigarette looked strange in his mouth. I do not think he ever carried cigarettes of his own, but of a social evening he would with the rest accept of one. If in a farmhouse in Iveleary we caught him dancing the *rinnae fada* with great boyishness, laughing with entire guilelessness, we know well he did so not to discomfort the others. Of his own he had no amusements, no hobbies. Yet no one ever heard him reprove another for giving his leisure to hurling or fishing or hunting: they could do so and yet fulfil their duties. He often looked on while I made a sketch among the mountains of West Cork—looked on as if he were assisting at some holy rite, taking my hobby with a disconcerting seriousness.

Of the technique of painting, as of that of music, he knew little or nothing; but he loved both with a passion almost as great as his passion for literature. His culture, which was wide and deep, did not explain it: the truth is that every manifestation of beauty—a child's face, a cloud, an old garden—thrilled him with delight. I recall a wild day that we both found ourselves looking at the swollen river rushing and foaming under the narrow arches of South Gate bridge in Cork, how he spoke of water as being in all its aspects one of the marvels of the world. He lived then at Blackrock, a few miles down the river, where the river is widest and noblest; and he often spoke to me of the joy it was to be near the wide waters after the rush of the day.

Music with him was, I think, the supreme art: he would listen to it with reverential awe; but literature was the one art he practised. At that time he thought that his life's work was to write books—for Ireland; and, once he had taken his degree, he threw himself into the work with great zest. His preparation for the writing of drama was very characteristic of his earnest spirit. He began by reading, re-reading in some cases, all the standard works of criticism he could lay hands on. The only copy of Aristotle's *Poetics* I ever read I had on loan from him. Lessing's *Laocoon* he also read; modern criticism as well, and of course he kept fully in touch with the literature of the Irish renaissance. Shaw's dramatic technique he admired very much, but Shaw's philosophy we never discussed—it was so far apart from Irish life. He also read Molière and the other French classics; and both Shaw's technique, as in the matter of stage-directions, and that of the French, as in the unfamiliar use of the word "scene" to denote a change in the number of characters on the stage, left their traces on his work, most noticeably so in the one play he published, *The Revolutionist*. Ibsen and Maeterlinck he also read. The *Mary Magdalen* I read was his. Of Molière and Ibsen he had full sets—very fine editions. Synge he did not like; but then Synge's outlook on life and his own were frankly opposite.

Shelley, I think, was his favorite poet. He set to work on "I Arise From Dreams of Thee" with delight; and Shelley's influence is in all his verse. Rossetti he also came to admire very much. He once quoted a sonnet of his to me in Ballingeary, and finding I did not know it, he put into my hands the next day a little "terra-cotta" notebook into which he had copied a full hundred of the best sonnets in English, including many of Rossetti's. I find myself now wondering where that little book is.

I speak of his reading in pure literature. Of all the books written on Irish history, more especially of those about the modern periods, the Wolfe Tone period, the Fenian period, he had an intimate knowledge. Wolfe Tone he loved as a living man.

And all the time he was studying Irish. It is many years since we ceased to speak English to each other; and as soon as his wife had learned it, it became the language of his home: woe betide the person that would speak any other language to their little child.

III.

He practised literature for the sake of Ireland—never to become famous or to make money. One idea had him constantly in its grip, the freedom of Ireland; and with him freedom meant just freedom and nothing else; he was always a Separatist.

None of us of the Cork Dramatic Society of those days—now ten years ago—were ardent politicians; but we knew that Terry, as we always called him, used to attend the meetings of the few old Fenians that were left in the city. We would occasionally argue on the question of physical force as practical politics, but his standpoint was that to hand on the *idea* of Separation was very practical politics; and at that time I fancy he never dreamt that he could do anything beyond assisting in the propagation of the mere idea.

Of the Gaelic League we were all members—some of us in one branch, some in another: it was the biggest thing in our lives; and indeed it was the Gaelic League, although a strictly non-political body, rather than the remaining tradition of Fenianism that accounts for Ireland being so overwhelmingly committed to Republicanism to-day. This it brought about unwittingly. It trained up a body of young men as free from the passion of party politics as they were alive to the sense of the continuity of the Irish tradition, the continuity of the Irish struggle, Ireland against England. The moment Pearse began to speak of Liberty it was the Gaelic Leaguers that gathered to him. The moment the Volunteers were set up—first as a counterblast to the Carson Volunteers—it was the Gaelic Leaguers that took the movement in hand. To the day of his death, in season and out of season, Terence MacSweeney preached the Gaelic League idea. There was another body in which at this time he played even a bigger part—the Celtic Literary Society. It conducted a manuscript journal, and I fancy that he had often to write practically the whole of it.

Those four societies, in those pre-war days, took up all his leisure—the Celtic Literary Society, the Gaelic League, the Fenian body, and the Cork Dramatic Society. The rehearsals of the last he attended constantly for the purpose of getting a knowledge of stagecraft. It produced four of his plays, of which one could say much if there were space.

IV.

Sir Edward Carson doing more than a man's work in the matter, it came about that at the opening of the War the young men of Ireland were drilling on the hills with real guns in their hands and real ammunition in their knapsacks. Think what it meant to MacSweeney! He that was content to give his whole life to merely dreaming that such would one day come to pass—even after he was dead! In his published play, *The Revolutionist*, the central figure does not get beyond *preaching* revolution; but here was something very like revolution itself actually in being. I am not in a position to follow him, to tell the whole story, but I can realise what it meant to him. He had always been an optimist: now he was exultant. If he had always rushed from place to place, now he flew. The city, then the county Cork, was his province; he would push his bicycle 20, 30, 40 miles against a windy rain to speak brave words to some little hamlet or other hidden in the hills. Then there were frequent journeys to and from Dublin. And all the time he was writing—the noblest propaganda that perhaps ever was written.

He set up a paper of his own, *Fianna Fail*, and kept it going for nine months. Then he had to foot the bill; and the only thing of value he had to sell was his library—his complete sets. Among ourselves we spoke of what that must have meant to him; but in himself, in his look, his words, we never saw a sign: the great work was going ahead like wildfire—that was all he cared. Then, as ever, he was radiantly optimistic.

His constant companion in these activities of his in spreading the Volunteers was Thomas MacCurtain, his predecessor in the mayoralty of Cork, who was murdered in his own house—not by Sinn Feiners—in March, 1920. They were exactly opposite in type—Terence MacSweeney being an intellectual for good and harm; his friend being a man of shrewd, homely wit, high-spirited, and gifted with any amount of brain, having moreover an insight into men and affairs that astonished all who came into contact with him. Exactly opposites, they yet worked most happily in harness; and, except Thomas MacCurtain, I have never heard of anyone else who had the least influence over Terence MacSweeney, who could get him to reconsider a decision or postpone its execution. To think of Terence MacSweeney is to feel one's soul rising up in admiration; to think of Thomas MacCurtain is to feel one's heart expanding with love.

Then came the Rising, and, from that on, frequent gaolings for him. At the time of his marriage he was in

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enforced exile in England; when his child was born he was a prisoner in Belfast Gaol.

Out of gaol, the rushing from place to place was resumed, only at an ever-increasing pace. He seldom dared to sleep at home. Once he did: in the dead of the night he had to rise and escape through the back garden while the military were coming in at the front. He slept at one end of the city one night, at another end the next night, seldom three nights running in the one house—an exhausting life. Then he steps into the place of his murdered friend, Thomas MacCurtain, becomes Lord Mayor of Cork, adding burden to burden; and the world knows the rest.

V.

Only a few things remain to be said. "He would rise at six, but he could have done the business equally well if he rose at eight." He who says this of him had often to keep pace with him on the long roads. Yes, he was too anxious, would burn himself away, and all others about him. He was a "Brand." He had only small respect for tact, which is the homely word for diplomacy. "He treated us all like small boys," one who was just as long in the movement as himself says of him. But he had also patience and forbearance, and was instinct with reverence and chivalry and forgiveness. Without a touch of pietism or of puritanism, he was deeply religious.

He would treat the others like small boys, and would call them at six, yet could still maintain his place among them—because he took far greater toll of himself than of any others, gave more than he asked, was entirely selfless. It is only a poor type of soldier that will not follow such a leader to the end. He was an idealist. His view of life, as expressed in all his writings, was that life could be heightened, on and on, for evermore. Now no one ever knew a genuine idealist who was not housed in a body all sensibility and fineness—made of a rare clay: from which thought we may learn that the martyrs who delivered their bodies to be burned delivered such bodies as would of themselves shrink from the least touch of a taper. Lips of a more sensitive mould than Terence MacSweeney's lips I have never laid eyes on. We have as yet but roughly—very roughly—estimated his martyrdom. We will never know it. Yet those who went to see him lying on his bed of torture came home to us dazzled at the constant activity of his mind, at the serenity of his spirit. In those long hours that he lay there on his death-bed, what thoughts must have come to him, what places must have flashed on his inner eye, what reckonings as to how the end would at last come! For all of us there was one constant consolation—that those who were about him—his wife, his sisters and brothers, as well as his faithful chaplain, Father Dominic, were all worthy of himself.—R.I.P.

AN EPITAPH.

(From the French.)

In beauty she was like that statue cold
That Michelangelo made and christened "Night"—
You'll find it in its marble slumbers laid
Amid a chapel's dim, religious light.

And was she good? Yes, if 'twas good of her
To scatter money idly in the city,
Not caring, and not even thanked by God
Who saw her heart and found therein no pity.

You say she prayed? Ah, yes, if prayer means
A studied attitude, and now and then a sigh
From painted lips, and a self-conscious pose
With those fine eyes uplifted to the sky.

And did she love? Ah, no! her foolish pride
So filled her soul that she had love for none:
She lived and moved and breathed for herself,
And now, poor butterfly! her course is run.

She is no more. But who can say she lived?
I never saw a statue half so dead.
But lo! from her cold hands has fallen now
The book of life in which she never read.

—J.K.

FIVE PLAGUES AFFLICT THE WORLD, SAYS THE POPE.

A Rome correspondent, under date December 24, writes:—"The world is afflicted to-day by five great plagues," said Pope Benedict in reply to the greetings of the Sacred College by Cardinal Vannutelli, at the reception to the Pontiff to-day. They are—Negation of authority; hatred among brothers; thirst for pleasure; disgust for work; forgetfulness of the supernatural objects of life. These evils can be overcome only by the aid of the Gospel, said the Pope, and, therefore, he would never cease to remind the people of it, this being his mission and his intention.

THE VATICAN AND THE UNITED STATES

LEADERS AT WASHINGTON RECOGNISE DEMAND FOR MORAL LEADERSHIP.

The question of the resumption of relations between the United States and the Vatican has reached such a point that it may be accurately said that it is under very serious consideration by political leaders who will be conspicuous in the activities of the next Administration. It is still too early to predict what may or may not be done. There are many very serious problems to be weighed carefully from a political viewpoint. Nevertheless, the subject is more in the minds of those who will have a voice in the direction of national affairs than it has been since formal relations with the Vatican ceased many years ago.

The French Precedent.

The action of various countries of Europe in appointing official representatives to the Vatican, notably that of France, has had the effect of removing many of the misunderstandings that have hitherto existed in relation to the question, and putting it in a clearer light. The spokesmen of the French Government, for example, were careful to explain that the appointment of an official representative to the Holy See was not in any sense a religious move, and would not alter in any degree the relations of Church and State or their activities in their special spheres. It was pointed out, on the contrary, that the question was purely national and that the purpose of maintaining a representative at the Vatican was to expedite the handling of affairs in which both the Pope, as the head of the Catholic Church, and the Government are interested. The proposal of the French Government was accepted in this light by the French Chamber.

It is from the same point of view that the question is being considered in Washington. The initial move has been made by those who not only have nothing to do with ecclesiastical affairs but are not even Catholics. It has been pointed out that if relations are to be established with the Vatican it must be done purely as a national move. There is very little doubt that if it should be decided upon the Apostolic Delegate, as the religious representative of the Pope in his relations with the Church in America, would continue to exercise his functions as at present. The activities of a Nuncio would lie in an entirely different field.

Moral Leadership Demanded.

The possibility that Washington may be the meeting place of another international gathering to discuss an association of nations, which is reported to be in the mind of President-elect Harding, has stimulated interest in the question of the resumption of relations with the Vatican. It is very definitely intimated in despatches from Marion that it is Senator Harding's idea that moral leadership must be the fundamental upon which a successful international body of this character is to be established. He holds, as the correspondent of the *New York Times* puts it, that "no association of nations can succeed without the endorsement of leaders of public thought" in other countries as well as the United States.

From this point of view the position of the Pope is one of commanding importance and his approval of an association of nations which is to direct by moral, rather than military force, international activities would have great weight. If the idea for the proposed association of nations is to be carried out along the lines proposed, European nations which have formal relations with the Vatican would raise the question of the Pope's endorsement of any scheme which might be evolved. Such, at least, is the conclusion reached by some of the political leaders in Washington who have interested themselves in this phase of the international problem.—And if the United States is to take the lead in the formulation of the broad general principles upon which the proposed association of nations is to be founded, the assumption is that exchanges of views between the President and the Vatican would be facilitated by the appointment of an American Minister to the Holy See without, in any way, transgressing upon the American ideal of complete separation of Church and State. The action of France has already pointed the way.

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Current Topics

"I Am Sir Oracle"

The other evening the editor of the *Dunedin Star* emphatically assured us all that although he knew there were other opinions he had no hesitation in asserting that New Zealand was out by itself in matters educational. Of course one has but to read the *Star* for a few evenings to be quite convinced that its editorial opinion on culture and education is final. We agree that New Zealand stands by itself, but we do not agree that its position is in the van. There are more ways of being conspicuous than one.

A Forger's Opinion

According to the forger "Civis," Ireland is not a nation, and her people are ungrateful because they do not allow the English to rob them in consideration for the Wyndham Land Bill. He also waxes angry with the brave men who are defending their country against the murderers of women and children and aged priests. One would hesitate to adduce decent authorities against a forger, but there need be no hesitation in refuting him on the authority of the Lloyd George Government which employs blackguards like the *Dunedin Piggott*. When Lloyd George was in fear of the Prussians he circulated through Ireland a recruiting poster promising the people that the Allies would see that Ireland got her rights, like the other small nations. As for the Land Bills, they were wrung from England by force. The bullets that lodged in the filthy Leitrim and in others like him were the main arguments that brought them about. They made no gift to the Irish people. They made them borrow money at interest in order to buy the land that was stolen from their fathers. Generosity? Well, yes, British generosity, if you like. We note also the ill-bred references to Mr. Fraser, M.P. Is it because Mr. Fraser is a Labor man that such sneers are aimed at him? Why does not "Civis" rub it into Anglican D.D.'s in the same fashion? Mr. Fraser did not change his coat to become an M.P.

Day-Lies Again

We pointed out last week that the fablegrams had killed Michael Collins many times and that he still lived. Of a similar trustworthy nature is the alleged reference by Dr. Cohalan to the fact that the Pope did not recognise the Irish Republic. Dr. Cohalan may not be gifted with a great deal of common sense but we refuse to believe that he is such a fool as our fablegrams make him. Having longer memories than the fablegrammers our readers will readily recall that the Pope did at least indirectly sanction the Irish Republic when he laid down the sound doctrine that government by the consent of the governed ought to be the basis of that peace which our bosses promised we were fighting for. If you read Dr. Mannix's speech in last week's *Tablet* you will find that once he found the Irish people had elected their own government the matter was settled for him, and there was nothing for him to do but support that government by every lawful means in his power. One more bull's eye goes to our day-lies. We had vivid descriptions of interviews between Mr. George and Dr. Clune. Now Dr. Clune says there was not a word of truth in them. One of these days the man who quotes a day-lie as an authority will be able to make a fortune by exhibiting himself at Fuller's as a survival of the simple people who believed in fairy tales. Ponderous, platitudinous, ill-informed if not dishonest, our press-propagandists still continue their gas attacks on a small nation. When the *Dunedin* day-lies discuss Ireland it is hard to decide which of the two is the more ludicrous. But it makes one sick to look back to the days when both were so hysterical on behalf of small nations and so angry against brutal oppression of the weak by the strong. Their present attitude, in the face of the war on women and children carried on by John Cow, is sufficient proof

of their abject worthlessness. What an Empire it must be that it needs the support of such contemptible tools. Probably both the editors will soon be rewarded by promotion to the Upper House or by decoration with an O.B.E. We could not think of any more suitable treatment for them.

Limavaddy and His Press

One would think from reading *Dunedin's* day-lies that Lord Limavaddy had a good time all the time while he was in *Dunedin* recently. As one more instance of how the press deludes the public compare what the papers said with what happened in reality. First of all, Lord Limavaddy arrived in *Dunedin*, standing out on the platform as if expecting a warm welcome, a cheer, or some sort of demonstration. He got nothing of the sort. Then, during his stay in the town less notice was taken of him than if he had been one of the gee-gees come hither for the races. But it was when the delegation of gold miners met him that the band began to play. They gave it to him hot and strong. They told him what they thought of himself and his Muddlement, and of their opinion of the morality of profiteering at their expense. They tangled him up in economics about which he knows nothing; they refused to be bamboozled by his politician's tripe; they stripped him of his smugness and goaded him to bad-temper, just as the *Wellington* people did on that famous day when a New Zealand Prime Minister made himself notorious for ever by his corner-boy gesture; and it was a babbling, storming, nonsensical poor Limavaddy he was by the time the meeting was ended. By all means send him Home and make him Prime Minister of Orange Ulster's little fool-parliament, but do not send him Home to represent New Zealand. It is high time that New Zealand got a man with brains to pull her out of the mud. Who knows but that the Orange drummers might make him another King William? And, then, in his learned leisure, he could sit down by the waters of the Lagan and write his autobiography. If he writes it himself he will see that his election by a calumniator of dead women, and other little incidents that might prevent his burial in Westminster Abbey, are carefully kept out. Poor Lord Limavaddy! How the servile press cloaks the man's stupidity and incompetence on every occasion! We have another instance of it in the attitude of our dailies towards Mr. John Brown's sane and acute criticism of the Massey Muddlement. Mr. Brown knows what he is talking about, but the press, unable to answer his reasoning, helplessly implores the public to rely on the superior wisdom of the head of the most deplorable and incompetent Government that New Zealand has seen since the days of Sir Julius Vogel. Happily, there are many people whose memories are long enough to recall how the press lied during the War and to discount for ever more the sapient utterances of writers whose lack of principle no longer needs demonstrating. One day the paper props—whether the day-lies or the paper money—will be torn away, and poor Mr. Massey will have such a fall that, like Humpty-Dumpty, he will be beyond repairing by all the King's horses and all the King's men.

What is Behind the Orange Orgies?

Last week we pointed out that bigotry is used as a tool for similar ends both here and in Ulster. Here we have the P.P.A., and its horse-whipped organiser, and its rabid parsons, and its rag-tag-and-bobtail among the ignorant masses, exploited for the purpose of dividing Labor and enabling the capitalists to fool all the people all the time. On foundations of bigotry and sectarian strife the Massey Muddlement has been erected, although a large majority of the votes of the people was cast against it. Mr. Massey, who in his ill-temper admitted that he was an Orangeman and a Mason, permits the P.P. Ass. organiser to boast openly that he and his Cabinet are the political creatures of a disreputable gang of strife-mongers, and it is not long ago that the same gang exacted from the same Muddlement its pound of flesh in the shape of legislation which has made New Zealand a synonym for religious per-

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secution and injustice. In Ulster we have precisely the same sort of conditions. The British champions of small nations now make no secret of the fact that they never believed in their professed war-aims: they avow openly that selfishness is their sole guiding principle and that considerations of justice and fairness mean nothing to them. They go further than the Huns ever went in their eagerness to maintain their stranglehold on a nation which they have plundered and exploited for centuries, and they stop at nothing—not even at war on women and children—in order to secure the poverty of the Irish people and the domination of the Orange plantation which is the sole pledge of English rule in Ireland now. It is not long since it was becoming clear that the misguided laborers of Belfast were beginning to realise that their real foe was Carson, or rather the capitalist interests for which he stands. Orange Labor was getting out of hand, and showing signs of independence. When the Belfast workers struck in January and February, 1919, the Ulster leaders saw that a democratic movement that meant disaster for them was growing, and at once they set themselves anew to the old game of kindling the fires of sectarian strife in order to divide the fast uniting ranks of Irish Labor. Unscrupulous propagandists—true-blue British liars—spread the story that Sinn Fein was the enemy of Ulster Labor. The rumor became an article of faith. The Orange mob forgot its real interests once more and proceeded to burn the homes of Catholics and to kill and beat inoffensive men and women, while chivalrous British troops stood by and smiled. If the rank and file of Orangemen are to blame for this brutality and bloodshed, the true culprits are their masters who urged them on deliberately for their own ends. British Labor also stood by and watched the infamous slaughter. British Labor-Leaders who were eloquent in the cause of Russia did nothing for the Irish women and children who were burned out of house and home by the Orangemen. Here and there, an honest man raised a solitary voice of protest, but the majority condoned the crimes by their cowardly silence, proving once more to Sinn Fein that the only hope of freedom lay with the Irish people themselves. Henderson, Thomas, and the rest of the English spouting-men, were broken reeds when the time of proving themselves came: and British Labor filled the ranks of the "Black-and-Tans" that murdered priests, old men, young women, and boys all over Ireland. Remember that until Macpherson and Greenwood and Lloyd George invented their bogus plots and arrested without trial or shot and ill-used, the leaders of a peaceful political movement, retaliations by the Sinn Feiners were unknown and Judge after Judge testified to the absence of crime in Ireland. Remember it now when our day-lies are aiding and abetting the Brithuns just as eagerly as they lied during the War. Remember, further, that all the brutality and all the persecution are the fruit of a capitalist plot for the further exploitation of a small nation to which, in the day of his terror, David Lloyd George promised the rights of nationhood which he now brazenly denies. If the British boast, "Women and children first," has a shameful meaning to-day, blame the capitalists for it.

The Crucifixion of Ireland

However apathetic or even hostile the rank and file of New Zealand Labor on the east side of the Otira may be there is no coldness about the men whom straight Labor (without any hyphens) has chosen to represent it in Parliament. When others by a shameful silence became accessories to the murders committed by Lloyd George's hirelings in Ireland, Messrs. Holland and Fraser could be always trusted to stand up and speak out for one of the small nations for which so many brave boys were sent to die. If we have not commented oftener on what they have done for the Irish cause it is not due to any lack of appreciation and gratitude. We are their debtors, as is every Irishman, and every man of Irish blood in New Zealand, and we do not forget it. By his address on the Crucifixion of Ireland, in Dunedin, on February 17, Mr.

Fraser has added another title to those whereby he was already our creditor, and in the name of Ireland we thank him for his brave words. He made it clear that in the opinion of the leading papers of Great Britain and of the leading public men of England, the Lloyd George Government was carrying on against the Irish people a campaign of frightfulness on the lines of the *schrecklichkeit* that the same Government denounced so vehemently during the War. He brought forward proofs to show that the murders and the burnings in Ireland were due to Lloyd George and his Ministers who are grinding down a small nation in brazen opposition to all their own pledges to our dead. And he advocated fearlessly that right to self-determination which Ireland claims by the voice of over eighty per cent. of her population. The respect and attention with which Mr. Fraser was heard by the large assembly prove that his words fell on good soil. At the present time a decent man has only to know the truth about Ireland in order to become her supporter. It is only politicians and the editors of our day-lies who are so bereft of every chivalrous impulse that they can support the abominations of Brithun Government in Ireland to-day. It is certain that Ireland is winning friends as time goes on. There is enough decency (outside Parliamentarians like Massey and Bell, and outside newspaper offices that protect forgers) to warrant that humanity will still be as a whole on the side of the oppressed and the plundered: and as long as there is, addresses like that of Mr. Fraser will be of incalculable aid to suffering Ireland. Let us hope that there will be many more of them. Let us hope that every man and woman and child who was in any way a sufferer through the New Zealand Conscription that drove our boys away on the plea that they were going to fight for small nations will be moved to demand from the Massey Government a proof, in the shape of a condemnation of Brithunism in Ireland, that our Militarists were not liars and that, whatever about England, New Zealand was no hypocrite. It is certainly time that public opinion was organised. We raved and foamed about Belgium and Poland. Have we no thought for our own kith and kin? Thousands of us have friends in Ireland who have by this time known what a visit from the murderous "Black-and-Tans" means; very many of us have lost relations and acquaintances through their brutality; and as time goes on we shall lose more if we do not do something. It is not too late to make it plain to Mr. Massey that New Zealand is not with him in his calm and speculative contemplation of the atrocities done in Ireland in favor of his Orange friends. We have not done half as much in the way of organising and agitating as we should have done. In God's name, let us make amends for our past negligence now, and let St. Patrick's Day not pass without a determined resolution being sent forth from every Irish gathering in the Dominion. Ireland is more to us than either Belgium or Poland, and we must not stand by idly now that those who pretended they cared about small nations have shown that they had other ends in view during their patriotic fever. Do not forget St. Patrick's Day. And make it plain to Mr. Massey that we are in earnest.

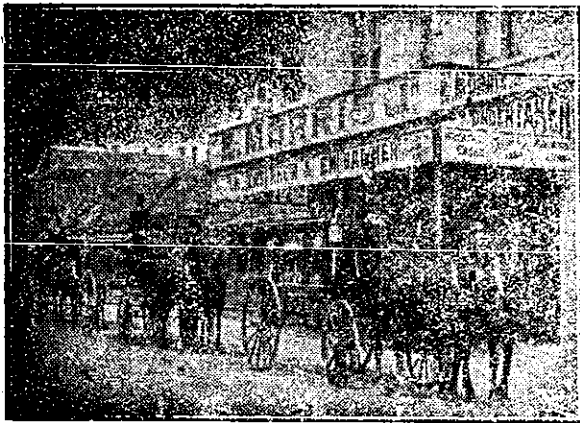
KING ALFONSO AND THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

A message from San Francisco, under date December 27, states:—That King Alfonso of Spain had agreed with the Rev. Raymond Mestres, of Monterey, to restore the old Spanish missions of California at a personal cost of 1,000,000 dollars has been revealed here in the course of preparations for a new State-wide campaign for that amount in behalf of mission restoration. Only the outbreak of the War in 1914 prevented the King of Spain from putting into execution his plans. Proposals for the new campaign for mission restoration are to be put before the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, of San Francisco, and the Right Rev. John J. Cantwell, of Los Angeles.

Piety may be called the art of right growing. It is moving towards our true attainment that constitutes it.—Beecher.

Mrs. J. Aramburu

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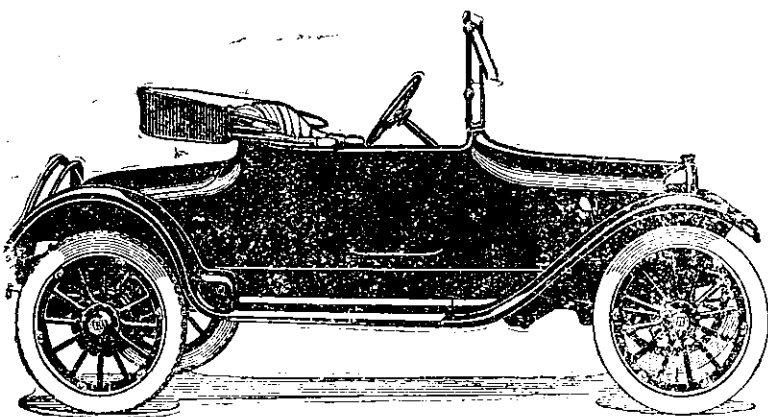
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BRITISH LABOUR AND IRISH NEEDS.

(By JAMES WINDER GOOD, in *Studies*.)

It would be stupid as well as churlish to refuse to recognise that the attitude of English to Irish Labor is one of goodwill. There may be differences of opinion as to the practical value of goodwill as measured by the warmth of resolutions passed at the tail-end of conferences at Caxton Hall and in Unity House, or of the declarations of sympathy which on platforms and in Parliament are nowadays amongst the stock utterances of trade union leaders. But it cannot reasonably be doubted that goodwill exists; and this is a factor, as even thorough-going professors of *realpolitik* are aware, which (provided other things are added to it) may be of incalculable political importance.

Why is it that in the main English Labor in its dealings with this country limits itself to abstract declarations of sympathy, and even in crises which it is no less important to English than to Irish democracy should be solved in the Irish way stops short of deeds while lavishing eloquent words? The question urgently demands an answer, but the answers that have been given are not seldom dictated by the particular bias of the questioner rather than by an impartial desire to discover the truth. I do not think it is profitable to waste much time on arguments which seek to solve the riddle by attributing to British trade unionists sinister Machiavellian schemes which, under the guise of a proffer of friendship, are really inspired by racial rancor. The hypocrisy, if it exists, is (I imagine) wholly unconscious, and though racial differences do contribute to the misunderstanding their significance does not lie in the fact that English Labor sets itself to exploit and accentuate them, but that, on the contrary, it fails to allow for them and endeavors to act as if they did not enter into the issue.

The great stumbling-block, to my mind, is the genuine inability of the British worker and his leaders to realise what are, in Irish opinion, fundamental facts. Probe deeply enough into their minds, and one finds at every critical juncture the assumption that Irish democracy, in so far as it pursues a different course from that which English democratic opinion would map out, is recklessly abandoning the straight and narrow path to hunt after will-o'-the-wisps. On another plane this is the hoary fallacy which vitiates all English thinking on Irish questions, and though the trade unionist deplures and denounces the blindness of other parties in their efforts to frame an Irish policy, he displays an almost equal lack of comprehension. He jibes at the partisans who proclaim that, if Irishmen would only become good Liberals or good Conservatives, all their ills would disappear as if by magic; but in practice he insists no less strenuously that the one thing necessary for our economic and political salvation is that we should sink everything else to become good Labor men after his peculiar fashion.

For the Irishman, however, the vital thing is to be a good Irishman, without which he instinctively realises he can hope to be nothing. He does not reject Liberalism, Conservatism, or Labor; his problem is to clear the ground so that he and his fellows may be free to choose their own line of development. This is exactly what our neighbors on the other side of the Irish Sea fail to understand. The lumber and shot rubbish which all our energies are directed to removing from our path are not in their eyes serious impediments. And certainly they are not impediments which in their opinion justify the subordination of class differences to national ends. Therefore, when Irish Labor persists in giving battle in causes which cross-Channel Labor decides are not class causes, one finds, not perhaps expressed in words, but always implicit in action or in the refusal to act, the conclusion that this is part of the perversity which, for the English, is inherent in the Irish temperament.

Perversity is the last charge that can be sustained against Irish Labor. Whether one agrees or disagrees with its ideals and methods, one must admit that these are simple, coherent, and rigidly logical. Dominating all other considerations in its policy is the rooted conviction that the sole hope of progress lies in establishing conditions in Ireland under which Irish influences will have the power to shape national destinies free from outside intervention or dictation. Once this fact is grasped, the difficulties raised by doctrinaires as to tactics are seen to be wholly irrelevant. By combining with other sections of their countrymen in a united effort to eliminate alien rule Irish workers, far from betraying their special interests, are adopting the only method by which these interests can be successfully advanced. A family may wrangle fiercely over the division of property; but if armed burglars invade the house, the disputants will have little hesitation in joining hands to expel them. No Irishman asserts that the ending of foreign rule means necessarily

the coming of Utopia; but he knows in his bones that, until he is master in his own house, not only is Utopia an impossibility, but it is idle to hope for any radical improvement in the existing social fabric. This is not an illusion created by hysterical nationalism; it is the impression of a belief founded on the solid and unassailable facts of history. To no one does it come home more forcibly than to the worker, who has no need to make up evidence from blue-books and reports but collects his proofs from his own experience in everyday life.

Unoubtedly the forces which are resolved to hold Ireland in thrall to her neighbor would maintain their stranglehold even if Labor had never emerged as a problem. But those whose special interest it is to ensure that the worker shall always be under-dog look to the bludgeon of British domination as the best weapon in their armory. As the bludgeon has been used in the past, and is still being used when a suitable opportunity offers, to prevent industrial progress, so it is used even more ruthlessly to defeat the aspirations of Irish Labor. At the worst, Irish prosperity was and is feared only by an English minority who see in it a menace to their profits; the demand of Irish Labor is regarded by the property owners and profiteers, whose policy the English Government (even in "a world made safe for democracy") exists to enforce, as a challenge which threatens their very existence.

Irish Labor seeks to establish a new status, to supersede the theory of crumbs from the master's table and the cash nexus beloved of Victorian economists by a settlement based on human rights and conforming to an ethical ideal. The Irish people on the whole recognise the justice of this claim; and though, I admit, much will have to be done, even in a self-governing Ireland, before difficulties are finally removed, the best brains and the best thought of an independent Ireland will be directed to the framing of a charter which will ensure that class divisions shall not, as in existing capitalist states, perpetually imperil the ideal of national unity. The reactionaries who have poured out hundreds of millions, not (as they profess) to punish Lenin for crimes against humanity but to compass the ruin of a government which rejects their economic creed, are alive and alert to the danger which would accrue to them from an Ireland which would settle labor difficulties by reason and goodwill instead of by coercion and machine-guns.

Irish poverty has in the past always been held by the dominant minority to be the guarantee of English security, and the minority is still more strongly convinced that to retain class divisions and perpetuate class antagonisms in Ireland is equally essential to the maintenance of its economic ascendancy nearer home. But what of the British majority for whom the overthrow of this economic ascendancy is a matter of life and death? Why does it fail to realise the bearing of the Irish struggle on its own battle? Its opponents make no concealment of their belief that an Irish victory would be for them a disaster, and they are mobilising all their resources to prevent such a victory. Their activity, far from spurring British Labor to act, seems on the contrary to induce a state of still more inglorious passivity.

Even the Carsonite pogroms—the most deadly blow levelled at Labor, and not at Irish Labor alone, in living memory—have evoked from the elected leaders of English Labor no more than a few weak protests, which for all their practical effect might as well have remained unuttered. The men who rushed to join in a blockade to end the White Terror in Hungary and declined to load ammunition for the Poles have made no effort to meet the challenge of Belfast, though it is a matter which concerns them more nearly than anything that has happened in Budapest or Warsaw. They affect to regard it as a mere explosion of sectarian bitterness, a medieval survival peculiar to Ireland and without any bearings on affairs outside its borders. This view is entirely misleading. Undoubtedly these passions were loosed by men to whom the burning of Catholic houses and the maiming or even the murder of their owners and occupants are in themselves desirable things. But the gusto of the outrage-mongers is all the greater if their exploits can be made to serve other purposes equally dear to their heart. And in Ulster they serve a very definite purpose. The underlying object of the pre-war Carsonite campaign was not merely to defeat the Asquith Home Rule Bill, but to discredit the whole theory of democratic rule. Thanks to the supineness of British Liberalism this was accomplished with entire success, and illegal force superseded legal right and justice as the dominant influence in Irish affairs. The post-war campaign now in full swing aims at completing the triumph by destroying the solidarity of Labor, and involving its Protestant and Catholic wings in an internecine conflict for the advantage of plutocrats and profiteers.

The movement is represented in Great Britain as a protest against Sinn Fein, but its real genesis is to be found in the Belfast general strike of January and February, 1919. To the Ulster leaders, who are capitalists

first and Carsonites afterwards, this strike, organised by Orange workers as a demonstration of their adhesion to democratic principles, was an upheaval of as sinister significance as would have been an acceptance of the full Republican programme. It revealed that even if the plot to cut out the six counties should succeed as a political device, its success would be for them a disaster were the Orange rank and file resolved to insist on a fair division of the spoils. Though staggered, the ruling faction was not dismayed, and its resources were speedily mobilised and directed with passionate energy to the old game of creating divisions in the ranks by kindling sectarian animosities.

The strike did not fail for this reason: its collapse was due to weak leading and worse staff-work. But in the cold fit that followed the return of the men to work on the masters' terms it was not difficult for unscrupulous propagandists to foster suspicions and intensify differences. These efforts were materially aided by a slump in shipbuilding activity and by a shortage of raw material and orders in linen mills and weaving factories. The real enemies of the workers, it was argued, were not masters who paid poor wages, but Sinn Fein intruders from South of the Boyne who were drawing large sums weekly while Protestant workers walked the streets in compulsory idleness. These Sinn Feiners were as mythical as the Russian army which in 1914 was supposed to be passing through England on its way to Belgium. Though the shipyards alone could at one time have found places for 5000 Southern workers, only a tenth of this number was ever available. And from the Armistice onwards there was a steady reduction in the ranks of the temporary workers. But the legend speedily became an article of faith, and when feeling had become sufficiently embittered the Orange leaders gave the signal for a Jihad.

To-day their dupes, gluttoned with loot and blood, believe that they have at last entered into their heritage. What they have done, however, is to rivet still more firmly about their necks the fetters of their taskmasters. Henceforth their energies will be absorbed in preventing the Ulster Catholics from rising above the condition of helots. This is, no doubt, a thoroughly congenial task, but the Orange worker is certain to discover before long that it has its drawbacks as well as its delights. As in the Land War Protestant tenants were told that by insisting on justice for themselves they were playing into the hands of those who were "marching through ruin and rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire," so every claim by Protestant workers for better wages and conditions of labor will be denounced as a plot inspired by the enemy for the undoing of the Carsonite cause.

British Labor recognised that British Liberalism by its tame surrender to Carsonism in 1914 signed its own political death-warrant. But the Carsonite challenge of 1920 finds Labor equally reluctant to take up the gauntlet. A couple of unions took the obvious course of declaring that the imposition of sectarian tests would ensure the expulsion of all members applying them. Had that policy been generally adopted the Orange veto would have been speedily broken. Unfortunately, the majority of the Unions elected to stand aside after making a purely formal protest. Carsonism has scored all along the line, and it will not be the fault of its leaders if their victory has not reactions in areas far removed from Ulster. They and their English backers are well aware that they have struck a blow at the central principle of trade unionism more destructive in its effects than the Taff Vale judgment; and the blow is not the end but the beginning of an offensive.

Even if we assume—an assumption which is contradicted by the facts—that cross-Channel Labor was powerless in Carsonia, it was not powerless as far as the rest of Ireland is concerned. Its intervention would have turned the scale at an early stage in the munitions dispute, and intervention should not only have been forthcoming on the merits of the question but was an obligation of honor which could not be repudiated without an open betrayal of principle. To load war stores for Ireland while refusing to load them for Poland cannot be explained away as merely a tactical blunder. Had it been this and no more, the Council of Action would long since have repaired its error, instead of which it has deliberately turned its back on Irishmen who are fighting to establish a principle which in theory it still ostentatiously professes to cherish. If, as is asserted on good authority, Labor was pot-valiant about Poland because a hint had been dropped by Mr. Lloyd George that a demonstration of the kind would not be unwelcome to the Government, which was at its wits' end to discover some effective means of bringing pressure to bear on France, its responsibility for what is happening and what may happen in Ireland is still heavier. Nor can that responsibility, as some trade union leaders appear to think, be evaded by the issue of manifestoes, how-

ever strongly worded or by declarations that produce no results in action.

One would have thought that the least intelligent elements in British Labor would long since have discerned the consequences to their own interests that flowed from their muddle-headed attitude towards Ireland. They made no effective protest against the inauguration of a White Terror in Ireland; and though England has up to the present escaped a White Terror, the Act which was rushed through Parliament during the coal strike enabling the Government in what it chooses to decide is a national emergency to declare a state of siege, ensures that in the future the English worker, if the need arises, shall learn at first hand what coercion means in practice. English Labor is repeating the worst mistakes of English Liberalism, and for precisely the same reasons. The men who direct its affairs are hypnotised by the prospect of one day occupying the seats of the mighty, and believe that they will have an easier tenure of office if they refrain now from pushing opposition to extremes. Apart altogether from the question of principle, the Carsonite campaign against the Asquithians should open their eyes to the treatment they may expect if the reins of nominal power are ever placed in their hands. But their enemies have not waited for their advent to office to begin the process of sapping their strength. The process is already in operation, and their reluctance to do anything except argue on the Irish issue steadily diminishes their prestige.

It is possible to find excuses for British Labor's shortcomings from the Irish point of view, but the air of condescension which it adopts is decidedly trying at times. I am willing to admit that the condescension is largely unconscious, but this does not make it less objectionable. Undoubtedly, as compared with the Irish movement, British Labor can show a long record of material success. But, as its best friends admit, if it has not failed, it falls short in just those things which make Irish Labor so vital a factor in Irish life. Leaders and followers alike are inherently suspicious of ideas, and are singularly averse from giving battle in any cause which does not hold out the hope of an immediate return in hard cash. This attitude is not necessarily wrong; on the contrary, it would be easy to show that it has contributed in no small degree to the building up of the Labor movement on solid foundations in the face of opposition so strong and well organised that a purely idealist crusade would have stood little chance of making head against it.

English Labor has now reached a stage when lack of vision is more dangerous to its future than lack of caution. It may be easier and safer, as its leaders appear to believe, to travel in a rut; but the ruts do not lead to the heights; and before English Labor can enter the Promised Land it must abandon wade roads for the difficult mountain tracks. If it decides to essay the adventure, it will find in Irish Labor an invaluable ally. Whatever the defects of our workers and their leaders may be, and that they have defects cannot be denied, they possess in a rare degree moral courage and imaginative insight. These qualities they are ready to place at the disposal of their fellows on the other side of the Irish Sea, provided that the alliance is a federation of equals and not a combination in which the smaller unit must conform in all things to the dictates of the greater. Is English Labor prepared to work for the success of a policy which Irish Labor freely accepts? If its leaders are, then the outlook is bright. But if they are not willing to concede us the right to tackle our urgent problems in our own way, let them concentrate their energies on their own affairs instead of seeking, as they have so often done, to score a point against their opponents by futile and sterile professions of sympathy with Irish claims which cost little to make and are worth less than nothing.

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Thanking all who have so generously contributed,
Yours sincerely,

G. M. HUNT, Alexandra.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 19.

Through the munificent generosity of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gibbes, of Portland Crescent, the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart Basilica is being embellished with a handsome mosaic floor and dado. The mosaic pattern has been designed by one of the Marist Fathers in Wellington who does not wish to have his identity disclosed. The estimated cost is £1000, so that the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbes is no ordinary one. The mosaic was made by the Henry Richard Tile Co., and laid down by Mr. Forbes, late of E. W. Mills and Co. The general pattern is a cream stone-colored, fan-shaped background, relieved by fleurs-de-lys at regular intervals. The central figure is Christ under the symbol of the Paschal Lamb lying on the seven-sealed book, with the legend *Ecce Agnus Dei* (Behold the Lamb of God). This central figure is framed in a cross-shaped floral design of white lilies and foliage. On each side are diamond-shaped panels with monograms of Christ and Mary respectively, also framed in floral design. Along the walls and the Communion rails runs a broad band combining all the colors of the scheme in parallel strips with central red and green scroll ornament. The color scheme is designed to match, in slightly deeper shades, the present coloring of the wall and ceiling. The steps of the altars, of the Communion rails, as well as the rails themselves, are to be covered with Carrara marble. The predella has a mat of mosaic embodying the fleur-de-lys and general ornamentation of the floor pattern. Besides the floor, the walls and pillars of the sanctuary and side-altars are to be covered with mosaic to a height of three feet, the pattern being an alternating design of monograms and cross-shaped ornaments. At the base of the pillars supporting the sanctuary arch will be placed the coats of arms of his Grace Archbishop Redwood and of the Society of Mary, with their respective mottoes.

Great improvements are being effected at the Marist Brothers' residence and school grounds, Thorndon. The house has been renovated at a cost of £150, and made much more comfortable. A handball alley and additional grounds have all been added to the school at a cost of several hundreds of pounds. Great credit is due to the Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., for his efforts on behalf of the Brothers and their pupils.

The well-known figure of Kevin Sarsfield Dillon, the popular national elocutionist, will no longer be seen at our St. Patrick's Night concerts, as God in His own inscrutable ways has called him to Himself. A sudden attack of illness which was not regarded as serious ended the career of this popular artist. Death occurred last Monday in the Public Hospital, where he was conveyed on Sunday last for an operation. The interment took place on Wednesday morning, Requiem Mass being celebrated by the Very Rev. Dean McKenna at St. Anne's. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy was in the sanctuary, and Rev. Fathers Gondringer, S.M., M.A., McDonnell, S.M., M. Devoy, S.M., and Sweeney were also present, also Rev. Brother Lewis with the classmates of Mr. Dillon's son, the

Sisters of Compassion, Sisters of Mercy, and the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent and St. Anne's School. The service at the graveside was conducted by the Very Rev. Dean McKenna, assisted by Rev. Father M. Devoy, S.M. The deceased gentleman, who was born in Australia, leaves a widow and four children. Rev. Mother Dillon, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Island Bay, is a sister.—R.I.P.

I regret to record the death of one of the oldest and most respected members of the Hibernian Society (St. Patrick's branch) in the person of Mr. Matthew Hanrahan, of Newtown. The deceased was born in Co. Clare, Ireland, and came to this country when a young man. He was married in Wellington to Miss Johanna O'Meara, of Limerick, and is survived by his widow and two grown-up children—Mr. Hanrahan and Miss Hanrahan,—the latter a well-known worker in the Children of Mary and St. Anne's Altar Society. The deceased gentleman was attended in his last illness by Rev. Father Sweeney, the interment taking place this morning after the Requiem Mass.—R.I.P.

A bazaar for the purpose of raising funds to provide additional accommodation for St. Joseph's Convent, Newtown, will be held during the last week in September at St. Anne's Hall. An energetic committee of ladies have formed themselves into a band of workers and helpers to the Rev. Sister Aloysius and the good Sisters of Newtown to aid them in providing greater facilities for Catholic education in Wellington South.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

February 16.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Mary's branch of the Hibernian Society was held on January 12, and was largely attended. Bro. S. J. Barry presided, and the following officers were elected for the year:—President, Bro. A. E. Ahearn; vice-president, Bro. J. L. Hartley; treasurer, Bro. W. McFubbs; assistant secretary, Sister K. Broome; wardens, Bros. E. Taunton and H. McDona; guardian, Bro. W. Louisson; delegate to Friendly Societies' Dispensary Board of Management, Bro. President A. E. Ahearn; auditors, Bros. J. F. Stratford and H. McDonald; medical attendants, Drs. Robertson, Douglas Wilson, and J. H. Reid. No delegates were elected for the forthcoming meeting at Christchurch owing to non-receipt of official papers from Auckland. Funnal arrangements were made for the annual picnic. Since the above was written, the weather is dead against us, but, nothing daunted, we are going to hold the picnic at Matarawa on Saturday, March 12. All members of this branch now pay their subscriptions in advance. Clearances were granted to Bros. C. Lloyd and P. F. Dalton, to Gisborne. The annual Communion breakfast will be held on Sunday, March 13, at Aramoho. Arrangements are well in hand for St. Patrick's Night concert. It is hoped to be able to start a juvenile branch of the Hibernian Society in this town soon.

The monthly meeting of the parish Federation committee took place on Thursday, February 10. There was a good attendance of members, and Mr. Luxford gave a very interesting report of the Wellington conference. Other business also was transacted, and among items to be discussed was the advisability of the distribution on a large

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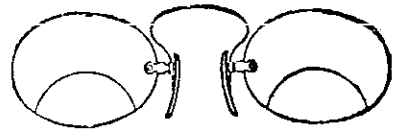
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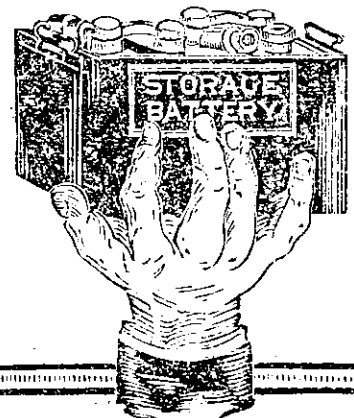
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scale of Catholic Truth Society pamphlets. A committee, consisting of Rev. Father O'Connell, Messrs. Luxford and Lloyd, was set up to procure the most suitable of these booklets and to arrange for their sale by local booksellers. Some of the members are most enthusiastic, and as this is undoubtedly the age of pamphlets and paper-backs, it will do no harm for the C.T.S. publications to have a place on the booksellers' counters, if they will have them.

Since the above report of the Hibernian Society was handed in, the picnic, postponed from Anniversary Day, eventuated, and was quite a success in every way. It was really the first annual outing of the Hibernian Society, and it was held at Matarawa under ideal conditions on grounds kindly lent by Mr. Bland. The first train left town at 9 a.m. and carried a big crowd of adults and children to the grounds. Arrived there, everyone set out to find a nice little nook to place his luggage in (not cork-screws but eatables), whilst the men in charge got to work on the sports, etc. The advance guard, Bros. O'Brien and J. Cronin, had steam well up, indicating that boiling water was ready for tea. Most people, however, went for a stroll through the beautiful bush on the property, while others enjoyed the games and sports. A very good programme was got off, on both sides of the luncheon adjournment of from 12 o'clock to one—union principles here—and before the next eating event a big business was done in soft drinks and sweets. More people came out by the afternoon train, Saturday being the half-holiday. A jolly day was spent till about 5 o'clock, when the tents were taken down, baskets and children collected, and the picnickers wended their way to the railway line. The train was well packed, but, owing to the good care of everyone, a good watch was kept after the children, who got home again all safely. Town was reached at somewhere about 6.50, the Eastown, Aramoho, and St. John's passengers having dropped off at their respective destinations. The committee has every reason to be proud of this their first venture into picnic-dom, and with the experience gained will go on improving from year to year. The careful way in which the children were handled and brought home safely was in itself a work of art, and speaks volumes for those in charge. The following donations are gratefully acknowledged: Rev. Father O'Connell, L. E. Bridges, C. Spillane, the D.I.C., the "Paragon," Kernohan and Co., Luxford and Co., A. E. Ahern, P. Hartshorn, and others.

Mr. J. J. Wilson (sub-editor of the *Tablet*) and daughter, Miss Eunice, are holidaying in the North Island, and just now are visiting Mr. and Miss Wilson, Wanganui East.

MARIST BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, WANGANUI.

The Marist Brothers and boys of the Wanganui school were favored recently with a visit from the Rev. Brother Columbanus, one of the eight Assistants who share with Rev. Brother Superior-General (Brother Diogène) the work of directing the 6000 Brothers of the Congregation, with the 100,000 pupils of their schools throughout the world. Brother Columbanus's particular province embraces Ireland and the British Empire except Canada. He has completed his tour of Australia, and after doing New Zealand and the Pacific Islands will return by South Africa, where he will inspect the schools in that extensive area where he labored so successfully for many years.

Accompanied by the Brother Provincial (Brother Denis) the Brother Assistant arrived in Wanganui on Friday night. He was received most cordially by the Brothers, and next day by the Very Rev. Father O'Connell and the local clergy. Through the kindness of Mr. E. O'Meara the two Brothers were enabled to enjoy an extensive view of the surrounding country in a motor trip on Saturday afternoon. Brother Columbanus examined the school on Monday, and although the boys have only just entered on the year's work they showed by their intelligent answering that they are intelligent and energetic.

At half-past two all the classes assembled in one room, and the Rev. Brother was agreeably surprised to find that the boys had prepared an entertainment in his honor. Three songs—"God Defend New Zealand," "Ireland, Beautiful Ireland," and "O'Donnell Aboo"—were sweetly rendered by the boys. After the songs Leonard Mather recited the "Toast to Ireland" ("Deep in Canadian Woods We Met") and later Gordon McDonald gave a New Zealand recitation. At the conclusion of the programme Patrick Bourke read in good style an address to the distinguished visitor. Brother Columbanus thanked the boys for their excellent entertainment and for the kind wishes expressed in the address. They had the privilege of being the first boys in the Dominion to be officially visited by him, and he was more than favorably impressed by their conduct and intelligence. He was delighted to know from their concert and their address that they were sympathising with dear old Ireland, the land of their fathers, the most Catholic nation in the world. He urged them to pray that

Erin might soon be freed from the cruel persecution she is now suffering. Brother Columbanus made reference to the efforts that the Brothers are making to establish a college where young New Zealanders may be educated for the religious life. He expressed the hope that before long Wanganui may follow the good example of other towns and have some of its boys enjoying the meritorious and happy even if sometimes difficult life of a religious brother. The granting of a holiday in honor of the visit was thanked by the boys by three rousing cheers for Brother Columbanus, who, in saying good-bye, promised on his return to Italy to convey their good-wishes to the Brother Superior General, and to treasure for life the book of views of Wanganui's magnificent scenery which they had presented to him.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

February 18.

Confirmation will be administered in the Cathedral on Palm Sunday at 3 p.m.

Rev. Father Collins (Mosgiel) is at present visiting Auckland, and is the guest of Bishop Liston.

Very Rev. Prior O'Kelly, O.P., preached an eloquent sermon on "Salvation" in the Cathedral on Sunday, February 13.

Fathers Vaughan (Goulburn) and McDermott (Wellington) visited Auckland last week and were the guests of the Cathedral priests.

Enthusiastic meetings of the various committees for the St. Patrick's Day celebrations have been held, and all concerned anticipate a brilliant success.

A three-weeks' mission will be opened in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday, February 27. Rev. Fathers Whelan, Hannigan, and Duffy, of the Redemptorist Order, Wellington, will preach the mission.

The sacerdotal golden jubilee of the Rev. John Golden will be celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral on March 1. Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by his Lordship Dr. Liston. The occasional sermon will be preached by Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland. Father Golden will be entertained by their Lordships and clergy at luncheon in St. Benedict's after Mass. Father Golden was ordained in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, in the year 1871 by the late Archbishop Croke. To Father Golden's career we shall refer later on.

Roy Callaghan, the Auckland schools' champion swimmer, speaks in glowing terms of the kindness extended to him by the Christian Brothers in Dunedin, who got some of their boys to show him round the city, making him feel very much at home, though so far from Auckland.

At the last weekly meeting of St. Patrick's Children of Mary Sodality (February 9) the election of officers for the current year was held. There was a good attendance, and much enthusiasm was displayed. Following are the results of the election:—President, Miss E. Ryan (re-elected); vice-president, Miss G. Dunbar; secretary, Miss M. Sheahan; treasurer, Miss M. O'Sullivan; councillors:—Misses G. Daly, J. Hogan, A. Condon, L. McGinness, O. Dunbar and K. Mullins. In a short address the director (Rev. Father Ford, Adm.), spoke in eulogistic terms of the outgoing officers, emphasizing the fact that he recognised and appreciated the excellent work carried out by them during the last strenuous year, most of which was occasioned by the working up of the very successful bazaar which was held in November, 1920. The new officers were then welcomed, and wished every success.

The Right Rev. Dr. J. M. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, was installed in his new charge of St. Benedict's parish on Sunday, February 13, when St. Benedict's Church was filled to the doors. Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, referred to the constant and stupendous labors of Monsignor Gillan, V.G., who, through ill-health, was compelled to relinquish his charge of the parish. Bishop Cleary, in introducing Dr. Liston, claimed him as an old and valued friend in the south. An address from St. Benedict's parishioners was read and presented to Dr. Liston by Mr. Robert McVeagh, who was accompanied by Messrs. J. Butler and T. Foley. In reply, Dr. Liston said that with the generous assistance of Dr. Cleary, priests, and people, he hoped successfully to perform the arduous work ahead of him. He also made kindly allusion to Monsignor Gillan's efforts in the parish for nearly a quarter of a century. Pontifical Benediction was given by Dr. Liston. The choir, under Mr. P. F. Hiscocks as conductor and Mr. Harry Hiscocks as organist, very effectively rendered the musical part of the service. Miss Violet Lambert sang "Hear Ye, Israel." The trio "Lift Thine Eyes" was rendered by Mrs. Hiscocks, Misses Vera Foley, and Violet Lambert. Mrs. Hanson sang the "Inflammatus," and the "Beata Nobis Gaudia," was contributed, the duet being taken by Mr. Brittenden (Christ-

church) and Mr. Eddie Owens. Miss Higgins and Mr. McGuire sang an "O Salutaris" composed by Mr. Harry Hiscocks.

His Lordship Bishop Liston, accompanied by Very Rev. Dean Cahill, Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, Rev. Fathers Carran and Collins, Rev. Brothers Columbanus and Denis, visited the Marist Brothers' School, Vermont Street, this morning. The Brother Director, welcoming his Lordship, said that they had only a small function to carry out that morning, but apparently, where the schools were concerned, small things counted very much with Dr. Liston. The Brothers and boys greatly appreciated his presence and his sympathy. Rev. Brother Columbanus, Assistant General, was also welcomed.

Very Rev. Dean Cahill donated a gold medal to Philip Soljak for his success in gaining three scholarships, and Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook presented a gold medal to Frank Bennett for gaining two scholarships. A gold medal, donated by Father Carran, was also presented to Roy Callaghan, Auckland schools' representative at the N.Z. Swimming Championships, held recently in Dunedin. In the last five years the school has won 20 scholarships, all in competition with other schools. Besides last year's scholastic success the school has won practically every trophy of consequence in the athletic field. His Lordship congratulated the school on its successes. He impressed upon the boys the importance of developing character, making it very plain to them all the part they themselves must take in the great work. He also welcomed Rev. Brother Columbanus and assured him he would find everything all right in Vermont Street School. Rev. Brother Columbanus said a few words to the boys, and added his congratulations to those of the Bishop. He advised them to take to heart the beautiful words spoken to them by his Lordship. The function terminated with three rousing cheers for Dr. Liston, the clergy, and the visitors.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

Rev. Father O'Regan arrived from Ireland, via Australia, by the Moeraki during the week.

Rev. Father Andersen, Mosgiel, is doing duty at the Cathedral for a few weeks. He preached on Sunday evening.

Apart from members' subscriptions received, the following vice-presidents forwarded generous donations:—Rev. Father Finnerty (Addington), J. Enright (Islington), T. E. Cross. A. M. Hansen, Messrs. J. McCabie (the well-known southern athlete), J. Doyle (Tai Tapu), J. C. Ryan, W. J. McKenzie, H. B. Gormley, A. Barrett, W. Hayward, T. Tansy, J. Blackaby, and D. F. Dennehy. The question of Messrs. Davidson (Auckland) and Wilson (Wellington), Dominion representatives at the last Olympic games, Antwerp, being likely competitors at the meeting was gone into, and the committee is hopeful in this respect. Members are showing great enthusiasm as the time approaches and this fact, remarked the president, augers well for a most successful meeting. Accounts amounting to £13 were passed for payment.

At the fortnightly meeting of St. Patrick's Sports' Association held in the Hibernian Hall on Tuesday evening last, there was an excellent attendance. Mr. B. J. McKenna presided, and in his opening remarks made feeling reference to two members of the Association, Messrs. E. Fitzgerald and G. Payne, the former having suffered the loss of his father—one of Ashburton's pioneer settlers, and the latter the loss of his son (Mr. Norman Payne), an athlete of note. A motion of sympathy with the two families was carried, the members standing in respectful silence. The sanction of the North Canterbury Centre to the appointment of Mr. Hassell, of Timaru, as handicapper for the forthcoming meeting met with hearty approval. With correspondence Mr. J. M. Coffey (secretary), since last meeting had been very actively engaged, principally in reply to inquiries from intending competitors in various parts of the Dominion.

Westport

(From our own correspondent.)

At the Convent of Mercy a reception took place on February 4. His Grace Archbishop O'Shea, officiated, being assisted by Rev. Fathers Cullen and Broughton. Right Rev. Mgr. Walshe was present in the sanctuary. The young ladies received were Misses I. Anderson and E. McGrath of Sydney, N.S.W. They took in religion the names Sister M. Joseph and Dolores, respectively. The Archbishop delivered an appropriate address on the religious life.

The following pupils of the Convent passed the recent public and commercial examinations:—Public service:

H. Ryan and M. Ruck; intermediate: K. McMahon, M. Allan, C. Martin and W. Martin. Commercial examinations.—Gold medallist: H. Ryan; bookkeeping (diploma): H. Ryan and W. O'Neill; bookkeeping (advanced): 11 candidates; bookkeeping (intermediate): 2 candidates; shorthand (advanced): 5 candidates; type (speed): 5 candidates; shorthand (speed), 4 candidates at 50 words per minute, 1 at 120, 1 at 80.

PROTESTANT MINISTER ON IRELAND

Rev. Dr. Norman Thomas, editor of the *World To-Morrow*, who is a Presbyterian minister, thus writes in the current number:—

The *World To-Morrow* has tried to give reasons for its faith in Irish freedom. We have secured an unusually competent correspondent with no Irish affiliations to investigate the situation. We have published her letters. We have also published the solemn declaration of the *London Nation* that no conceivable government in Ireland could be as bad as Dublin Castle rule. It is our own conviction that no atrocity is so serious as the continuing atrocity of the attempt by coercion laws and the sacking of cities to govern a proud people against their will. From the deliberate attempt to coerce Ireland spring all the other ills of the situation.

Not a Blanket Endorsement.

Many of you, however, are not persuaded by the evidence we have carried. It is not our present purpose to argue the problem as a whole, but simply to point out one especial responsibility that rests upon you. The Catholics in certain Ulster towns have suffered from veritable pogroms at a time when not a hair on the heads of the isolater Protestants in Southern Ireland has been touched. On this subject American Protestants ought to speak in unmistakable tones. A Protestant delegation from Ulster received hospitable welcome from many Protestant churches. The delegation has diligently advertised the fact in Ulster. Let American Protestants at least make it plain that their welcome gave no blanket endorsement of a revival of religious warfare. The tragic facts about the Ulster riots are inescapable and undeniable. Last month we quoted the *Nation's* comment on them.

Vivid Pictures of Events in Belfast.

Mr. Francis Hackett in a tone far removed from religious bigotry comments on the situation as he studied it in Belfast. This is his summary:—

"In the name of law and order 4000 workmen are evicted, burned out, driven away. Hundreds of people are wounded and over two score killed."

So far as we are aware, there has been no attempt to deny the fact that in the serious Ulster rioting Protestants and Unionists were the aggressors, Catholics and Sinn Feiners the sufferers and the defenders. On the whole the military supported the rioters, who burned homes and attacked women and children in the name of loyalty to the British Empire and to Protestant religion. A vivid picture of events is to be found in certain private letters which have been sent us. They depict people who for days "were in hourly dread of a raid," who "for nights had no sleep," and whose anxiety has not yet been relieved. This is true of those who did not themselves suffer dispossession or physical injury. It is to the everlasting credit of the Catholics that so far as we can discover they have expressed so little hate in reply.

No Word of Hate From Catholics.


One letter we have seen having recounted events, ends thus:—"There are hundreds of refugees in Belfast; homeless and penniless and no prospect of getting work, we don't even realise what some of our people are suffering. I hope you won't forget to say a prayer for us all; that's the best you can do for the present." There is no word of hate. Irish papers report Protestant meetings in South Ireland to protest against the conduct of their co-religionists. Here and there an attempt is made to extenuate these pogroms, as well as the abominable deeds of the "Black-and-Tans," by reference to the shooting of policemen. However severely you may condemn these acts, surely you will agree that it is monstrous to argue that the murder of policemen charged with particular crimes against the Irish people justifies the pogroms in Ulster or the sack of Irish towns. Surely you do not believe that sniping in Belgium justified the sacking of Louvain, or that the revolutionary terrorism under the Tsar justified Jewish pogroms. Moreover, the English Quaker Commission calls attention to the fact that "safety is found only in those districts from which the English military police have been withdrawn"—a fact which points an easy way to real law and order.

Motive Economic.

The Sinn Fein leaders as a rule recognise that the

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motive behind this revival of religious warfare is primarily economic and secondarily political. Belfast employers find it easier to deal with labor divided on the religious issue. The riots began with the ejection of Catholic workmen from the shipyards, where, owing to slack time, there is a fierce competition for jobs. But the truth is that the employers and the politicians of the type of Sir Edward Carson have created a monster they cannot control. They have lit fires of bigotry that burn brighter than one could have believed possible in this century. They have encouraged the doctrine that the Protestant Ulsterman belongs to a chosen people and can guide his conduct by the ethics of the Book of Joshua. No more unchristian doctrine is conceivable. Ulstermen are too fine, have too creditable contribution to make to Irish life, to fall prey to a continuance of this delusion. Whatever American Protestants believe as to the ultimate solution of the Irish problem, let them by word and deed make it plain that all Protestantism is disgraced by the Belfast pogroms. We dare not forget that a continuance of Irish atrocities endangers the peace of the world.

CRIME OF PRIEST MURDER

Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Clonfert, referring in a sermon in Loughrea Cathedral to the murder of Father Griffin, said that at first he could not share the fear of the people of Galway who had suspected the worst, though clinging to any straw of hope.

"He could not," said his Lordship, "be described, even by the most envenomed, as a wild agitator or a bitter partisan. He had received no death-notice, as many of his brother priests had. Why, then, should any one entertain serious fears for his safety? But the people of Galway were right and I was wrong. Human nature had sunk to lower depths than I had yet fathomed.

"Catholics are aware that anyone who deals sacrilegiously with a priest will have Christ Himself to reckon with in this life, or, what is more terrible, in the next. History and tradition have told them that Christ's hot anger has scorched and blasted full many a time those who have dared to lay unholy hands upon His own anointed.

"Less clearly, perhaps, because priests themselves are reluctant to proclaim their privileges, are Catholics aware that the Church has thrown her powerful protection around the humblest of her priests and minor clerics as well as around the loftiest dignitary in her Hierarchy. She cuts off from her Communion, as the branch is severed from the parent tree, not only those who murder or lay violent and sinful hands upon a priest, but even those who treat him with any gross contumely.

"Such a malefactor, by his very act, ceases to be a member of the Church; he is as the heathen and the publican until he repents, makes due reparation, and is absolved.

"Further, even those who command such a crime, or advise it, or are consenting parties to it, or sanction it and condone it afterwards, or do not prevent it when bound by their office to do so, incur the same terrible penalty of excommunication. No trial, no sentence, is necessary. The penalty is attached to the crime.

"God forbid that I should suspect any Catholic of the murder of Father Griffin or of co-operation in it in any of the ways I have mentioned. I do but bring before you the law of the Church in order to prove, if anyone needs proof, that this murder is not to be classed with any other which has been perpetrated in this evil time.

"It is a horrible sacrilege. It stands out by itself, a fearful thing to any Catholic mind. Such a crime has not been committed in Ireland since the days of the priest-hunter. May it never be repeated!"

FATHER GRIFFIN'S DEATH.

The following extract is taken from the *New York Nation* of December 1:—

"The tragic death of Father Griffin, of Galway, brings home with peculiar horror the state of Ireland.

Here was a man assassinated, not as a reprisal for murder done or planned, but because of his Sinn Fein sympathies and perhaps to prevent his answering a summons to the *Nation's* Commission in Washington. Father Griffin was kidnapped from his home just as he was preparing for the trip; now he is found dead in a ditch with a bullet hole in his forehead. Meanwhile a general orgy of murder and reprisal is making Dublin and all of Ireland a place of terror. We excuse the killing of English officers no more than we condone the atrocities perpetrated by the soldiers, police, and "Black-and-Tans." Both sets of crimes are inexcusable. But we know without further investigation that the way to put a stop to this state of terror is to withdraw the troops from Ireland. That step and not 'pacification' of Ireland by force is the necessary preliminary to any solution of the Irish question other than extermination. Instead the British Government promises 'to send large reinforcements of troops to Ireland.' This is worse than folly."

ONE MONTH'S VINTAGE OF "BLACK-AND-TANNISM."

The official organ of the Sinn Fein supplies the *Irish World* with a list of the crimes committed in Ireland during the month of November by the English army of occupation. The separate items in the list shed a lurid light upon existing conditions in Ireland. Let us check them off: Killed and wounded of the Irish Republican Army, 12; civilians killed, 61; civilians wounded, 101; halls and clubs wrecked, 33; creameries burned down, 9; newspaper offices wrecked, 5; shops, houses, and farms burned, 193; crops destroyed, 71; men publicly flogged, 35.

This is one month's crop of outrages against a people who are guilty of the crime of seeking to obtain for their motherland the self-determination, which England and her Allies declared would be secured for all small nations as a result of making the world safe for democracy through a victory for the Allies in the Great War. The men of Cork and of other Irish communities who have been rendered homeless by the "Black-and-Tan" atrocities must now bitterly recall these promises as they see their native land made the victim of crimes that are a blot upon our civilisation.

ARGENTINA WINS RESPECT OF THE WORLD.

The finest thing about the meeting of the League of Nations (says an exchange) was Argentina's protest in favor of Democracy, emphasised by her withdrawal. Argentina has saved her self-respect and earned the respect of the world.

The comedy of the meeting was furnished by the lion's cubs snapping at the mother. According to the *New York World*, this was a wonderful example of the free spirit animating the "Anglo-Saxons," and completely demonstrates that the United States would have nothing to fear in the League from the British Empire's overwhelming vote. But the comedy was overplayed. The delegates from India, who are appointed by the English Government, were allowed to take part in the game. This shows the whole was stage-play to affect American opinion.

A message from Boston (U.S.A.), under date December 29, intimates that on that date a fund in aid of the starving people of Ireland was authorised by Cardinal O'Connell. His action was in response to the appeal by Bishop MacRory of Down and Connor, who cabled that the coming winter threatens thousands of his people with starvation, that 10,000 Belfast workers are out of employment, and that the Government's customary allowance "has for some reason so worked up to the present that the Catholic victimised workers are excluded from benefits." The Bishop added. "Fully 50,000 Catholics are now on the verge of starvation in my diocese."

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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

DONOHUE—RYAN.—On January 25, 1921, at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, Christchurch, by the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, assisted by Rev. Father Long, Joseph, fourth son of the late Mr. T. Donohue, of Doyleston, and Mrs. Donohue, of Woolston, to Delia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ryan, of Ashburton.

TROWLAND—KELLEHER.—On February 8, 1921, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Stratford, Robert, eldest son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Robert Trowland, of Greymouth, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Kelleher, Romeo Street, Stratford.

DEATHS

LENNON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Agnes Lennon (relict of Michael Lennon, and only daughter of the late William Feehan, Birr, King's County, Ireland; mother of William, James, and Michael Lennon), who died at the residence of her son, James, Maitland Street, Dunedin, on February 11, 1921. R.I.P.

O'CONNOR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary O'Connor, of Wataona, South Westland, who died suddenly at Waiho Gorge on January 24, 1921; aged 48 years.—Eternal rest grant to her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her.

IN MEMORIAM

BROWNE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William George Browne, who died at 47 Barr Street, Mornington, Dunedin, on February 2, 1920. Also Margaret Mary, wife of the above, who died at 47 Barr St., Mornington, on February 27, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on their souls.

O'HAGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Ellen O'Hagan, who died (suddenly) at Pukerau on February 18, 1902.—Let perpetual light shine on her, O Lord, and may her soul rest in peace.

O'HAGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Charles O'Hagan, who died (suddenly) at Pukerau on February 17, 1909.—O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

O'LOUGHLIN.—In loving memory of Andrew O'Loughlin, who died at St. Andrews on February 27, 1919. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The Curse of Stupidity, p. 25. Notes—German and Italian Music; Patience; Prayer, pp. 26-27. Topics—A Forger's Opinion; The Day-Lies Again; Limavaddy and His Press; The Crucifixion of Ireland, pp. 14-15. Terence MacSweeney, by Daniel Corkery, p. 8. The Vatican and the United States, p. 13. British Labor and Irish Needs, by James Winder Good, p. 17. A Week in Ireland, p. 28. Irish News, p. 31. Shane Leslie on Father Day, p. 35. British Labor Commission's Report, p. 37.

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, FEBRUARY 24, 1921.

THE CURSE OF STUPIDITY



ONCE upon a time Mr. Chesterton wrote a book called *What's Wrong With the World*. A big book might be written in answer to the question, *What's wrong with England?* It is apparent to everybody that something has gone very wrong with that unfortunate country, of which Heine once said that the sea would long ago have swallowed it only for the gastric embarrassment that would ensue. De Valera diagnosed England's trouble when he said that stupidity was the cause of all her crimes and all her mistakes. England has always been stupid. Her stupidity during the past five years has been incredible. Of her with strictest truth may it be said nowadays: Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. England is even more stupid than a Council-of-Churches presided over by the Reverend J. J. North.

Think of England's record during the very time she was telling the world that she was the champion of small nations. Having begun by shooting women and children in the Dublin streets, for no reason but that some Catholic Irishmen had done what Carson's Orangemen had been doing openly, the next stupidity was to suspend a Home Rule Bill little better than a farce and to hold Ireland in slavery while professing to fight for Polish and Belgian freedom. Later, when Irishmen asserted their right to freedom and fought for freedom, England shot them under circumstances of inconceivable barbarity, while at the same time protesting against German barbarity in other small nations. A further instance of stupidity was the promotion to Cabinet rank of Carson, who had helped to cause the war and who defied the British Crown, and even allowed his friends to threaten to hang English Ministers from London lamp-posts. The farce went on. Lloyd George professed his anxiety to settle the Irish question. He called a Convention and told the world that the settlement lay with it. At the same time he told the Convention that the only possible settlement must be according to his notions and not according to the views of the assembly. To make matters more ridiculous, "Galloper" Smith let the cat

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out of the bag by saying that the Convention was only a dodge to hoodwink America and to get American soldiers to help the now tottering England through the war. This was further confirmed by Lord Arran, who wrote a confession that the Convention was but a trick to throw dust in the eyes of the American people who would not fight as long as England oppressed Ireland. We had the "Dope" swindle; we had the promotion to Cabinet rank of men charged with trading with Germany during the war; we had the infamous pact to prevent peace, and the brazen lies that tried to hide the share of England therein. And, when the war for small nations was over, we had the murders of Amritsar and the murders in Egypt and the murders in Ireland—all in magnificent proof of the sincerity of England's war aims. A criminal people would not do these things except it combined stupidity with criminality. And the only people in the world who combine both are the present heads of the English Government. Stupidity is their chief note. Unfortunately for those in their power it is malignant stupidity. And the malignity would not be half so bad but for the stupidity. A sensitive people would shrink from the shame which thick-skinned John Bull bears so brazenly; a Latin or a Celtic people would have too much pride and self-respect to continue psalm-singing and whining in the face of the contempt and ridicule of the entire civilised world. But England goes on boasting of the freedom of its flag while raiding homes and burning towns and killing women and children and innocent men, too stupid to see that she is preparing fast her own ruin.

*

The curse is not confined to England. The hysterical Hughes has brought Australia into ridicule too. And in New Zealand we have a Government that for crass, chronic, and catastrophic stupidity has no rival. We have said enough concerning it before now. We can only add that a group of those grinning heads which the natives of the Islands make from cocoa nuts would be just as effective in Parliament and far cheaper for the Dominion. Of course the explanation of it all is that the Empire has fallen into the hands of financiers and capitalists whose tools the stupid politicians are. Men of principle, men of brains, would not serve as slaves, therefore it is planned in the interest of the "bosses" that only men like those who are supposed now to govern New Zealand should be in power. Men of brains and principle would not introduce the ridiculous legislation fathered by Sir Francis Bell, once reputed to be intelligent and now apparently devoid even of common sense; men of brains and principle would not be guilty of that farcical stunt concerning the price of butter which set even the victims of the so-called Reform Government rocking with laughter at its stupidity; men of brains and principle would never allow the discredited leaders of the P.P. Ass. to prove that the present Government is the tool of that bigoted, persecuting, boycotting Orange gang. Verily, whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. Most of us may live to see St. Malachy's prophecy verified: Ireland free and England brought to the dust by her own criminal stupidities. Already Englishmen are proclaiming that Lloyd George and his traffickers have ruined the Empire. Certainly, for those who hold that loss of honor and good name is worse than any material loss, England has already fallen low.

NOTES

German and Italian Music

It used to be a sign of taste to ridicule Verdi and to extol Wagner until one fine day we discovered that the Hun was not our cousin German after all; then we found out that Wagner was a braying ox and that no man of common sense would pretend that he had an interest in *Brautmarschs* or in *Liebestods*. And, no doubt, some fine day, when we have fallen out with Italy and made friends with our cousins once more,

we shall pretend that we could never listen to *Il Trovatore* or to *Nabucco* without danger of getting a fit. And such in the main is the way of musical critics. We confess that we always considered that we were too deficient in musical training or in taste or whatever else you like to call it to appreciate a Wagner opera as some people used to say they did; but we had never a doubt at all that we loved Verdi and that *Ai Nostri Monti* or *Va Pensiero* stirred us somewhat in the same ineffable way as we are stirred by the sounds and scents of a wood in summer days. And, yet, it is likely that the average man or woman who has heard *Tristan* patiently and bewilderingly, will find that in after years an impression of its beauty and grandeur lingers in his or her memory much as the memory of a mountain, or the general impression made by a poem like *Paradise Lost* will linger.

A Critical Dialogue

Here is a humorous dialogue in which we may find the views of ordinary mortals on the subject of Italian *versus* German music expressed cleverly:—

"Have you ever thought," I said to Emmeline, 'how infinitely superior the music of Wagner is to that of any other composer, in its immunity to influenza? The German Empire, you know, has a moist climate, and the magician of Bayreuth recognised that he must write primarily for a nation that is extremely subject to a cold in the head. It was different with the Italian composers. Bronchial troubles are comparatively unknown in Italy. When Verdi wrote, he failed to make allowance for a sudden attack of the grippe. That is why when Caruso catches a cold they must change the bill at the Metropolitan. But if a Wagnerian tenor loses his voice, the papers say the next morning, "Herr Donner sang with extraordinary intelligence: sometimes he sings with marvellous histrionic power: sometimes he sings with an earnest vigor amounting to frenzy. Wagner, who foresaw everything, foresaw the effects of steam-heated rooms on the delicate organs of the throat. So he developed a music form in which the use of the throat is not always essential."'

"I know," said Emmeline, 'that you'd much rather listen to the la-la, la-la-la-la-lah from *Traviata*.'

"I'd much rather listen to *Traviata*," I said, losing my temper, than strive painfully to be electrified by the "Ho-yo-to-ho" of eight Valkyrie maidens averaging one hundred and seventy-five pounds and leaping from crag to crag at a speed of two miles an hour.

"Of course," said Emmeline, 'I can see why you should be attracted by the Italian ling-a-ling stuff. It's the result of your journalistic training. It's the most superficial business there is. Everything in a newspaper must be obvious at the first glance, and there's nothing like a jingle to catch the crowd. After a while a man gets like the people he writes for.'

The author of this and much more of a similar sort is Simeon Strunsky, Literary Editor of the *New York Evening Post*. He has put his interpretations of America life in a little book called *Post Impressions*. He is a genial philosopher with a sense of humor akin to that of the renowned Archey Road philosopher who is known to us all as Mr. Dooley. *Post Impressions* does not pretend to be a learned work, and, like Mr. Jerome, the author would probably confess that he did not aim at elevating even a cow. Nevertheless you will find many a book which will waste time far less usefully than this unpretentious volume by a writer of whom we are certain to hear more. There is a wholesome sanity about writers like Stephen Leacock, the author of Mr. Dooley, and Mr. Strunsky.

Patience

Patience is the armor of a strong soul. Around a man of constant mind vexations, trials, disappointments rage in vain: their assaults never reach the inner citadel. He who has patience has a jewel above price and a sure bulwark to defend his peace of mind, that gift which is dearer than all earthly treasures. In a note to one of Fenelon's Fables we find a few

striking sentences collected by a studious commentator. Vauvenargues says that "patience is the art of hoping"; Curnillon, that it is "the whole secret of living well"; and according to the Duke of Marlborough, it "is capable of overcoming every difficulty." On the other hand, impatience is an enemy to interior peace and a source of weakness which the slings and arrows of fortune will inevitably discover. Fenelon says: "Impatience, which seems to be strength and vigor of soul, is in truth want of strength and of power to endure suffering." With reference to its action on others, Madame de Maintenon writes: "Impatience embitters and alienates hearts, gentleness wins them." If we were all as wise as we ought to be we should all be patient at all times; if we would but remember ever that our greatest trials are but passing shadows in the day of eternity our peace of mind would rarely be disturbed. There is a useful lesson to be learned from the poet who bids us live as if each day were to be our last:

*Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.*

Prayer

Besides patience God has given to the weak and suffering another powerful shield to defend them from the attacks of enemies and to prevent the sharp weapons of adversity from piercing their hearts. A patient man has the art of hoping, but a man who combines prayer with patience has in him the substance as well as the art of hope. In a noble passage Lacordaire says:

"If there were not somewhere a barrier to resist force, if here below there were nothing but force to oppose against force, the weak and the unfortunate would be lost. God provided for weakness and for misfortune an arm that strikes down the sword, allays anger, blots out wrong, compensates for inequality of condition: He gave them Prayer. Prayer is the queen of the earth. Lowly dressed, with bowed head, hand outstretched, it protects the universe with its suppliant majesty; it passes incessantly from the heart of the weak to the heart of the strong, and the higher the throne to which it ascends, the surer its empire. If an insect could pray to us when we are about to tread on it its prayer would move us with an immense compassion: and as there is not anything higher than God there is not any prayer more victorious than that which mounts to Him."

If a German writer described prayer as a fight on bended knees between good and evil, it is a fight that rages round an inner peace which is always born of that justice of which prayer is a testimony. The great secret of happiness is to live in peace with oneself; and those who have patience and who depend on prayer need no teacher to explain the secret to them, for it is already theirs.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

His Lordship Dr. Whyte paid a brief visit to Southland this week.

Very Rev. James Coffey, Adm., is at present leading the simple life among the green fields of Central Otago. His friends will be pleased to hear that his health is much improved.

To-night (February 24) the friends of Ireland will assemble in large numbers for their re-union in the Overseas Club. Dr. Whyte has promised to be present at the *cille* of the clans.

A euchre party and social, under the auspices of the St. Joseph's Glee Club, will be held in St. Joseph's Hall on next Monday evening. Owing to the length of the programme, the euchre will commence at 8 p.m. sharp.

On Saturday, 40 girls of St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage were invited to the Woodhaugh Gardens by Mesdames Carter, Clark, Paine, and Wilson, who,

with other generous friends of the institution, had kindly arranged an open-air treat for them in the form of a picnic. The children were amply supplied with good things, and during the afternoon the hostesses organised races as well as various games for their guests, the winners receiving pretty prizes. Towards evening the girls returned to South Dunedin with feelings of gratitude to the friends who had added another to the many happy outings they have recently enjoyed.

CONSCIENCE OF WORLD SHOCKED

A message from Washington dated December 14, to the *Irish World*, states:—

Raising the question as to whether the United States ought to continue diplomatic relations with Great Britain, on account of the atrocities committed by her in Ireland, Representative Isaac R. Sherwood, Democrat, of Ohio, introduced a concurrent resolution providing for the organisation of an International High Commission to determine the responsibility for present conditions on that persecuted island.

The commission would be composed of representatives of the United States, France, Italy, Sweden, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Argentina. Both parties to the controversy would be excluded. The resolution appropriates 25,000 dollars to defray the expenses of this country in the investigation.

Conscience of World Shocked.

Recent events in Ireland and the attitude of Great Britain toward the Irish people, the resolution declares in setting forth urgent reasons for such an inquiry, "have become a reproach to civilisation and have shocked the conscience of the world."

"The treatment of Ireland and its people by the British Government," it continues, "is a matter of special and deep concern to the millions of American citizens of Irish descent, and seriously threatens the continuance of friendly relations between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States and the people of the same, and menaces the peace of the world."

Passport Action Condemned.

In refusing to recognise passports issued by this Government to the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, and in refusing to allow the commission to enter Ireland, the resolution holds, Great Britain has brought the United States into contempt.

The situation in Ireland, the resolution points out, is one of "violence and terrorism, the incidents of which comprise, among other things, murder, assassination, assault, plunder, looting, the burning or destruction of houses, shops, factories, creameries, churches, and entire villages and towns."

"It includes," the resolution continues, "raids by bodies of armed men in uniform upon defenceless inhabitants, the wanton destruction of stores of food and forage, barbarous treatment of men, women, and children, and the establishment and maintenance of a general state of lawlessness and terrorism, together with the denial or arbitrary infringement of the accustomed civil rights of free assembly, free speech, free press, and free movement about the country, and the suspension of the ordinary and established processes of government."

Responsible officials of the British Government, the resolution asserts, "not only have admitted the existence and continuance of the aforesaid acts and policy, but have also, from time to time in the House of Commons and elsewhere, publicly condemned and approved the same as justifiable reprisals for alleged illegal and rebellious acts which the duly authorised representatives of the Irish people, including duly elected members of the British Parliament, have publicly and repeatedly denied."

The Defence Department of New Zealand has decided to adopt the "Dennis" Motor Lorry. Transport Officers say that in France the "Dennis" proved first for reliability.—The New Zealand Express Co., Ltd.

Jack Metcalfe

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DUNEDIN

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A WEEK IN IRELAND

The Irish landlord with whom we (*London Nation*) have been in correspondence sends us further extracts from the diary from which we have previously quoted:

Nov. 30.—To-day's paper tells of the fires at Liverpool. Ireland in disgrace again, and no wonder. Yet we were brought up to revere Moses and his handling of the ten Plagues.

Dec. 3.—There is anxiety, F. tells me, about the two Shanaglish boys who were taken away last Friday week and have not been heard of. "The men who took them, 'Black-and-Tans,' stopped at G—— and left another boy at the barracks there, and bought a rope at R's shop, and took these boys away." I had already heard whispers on the countryside about this, and had said I didn't see reason for anxiety, for I have often seen letters in the papers from the kinsfolk of prisoners taken away and not heard of for a while, and who have been heard from later, perhaps *from an English gaol*.

"The bewildered and amazed passivity of the civil population, the state as of people surprised by sudden ruffians, murderers, and thieves in the dead of night and hurled out, terrified and half-clad, snatching at the few scant household gods nearest at hand, into a darkness mitigated but by flaring incendiary torches—this has been the experience stamped upon"—one would think in reading this it was a description of B. and his children, whose house and harvest were burned at dead of night, or our village smith, who saved but an Irish dictionary from his burning house and forge. But it was written by Henry James in an appeal for the refugees from Belgium.

Dec. 4.—To-day C. tells me it is feared there has been "bad work, and that the two Shanaglish boys were done away with. A man, one Z., took notice where a lorry had turned on the road where it was narrow and had knocked down a part of the wall, and he wondered to see it broken and looked behind it, and there were two boys lying, their heads near one another, and dark clothes on them. He went home, and it was three days before he could rise from his bed. And when he told about it some went to look for them, but the bodies were gone and no word of them."

Dec. 5.—T. was here, says the "B-and-T's" came back to Shanaglish after two days, asking for the Loughnanes, said they had escaped, and everyone believes they were done away with.

Dec. 6.—B. says there was news brought last night that the bodies of those two Loughnane boys were found "near Murty Sheehan's cross-road," in a pond that is back from it towards Ballinderreen. It is said they had no clothes on them, and had the appearance of being choked. It looks very bad, but these "Black-and-Tans" can do what they like, and no check on them. Look how the Head Constable was afraid to take a deposition from Mrs. Quinn before she died, and he in the house.

The *Connacht Tribune* has an advertisement of "German toys in great variety at lowest prices," to be had from an agent in—*Belfast*. Later in the day B. tells me, "it is true about the Loughnanes. I met two boys from Shanaglish. They had gone to the place where they were found and saw the bodies and they knew them, though they could not say what way they met their death. The flesh was as if torn off the bones. God help the poor mother! There is one sister, but no boy left in the house."

Dec. 7.—F. hears the Loughnane boys could not be recognised—that "the bodies looked as if they had been dragged after the lorry. When the men bringing them away in the lorry came to R's shop for a rope they took a bottle of whisky, too, and when he asked for payment all they did was to point a revolver at him. The bodies were brought home last night. When they passed through G—— at 6 o'clock the dead bells were ringing. God help the poor mother, that is a widow!"

Another says: "The two funerals passed last night going to Shanaglish. I don't know was the mother

there, but the sister went to see the bodies after they were found. She could not recognise one of them, but when she saw the other she cried out that it was her youngest brother. It is not known for certain how they came by their death. There are some say they were burned. For a boy, N., went into the pond after they were found to bring them in, and when he took a hold of the hand of one of them it came off in his hand. "It will never be known what way they died. There is no one dare ask a question. But the work that is being done will never be forgotten in Ireland."

Dec. 8 (a Holy Day).—N. says: "While we were going to Mass there were lorries packed with military passing the road. Those boys were winnowing at their mother's house when they were taken. It is said they dragged the eldest boy out and beat him, and the other took his part, and then they beat him too, and the mother looking at them. It is said that the mother went to G—— Barracks and asked where they were, and was told they were safe in prison."

Dec. 9.—A farmer coming on business says: "B's house that was burned down and rebuilt by the neighbors has been raided again in the night by the "Black-and-Tans." I hear they threatened to burn it again, but that the old police have said that if this is done by the Castle police the whole of them will resign."

K. says: "It would break your heart to see that funeral, the two hearses and the poor mother between them. She came from her home, but she could not recognise her sons. She had come to the barracks before that looking for tidings of them, and some say she got none and some say they were at Renmore Barracks. And the next day she got tidings they were found." Old Y. says: "Some say that one of them was bayoneted through the heart. Sure such a thing could hardly happen in savage lands, out in Turkey." Then: "There was an inquiry at the barracks yesterday, but we heard nothing since. It is hard to know what happened. There is no one dare trace or tell."

The *Independent* gives Mr. Denis Henry's "printed reply" in Parliament to a question by Mr. Devlin about these brothers: "he was informed they escaped from custody and had not since been heard of."

Dec. 10.—The inquiry is reported in the *Independent*. "The sentry who was on guard on the night of the escape said the men were in prison on the ground floor. About 11 p.m. one of them asked to be allowed out. As the sentry imagined he heard voices in a barn close by, he thought it might be some of the men's comrades who were coming to rescue them. He left the prisoners to investigate the noise, and when he came back he found they had escaped. He reported the matter, and a search party was organised, but the men could not be traced. He had never acted as sentry on any prisoners before."

The *Independent* says also: "Before the funeral R.I.C. men, with two military officers and a doctor, arrived at the church. The coffins were unscrewed. . . . The doctor's evidence was that the body of one was "all charred and most of the skull badly fractured, part of it being missing. The flesh was hanging on the legs and arms. Death was due to the laceration of the skull and brain. The skull of the second body was also badly fractured, but not to the same extent as the other." The two priests who were present were in tears. Father N. asked the officers again and again to look upon the remains and say if such a thing could happen in a Christian country in the twentieth century?"

In this world, we are not, save in the saints, to look for perfection. We have no right to exclude any human being from our sympathy, or from our love. Who are we who demand perfection in others, and exclude from our kindness and respect those who have fallen? Let us look into our own hearts, recall our own past lives, and see what we have been, and what we are.—Dr. Orestes A. Brownson.

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SECOND ANNUAL SPORTS

LANCASTER PARK, CHRISTCHURCH.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1921.

Total Cash and Trophies valued at £400.

AMATEUR EVENTS.

- 1.—100 Yards Flat Handicap. Trophies values at: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 2.—220 Yards Flat Handicap. Trophies valued at: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 3.—440 Yards Flat Handicap. Trophies values at: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 4.—880 Yards Flat Handicap. Trophies valued at: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 5.—1 Mile Flat Handicap. Gold Medal and Trophies valued at: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 6.—880 Yards Football Clubs' Relay Race; 4 men in each team in football uniform; football to be carried full distance. Cup and Gold Medals. Entrance fee, 6s per team.
- 7.—100 Yards Primary Schools' Race (Flat). Limited to two representatives from any one school; to run in school colors. Trophies valued at: 1st, £2; 2nd, £1; 3rd, 10s. Entrance fee, 1s.
- 8.—880 Yards Primary Schools' Relay Race. Cup and four Gold Medals. Entrance fee, 5s per team.
- 9.—880 Yards Secondary Schools' Relay Race. Boys under 17 years. Cup and four Gold Medals. Entrance fee, 5s per team.
- 10.—Hop, Step, and Jump. Boys under 13 years. Trophies valued at: 1st, £1; 2nd, 10s. Entrance fee, 1s.
- 11.—100 Yards Heavy Weight Handicap (16 stone and over). Trophies valued at: 1st, £2; 2nd, £1. Entrance fee, 2s 6d.

CASH EVENTS.

- 1.—100 Yards Maiden Flat Handicap. Prizes: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 2.—220 Yards Flat Handicap. Prizes: 1st, £5; 2nd, £3; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 4s 6d.
- 3.—440 Yards Flat Handicap. Prizes: 1st, £7; 2nd, £3; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 5s 6d.
- 4.—880 Yards Flat Handicap. Prizes: 1st, £10; 2nd, £4; 3rd, £2. Entrance fee, 8s.
- 5.—1 Mile Flat Handicap. Gold Medal, and 1st, £13; 2nd, £5; 3rd, £2. Entrance fee, 10s.
- 6.—120 Yards Hurdles. Prizes: 1st, £5; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 4s.
- 7.—High Jump.—Prizes: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 8.—Hop, Step, and Jump. Prizes: 1st, £3; 2nd, £1. Entrance fee, 2s.
- 9.—Long Jump. Prizes: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 10.—Putting the Shot (16lbs.). Prizes: 1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 3s.
- 11.—130 Yards, St. Patrick's Sheffield Handicap. Four Prizes, consisting of Cup and £56. First, Cup and £40; Second, £10; Third, £4; Fourth, £2. Entrance fee, 28s.

CYCLING.

- 12.—1 Mile Handicap. Prizes: 1st, £5; 2nd, £3; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 4s 6d.
- 13.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Handicap. Prizes: 1st, £6; 2nd, £3; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 5s.
- 14.—Three Miles, St. Patrick's Wheel Race. 1st Prize, Cup, Gold Medal, and £8; 2nd Prize, Gold Medal and £5; 3rd Prize, £2. Entrance fee, 12s 6d. Cup won outright.
- 15.—Obstacle Race (Open Event). Prizes: 1st, £5; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Entrance fee, 2s 6d.

Shamrock Cup.—Presented by Mr. D. Kelleher. Valued at 25 guineas. For most points in Amateur Events, Nos. 1, 2, and 4.

Darfield Hibernian Cup.—Presented by the Darfield Branch of the H.A.C.B.S. Valued at 15 guineas. For Winner of Sheffield Handicap.

New Headford Cup.—Presented by the New Headford Branch, H.A.C.B.S. Valued at 15 guineas. For most points in Professional Events and Gold Medal.

Mayoress Challenge Cup.—Presented by the Mayoress, Mrs. Thacker. Valued at 20 guineas. For Football Clubs' Relay Race.

Climber Cup.—Presented by Hayward Bros. and Co. Valued at 20 guineas. For Winner of Three Mile Bicycle Race.

Sheedy Cup.—Presented by Mr. E. Sheedy. Valued at 10 guineas. For Secondary Schools' Relay Race.

Bryan Cup.—Presented by Mr. J. Bryan. Valued at 5 guineas. For Primary Schools' Relay Race.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Cash Running and Field Events.—All Competitors in these classes must have a registration ticket of the N.Z. Athletic Union.

Amateur Running.—Competitors for these events must be members of an Athletic Club, and must have a license from their local centre N.Z.A.A.A.

Cycling Events.—Under N.Z. League of Wheelmen Rules. Competitors not complying with the above are liable to disqualification.

Entries close on WEDNESDAY, March 2nd, 1921.

NOTE.—All entries to be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Box 1051, P.O., Christchurch, accompanied by Entrance Fees.

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TIMARU

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A splendid meeting of men, representative of practically every parish in Sydney and suburbs, was held on a recent Sunday for the purpose of giving all the assistance in their power to the big effort which is now being made on behalf of the Sisters of Mercy's orphanage at Baulkham Hills. The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Gorman, P.P. (Parramatta), who presided, in eloquent and touching language put before those present the position of the orphanage, in which there were at the moment no fewer than 175 little boys, ranging in age from three to ten. The strain of maintaining these little ones was enormous, and, in addition to that, the Sisters were burdened with a very heavy interest bill, consequent on the erection of the new orphanage buildings, on which there was still a debt of £7000. Monsignor O'Gorman added that he regarded the work of this orphanage as of national importance, and not parochial in any sense, as there were boys there from every part of their own State, and even from the adjoining States. He was quite sure that the present movement would be productive of an immense outpouring of practical sympathy with the good Sisters in their beautiful and pathetic work. Brief addresses, embodying encouraging and helpful suggestions, were made by Messrs. J. L. Mullen, J. Morrissey, T. J. Shannon, W. J. Coogan, J. E. Burke, Wilson, McConville, Creagh, C. S. Jones, N. Chinchon, McNamara, and Marshall.

QUEENSLAND.

Rev. Father Hogan, who was ordained at St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, and arrived from Ireland recently, has been appointed curate to Rev. Father O'Keeffe at Bulimba.

Rev. Father Earl A. Stanaway, of New Zealand, who was recently ordained in Sydney for the archdiocese of Brisbane, has been appointed to the staff of St. Stephen's Cathedral.

Rev. Father Leo Carlton, an old student of Nudgee College, who completed his ecclesiastical training at St. Patrick's, Manly, and was ordained in Sydney by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate on November 28, has been appointed curate at Toowoomba. Father Carlton is at present spending a few days in Brisbane.

Rev. Father Denis Ahern, late of Ipswich Road parish, has been appointed to the temporary charge of St. James', Coorparoo.

Rev. Michael Masterson is returning to Nanango, where he will work with his brother, Rev. Francis Masterson. He will be succeeded at Oriel Road by Rev. Francis O'Connell, who is at present taking a short holiday. Father O'Connell's place at Crow's Nest will be filled by Rev. Kevin Murphy, late of Nanango.

At the recent Anglican Church Congress during a debate on Reunion, the Archbishop of Brisbane, Dr. Donaldson, who is reckoned a likely candidate for the Archbishopric of Canterbury [it has been definitely announced that Dr. Donaldson will return to Brisbane], declared that, although he felt perfectly certain of the validity of his Orders, he would be "quite ready and willing to kneel before a Roman prelate and be re-ordained according to the Roman rite, to satisfy the conscience of the Roman Church and help the great and holy cause of Christian Reunion" (writes the London correspondent of the *Melbourne Advocate*). The High Anglican organ says it is impossible to imagine any Anglican Archbishop ten years ago making such a bold and fearless declaration, and it suggests that the cause of Reunion must be making real and steady progress when such an announcement can be made at a Church congress with acquiescence and approval, and without evoking any hostile cries, scenes, or manifestations. It is this striking difference or point of view, the *Church Times* adds, that marks more than anything else the great change which has come over the whole religious situation in this country. Not long ago, to take risks was regarded as a crime, and the men who advocated them were labelled dangerous, and snubbed and reproved by the people in power and authority. But now nobody felt any particular admiration for the man, whether ecclesiastic or statesman, who played for safety every time. In support of its advice to take risks and make friendly overtures to Rome, as the Archbishop of Brisbane is prepared to do, the *Church Times* indulges in a cricketing simile:—"As in cricket the days of the stonewaller have passed and have been succeeded by the brilliant and adventurous play of Hobbs and Taylor, so in Church matters there is a strong tendency to dethrone caution from its former position as the chief of the ecclesiastical virtues." That is all very well and excellent special pleading from the High Anglican standpoint (comments the *Brisbane Catholic Advocate*), but Rome is not going to

"run risks" or take "short cuts" to reunion to please the High Anglicans or anybody else. The two Archbishops of Brisbane are, we believe, very good friends, and work harmoniously together for the common good. But Archbishop Donaldson is not going to get Catholic re-ordination by merely flopping on his knees before Archbishop Duhig. Dr. Duhig will have to be satisfied on a number of highly important points and particulars before any such interesting little ceremony is possible.

TASMANIA.

It is with sincere regret that we (*Catholic Press*) record the death of the Venerable Archpriest Philip Hennebry, at Highbury Private Hospital, Hobart, on January 25, after a short but severe illness. The news of the beloved Archpriest's death caused a wave of sorrow and grief in Tasmania, especially in Hobart. On all sides the poignancy of the grief was apparent. Archpriest Hennebry, who was one of the most widely known personages in Tasmania, was born 81 years ago at Moorcoine, Kilkenny, Ireland, and he was educated at Waterford College. After pursuing his ecclesiastical studies at Carlow College, he was ordained there on June 10, 1865, and came to Tasmania early in January, 1866, when he took charge of New Norfolk parish, which included Bagdad, Onse, and Bothwell. After laboring 18 months in that parish he took up duties in St. Joseph's parish in Hobart, wherein he worked hard till the time of his death. About seven years ago the Archpriest was stricken with paralysis. He should have ceased active work then; but his indomitable spirit enabled him to continue. He was only in the hospital a little over a week, but his illness was very severe. His calm endurance and powerful vitality sustained him almost to the end, and he retained consciousness and interest in life almost right up till the day of his death.

VICTORIA.

The Rev. F. Kent was raised to the exalted dignity of the priesthood at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday morning (says the *Melbourne Advocate* of February 16). His Lordship the Bishop of Sale (Right Rev. Dr. Phelan) officiated, and was assisted by Rev. P. O'Brien and Rev. N. Clack. There was a crowded congregation, and the front portion of the nave of the Cathedral was reserved for relatives and friends of the young Levite, who was attended by Rev. J. H. O'Grady, P.P. (his uncle), and Rev. D. Shaw (cousin). The ceremonies were most impressive, and at the close Father Kent gave his blessing to hundreds of the congregation in the Cathedral and in the grounds attached thereto. Father Kent spent three years at the Christian Brothers' School, Ballarat, and completed his ecclesiastical studies at Springwood and Manly. He will remain in the Melbourne archdiocese for a year, and will then be attached to the Hobart archdiocese. Father Kent celebrated his first Mass at Preston on Monday.

His Lordship the Bishop of Sandhurst (Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy) has made the following changes amongst the priests of the diocese:—The Rev. John J. Kennedy, Bendigo, to the pastoral charge of Myrtleford, rendered vacant by the death of the late lamented Dr. Skelly; Rev. John Moran, Adm., Myrtleford, to be Adm. at Elmore during the absence of Father Ryan; Rev. Francis Meyer, D.D., Benalla, to be Adm. at Kerang during the absence of Rev. W. Armstrong; Rev. James O'Sullivan, from Heathcote to Chiltern; Rev. Hugh Ryan, from Chiltern to Benalla; Rev. Joseph Thomas Awburn, from Wodonga to Heathcote; Rev. Patrick O'Sullivan, from Myrtleford to Bendigo; Rev. Charles W. Borrack, from Nagambie to Myrtleford.

The Rev. Charles Jerger has taken up temporary residence in Holland. Writing from that country to a Sydney friend, he stated that he was treated much better in England than in Australia. He was granted a passport from England to Holland, but later proposed to visit his brother in America. When Mr. Hughes is deposed, he added, he expects that he will be permitted to return to Australia.

Turn your eyes to God and try to please Him in all things, and He will not fail to provide for you in all things.—St. Teresa.

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IRISH NEWS

IRELAND ROBBED.

Francis Hackett, associate editor of the *New Republic*, recently investigated conditions in Ireland, and published a detailed account of his findings and adventures. In his testimony he dealt mostly with the economic problems and possibilities of the country. He produced facts to show that Ireland paid 300,000 dollars over and above her allotted amount of revenue, from 1915 to 1919, to the British Government; and this same money, paid by Irishmen, is being used to keep British troops, armed motor-lorries, tanks, aeroplanes, etc., in Ireland.

Describing experiences in Ireland, he said:

"In the course of my travels last summer I visited Kilkenny, Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Dublin, Belfast, and Galway, in addition to many smaller places.

I am now convinced that an independent Republic is Ireland's only hope. As a matter of fact, the de facto Sinn Fein Government has instituted reforms directly needed for a century.

"The Royal Irish Constabulary is only nominally a police force, being actually a military force of occupation that has been kept in Ireland for a hundred years. As the police are compelled to evacuate, all fear of and all respect for the British Government goes with them. Once evacuated, a district is lost to them. They have never succeeded in returning, except under the protection of a considerable armed force. As soon as they go, the Volunteers who drive them out take over their duties, and police the country with the thoroughness of a 'new broom.' The Volunteers are marvellously disciplined: they never touch a drop of liquor: they are always on hand, cool and efficient.

The Real Ulster.

"Working with Volunteers are practically all local Town and County Councils outside of Ulster, and many in Ulster: they recognise no police, except those of the Republic—the Volunteers. They have established their courts, and administer justice. I have been in the Sinn Fein courts, and have never seen a more democratic assembly."

The speaker stated that there probably are a hundred thousand British troops in Ireland, with about nine thousand police and six or seven thousand "Black-and-Tans." He said there had been twenty thousand raids in Ireland, before one of the hundred and twenty policemen (as claimed by the English House of Commons) had been killed; and that in almost every instance the policeman killed had been guilty of some great crime—most frequently murder. Mr. Hackett declared that 75 per cent. of the people in Ireland were Sinn Fein, 80 per cent. Labor, and 84 per cent. of the people in Ulster was self-government.

No Religious Question.

"There is no doubt" (Mr. Hackett said) "that what religious situation exists is kept alive by employers in order to keep their workers apart. Religious differences that are found are purely political and economical. No theological basis for them exists. Most of this feeling, too, is confined to Belfast. There is practically no religious feeling in southern Ireland."

Mr. Hackett gave a picture of the Republican Government functioning quietly and efficiently underground, amid external confusion. British authority (he said) had dwindled to a handful of well-fortified posts.

LINE UP BRITISH LABOR IN IRISH CAUSE.

A London message to an exchange, under date December 29, states:—

A movement calculated by its organisers to place the full weight of British organised labor in support of the Irish Self-determination claims began with a specially convened conference of the Parliamentary Labor Party in London to-day, after several members of the party's commission which investigated the situation in Ireland told what they had learned there.

A resolution was adopted unanimously challenging the Government to disprove the commission's accusations regarding reprisals and other outrages charged to the crown forces. The conference was held as a curtain-raiser for a campaign in behalf of self-determination and in opposition to the government's alleged policy of repression, to be inaugurated by the laborites in Manchester on January 17, and concluded in London on February 1.

Serious Indictment.

A. G. Cameron, chairman of to-day's conference, in opening discussion on the commission's report, characterised it as "the most serious indictment against British methods in trying to govern Ireland ever placed before the British people."

"The manner in which Sir Hamar Greenwood (chief secretary for Ireland) has evaded questions in the House of Commons reflects discredit upon himself and the House," Mr. Cameron added. "As a result of her handling of the Irish question, Great Britain has not a friend in the world." The resolution adopted says: "This conference now challenges the Government to disprove the statements of the Labor Commission by such judicial inquiry and to deal with those proved guilty of such serious charges as their offences deserve."

Call for Troop Withdrawal.

Another resolution, adopted at this afternoon's session, voices approval of the parliamentary labor party's declaration regarding "outrages conducted in the name of the Sinn Fein and reprisals by servants of the crown." Efforts of the labor inquiry commission to secure a cessation of all violent and provocative actions, with a view to opening peace negotiations between the Government and elected representatives of the Irish people.

This resolution suggests the following grounds as basis for settlement: First, withdrawal of all armed forces; second, placing of responsibility for maintaining order in each locality in Ireland on the local authorities, and third, provision for immediate election by proportional representation of a constituent assembly charged to work out whatever constitution for Ireland the Irish people desire, subject only to two conditions—namely, protection of minorities and guarantees that the constitution should prevent Ireland becoming a military or naval menace to Great Britain.

SIR. PHILIP GIBBS ON IRELAND.

Sir. Philip Gibbs, the well-known war correspondent, in a preface to Mr. Hugh Martin's book "Ireland in Insurrection," describes it as evidence which cannot be disregarded by people who have any honesty of mind or any love for the reputation of their country.

"Official denials, evasions, and distortions," he says, "cannot stand against such a narrative. The details of English reprisals, cruelties and blackguardism are not only stirring up foreigners, but also the Dominions. Our warmest friends and our own relatives are filled with amazement and indignation that England, the champion of the small nations and the friend of liberty, has adopted a Prussian policy after the war in which hundreds of thousands of Irishmen fought for the Empire.

"The shame and guilt for this anarchy rests on the statesmen who have abandoned statesmanship. Thus it will not be the soldiers whom history will gibbet, but the statesmen who have sacrificed the lives of soldiers in a mean and unnecessary war."

Early in November, 1920, Mr. Hugh Martin, who was the *Daily News* correspondent at Tralee, related a sensational story regarding alleged overbearing acts by members of the Royal Irish Constabulary towards the correspondents in Ireland of leading London journals. He said that the police came to his hotel and said they were going to "do for" him, and that he saved his life by impersonating an absent journalist. Mr. H. W. Massingham, editor of the *Nation*, wrote a letter to the *Times* asking what action the Newspaper Proprietors' Association intended to take to protect Mr. Martin.

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WEDDING BELLS

DONOHUE—RYAN.

A very interesting wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, Christchurch, on January 25, by Very Rev. Dean Regnault, assisted by Rev. Father Long. The contracting parties were Miss Delia Ryan, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ryan, of Ashburton, and Mr. Joseph Donohue, fourth son of the late Mr. T. Donohue, of Doyleston, and Mrs. Donohue, of Woolston. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. P. F. Ryan, was attired becomingly in a pretty gaberdine frock with accordion-pleated panniers and a corsage of tucked georgette. With this she wore a picture hat of champagne georgette, with touches of henna. Miss Kate Ryan, who assisted as bridesmaid, was attired in an amethyst frock of crepe-de-Chine, with Oriental embroidery, and carried a bouquet of rosebuds and carnations. Mr. Jack O'Donohue, jun., of Levin, carried out the duties of best man. The bride and bridesmaid both wore gold bangles, the gifts of the bridegroom, the bride's present to the bridegroom being a set of ebony-backed military hair brushes. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion by cousins of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride. Very Rev. Dean Regnault presided, and proposed the health of the happy couple. The many and costly presents, which included a number of cheques for substantial amounts, were displayed. Later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for the north, the bride travelling in a smart navy costume, with hat to match.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A correspondent sends the following from an American friend to the *Anglo-Celt*:—

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers, running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert, and heard a sleek Frenchman play a piano that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself

that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys way up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Sometimes I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz-saw, and I got excited.

"About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ashpan.

"But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, and trees appeared to be a mudbank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a humble-bee; I tried to yell, but my tongue wouldn't move.

"He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his top plug, went down grades 50 feet to the mile, and not a controlling brake. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, coming towards us were the headlights of a heavy train. I heard the crash as the engines met and saw the cars shivered into atoms, people smashed, mangled, and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another deep crash as the French professor struck the deep keys way down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face, and bowing to the people before him. If I lived to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

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FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

I.—Historical Authority of the New Testament.

53. The historical books of the New Testament are the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. The perfect authority of these books depends on three conditions—authenticity, integrity, and veracity.

(1) *Authenticity*.—A book is called *authentic* when it is really the work of the author whose name it bears, or to whom it is attributed. Are the books of the New Testament authentic? Were the four Gospels written by the Evangelists, whose names they bear? Does the book of the Acts of the Apostles come from the pen of St. Luke, as is affirmed by Catholics? Our adversaries deny it; they pretend that these books were composed by writers of a later date. We say, on the contrary, that their authenticity cannot admit of a doubt. It is proved by four arguments—prescription or legitimate possession, impossibility of the contrary, marks of authenticity, and testimony.

(a) The Universal Church has been in possession of these books ever since their origin, and has always held them to be authentic; and though her cleverest and most furious enemies have tried to prove the contrary, they have never, during the course of so many centuries, been able to do so. Hence this possession of the Church must be considered legitimate and founded on truth.

(b) To say that these books have been invented by impostors, and falsely attributed to the Evangelists, is not only gratuitous, but an impossible hypothesis. The invention of them could not have been produced during the lifetime of the Apostles, because these would have protested against them; nor yet after their death—that is to say, after the first century of our era—because these books then already existed, and were spread throughout Christendom like the Christians themselves.

(c) The Gospels bear the marks of their author's hands. The language in which they were composed; the style; the constant allusions to the Scriptures, to the manners and geographical circumstances of the Jews; the facts and words which are reported with a precision of detail which can only be given by an eye-witness—all these things show that their authors were Israelites who were contemporaries and disciples of Jesus.

(d) The Gospels and Evangelists are quoted by the earliest Fathers, such as St. Justin, St. Irenaeus, St. Polycarp, St. Ignatius, St. Clement of Rome, who was a disciple of St. Peter. Moreover, the heretics of the first ages, the pagan philosophers who were hostile to the Church, such as Lucian, Celsus, and Julian the Apostate, admit the authenticity of the Gospels. "Paul has nowhere dared to give to Jesus the name of God," says Julian; "neither have Matthew, Luke, nor Mark; John only has done it in his simplicity."

(2) *Integrity*.—The books of the New Testament have not undergone any substantial interpolation or alteration, (a) because such corruption has always been impossible, and (b) it is positively evident that it never has taken place.

(a) *Impossibility*.—All corruption would have been impossible during the lifetime of the Apostles, and under their eyes. They would have protested against it, and not have suffered it. It was also impossible after their death, as it would be now, because of the dissemination of copies and the vigilance of the bishops.

(b) It is proved that the New Testament has in fact remained intact; proofs of this are furnished by the writings and commentaries of the Fathers, who quote nearly all the New Testament; by the ancient versions, which are in perfect harmony with the actual text; by the old manuscripts of the New Testament which have come down to us, some of which date from the fourth century, and which present the same text with some unimportant variations.

(3) *Veracity*.—The historians of the New Testament are truthful, veracious, and worthy of belief in the highest degree. We have proof of this in the person of the authors, in the nature of the facts which they report, in the form of their recital, in the confidence which they have inspired from the beginning.

(a) The authors are men who were neither deceived nor deceivers, and who moreover could not, if they would, have deceived. In fact, they were contemporary with, and witnesses of, events which they relate. Calm of mind and slow of belief, they were men without excitement or enthusiasm; full of religion and probity, they had a horror of imposture, and shed their blood to witness the truth of what they have written.

(b) The history which they write is composed of a series of public and important events, which could easily have been proved to be false, and which contemporaries would have rejected as unworthy impostures if their truthfulness

had not been evident. Moreover, these same events are so wonderful, the doctrine and discourses relating to them so sublime, so astonishing, so unheard of until then, that even men of the greatest genius could not have invented them.*

(c) The manner in which the Evangelists relate all these great things bears in itself the stamp of truth. They differ from each other, but do not contradict each other: their candor and simplicity are remarkable. Such is always the testimony of truthful persons who all relate the same events, each one according to his own style.

(d) Is there a single monument of history to which such a degree of veracity has always been attributed?

(a) The Gospels, as soon as they appeared, were respected as the faithful expression of the great things of which the first readers had themselves partly been witnesses; (b) it was on the faith of the Evangelists, as on that of the Apostles, that their contemporaries, Jews and Gentiles, embraced the religion of Jesus Christ, though it was new, and only offered to the corrupt society of the times mysteries to believe, a severe morality to practise, and persecutions to undergo. The learned and unlearned received as the pure truth all that is contained in the Gospels, and sealed their belief with their blood.

Therefore the books of the New Testament are of perfect veracity, integrity, and authenticity; therefore they possess the highest degree of authority that can be exacted of history.

* "Shall we say," the infidel J. J. Rousseau asks, "that the history of the Gospel has been invented at pleasure. No people invent thus. It would be more inconceivable that several men had conjointly fabricated this book than that a single person could have furnished the subject. Jewish authors could never have taken such a tone. And the Gospel has in it characters so great, so striking, and so perfectly inimitable, that he who could invent them would be still greater than his heroes." *Emile*, tom. iii.; vide Feller, n. 243 et suiv.).

MADRE MARIA.*

On the mountain Lucia
Was Madre Maria,
With book of gold.
Half was she reading,
Half praying and pleading
For sorrow foretold.

Came her son Jesus
To the mountain Lucia:
"What are you doing then,
Madre Maria?"

"Nor reading nor sleeping,
But dreaming a dream.
On Calvary's hilltop
Three crosses gleam.

Bare in the moonlight;
Your body on one,
Nailed feet and hands,
O my dear little Son!"

"Be it so, be it so,
O mi Madre Maria!"

Who says this prayer
Three times a day
Will find Heaven's doors
Opened always
And Hell's doors shut
Forever and ay.
Amen, Jesus!

* This is a New Mexico folksong translated and adapted by Alice Corbin, in the *Literary Digest*.

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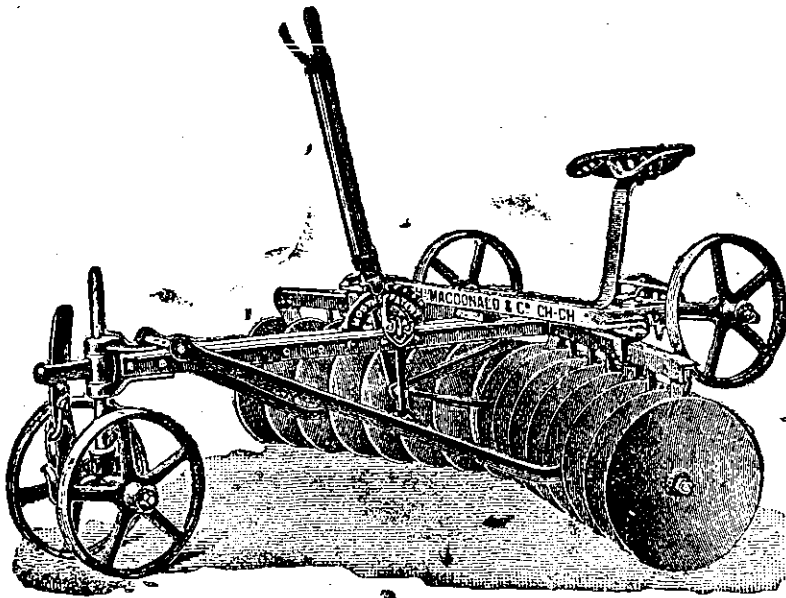
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FATHER DAY, S.J., ON IRISH FABRICATIONS

(By SHANE LESLIE, in the London Catholic Times.)

At this moment, when there is prospect of a truce and honorable negotiations taking place between England and Ireland, it behoves Catholics and Protestants, Irish and English, to moderate their sentiments and, if possible, while making clear their own witness and principles, to respect that of others and to seek only justice, bare justice for themselves and justice for their opponents in the controversy. This cannot be done by wholesale generalisations. Father Henry Day, S.J., bears witness to the justice and chivalry of the English troops in France, where he witnessed them personally for five years. But he obviously has not the qualifications of a witness in regard to what he calls "a most critical and dangerous defence of our Empire in Ireland." Most Englishmen, if they saw what has happened in Ireland, would, to their credit, prefer to have no Empire at all than one maintained by some of the terrorists which uniformed men have carried out on innocent people. While making exception of any acts of courtesy and chivalry which individual soldiers have attempted in the spirit of General Abercromby, who was dismissed the Irish Command because he said "I will never draw the sword on Paddy," it is now obvious that a special force have had to be recruited to carry out in Ireland what ordinary regiments would refuse to do or only do with deep disgust. Granting that there may have been great exaggerations of what the "Black-and-Tans" have committed—and I hope to Heaven that the most laid to their charge may be proved untrue for everybody's sake,—yet if one deed, such as is recorded of Croke Park or Ardee, is true (I mention these as the only ones on which I have been sent personal witness) than it is an equal exaggeration on the other side when Father Day calls "on this country to reject neck and crop the whole brood of vile fabrications."

Why Not Call for Investigation?

It would be far wiser to call for an impartial inquiry as to what is fabricated by both sides in Ireland and what is not. Truth cannot be served until it is investigated and the world discovers which are the crimes and which are the reprisals. Reprisals are not necessarily without crime whether they are committed by uniformed troops or by a maddened peasantry. Murder is murder. The supreme law of God, before which the British Empire has to bow as well as the Irish people, does not justify a single one of the violent deaths which have taken place in Ireland during the past two years, whether on the British or the Irish side. "Murder is murder," as Lord Buckmaster said at the Albert Hall, and added that in his recent investigations into the Ten Commandments (grim laughter) he had found no exception to the Commandment against murder in favor of the Coalition Government (loud applause from an English audience).

Moral Theology, which interprets the mercy of the Church, can distinguish between different provocations to murder. The soldiers, who shot at the crowd at Croke Park, shot under orders. Their act lies on the commanding officers and more certainly on the Government, whose general instructions they were carrying out. On the other hand Moral Theology would not wholly condemn Irishmen, who killed the troops who set their houses on fire and thereby exposed their women and children to the danger of winter exposure. I make these exceptions to show how important it is to make exceptions whatever one's own views are.

If the Position were Reversed.

I wonder what English newspapers would say supposing Welsh or Scotch troops were quartered on English towns and performed the same actions that mixed troops have performed in Ireland.

Father Day has the right to his opinions and free speech to express them, but when he refers to "the whole brood of vile fabrications" without making exceptions, he is making one of those sweeping generalisations, which, whether uttered on the British or the Irish side, stand in the way of historic truth and evidence being sifted. I do not wish to meet exaggeration with exaggeration. My witness may be second-hand, but I will refer Father Day to the Irish Bishops and especially to Cardinal Logue's Pastoral. I mentioned Ardee and Croke Park as places on which I had been sent personal evidence. Ardee is the last place I stayed in in Ireland and with the parish priest. There is no quieter little Catholic town in Cardinal Logue's diocese. No outrage of any sort has been committed there and yet the shop of my friend, Mr. Dolan, a local antiquarian and scholar, has been looted by troops called "Black-and-Tans." Then last Tuesday week two men were taken from their houses by men arriving in lorries and shot without trial, and all inquiry is hushed up. I enclose the

printed account which is sent to me by my friends in Ardee. (The *Dundalk Democrat*, December 4, contains full particulars of the tragedies.)

What Happened at Croke Park.

As to Croke Park, I subjoin the letter of a priest to myself. "My brother was at the football match in Croke Park on Sunday; the incident is being almost hushed in the English press. The enclosure has concrete walls with a stand and embankments inside. Without a word of warning the walls were sealed with ladders and shots poured in among the people, the two gates being held. My brother was through it all. A man was killed beside him; a child of ten was shot dead. My cousin was shot dead in his football jersey on the field, while all the time an officer shouted through a megaphone "Let the murder gang come forth!" All were searched, and 30 revolvers among 15,000 people wasn't a large amount. You may be sure that in a crowd like that nobody thought of firing one at an approaching crowd of armed military and "Black-and-Tans." Beside my cousin's dead body in the mortuary I saw that of the dead boy of 14, a street gamin, who had booped the "Black-and-Tans," while they were raiding in Capel Street. As my cousin lay dead on the field a girl came in from outside with a basin of water and a sponge. She had been looking at the match and was bleeding from a grazing bullet wound in the chin."

True and Justifiable or Fabrication?

To stories like this one may add one of three comments. Either they are "vile fabrications," or they are true and unjustifiable acts, or they are true and justifiable acts. Father Day would seem to cut the Gordian knot and sweep all aside as "vile fabrications." An Englishman jealous for his country's honor may be excused, if he does so in the heat of the moment. But his Government is less jealous for British honor, for it takes the line that such things as reprisals are true and justified. The bulk of English opinion, when faced by the facts, takes the second line that these things are true but unjustifiable, and therein lies the hope of a truce and peace between the English and Irish peoples. The Government calls English Liberals, who attack reprisals, sham Gladstones, but who would not rather be a sham Gladstone than a sham Prussian, for the acts of terrorism which uniformed men have performed in Ireland on innocent people have been the same as the Prussians performed in Belgium and for the same reason. In the end the result will also be the same, for the same two influences, which condemned the German acts in Belgium, to-day condemn the British acts in Ireland, Catholic principle and world opinion.

The Peace Negotiations.

I would not say more, for we are on the verge of peace negotiations and nobody, Irish or English, has the right, whatever he feels, to add by sweeping generalisations to the confusion. Let each condemn whatever proved crimes are committed for his cause, and try to make it possible for the leaders to conclude a Truce of God pending a final if honorable settlement.

It is a matter of great self-abasement, and full proof of our depraved nature, that sin, the only thing which God hates, we hate so little.—Adam.

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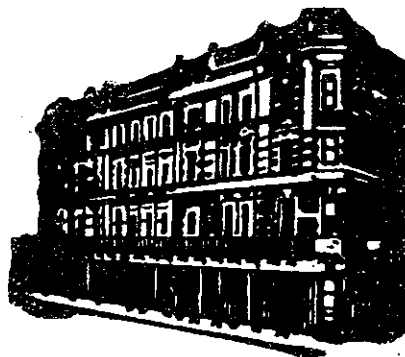
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BRITISH LABOR COMMISSION'S REPORT

A London correspondent, under date December 28, writes to an American exchange:—

A scathing denunciation of Government methods in Ireland and a strong expression of the future of coercive methods to suppress either the Sinn Fein movement or the Republican army occupy for the most part the report of the Labor Commission which recently visited Ireland to study conditions there.

Contents of the Report.

The report, which occupies 50 pages, has additional appendices giving extracts from police reports and other documents and photographs of destroyed property. It deals with all aspects of the present situation and the sentiment in Ireland, as well as a specific study of reprisals.

It shows incidentally that an appeal to Premier Lloyd George, signed by Arthur Henderson and William Adamson, as late as December 23, had failed to bring a response to the commission's desire to institute an "unofficial truce" so that steps toward peace might be taken.

Republican Army Formidable Because Intangible.

Declaring the Irish Republican army to be formidable, because intangible, the report says that if it were concentrated as an army it could easily be defeated, and it exists only because it has the sympathy and support of the vast mass of the population.

"So great has been the provocation by the Crown forces that 80 per cent. of Irish men and women," continues the report, "now regard the shooting of policemen and the throwing of bombs at lorries with the same philosophical resignation that Mr. Lloyd George displays toward arson and pillage and the shooting of civilians in the presence of their wives and children. The destruction of creameries, etc., only serves to stimulate recruiting by increasing the numbers of desperate men."

"Stink in the Nostrils of the World."

The commission says "a thing is being done in the name of Great Britain which must make her name stink in the nostrils of the whole world. The honor of our people has been gravely compromised."

The commission charges the Crown forces, among other things, with burning, destruction, looting, and floggings.

The Government's Guilty Responsibility.

Regarding the Government's responsibility for reprisals the commission states: "We do not believe the Government directly and definitely inspired reprisals and violence, but while it has perfunctorily denied certain occurrences which are beyond doubt, it has associated itself with, and defended crimes committed by, the Crown forces in Ireland. Blame for the present situation does not rest primarily with the members of the Crown forces, but with the Government."

Among the points in the commission's report are the following:—

The "Black-and-Tans" Beatings and Floggings.

"Even if only a tithe of the fires which admittedly have occurred in many parts of Ireland during the last few months were caused by Government agents, the case against the forces of the Crown and the Government would, in our judgment, be amply proved.

"There are so many undoubted cases of looting and theft that the commission must add these crimes to those of burning and destruction. Many cases of beating and other forms of punishment came to our notice, some of which we were able to investigate.

"In some places there has been a good deal of flogging of the people.

"Rough and brutal treatment of women is by no means the worst that has to be said against men in the service of the British Crown.

No Solution by Violence and Vengeance.

"Final solution of the Irish problem will not be found in a policy of violence and vengeance. It will have to be found along the lines of conciliation and consent by a more enlightened method of negotiation."

The report declares that in the "Black-and-Tans" and auxiliaries "the Government has created a weapon which it cannot wield, it has liberated forces which it is not at present able to dominate."

Silly Anti-Sinn Fein Reports.

The report ridicules the official contentions that Sinn Feiners themselves burned and destroyed property in towns of markedly Sinn Fein sympathies as "unreasonable and indeed stupid." A minute description is given of all the cases investigated. One interesting point is that in the case of the Croke Park tragedy, when on November

21 numerous persons were killed or injured at a football game, the report absolves the authorities from anything in the nature of "premeditated reprisals."

Terrorised Victim.

The report testifies to the difficulty of gathering information owing to the terrorism existing, eyewitnesses being threatened even with death if they divulge what they have seen. It describes minutely the character and organization of all the Crown forces. Dealing with the Constabulary, it says:—

"We feel compelled to express the opinion that by no means a negligible proportion of the Royal Irish Constabulary as at present constituted are men of intemperate habit, utterly unsuited to their duties."

The strongest condemnation, however, is reserved for the auxiliaries, who, it is declared, "evidently enjoy special and powerful protection."

Reprisals Scientifically Carried Out.

It asserts that wherever reprisals have been scientifically carried out it has been almost invariably by detachments of cadet auxiliaries—men possessed of ability and education and inflamed by political passion, who brook no interference from other Crown forces and do not seem to recognise even the authority of Dublin Castle.

The report voices the apprehension felt by the Labor Party in England when it says with reference to this force: "It is a class weapon which is being forged in Ireland and could be used in England."

SHIPS THAT DEPART.

"Les bateaux sur lesquels on ne s'embarque pas."

Ships that depart and leave us on the shore
Are bound for joyous towns and flowery vales
And speed along smooth-lapping seas before
Soft winds that softly lift the humming sails.

Into the rosy mists of rising morn
They fade; and after them, like to a stream
Of eager sea-fowl, flutters to the bourne
How many a wing of vague and wistful dream!

Whither? Ah, who can tell that other world?
But surely those untrodden isles are fair,
Pleasant the cove where sail and wing are furled,
Greener the hills, redder the roses—there?

And yet—did we pursue the ship, the dream,
The old unrest would vex the sea, the frown
Gather on heaven; no fairy isle would gleam,
But only barren shore and grimy town.

Is then the voyage vain; no more it yields
Than the old ugliness the old life wore?
Ah, vain! They only find Elysian fields—
Ships that depart and leave us on the shore.

—G. O'NEILL, in *Studies*.
From the French of "L'Ami Chantre."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

INQUIRER.—The supreme power is vested in the Parliament. The King is merely entitled to summon or prorogue Parliament. He may technically dissolve Parliament but as a matter of fact he does so at the discretion of the Cabinet. He can no longer either declare war or peace without the consent of Parliament. His signature was affixed to the Asquith Home Rule Bill which was passed formally and held up by a suspensory clause.

CATHOLIC.—With reference to the daily paper you mention we are aware that a qualified man was turned down because after it was proved that he was not a Catholic it was alleged that his wife was. Can you expect anything better than what you get from a paper run on such principles?

W.F.M.—The Branch Theory is a modern invention which is popular with a small section of the Anglican High Church Party. According to this view the Church of Christ is made up of the Latin, Greek, and Anglican Churches, which are as branches of the same tree. Its futility is clear from the fact that both Latin and Greek Churches are at one in rejecting Anglicans from the fold of the Catholic Church.

E.S.—"Civis" not only denied that he made the reference to "Old Moran" and "his pigs" but he actually tried to make his readers believe that it was an invention of the *Tablet's*. In the *Tablet*, May 13, 1892, we read: "Last Saturday week our contemporary published a note over the signature 'Civis' in which insistence was made that the block-vote would be used in the Bruce election. The notes to which we pointed last week were, as we said, *extremely scurrilous*. In one of them Irish electors were stigmatised as 'pigs'; in the other the Bishop of Dunedin was called 'Old Moran'—old Moran driving his pigs to market—such was the manner in which a Catholic Bishop advising his people as to how they should try to obtain justice was spoken of." The passages from the *Otago Daily Times* of April 30, 1892, were the following:—"If the Bishop gets all his pigs to market (my metaphors are getting mixed, but that comes of reading Mr. Lee Smith's speeches)—if the Bishop, I repeat, gets all his pigs to market, he will poll 250 votes solid." In another paragraph "Civis" writes: "Scene a midnight interior. Government candidate soliloquises: . . . Then there's the block vote. D— the block vote. Nobody believes that I care a dump for religious education—old Moran least of all."

INSPECTOR FOUHY

THE FORCE'S FAREWELL: AN ENTHUSIASTIC SEND-OFF.

Inspector Fouhy, who has been transferred from the charge of the Southland Police district, had an honor paid to him that must be well on the road to being unique, for in the library of the Police Station close on 40 members of the Force met from all over his area, excepting those parts lying very far out, to do him honor and wish him God speed in a united body.

Among those present were Mr. G. Cruickshank, S.M., Mr. J. Malfroy, Clerk of the Court, and Inspector Dew, who is to succeed Inspector Fouhy.

In his opening remarks the chairman (Senior-Sergeant Eccles) apologised for the absence of some Force members who, through pressure of work or sickness, regretted their inability to be present. He mentioned the presence from Wyndham of Mr. D. Boag (whose connection with the Force dated back further than that of any one else present) as an example of the esteem in which Mr. Fouhy was held. Mr. Boag had come all the way from Wyndham. Senior-Sergeant Eccles stated that he first knew Inspector Fouhy in Dunedin when he (the Inspector) was a sectional sergeant. Since that time Mr. Fouhy had not altered. He was the same humane man of old. The Senior-Sergeant knew, he said, because he had then had opportunity of appreciating the Inspector's qualifications and humanity as he had had lately, and Mr. Fouhy was one of the most humane men the speaker had served under. Inspector Fouhy's police career was long and varied. On September 28, 1881 he had been

sworn in at Christchurch as a member of the Armed Constabulary. He had first "padded the hoof" in Invercargill. Thence he had gone to Bluff, then back to Invercargill. Wyndham was his next station. He then returned to Invercargill, and next went to Dunedin. Later, he took charge of the Roxburgh station, and, being promoted to sergeant, was sent to Christchurch. Ashburton was the next transfer, and when there promotion to Senior-Sergeant came. During the later stages of his career Mr. Fouhy was promoted Sub-Inspector and transferred to Dunedin. From there he went to New Plymouth and was promoted again, next coming as Inspector to the place where he had begun his police career. He did not know (the speaker concluded) of a more popular officer than Mr. Fouhy, and he was very sorry that he was leaving, although realising that the shift really meant promotion. Senior-Sergeant Eccles also took the opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to Inspector Dew. (Applause.)

The remarks of the Senior-Sergeant were supported by Constable Singer (Otautau), Detective Kelly, Mr. Boag, Sergeant Mathieson, Constables Barrett (Mataura), Jones (Wyndham), Moore (Waikaia), Henderson (Lumsden), Kerse (Orepuki), Pont (Winton), Boyle (Nightcaps), and Harold (on behalf of the junior members of the Invercargill station).

Amidst loud applause, after Mr. Fouhy's health had been drunk, he was presented by the chairman with two Morris chairs from the members of the Force and the Courthouse staff and a handsome cairngorm brooch for Mrs. Fouhy.

In responding, Mr. Fouhy stated that he had not expected a send-off of such magnitude, and he had "growled" at the Senior-Sergeant for taking so much money from the men. (Laughter.) Even if there had been no presentation and no speeches he would have taken the presence of men from such outlying districts as those represented as an eloquent compliment. He did not altogether appreciate his transfer, although it was looked on as a step upward. It meant making a new home for one thing, and it would take him a long time to get together a body of men who knew him so well and whom he knew so well as the Southland Force. He was pleased to be able to hand over such a staff of men to Mr. Dew, and he hoped that if he returned in the future to Invercargill it might be his lot to find one of the lads he had sworn in occupying the position of Inspector for Southland.

The applause, as at the beginning of Mr. Fouhy's remarks, was loud and prolonged when he concluded.

DAIL EIREANN MEMBERS IN GAOL.

Members of the Dail Eireann now in gaol include the following:—Arthur Griffith, N.E. Tyrone and East Cavan; R. C. Barton, West Wicklow; Madame Markievicz, St. Patrick's, Dublin; Eoin MacNeill, Derry City and National University; Eamon Duggan, solicitor, South Meath; Joseph MacBride, West Mayo; P. P. Galligan, West Cavan; William Sears, South Mayo; Joseph McGrath, St. James's, Dublin; Alderman M. Staines, St. Michan's, Dublin; Dr. R. Hayes, East Limerick. Other prominent people recently arrested are: Captain White, son of General White, of Ladysmith fame; J. Quigley, county surveyor, Navan; D. Fraher, Dungarvan; J. Fitzgerald, Newbridge, well known in G.A.A. circles; Sean Mac na Midhe, chairman Navan U.C. and principal of the Technical School; Professor Pigott (successor to the late Professor Carolan at Drumcondra Training College, Dublin); F. O'Higgins, D.C., ex-hunger striker, Glenamona, Kells; brother of Brian O'Higgins, T.D.; H. O'Reilly, town clerk, Cobh; J. MacNeill, M.C.C., and H. MacNeill, brothers of Professor Eoin MacNeill; P. Gallagher, solicitor, Donegal, aged 75, who is a prominent Gaelic Leaguer; P. Duane, proprietor of the Leitrim *Observer*, Carrick-on-Shannon, whose office and machinery were recently destroyed; F. Shuldice, Ballaghaderreen, who escaped from Usk Prison early last year.

There are many members of public boards amongst those arrested. The following priests are in custody also: Rev. M. J. Conroy, P.P., Kilmeena, Westport; Rev. J. Glynn, C.C., S.T.L., Drumlin; Rev. J. Roddy, C.C., Bredogub, Boyle; and Rev. P. Delahunty, C.C., Callan. Mr. Sears, T.D., has been lodged in Arbor Hill Detention Barracks.

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(BY MAUREEN.)

Sausage and Tomato Pie.

Take some sausages, and to prevent them from bursting blanch them for five minutes in slightly salted boiling water. Then fry two onions, cut two tomatoes in slices, and have ready some mashed potatoes. Now take a baking dish and lay the tomatoes on the bottom, seasoned with pepper and salt. Arrange on them the sausage and onions. Add a little gravy and cover with the mashed potatoes and bake 30 minutes.

Cake Recipes.

Victoria Sandwich.—3 or 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour, a good tablespoonful butter. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together until creamy, add the whites of the eggs stiffly beaten, and beat again until strong-looking bubbles are formed. Sift the flour and stir it in lightly. Have the butter melted ready, and add it whilst the flour is being added. Mix thoroughly, taking care not to let the butter run to the bottom. Bake in two sandwich tins which have been evenly buttered and then dusted with a mixture of castor sugar and flour.

Sponge Roll.—One teacupful self-raising flour, 4 eggs, 1 teacupful castor sugar. Beat the eggs as in the previous recipe for 25 minutes in all, then add the sifted flour and fold it in. Bake in a shallow square tin. Turn out when cooked, spread with jam or whipped cream before it is cold, and roll.

Cheese Omelette.

Beat three eggs and three tablespoonfuls milk, a pinch of salt, and a dash of pepper. Put a spoonful of butter in a frying pan. When hot, turn in the omelette; let it cook slowly, and when ready to fold, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese; fold in half, and turn on to a hot plate. Sprinkle with finely minced parsley and grated cheese, and place in a hot oven until the cheese is melted.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.

Slice one gallon of green tomatoes, salt with one cupful salt and let stand over night. Drain, add one quart vinegar, one pound brown sugar one tablespoonful mustard, allspice, cloves, cinnamon, and one teacupful cayenne. Boil until tender and well flavoured. Bottle and seal.

Potato Puffs.

Two cups cold mashed potatoes, 1 egg, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful flour, 1 cupful minced cooked meat, 1 small onion,

pepper and salt to taste. Make the potatoes and flour into a stiff dough with the egg, roll out half an inch thick, grate the onion, add to the minced meat with pepper and salt, cut the pastry into small squares, place a little mince on each, turn over and press well together; fry in boiling fat until a golden brown.

Household Hints.

When a fire is burning away too vigorously, a little dry salt sprinkled on the top will have a restraining effect.

A potato, finely chopped and spread on a handkerchief, will ease the pain of a scald, and take out all inflammation.

If linoleum, when new, is varnished on the back and allowed thoroughly to dry before laying, it will last much longer.

To prevent suet from sticking to the knife when chopping, sprinkle it with ground rice.

To clean rusty hooks or other articles similarly discolored, soak them in ammonia and water.

To get rid of flies, mix half a teaspoonful of black pepper with a teaspoonful of cream and leave in a saucer on the mantelpiece or table.

All lacquered work should be washed with plain soap and hot water, and polished with a wash-leather. No acids or soda should be used.

The white of a raw egg applied to a burn or scald will prevent inflammation and relieve the stinging pain.

Two parts of spirits of ammonia to one of turpentine will soften old paint or varnish and make its removal easy.

When a sewing-machine runs hard, and lubricating oil is not at hand, try as a substitute equal parts of clean lard and paraffin oil.

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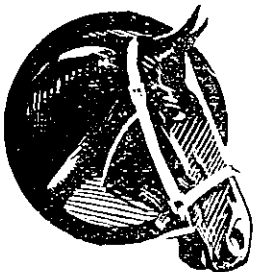
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ON THE LAND

MISSOURI'S (U.S.A.) FARMER-PRIEST.

"You've got to hand it to Father Moenig. He has made these hill-farmers prosperous." So a practical-minded observer testified of one side of the work done by the man who is priest, farmer, banker, doctor, and community-builder of the little village of New Hamburg, Missouri, and the community round about, where live one hundred and thirty families of farmers, all but one man members of Father Moenig's Church. These people (says the *Literary Digest*) look to their priest "not only for spiritual guidance, but for worldly guidance, too," and he helps them to love their farms both by his practical every-day precepts and by his Sunday sermons as well. Writing in *The Country Gentleman* (Philadelphia), A. B. Macdonald quotes one of Father Moenig's counsels:—

"Your farm is a sacred thing. Our Lord gave us the land to hold in trust for those who will come after we are dead and gone. We must not let the good soil from the hillsides wash away. We must not let our farms run down, we must not waste the land, but we must hand it down to posterity better and more fertile than when we received it."

When a young man Father Moenig served in the German army, and ran away to this country after slapping an officer in the face. He was born in a city, and knew nothing about farming until he went to New Hamburg, where, by the way, the ancestors of nearly all the people came from one village in Alsace. Eighteen years ago he was in danger of losing his parishioners, because they began to move to newly drained swamp-land, where the soil was much better. Father Moenig brought an agricultural expert from the State college to look things over, and after the first lesson in crop rotation, which he said "was an eye-opener," he began to study agriculture. As Mr. Macdonald tells us:—

"He soon saw that the hills of his parish were good for dairying, but his parishioners knew nothing of that, and there was not in all the parish a pure-bred animal. Father Moenig preached a sermon about dairying and how it might make their farms far more productive than they were. In that sermon he told them he was going to Wisconsin to study the dairying business, and invited all who would to go with him. He took 12 of his best farmers to Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, and they visited different dairy farms. He bought seven pure-bred Guernsey cows and a pure-bred bull and shipped them to New Hamburg, and gave them out among the farmers. Father Moenig went to Louisville, Kentucky, and with his own money bought for £19,000 dollars the entire herd of 85 pure-bred Guernseys off a breeder, and brought the cattle to New Hamburg and parcelled them out among his parishioners, taking their notes for the cows. He paid 1500 dollars for the herd bull, King Lewis, which has since taken ribbons at State fairs in Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee. More than 100 of his pure-bred progeny are owned by farmers in New Hamburg; there are hundreds more of grade cows in the parish."

At the time of Mr. Macdonald's visit Father Moenig had just made big tin signs which read "Pure-Bred Guernseys and Big-Type Poland China Hogs." Every member of the Guernsey and Poland-China Association was to have one to put on his fence, to give him more pride in the pure-bred business, and they plan to have a big Guernsey show next August. A cream station was established in New Hamburg through Father Moenig's influence, and super-cream to the amount of 14,000 dollars was sold through the receiving-station last year. The priest gives weekly talks to the boys of the community. He started reading Henry Wallace's clover book to them 10 years ago, and he told Mr. Macdonald:—

"Since then the boys and I have gone through many subjects together. I have taken them through courses on bees, lime, soil-washing, and crop-rotation. Oh, they have been through many things in 10 years. Since then many of my boys have grown up to be farmers and are practising the things we learned together in our Thursday-night readings and talks. I always try to make the subject interesting, so as to hold their attention and make them want to come. When a boy is ploughing he will think of that and it will keep him out of mischief. Just now we are on electricity."

Father Moenig found that the soil of his community was excellent for peach-growing, so he got the county farm-agent to organise a boys' peach club, and 500 trees were to be set out this spring, and an "official sprayer" appointed for all the orchards. "You come here five years from now and you'll see a peach orchard on every hillside," the priest said. The writer learned how much the people depend on Father Moenig from the man who drove him

into New Hamburg. He remarked:—

"I don't believe a woman would put a settin' of eggs under a hen without asking Father Moenig's advice about it first. He tells them what to plant, and when to plant, and when to harvest; he goes to Wisconsin and buys cattle for them; he tells them what kind of chickens to keep; he markets their products for them; he teaches their children; marries 'em, baptises 'em, and, by gory—"

"He isn't a doctor, too, is he?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, he's a doctor, too, as well as a banker and expert farmer. Lots of 'em won't have any one else when they're sick. And they say he's a good doctor, too. When the smallpox come through all this country a few years ago he preached a sermon about it, and told them they all must be vaccinated, and he gathered them all together and vaccinated them, and the consequence was they didn't have the smallpox in these hills, but they had it all round here. Yes, sir, he doctors 'em, nurses 'em, takes care of 'em in health and sickness, and when they are going to die he gets them ready for that, and buries their bodies in the ancient graveyard back of the church, and sees to it that their souls get safe off to heaven."

The driver fished up a plug of tobacco, bit off a chew, gave it a few munches, stowed it into his cheek, and went on:—"Whether you're a Catholic or not, you've got to hand it to Father Moenig. He has made these hill-farmers prosperous."

The priest has a church that many a pastor must long for. It has not had a debt for 15 years, and he never has to think about money; when it is needed it comes in. He has persuaded and helped a friend "to be priest, pedagogue, and physician, all in one, to his people," and now his fellow pastor "is enraptured with his work, and his people love him, and his church is crowded at Sunday worship." Of his own people he said:—

"That worship in the church, that wonderful music, that intense spirit of devotion—all that is only the expression before God of what we have all been feeling and living all through the week in our daily work in the barns and fields and in our homes. The great sermons are preached to us by the living and growing things all about us, and we gather there on Sunday, in the presence of our Lord, just to commune with Him for a little while, and get closer to Him, and to thank Him for His goodness and love and tender mercy."

As Mr Macdonald was leaving, he turned a corner in the road, and looked back to the village, with Father Moenig's big stone church, and his two schools, and his bank, and his purebred Guernsey milk-cows, and his orchestra, and his experiment farm. He concludes:—

"The good priest was standing yet in his gate, in the twilight, listening, and from the church tower above him,

"Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village

Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending.

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment."

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ROSES.

I went to gather roses and twine them a ring,
For I would make a posy, a posy for the King.
I got a hundred roses, the loveliest there be,
From the white rose vine and the pink rose bush and
from the red rose tree.

But when I took my posy and laid it at His feet
I found He had His roses a million times more sweet;
There was a scarlet blossom upon each foot and hand,
And a great pink rose bloomed from His side for the
healing of the land.

Now of this fair and awful King there is this marvel
told,
That he wears a crown of linked thorns instead of one
of gold.
Where there are thorns are roses, and I saw a line of
red,
A little wreath of roses around His radiant head.

A red rose is His Sacred Heart, a white rose is His face,
And His breath has turned the barren world to a rich
and flowery place.

He is the Rose of Sharon, His gardener am I,
And I shall drink His fragrance in Heaven when I die.

—JOYCE KILMER.

GRACE AT MEALS.

Always remember to make the Sign of the Cross
and say before eating:

"Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, which
we are about to receive from Thy bounty, through
Christ our Lord. Amen."

And before leaving the table say:

"We give Thee thanks for all Thy benefits, O Al-
mighty God, Who livest and reignest for ever. May
the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy
of God, rest in peace. Amen."

FRETTING.

There is one sin which is everywhere and by every-
body underestimated, and quite too much overlooked
in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting.
It is common as air, as speech—so common that unless
it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe
it.

Watch any ordinary coming together of people,
and see how many minutes it will be before somebody
frets—that is, makes more or less complaining state-
ments of something or other, which probably every one
in the room or in the car or on the street corner, it
may be, knew before, and probably no one can help.
Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it
is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment,
ill-cooked a meal, stupidity or bad faith somewhere has
resulted in discomfort.

There are plenty of things to fret about. It is
simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found
in the course of every day's living even of the simplest,
if one keeps a sharp eye on that side of things. Even
Holy Writ says we are prone to "trouble" as sparks
flying upward." But even to the sparks flying upward
in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above; and
the less time they waste on the road the sooner they
will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

TREASURE OF THE ROSARY.

The Rosary is at once the most comprehensive and
comforting of all private or family devotions. It
unites the most holy prayers to the meditation of the
principal mysteries in the lives of Our Lord and the
Blessed Virgin. St. Dominic, to whom it was revealed,
gained a great many conversions to the Church by its
means, and it has remained the most popular prayer
ever since. The Rosary, said with devotion, is the
surest and simplest way of praising Our Lord and

honoring His Mother. Therefore, we should try, espe-
cially in this month, set apart by our Holy Father for
its particular practice, to acquire a deeper love for it.
The name Rosary was chosen to indicate its character.
As the rose is composed of leaves, thorns, and flowers,
so the Rosary supplies subject for meditation on the
joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries of the Incar-
nation, redemption, and union of the soul with God.
Those who say the Rosary frequently with devotion
find meditation easy, because they acquire the habit of
it unconsciously to themselves.

In saying the Rosary we give our memories to
God that He may dwell in our thoughts and enlighten
us by His Holy Spirit. Those who have lost the habit
of considering the mysteries and petitioning for the
first fruit might be stimulated to practice again what
must be dear to them from home associations by hav-
ing their memories refreshed. Joyful mysteries:—(1)
Annunciation—humility; (2) Visitation—charity; (3)
Nativity—poverty; (4) Presentation in the temple—
obedience; (5) Finding in the temple—seeking Jesus.
Sorrowful mysteries:—(1) Agony in the Garden—con-
trition; (2) Scourging—penance; (3) Crowning with
thorns—mortification; (4) Jesus carrying His cross—
patience under trial; (5) Crucifixion—abnegation. Five
Glorious mysteries:—(1) Resurrection—conversion; (2)
Ascension—zeal; (3) Descent of the Holy Spirit; (4)
Assumption—grace of a happy death; (5) Coronation
of Mary—confidence in Mary.

Thus the Rosary brings forth acts of faith, hope,
charity, expressions of gratitude for blessings received,
repentance for sin, and resolutions of amendment.
With Mary we seek Our Lord, and live in spirit with
them the years of the hidden life.

ALL'S WELL.

When amid the roar of wind and sea,
We hear the watchman's cry,
We still our rising fears,
And sweetly sleep in peace.

In life's savage storms,
When anguish wrings our hearts,
We cry to God for help
And never cry in vain.

When launched on death's dark voyage,
Assailed by doubts and fears,
May we hear above the storm
Our Heavenly Watchman cry
All's well! All's well!

—ALLAN MACSHERRY.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

A motorist was showing off his car to an old sea
captain, whose knowledge of recent developments on
terra firma is somewhat hazy.

"How fast can she travel?" asked the captain.

"Fifty miles an hour."

The old sea-dog grunted dubiously. His eye
caught the steering-wheel.

"Is that your wheel?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Then where's your compass?"

"Don't use one."

"Oh, she don't work like a boat, then?"

"Quite different."

Again the captain grunted as his eye wandered
over the snorting contraption, until he caught sight
of an extra tyre fastened on behind, when he demanded
triumphantly:

"Now, if she ain't like a boat, why in the name
of Davy Jones do yer carry that there life-belt?"

WOULD STAND A BETTER CHANCE.

Followed by seven sturdy and eager-eyed children,
the woman with the firm lips entered the restaurant
and looked around for a suitable table.

An obsequious waiter showed her to a comfortable
corner and offered her the menu, anticipating a large
order and a substantial tip.

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"Let me see! Beefsteak!" murmured the woman, thoughtfully.

Then she turned to her eldest daughter.

"Steak for you, Bertha?" she asked.

"Yes, please, ma."

"You, Reginald?"

"Yes, please, ma."

And so on till her seven children had plumped for beefsteak. Then she spoke to the waiter.

"Bring me a nice, well-cooked steak and eight plates, please!"

The astounded menial gasped.

"Didn't you hear me?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am!" he said. "Only I was thinking that if your family sat at the table next to the lift and sniffed 'ard, they'd get more of a meal."

SMILE RAISERS.

Teacher: "What have the various expeditions to the North Pole accomplished?"

Dull Boy: "Made g'ography lessons harder."

"I began life without a halfpenny in my pocket," said the purse-proud man to an acquaintance.

"I did not even have a pocket," replied the latter, meekly.

Aunt: "I'm amazed at you playing the piano when poor little Fido has only just been poisoned.

Little Doris: "It's quite all right, auntie. I'm only touching the black keys."

She thought herself awfully smart as a shop-assistant. "Do you keep fountain-pens?" the timid-looking man inquired, quietly.

"No," she snapped, "we sell them."

"Anyway," he said, as he strolled towards the door, "you'll keep the one you were going to sell me. Good morning."

Witness: "He looked me straight in the eye, and—"

Lawyer: "There, sir, you've flatly contradicted your former statement."

Witness: "How's that?"

Lawyer: "You said before that he bent his gaze on you. Will you please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze?"

A doctor who was superintendent of the Sunday school in a small village asked one of the boys this question:

"Willie, will you tell me what we must do in order to get to heaven?"

Said Willie: "We must die."

"Very true," replied the doctor, "but tell me what we must do before we die."

"We must get sick," said Willie, "and send for you."

William did not shine as a student, and his reports clearly proved this, yet he insisted to his mother that he was right at the top of his class.

"You see," he explained when one of his reports was under scrutiny, "that 'E' is for 'excellent' and that 'D' is for 'dandy.'"

"But," persisted his mother, "the little girl across the street gets almost nothing but 'A's' on her reports."

"Well, mother," responded the boy, "I hate to give her away, but that 'A' stands for 'awful.'"

And it is said that he got away with it.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

Walking on Tiptoe: A French Doctor's Advice.

A French physician, Dr. Gautiez, believes that by walking on tip-toe one can bring into play muscles that are rarely sufficiently exercised, thus stiffening the spinal column, compel deep breathing, and improve the carriage. The *Literary Digest* translates an article published in a Paris paper in which Gautiez's theory is fully set forth:—

"Everyone, or almost everyone, walks on the heels—that is, places the heel on the ground first in walking. Curiously enough, man, or, at least civilised man (as distinguished from savage peoples, who are rich in fine muscular types), is the only one of the animals who does this. All others walk by placing the toes on the ground first. Now, when man walks as he does, it is clear that the whole weight of the body . . . rests on the bony structure and ultimately on the heel, without the muscles having any sensible work to do.

"It is not so when man runs; when he uses the 'gymnastic step,' the weight of his body rests on the toes; this weight is no longer entirely in equilibrium—no longer rests on the heel—and what is the result? The whole musculature is put into play to assure the stability of the body on the toes. The act of standing on the end of the foot contracts the muscles of the calf and thigh, which also causes those of the back and abdomen to contract, the whole tending to fix rigidly the position of the top of the vertebral column and of the neck. The spinal column, which in walking on the heels is free and flexible, is fixed by the muscles from the fact that the walking is done on the toes.

"To employ a figure of speech, it is the same as when the antennae of the military wireless, composed, as is well known, of separate sections socketed together, become a rigid whole by reason of the tension brought to bear upon them by the guy-wires. It is this rigidity of the neck, obtained by walking on the toes, which constitutes the essential point of the system of Dr. Gautiez.

"The consequences of it may be verified at once: Breathe while holding yourself upright formally—that is to say, with the body resting solidly on the heels, and you will generally find that your respiration is abdominal, the lung being raised by the contraction of the diaphragm. . . . In this position, in fact, the muscles attached to the top of the spine, which ought to raise the sides, can scarcely work at all, for lack of a fixed point of attachment, the spine being flexible. Make it rigid, on the contrary, by raising yourself on your toes, and immediately (everyone can prove it for himself) the respiration becomes thoracic; the chest is dilated, and we see the tips of the lungs doing their part—the portions that commonly are little used (a primary cause of tuberculosis).

"But why do we advise walking on tiptoes instead of running with 'gymnastic step'? Because the latter involves fatigue of the heart and loss of breath, both of which are useless, and because many persons cannot stand it, while the walking indicated that Dr. Gautiez is easy, no matter how old you are.

"One thing should be said here. It is not to be thought that walking in high-heeled shoes is the same as walking on tiptoe. This would be true only if the heel of the right foot rested for a shorter time on the rigid support than it would do normally. This is by no means the case."

Great is the beauty of the earth, the brightness of the sun, the moon cheering the night; yet is not my thirst stayed there. I admire these, and praise these; I thirst for Him Who made them.—St. Augustine.

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