

little of his verse quoted in papers which have much room for P.P.A. ranters. He has written poems in various tones. In *The Flying Inn* he is uproariously festive and humorous; in his book of collected verses you will find noble national strains and tender stanzas inspired by that Catholic charity which only needed the love of the woman who came to him out of the bosom of the Church of old to quicken it and to fan it to flame in his own naturally Christian soul. Of her he sings in the Dedication of the *Ballad of The White Horse*:

Lady, by one light only  
We look from Alfred's eyes,  
We know he saw athwart the wreck  
The sign that hangs about your neck,  
Where One more than Melchisedek  
Is dead and never died.

Therefore I bring those rhymes to you  
Who brought the Cross to me,  
Since on you flaming without flaw  
I saw the sign that Guthrum saw  
When he let break his ships of awe,  
And laid peace upon the sea.

Do you remember when we went  
Under a dragon moon,  
And mid volcanic tints of night  
Walked where they fought the unknown fight  
And saw black trees on the battle-height,  
Black-thorn on Ethandune?

And I thought, "I will go with you,  
As man with God has gone,  
And wander with a wandering star,  
The wandering heart of things that are,  
The fiery cross of love and war  
That like yourself goes on."

O go you onward; where you are  
Shall honor and laughter be.  
Past purple forest and bearded foam,  
God's winged pavilion free to roam,  
Your face, that is a wandering home,  
A flying home for me.

Up through an empty house of stars,  
Being what heart you are,  
Up the inhuman steeps of space  
As on a staircase go in grace,  
Carrying the firelight on your face  
Beyond the loneliest star.

## DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

A meeting to form a branch of the Self-Determination for Ireland League of New Zealand was held this week at the North-east Valley. Rev. Father Kaveney presided, and fully explained the object in view. It was decided to form a branch of the League in the district, much enthusiasm being shown in the movement. Office-bearers were appointed as follows:—President, J. Harris; secretary, D. M. Beard; treasurer, W. E. Metcalfe; committee—Mrs. Harris, Misses Murphy and Carter, Messrs. P. Casey, P. Walsh, T. J. Brown, P. O'Connor, P. Byrne, J. Donlan, J. Hungerford, J. Ryan, and E. O'Connor. A large number were immediately enrolled in the League, and a good sum towards the funds was subscribed.

A progressive euchre party, organised by St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, was held in St. Joseph's Hall on Wednesday evening last. There was a good attendance. The prize-winners were Miss K. Airey and Mr. Robinson. The musical programme proved most enjoyable.

On last Sunday afternoon Rev. Father Silk addressed a meeting in St. Patrick's School, South Dunedin, on the justice of Ireland's claims to self-determination, stating the case for Ireland eloquently and logically. At the conclusion of the address a branch of the Self-Determination for Ireland League of New Zealand was formed, and the enthusiasm shown in the movement indicates that South Dunedin will do its full share towards the object for which the League stands.

At St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray Street, on next Monday evening the annual Irish concert, in commemoration of the anniversary of Thomas Moore, will be given by St. Joseph's Glee Club. For the past three years the members of the club have adopted this celebration as their own, and have provided a rare treat to lovers of the national

melodies. Assiduous practice and great enthusiasm in their task have enabled the members of the club to attain a high standard of efficiency, and thus the audience (which is anticipated to be a crowded one) on Monday night will have submitted a programme embracing the gems of Moore's compositions, and the success which has on other occasions attended the club's efforts will no doubt be equalled and even excelled.

## Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 22.

On Thursday last a branch of the Self-Determination for Ireland League of New Zealand was formed here. The Rev. Dr. Kelly addressed the meeting and gave a very interesting and lucid lecture on the aims and objects of the League.

The "Celtics" are holding their own on the football field, and on Saturday both seniors and juniors registered good wins.

It is with deepest regret the death is recorded of Miss Catherine Counihan, whose early demise has cut short a promising career. After matriculating with the Dominican Nuns, Miss Counihan entered the teaching profession, and has already made a name for herself as an exceedingly capable and conscientious teacher. Twelve months ago ill-health forced her to resign her position, but, until quite recently, hopes were entertained for her recovery.

Died also this month another young Oamaruvian, in the person of Mr. Edward Crowley, a popular member of the "Celtics." To the sorrowing relatives of these two young people is extended our deepest sympathy.—R.I.P.

## "GOOD-BYE": WHEALAN'S LAST MESSAGE TO HIS MOTHER.

Throughout Ireland the feeling of sadness caused by the execution of the six in Mountjoy Prison on March 14 was blended with reverent admiration for the heroic fortitude with which the young men met their doom.

Their spirit is further revealed in the following from Thomas Whealan to his mother:—

Mountjoy Prison,

March 13.

My dear Mother,—Just a line to let you know that I am still the same as you saw me to-day (Sunday).

I was never afraid to die for a good cause. Do you think a mother like you would rear a son afraid to die? You are the bravest woman I ever saw. I am proud of you. There is many a man would like to have your spirit.

Of course I did nothing only what any man in my place would do—face death with a clear conscience and a good spirit.

It is a consolation to know everyone will have to die and face the One Judge, Who will believe the truth and nothing else.

Then, mother, you and I shall be happy for ever. What is this world when we look at it as I do now?

I hope everyone gets a happy death as I am getting. You may be sure I am happy. The nuns were in to say the Rosary with us this evening, and I sang a few songs for them there. They'll find me in the morning game to the last. I hope all at home take it well too.

Good-bye now, mother.

From your loving son,

TOMMIE, for ever.

Money, my brother, to the servants of God is nothing else but the devil and a venomous serpent.—St. Francis of Assisi.

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