

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- December 25, Sunday.—Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
 „ 26, Monday.—St. Stephen, Protomartyr.
 „ 27, Tuesday.—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.
 „ 28, Wednesday.—Feast of the Holy Innocents,
 Martyrs.
 „ 29, Thursday.—St. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 30, Friday.—Of the Sunday within the Octave.
 „ 31, Saturday.—St. Sylvester, Pope and Confessor.

†

St. Stephen, First Martyr.

St. Stephen was one of the seven who were chosen to assist the Apostles in the daily distribution of alms, and who, by the imposition of the Apostles' hands, were raised to the Order of Deacons, and qualified to discharge some of the inferior duties of the sacerdotal office. By his zealous efforts for the propagation of the gospel he stirred up the hatred of some of the Jews, who stoned him to death. He thus had the honor of being the first among Christ's disciples to seal his faith with his blood.

St. Sylvester I., Pope and Confessor.

St. Sylvester, a native of Rome, was called to rule the Church during the 21 years which followed the accession of Constantine. One of his principal cares was to provide churches for the faithful, who were now, for the first time, allowed perfect liberty in the exercise of their religion. The most important event in the pontificate of St. Sylvester was the celebration of the First General Council, which was presided over by the Papal Legates, and in which the errors of Arius were condemned. St. Sylvester died in 335.

GRAINS OF GOLD

CHRISTMAS BABE.

Heaven's gates flew open even tide,
 As the God of Love left His Father's side;
 And journeyed below, amid angels' strain,
 To our poor world of sin and pain.

Mary, on earth, at the city's gates
 For a place to enter, stands and waits,
 But there's no place, save a stable grim,
 For her Babe—her God, to rest within.

The shepherds, their flocks on the hillside keep,
 And dream of the promise 'mid slumber deep;
 Of Him Who will come; when lo! a light
 Has changed their night into day so bright.

A wondrous light, all around they see,
 Which spreads over sky and land and sea;
 And angels' voices, through the stillness ring,
 "Our Christ is born; come praise our King."

Now quickly spreads over hill and dale
 The news of the Light and the Angels' tale;
 And kings from East and wise men afar,
 Follow, with hope, the Moving Star.

Till it stands o'er a stable, old and grim,
 And beckons and sparkles "Your Lord is within."

His cradle is poor, but the angels sing
 The Kings, from afar, their rich gifts bring;
 And a cry from their souls, as ne'er before,
 Calls out in its place, "We adore—we adore."

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REFLECTIONS.

Christmas! What a good, glad season it is—the childhood of the year! All things hopeful, everybody kind, the whole city one big Christmas tree, illuminated, gift-laden!—Sister M. Fides.

Christian parents and children, behold your models! Nazareth is the true picture of an ideal home! If the picture be not Christian, be not pure, be not in a measure like the life of the Holy Family, then it is fast hurrying to ruin and decay!

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

The saddest man at the Mill was Danny Delea. He chafed rebelliously against the notion of surrendering the Mill without a blow. For the first time in his life, he did not return blow for blow when Myles Rohan that morning said to him with a mournful smile: "What about that Fenian fleet of yours, Danny, that was to have come and freed us all?" Danny looked at him, and there was something in the miller's face that froze the retort upon his lips. "Thruo for you, sir, begor!—they're not up to the time," he replied, celebrating the miller's little joke with the best laugh he could muster. Then with a touch of the old incorrigible Adam: "But who knows. It's not too late yet." He hovered about all day uneasily, as if he had still some haunting feeling that the fleet might be signalled in the Bay in time to avert the eviction. But evening came, and no fleet, and Danny stopped the mill-wheel with the sensation of a man plunging a dagger into an old friend's heart; and then he walked up the glen by the old mill-race for the last time, and he let down the sluice-gates, and it seemed to him the blood in his own veins ceased to flow at the same moment with the mill-stream.

They had left the miller's own little office undisturbed as long as possible, and were glad to see him take refuge there from the sights and sounds attending the disruption of his old home. They had carefully trimmed the fire, and brightened the place more than usual, so as to remove up to the last moment from Myles Rohan's mind every suggestion of his little snuggery being so soon to be broken up; and Myles had sat all day fumbling over his books and arranging his papers in a more cheerful mood than they had seen in him for many a day. The hour came at last, however, for smuggling him away to his new quarters. Mrs. Rohan entered the office. He was finishing the last lines of a large straggling communication on a sheet of foolscap, and leaned back admiring the performance with much apparent satisfaction.

"Time to be off, Kate, eh?" he cried cheerily, as she entered.

"It is, Myles darling. Father Phil insists on having us down to tea."

"Father Phil would insist on having us up to heaven, and not only us, but every living creature on the earth beside us," said the miller, adding, with a laugh that nearly forced the tears out of Mrs. Rohan's eyelids, "I don't believe he'd even shut out Hans Harman! Do you know what I've been at, old woman?" he continued, holding up the sheet of foolscap with an author's fondness; "guess what I've done there!"

"Something as foolish and as lovable as usual, I'm sure, Myles."

"It's Katie's little fortune for the convent," he whispered triumphantly. "I've made that sure against all storms, anyway. Kate, darling, 'twill be better for you and for the children when I'm dead."

"Don't! oh, don't! You know I can bear anything but your saying that," she cried, breaking down in a passion of sobs on his shoulder.

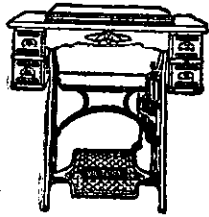
"Mamma, you're an old fool. I tell you it will—better for the children and better for you. The insurance for fifteen hundred on my life is at the bank, but there's only 250*l.* against it. You'll spend many a happy and prosperous day yet at the Mill, old woman—Ha, who's that? Come in," he cried, and seeing a telegraph messenger enter, the miller darted upon his message with the eagerness of a bird of prey. "It's all right, Kate, old woman! The Sheriff needn't call! They've sold the cargo—a glorious bargain—and this is a message from Waffles and Greany that I may draw against them for three hundred."

"God and His holy angels be praised!" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees. Then, noticing that, as though the

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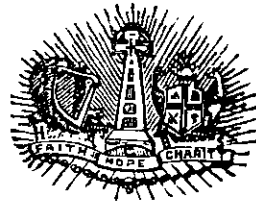
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excitement had been too much for him, Myles was staggering back with his hand to his forehead, she sprang to his side with a cry of terror: "Myles, darling!—what is it?—speak to me! O my God!"

He did not speak to her. She laid him back in his easy chair, and the dreadful symptoms she knew so well came back—that horrid twitching of the mouth, as if a strong man were struggling for the power of speech against some demoniac pincers that were dragging it from between his jaws—that awful, awful look of the poor purposeless eye that feels a world in ruins toppling down about it—that convulsive clutch of the hand, with the paper securing Katie's little fortune still grasped between the fingers, like the flag of a brave soldier going down with his face to the foe. The Sheriff need not call. The sudden rush of joy had come too late to do aught but devastate the already overwrought and overswollen blood-vessels of the brain. Myles Rohan's second stroke had come; and again, in that same office, the bed had to be improvised; and again the old doctor, standing over the stricken, speechless body, watch in hand, as if appointing the number of minutes there were to live, shook his vacuous old head with the wisdom of one who had just negotiated with Death as long a respite of execution as possible, and announced what uncertificated agonised hearts had divined before him—that there would probably not be a third stroke.

Shortly after the roll of the doctor's gig had died down, with a joyous cry there appeared in the doorway a sylphid figure breathless and rosy with excitement, and, at sight of the group around the bed, started back white with horror. Katie Rohan turned for a moment, and putting her arm round Mabel Westropp's waist, kissed her white cheek silently, and in a moment was wrapt in her patient again. This creature, helpless as a baby, and shyer than a fawn in the great world, moved in a sick room with the strength of a goddess—*incessu patuit Dea*—and oh! so much more blessed a goddess than she whose team of swans brushed the Paphian air with her wanton perfumes! Ken Rohan thought Miss Westropp looked like fainting, and without a word placed a chair for her; but she waved it off with a hand in which he saw she held a document, and silently joined the angel guardian figures by the bedside. For a while the patient's harsh breathing was the only break in the stillness. Without any authority from the old doctor, Myles Rohan became astonishingly better, the awful strangling contest abated, and Mrs. Rohan thought she could discern some ray of tranquil consciousness with more purposeful concentration of the eyes. "Thank God and His Blessed Mother!" she cried, sinking to her knees to murmur a prayer, which, to the indomitable faith of an Irish mother, was of more efficacious service to the poor sufferer than the old doctor's prophylactics. The pendulum of the little clock on the mantel-piece tolled out the seconds with the apparent thunder of a great bell, but somehow the strokes seemed less and less like those of a death-bell, and grew less and less noticeable at all—which is always a good sign in such cases. Myles was manifestly recovering consciousness. But the watchers stood there all the time in the same attitude, fascinated, strained, silent.

Possibly a couple of hours—to Mrs. Rohan and Katie they seemed a couple of eternities—had passed in this way, when the working of wheels over the gravel outside was heard, and a great jolly voice that sounded like a peal of joy-bells. The door was thrown open, and the same scene was enacted as at Miss Westropp's coming—first, a merry burst of geniality, then a movement of horror, and the jollity all struck of a heap. This time it was the Very Rev. Dr. O'Harte's massive figure that sustained the shock, and sustained it infinitely worse than the fragile red-and-white-rosy being who sustained the former one. All men are more or less cowards in presence of distress; and Dr. O'Harte, who would have died at the stake stoutly himself, or have faced a hell-fire of bullets still more gaily, was the veriest baby by the bedside of a suffering friend—had a very Sybarite's shrinking from graves, and worms, and epitaphs at close quarters. Katie Rohan could have at this moment ordered him about like a child.

"Oh, Doctor, look! He knows you!" exclaimed Mrs. Rohan in an ecstasy of delight. The sick man's retina had, indeed, caught some vague impression of the great burly figure: or perhaps the peal-of-joy-bells voice had somehow or other rung a responsive peal within that insurrectionary

city of poor Myles' brain. There was clearly a look of pleased intelligence in the eye, and the fact acted as a marvellous restorative to Dr. O'Harte's spirits, and indeed diffused a glow of confidence and delight all round. It no longer seemed to be a sacrilege to speak above one's breath.

"Oh then, oh then," said the Doctor, after he had laid his broad palm healingly on the hot corded brow, "was there ever such luck? I missed the midday train from Clonard by the twinkling of an eye, or all this would not have occurred."

"Would not have occurred, Doctor?" said Mrs. Rohan, with surprise. "What could have prevented it?"

"This," producing a heavy little white bag—"this bag of dirty sovereigns would have prevented it; worse luck that any of God's creatures should be depending upon the wretched, soulless dross to save him from death and misery."

"Sir," said Ken, with something swelling in his throat, "you cannot mean—"

"I mean nothing whatever, except that I'm not such a monster as to see the dogs rending my old friend limb by limb, when a little bag of sovereigns flung into Hans Harman's jaws would save him." He didn't mention that his own savings for the next summer's holiday went into the little bag, and that he had to invoke a friend's name at the bank to add the final hundred sovereigns. "But, bother it for a story, I should miss the train for the first time in my life, and arrive in time to find that Hans Harman has been too much for us."

"God bless you, Doctor!—no, the sight of you there by his side has been better to Myles than your weight in sovereigns!" Mrs. Rohan said, taking his hand, without increasing his disappointment by letting him know that he had been anticipated also by the telegram of Mesers. Waffles and Greany. "Why, look! he not only knows you—he hears you!"

"Then he'll hear a bit of news that'll please him better than even to hear that we've hunted the Sheriff. Myles, old man—I'm a Bishop, or as good as a Bishop! Ha! I knew I'd warm the cockles of your heart!" cried the Doctor, as he saw the light of intelligence not merely flicker, but fairly sparkle out amidst the smothering features.

"You don't say it, Doctor, or—or—what am I to call you, sir?" said Mrs. Rohan, reverently.

"Anything you like, so long as you call me old friend," was the hearty reply. "Yes, the poor old Bishop could stand it no longer."

"Dead?"

"No, no—only old, and nearly blind, and wholly deaf. He's the sweetest and simplest old gentleman that ever lived. He takes me for an aristocratic Whig, and thinks I'm the deepest fellow in the ministry, because I keep his accounts square and rattle up the builders for him; and so, he has applied for an Assistant Bishop, with right of succession, naming me, and there's news from the Propaganda this morning that my name is approved of and the Brief on its way. So look alive, old man—good people are scarce—we're not going to let old friends die in this diocese without a special licence from the Assistant Bishop. Father Phil may order a new hat and learn to cut up a turkey as soon as he likes, for the first old parish priest full of years and honors that takes his honors and himself off to heaven, we'll run Father Phil in, if it takes wild horses to drag him. And lookee, sirrah," he said, turning to Ken, and chucking him in the old hearty way under the chin, "don't you go telling in this new organ of the devil that I hear you're setting fire to the country with—don't you go telling the public that you've heard the new Assistant Bishop sing "Who fears to speak of '98," and that his expelling Jack Harold from St. Fergal's was all rank hypocrisy. You see, Ken," he added more confidentially, "'twas Jack's expulsion that finished my reputation, and clinched the affair of the Bishopric; and, though I'll have to try still whether I can't preach the madness out of your brain, you might go further and fare worse. How would you have liked Monsignor McGrudder for a Bishop? Ah! Myles, you old sinner, I observe that you enjoy the villainy of us ecclesiastics more than you'd enjoy a dose of divinity or a dose of physic! Well, well, old friend, I forgive you everything except spoiling my fine plot to-day." And in truth Myles looked so bright at the moment, it looked

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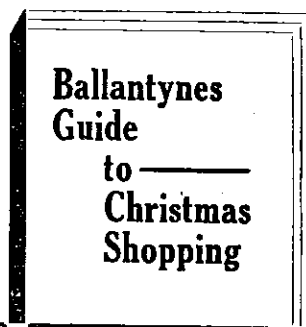
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as if he might spoil the plot of the other Doctor as well.

"If he only knew how my little plot has been spoiled!" sighed Miss Westropp, as Katie and she stood whispering apart. "I had everything so beautifully arranged to play the good fairy, and here I arrive, first to find that I'm too late, and then to find that, even if I were not, a stronger good fairy, and better fairy, has cut me out."

"What can you mean? and what is that paper you have never once dropped from your hand? You will tell me, won't you?"

"Oh dear, I had forgotten," she cried, looking at the document as one looks at a love-letter that has lost its spell; "what chance has it now against the Doctor's bag of sovereigns? Perhaps it would be resented as a grace coming from an enemy."

"Oh, Miss Westropp!" exclaimed Katie, completing her speech by taking the other's hand fondly, and kissing it before its owner could know the use it was to be put to.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—(Continued.)

Towards the close of 1865 came almost contemporaneously the Government swoop on the Irish revolutionary executive, and the deposition—after solemn judicial trial, as prescribed by the laws of the society—of O'Mahony, the American "Head Centre," for crimes and offences alleged to be worse than mere imbecility, and the election in his stead of Colonel William R. Roberts, an Irish-American merchant of high standing and honorable character, whose fortune had always generously aided Irish patriotic, charitable, or religious purposes. The deposed official, however, did not submit to the application of the society rules. He set up a rival association, a course in which he was supported by the Irish Head Centre; and a painful scene of factious and acrimonious contention between the two parties thus antagonised, caused the English Government to hope—nay, for a moment, fully to believe—that the disappearance of both must soon follow.

This hope quickly vanished when, on reliable intelligence, it was announced that the Irish-Americans, under the Roberts' presidency, were substituting for the unreal or insincere project of an expedition to Ireland, as the first move, the plainly practicable scheme of an invasion of British North America in the first instance. The *Times* at once declared that now indeed England had need to buckle on her armour, for that the adoption of this new project showed the men in America to be in earnest, and to have sound military judgment in their councils. An invasion of Ireland by the Irish in the United States all might laugh at, but an invasion of Canada from the same quarter was quite another matter: the southern frontier of British North America being one impossible to defend in its entirety, unless by an army of one hundred thousand men. Clearly a vulnerable point of the British Empire had been discovered.

This was a grievous hardship on the people of Canada. They had done no wrong to Ireland or to the Irish people. In Canada Irishmen had found friendly asylum, liberty, and protection. It seemed, therefore, a cruel resolve to visit on Canada the terrible penalty of war for the offences of the parent country. To this the reply from the confederate Irish in the States was, that they would wage no war on the Canadian people; that it was only against British power their hostility would be exercised; and that Canada had no right to expect enjoyment of all the advantages, without experiencing, on the other hand, the disadvantages, of British connection.

It seemed very clear that England stood a serious chance of losing her North American dependencies. One hope alone remained. If the American Government would but defend the frontier on its own side, and cut the invading parties from their base of supplies, the enterprise must naturally and inevitably fail. It seemed impossible, however, that the American Government could be prevailed upon thus to become a British preventive police. During the Civil War the Washington Executive, and, indeed, the universal sentiment and action of the American people, had plainly and expressly encouraged the Fenian organiza-

tion; and even so recently as the spring of 1866, the American Government had sold to the agents of Colonel Roberts thousands of pounds worth of arms and munitions of war, with the clear, though unofficial, knowledge that they were intended for the projected Canadian enterprise. Nevertheless, as we shall see, the American executive had no qualms about adopting the outrageously inconsistent course.

By the month of May, 1866, Roberts had established a line of depots along the Canadian frontier, and in great part filled them with the arms and material of war sold to him by the Washington Government. Towards the close of the month the various "circles" throughout the Union received the command to start their contingents for the frontier. Never, probably, in Irish history was a call to the field more enthusiastically obeyed. From every state in the Union there was a simultaneous movement northwards of bodies of Irishmen; the most intense excitement pervading the Irish population from Maine to Texas. At this moment, however, the Washington Government flung off the mask. A vehement and bitterly-worded proclamation called for the instantaneous abandonment of the Irish projects. A powerful military force was marched to the northern frontier; United States gunboats were posted on the lakes and on the St. Lawrence river; all the arms and war material of the Irish were sought out, seized, and confiscated, and all the arriving contingents, on mere suspicion of their destination, were arrested.

This course of proceeding fell like a thunderbolt on the Irish! It seemed impossible to credit its reality! Despite all those obstacles, however—a British army on one shore, an American army on the other, and hostile cruisers, British and American, guarding the waters between—one small battalion of the Irish under Colonel John O'Neill succeeded in crossing to the Canadian side on the night of the 31st May, 1866. They landed on British ground close to Fort Erie, which place they at once occupied hauling down the royal ensign of England, and hoisting over Fort Erie in its stead, amidst a scene of boundless enthusiasm and joy, the Irish standard of green and gold.

The news that the Irish were across the St. Lawrence—that once more, for the first time for half a century, the green flag waved in the broad sunlight over the serried lines of men in arms for "the good old cause"—sent the Irish millions in the States into wild excitement. In twenty-four hours fifty thousand volunteers offered for service, ready to march at an hour's notice. But the Washington Government stopped all action on the part of the Irish organisation. Colonel Roberts, his military chief officer, and other officials, were arrested, and it soon became plain the unexpected intervention of the American executive had utterly destroyed, for the time, the Canadian project, and saved to Great Britain her North American colonies.

Meanwhile O'Neill and his small force were in the enemy's country—in the midst of their foes. From all parts of Canada troops were hurried forward by rail to crush at once by overwhelming force the now isolated Irish battalion. On the morning of June 1, 1866, Colonel Booker, at the head of the combined British force of regular infantry of the line and some volunteer regiments, marched against the invaders. At a place called Limestone Ridge, close by the village of Ridgeway, the advanced guard of the British found O'Neill drawn up in position ready for battle. The action forthwith commenced. The Irish skirmishers appeared to fall back slowly before their assailants, a circumstance which caused the Canadian volunteer regiments to conclude hastily that the day was going very easily in their favor. Suddenly, however, the Irish skirmishers halted, and the British, to their dismay, found themselves face to face with the main force of the Irish, posted in a position which evidenced consummate ability on the part of O'Neill. Booker ordered an assault in full force on the Irish position, which was, however, disastrously repulsed. While the British commander was hesitating as to whether he should renew the battle, or await reinforcements reported to be coming up from Hamilton, his deliberations were cut short by a shout from the Irish lines, and a cry of alarm from his own—the Irish were advancing to a charge. They came on with a wild rush and a ringing cheer, bursting through the British ranks. There was a short but desperate struggle, when some one of the Canadian officers, observing an Irish *aide-de-camp* galloping through a wood close by, thought it was a body of Irish

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horse, and raised the cry of "cavalry! cavalry!" Some of the regular regiments made a vain effort to form a square—a fatal blunder, there being no cavalry at hand; others, however, broke into confusion, and took to flight, the general, Booker, it is alleged, being the fleetest of the fugitives. The British rout soon became complete, the day was hopelessly lost, and the victorious Irish, with the captured British standards in their hands, stood on Ridge-way heights as proudly as their compeers at Fontenoy—"The field was fought and won."

(To be continued.)

The Ulster Difficulty: Its Historical Basis.

(From the *Irish Bulletin*, October 3, 1921.)

Dr. Boulter, an Englishman who was Protestant Archbishop of Armagh from 1724 to 1738, writing of the agitation raised by Dean Swift against "Wood's Halfpence," said:—

"The worst of this is that it tends to unite Protestant with Papist, and whenever that happens, goodbye to the English interest in Ireland for ever."

That sentence epitomises the so-called "Ulster difficulty."

The Original Plantations and Their Failure

In tracing the causes of the present hostility of four counties in the North-east of Ireland to the National movement for independence one is brought back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when six Irish counties were planted with settlers hostile in racial feeling and religious persuasion to the Irish people. The six counties originally planted did not include Antrim and Down which are now the centre of the "Ulster difficulty," but did include Donegal, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Cavan, all of which are to-day Republican in majority. But these plantations—accomplished by the simple expedient of massacring the Catholic population or burning their homes and driving them overseas—are too well known to students of history to need detailed description here. The plantations failed in four of the six counties and in large portions of the remaining two, Derry and Armagh. When one set of planters had lost their hostility to the mass of the Irish people others were brought over. But these also were in part absorbed by the nation, and the political distinction between North-east Ulster and the rest of Ireland had to be sustained by constant drafts of new settlers. It was in these later plantations that the Catholic families in Antrim and Down were expelled, their land confiscated and handed over to Presbyterians brought from Scotland. Within a century these Presbyterians had become the leading spirits of the separatist movement in Ireland, and in 1782, at Dungannon, Co. Tyrone (now part of the Partition area), a convention of Irish Volunteers representing the majority of the Protestants declared for the legislative independence of Ireland.

"Unconstitutional and Illegal"

On February 15, 1782, the Dungannon Convention resolved "That a claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance," and later in its sittings resolved: "That we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences for the union and the prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland." But this union threatened disaster to the "English interest" and the British Government set about to prevent it by whatever means were available. Religious bitterness had been cultivated by false stories of massacres of Protestants by "Papists" sedulously circulated by British agents and pamphleteers. Massacres, of which there is no historical record, but to which there is a great deal of historical reference, "occurred" whenever the Protestants and Catholics seemed about to establish friendly relations or whenever the British Government had no other argument with which to meet the claims of the Irish nation. Protestants were thus conveniently massacred in 1641, when Cromwell

needed the assistance of English opinion in his Irish campaign, in 1704, in 1765, and since the latter date plots by the papists to exterminate the Protestants were "discovered" with indefatigable zeal by British agents in London, usually when no suspicion of them existed among the Irish Protestants themselves. By such means the British Government created in Ulster a non-Catholic minority terrorised into daily expectancy of extermination by the unarmed and disfranchised Catholic majority. The Presbyterians—the largest element in the planted Protestant population—were not receptive of this anti-Catholic propaganda for the very good reason that, though they were not subject to the full rigor of the Penal Laws, they were penalised for their religious beliefs. The Presbyterians, indeed, made common cause with the Catholics against the Government from which the Penal Laws emanated.

The Rising of 1798

The legislative independence which Grattan and his party had won in 1782 tended more and more towards a national union in Ireland and the disappearance of religious differences. The Presbyterians of Antrim and Down decided to establish Ireland as a Republic and were the moving spirit of the Rebellion of 1798. They organised, in conjunction with the Catholic separatists, the three Catholic provinces. The British Government, foreseeing that this organisation would lead to an Ireland united in the common cause of independence, decided to provoke the Insurrection before the plans had been completed and to revive violent sectarian discords wherever possible. The policy took some time to mature but it was carried out according to plan. The Insurrection broke out prematurely and immediately the religious hatreds carefully nurtured in the North were given full rein. A Yeomanry, comparable in every particular with the Ulster Special Constabulary of to-day, was formed from the Orange lodges, which represented only a minority of the Irish Protestants, and was then used, not only against the Catholics and their Presbyterian allies in Ulster, but against the Catholics in the other three provinces. The frightful excesses which accompanied the suppression of the '98 Rebellion are traceable in many instances to this Yeomanry just as now the Ulster Special Constabulary have almost outdone the "Black-and-Tans" in their murders, assassinations and long sustained pogroms against the defenceless Catholics of the North-east. While the country was lying crushed by the ferocity with which the rising had been suppressed the Union was carried. As in the present case of Partition no Irish party supported the policy of union with Great Britain. Even the Orange lodges protested against it as a disastrous measure.

Buying off the Presbyterians

Immediately after the insurrection the British Government set about buying off the Presbyterians. "A plan for strengthening the connection between the Government and the Presbyterian Synod of Ulster" was drawn up by Lord Castlereagh. This "plan" was nothing more noble than the subsidising of the Presbyterian clergy. Dr. Killen, the historian of the Irish Presbyterians, makes it clear that the "generosity" of the British Government was purely political in its purpose. "The Government," he says, "was chiefly actuated by those purely secular considerations which ordinarily have weight with prudent and calculating statesmen." The royal grant, he declares, would make the Presbyterian clergy less dependent upon their flocks and consequently "less likely to give any countenance to the spirit of faction or sedition." Dr. Killen then quotes a British Cabinet Minister writing to the British Viceroy that a "principal object" in subsidising the Presbyterian clergy was "to make them more dependent and render them more amenable" to British policy. The effect sought was achieved. Dr. Killen reports that the subsidy was "received with satisfaction and gratitude," and adds, "It has been ascertained that Presbyterian ministers amply repay the State for their endowment inasmuch as *the districts under their pastoral care can be governed without the aid of military.*" By these subtle means the British Government converted the Presbyterians, who in 1798 were foremost among Irish republicans, into the fanatical anti-republicans which to-day they declare themselves to be. The subsidy was followed in 1869 by the dis-establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland which strengthened

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the bond between the Presbyterians and the British Government.

English Leaders organise Belfast Riots

By the time Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill of 1886 the leaven had completely worked. The Protestant population of Ulster had since 1798 been united by British policy into opposition to the wishes of the majority of the Irish people. Yet the riots in Belfast which synchronised with Gladstone's Home Rule campaign were not the natural expression of this opposition. They were organised then as now in England. Lord Randolph Churchill, (father of the Mr. Winston Churchill, who ten days ago predicted "civil war" for Ireland if the nation secured a recognition of her independence), went to Belfast accompanied by Sir Stafford Northcote, an ex-Cabinet Minister, to organise Ulster's resistance to Home Rule. It was he not any Ulster leader who preached the policy: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." The "fight" took the form then that it takes to-day. Armed mobs attacked the Catholics in the streets, Catholics were driven from their work, Catholic homes were wrecked, and looted. The riots went on from week to week and instead of any effort to suppress them the British Government actually withdrew its forces from the city and justified the pogroms to the British public. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, answering the charge that the riots were instigated from England, said the Orangemen "were urged on to riot," not by English political leaders, but "by loyalty and religion." Gladstone again brought in a Home Rule Bill in 1893, and again the policy of "Ulster will fight" was preached to the Orange mob, not by its own leaders, but by English Tories acting through a Convention of landowners held in Dublin. The bloody riots recommenced and again the British Government stood aside and gave a clear field to those unwittingly carrying out its policy. The self-same situation recurred in 1911, when Mr. Asquith's Government began the "hypocritical sham" of giving Ireland Home Rule. The Ulster Protestants armed and drilled openly. They threatened the authority of the British Parliament itself. But the British Parliament did not interfere. Sir Edward Carson, who later became a Cabinet Minister, attended by the present Lord Chancellor of England, reviewed the Ulster Volunteers and encouraged them in their resistance to British law; the British Unionist party provided funds for arms and made speeches of incitement. Arms bought at Hamburg, Germany, were run into Ulster under the noses of the British Admiralty and the British military officers at the Curragh mutinied in Ulster's favor. Again it was from England and English political leaders that the Protestants of North-east Ulster received their orders.

No Irish Demand for Partition

During the whole of this period the Ulster Protestants never once put forward the demand for Partition. They were opposed to the policy of Home Rule, but they never conceived an Ireland divided into two fragments to suit British policy. Even their English allies and instigators made no separate claim for them. Mr. Walter Long, who up to a few months ago was a member of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet committee on Irish affairs, declared in the spring of 1914, at a Convention of Unionists in Dublin:

"The proposal to separate Ulster from the rest of Ireland was the most ignominious and cowardly suggestion for the solution of the Irish problem that had ever been brought forward; it was not Ulster that needed special treatment; under any settlement of Irish affairs Ulster was strong enough to protect its own interests; not Ulster but the scattered Unionist minority in the other parts of Ireland required special provisions for their protection."

This was then and remains to-day the policy of the Unionist minority in Ireland, North and South. The Partition policy, like the Orange pogroms, had its origin in the British Cabinet. It was first proposed in 1914. It was crystallised into a British Act of Parliament in 1919. It became law in 1920 against the wishes of all the Unionists in Ireland, and in spite of the protests of the whole Unionist press. The North-east Ulster leaders to-day declare with vehemence that they would not have accepted a separate Parliament if they were not compelled by Great Britain to do so.

The policy of Partition and the present pogroms in Belfast and elsewhere in the six-County area are the modern expression of Archbishop Boulter's fear that whenever the Protestant and Papist united "good-bye to the English interest in Ireland forever." "The English interest" will alone be furthered by them and in that fact lies the explanation of the division of Ireland on religious lines and the creation of a fanatical and sectarian mob into one of the British Crown forces, not now as in 1798 as "Yeomanry," but under the infinitely more inappropriate title of "Constabulary."

The Frivolity of England

A few days ago Burgomaster Max, a civilian hero of the war, whom we once glorified like Garibaldi or Gordon, visited and left this country without being noticed save for a line or two in the corners of the newspapers (says the *New Witness* for September 16). It was impossible to insert more, as there would not have been room for the fifteen portraits of Charlie Chaplin, or the reproduction of the menu of his meals at the hotel. Only here and there, there creeps into the correspondence column a bitter note; to the effect that Charlie Chaplin was not one of the civilian heroes of the war, or that he was too civilian to be heroic. We have not ourselves any such bitterness on that subject. The comedian is of a type which we always thought it unjust to conscript for the national fights of Christendom; a clever Jew wandering and living on his wits as readily in America as in England; and he at least uses them artistically to amuse people and not financially to fleece them. It is none the less extraordinary that a man of whom such a complaint could ever have been made at all should have a popularity so colossal and free from complaints; and it is still more extraordinary that it should wash away the words of the Great War, which we thought we were graving on a rock, as if it were a wave washing out words traced upon the sand.

The great vice and virtue of the English is frivolity. It is a virtue because it involves many elements of charity and cheerful forgiveness, and a power to survive the mere morbidity of memory. It is a vice because it produces inconstancy and cowardice of the intellect, and an impatience of realities and responsibilities. The Englishman is always longing to escape into a playground, where antagonisms are not serious and blows do not fester into wounds. That is why he tolerated first the absurd thing called "Party," and then the more absurd things that were said to be "Above Party." That is why he loves the world of sport; because men never need fear to have a quarrel, so long as they will contend without a cause. And that is why his emotions melt naturally into such a world of shadows as the cinematograph; and he can make a hero of a single dancing shadow. In his heart the Englishman would love to live in a world like that of the film, where a man can be kicked downstairs without being hurt; where smashing blows fall without sound or pain, where the comedian still his hat pursues, the comedian and the hat a shade. To love energy without evil is not a small thing; to combine farce with friendship is a contribution to ethics; and the English would have much to say for themselves if they only knew what to say. But when they begin to talk seriously they say all the wrong things; they even tell all the wrong lies. Just as they appear to be tyrants precisely because Imperialism is unsuitable to them, so they appear to be hypocrites precisely because solemnity sits uneasily upon them.

Now we can understand this attitude, and sympathise with it, because being English ourselves we are inside it. But it is none the less necessary to realise sharply what it looks like to the people who are outside it. It is none the less necessary to consider what is said by people of more serious minds, of firmer convictions, and more constant policies; such as the French or the Irish or the Italians or the Poles. These people have their own vices; but they are the vices of tenacity; we might almost say the vices of loyalty. They are vengeance, morbidity, cruelty; the vices of the vendetta. But so long as we are content to call these things vices without seeing that they are also virtues, and content to call our own qualities virtues without seeing that they are also vices, we shall go deeper and deeper into a very dangerous misunderstanding about our

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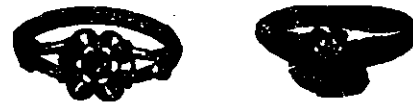
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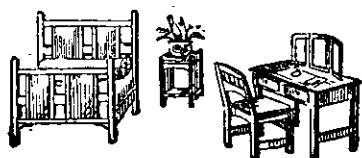
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present position in the world. These foreigners doubtless would exaggerate their side of the question, and do us an injustice in much that they said and thought. But what do we suppose a really embittered French or Polish patriot would be tempted to say, or a Belgian who remembers the horrors of the days when we deified Burgomaster Max, on the mere display of our illustrated papers? "Yes; I understand you now. You prefer this Jewish buffoon not only to our dead, but to your own. You leave your crippled heroes to rot in unemployment while you run after this vulgar dwarf, and fawn on him for one of his Asiatic smiles. Why indeed should you have any sense of duty towards us, when you have no sense of dignity for yourselves? No wonder you are again hankering after the flesh-pots of the barbarians, against whom you fought bravely indeed, but, it would seem, very blindly. No wonder you tolerate and even admire the politicians we only suffer and despise. Since your greatest joy is in such Oriental jugglers, no wonder your statesmanship has become an Oriental jugglery. If Charlie Chaplin is your god, what wonder that Moritz Mond is your king! You know your business best, and your business government; but there is one thing we will not take from them or you, and that is a sermon. We will not be lectured by you, because you are frivolous enough to forget the things you yourselves swore to remember. We will not reverence the fickleness of a rabble as if it were the forgiveness of a saint. Mercy may be better than vengeance; but we do not entertain the smallest doubt that our vengeance is better than your mercy, and even more merciful. Do you ask us to admire the sort of magnanimity that your journalism actually substitutes for the indignation of free men? *Panem et circenses*; why should you grumble, slaves, while they give you your Saturnalia?"

Now concerning the qualities that go along with frivolity that estimate is unjust; but concerning the frivolity itself, and even the fickleness itself, it is true. We have not really even changed our mind; we have only changed our mood. We have not really altered our judgment of the Germans, or in other words our judgment of the facts. Captain Fryatt is still dead; he did not come to life again when the diplomatists came to Versailles. The hospital ships are still at the bottom of the sea; they did not rise again on Armistice Day like the dead on Resurrection Day. We have only allowed the Germans to show, in a series of sham trials, how ardently they approve of things like the murder of Fryatt and the firing on the Red Cross. We are not converted on the question; we are merely tired of the subject. We ignore these facts, not because they are no longer facts, but because they are no longer news. And the spirit that can only be concerned with facts when they are also news is a frivolous and even a fickle spirit. It may coexist with many virtues, but it is in this relation not only a vice but a weakness. As long as these facts remain, another and enormous fact remains: the presence of barbarism and the peril of civilisation. The French in founding their arguments and actions on this are building upon a rock of reality, while we are trying to build upon the turning tides of mere topic and fashion. It is as if an Anglo-Indian gentleman should deduce from the fact that he was tired of tiger-hunting that tigers were no longer dangerous; for a man who had dropped his hobby of entomology were to put his nose into a nest of wasps. We may like or dislike the French, we may understand or misunderstand them; but it is just as true as it ever was that France is the key-fortress of historic civilisation; and that Europe is broken asunder if that central fortress falls. We may honestly think that the French are too fierce and vindictive; but upon any argument vengeance is more virtuous than aggression, and ferocity that is retributive better than ferocity that is wanton. If we ally ourselves again with the barbarians, we shall ally ourselves with wanton ferocity and aggressive war. We may have many healthy and humane feelings in the matter; but what France is and what Germany is are facts, and unaffected by what England feels. These objective things cannot alter with what Matthew Arnold called long ago "the hot fits and cold fits of the British Philistine." As he said, we must not be content with picking up and putting down ideas as if they were counters; especially as in this case our counters are other people's coins.

The beauty of Poland may be as much a matter of taste as the playing of Paderewski; and there are doubtless

many who prefer the acting of Charlie Chaplin. But the fact that Poland lies between Prussianism and Bolshevism, holding them apart, is not a matter of taste, but a matter of fact; and the strengthening of Poland is therefore a matter of necessity. Jews may be as charming as most people find Charlie Chaplin, or as undesirable as we find Moritz Mond. But the fact that Jews generally hate Poles, and tend by their policy to destroy Poland, is not a matter of desire or charm; it is a matter of experience; and it is suicidal to allow our moods to falsify our experiences. Our own cheerful desire to change the subject cannot alter the actualities of what things are and where they are. It cannot alter our knowledge of where the Poles are; which is between Prussian organisation and Russian disorganisation. It cannot alter our knowledge of where the Jews are; which is at the head of Russian anarchy and also of English government. This situation is equally serious and obvious however lightly we take it; and we would rather be with the mob raving over a cosmopolitan comedian than with a minority which sneers at the cosmopolitan comedian without daring to murmur against the cosmopolitan financier; who is preparing for us not comedy but tragedy.

A Wonderful Birthday

The arrival of a new human being in this world usually is heralded as a joyous event. The recurring anniversary of the day of birth is set aside as a period for special observance: it is a memorial in the life of the individual. When a child is born into the world his relatives rejoice; when he attains manhood and distinguishes himself in an extraordinary manner, the nation and, at times, the whole world is filled with rejoicing. Thus it is that certain birthdays are merely dates; they are like the record of the daily temperature: important for a moment and quickly forgotten. Other natal anniversaries, on the contrary, become each year the signal for grateful paeans from an unforgetting people.

When Joachim and Anne felt the thrill of parenthood on the birth of a tiny daughter, their kinsfolk exulted with them. There were the usual festivities suited to the occasion. But the great world about them knew not nor cared. Roman governors and emperors, statesmen and commercial leaders called upon a wide circle each year to join with them in celebrating their natal days; whereas the world would have been immeasurably better off if they never had existed. But the little Jewish maiden down in despised Palestine meant nothing to the world of Roman power and grandeur.

Now, Time and Oblivion worked together; the proud spirit of Rome disappeared with the last vestige of earthly eminence. To-day we know scarcely the names of the great ones of the day; their former power and affluence leave us absolutely unmoved. But the little child down in Palestine grew quietly in the shadow of the Temple. Then by a wondrous miracle she became a mother, and her Son was God. And it was all so strange and mysterious and beautiful that she kept in her heart all that transpired for fear that the world might not believe. And the Son grew up with her as other sons do in their homes. And he wrought deeds that only God could perform; some people thought He was God, while others scoffed at His claims. But Mary knew all the time just what He was. Then His own people crucified Him, just as one's own people so often do. But they could not destroy a God, so He rose from the tomb and worked more miracles and then went to heaven where He waited a little while for His mother to follow.

The little maiden soon joined her divine Son, and the world then began to understand the whole mystery in its human bearings. So delighted was mankind with the great adventure of the Son of God, which had saved the race from eternal destruction, that two birthdays were set aside to be eternally remembered and commemorated.

Thus it is the whole world rejoices on Christmas, the birthday of the Son, and on September 8, the natal day of His Mother.—*Catholic Bulletin*, of St. Paul, U.S.A.

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Current Topics

Christmas Greetings

To all our readers, to our friends far and near, to the Dunedin sportsmen who have remembered us, and to those outside who have not, to all our enemies who helped to make life more exciting for us in the past, we wish a Happy Christmas and a prosperous and peaceful New Year.

Irish History Competitions

Last week we published a letter from Father James O'Neill, conveying to our young readers the welcome news that Irish History prizes were good and many this year. May this encourage them to devote even more time and attention to the subject during the coming year, and may the study make them, one and all, more worthy of the great traditions of the Irish race. We are hardly saying too much in asserting that the *Feiscanna* had much to do with the victory of Sinn Fein that marks the close of the year 1921; for they inspired the ideals and formed the spirit that enabled the men and women of Ireland to stand fast under the terrible ordeal of the last five years. We see that a *Feis* has already been held in Adelaide, and we hope it will not be long before we shall be holding one in New Zealand. If it did no more than make known to the public the beautiful and modest Gaelic dances, an annual *Feis* would be well worth holding. Anybody who has seen the South Dunedin children dancing the four and the three-handed reel could not help wishing that such dances were taught in all our schools.

Massey and his Friends

One jarring note was sounded when the news of the agreement between the Irish and English representatives reached New Zealand, and that was struck by our Prime Minister, who a few years ago denounced de Valera as a traitor and lauded to the skies the Kaiser's friend, Carson. We certainly are not surprised at Mr. Massey's incapability to do or say a graceful thing; and of course we must remember the fact that he is an Orangeman, and make due allowance for his present soreness over the defeat of the Belfast murder gang. But when the man talks of people disturbing the Empire he is throwing a boomerang that hits his own head. All his nonsense and all his bluff cannot conceal the fact that, from the Black Pamphlet down to the P.P.A. filth, from the attacks on our schools to the jobbery with the bigots, he and his friends have done as much as a number of stupid men could do to break up the British Empire and to cause internal strife even in war time. What did he say to the Masons in Auckland shortly after his return, we wonder! By the way, it was rather unkind of Mr. Wilford to pull the Prime Ministerial leg by suggesting (apropos of Lord Birkenhead's saying that he would like to have a Colonial judge for the work) that Sir Robert Stout might be offered as arbitrator between Ireland and England. Mr. Wilford has a reputation as a joker, but surely he does not think that it was "Colonial goose" that Lord Birkenhead inquired for. Considering that Sir Robert recently attacked our schools when speaking to a mob of atheists in England, and that he added a new bar to his decoration for unreliability and inaccuracy, we do not imagine that Ireland has any position that he could fill decently unless it might be that of official jester at the Court of King Craig. But possibly Mr. Massey has his eye on that for some other of his friends. Ah, well, we wish the poor things a happier Christmas than they deserve.

Professor Dickie

That dour wee mon, Professor John Dickie, is at it again. Once he made Knox Church ring with his No-Popery shrieks, and we are told there were folk present who took none too kindly to Johnnie's notion of how to behave in kirk. He has let off steam in the

press at regular intervals. He even lowered Knox College by writing—he, a professor!—to the unsavory *Orange Nation*. Just now we read that his last "Romish" brainstorm had its repercussion in the *National Review*, in which wee Johnnie accuses us poor Catholic bodies of being daft and dangerous chiefs in the community. To quote the *Otago Daily Times*, the Professor declares "that the Roman Catholic Church (surely Johnnie said "Romish!") in New Zealand, through its official organ (that's the poor *Tablet*, of course!) and its bishops and priests, has been for the last five or six years actively engaged in anti-British propaganda of the most virulent and malignant type." We do not know what chair or chairs the Professor occupies at Knox College, nor are we aware how his lectures are received, but if we are to judge from his public utterances he can have little or nothing to do with the exact sciences, for the man is particularly unhappy in his statements. It would be rather unkind if we were to tell our professor that his statements concerning the Catholic Hierarchy are a gross and most untheological violation of one of the Ten Commandments; but if we did say as much we should not be conveying any fresh information to a number of people. He has a great deal to learn yet, and as a help towards his education we freely bestow on him the news that no paper published in New Zealand is rightly described as the official organ of the bishops. Evidently accuracy is by no means the professor's long suit, but he may console himself by reflecting that his past record is such that the public will not be disappointed, however wild and weird his assertions. People who did not know anything about the periodical before will now have a useful idea of the tone and value of the *National Review* which extends to the Knox professor the hospitality of its columns.

Abyss Calls to Abyss

We have had something to say already concerning Mr. Massey's ill-tempered outburst when he heard the news of the Sinn Fein victory. The Limavaddy growl had its echo in Carson's wild tirade against the British Government, and in his frank confession that Sinn Fein had beaten the Cabinet to its knees. Mr. Massey once held up as a high-souled patriot the man who imported German guns and had dealings with "a powerful Continental Monarch" with a view to overthrowing the British Government; so that we cannot wonder now that two such kindred spirits are suffering from the same sort of soreheadedness. It is worth noting that Sir James Craig recently made a pathetic appeal to Bonar Law, and that the latter has openly declared that instead of supporting Carsonia he is going to back the people who are putting the Orangemen in the corner. Carsonia once more becomes seditious, and we are told that Orangemen are objecting to sing "God Save the King." Now, as Mr. Massey is an Orangeman this is becoming a serious matter. Surely it is ridiculous for Mr. Parr to ask other people to take oaths of allegiance and to flap flags while our Prime Minister adheres to a sect that is flaunting its disloyalty. It may become necessary for the public security that Mr. Massey be led about the country and compelled to sing "God Save the King" in all the public halls, drill-halls, school-rooms, and possibly on the trains and ferry boats. Incidentally he could take up a collection in order to add to his public exchequer. If Carson goes on with any more of his seditious utterances Mr. Massey will need watching very closely. We notice that the McGregor is advocating that persons qualified to witness marriages should be forced to take the oath of allegiance. If the tiresome old gentleman really wants to do something useful he ought to concentrate on Mr. Massey for the present. Shares in the Orange drum are not booming just now.

Ireland

Pending the result of the Dail Eireann's deliberations, we are in the dark as to the fate of the agreement signed by the Irish and English representatives, and all our surmises are liable to be proved wrong by future events. One thing we can do with confidence, that is, warn our readers against accepting the statements they

find in their morning papers. Nearly all such statements are mere conjecture, and are by no means impartial. We are not inclined to believe the stories told about Michael Collins's losing his temper, nor do we think it at all likely that anybody would be such a fool as to call him a traitor. As an indication of the true value of our press reports, we recommend our readers to consider just one feature of them. One day they told us that de Valera could not get more than twenty out of the Dail members to support him, and that Collins was pretty sure of having a hundred followers. Very little later, Collins was only sure of eighty, and another day left him more or less uncertain whether he could even have sixty-four out of one hundred and twenty! From first to last it has been pure guessing on the part of the British pressmen, and as news it is absolutely valueless. The one thing we can be certain about is that de Valera is not satisfied with the agreement. It has been said more than once in the press that the difficulty is over the cath of allegiance. We do not believe that this is the case. As the oath was framed there ought not be any great difficulty in accepting it. As we pointed out before, Carsonia is probably the crucial question. Readers will remember that Cardinal Logue at once put his finger on the weak spot when he was asked for an early opinion concerning the agreement. "It is a fair settlement, but I would like to see Ireland united." At their October meeting the body of the Irish Bishops strongly protested against partition and condemned it as the root of future evils. That is already one strong reason why de Valera should not agree. Again, the Ulster Catholics and Nationalist Protestants have fought a hard fight from the beginning. They have stood by their southern friends in the *bearna baoghail* and never failed them. Does it seem a very chivalrous thing for the rest of Ireland to leave them at the mercy of the Orange murder gang? Does it seem like de Valera to consent to such a step? Honestly, the judgment of the heart must go with him in his refusal. But there is even a more powerful motive. For the sake of Ireland he is doing the right thing. The maintenance of an artificial boundary in spite of the will of the vast majority of the Irish people is denial of the right of self-determination. The breaking-up of a united Ireland by outside and hostile force is against the best interests of the Irish people. The support of a hostile garrison within Ireland is the active root of future trouble, and a lever that might be moved by England to set in motion passions that might cause such strife that England could build on it a pretext for stepping in and making a scrap of paper of the treaty. As we said previously, England has a bad record where treaties are concerned, and it does not pay to forget that fact. All things considered, we think it is likely that the question of partition is the vital issue in the present session of Dail Eireann. Of course to-morrow or the next day may prove that we are wrong, but as far as we can see now, writing on the morning of the 19th December, partition is the real crux. Whatever occurs we must go on trusting the leaders. They have led Ireland to a position that seemed impossible during the past five years, and they did that while croakers were predicting disaster for them and while but few of us were ready to trust them and to stand by them through thick and thin. Trust them, therefore; they have been right all along the line. Learn of your mistakes in the past to respect their judgment rather than your own, and be persuaded that even if you have a lot of brains you have not half as many as the men who have guided Ireland so wisely and so nobly since 1916.

Is Carsonia Fit to Govern Itself?

Carsonia claimed the right of self-determination on the plea that it was a district in which Protestants or Unionists were in a very large majority. It proudly asserted its capability of looking after itself; and it was taken at its word by the British Government. Since that happened the constant assassinations and burnings in Belfast are attributed to the Nationalists by the Orangemen. Now the Orangemen were specially armed and they protested that they were in a large majority.

What is the inference? If they are not arrant liars they are not fit to govern themselves, for a large armed majority that admits its inferiority in a fight to a small and carefully disarmed minority stands condemned as hopeless and futile. The effort to throw the blame for their own crimes on Sinn Fein has come back like a boomerang on the Carsonites; and their friends all over the world are turning their backs on them in disgust, contemptuous of such wretched braggarts. The famous Ulster game is up. Murder will out in the end, and if we were inclined to imitate the rabid Jingo pressmen we should be clamoring for the hanging of the Carsonia murderers, just as our patriots once clamored for the hanging of the Kaiser. If you want the plain, naked truth about the whole disgraceful plot here it is in a nutshell for you:

Commandant O'Duffy, T.D., speaking at an aerid-heacht at Ballyhaise, Co. Cavan, on Sunday, referring to the position in Ulster, said:—"I do not like talking about this Ulster bogey, but, as I have been very much misrepresented. I wish to make my position clear. If there is an Ulster question at all, it is an invention of England. It is constituted by the British Government on the one part and the Orange mobs on the other, with a few business men thrown in.

"Unfortunately the Protestants of the North do not all fully realise yet how they are being made tools of by England, or if they do see it, they have not the courage to express what is in their minds.

"I never advocated the coercion of Ulster, and in my public or private dealings with these people I defy contradiction when I say that I never made any difference with any man or section of men because of their religious or political beliefs. I said something at Armagh about using lead, but when a statement is removed from its context it often has a different meaning.

MOB BRUTALITIES.

"The stand I take to-day is the stand I took at Armagh," said Mr. Duffy, "and it is this: If the Orange mobs continue to murder our defenceless people in cold blood, to use not only the lead on them but butchers' knives and sledges as they did in Belfast; if they drag unarmed young men from their beds in the middle of the night and, before shooting them, take out their eyes and their tongues and break their bones as they did in Dromore; if our young men have to leave their homes, even during the truce and, while they are away the aged parents are dragged from their beds and forced to walk through rivers, miles from their homes, as happened in Cookstown; and if when such outrages are reported by me, as Liaison Officer, to the British Police and Military Authorities, and my reports are ignored, then, I say, that it is time we should take steps to protect ourselves.

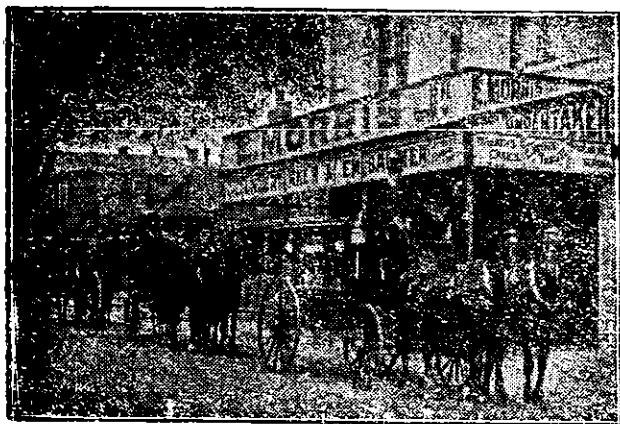
"While I am even now prepared to extend the hand of friendship to these people I will not stand aside and see Irishmen and women murdered because they are Catholics."

"In the neighborhood of Cookstown, Catholics cannot travel the roads after dark without being held up by these Specials at the point of the bayonet, searched, and maltreated. Many are suffering from being beaten with rifle butts, and one lies in a precarious condition in the Mater Hospital, Belfast, suffering from an explosive bullet wound. It is inconceivable that the British authorities cannot lay hands upon these terrorists who parade all roads, all nights, all hours, armed to the teeth. A list of names of the leaders has been furnished to the British authorities, but no action was taken. How different where Catholics are concerned. Of the many Catholics apprehended in this area since the truce there was only one case in which were the arms found. The man was arrested and now lies in Derry Prison awaiting trial. If this man is to be retained in prison then every Orangeman in Ulster should be arrested, for each and everyone of them trample British law under their feet."

◆◆◆
The only time fault-finding is justifiable is when you find fault with your own faults so as to self-correct them.

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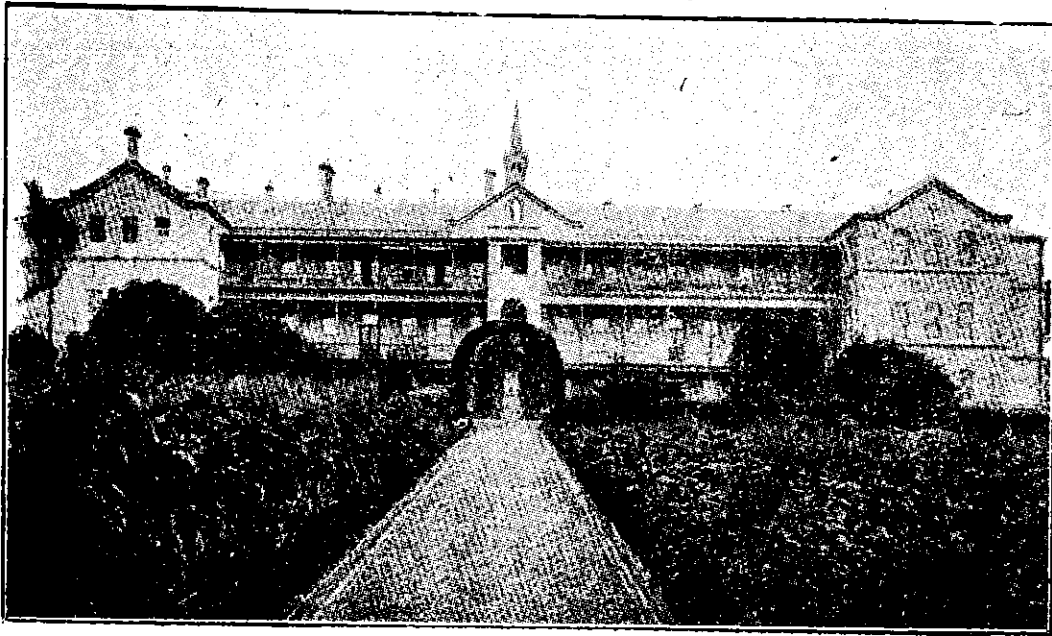
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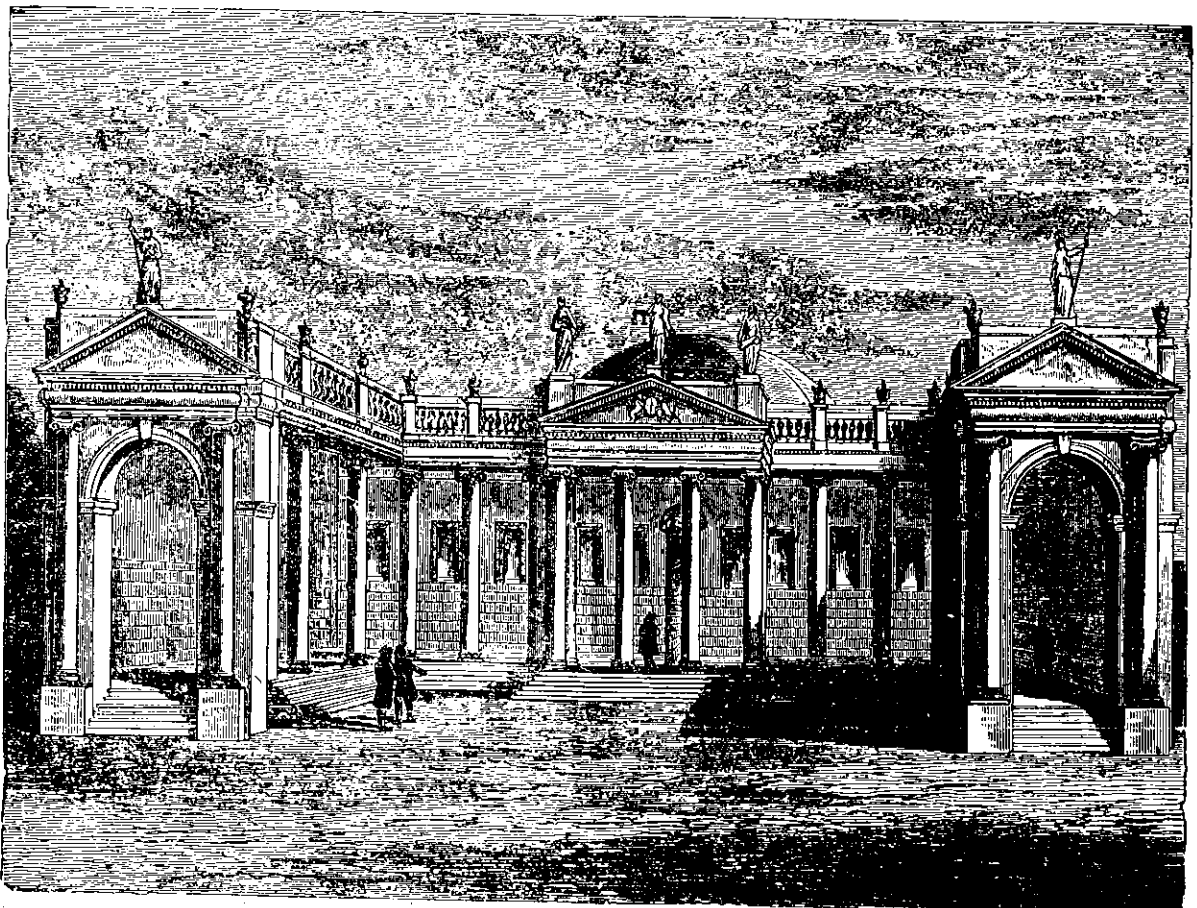
St. Joseph's Home, Auckland

The Little Sisters of the Poor (writes our Auckland correspondent) came to Auckland in June, 1888, over 32 years ago. They were most cordially received by the late Bishop Luck; and Rev. Mother Ignatius of the Convent of Mercy was most kind to them. The community—only five at first—set up in Hepburn Street, where they cared for 20 old people, and there they remained for nine months. Afterwards they purchased the present site with a dwelling thereon, to which they added a large wooden building for the old people. The first wing of the present stately, concrete structure was erected 18 years ago, and

the fine chapel five years later. In 1916 the wooden building was removed to its present position and the second wing was erected, thus completing the whole block as it now stands in its convenient and picturesque site. For some years there have been 14 Sisters in charge of the Home, and the inmates under them at present number 105—56 men and 49 women. There is accommodation for more. From the inception of the Home up to present date 438 deaths have occurred and of these 235 were men and 203 women. The good and devoted Sisters are full of gratitude to the merciful providence of Almighty God, and to their generous patrons—Catholic and non-Catholic.



The Old
Parliament
House,
College
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Dublin.



The Sorrowing of Conal Cearnach

(By ETHNA CARBERY.)

The autumn night had set in with a dreary darkness full of the howling of angry winds that swept up from the sea, and flung clouds of salt foam even to the crest of the gray cliffs that stood sentinel over the Northern coast of Uladh. White screaming flocks of seagulls darted inland, flying low, as is their wont when the storm-fiend comes to take his pleasure; and in scanty hedge or stunted fir-tree the little timid land-birds cowered before the blast. The air held the chill of coming winter; the moaning waters seemed to chant a dirge for all the dead whose bones lay far beneath among the weeds and wrecks and tossing shells; and overhead the thick clouds went drifting by without the glimmer of a single star to light the gloom, while, through this maze of storm and darkness, with sorrow in his heart and on his brow, after his many and perilous wanderings over distant countries, Conal Cearnach, the chieftain of Dunseverick, and Champion of the Red Branch Knights of Uladh, came back to his own.

But though the storm might sport and rave in ecstasy as it circled the open coast-line, it seemed to shriek its madness round the towers of the Caiseal, which stood but a short way from the brink of a tall cliff that sheered straight down into the foaming wild water. It hissed and swirled through the broad open chimney of the banqueting hall, scattering the flames in the heart of the glowing logs piled high upon the hearth, and sending showers of light peat ashes almost to the feet of Conal Cearnach himself, who, sitting silent in his carven chair of dark oak, with mournful eyes gazing steadily at the leaping fire, heeded neither the rattle, as each fresh gust hurled itself against the timbers of the walls, nor the chanting of his harper, nor yet the sweet voice of his lady as she strove to win him from the bitter thoughts that held him in that sad and woeful quietude. Many and melodious were the strains by which the harper sought to rouse his master; now soft and silvery as the thrush's warble in the glow of a mellow summer eve; anon bursting into loud and triumphant pealing like the return of a victor army from the field of conflict, and again sinking into melting harmony as when a mother croons at slumber-hour above the baby on her bosom. Clear and tuneful the song rose with the harp-music, telling of Conal Cearnach's wonderful and world-enduring feats; of his manly beauty and his valor; of his loyalty to friend and vengefulness to foe, of all the glorious attributes that had raised him to the Champion's place in the Court of the Red Branch, and won him renown at home and afar as the flower of Uladh's matchless chivalry. Loudly and proudly did the music-maker chant the death of Misgedhra, the great soldier, slain single-handed in a trial of skill by the Chieftain of Dunseverick. Solemnly he related the making of the brain-ball of that valiant fighter, and how the dead had been revenged upon Uladh afterwards, when this ghastly trophy, that belonged to Conal Cearnach by right of prowess, and was lodged for safety in the royal palace of Crovdearg, passed into the hands of the enemy through the hands of a fool, and brought about the gravest sorrow under which Uladh had ever bowed, in the death of her gifted and noble ruler Conor Mac-Nessa. And as he sang the death-lament for Conor, the warriors ranged all down the long hall took up the strain, and mingled their praise and regret for the kingly king with the twanging of the harp until the sob of the wind seemed hushed outside and the hissing of the waters died away. Then in the distant chamber of the Lady of Dunseverick her waiting women and maidens, hearing this weird and mournful chanting, took up the *caoine*, and shrilled the dead man's praises with clapping of palms and rending of hair, until, in sooth, throughout the Caiseal from end to end no sounds but those of grief and dismay echoed on this the return-night of the Chieftain. Once, and once only, was his brooding gaze lifted, and his brows arched, not in anger, but in surprise, as he asked curiously:

"Wherefore this clamor in my halls to-night? There seems but storm without and storm within, and it vexeth me. Hush ye, hush ye, my people."

The harper rose, flushing red because of the reproof, and vouchsafed a reply.

"It was the death-lament for Conor the King we sang,

my honored lord, and inasmuch as he hath died but a short time since, we feared you sorrowed for him in silence. And because our battle-strains or strains of love have been powerless to win you from your grief, in our affection we have fallen in with this mood, and have joined in your regrets. The death he died was a strange one, and unknown in all the annals of the land."

"I, too, have looked on death," said Conal Cearnach, slowly and reverently, still gazing into the burning brightness on the hearth, "but not such a death as a King of Eirinn might die. Nay, 'twas such as only a God could endure and make no moan. A great end and a terrible. Yet the divine pity in His eyes bore naught but forgiveness for those who tortured Him, and their dying glory hath made me His slave for ever."

"My lord, my lord," pleaded his wife, rising and clasping her white arms round his neck, "put these haunting thoughts away, I pray thee, and turn to the feast where thy kin and clan await to give thee welcome home. Tell us how thou didst bear thyself at Rome, and of thy wrestling feats in those far distant cities. Thou were champion swordsman there as well as here, my love and brave knight, were thou not? They indeed had courage who accepted the challenge of Conal Cearnach and strove to match their strength with his. Sad for Ceat was the day when he met thee; he that was ever a champion of renown. Sing, harper, sing the death of Ceat, son of Magach of Connacht, that my lord may remember only his own great fame and forget this grief that holds him enchained."

Once more the harper ran his fingers across the strings, breaking into high, proud chanting. The oft-told tale, ever new because of their joy in it, brought a glint of battle-fury into the eyes of all those listening warriors. Only the Chieftain heeded not, though well he might have gloried in that marvellous recital. How Ceat came out of Connacht to fight the stoutest champions of Uladh, and how he slew three of them, one by one, in single combat. And setting forth with their heads as trophies to show to his own people he was pursued by the Chieftain of Dunseverick and overtaken at Athceitt. Then the bloodiest and most furious combat that had ever been known in Eirinn took place between these two. Shields were pierced and swords were hacked, and many men died that day, but it was left to the two champions to decide the issue of war. And the victory was with Uladh, for after many most wonderful exploits, Ceat of Connacht fell by the hand of Conal Cearnach, who, pierced with wounds, lay well-nigh dead himself upon the field. The song told how Conal was carried into Connacht by Bealchue Breifne and tended until his strength was restored to him, when, for fear of his strong arm and following, his host sought to put the Ultonian to death, repenting that he had saved him. How Conal baffled the treacherous schemers, and made his way back into Uladh, all was chanted, and chorused and cheered. But still the hero was silent, taking no pride, as of yore, in his own exploits, and slowly the voices sank, the harping ended in a few faint silvery echoes, and all grew mournful because of the brooding eyes of their lord.

This was the vision that Conal Cearnach saw in the heart of the fire that night of his return to Dunseverick.

He saw himself at the beginning of this, the most curious adventure that had yet befallen him, setting forth with a strong, well-chosen band, on a foray into Britain, a country lying beyond a narrow sea to the east of the land of Eirinn. Many were the tales that had reached his ears and the ears of other warriors of Uladh concerning the descent of the mighty, world-famed Romans upon this island; how they had exhibited to the people their much-vaunted feats of athletic skill until the report of their daring and courage had penetrated the Court of Emania.

What wonder that the war-like, hot blood of Conal Cearnach pulsed to hear the deeds of the Roman soldiers, that he longed to try his strength with theirs on battle field or in the field or sport. And when he had come amongst them, and they noted his great height, his agile limbs, and the muscles that swelled adown the length of his powerful arms, their admiration and awe of him sur-

passed all bounds. Easily did he overthrow the stalwart wrestlers sent from the Roman ranks against him; easily did he bear away the victor's palm at the hurling of weights and enormous stones; and more easily still did he excel their highest leaps by the swift-darting of his strong and beautiful body. Then, ere their exclamations had time to die away, he rose once more into the air in his last and most marvellous feat—the salmonsault; shooting up like that great fish from a river, turning over in his flight once and twice, and coming down to earth again as surely and as swiftly as the salmon might dive into the broad river from which it had sprung so boldly.

But envy as well as admiration grew in the hearts of the Romans, and they said, "Wert thou in our arena at Rome thou had'st met thy master, all powerful as thou art, O Conal. Come with us for thy fame's sake, that thou may'st have tales to tell thy children when the gray is on thy hair—if our gladiators let thee live so long." And the Lord of Dunseverick took up the challenge, sailing from Britain in the company of these world-compelling foreigners, far from his northern home and loving clansmen.

Then the vision changed, and he seemed to see again the wide arena and the crowds of eager faces that watched the mighty wrestlers as they strained and struggled, tight locked in each other's embrace. He felt the long arms of the huge gladiator go round him like a ring of steel—a grand and gigantic figure of equal height with himself to whom victory would have come readily had his opponent been other than the flower of the Red Branch Chivalry. Across the arena they wrestled, now on foot, now bent on knee, sending showers of sand high into the air, while cries of praise or blame broke from thousands of throats, aye, and from Imperial Caesar too, as the Roman strove to end the contest. But the battle-fury had fallen upon Conal, as it fell on him what time he slew the King of Leinster at Atha-Cliath, and he put forth suddenly his own renowned strength for the final wrestle. He noted how a tremor of strained agony then ran through the frame of the other; how his blood-shot eye-balls rolled, and the beads of sweat gathered on brow and cheek until his bones creaked under the stress of the champion's hold, and his lifeless head fell backwards over his crushed and blackened shoulder. And Conal wore that day upon his ruddy head the palm-crown of the victor.

Again the vision shifted and changed, and he saw himself the comrade of a band of centurions, who had journeyed over land and sea in peaceful wise to the populous and glowing cities of the East. It was afternoon of a certain day when they reached Jerusalem, the city of the Jews, a strange day and a fearful, for the sun hung like a ball of fire in the heavens, and the air was filled with the noise of shouting men and the wailing of women. Past the bare and brown synagogues the strangers went, following in the track of hurrying crowds that stayed not for question or reply, so intent were they on the purpose that drew them onward. Here and there a group of women talked in whispers, pausing at sight of the Romans and the splendidly-clad chieftain of Uldah, whose like they had never gazed upon before. For Conal Cearnach wore his wide-spreading scarlet cloak, fastened with a large brooch of gold, across his breast, and his ruddy hair fell down in many plaits to his broad shoulders, each plait being tied at the end by a string and tiny ball of gold. His short trimmed beard was ruddy as his hair, his cheeks were like an apple when the sun hath kissed it, and his blue bright eyes, keen-glancing, drew the eyes of all to look at him.

And the Jewish women hushed their talk as he came up the way to marvel at his height and grandeur, and it was then that the centurions, seeking speech of them learned what had so disturbed the wonted customs of the city.

"It is One whom they go to crucify on Golgotha," said the women. "A Man who hath called Himself the Son of God, and we know not if the deed they do be just or wise."

"What crime hath He done?"

"Nay, no crime, unless crime it be to raise the dead to life, or restore sight to the blind, or hearing to the deaf, or give strength to the lame and feeble, and comfort to the sad heart. All this He hath done, for we have seen it; and there are many who have followed Him in the

belief that He is the long-looked-for Messiah, whom the prophets have foretold."

"And is it for this the Jews have given Him to death?"

"Yea," answered the women, "and because that He hath spoken of the Kingdom of His Father and of Himself as King of the Jews."

"Then He deserves death for *that* saying," cried the Centurions, "for Caesar, and Caesar alone, is your king. We go to see Him die. What name hath He?"

"Jesus of Nazareth."

Up the steep, stony road that led to Calvary Conal Cearnach went with his Roman companions. Here and there he noted drops of blood upon the pathway, as they hastened onward with such speed that the crowds gave way before them, and the little black-eyed Jewish children drew aside from their course in terror. Once they stopped before a weeping woman, shrouded in a long dark cloak, across whose knees as she sat was stretched a blood-stained towel, upon which her tears fell thick as rain, and over which many people were bending. Then they saw that the towel bore the impress in lines of blood of a most sad and weary Face—"the Face of Him Who is being crucified," said a bystander, in answer to their looks of wonder. "This woman wiped the sweat from His Brow as He passed by, and His Face is here as a memento of Him whom Pilate hath called 'that just Man.'"

Into the soul of Conal the hot anger came rushing as he broke away from the centurions and sped like a blast of wind towards the mount where the people had assembled. One thought filled his mind, "Shall I be nigh and witness the torture of this Man, whose only crime hath been the good that He hath done? Nay, it were not known in Emania that many should fall upon one; it is the trial of single combat we give even to our enemies. I shall be His champion to the death if He will take me for such."

Yet, alas, and alas! it was a bleeding and dying Christ that hung upon the cross when the Chieftain of Dunseverick drew near and stood beneath. And as he gazed in horror at the dastard deed, a soldier coming up in haste pierced the Victim's side with a spear so that the Blood shot forth and trickled down the rough wood upon which they had nailed Him. And a drop touched the brow of Conal Cearnach ere he knew, and the fury left him for a marvellous and unwonted peace while he watched the Saviour die. Then rocks were rent and graves opened, so that the dead came forth in their cerements in that most awful hour; and lightnings flashed from the black thick clouds that had suddenly covered the sky, and all was dread and unearthly, so that the people shrieked and crouched upon the ground repentant and sore afraid.

"It was indeed a God who died," said the chieftain sadly and slowly, "this cruel and untimely death. My grief, oh! my bitter grief, that the Red Branch Knights are afar, else a sure and fierce revenge would overtake these Jews, aye, their city should be levelled and their name effaced had the chivalry of Uladh been here this day with sword and skian and blue-black lance to hold the battle straight with me."

This was the memory that Conal Cearnach dwelt upon the night he returned through storm and darkness, after many wanderings, to his Caiseal of Dunseverick on the bleak sea-swept Northern coast of Uladh.

NOTE.—The tradition that Conal Cearnach of Dunseverick was present at Jerusalem on the day of the Crucifixion is still preserved amongst the peasantry of the Glens of Antrim. I have never been able to find a written record of this, save in a note to the "Wars of the Gaedhil and the Gall," which merely mentions the legend. It is also said that Conal was at the burial of Christ as well, and that he put his shoulder to raise the lid of the sepulchre when Joseph of Arimathea made it ready for the reception of the Body of our Lord. Taking it for granted that this Champion of the Red Branch Knights did actually exist so long ago, we can well believe in his journey to Rome with the Romans who had landed in Britain, and his subsequent feats in the Arena, and his further travels throughout the Holy Land. It was decreed that a representative of every race on the earth should be present

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at the Death upon Mount Calvary, and the tradition that has been lovingly entwined around the heroic name of the Chieftain of Dunseverick ought to be known and treasured by the Irish people. Dunseverick lies on the northern coast of Co. Antrim, not far from Portrush.

BOOK NOTICES

Prayer Book and Manual of the Sacred Heart Association, by the Vincentian Fathers, Dublin. Linehan, Melbourne, 8d net.

This little manual is substantially bound and it contains in a small space a fine collection of prayers and devotions to the Sacred Heart.

St. Joseph's Prayer Book, Approved and blessed by Pope Pius X. (Linehan.)

Clients of St. Joseph will welcome the appearance of this new publication which brings the old editions of *St. Joseph's Prayer Book* up-to-date.

Treasury of Indulgences, by M. P. Donelan. Herder, 68 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.; 1/6 net.

Here in a neat book at a reasonable price we have all that the average Christian requires, both as regards doctrine and practice, on the subject of Indulgences.

The Divine Motherhood, A. Vonier, O.S.B. Herder, London; 3/- net.

Father Vonier's previous books, especially *The Personality of Christ* and *The Christian Mind*, are well known to Catholic readers. In the present work he combines in his usual masterly manner solid doctrine and attractive exposition. The author neither involves his readers in unprofitable controversial subjects nor wearies them with pages of meagre thought—two faults not always avoided in spiritual works. He provides us with sound spiritual reading, and his book cannot fail to promote devotion to Mary, the Mother of God.

Handbook of Moral Theology, Koch-Preuss, Vol. IV. Herder, London; 10/6 net.

The present volume of the scholarly series of the Koch-Preuss Moral Theology deals with the important subject of man's duties to God. It is therefore of great actual interest to all classes of educated Christians, lay as well as clerical. The clearness and order that were features of the previous volumes are again to be commended. Topics such as Christian Science and Hypnotism, which are constantly confronting people of to-day, are treated fully and satisfactorily. Useful bibliographical lists are given for the aid of students at the end of each section. To persons who desire to have at hand a sound guide on all the vital matters that come under the heading of man's duties to God we warmly recommend this book.

Answers to Correspondents

CORRESPONDENT.—*Ranke's History of the Popes* is a bigoted and unreliable work. The historical acumen of the *Maoriland Worker* scribe is clearly indicated by his emphasis on this biased history.

K. O'B.—Those who are accustomed, unless prevented by some legitimate excuse, to go to Confession at least twice a month and are not conscious of mortal sin can gain all Indulgences (except the Jubilee Indulgence). For all those who being in the state of grace and having a right and devout intention are accustomed to receive Holy Communion daily, even if they once or twice a week omit their daily Communion, Confession as a condition for receiving Indulgences is entirely dispensed with, except in the case of Jubilee Indulgences and such as are granted after the manner of Jubilee Indulgences.

CATHOLIC.—From the first centuries of the Christian era the Popes received donations of estates in and around Rome from wealthy Catholic families. Up to the seventh century these possessions had grown to such an extent that they comprised a large portion of Central Italy. They got the name of the Patrimony of St. Peter. Later, when Pepin drove out the Lombard invaders he confirmed the Popes in possession of the

Patrimony. His act was again ratified by Charlemagne. In this way the temporal power of the Popes originated, and it rested on perfectly legitimate titles. In the plunder of the Papal possessions the modern Italian brigands were backed by the British Government.

Some Striking Sentences from the Pen of Terence McSweeney

The following remarkable sentences are culled from the scattered writings of the late Lord Mayor McSweeney. They show at once the indomitable character of the man and the philosophy of his life, which was terminated so nobly by his death. Such statements, written in the fulness of his soul, at a time when he had consecrated his life to the cause of Ireland, are now all the more remarkable and heroic, since they have been sealed in the supreme sacrifice:

On the truth of sacrifice our hope for freedom is based.

The soldier of freedom must be prepared without qualification to sacrifice everything for freedom.

The great redemption demands a great price.

* * *

The conscious performance of one's own duty is a normal obligation; but a sacrifice is the acceptance over one's duty of the burthens of others, whatever it entails, even to death, that the soul of the people might be awakened, their weakness transformed to strength, and their liberty restored.

* * *

Because of our human nature there will be lapses, and the lapses of some must be made up by the sacrifices of others.

* * *

With steady step that leads not blindly on,
With iron will all petty feuds to ban,
Yet noble heart that hope may build upon,
Till, love uniting all, we march into the Dawn.

* * *

This is the spirit in which battles are won. Those who who judge it as merely a rash throwing away of life simply don't understand it, and yet it is a thing quite easy to understand.

* * *

There is no battle so furious that everyone is slain.

* * *

There are eager spirits whose eagerness needs to be tempered with thought.

* * *

The time has come for material as well as moral victory.

* * *

The sacrifice to be worthy of the name must be paid by our best of blood.

* * *

It is to the young we must look, because they have the life before them, full of promise, tempting to ambition, and holding a wide and bright field for the exercise of character, energy, and ability, where honorable service may be requited with honorable rewards.

* * *

Take comfort from this: Of this man who moves but slowly, considering and weighing everything, it may be asserted with confidence he will never retreat a step.

* * *

Place no reliance for anything in physical courage; moral courage will make you unconquerable.

* * *

Moral courage can be acquired; acquire it, practise it, and your enemy may seize you, trample on you, tear you to pieces; but he will never extract from you these two words: "I surrender."

* * *

To the end, what could stimulate us more to the full weight of our achievement than the thought that we may be writing the last chapter in the struggle for freedom.

* * *

The whole history of our people has culminated to this point: so shall we seize our opportunity, vindicate our

prophets, justify our dead, restore an old nation to her place among the nations, and add a new glory to the history of the world.

* * *

By every canon of logic and art and truth the last chapter should be the best.

* * *

Let those who are our inspiration stand forth in spirit from the past, challenging us to comradeship that we may rise to the level of their nobility, their valor, and their constancy.

* * *

We know not what must befall
Marching at our country's call;
Make us strong who must yield all
That she may not die.
Those who will survive the fight,
Still attend them with Thy light,
Thou our hope in darkest night,
Then their Guardian be,
And hold our dear land in Thy sight,
Firm, erect, and free.

* * *

Those who walk in old rust and live in trembling may bend the knee and sign their rights away; but one wronged man defrauded of his heritage can refuse to seal the compact, and with such a one how many, thank God, will be found to stand; for the spirit of our Youth to-day is not for compromise.

* * *

When the scroll of God can be reached to and rewritten by mortal hand our dreams may vanish and the fight for freedom fail; but as long as the decrees of Heaven stand crying aloud on high justification and hope, thus long will there be endurance and loyalty to the old love in the hearts of the Gael.

* * *

THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM.

"I sing the Dawn! the Dawn that now is near!
I sing the Glory of the days to be!
I sing the Rising Sun—the tyrant's fear,
The Hour that bringeth, Motherland, to thee
The Resurrection of thy liberty!
I sing the strife that brave men never shun
To overthrow accursed Tyranny!
I sing the Patriot's death in battle won
That Freedom's light may blaze round
Eire's risen throne.

With steady step that leads not wildly on,
With iron will all petty feuds to ban,
Yet noble heart that hopes may build upon
Till, love uniting all, we march into the Dawn."
"CUIREADOR."

(Terence McSweeney, 1907.)

Mount Magdala Institute: An Appeal

As the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have so often experienced the sterling charity of the benefactors of the poor and the orphan, they again confidently appeal for assistance to cheer the Christmas-tide for the inmates of the Magdalen Asylum and the large number of little children over whose childhood days the dark cloud of sorrow has lowered.

The difficulty of maintaining such a large institution, open to the poor and forlorn of every creed, from all parts of the Dominion, is evident to every noble mind, but in these trying times financial difficulties are a source of no little anxiety to the Sisters.

With sentiments of gratitude, the Sisters and all under their care wish kind friends a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Mount Magdala, Christchurch,
December 15, 1921.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

December 16.

Mr. T. W. Leslie, the well-known trainer of the St. Patrick's College first fifteen was the recipient, last Monday, of a handsome case of silver afternoon tea spoons as a small token of gratitude from the members of the team.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood, left this morning for St. Mary's Seminary, Greenmeadows, where he will officiate at an ordination ceremony.

The Boxing Day Picnic Committee met last Thursday evening, Mr. J. J. L. Burke presiding. Rev. Father Smyth was among those present. Final arrangements were made for the picnic, which is anticipated to be a record success. This year's sports programme is most liberal, and should attract a number of entries. Mr. Arthur Laws has donated the sum of £5 5s for the best baby (boy or girl) on the field. The sums of £10 and £5 have been provided for the inter-parish tug of war, and excellent prizes have been provided for the other athletic events, both juvenile and adult. The proceeds are to be placed to the credit of the Education fund.

A grand rally and reunion of the city parish committees of the Catholic Federation was held at St. Anne's Hall last Tuesday. The hall was packed and a most enjoyable evening was spent. An excellent programme was contributed to by Misses Flan, E. Ryan, and Glavin, and Messrs. Morrison, Wilkinson, Nelson, Oswin, Winston McCarthy, Reg. Oakley, Blackie, Reade, and Hickmott.

The annual "break-up" concert in connection with St. Anne's and St. Joseph's convent schools, Newtown, was held at St. Anne's Hall on Monday, when there was a very large attendance. An attractive programme was presented by the pupils, which reflected the greatest credit on their devoted teachers.

The Town Hall concert chamber was well filled last Monday evening when the pupils of the Marist Brothers' School, Thorndon, held their annual concert. A capital programme was given, varying from a class recitation and songs to scenes from Shakespeare. Of outstanding merit were the part songs sung by the champion choir of the recent Wellington Competitions, under the able conductorship of Rev. Brother Eusebius. Master John Watters, the gifted boy soprano vocalist, excelled in several numbers. Miss Jean McKenzie, the champion danseuse, was recalled for her sailor's hornpipe. Other items comprised the pupils' choruses, "Oh, Wrap the Green Flag Around Me," "The Soldier's Song," and by selected voices "Gather Ye Rosebuds" and "Sing, Sing, Birds on the Wing"; Irish jig by Moyra Eustace and Joseph Eustace; class recitation by the Newbold pupils; songs by Richard Maunder; xylophone selections by Mr. S. Andrews; Reel o' Tulloch and double sword dances by Miss Jean McKenzie's pupils, bagpipe music by Piper Donald Scott; the "Forest Scene" from "As You Like It," and a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the pupils. Exceptional talent was shown by some of the boys in the Shakespearean scenes. Pleasurable selections were played by the Euphony Quartette, under the direction of Miss Henderson. The pianoforte accompaniments were played by Mrs. Emmerson.

The pupils of the Island Bay primary school held their "break-up" concert at the Picture Theatre, Island Bay, last Thursday evening, and it proved most successful. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy and Rev. Father Mark Devoy were present. A duet was sung by Misses E. and M. Dallow; recitations were given by Mona Taylor and Mignon D'O and Leo Babbage; song by Margaret Lane; dances by Gladys Smyth, Margaret Hoskins, and Jean Kerr; choruses by the pupils, who also contributed a playlet from "Alice in Wonderland." At the conclusion of the concert Ven. Archdeacon Devoy distributed the prizes, and congratulated the children and their self-sacrificing teachers, who, under the guidance of Rev. Mother Lennon, did so much for their training, both religious and secular. He wished them all a happy Christmas and an enjoyable vacation.

The members of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association held a most successful reunion with the Marist Brothers last Wednesday evening. There was an attendance of over 200, and an enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were old boys representing each generation in the history of the school, including Rev. Fathers S. Mahony, F. Cullen, Murphy, Connolly, and Ryan, Rev. Brothers Louis and Eusebius, and their confreres. The following toasts were honored:—"The Hierarchy and Clergy of New Zealand," proposed by Mr. P. D. Hoskins and responded to by Father Mahony; "Catholic Education," Mr. J. O'Donovan and Mr. J. J. L. Burke; "Our Alma Mater," Mr. J. E. Gamble and Rev. Brothers Eusebius and Louis; "Sports Branches," Rev. Father Murphy; "Ireland a Nation," Rev. Father Ryan (who gave an interesting and forceful address). Messrs. Healy, Reade, Hally, and Fogarty contributed musical items. The president (Mr. L. Sievers) presided, and credit is due to the secretary (Mr. F. J. O'Driscoll) for the capable manner in which the function was carried out.

Jack Metcalfe

Nice assortment of Xmas presents—Pipes, Pouches, Cigar & Cigarette Holders, Cigarette Cases.—STUART ST., DUNEDIN.

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DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

December 16.

A delightful entertainment was given in St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby, on Monday December 12, on the occasion of the presentation of prizes to the successful pupils. It was largely attended by the local clergy, Sisters of Mercy, parents and interested friends. The first item was a finished rendering of "The War March" by the orchestra, and this was followed by a very pretty chorus, "The Heavenly Song." In an address then read by one of the pupils thanks were expressed to the Sisters for their very great care and interest taken in their studies and welfare during the past year; to the clergy, who had looked after their spiritual welfare, and to their parents, who had, often at great sacrifice, placed them in St. Mary's—an institution second to none in the Dominion. In the course of the address regret was expressed for the unavoidable absence of the Coadjutor-Bishop, Dr. Liston, whose anniversary of consecration as Bishop was this day (December 12). "The Shamrock" was spiritedly given, while the junior pupils excelled all in their character action song, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." Then followed the well-acted drama of "There Was no Room in the Inn," in which the following took part:—Misses M. Flynn, D. Robinson, H. Stansfield, K. Franklin, C. Kelly, N. Moynihan, N. Flynn, A. Baster, K. Molloy, and O. Baster. During a beautiful tableau at the conclusion, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" was sung. Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, who in a happy manner congratulated the pupils and Sisters on the very artistic and enjoyable entertainment provided, then proceeded with the presentation of prizes, etc. Beautiful specimens of the pupils' plain and fancy work and paintings were on exhibition and were greatly admired.

The results of the examination, held recently, for the two Sacred Heart College scholarships, are announced. The successful candidates were Edgar Murphy, Marist Brothers' School, Christchurch, who has been awarded first place; and Desmond Maher, Sisters of St. Joseph, Dominion Road, Auckland, second. The scholarships are of the annual value of 70 guineas each, and are tenable for three years. The examination is open to all Catholic scholars in New Zealand.

Mr. Leo Whittaker, conductor of St. Patrick's Cathedral Choir, has visited Naples and all the principal centres of interest in Italy. While in Rome he attended, with other English pilgrims, Mass in the Vatican. The celebrant was his Holiness the Pope, who also gave the pilgrims a special audience, and delivered to them a short address. Mr. Whittaker was much impressed by the singing in Rome of a male choir of 80 voices, all of whose items were memorised and unaccompanied. In Paris he attended a delightful performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Opera House. Mr. Whittaker is to spend Christmas with friends in Scotland, and hopes to leave for New Zealand in February.

The Auckland Catholic Federation Scholarships have, as a result of the recent examination, been awarded as follows:—John Hawkins, Convent, Taumarunui; Claude McCabe, Marist Brothers' School, Vermont Street, Auckland; John Bonner, Marist Brothers' School, Vermont Street; Peter Burke, Marist Brothers' School, Vermont Street; Ernest Higgins, Marist Brothers' School, Vermont Street. The winners of the girls' Federation Scholarships were—Kathleen Moore, Sacred Heart Convent, Vermont Street, and Mollie Gillies, Otahuhu Convent (Sisters of Mercy).

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 19.

The garden fete, in aid of St. Mary's Memorial School was brought to a conclusion on Monday evening last. From beginning to end it was a happy function, and financially was an unqualified success. Up to the present well over £900 has been netted, and by the time the final returns come to hand it is expected that £1000 will be cleared. The utility of the new hall was amply demonstrated, and that portion of the school building is sure to prove a valuable asset to the parish. Rev. Father Seymour expressed his warm appreciation of the work of the executive committee, the stallholders and their assistants, as well as of the magnificent support accorded by the parishioners and general public. The original idea of bringing the fete to a close on the Saturday evening had to be abandoned owing to the great crowd patronising it,—the assistants being unable, owing to the demands made upon them, to cope with the programme allotted them. Those in charge of the various stalls were as follows:—Choir stall, Miss Enright; Children of Mary stall, Mrs. Gray; suburban stall, Mrs. Catherwood; New Brighton stall, Mrs. M. McKenna; side shows, St. Mary's Hibernian Society. Cooking competitions were supervised by Mrs. T. Brosnahan and Mrs. O. Baker; flowers and vegetable displays were managed by Messrs. C. Barnett and F. Rogal; and fancy working competitions by Mrs. Vincent. The dancing of Miss McDonald's pupils met with great favor. A competition in basketball, in which the leading teams of Christchurch took part, formed a big attraction, and was won by Kia Ora, with Sacred Heart Convent runners-up. Derry's Band enlivened the proceedings throughout with spirited music. Mr. Prendergast, as executive secretary, was always at his post, and

left nothing undone to second the plans of the untiring promoter, Father Seymour.

Very Rev. Father Whelan, O.S.S.R., is at present conducting the annual spiritual retreat for the Sisters of Mercy.

Rev. J. J. Seymour, S.M. (brother of Father Seymour, of St. Mary's), who was recently ordained, is on a visit to Christchurch, and is a guest at St. Mary's presbytery.

Rev. Father Higgins, S.M., leaves for Sydney on Tuesday.

Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., will leave Sydney for Christchurch on December 23. He is expected back at St. Mary's prior to the New Year.

Rev. Father Eccleton, S.M., who is conducting the annual spiritual retreat for the Marist Brothers of the South Island, preached at Vespers in the Cathedral on last Sunday evening.

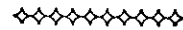
Rev. Father John Hyland, of Rockdale, archdiocese of Sydney, left last week on his return to Australia.

Right Rev. Mgr. Brophy, D.D., of Dubbo, diocese of Bathurst, New South Wales, is at present a visitor to Christchurch.

Rev. Father McEvoy returned to Christchurch during the week from Auckland.

The members of the Cathedral sodality of Children of Mary are arranging a picnic, to be held at Diamond Harbor on Tuesday, the 27th inst.

On last Thursday Rev. Father Hanrahan, Adm., took the Cathedral altar boys for an outing to Kairaki beach. The weather was ideal, and the boys indulged in swimming, cricket, and general sports. Some of the racing events were keen contests, and good performances. The victualling was decidedly generous, and the picnic altogether most enjoyable. Father Hanrahan also marshalled the children attending St. Joseph's parish school, and the Convent high school, and provided them with a day out at Sumner. The girls entered whole-heartedly into sports and other attractions, and expressed their warm appreciation of the generosity of the Administrator.



Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

December 19.

The annual parish picnic was held at Victoria Park, Temuka, on the 10th inst., when over 600 persons attended the popular outing. An energetic sports committee got off a lengthy programme of children's races, for which good prizes were allotted. A tennis and cricket match took place with the Temuka Clubs. The Children of Mary sodality had stalls for the sale of sweets, soft drinks, ice-creams, etc., and reaped a handsome profit, the proceeds of which go towards a laudable object. The day was fortunately fine, and the picnic was a great success in every respect.

The pupils of the Marist Brothers gave a very enjoyable entertainment in St. Patrick's Hall on the 13th inst., when the building was crowded. The items consisted of choruses, duets, solos, action songs, recitations, drill and boxing displays, followed by a farce. The boys acquitted themselves remarkably well, receiving unstinted applause. Great credit is due to the Marist Brothers, who spared no efforts to make the entertainment a success.

The Sacred Heart Hall was filled on the 15th inst., on the occasion of the annual concert given by the school girls. A splendid programme, which met with the hearty approval of the audience, was capably rendered, and the Sisters received congratulations on the success achieved.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception 15 aspirants were received into the sodality of the Children of Mary by Rev. Father Hurley. Rev. Father O'Meehan, newly-ordained priest, was present, and gave his blessing to a large number after devotions.

Rev. Father Paul Kane, S.M., of St. Patrick's College (a native of Timaru), preached on Sunday evening at the Sacred Heart Church.

The literary and social study circle of the Catholic Club commenced their programme on 14th inst., when the patron (Rev. Father Hurley, S.M.) gave an interesting and instructive address on public speaking to a large audience. The second portion of the programme comprised the ever-popular "question-box," when many subjects were treated, and all present spent a very profitable evening thereby. The membership is increasing, the rooms are being gradually furnished and equipped, and by next winter it is expected the appointments will be complete.

Garden Fete, Mosgiel

Winning numbers at Garden Fete held in Holy Cross College Grounds, Mosgiel, December 10th, 1921:—

Gold Nugget, No. 2938, Miss Anderson, Wyllies Crossing; Oil-printed Panel (Refreshment Stall), No. 85, Miss Rose Pink, 5 Crawford Street, Dunedin; Fancy-worked Cushion (Refreshment Stall), No. 20, Mr. Pedofski; Fancy-worked Black Satin Cushion (Sweets Stall), No. 485, Mrs. A. McDonald, Kelso; Hand-painted Panel (Produce Stall), No. 26, E. Pearson, Mosgiel; Pen-painted Table Centre (Sweets Stall), No. 132, Miss Lizzie O'Brien, Mosgiel; Hand-painted Mirror (Jumble Stall), No. 501, Greta Seguin, Mosgiel Junction.

Selected Poetry

A Child's Christmas Song

There's Christmas in the air, dears,
And there's Christmas in the street
Where sleigh bells tune their chiming
To the horses' flying feet.

There's Christmas in the house, dears,
For we're setting up the tree
And hanging up the stockings
So that Santa Clause may see!

There's Christmas in the church, dears,
Where the humble manger stands
And children kneel to pray there
And kiss His little hands.

There's Christmas in our hearts, dears,
And it thrills us through and through
To love and live and give, dears,
As the Christ Child taught us to!

—PAULINE FROST RAFTER.

The Cardinal Flower

O'er the dark woodland pool Lobelia hung—
A burning spot amid a world of shade;
And the dim surface with her flame she made
Kin to that sea the man of Patmos sung,

Mingled with fire. Each brilliant, cloven tongue
Found a reflection; the undistinguished glade
Shone with a twofold brightness, and each blade
And spire took beauty from the gleam she flung.

Upon that sanguine bloom who still may chance
Nor know some portion of their first surprise
Who greeted it and sent it home to France
To show what marvels grew beyond the seas—
Know, too, that spite of silks and precious dyes,
Richelieu was not arrayed like one of these?

—G. S. B., in the New York *Tribune*.

Teddo Wells, Deceased

Times I think I'm not the man—
Must be some mistake.
Me that was so spick and span,
Cute and wideawake!
Now so beat and crotchety—
Sixty-five, at least—
Knockin' round the presbytery,
Groomin' for the priest,
Choppin' wood, and ringin' bells,
Dodgin' work and takin' spells!
Me all right, one Ed'ard Wells
(Late Teddo Wells, deceased)
Wheelin' barrows round the yard,
Gammon to be workin' hard,
A-groomin' for the priest!

Trainin' prads was Teddo's game
Made a tidy bit.
Everybody knew the name,
Teddo Wells was "It."
Bought that bit of property

(Value since increased),
Gettin' on tremendously,
Married by the priest.
Papers full of Teddo Wells,
Trainin' horses for the swells;
Since redooed to ringin' bells
(Teddo Wells, deceased)
Shinin' boots and learnin' sense,
Nælin' palin's on the fence,
A-groomin' for the priest.

Lost that bit of property,
Ended up in smoke—
Too much "Jimmie Hennessy"—
Down, and stony-broke.
Used to think he knew the game
Till they had him fleeced.
"Mud" is this 'ere hero's name,
Workin' for the priest—
Unbeknown to sports and swells;
They've no time for Ed'ard Wells,
Up the spout and ringin' bells
As "Teddo Wells, deceased";
Never noticed up the town,
Never asked to keep one down—
Groomin' for the priest.

Times I stops a cove to chat,
One as gamed and spieled;
Chips me in the curate's hat,
"Six to four the field."
"What-o! Teddo Wells," sez he,
"Him that horses leased,
Owned that bit of property,
Groomin' for the priest?"
"Guessin' eggs and seen the shells;
Brains," sez I, "and breedin' tells,
This old gent is Ed'ard Wells,
Late Teddo Wells, deceased.
Ringin' bells is Ed'ard's game,
Openin' doors and closin' same,
Called 'groomin' for the priest."

Never see a horse nohow,
Just an old machine;
Always in a tearin' row
With this Josephine.
Got an eye that makes you feel
Well and truly p'liced,
Follerin' out upon your heels,
A-goin' to tell the priest.
"Can't smoke here now, Ed'ard Wells,
That old pipe offensive smells;
Go and smoke outside," she yells.
So Teddo Wells, deceased,
Him that once was in the boom,
Wood-heap has for smokin' room—
A-groomin' for the priest.

Times I says it's all a joke
Someone's puttin' up;
Me dead-beat and stony-broke,
Me that won a cup,
Owned that bit of property,
Them good horses leased!
Kickin' round the presbytery
A-groomin' for the priest!
Choppin' wood and ringin' bells,
Curby-hocked and takin' spells!
Me it is, one Ed'ard Wells,
(Late Teddo Wells, deceased)
Smokin' hard and talkin' free
Of the man he used to be,
And groomin' for the priest.
—JOHN O'BRIEN, in *Around the Borec Log*.



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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Christmas, p. 25. Notes—William Rooney, p. 26. Topics—Irish History Competitions; Ireland; Is Carsonia Fit to Govern Itself? pp. 14-15. The Ulster Difficulty: Its Historical Basis, p. 9. The Frivolity of England, p. 11. The Sorrowing of Conal Cearnach, by Ethna Carbery, p. 19.

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, DECEMBER 22, 1921.

CHRISTMAS

*For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honor and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the Yule Tale was begun.*



CHRISTMAS, with its innumerable tender memories, with its hallowed associations, with its promise of peace and its benedictions for all men of good will, awakes, even in a land where home life is almost destroyed, yearnings for homes that are lost, loneliness for homes that are left behind, and sighs for the home to which we may all aspire when the day is done and the battle of life hushed for ever. In hearts wherein faith is cold the action of grace is palpable again; souls that habitually walk with God are drawn nearer to Him than before; the miracles that attended the first of all Christmases reach out to us once more, though it be faintly and almost imperceptibly like the distant outer circles of the ripples caused on a pond. The presence of the Prince of Peace produces a momentary lull even in our warring world and the beat of the angels' wings drifts down the breezes. Hopefully, eagerly, people who hoped but little all the past year, raise their heads again at the sound of the bells and strain to catch a far-flung echo of that deathless chorus that was first heard among the silent hills of Judea nearly two thousand years ago now:

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

What miracles are contained in the sublime and simple narrative of the Nativity! The Son of God becomes man; He is conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary; the humanly irreconcilable honors of maternity and virginity are bestowed on the Mother of Christ; a daughter of Eve is truly the Mother of God; the Eternal Godhead and the pure Jewish maiden can each say of the Infant: This is my Son; and the Child that is born is true God and true Man at the same time. All these wonders are summed up in the Incarnation, that stupendous mystery whereby the Son of God Himself was placed among the human family,

to redeem it, to ennoble it, to sanctify it, and, in one luminous divine lesson, to teach it how to live and how to die. There we have the foundation on which the brotherhood of man rests unassailably there we have the unchanging motive of charity; there we have the key to the jewel of chastity; the true patent of our nobility; the convincing proof of our dignity; the root of all manliness, or of virtue, for they mean the same thing in the end. For all this and for unspeakably more the Incarnation stands and shall stand to the end of time. In all this we renew our faith when we are moved by the grace of the season of Christmas to repeat, with the simplicity and fervor of our youth:

I believe in Jesus Christ, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary.

For two thousand years the reign of Christ in the hearts of Christians has endured. He has seen Rome decay and the sceptre of power pass in turn from empire to empire. Around His Throne in the Church, wars have raged and men and nations have spent themselves in blind fury, driven by the evil spirit to their own destruction. His banner has advanced to all the outposts of the world, and the foes that opposed it have gone down before it in a series of complete if bloodless defeats. No huge armies carried it forward; no frowning fleets bore it overseas. Nay, armies and fleets were arrayed against it, and in spite of them it was planted and guarded by the weak and the humble and the persecuted. Like the obelisk raised now above the Circus of Nero, the banner of Christ floats throughout the world over the scenes of persecution and proclaims its victory in the same words:

*Christ reigns, Christ conquers, Christ commands, may
Christ defend His people from all harm!*

Thrones of the earth have their hour; wars rage and are forgotten; the men who seem drunk with pride and power to-day are but as the snows of yester-year to-morrow. But Christ is with us, one of our human family, our brother, just as He was during the thirty odd years that followed the first Christmas Day, upon which He was born in the stable of Bethlehem. He conquers and He reigns; and those among us who will hearken to Him and learn of Him will conquer with Him and will reign with Him too. His Kingdom on earth endureth, and the faithful within it shall never be separated from Him; whatever their trials here, whatever their wrongs and their sufferings, they are ever supported and sustained by the knowledge that when the day is done they will find Him waiting for them in their home under miraculous skies, where wars and troubles will be no more and the furious voices of their persecutors will not be heard; for there His law and rule, which are one with the Divine Will, ensure the peace and the blessedness which men would enjoy also in this life did they not try to put their own desires and their own ends before the law of God. And only when they do His will; only when they learn the lessons of humility and chastity and reverence and obedience and self-denial that He taught us in Bethlehem, will all the noise and all the talk of a world-wide reconstruction come to bear fruit. There will be joy and brotherhood when men realise that the song of the angels bore and always will bear a conditional promise, and that if they are not men of good-will the peace is not for them. May Christmas bring us all to the Crib where on our knees we can learn aright the lesson that alone will save the world and unite and reform mankind.

* THE "NEW YORK TIMES"

The *Citizen*, Milwaukee, U.S.A., says:—The *New York Times* recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of Mr. Adolph Ochs' ownership thereof. And the *New York Nation* sent the following bouquet: "No journal has exceeded it (the *Times*) in disseminating falsehoods, misrepresentation, and half-truths during the unparalleled era of wholesale lying in which the world has lived since 1914." This of the journal so frequently quoted as an authority in cables to New Zealand.

NOTES

William Rooney

When only a lad of fourteen, already perched on a high stool in a dingy Dublin lawyer's office, William Rooney was dreaming the dreams that are now coming true in Eirinn. Rose Kavanagh's Irish Fireside Club attracted the boy, and even in his sixteenth year he was at its meetings reading papers that aroused attention. Imagine a mere child, in the Ireland that was just emerging victorious from the land-wars of the eighties, pleading with the sincerity and ardor of youth that Ireland and everything Irish should be made first in the lives of the boys and girls of the country. He was often seen prowling about the second-hand bookshops on the Dublin quays, and he spent long hours reading in the National Library. His first poem was published in *United Ireland*, in June, 1891, his eighteenth year. Later he wrote a good deal for the *Northern Patriot*, contributing both prose and verse to its columns. Still a youth, he was preaching that the essentials to the growth of real nationality were the language, education in the history of the past, a knowledge of the possibilities of the country, a national press, and an enlightened and patriotic womanhood. That happened thirty years ago now, and current history is proving how right William Rooney was. "The child," he said, "is undoubtedly father to the man, but the real arbiter of a nation's destiny is its womanhood. The influence and the position with which Nature has endowed woman render her the greatest aid or enemy a cause can have." We next find him working side by side with two great Irish girls who had the vision even as he had it himself. Ethna Carbery and Alice Milligan started the *Shan Van Vocht* in 1896, and in it soon appeared some of the finest poems Rooney wrote. *Ceann Dubh Dilis*, *Tir na n'Og*, *The Men of the West*, and *Bearna Baoghail* appeared in its pages. Reading them to-day, we see how far into the future his vision reached. Ethna Carbery and himself did not live to see the sunshine of the Promised Land but they pointed out the road that is leading straight to it—the royal road of unity, determination, and sacrifice. This very week men and women are repeating these lines by William Rooney:

*Then to the staff-head let our flag ascending,
Our fires on every hill,
Tell to the nations of the world attending,
We wage the battle still.*

*And by their graves we swear this year of story,
To battle side by side,
Till we have crowned with immemorial glory
The cause for which they died.*

He was a pioneer Sinn Feiner in those days. When others were bartering for a mess of potage Rooney was upholding the ideals that have become those of the whole Irish race to-day. No Crown Colony for him; no West Britain; no London kitchen-garden, but an Irish Nation, governed and controlled for the Irish people and by the Irish people. He and Ethna Carbery did work for Ireland that can never be too highly appreciated. The shamrocks are growing above them now but their memories are as green as the hills of Eireann Og. Boy and girl they were, and regarded as dreamers by the wisecracks of their time. But who among us all can now say with more reason, looking back on the pre-Sinn Fein years:

pugnativimus etiam, et non sine gloria?

The Patriot

It will be evident that Rooney was a patriot as well as a poet. His great friend was Arthur Griffith, and that distinguished Irishman's appreciation of Rooney was so high that before reading it it is well to re-

member that Griffith is not a man who uses words lightly:

"Rooney was the greatest Irishman whom I have known or whom I can ever expect to know. I do not claim him as the greatest of Ireland's men of genius. Such a claim would be absurd. He was a man of genius, deep learning, and ardent patriotism. But there have been many Irishmen of genius as great or greater, of learning as deep or deeper, and some few of patriotism as ardent; but he was dissimilar to other men in this, that he had established between his soul and the soul of Ireland a perfect communion, and all his genius, all his knowledge, all his thought, all his energies were united and devoted to revealing Ireland's soul to Ireland's people. No man for generations knew Ireland so well as he did, and no man could have led her so truly as Rooney had his passion not burned out his life."

It was worth dying to have Arthur Griffith write such an epitaph. Rooney's favorite among his poems was the well-known song *Ceann Dubh Dilis*. Maire Hastings writing of him says:

"I was sitting at a table looking into the pictured faces of Ethna Carbery and William Rooney that fronted me from the wall. Suddenly the crash of the pipes dominated the room. All other sounds ceased. The blind piper, Dinny Delaney, was playing *Brian Boru's March*. Tramp, tramp, tramp—I closed my eyes and listened—tramp, tramp, tramp—on they came up O'Connell Street—tramp, tramp, tramp. O blessed sound! the tramp of Ireland's marching men! I never in my life heard anything more distinctly and instantly *Ceann Dubh Dilis* flashed into my mind:

*O Dear, Dark Head, though but the curlews' screaming
Wakens the echoes of the hill and glen;
Yet shalt thou see once more the bright steel gleaming,
Yet thou shalt hear again the tramp of men;
And though their fathers' fate be theirs, shall others
With hearts as faithful still the pathway tread,
Till we have set, O Mother, dear of Mothers!
A Nation's crown upon thy Dear Dark Head.*

It was men like William Rooney that passed the torch along the centuries and kept the sacred flame alive. When England was busy tricking our politicians and passing her laws for the enslavement of the people she never thought of the obscure workers and of the sweet singers whom God chose to be the real builders of the Nation. But it was the poets of Ireland, and the old schoolmasters, and the old grandfathers telling old tales around the cabin fires in the long nights, who were supplying the food that kept alive the soul of Eireann, who were passing along the light that never was entirely spent. Not alone to Emmet and Mitchel be the glory. Rafferty, even Moore, Davis, Mangan, Ethna Carbery, and William Rooney were makers of a Nation as well as makers of song.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

Masses will be celebrated on Christmas Day at St. Joseph's Cathedral at 6, 7, 8, 9, and Pontifical High Mass at 11 o'clock. At the other churches of the Cathedral parish Mass will be celebrated as follows:—At the North-east Valley at 7, 8, and 9.30 a.m.; Kaikorai, at 7.30, and Mornington at 9 o'clock. In the evening at St. Joseph's Cathedral a recital of sacred music will be given by the choir, commencing at 7 o'clock, after which there will be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The annual spiritual Retreat of the Dominican Nuns, which is being conducted by Rev. Father Mitchell, C.S.S.R., was opened on last Friday evening, and is to conclude on Christmas morning.

The annual spiritual Retreat of the diocesan clergy is to commence at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on January 16. The Retreat will be conducted by Rev. Father Slattery, C.M., of Ashfield, Sydney.

At the quarterly meeting of St. Joseph's branch of the Hibernian Society, held last week, feeling reference was made to the death of the Hon. Bro. Nerheny, M.L.C., and a resolution of condolence with the relatives of the deceased brother was passed and ordered to be conveyed to them. As a mark of respect to the memory of the late Bro. Nerheny the constitution was draped.

Rev. Father Mitchell, C.S.S.R., occupied the pulpit at St. Joseph's Cathedral at Vespers on last Sunday evening.

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Gore

Cathedral Parish Sunday School

The Christian doctrine classes, organised some months ago by the members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society for Catholic children of the parish who lack the opportunity of otherwise acquiring the knowledge so essential to the practice of their holy religion, have proved both successful and encouraging. To mark the first Christmas since the classes' formation, the other Sunday was set apart for a joyous celebration, and St. Joseph's Schoolroom bore quite a festive appearance. The central feature was a generously laden Christmas tree from which were plucked the treasures so dear to the hearts of the little ones—and awards were there for all. The devoted teachers, and helpers generally in the good work, were there in their numbers, and, as was very apparent, shared in the joys of the occasion. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., in reviewing the work accomplished in such a brief time, warmly complimented the promoters of the Sunday school which was serving such a useful purpose. He expressed sincere appreciation of the services of the teachers and spoke in encouraging terms regarding the classes, concluding by wishing all present every blessing and happiness of Christmas and for the New Year.

Combined Catholic Picnic

An exceedingly well attended and representative meeting was held at St. Joseph's Hall, after devotions on last Sunday evening, Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presiding, for the purpose of arranging a picnic for the children of the Catholic schools and those of St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's Orphanages. Those present (including Rev. Father Delany) were unanimous in deciding for a combined picnic on Boxing Day (Monday, the 26th inst.). The following committee, with Messrs. Jas. Dunn and Paul Vallis as joint secretaries, was appointed to arrange details and carry out the arrangements to be decided upon for the day itself:— Mesdames Baker, Sandys, Comer, Donnelly, and Hally; Misses Heley, Tarleton, and Metcalfe, Messrs. Airey, Hannighan, T. J. Hussey, J. Dunne, T. Drumm, M. Coughlan, F. Sligo, F. Kennedy, J. O'Neill, and Carter. As the result of subsequent arrangements the Forbury Park Race-course and appointments have, by the courtesy of the club members, been placed at the disposal of the committee for the purposes of the picnic. The Forbury Park authorities having recently expended a very large sum in improvements, visitors are asked to exercise every care so that the lawns and flower plots may not be damaged. A special tram service has been arranged for, and the cars will commence running from the Fountain to the picnic grounds at about 10 a.m. Those attending the picnic may go out by either the St. Clair or St. Kilda cars. Admission to the grounds will be free to children, and the charge for adults will be sixpence. Hot water will be provided on the grounds during the day. A children's sports programme has been arranged, and, given favorable weather, an ideal outing may be anticipated.

Marist Brothers, Invercargill: Entertained by M.B.O.B. Association

A very pleasant little function took place in the Floral Tea Rooms on the evening of Tuesday, the 13th inst., when the Invercargill Marist Old Boys' Association entertained the local Brothers at a social evening. Mr. Peter Gilfedder presided, and amongst the large number present were the Very Rev. J. O'Neill, Rev. C. Ardagh, and the Marist Brothers. After the assemblage did ample justice to a dainty supper, the chairman called on all present to honor the toast of "Our Holy Father." Then Father O'Neill, in his usual interesting and convincing style, proposed the toast of "Peace"—recalling briefly Ireland's past history and long struggle, and expressing the hope that now we would see the Sun of Ireland's Freedom, which had already appeared on the horizon, break in all its glory on the land of our forefathers. On rising to the toast the assemblage sang "A Nation Once Again" and "God Save Ireland." Next came the toast of the evening, viz., "Our Guests," which was proposed by Mr. M. Stanton, who in well-chosen words dwelt on all that we owed to our Brothers, and congratulated them on their great successes during the year in the different spheres of their activity, both secular and religious. He then asked them each to accept two presents—the first from the association as an appreciation of their noble work, with the hope that it would enable them to enjoy a special holiday on this the occasion of the jubilee of their foundation in Southland; the second from the executive to mark the Brothers' good feeling towards them and their kindly help and interest in all the work of the executive. Rev. Brother Anselm, in reply, thanked the members for their generosity and good wishes, and for their loyalty to their old teachers and their Church. He went on to congratulate them on their activity, shown in their founding a bursary and in many other ways. After recounting the school's record for the year, he concluded by wishing them all the season's best wishes. The next toast was "The Hibernian Band," to whose generous offer of a promenade concert was due most of the success of the present evening. Father Ardagh, in proposing the toast, recounted briefly the history of the band, with its marvellous record; and, in wishing them every success, referred to the generosity and good spirit of the band in every way.

Mr. H. Grave (president) and Mr. R. Wills (bandmaster) responded by thanking the members of the association for their kind feelings and by expressing the band's pleasure in being able to help and their readiness to help this or any other of our organisations. Mr. F. Downey having proposed the toast of "Our Chairman," the evening concluded with thanks to all who had assisted towards its success and by the again singing of "A Nation Once Again" and "God Save Ireland." The musical side of the evening was supplied by those present singing at different intervals some of the well-known choruses, besides special items being given by Messrs. P. Prendergast, Peter Kelly, and W. Wills. Mr. Wilson kindly assisted at the piano.

Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

December 19.
Right Rev. Mgr. Brophy, D.D., of Dubbo, New South Wales, is visiting Greymouth. Another guest at St. Patrick's Presbytery is Rev. Father Campbell, C.S.S.R., who is conducting the annual spiritual Retreat of the Sisters of Mercy. Father Campbell will occupy the pulpit at St. Patrick's Church at midnight Mass on Christmas Day.

The church at Dunollie is being dismantled and shifted to Runanga. This is owing to the population drifting away from Dunollie. Rev. Father Long, Adm., is hopeful that the Runanga Catholics will be able to hear Mass in their own church at Christmas.

During the week the altar boys and the Altar Society held their annual picnic at Ahaura, where they spent an enjoyable day.

The Bevilacqua medals, presented to the boy and girl gaining the highest aggregate marks in the sixth standard examinations, were won this year by Vincent McSherry and Kathleen Sampson.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, formed during the recent mission, is in working order, and its success is assured.

The first count in connection with the convent bazaar queen carnival resulted: Miss Z. Macfarlane 1, Miss M. Phelan 2, and Miss E. O'Brien 3. The bazaar opens next week.

The Marist Brothers' annual concert drew a crowded house. As usual the programme was perfect, and the audience signified its delight in encore after encore. The following assisted during the evening:—Misses V. and R. Knell, pianoforte duet, "The Hussars' Ride"; Master V. Knapp, song, "Let the Rest of the World Go By"; Mrs. W. Fletcher, Misses V. and K. Hannan, H. Kilgour, E. O'Rielly, quintette, "Oaken Lords and Ladies Gay"; Miss J. Mathieson, violin solo, "Mazur"; Mr. W. Kitchingham, song, "Sweet Early Violets"; Mr. L. Stapp, song, "Before You Came"; Miss V. Hannan, song, "Kathleen Mavourneen"; Miss E. O'Rielly and L. Stapp, vocal duet, "Venetian Song"; Miss B. Gilbert, recitation; Mr. N. Doogan, musical monologue, "Foolish Questions"; Rev. Father Shore, song, "Tis Irish as it's Spoken"; Miss D. O'Hallahan, musical monologue, "Life"; Mr. A. Fennell, character sketch; Master Malloy, song, "An Irishman's Opinion"; Miss Mona Hannan and Master Jack McBreearty, "Kerry Dance." Misses L. Higgins and M. Griffen were official accompanists. Mr. H. McKeowen, the enthusiastic organiser of the concert, thanked the audience on behalf of the Brothers. In doing so Mr. McKeowen referred to the splendid work done by the Brothers during the year. Besides securing excellent results at the annual examinations one of their pupils, Vincent McSherry, won the Kennedy Scholarship, tenable for four years at St. Patrick's College. In the Sacred Heart Scholarship another pupil, Alan Kennedy, gained second place for the South Island.

Rev. Brothers Herbert, Luke, and Ernan leave for Christchurch to-morrow, where the annual Retreat is to be held. Greymouth Catholics hope they will be with us again next year.

Temuka

(From our own correspondent.)

December 19.
Rev. Father Spillane, S.M., an ex-pupil of the local Convent School, who was recently ordained in Christchurch, arrived in Temuka during the week. Yesterday he celebrated the 10.30 a.m. Mass in St. Joseph's Church, and officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening. Both morning and evening he gave his blessing to a large number of parishioners.

Rev. Dr. Kennedy, S.M., who recently gave a lecture on Lourdes in aid of the Children of Mary Sodality, and from which a good sum was netted, was a recipient of the members' appreciation yesterday afternoon. The gathering took place in the Catholic Hall, and after several musical items had been given, Miss McAuliffe asked Dr. Kennedy to accept a few pieces of printed paper with which he was to purchase something useful, and to show the members' appreciation of their spiritual director's many thoughtful actions on their behalf. Rev. Dr. Kennedy, who was wholly taken by surprise, thanked the members for their kind action, which he much appreciated. Rev. Fathers Herring and Spillane, and the Sisters of St. Joseph, were also present at the gathering.

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DEATHS

MATHEWSON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Jessie Mathewson (nee Hussey, late of Stuart Street, Dunedin), beloved wife of Alexandra Mathewson who died at Stockton, New South Wales, on December 19, 1921.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

McAVINUE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick, beloved husband of Annie McAvinue, who died at 714 Avenue Road, Hastings, on December 11, 1921; aged 59 years.—R.I.P.

McGRATH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary, beloved wife of James McGrath, Oamaru, and sister of Mrs. T. McLellan, Hillgrove, and M. McLoughlin, Auckland, who died at Oamaru on December 9, 1921.—Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon her.

SCOTT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, beloved husband of Bridget Scott, who died at Lyalldale on December 13, 1921; aged 81 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

HOGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Hogan, who died at Waimate on December 16, 1920.—O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, grant her eternal rest.—Inserted by her sorrowing husband, sons, and daughters.

MINIHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Patrick Minihan, who died in England from wounds on December 22, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his sister (E. Coffey, Toko.)

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,
TIMARU

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES will begin on the evening of MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1922, and end on the morning of SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.

The Retreat will be preached by Very Rev. Albert Power, S.J.

For further particulars intending retreatants should apply promptly to Rev. Mother Superior.

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Once again, at the meeting of the Anglican Synod of Sydney the other week, the conscience-stricken Anglicans flayed themselves for their betrayal of the children 40 years ago (says the *Catholic Press*). A motion was tabled: "That the Synod expresses its disapproval at the failure of the parishes to voluntarily assess themselves for religious education in the diocese, and requests the standing committee to devise a scheme whereby the work of the Board of Education may be financed more effectively, and especially by providing regular contributions from each parish." Speaking to this motion, the Rev. F. W. Reeve said that the Church of England had missed a magnificent opportunity for prosecuting religious instruction in the public schools of the State. The school children had increased in numbers, while the religious stipendiary teachers had decreased. There were over 97,000 Church of England children in the diocese of Sydney, only about one-third of whom were in the Sunday schools. The Catholic Church was setting a striking example in that direction, and had no fewer than 59,000 school children under religious instruction. "We are letting all these children drift," added Mr. Reeve, "and we are doing nothing. I am a strong Protestant, but I would rather see these children become Catholics than that they should be brought up without any thought of God or knowledge of the principles of the Christian faith. (Applause.) In the present circumstances, they will be growing up atheists. We should either do something to remedy such a deplorable state of affairs, or hand the whole thing over to the Catholics, or someone willing and competent to do so." (Applause.) Other speakers stressed the need for increased activity in religious instruction in the schools, of the appointment of more paid teachers, and of impressing upon churchmen their great responsibilities in the matter. The motion was carried.

Under the heading "Sham Patriotism" the *Catholic Press* says:—The Lord Mayor of Sydney has been venomously attacked for flying the Australian flag at the Sydney Town Hall, in strict accord with the terms of the Defence Act. His critics were the same ill-informed and malicious mob who were indignant with the Governor of New South Wales when he authoritatively stated that there is no disloyalty in Australia. If they were loyal citizens they would have been rejoiced by his Excellency's declaration; but the people's realisation that the Governor's statement was the simple truth would have robbed them of their stock-in-trade. Hence, the tumult of protest! At the time of Lord Kitchener's death, these same ignorant jingoes were indignant because certain flags in the harbor were not flown at half-mast. They know nothing of the regulation against the lowering of the naval ensign during war. In the same way the Governor-General was lately criticised in Melbourne for not having a flag on the Government House halyard for some military celebration. As he was not in residence at the time, the flying of the special brand of flag allotted to him would have been quite improper. In Great Britain, universities, colleges, clubs, corporations, and municipalities, all have their own distinct flags, which are unfurled in honor of national celebrations. It is only in Australia that one particular flag, and that not the flag of the country, is forced on the community until it has entirely negated its original purpose.

VICTORIA.

The Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, who was a welcome visitor to Corowa on the occasion of the opening of the splendid new church, gave wholesome patriotic advice as to the necessity of always placing the Australian flag first. In the course of his remarks his Grace said:—"The Archbishop of Sydney said to me that he had the greatest distrust of politics, and he never went into them deeper than his ankles; but I never wet my toes. I have always, since I came to Australia, endeavored to keep Australia in its proper place, and with Australians living in Australia that is the first place. It is popular now to talk of putting Australia first, but when I put the suggestion forth in war time I was termed a traitor by the leader of the Government in Australia; but that was probably said in a fit of temper, which probably has been regretted since. There are so many people in Australia who

thoughtless of Australia than they do of England or London. There are too many people here who put Australia in the second place or no place at all. I am not an enemy of the Empire, nor do I claim to be even an enemy of England; I put both in their proper places. With regard to Australia, it comes first with me, and what I owe to England is through Australia. I was surprised when I came out to Australia to find that during war time, when celebrating some victory, they ran up certain flags in order to celebrate it. Here, in the heart of Australia, there were people to be found who ran up a flag which was not the Australian flag, but a flag of the Empire. They ran up the Union Jack instead of their Australian flag, which they ought to be proud of, but were apparently ashamed of. When you want to run up a flag, run up your own flag, as you have done here to-day. I have no objection to the Union Jack, but the first flag should be the flag of Australia, of which you ought to be proud. For saying these things I have been denounced as a traitor to Australia and the Empire. It matters very little to me what names they call me. I am satisfied with the plain, simple name I was christened. I am following the dictates of my conscience. Australians should be proud of Australia and be ready to work and fight for it, and no other place should take its place in the hearts of Australians."

The first visit to Ballarat since his return to Australia of Australia's greatest Churchman and leader, his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, which took place on Saturday, the 26th ult., was the occasion for an extraordinary demonstration of welcome from the Catholics of Ballarat and surrounding district (says the *Tribune*, Melbourne). Not only was the visit of Dr. Mannix a source of great joy to those who have long looked up to his leadership, but it was fortunately the occasion of benefiting to a substantial extent the funds of St. Joseph's Home, Sebastopol, that magnificent home for boys which has been so capably conducted for years by the Sisters of Nazareth, and which, shame to say, does not receive one penny from the Ballarat City Council. Long before the scheduled time of the arrival of the train from Melbourne which was conveying Dr. Mannix to Ballarat, the people began to congregate on the station platform, the bridge overhead and the vestibule and street outside the station. As the train drew up to the platform there was a loud burst of cheering, which was renewed over and over again as the distinguished figure of the Archbishop, accompanied by the Most Rev. Dr. Foley, could be seen moving along the platform. As his Grace slowly went along, smilingly acknowledging the greetings, the people waved hundreds of flags and cheered again, and the St. Joseph's Home Band played Irish airs. Just then it was beginning to rain, but the unfavorable atmosphere could not damp the ardor of Ballarat's truly Irish welcome to Australia's greatest Irishman, and the scene of enthusiasm is one that will linger for some time in the minds of those concerned in it.

Speaking recently at the Communion breakfast of the Catholic Men's Society of Victoria, Archbishop Mannix said no country could ever be noble or great unless she possessed good citizens. He impressed upon those present to endeavor to become good citizens in their own private life, which should be beyond all reproach. They should not be men of unstable character; they should not be men with dishonest principles in life; nor should they be men unclean in body and tongue. Those kind of men would not contribute much to the country they served. He advised them to be men of absolute truth; men of sterling honesty; men of grit and character. They should not forget those who had done so much for them in their infancy. They should not put on airs of importance. Above all, let them be clean in mind, word, thought, and action. They should always be honorable men, and act honorably and chivalrously to members of the other sex.

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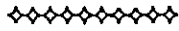
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Our Sports Summary

TEMUKA.

The local Catholic tennis club, which was opened about a fortnight ago, is now in full swing, and members are deriving much enjoyment out of it. (writes our own correspondent). The formation of the club has been a long-felt want in Temuka, and it is gratifying to see that the membership is continually increasing.



WELLINGTON.

Remarkable successes attended the efforts of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys Association Cricket teams on Saturday week. The juniors playing against Railway made 416 for one innings, and Railway replied with 2 wickets down for 50. In the fourth class Marist defeated Y.M.C.A. by an innings and 53 runs. Y.M.C.A. batted first and made 40 and 43; Marist made 138 for one wicket and declared. Success also attended the Intermediate team in the boys league, when it defeated St. James's by 15 runs.



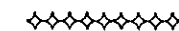
GREYMOUTH.

What must be a record for school sports was put up by a Marist Brothers' boy, Vincent Knapp, at the combined schools' sports meeting held here this week (writes our Greymouth correspondent). Starting in seven events Knapp won six, and came second in the seventh. His wins were: 100yds, under 12; long jump, under 12 (13ft 10in); high jump, under 12 (3ft 9in); 120yds hurdles, under 12; 200yds under 12; as a member of the winning relay team, under 12. His second was in the 100yds, under 13.



CHRISTCHURCH.

At the annual sports meeting of the North Canterbury Primary Schools' Association, held on Lancaster Park, on Friday the 2nd inst., the following successes were achieved by pupils of the Christchurch Marist Brothers' school:—High jump, open (34 entries), F. Rose 1st (clearing the record height of 4ft 7½in), J. Wilson 2nd; long jump, open (43 entries), P. Burns (15ft 10in), 2nd, J. Wilson 3rd; hot, step, and jump, open (33 entries), P. Burns (33ft 5½in), 1st, F. Rose 2nd; high jump, under 13 (50 entries), R. Noonan (4ft) 1st, C. Hobbs 3rd; long jump, under 12 (54 entries), N. Stokes 2nd, A. O'Connor 3rd; 100 yards, under 13 (119 entries), R. Noonan 1st; 100 yards championship (34 entries), W. O'Loughlin 2nd, his time being 11½secs; 100 yards, under 15 (41 entries), W. O'Loughlin 1st, P. Burns 2nd; 440 yards, junior relay (15 teams), Marist 1st (A. O'Connor, F. Geoghegan, J. Noonan, N. Stokes), won by 15 yards; 440 yards, graded relay (22 teams), Marist 1st (N. Stokes, R. Noonan, W. Sweeney, W. O'Loughlin), won by 7 yards. In the 880 yards relay race Marist boys' finished 25 yards ahead of the next team, but were disqualified on a technical point—one runner not having touched his comrade before leaving his mark. The Marist boys, holders of the Primary Schools Sports Shield for 1920, had to uphold the honor of their school, and this they did in a convincing manner, securing 58 shield points against the next schools' 18.



NAPIER.

On Saturday, December 3, the Napier Boxing Association held a tournament consisting of two amateur and two professional contests, and as events turned out it proved to be one of the finest evening's entertainments held in New Zealand (writes our travelling correspondent). The spacious Municipal Theatre was packed to the doors with an enthusiastic crowd from all parts of Hawke's Bay, including a good number of ladies. Prominent among the office-bearers were Messrs. B. J. Dolan (president), K. O'Halloran (chairman), W. J. McGrath, M. Treston, C. S. Lonergan (committee). Mr. M. Treston was announcer, and Mr. G. P. Aldridge secretary. The winners of three out of the four events (Dwyer, Donovan, and Pearcey) were ex-Marist pupils; also Paul Hannah, who sprung the surprise of the evening by the way he extended Dwyer in the big professional bout. In the amateur bout of four rounds of two minutes Pearcey (Napier) v. Wilmot (Hastings)—

Pearcey was declared the winner on points, both boys giving a good exhibition.

Amateur bout of four rounds of two minutes: Tom Donovan (Napier) v. Andy Drysdale (Wairoa).—Donovan proved much the better man.

Professional contest, 10 rounds of three minutes: Duke Maddox (Hastings) v. George Curran (Wellington).—This contest proved full of excitement, Maddox, who was boxing for the first time as a professional, staying on best, was awarded the verdict.

Professional contest, 15 rounds of three minutes: Paul Hannah (Hastings) v. Hughie Dwyer (Napier).—This was the event of the evening. Both men were very evenly matched up to the 9th round; after that Hannah weakened and received the knock-out in the twelfth.



AUCKLAND.

The Ponsonby Catholic Tennis Courts were *en fete* on Saturday, December 3, when a tournament was played by the members, the sides being led respectively by the club captain (Mr. J. Shanaghan) and the secretary (Mr. F. Lowry). About 40 members took part in the tournament, competition being very keen, as the losing side was to provide an afternoon tea on the courts at a later date. Mr. Lowry's team eventually won by 18 to 12, after 30 matches had been played. The weather on the day was superb, the play of a very high standard, characterised by brilliant volleying, cross court and side line drives, while the serving and overhead work of the men were at times terrific. Numerous friends attended during the afternoon, and partisanship was very keen. Many of the sets were fought out to the very end, and the spectators often applauded some amazing recoveries. One set, which was being beaten 5—love, went out on the advice of their followers to do or die, and actually succeeded in winning the rest of seven games and the set 7—5. Afternoon tea was dispensed by the ladies' committee, and was gladly partaken of by players and onlookers. The ladies' committee handle the refreshment problem admirably and deserve great thanks for their work. Friends of members often drop in during the afternoon to spend a pleasant hour or so, and are always welcomed. On Sunday, December 4, Masters Nicholls and Lanigan, of the Sacred Heart College, visited the courts and played half a dozen sets and proved too good for most of the club members. Nicholls especially plays an amazingly good game for a boy, makes full use of his wrists, and is a good general in doubles. We hope to see him often in the future. If the membership of the club continues to increase, the question of laying down two more grass courts for next season will be considered by the executive shortly.

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CATHOLIC CHURCH, HOKITIKA.

Not only for the adornment, but also for the preservation of the new Church at Hokitika, it is necessary to undertake at once the work of plastering the building. In a damp climate the fine new church would in time be ruined if not protected. Therefore the parishioners have decided to co-operate with their pastor in undertaking the necessary work at the beginning of the new year.

The parishioners return heartfelt thanks to the Sisters of various communities, within the diocese and beyond it, who have already sent them valuable gifts in aid of the bazaar. They appeal to their friends throughout New Zealand, and especially to old residents of Hokitika, to help on the good work. The faith of many a family throughout the Dominion has its roots in Hokitika, which was indeed among the nurseries of Catholicism in the South Island. Bonds of hallowed memories and of old friendships unite the children of the West Coast, no matter where they roam. The centre of all these memories and friendships is the Faith of Our Fathers that spread forth from the tabernacle of the church at Hokitika. To make the church beautiful and enduring is, therefore, a labor of love, in which all whose affection for the Coast is a reality, will esteem it a privilege to join in.

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Third Article: Effects and Efficacy of the Sacraments—Ceremonies.

15. What are the effects of the Sacraments, and how do they produce these effects in the soul?

(1) The effects of the Sacraments are three in number: sanctifying grace, actual graces, and character.

16. (1) All the Sacraments confer sanctifying grace; some of them the first grace, others the second. We call the first sanctifying grace that which is given to souls still stained by mortal sin, because it changes their state from that of sin to that of holiness. We call that second sanctifying grace, or augmentation of grace, which further sanctifies souls already sanctified, and which is added to the grace they already possess, to increase their spiritual treasure. The Sacraments of the dead are instituted to produce the first sanctifying grace; those of the living to produce the second, or the increase of grace.

(2) All the Sacraments also bestow actual graces proper to the end of each; or rather, they give the right, founded on sanctifying grace, to receive actual graces corresponding to the end of the Sacrament that has been received, whenever we stand in need of them. Thus the actual graces of Baptism are the helps which the baptised person will need to enable him to preserve his baptismal innocence and lead a Christian life.

17. (3) Three of the Sacraments imprint on the soul a character, an indelible spiritual mark, which renders their second reception impossible. This character, says the Council of Trent, has two effects: by one of them we are rendered capable of receiving or doing certain things in the order of religion; the other serves to distinguish those who have received the Sacraments that imprint a character. These Sacraments are Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders.

Baptism is a spiritual birth, in which is received the character, the distinctive mark of being a child of God by adoption, and a member of the great Christian family, with the right to participate in all the blessings which the Church communicates to her children.

Confirmation is a putting on of spiritual armor; in it we receive a military character, the distinctive mark of the soldiers of Jesus Christ. This character gives strength to fight and suffer for the faith; it also renders the person confirmed more fit to receive the other Sacraments.

Holy Orders is a spiritual consecration, by which he who is ordained receives the sacerdotal character, the distinctive mark of the ministers of the Church. This character raises those who receive it above the ordinary faithful, as leaders are raised above the common soldiers, as shepherds above a flock; it bestows on them a resemblance to Jesus Christ, the great High-Priest or Pontiff by nature; associates them to His sacerdotal dignity, and to all the power that was given to him in heaven and on earth.

18. (2) Efficacy of the Sacraments, or manner in which the Sacraments produce their effects.—The Sacraments produce their effects by their own power, independently of the disposition of the minister, but dependently on those of the subject who receives them.

19. Power and virtue proper to the Sacraments.—They act by their own power, or, as we may say, they produce their effects by virtue of the act done, and not by virtue of him who does it. In other words, the Sacraments act in a necessary manner, as natural agents do; for instance, fire, water, and the like.

A Sacrament is not a mere prayer, the effect of which depends on the devotion of him who prays. It constitutes in the spiritual order a cause that bears analogy to causes in the natural order. Therefore it always produces its effect by whatever minister it may be conferred; as fire always consumes wood by whatever hand they are brought into contact; as a seal always leaves its impression on soft wax by whatever hand it be pressed upon it; as seed enriches cultivated land by whatever hand it be scattered there. So, whether the minister of the Sacrament be good or bad, whether he be a saint or an imitator of the perfidious apostle who betrayed his divine Master, the baptism he confers, the absolution he gives, the Mass which he

celebrates, will always be equally valid. If he exercises his functions unworthily, woe indeed is his, but his alone; the Sacrament suffers not in the least, and its effect is not thereby diminished.

• The reason of all this is that the visible minister is only the secondary minister, an instrument of Jesus Christ, who is the invisible and principal minister. He it is who baptises by the hand of the man, who confirms by the hand of the bishop, who consecrates, who absolves, by the mouth of the priest; it is Christ Himself, always holy, always full of grace and truth, who gives to the Sacrament its full efficacy.

20. (2) Dispositions of the subject.—But although on the part of the Sacrament the effect is infallible and necessary, on the part of the subject it depends on fitness and disposition.

As wax must be soft to receive an impression, wood dry to take fire, the land prepared to receive the seed, so must he who receives a Sacrament be duly prepared and disposed in order to obtain its effects.

21. There are two kinds of dispositions to be distinguished: those necessary for the validity of the Sacrament, and those for the fruit or production of grace. In the case of adults, the first are, (1) the intention; (2) the baptismal character, for the Sacraments that follow baptism. The second dispositions are not the same for all the Sacraments; we shall take them into account when treating of each Sacrament in particular.

22. As the dispositions of the subject can vary, and be either good or defective, so, consequently, the nature of the sacramental reception varies: it may be valid, null, fruitful, or informal.

The reception is valid when the subject (1) is capable of receiving the Sacrament, and (2) when he has the intention or wish to receive it. Thus all unbaptised persons who wish to be baptised always receive baptism validly.

The reception is null when the subject is not capable, or has not the intention of receiving the Sacrament. For instance, if an infidel were to be baptised against his will, or a child already validly baptised were to be rebaptised, the baptism would be null. He who receives absolution without repentance, or without a sincere confession, renders the Sacrament of Penance null. Not because he is incapable or lacks the intention, but because he subtracts from that Sacrament the matter proper to it, which is repentance and sincere accusation. The reception is fruitful when it is not only valid, but efficacious as well; that is, when it produces all its fruits in the soul. This is what takes place every time the subject (1) is capable of receiving the Sacrament, and intends to receive it; (2) and has all the dispositions required by the Sacrament he receives. Thus baptism is fruitful in an adult when, besides the wish to receive baptism, he has faith, sufficient instruction, and repents of his sins.

The reception is informal when it is valid but unfruitful. Thus an adult receiving baptism without faith or sorrow for his sins would be validly baptised, but would not receive sanctifying grace. In such a case, the baptismal character would be stamped upon the soul, but, like seed falling upon dry land, it could not produce its fruit of sanctification. The same is to be said of Confirmation and Holy Orders. These three Sacraments can revive—that is, they can produce the rest of their effects later on, if the obstacle is removed, and the subject puts himself into the required dispositions. According to the established opinion of the doctors, Extreme Unction and Matrimony are in this respect like the three Sacraments which imprint a character; those who have received them in mortal sin can afterwards receive their salutary effects by means of a sincere conversion.

Ceremonies are to the Sacraments what the gold or silver setting of a diamond is to the jewel incased in it. They are sacred and symbolical ornaments with which the Sacraments are invested, (1) that they may be administered with greater dignity and respect; (2) that the faithful may better understand their effects and mysteries.

All the ceremonies prescribed are necessary from the necessity of precept, but not essentially necessary for their validity; a Sacrament would produce all its effects without them.

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IRISH NEWS

TERENCE MACSWEENEY: A DEATH-BED MESSAGE. A JAPANESE INTERVIEW WITH HIS SISTER.

We are indebted to the courtesy of an esteemed correspondent (says the *Catholic Press*) for a cutting from a Tokyo paper, the *Japanese Times and Mail*, containing a report of great interest to Irish-Australasian readers—an interview with Sister Francis Xavier, of the Order of St. Maur, that lady being a sister of the late Terence MacSweeney, the heroic Lord Mayor of Cork.

The interviewer recalls the fact that when the Lord Mayor lay dying, "all Tokyo, in common with all the rest of the world," followed with sympathetic interest the bulletins from London.

The report proceeds:

But only a handful of people here knew that within the walls of the convent of the Order of St. Maur, in Kojimachi-ku, one little woman was reading the despatches with a heart-throbbing interest that only a sister could feel. This was Sister Francis Xavier, whose name before she took the veil was Katherine MacSweeney, a younger sister of the man whose heroic sacrifice—however one may view his motive—touched the world.

Sister Francis Xavier's presence in Tokyo is not known to many. She is a teacher of English in what is probably known as the most exclusive mission school for girls in the capital. But to the few who knew she was a sister of the late Lord Mayor MacSweeney she has steadfastly refused to express any of her sentiments for public repetition until called upon by a representative of the *Japan Times and Mail*.

"If there is anything I can say which will help the cause for which my brother died, I will let the *Japan Times and Mail* publish it," she finally agreed. "I have left the world, you know, and have no worldly interest. But the cause which required suffering and death from my brother is still close to my heart."

Sister Francis Xavier is tall and slight, and very gracious in manner. Once she consented to the interview she talked readily.

"I am not surprised that he offered his life for his country. Even as a boy he was remarkable for his patriotic spirit, and felt a sense of a great and definite mission. The family thought him destined for the priesthood, but his ideals led him in the other direction. His first poem, published in 1901, 'Nature's Hymn and its Message,' gave a clear insight into his patriotic zeal as a lad.

"My brother's life was one of singular sweetness and gentleness. His message to me from Brixton during the closing hours of his life commemorating my birthday is filled with infinite tenderness and deep religious fervor.

"His generosity knew no limit, and I was not surprised when I learnt his first act after taking the oath of office as the Lord Mayor of Cork was to set aside half of his salary to the widow and five children of his predecessor. He was a graduate of Dublin University, and was recognised as a poet and dramatist at a very early age. Many of his finest minor poems were written for the family, and have never been published.

"His marriage was a happy one. His wife is a woman of remarkably fine character. A daughter was born to them. She had been taught only Irish. Her mother spent some time in Ballingarry, the great centre of the revival of the ancient tongue, that her little daughter's accent might be perfected.

"My brother's last message to his family was: 'In life or death victory is ours. In death we shall be greater. This makes our end happy. God is watching over us, and our trust is in Him. We shall triumph. Love and blessing.—Terry.' He held no hatred towards anyone and vengeance had no place in his heart. He radiated love and happiness when dying, cheering those who could not bear to think of him as gone," she finished, bravely.

It may be interesting to learn that the father of Lord Mayor MacSweeney, the late John MacSweeney, went, in his youth, to Italy to join the army of self-defence of the

Pope, and that the motto of the MacSweeney family is *semper fidelis*—"ever faithful."

It is also of moment that, writing to his sister in 1911, he defined his attitude of thought on freedom, declaring the motive should be vindication and that liberty should always benefit the enemy instead of injuring him.

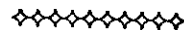
The following extracts from letters written Sister Francis Xavier by her brother, show his most intimate thoughts on Ireland's unhappy political conditions:

"Our enemies are brothers from whom we have become estranged. Here is the fundamental truth that explains and justifies our hope of establishing a real patriotism among all parties of Ireland, and a final peace.

"It is a spiritual appeal that primarily moves us. We are urged to action by a beautiful ideal. The motive to force must be likewise true and beautiful. It is love of country that inspires us, not hatred of the enemy, or a desire for satisfaction of the past.

"When, therefore, you teach a man his enemy is in a deep sense his brother you do not draw him from the fight while he should fight, but you give him a new conception of the goal to win, and with a great dream inspire him to persevere and reach the goal.

"We should make this a resolution: Our future history shall be more worthy than that of any contemporary State. We shall look for prosperity, no doubt, but let our enthusiasm be for beautiful living; we shall build up our strength, not for conquest, but as a pledge for brotherhood, and a defence for the weaker ones of the earth; we shall take pride in our institutions, not only as guaranteeing the stability of the State, but as securing the happiness of the citizens. We shall arouse the world from a wicked dream of material greed, tyrannical power, of corrupt and callous politics to the wonder of a regenerated spirit—a new and beautiful dream; and we shall establish our State in a true freedom that shall endure for ever."



NOT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

The *Irish Bulletin* recently had some caustic and timely comments on the attitude of the British press towards the Irish question. It selected the following passages from the *Daily Telegraph* for animadversion:

"To-day, unless all the available testimony is misleading . . . the feeling for some form of appeal to the South Irish constituencies is gathering strength."

All sane critics censure the criminal folly of thrusting away the largest and most generous effort ever made by an English Government to meet the claims and ambitions of Irish nationalism. There can be no doubt that this is the feeling of the overwhelming majority of Southern Irishmen, whether they call themselves Sinn Feiners or not."

Commenting on this, the *Bulletin* says:

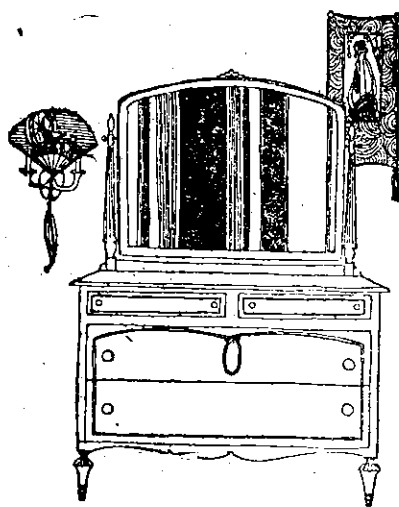
"The *Telegraph* draws these conclusions largely from its own imagination, assisted to some degree by the tone of the Irish daily press. The Irish daily press is not a good guide. Eighty per cent. of the Irish people are Republican. None of the daily newspapers in Ireland are Republican. They owe their continued existence to this very fact, for the papers which reflected Republican opinion were all duly suppressed by the British Government. The fact that no daily newspaper in Ireland has declared itself Republican may appear to English people as a serious handicap to the Republican movement. But it should be remembered that Ireland threw off the old Parliamentary Party and rallied to Sinn Fein while the whole daily press of the country was anti-Sinn Fein, and the majority of the Irish people have for five years remained unshaken in their allegiance to the policy of independence, although none of the Irish newspapers has ever supported that policy. The Irish people look to the daily press for news, not for views. The opinions expressed by this press are not the opinions of the Irish people, nor do they influence the political point of view of the people. Their most notable success seems to be in misleading their London contemporaries, as they have misled the *Telegraph* into its ridiculous display of ignorance. As other sections of opinion may similarly be misled, it may be as well to restate a few facts."

It is significant that the Irish papers in reproducing these extracts omit the more salient of the references to themselves.

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St. Patrick's College, Teschemakers

A SERIES OF FUNCTIONS.

The annual prize-giving ceremony and school break-up at St. Patrick's, Teschemakers, held on last Saturday afternoon, took the form of a garden party, in the delightful grounds of the school (says the *North Otago Times*). Ideal weather prevailed, a fairly large number of visitors going out to the school, and a very enjoyable outing was spent. His Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin was present, as were also Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, Rev. Father O'Connell, and Rev. Father Foley. The Municipal Band was present in good force and enlivened the proceedings with appropriate selections.

A short programme was given in the dining-room, when all available accommodation was soon taken up by the visiting friends of the school. The pupils acquitted themselves so creditably as to fully merit the highly complimentary remarks made by the Bishop during his address to the school.

His Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin expressed on behalf of the visitors and himself their appreciation of the efforts of the scholars in presenting such a varied and enjoyable programme. Every item had been thoroughly enjoyed. That morning in the beautiful chapel the school had rendered the Mass, and he had been quite touched by the beauty of the singing. It so happened (his Lordship continued), that that day 12 months ago he had first set foot in the diocese, and as he had journeyed south in the train he had had Teschemakers pointed out to him, but he could not understand what was meant by Teschemakers. Since then he had visited the convent and become acquainted with the school and its beautiful surroundings. He was glad to know that the school was making such good progress. How carefully the work of the nuns had been done was evidenced in the high standard attained by the pupils, indicating that thoroughness was the characteristic of the school. He had no need to come to New Zealand to discover how qualified and how conscientious were the Nuns of the Dominican Order. He had seen their work in Australia and what he had seen that day confirmed the view he had previously held, and this thoroughness had been a leading feature in all branches of the work of the school.

Dr. Whyte went on to compliment the school on the fine results of the recent examination. He desired to congratulate the school on one particular distinction won. Pupils from all parts of the diocese had competed for the prize he would specially mention—the competition in Irish history. The school had won three prizes, the successful ones being the three Marys—Mary Toomey, Mary Maxwell, and Mary Ayson. They had won the shield for Catholic doctrine for seven successive years and the trophy now becomes the property of the school. He heartily congratulated them on their success, and he hoped the school would be equally successful in the matriculation examinations. He drew attention to the specimens of needlework and painting displayed in the room, which were the work of the pupils. The school was ideally situated in beautiful grounds and surrounded by glorious trees. It was an ideal place to send a girl where the spiritual, mental, and physical side of the girl's nature could be developed, and he hoped parents would fully appreciate the unique facilities the school offered. He pleaded with the pupils not to forget what they had learned of Christian doctrine—what they had learned about God. He hoped they would put the Christian doctrine into practice; that they would show to their parents they had learned obedience and good manners. He did not mean by good manners the mere every-day catch phrases as "I beg your pardon," or "I'm sorry" when perhaps there was no sorrow felt at all; but he meant the grace of good manners, respect for the feelings of others, obedience to parents and charity and cheerfulness in their homes. At school they had lived in an ideal environment, but they would go out into that big ugly school, which was called the world, and it was there that they would have an opportunity of showing that they had been faithfully and thoroughly instructed at their school, and they would prove, he was sure, good and faithful Catholics. They would carry away with them the lessons they had learned at their school, and by their demeanor, gentleness, obedience, respect for parents, and Christian charity they would show that they had benefited by the

thorough instruction they had received at their beautiful convent school

The following was the musical programme:—Instrumental selection, two pianos, minuet in E. flat (Mozart): Misses Maxwell, Greer, Woods, and Walsh; descriptive scene, "Butterflies": Misses Madge Gallein and Mary McBride; part song by senior pupils; piano duet, "Souvenir": Misses Woods and McLaughlin; ball drill, senior pupils; solo and chorus, "Ireland you are calling me"; Irish dance in costume: Misses Brown, Leonard, Woods, and McLaughlin; instrumental selection, two pianos, "Valse des Fleurs": Misses Usherwood, Tanner, Maxwell, and Greer; vocal duet, "Go pretty Rose": Misses Ayson and Gallien; finale, New Zealand National Anthem.

St. Dominic's College, Dunedin

The "breaking-up" ceremonies in connection with St. Dominic's College took place on Monday afternoon, the 12th inst. His Lordship, Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, presided and there were also present Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., Rev. Father Kaveñey, and a number of the relatives and friends of the pupils. For the children of the preparatory and junior schools a Christmas tree had been provided. The young people gave a bright little entertainment consisting of hymns, songs, and recitations, very daintily rendered. After the prizes had been presented Dr. Whyte spoke to the children expressing his pleasure at being with them and congratulating them on the pretty programme they had gone through. His Lordship laid special stress on the good enunciation of the children and on the elevating nature of the songs and recitations which, while quite suitable for the age of the little ones, were calculated to inspire them with noble thoughts.

The distribution of prizes to the senior girls took place in the study hall. The following programme was presented: Andantino (violin), Lemare—Misses Alma and Audrey Thompson, Grace Beath, Ada Sligo, Moira Coughlan; "Adeste Fideles," pupils; pianoforte duet (Strezlezki), Misses Alma and Audrey Thompson; vocal solo, "Love's Infinity," Miss V. Inder; part song, "Who is Sylvia?" senior pupils.

His Lordship the Bishop presented the awards and afterwards addressed the pupils, congratulating them on the good work done during the year; and urging them to be faithful to the lessons inculcated on them during their school-life. His Lordship made reference to the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Guild, and expressed a wish that the members would continue in their home parishes the work they had begun at school, as work of this kind was a sovereign remedy against selfishness.

In response to his Lordship's invitation Very Rev. Father Coffey next addressed the girls; he also spoke in appreciative terms of the work done by the guild, especially in the instruction of children in Christian doctrine.

The Day of Judgment is a day of decision, and displaith unto all the seal of truth.—St. Uriel.

St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi

Ireland's Crisis

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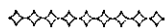
The Portuguese Government has conferred the military order of Aviz, with the title of Grand Officer, on Father Edward Dowling, of Castleconner, Co. Kilkenny, in recognition of his services to Portuguese troops during the war. Father Dowling was with the troops in France as military chaplain for five years. In December, 1916, he was mentioned in dispatches, and he held rank as assistant-principal chaplain and later that of senior chaplain to the forces in France.



ITALIAN CATHOLIC PARTY AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

During the recent congress of the Italian Catholic or Popular Party held in Venice, a motion was proposed by Signor Tovini, a Catholic Deputy, that the Party should support the League of Nations and pledge itself to carry on an active propaganda in its behalf.

The motion was thrown out on the proposal of Don Sturzo, the Sicilian priest who is political organiser of the Party, who denounced the League as being inspired by the hegemony of the big States over the small ones.



MONTE GRAPPA STATUE REINSTATED.

When the late Pope Pius X. was Patriarch of Venice, being then known as Cardinal Sarto, in 1901, he inaugurated a huge statue of the Blessed Virgin, cast in iron, which was erected on Monte Grappa. During the war this statue was overthrown, but it has now been replaced in position, and the occasion of its rededication was marked with great ceremony. The King of Italy, was represented at the function by his nephew, the Duke of Bergamo, when five bishops presided at the service of dedication. The Italian army was represented by five Generals on the active list. The former Premier, Signor Orlando, was present, and the political parties were represented by a member of the Italian Senate and a number of parliamentary deputies. Some 8000 people took part in the ceremony.



GUATEMALAN ARCHBISHOP CONSECRATED.

The new Archbishop of Guatemala, Mgr. Luis Xavier Munoz-Capuron, has been consecrated to the episcopate in the Metropolitan Cathedral at San Jose, with the Archbishop of Costa Rica, as principal consecrator. The function was an exceptionally brilliant one. The sanctuary of the Cathedral was filled with a company of bishops and the higher clergy of the archbishopric, while in the seats of honor in the nave of the Cathedral were the President of the Republic, the President of the Legislative Congress, and members of the Costa Rican Government. An international flavor was imparted to the occasion by the presence at the Mass of Consecration, of the Ambassadors and diplomatic representatives of Foreign Powers, as well as the entire consular body resident in San Jose. So vast a crowd had gathered for the ceremony that the side aisles of the Cathedral were filled with vast numbers of people who could hardly find standing room, whilst the overflow thronged the Cathedral square and waited in the adjacent streets for the processional exit of the new Archbishop, who was welcomed with wild applause and cheering. The new Archbishop is a native Guatemalan, and after his ordination, which took place in Spain, he took up professorial work in the Republic of Colombia, where he founded a college.



WELSH MELODIES OF PRE-REFORMATION ORIGIN.

Many of the national traditional melodies of the Welsh people are of Catholic pre-Reformation origin, says Dr. Terry, music director of Westminster Cathedral. Curiously enough, the attention of the Cathedral musical authorities was first drawn to the Welsh melodies by Premier Lloyd George, who is said to have a remarkable knowledge of Welsh musical history. Some of these ancient Welsh melodies are used as musical settings for Benediction in

the Cathedral, and one, "Tantum Ergo," which is very popular, is said to be a favorite of the Prime Minister's. These old melodies, says Dr. Terry, were not written down for centuries. They were handed down from one generation to another purely in their vocal form. But although unwritten, they have been saved, entirely owing to the genius of the Welsh for unaccompanied singing.

According to Dr. Terry, these ancient traditional melodies have been in use in Westminster Cathedral for the past five years or so. More than any other like body in the country, Westminster Cathedral has done a great deal to restore to practical use the great treasury of native early musical composition, and some of the Masses now rendered at Westminster have lain unknown in the libraries and museums of the country. One particular set of Masses remained unsung since they were rendered in the Chapel Royal when Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine of Aragon attended Mass in state.



WELSH METROPOLITAN MAKES OFFICIAL VISIT.

Dr. Mostyn, the Archbishop of Cardiff, has paid his first official visit to the ancient city of Newport since his elevation to the Metropolitan See of Wales.

There being no ecclesiastical building big enough to accommodate the crowds gathered together to welcome the Archbishop, the Empire Theatre was secured for the purpose, where Dr. Mostyn was welcomed by the Mayor of the city and representatives of all the clergy.

The Archbishop's reply to an address of welcome, presented on behalf of the Catholic clergy and laity, contained an allusion to the ancient religion of Wales which appealed to the national patriotism of the audience.

"Through the centuries of change," the Archbishop said, "that have passed over town and countryside on the banks of the Usk, the spirit of the old Welsh Saints still lives, even in these times so remote from theirs. We keep in loving remembrance our forefathers in the faith, St. David, St. Dyfrig, St. Iltud, and our own martyrs of Caerleon, SS. Julius and Aaron, and we pray that, through their intercession, God may abundantly bless our land."

The Archbishop referred to the education question in Wales, and urged the Catholics to make every sacrifice to keep their hold on their schools.



POLAND AND THE HOLY SEE.

The Pope has appointed Monsignor Lauri, titular Archbishop of Ephesus, to be Papal Nuncio in Poland, in succession to Cardinal Ratti, who has just been appointed Archbishop of Milan.

On his arrival in the Polish capital the new Nuncio was welcomed at the railway station by the Cardinal Archbishop of Warsaw, many of the Polish bishops, and high dignitaries of the State, as well as a numerous gathering of clergy and citizens. The Nuncio was escorted to the Cathedral, where a solemn "Te Deum" was intoned by Cardinal Kakowski. A few days later the Nuncio was received by the President in formal audience, when he presented his credentials from the Holy See. In addressing the President the Nuncio laid stress on the Pope's goodwill towards Poland, who, said the Pope, is proud to have stood always for the ideals and the triumph of Christianity and for the establishment of a just and durable peace. On the same day when this ceremony took place in Warsaw, there was a like brilliant ceremony taking place in the Sala del Trono of the Vatican, when Pope Benedict XV., surrounded by the members of the Papal Court, received in solemn audience the new Polish Ambassador, Mr. Wladislaus Skrzynski, who presented his credentials. After leaving the presence of the Pope, the new Ambassador paid the customary visit of ceremony to the Cardinal Secretary of State, and on leaving Cardinal Gasparri the Ambassador descended to the Vatican Basilica, where he prayed at the tomb of St. Peter.

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A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES will begin on the evening of THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1922, and end on the morning of TUESDAY, JANUARY 24. The Retreat will be conducted by the Very Rev. Albert Power, S.J. Ladies who wish to attend will kindly let the Reverend Mother Superior know as soon as possible.

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TO MY PEOPLE

(Lead, Kindly Light)

Doubtless you are aware England is now in the throes of her free trade policy—i.e., the open door. Prior to the war she was the receptacle for our enemies' goods and undesirables, thus allowing the latter to creep into every crevice of the Empire, to England's peril.

To remove past anomalies "Champion" suggests reasonable protection and a closed door to our enemies, which would enable England to be a much larger manufacturer, with better working conditions and wages for her workers, who have so nobly responded to the Empire's call.

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DomesticBy **Maureen****CAPE GOOSEBERRY JAM.**

Allow weight for weight of sugar and fruit. Bruise some ripe fruit in the bottom of the pan. Boil without the sugar for about fifteen minutes, add the sugar and boil for one hour.

GREEN GOOSEBERRY MARMALADE.

Six pounds green gooseberries, 4 lemons cut very small, 10 breakfast cups of cold water, and 11lbs of sugar. Boil gooseberries, lemon, and water for one hour, then add the sugar, and bring again to the boil, and boil for three minutes.

MINCEMEAT WITHOUT SUET.

Some people object to suet in mincemeat. This is a splendid recipe: One pound of seeded raisins, same of currants, apples, and sugar, half a pound of brazil nuts, half a pound of mixed-peel, quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, one nutmeg, quarter of a pound of butter. Chop all very fine and mix well. Can be used two days after making.

PEANUT BRITTLE.

Take equal parts of shelled, roasted peanuts and sugar. Remove the red skins from the nuts and scatter the peanuts evenly over a lightly-buttered pan, and leave it in a warm place while the candy is being made. Melt the sugar in a saucepan without a drop of water, stirring it constantly to avoid burning. It will form a ball before it melts, so do not be surprised and think something is wrong when this happens. When the ball melts and the syrup is just turning a golden brown, turn it over the nuts. As soon as it is cold the brittle is ready to eat.

SPONGE CAKE FOR CHRISTMAS TRIFLE.

Ingredients: Six eggs, half a pound of sugar, five ounces of flour, six drops of essence of lemon. Method: Whip eggs and sugar together for half an hour, drop in lemon. Stir in sifted flour. Pour into well-greased tin, and bake in steady oven for one hour and ten minutes. This is an easily-made, very good cake of large size. It is better made several days before required for trifle.

ORANGE JUMBLES.

Cream one-half a cup of butter, gradually add one cup of sugar, two tablespoonsful of orange juice, the grated rind of one orange and one whole egg, and a yolk, beaten light. Sift together two cups and a half of flour, two teaspoonsful of baking powder and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; add the sifted ingredients to the butter-mixture. Knead slightly and roll into a thin sheet: cut out with a cutter, brush over with white of egg and decorate with chopped almonds. Bake in a quick oven.

GINGER BEER.

Ingredients: 2½lb of loaf sugar, rind and juice of one lemon, half-cup of barm or 2oz yeast, 2oz root ginger, bruised, 1oz cream of tartar, ¼oz of tartaric acid, 2 gallons boiling water. Method: Put all the ingredients except the yeast into a large pan. When cool, spread the yeast on a piece of toast and place in the cool liquid. Keep in a warm place for 24 hours, or until the whole is working. Strain and bottle. Soak the corks in boiling water for several hours before bottling.

LEMON CURD.

To make lemon curd, take ¼lb butter, 1lb loaf sugar, five eggs, the rind of two lemons, and the juice of three. Put all the ingredients into a stewpan, carefully grating the lemon rind and straining the juice. Keep stirring the mixture over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, and it begins to thicken; when of the consistency of honey it is done. Then put it into small jars; store in a dry place, and the mixture will keep for three or four months. When using for cheesecakes, add a few pounded almonds or candied peel, or grated biscuit. To make the cheesecakes, line some patty pans with good puff-paste, rather more than half fill them with the mixture, and bake for about a quarter of an hour in a good brisk oven.

LEMON "AID."

Massage with lemon removes puffiness under the eyes. Rub tan shoes with lemon before polishing them in the usual way.

A cut lemon rubbed on the forehead will cure a severe headache.

Half a lemon, sucked slowly, will often drive away a threatened bilious attack.

A glass of steaming lemonade, sipped as hot as possible will do wonders towards curing a cold.

The pulp of lemon rubbed on stained hands will remove the stains, leaving the skin white and soft.

Regular "lemon massage" makes the complexion fresh and clear, even restoring the whiteness to sallow skin.

If your fire-bars or stove are rusty, rub them with a piece of lemon before black-leading. They will take the blacklead better and give a brighter polish.

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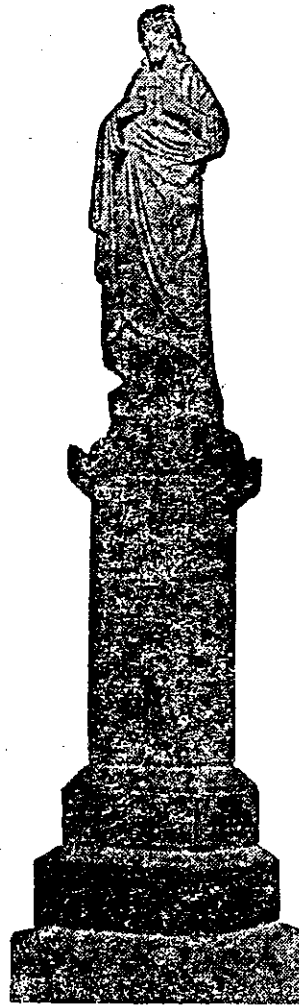
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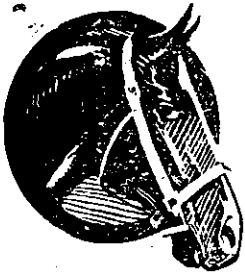
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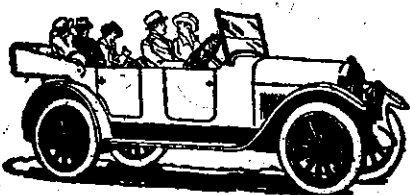
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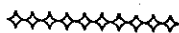
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week there was a large yarding of medium quality fat cattle, consisting of 221 head. The market opened at par with the previous week's rates, but fell away towards the finish. Extra prime bullocks realised up to £14 10s, prime from £11 10s to £13 10s, medium from £4 to £10, light weights from £5 10s upwards, heifers to £6 10s, cows from £4 to £5. Fat Sheep.—The market, numbering 3124 head, was over-supplied, with a resultant drop in prices. There was an increased number of ewes of mixed quality. The wethers offered were, on the whole, good, several pens of which were extra prime. Competition throughout was not keen, and inferior sorts met with a lagging sale. Wethers showed a drop of 2s per head on the previous sale, and ewes 3s per head. Prime extra heavy wethers realised from 24s 9d to 27s 6d, prime from 18s to 21s 9d, medium from 15s to 17s, lighter from 12s 6d upwards, ewes from 10s to 18s 3d, woolly wethers from 14s to 22s, woolly ewes 11s 6d to 19s. Spring lambs.—An extra large yarding of 1011 head. Lambs were back 3s on the previous sale. All classes were represented, the sale lacking spirit from start to finish. Prices ranged from 8s to 18s 9d. Pigs.—Extra large yarding, all classes well represented. The sale lacked buoyancy, especially in respect to large pigs, which suffered a reduction of 10s per head as compared with the preceding week's rates. Porkers did not suffer to the same extent. Prime baconers realised from 6½d to 7½d per lb, and prime porkers from 7½d to 8d per lb.

A notable feature of the Addington market last week was the substantial recovery in fat lamb values. On the previous week there was an over-supply, and prices touched the lowest point for a number of years. Last week there was a very small yarding, due in a measure to the freezing works opening on the 19th, and values jumped up about 8s a head. Mutton was slightly dearer, and beef showed a further weakening. Fat Lambs.—760 penned, compared with 2230 on the preceding week. There was an active demand by butchers, and most of the lamb sold at from 5½d to 6½d per lb. Extra prime lambs 25s to 31s, prime 20s 6d to 24s 9d, medium 17s to 20s, light and inferior 12s 9d to 16s 9d, good two-tooth wethers 7s 6d to 8s 5d, ordinary 5s 3d to 6s 4d, culls 3s 10d to 4s. Two and four-tooth wethers 6s 9d to 8s 1d, woolly wether hoggets to 8s, forward four- and six-tooth wethers 10s 1d to 12s 1d, ordinary 8s 9d to 9s 1d, two-tooth ewes to 10s 5d, aged ewes and lambs 3s (all counted), sound and failing-mouthed ewes and lambs 6s 6d (all counted). Fat Sheep.—A small yarding. A small proportion of prime wethers. For these there was an advance of 1s 6d per head. Medium quality were practically the same. Extra prime wethers to 22s 9d, prime 18s 9d to 21s 6d, medium 15s 9d to 18s 3d, lighter 12s to 15s 6d, extra prime ewes 17s 7d to 19s 3d, prime 14s 9d to 15s, light and inferior 6s 9d to 11s 3d. Fat Cattle.—A big yarding, consisting of 362 head. There was a further decline in prime beef, which sold at from 28s 6d to 30s, and secondary from 22s 6d to 25s. Cow beef was unsaleable. Extra prime bullocks £14 12s 6d to £16, prime £10 5s to £13 5s, medium £7 10s to £10, lighter bullocks £5 to £7 5s, prime heifers £7 2s 6d to £8. Vealers.—Runners to £5 10s 6d, good-vealers to £3 2s 6d, medium to £2 10s, good calves £1 to £1 10s, small £5 15s. Fat Pigs.—A large entry and a moderate demand. Prices were on a par with the preceding week's. Choppers £2 to £4 7s 6d, light baconers £3 6d to £3 15s, heavy £3 17s 6d to £4 5s (average price per lb 5½d to 6½d), light porkers £2 6s to £2 12s 6d, heavy £2 15s to £3 5s (average price per lb 6½d to 8d).



BEES: AFTER THE HONEYFLOW.

One of the often fatal mistakes made by inexperienced bee-keepers is that of leaving bees entirely alone after the honeyflow is over until the end of autumn, when, if necessary, sufficient food is provided to last the winter (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*).

As a matter of fact, a far more important thing than food is bees, for without bees the food in the hive is use-

less, and the more bees there are, strange though it may seem, the less food, proportionately, is required. Food is used in the winter only for the purpose of raising heat, and the more bees there are in the hive the easier it is to maintain the requisite temperature. To make sure that there will be plenty of bees through the winter is, therefore, the first consideration, and there must be no delay, after the end of January, in taking the needful steps.

Often the more successful a hive has been during the flow the weaker it gets during the winter, because its brood combs having been filled with honey, the queen has stopped laying, and there are no bees raised in autumn. It is such bees on which the hive depends for safe wintering, for the earlier-hatched bees are half worn out by their labors, and very few will live through the winter, whereas young ones have nothing to do, and retain their vitality easily.

As soon as supers are taken off, the brood chamber must be examined, and if the combs are clogged with honey the two in the centre may be taken out, extracted, and returned empty, when they will be cleaned up and utilised by the queen.

A better plan still is to make a practice of removing the outer combs, which may be stored intact for emergency feeding, and to put in the centre of the chamber two new frames of foundation. If this plan is followed the combs are automatically renewed and the best are always in the centre. If there is plenty of honey about, it may be unnecessary to feed the bees, but in dry seasons like the present it is wiser to put a slow feeding bottle on the hive while the comb is being drawn out and the brood raised.

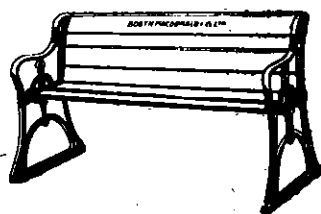
With a good batch of five or six thousand young bees and a fair food supply, the bee-keeper can face the winter with confidence.



MILK PRODUCTION AND SIZE OF COWS.

The records of cows entered in a recent competition that were sorted according to live weight and breed, says an English paper, show that while large cows do consume more feed than small cows, the amount of feed consumed per pound of live weight of the same animals is greater in the case of the small cows than with the large ones. Although the larger cows consumed less food in proportion to size than the smaller ones, they produced milk, total solids and butter-fat with greater economy of feed. While the economy of production does not increase uniformly with greater size of cows, there is significant increase in economy when all the classes of cows within each breed are considered. In milk production, those cows in the heaviest class of Friesians returned 29.2lb more milk for each 100 feed units than did the cows in the lightest class. Similarly, the heaviest cows of the Jersey breed were also much more efficient, returning 21lb more milk per 100 feed units than the lightest class of the cows of that breed. In production of total solids a like relation holds true, there being a difference in economy of production in favor of the heaviest cows over the smallest to the extent of 3.43lb for the Friesians, 2.83lb and 3.02lb for the Jerseys. In butter-fat production there was, of course, a much smaller numerical difference, but a relationship similar to that of the two instances just mentioned. The largest Friesian cows produced 1.04lb more butter-fat than the smallest cows of their respective breed, while the largest Jerseys produced 1.06lb more.

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TO THE INFANT JESUS.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Upon Thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of Earth and Sea and Sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Thine angels watch around,
All bended low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of Kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands
Which now so fair I see,
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me!

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.

—EDWARD C. CASWELL.



THE DIVINE CHILD.

The Divine Child, He Who is the splendor of heaven, lay in a crib. A little straw formed a bed for Him to Whom the earth and all it contains belong. And she who is Queen of Heaven and Earth is near that crib. There she watches and is attentive to all the wants of her Divine Son. With what respectful care she touches Him to be her Lord and her God! With what joy and confidence she embraces Him and presses Him to her bosom! She was the most humble of creatures, she was also the most prudent and watchful. She was never wanting in the most tender care for Him, and during His whole life upon earth she never failed in the least in the fulfilment of any duty toward Him.—St. Bonaventure.



THE CHRIST CHILD.

Over nineteen hundred years ago, in a cave in the heart of the hills of Bethlehem, Mary, the mother of God, "brought forth her first-born and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger."

The Word was made flesh and came to dwell amongst us. The heavens shone with glory and resounded with the song of angel choirs. A few shepherds, to whom the Angel of the Lord had announced tidings of great joy, knelt in reverence to the Saviour of mankind. Heaven and earth were united in the angelic message of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

To the Infant Christ, in the humility of the manger, the shepherds gave full possession of their hearts, for they were the children of God. The little Child of Bethlehem had come to His own and His own gladly received Him. There was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem, but there was welcome, peace, and adoration in the hearts of those who had been awaiting the fulfilment of the Words of the Prophet.

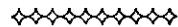
Pity, indeed, it were, if that welcome, peace and adoration were but for a day, and that Bethlehem should grow

cold to the hearts of men. But the coming of the Christ Child was not to be in vain. The Infant in swaddling clothes was to warm for all time the hearts of those who would but follow Him.

Down through the course of the centuries the host of shepherds multiplied and each recurring Christmas found at the crib of Bethlehem the increasing homage of a joyful world. The love of Christ was to endure forever, for the gates of hell could not prevail against it. Man could not but surrender his heart to Him who was to bring redemption.

May the present Christmas bring to humanity a lasting recognition of the only hope of salvation and a complete conversion to "The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

On Christmas the Christ Child is leading: it is the day of incarnate love, the day that has made us brothers in Christ, the day which fills our hearts with the peace of heaven. That peace, and that peace alone, has left the impress of true happiness on the World throughout the long, long years. It will never fail to warm the hearts of the children of light and be to them an inspiration and a benediction.—William Cardinal O'Connell.

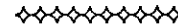


THE SLEEPING CHRIST.

O swing and sweep of circling angel wings,
O roseate sea of Heaven's transcendent grace!
Dear Bethlehem the Blest, white-wreathed place
Of this sad world's divinest visionings!
We seem to see the holy Light that flings
Celestial splendor on the narrow space
Where a glad Mother first beholds the Face
Of her rare Glory-Babe, our King of Kings.

And, as we gaze, a mighty wave of love
Still sweeps us on to unimagined deeps.
The Calvary-love has won us. From above
Garlanded cherubs smile! And still He sleeps,
The Virgin-Born, as pure as buds that spring
From ruddy stems in rose-white blossoming.

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.



THE INCARNATION.

On this day Our Saviour is born; let us rejoice, for there should be no sadness where life appears. This life removes all fear and gives us the joy of a promised eternity. This day should be a day of joy to all, because Our Lord, the destroyer of sin and death, has come to deliver us. Let saints rejoice because grace and perseverance are secured to them; let sinners rejoice because pardon has been purchased for them; let the Gentiles be filled with confidence, for they are called to eternal life. The Son of God—in the fulness of time, which He Himself in the inscrutable designs of His infinite wisdom had determined—took human nature to reconcile man with his Creator, in order that the demon, the author of death, might be vanquished by that which he had caused.—St. Basil.



CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The manner in which Christmas was celebrated by the people of the Middle Ages is a topic calculated to challenge much interest in these days when so much enthusiasm is shown for things medieval. There is something about the Christmas season which easily conjures up curiosity as to how the Catholic people of those picturesque days observed one of the greatest festivals of the Christian year.

The prevalence of the one faith in those days naturally gave to Christmas a flavor which is lacking to-day among the people as a whole. The great prominence of the Church in the life of the people is especially revealed in records of feast day observances of the time. It was a time of great pageantry, of great art, and of remarkable Catholic life, and it is easy to see how the facilities of the time afforded scope for striking celebrations of the great days of the Church.

The way in which Christmas was celebrated in a medieval English parish is indicated in Cardinal Gasquet's *Parish Life in Medieval England*. Christmas was observed with the customary three Masses, at midnight, preceded by Matins; in the early morning, and at the usual time of nine or ten o'clock.

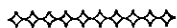
Plays and sacred dramatic pieces were a prominent feature of the season. In many places, at Christmas time, a religious play appropriate to the season was given, and

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it impressed on the minds of spectators leading incidents in the history of Our Lord's birth.

The coming of the Kings at the Epiphany was a subject which lent itself to picturesque illustration. At Great Yarmouth, year after year, the people kept the "Feast of the Star." Entries were to be found in accounts of the time, such as "for making a new star," "for leading the star," "for a new balk-line to the star and rying the same."



CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

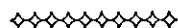
The shadows on Juda's hills are falling
And soft night winds around are calling,
While tired shepherds sleep.
A dim far light across the wold;
A shepherd stirs. "The night is cold."
Darker the shadows creep.

Soft strains of song, like the softer snow,
Drift out from Bethlehem, and lo!
The tread of angels' feet.
The shadows lift, and through the night
A rush of song and a gleaming light,
A wondrous mystery near.

Now loud the alleluias ring
On the midnight air, and angels sing:
"Oh, hear, ye shepherds, hear;
In a manger-crib across the way
The Christ the Lord is born to-day,
The tidings glad we bear."

The light is paling, the echo dies,
But the shepherds are come where Jesus lies,
And the gentle, bleating sheep.
The morn on Juda's hills is red
And o'er the world the light is sped
Where the shadows once were deep.

—RAYMOND P. SULLIVAN, S.J., in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.



LESSONS OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is a season of joy and recollection. It presents to us the glorious spectacle of the Son of Man coming in poverty and meekness to illumine our way and make easy our eternal salvation. It brings before us a most beautiful mental picture. Joy is blended with sorrow, power with weakness, riches with poverty. In the Christ Child was embodied the helplessness of infancy, yet the splendor of the Godhead and the glory and majesty of the Second Person of the Most Adorable Trinity shone about Him.

The comforts of the poorest cottage were esteemed too good for Him. He must be born in a cave. Only Mary, His mother, and Joseph, with the shepherds from the neighboring hillsides, witnessed this event which ushered in a new era for humanity and brought about a reign of love.

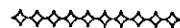
Never was it so clearly manifested that God's ways are not man's ways as in the lowly birth of our Redeemer. The world had looked for the coming of Christ amid earthly splendor and magnificence. It had regarded Him as a King and had prepared to greet Him amid regal surroundings. Alas, how disillusioned were the minds of men when He came amid conditions considered degrading to the great dignity of king! But herein the world had erred. God's ways are not man's ways, and "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us" in true humility of spirit and fled those who would take Him and make Him an earthly king.

What a profundity of lessons there are for us in the birth of Christ! Meekness, humility, and obscurity were dear to the Son of God. He would teach us that a life modelled after His is a sure passport to the kingdom of heaven. He would tell us by His nativity and the sad conditions that surrounded it that life is a success even though we do not win the acclaim of men. We may go through life obscure, unknown, and depart unwept, but if we have learned true humility, if we have imbibed of His spirit of love and charity, our lives are a success in spite of what the world may say or think.

How contradictory temporal and eternal standards! The race for the fading crown begins with the opening

years of maturity and usually closes with death. The world estimates a man's worth according to the riches he has amassed, the honors he has won, the applause he has received. Yet all this is illusory. As the poet says: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Bethlehem gives a true estimate of the things of time in the light of eternity. It preaches the vanity of life and the grandeur of the soul's destiny. It teaches us that we must lose our lives to save our souls. It leads us through the narrow road of Christian perfection to the Feet of God. As Father Faber very beautifully said: "The Babe on Mary's lap has lifted us up above ourselves, and has borne us swiftly and softly as a dove's flight, and has laid us and left us in our old home, now a secure, everlasting home, the Feet of our Eternal Father."



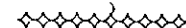
"GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

"Going home for Christmas!" Oh, the magic and the mirth
Thrilling through four throbbing words—four words so wonder-worth!
How the happy pulses leap, and how the eyes shine bright!
How the springing feet keep step to song from morn till night!
How the bores and bothers bore and bother us no more—
Nothing is worth noticing, with such a joy before!
Makes us keen to do our bit to help the sad old earth;
"Going home for Christmas!" Oh, the magic and the mirth!

"Going home for Christmas!" My, how pleasant strangers are!
Not a one but has a smile for every jolt and jar!
"Not at all! My fault!" they say, all smiling back at you;
Wonder, now, if they're all going home for Christmas, too!
Sort of like to ask 'em, but there's never time to stop,
With everybody shopping just as hard as they can shop!
Best of jokes are jabs and pokes from bundles in a car!
"Going home for Christmas!" My, how pleasant strangers are.

"Going home for Christmas!" What a dream for day and night!
Was there ever dream more dear and beautiful and bright?
Nearer comes the time, and now we dream it more and more;
Yet—we never did our daily work so well before!
Can't get tired, somehow, now, and crossness doesn't fit
With the dream that's singing, singing—not a bit!
All the tasks are easy ones, and all the burdens light.
"Going home for Christmas!" What a dream for day and night!

"Going home for Christmas!" It's so good it must be true!
Isn't it about time that the jolly postman's due?
Every day or so they write to say we "musn't fail!"
Just as if we wouldn't walk, in lack of rail or sail!



THE NATIVITY.

The Nativity has found its best treatment in painting. The early painters dealt only with the fundamental theme—the Virgin, in humility and adoration and without the holy joy that the Christ Child had been born into the world, largely introduced by later artists; St. Joseph, gravely, wonderingly silent, the shepherds and the hymning angels.

The chronology of the several events generally grouped under the subject of the Nativity has, of course, scant observance, as a rule, at the hand of the artists. The adoration of the Magi and the Annunciation to the shepherds are depicted on the same canvas. For instance an altar piece now in the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York, makes use of the simultaneous scene in its arrangement. The shepherds are hearing the message of angels, and the kings come—not, however, as commonly shown, with gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, but unattended.