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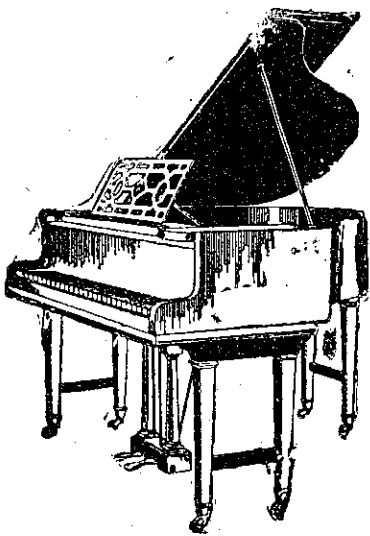
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 8, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 9, Monday.—SS. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 10, Tuesday.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
 „ 11, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 12, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 13, Friday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.
 „ 14, Saturday.—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Denis, the first Bishop of Paris, and one of the most illustrious writers of the early Church, is believed to have been identical with Denis the Areopagite, converted by St. Paul. He was martyred, with several companions, on the hill of Montmartre, in Paris, about the year 119.

St. Edward the Confessor.

St. Edward after spending his youth in exile, was crowned King of England in 1042. Though by his piety and simplicity he seemed better suited for a cloister than a court, yet the kingdom of England was never more blessed than during his reign. He had no other desire than to see his people happy, and they, for their part, loved him as a just and generous ruler, while they revered him as a saint. St. Edward died in 1066.

St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

The Pontificate of St. Callistus, which began in 217, terminated in 222 by the martyrdom of this holy Pontiff. A detailed account of his sufferings has not come down to us, but it is probable that he lost his life in a popular uprising during the reign of Alexander Severus.

Grains of Gold

MY ANGEL GUARDIAN.

I turn to thee!

Thou beautiful companion of my soul,
 Angelic friend whom God has given me
 My proud and wayward spirit to control;
 Take this poor, weary, suffering heart of mine,
 And soothe its woes, and fold it close to thine.

I turn to thee!

Oh! take me to thy heart and calm my fears,
 As though I were a weary, suffering child;
 And bid them cease to flow, these burning tears,
 And still life's tempest, raging fierce and wild,
 For peace can only dawn when thou hast smiled.

I turn to thee!

Angel of God, with crown of living light,
 Pray thou for me, blessed spirit, whilst I pray
 And wrestle with this agony of night
 Roll back the stone that seals my living tomb,
 And call me forth in triumph from its gloom!

MORALITY DEFINED.

No word is bandied about by modern philosophers with so little comprehension of its true meaning as the word "morality." Father Hull gives this definition, which may clear up doubts in many minds on this fundamental matter:—"Morality consists in doing what is right as a duty: that is, because I ought. A duty means something due to somebody, and that somebody is God. God, being our Maker and Master, has a right to command, and it is, therefore, our duty to obey. From God we receive all that we are, and all that we can do; and, therefore, we owe it to Him to be what He wills us to be, and to do what He wills us to do. And this is Morality."

REFLECTIONS.

We must only love ourselves as for God, instead of which we are always trying, if we are not careful, to love God for ourselves.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success, and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the programme the Creator has given you.

The Storyteller

Alice Riordan

(By MRS. J. SADLER.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

After dinner, Alice went to see her father. He seemed to be afraid lest his daughter might give way to the temptation which was to beset her on all sides; and though the priest had explained the matter to him in a way that induced him to give his consent, yet still he trembled for his child's spiritual welfare. "May the Lord keep you from all harm, Alice dear, an' give you the grace to do what is right. Only for what his reverence told me, I wouldn't let you go into such a house for a mint of money."

"Why, what did he tell you, father?" asked Alice, with some curiosity.

"Oh, no matter," returned Cormac, evasively; "I'll tell you some other time. You know you have to hurry now. Mind, you're to come to see me twice a week—an', Alice, above all things, I lay it on you to say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin every night, when you're at your prayers. You'll do that, now, won't you?"

"Indeed, then, I will, father dear; even if you didn't bid me, I'd do it; for we always used to say it at home, you know—and' I couldn't go to sleep in comfort without sayin' it. But, father, did my uncle ever come to see you at all?"

"Oh, indeed he did, Alice; sure, wasn't it a great forget of me not to tell you. He did, indeed, come to see me, about a week ago, an' very friendly an' kind he was, too. He had a long talk with Sister O'Malley here in the parlor, an' she said, after he was gone, that she had great hopes of him yet, for all he seems to be so taken up with the world. They're all well at his house; but Thompson's gone away to the States. I think it's time for you to go now, Alice; an' God knows I have neither heart nor eye in the money you're goin' to earn; I'd rather far have you at Mrs. Dempsey's; only, to be sure, Father Smith knows best; so go, in God's name, an' my blessin' go with you." He could not say another word, and Alice only squeezed his hand in silence, and went away, turning back when she got to the door, to tell him that she would come again on the following Sunday.

A little before five o'clock, Mrs. Finlay's carriage drove up, and Alice, who has been some time in readiness, got up in the back seat. Her little bundle was handed to her by Susan; everybody, even Ellen, came to the door with kind wishes and farewells. Mrs. Dempsey and Susan were seen to wipe their eyes more than once, and the worthy dressmaker murmured a fervent "God's blessing be with you, child!" and the carriage rolled away.

Alice was at first inclined to cry, but very soon the novelty of being in such a fine carriage turned her thoughts another way, and she began to say to herself: "My goodness! if my Uncle Dinny, an' old Catty, an' them all could only see me now! I'm sure it's themselves would be overjoyed. Well, to be sure, but it is nice."

When Mrs. Finlay got home she rang for the housemaid, who was the only Catholic servant in the house. "Bridget, here's another little Irish girl, and one of your own creed, too. I hope you'll be very good friends."

"Oh, never fear, ma'am," said Bridget; "the little girl looks well, an' I think we'll do first-rate together. What is she going to do, ma'am?"

"To help you, when you require it, and to sew for me when she has nothing else to do. Has Miss Finlay got home yet?"

"No, ma'am. Master Archy came in a little while ago, but he took his pony and went off to meet his papa."

"Very well, Bridget. Take Alice with you, and show her where to put her things. She is to share your room."

When Mr. Finlay and his son came home, Mrs. Finlay told her husband that she had got the little girl. "But I had to go to the Seminary myself," said she, "to beg her of Father Smith."

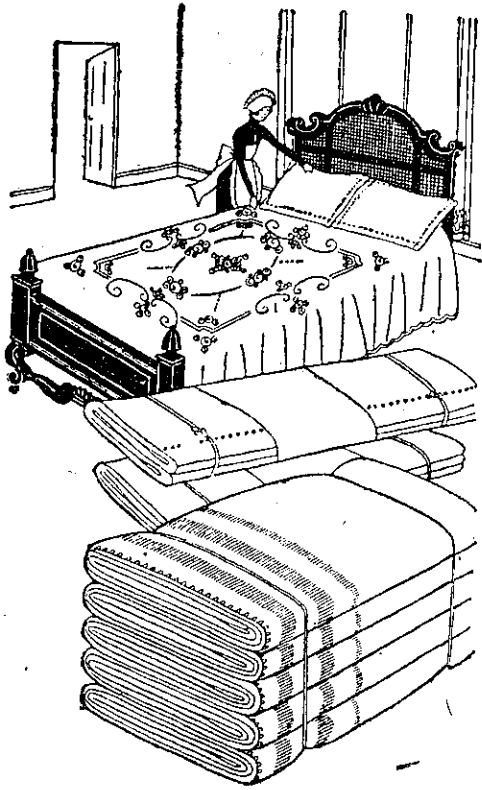
"I must say, Harriet," said her husband, "that you degraded yourself exceedingly by taking such a step. It is no wonder that those Romish priests are so overbearing

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and so presuming when even you, you, Mrs. Finlay, condescend to pay court to them. Know you not that, by going after that man to ask his consent, you tacitly acknowledged his authority, and thereby acted in total contradiction to our principles?"

"But, mamma," cried Archy, "were you indeed in the Seminary? I'm sure it's a queer sort of place—very dark and gloomy, but very grand, I suppose?"

"Why do you think it must be so grand, Archy?" demanded his mother, with a gay laugh.

"Oh, because, because papa and Mrs. Harley and everyone says that the priests are so rich;—you know, mamma, they have more money than anyone could count;—I daresay they have it in great iron chests. Did you see any there?"

"Well, I cannot say I did, Archy," said Mrs. Finlay, and she laughed heartily at the incongruous idea. "I must take you some day to see the Seminary, in order to show you that it is neither very dark nor very gloomy, nor yet very grand; nor is there a chest of any kind to be seen, either wood or iron. People who talk in that way about the Seminary, and about the priests, know very little of either one or the other, and will not take the trouble to see for themselves. I had heard those absurd stories so often, that I willingly laid hold of the opportunity to examine for myself. I tell you, Archy, there is not a particle of grandeur, or of luxury, visible in what I saw: all is clean and neat, but poor and simple;—and as for the priests, Mr. Finlay," she added, turning to him, "it is in them I really see Christian meekness and Christian humility exemplified. With many these are but empty sounds, never reduced to practice; but it is not so with the Catholic clergy. I have never seen one of them yet who deserved to be set down as "overbearing" or "presuming." If you would only give very little attention to their words and actions, their real words and actions, mind you, not what is attributed to them on our platforms, then your opinion would soon change."

"Really, Harriet," said Mr. Finlay, drawing himself up, and knitting his dark brows together, "really, you go somewhat too far with your silly advocacy of Popery when you recommend me to hold intercourse with these people. No, Mrs. Finlay, it is not in accordance with my principles, and you know it is not, to associate with Jesuitical persons. I hold themselves and their principles in utter contempt, and so, I think, should all who profess to love and respect the Bible—the Bible, against which these unhappy Romanists are openly arrayed. Oh, Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. Finlay! I grieve for your delusion. Would that your darkened understanding might be opened to the light of evangelical truth!"

"Thank you, Charles, thank you very much," replied his wife, resolutely repressing the smile which played about the corners of her mouth. "I do sincerely trust that God will reveal to me the light of truth;—but for the present, I think, we had better go to dinner."

It was then half-past five; but as Montreal is rapidly progressing in refinement and civilisation, of course its *elite* all dine at aristocratic hours; no family having any pretensions to elegance or fashion would think of dining at the old-fashioned hours of bygone days; so the dinner, which in old times was the mid-day meal, is now transferred to the evening, that is, in all houses where good style is affected.

"So passed the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell."

Ay, and long past it, too, for the hall-clock had struck ten when "the little world below" were all summoned to the upper regions; and, as the servants moved upstairs one after another, Alice whispered to Bridget, "Why, where in the world are we all going?"

"Why, to worship, to be sure: to family worship."

"Family worship!" repeated Alice. "Is that the Rosary, or what is it?" But Bridget could not answer, for just then the dining-room door was opened by the cook, who led the van, and in they all marched, rank and file.

Mr. Finlay was seated at the table, in awful dignity, with a large folio Bible before him; Mrs. Finlay sat in a rocking-chair at a little distance; Archy was playing with his favorite dog—a shaggy animal of the Newfoundland breed

—and Cecilia sat at the table, right opposite to her father, looking as grave and serious as himself. The servants glided into their several places with mechanical regularity; and Mrs. Finlay, seeing that Alice looked somewhat puzzled, and stood alone in the middle of the room, made a sign to her to sit down. Mr. Finlay looked at her with keen scrutiny, but "never a word spoke he." Opening his Bible, he began to read in a deep, solemn voice, and of all the chapters in the Bible, what should he read but that one from the Apocalypse wherein is described the seven-horned beast. Alice listened, and listened, and wondered as she listened; for, though perfectly familiar with all the practical and didactic parts of the Scripture, from hearing the Gospels and Epistles read and expounded by the priests, she had never been initiated into the high and mystic revelations of the favored apostle. But she was not long left to ponder on the meaning of what she had heard; for, the chapter ended, Mr. Finlay began to explain it, according, as it would seem, to his usual custom. What was Alice's surprise when she heard him solve the enigma to the effect that the beast of whom St. John spoke was no other than the Church of Rome, his seven horns the seven hills on which the city of Rome is built, and so on. Then, again, he turned to the account of the scarlet woman, given by the same mystic writer, and her ladyship was also identified with the same Church—God help her! Then worthy Mr. Finlay closed his book and went on to descant upon the minute points of resemblance in each cast. Mrs. Finlay glanced at Alice, and was amused to see the blank astonishment with which she gazed on Mr. Finlay, drinking in his words, albeit that they were of "learned length and thundering sound."

After giving what he considered a triumphant exposition of the passages in question, proving beyond all doubt that St. John could have had nothing else in view when he painted those mysterious portraits, but the manifold abominations of the Romish Church, Mr. Finlay pushed back his chair, and knelt, facing his congregation, who, of course, followed his example. Alice pulled out her beads, and was beginning to say her own prayers internally, when Mr. Finlay happened to look towards her. Stopping in the middle of a moving petition, that all men might be freed from the galling trammels of superstition, he commanded the beads to be put away.

"Ah, then, why, if you please, sir?"

"Because, my good girl, we don't practise any such mummary here. Put away the beads and repeat the prayers after me."

"I can't, sir," said Alice, stoutly; "they're not our prayers, and I can't say them."

Mr. Finlay looked most unchristianly angry; but he bit his lip, and went on with his extemporaneous prayer, and Alice, very quietly, said her Rosary, blessing herself at every decade with as much devotion as though at home at her Uncle Dinny's fireside, and not a Protestant within a square mile of her. But the best of it was that Archy espied the beads, and having watched Alice for some time, he burst into a loud laugh, whereupon his father again stopped, to express his horror of such unchristian levity.

"I can't help it, papa," said Archy, still laughing, "when I see the little girl there—the newcomer—counting over her beads, and her lips moving all the time, and she looking so pious. If you want me to keep from laughing you must send her away, or else takè the beads from her."

"Fie, fie, Archy!" said his mother, reproachfully, while his father turned an awful look on Alice, and saying, "The boy is right; I ought not to have permitted so great a scandal," he ordered her sternly to put up her beads. Alice obeyed; but moving over into a corner and thrusting her fingers in her ears, so as to shut out what she did not choose to hear, she went on a little longer with her own prayers, Mr. Finlay pretending not to notice her. But quiet did not reign long, for when Archy looked again at Alice, the sight was fatal to his gravity, and his mirth was then contagious, for mistress and butler and coachman, cook and housemaid, all burst out laughing, and in the midst of the general uproar, Mr. Finlay took hold of Alice by the shoulder with one hand, and snatched her beads with the other. Himself he thrust out into the hall and banged the door after her, then flung the beads into the fire which burned in the grate.

"Our worship has been strangely interrupted," said he,

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motioning to the servants to kneel once more; "let us now resume it. Mrs. Finlay, I request that you will lay your commands on that girl, and instruct her to assist decorously at our family prayers."

Mrs. Finlay smiled assent, and the prayers, being resumed, went on and ended, without further interruption, though Danger, the favorite, was very near causing another outbreak by jumping on Archy's back, where he knelt against a chair, his young master slyly encouraging his advances—for he dearly loved mischief, even when it broke in on the solemnity of family worship.

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Balfour's first spring was at the combination on the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate at Luggacurran. The ground was well chosen. The Marquis was a landowner of not illiberal traditions, and was possessed of wealth equal to carrying on a prolonged campaign. The two tenants first aimed at were graziers paying rents of £750 and £1,000 respectively, and consequently little likely to appeal to public sympathy either in Ireland or in England. How move the pity of the country for the fate of the first picked out for eviction, Mr. Denis Kilbride, whose home and life were those of a country gentleman, and who, the charge went, was dishonestly trading on the poverty of his mud-cabin neighbors? The plea was a plausible but an utterly false one. On the merits of the individual case, if Mr. Kilbride's rent was the lordly one of £750, the official valuation which was generally accepted as the equivalent for a reasonable rent was only £450—not greatly more than half the rackrent for which, in a year of desperate depression, he was expelled from his home and despoiled of his means of livelihood. His real offence, of course, was that he threw in his fortunes with those of his poorest co-tenants and thus deprived the rackrenters of their traditional resource of using their few wealthy rent-payers to make an easy prey of their more necessitous neighbors. This unbreakable solidarity between the most favored and the most defenceless, was, indeed, the vitalising principle of the Plan of Campaign, and with its amazing later development of an entire estate in Tipperary submitting to wholesale eviction out of sympathy with their brother-tenants of an estate in the County of Cork whom their landlord had exterminated, constituted the first daring experiment in the invention of that collective sympathetic strike which has since made the newer Trade Unionism irresistible in Britain.

But this class solidarity of the poor and the comparatively affluent seemed at that time a very shocking departure from well-bred righteousness, as well as a capital opening for either breaking or discrediting the Plan of Campaign. Before the eviction army was set in motion negotiations for a friendly settlement, with our hearty concurrence, and, as I have reason to know, with the active sympathy of Earl Spencer, had all but reached the point of an agreement based upon an all-round abatement substantially the same as was compulsorily decreed all over the district under the Unionists' own Act of the next Session. It is no less certain that Lord Lansdowne's agent, Mr. J. Townsend Trench—a man whose ancient family associations with the worst villainies of the Rent Office were now mellowed by the experiences of later years of growing popular power—went to London with the determination to split, in the familiar phrase, the difference still existing. We shall probably never know what happened there, or how much importance is to be given to Mr. Townsend Trench's numerous hints that his own counsels of peace had been overborne by the Chief Secretary's assurances of the most uncompromising assistance in the enforcement of the law, and by his intimation that any pact with the Plan of Campaign, at the outset of his new policy in Ireland, would be nothing short of a betrayal. The Land Agent returned, at all events, to break off the negotiations and to let slip the dogs of war for an eviction campaign, beginning with Mr. Kilbride as the tallest of the poppies. The expectation, perhaps, was that at sight of the evicting army he would think better of sacrificing his mansion and his broad acres, and that the enemies of the Plan would open hostilities with a smashing initial

success. The calculation proved as fatuous as all the rest. I never beheld a spectacle of finer, although heart-breaking self-sacrifice by the strong for the sake of the weak than that which met my eyes when the tenant and the ladies of his family stood immovably by while the emergency men and their police coadjutors with ladders, hatchets, and crowbars were battering down their home, and gave up their last legal title to a property which was valued at £10,000 by the Estates Commissioners, when, after many a year of deadly struggle, the wrong was at long last repaired and the home fires once more relighted.

The blow was one to be sternly answered. The evicting landlord was the Governor-General of the free Dominion of Canada, one-third of whose population were of Irish blood. In the mingled pride and anguish of the eviction day, it was resolved that the evicted tenant and myself should carry the war into Canada, and at Lord Lansdowne's palace gates challenge him to trial before the free-born democracy under his rule for the wrong done in the distant Irish valley. This novel proof of the length of the arm of Ireland produced a startling effect in the English-speaking world on both sides of the ocean. Speechless was the indignation at the proposal to summon Canada to bring her own Governor-General to account at the cry of his pillaged and homeless Irish serfs; but those who were most scandalised at the thought of involving Canadian public opinion in the paltry quarrel of Ireland were mostly those who in after years hailed with transports of enthusiasm the not more altruistic intervention of the Armies of the young Dominion for the liberation of the interesting Tehecho-Slovaque and Yugo-Slav rebels of Austria, and even of that more abstruse and coffee-colored brother-man, the King of the Hedjaz. As in the case of so many other aids to the power of democracy in the world, Ireland was the first to set the example of calling in the virgin forces of Transatlantic public opinion for the defence of the oppressed in every clime. A much astuter way was taken by our professional defamers to whip up lions in our path. Our visit was cabled across as that of "Fenian assassins" for the purpose of instigating the murder of Lord Lansdowne, and before we were yet on the sea announcements that Lord Lansdowne was afraid to leave his palace and was guarded night and day by police and soldiers, lashed the Orange population of Ontario into a perfect blood-frenzy, and the whole Dominion began to ring with the demand that we should be summarily deported, if we landed.

(To be continued.)

An Irish Catholic Diocese in the United States

After Cologne the most populous diocese in the Catholic Church is the archdiocese of New York, which has not inaptly been called by a writer "an Irish Catholic diocese." It well may bear the name with its 1145 priests (731 seculars and 414 regulars) and its Catholic population of 1,473,291, all of whom, with the exception of Germans and Italians, belong to the O's and the Mac's. Here one sees largely represented "the greater Ireland beyond the seas," for with Chicago and San Francisco, New York has been the cradle of every movement organised for the people "at home" these 50 years. With no small degree of interest does an Irish visitor find that in this small world night schools are running for the teaching of the Gaelic language, and a quarterly magazine in the same language is in circulation. From New York, as soon as things settle down in Ireland, many persons of Irish blood will go to reside permanently in "the old country." Their help in establishing commercial relations between the United States and Ireland will be invaluable; especially since the United Irish Steamship Lines have joined heartily in the industrial revival among the Irish people. Like all successful dioceses, New York is one of intensive organisation. The sight on Sunday, July 9, of 2300 Post Office officials being enrolled in the New York Post Office Holy Name Society was a rather inspiring one, almost as inspiring as that of 3000 members of the Metropolitan Police Force receiving Holy Communion *en masse* on the previous Sunday.

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A Dual Jubilee Celebration

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It is well known to those conversant with the history of the Church in Otago that the pioneer Marist Missionary Fathers, and even Bishop Pompallier himself, extended their ministrations this far long before the era of European settlement proper. The Bishop tells us in his diary that he, accompanied by Fathers Comte and Pesant, S.M., in the Missionary schooner *Santa Maria*, visited the haps of the Natives and the whaling stations within and in the vicinity of Port Chalmers as early as 1840. Records which have been preserved show that in 1845 Father Seon, S.M., followed in the footsteps of Bishop Pompallier, and two or three years later Fathers Petitjean, S.M., and Seon again traversed these parts, and evidently renewed their visits periodically through the 'Fifties of the last century. It is generally assumed that these intrepid shepherds of the widely scattered flock performed all their journeyings on foot, carrying their requisites for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice when a suitable opportunity occurred, and also their personal requirements; and thus they travelled the entire length of the island from Cook Strait to Foveaux Strait.

The first celebration of Holy Mass in Dunedin in the early stages of its settlement was offered in the home of Mr. Poppelwell, a small wooden house at the North-East Valley.

At the beginning of the 'Sixties Father Moreau, S.M., arrived, and with the increase in population consequent on the rush to the newly-discovered goldfields, was appointed parish priest of Dunedin, a position he occupied with wonderful zeal and far-reaching results until after the arrival of Bishop Moran. Father Moreau was assisted at various intervals by Fathers Belliard, Ecuyer, and Martin, S.M.

St. Joseph's Church (now the Cathedral Girls' Parish School) was opened by Father Moreau, assisted by Father Martin, on July 23, 1862, and from that important event St. Joseph's Choir entered upon its successful career in the musical world which won for it the high reputation it enjoyed right down the long span of years, and, in its honored prime, it now celebrates its

Diamond Jubilee as a Church Choir

As a musical combination the choir gave ample evidence of its rare artistic merit even in the early days.

Mrs. J. J. Connor, for many years a resident of North-East Valley, has supplied the present writer with the following brief but interesting recollections of the choir's early days:—

The members of the original choir of St. Joseph's numbered about eight, who sang to the accompaniment of a small harmonium. The choir rendered Mozart's Twelfth Mass for the Christmas of 59 years ago. The organ now in use at the Cathedral was bought by Father Moreau. Mrs. Connor alone survives among those who formed the original choir; Mr. Connor joined eighteen months after its formation. In her reminiscences of the early days, Mrs. Connor relates that to attend church they often took a short cut across country from what is now High Street, scrambling down the face of the hill where cows were depasturing, and where the Bishop's Palace and Christian Brothers' residence now stand. Coming to the foot of the hill a stream was crossed on loose and often slippery planks.

It is understood that Mrs. Woods (who later removed to Lawrence) aided the infant choir in the capacity of organist.

Golden Jubilee of the Cathedral Choir

"On Sunday, February 19, 1871, Bishop Moran entered upon his episcopal duties at St. Joseph's Church," so stated an old-time chronicler. Thus old St. Joseph's became the pro-Cathedral, and, as a consequence, the choir assumed the status of a Cathedral Choir. Hence as such, on its annual meeting held the other week, the choir attained its 50th year—its Golden Jubilee. Besides Fathers Coleman (who accompanied Bishop Moran to Dunedin) the

priests we find mentioned as being attached to St. Joseph's in 1873 were Revs. J. Lenihan, T. Crowley, and J. O'Connor. In July of that year Father O'Connor was appointed to the newly-established mission of Cromwell, and Father Lenihan to the newly-erected mission of Milton. All these names will be familiar to those who composed the choir at that time. Apart from the reminiscences mentioned above, there is practically nothing on record relating to the original choir's achievements. We may, however, infer from the recital of "recollections" by the old people still happily with us, that the choir of their day was unrivalled among similar musical bodies, and the class of music rendered was of a distinctly high (not to say ambitious) order. It will be of interest to many of the present time to know of the class of music rendered by the choir of 50 years ago, which may be taken as a fair indication of the standard reached in the preceding years. From its earliest days, St. Joseph's has been fortunate in possessing a fine choir, and very many of the most notable artists who have toured this Dominion have deemed it a privilege to be allowed to assist at its musical renderings. This choir held the reputation of being amongst the best in Australasia, and, apart from the always available services of the most eminent professionals, those of the best local talent were always available. As far back as January, 1872, the full strength of Signor Cagli's Italian Opera Company, including its orchestra (then on tour) gave a magnificent rendering of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle." Father Coleman, who was celebrant on the occasion, was so impressed with the excellence of the singing that he gave a special discourse on Church music, showing what the Church had done for music through succeeding generations.

The *N.Z. Tablet* of August 30, 1873, stated:—"We understand that the members of St. Joseph's Choir intend to give a grand concert in about three weeks' time. Judging from the success of their former concerts, we have no doubt this will be no exception to the rule. Selections from Mozart's First Mass in C will constitute the first part of the programme, and the second part, as usual, will be a miscellaneous selection."

A report of a concert given by the choir on Friday, May 24, 1874, said:—"The programme was a well-selected and a most varied one, embracing ballads, glees, and recitations. Mr. Sykes (organist of St. Joseph's) presided at the piano, and was ably assisted by Mr. O'Connell on the violin, who kindly volunteered his services for the occasion. Those who contributed items were Miss Hesford (upon whom the principal burden of the evening fell), Messrs. Ennis, Lennon, Loughnan, and Bunny."

Another concert was given in September of that year in aid of the school funds, after which the following appeared in the *Tablet*:—"The choir of St. Joseph's Church have kindly acceded to the request made to repeat the programme submitted at their late concert in the Masonic Hall. The object towards which they have now come forward is to aid in the erection of a church in Port Chalmers. The steamer *Golden Age* has been chartered for the conveyance of patrons from Dunedin; and with that attraction, and the additional one of the services of a brass band, which will accompany the steamer on her double trip, we have no fear but the entertainment will secure such an amount of patronage as will be a material aid to the most necessary work which it is desired to assist. According to announcement the steamer is to leave the Old Jetty on her downward trip at 6.30 p.m., accompanied by the Provincial Brass Band. . . . The entertainment is under the patronage of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, who has signified his intention of presiding." Owing to unfavorable weather the Moonlight Excursion had to be postponed from week to week, and it was eventually held on Monday, October 26. "As had been announced" (so the report of the event read) "his Lordship the Bishop had graciously signified his intention of being present, together with Fathers Moore and Crowley; and a hope was generally entertained that the Calypso, on board which were the Rev. Fathers Walsh and O'Leary, would arrive in time to admit of their being also present on the occasion. Happily this wish has been realised, for the welcome intelligence reached town on Sunday evening that the vessel had been sighted from the Heads; and on Monday morning his Lordship, accompanied by Father Moore, repaired to

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the Port for the purpose of meeting and welcoming the reverend gentlemen. Business compelling his Lordship to return to town, the Rev. Father Moore remained in Port Chalmers to entertain the reverend gentlemen until evening, when the Bishop and Father Crowley arrived in a carriage and pair, which conveyed the party back to town at the close of the proceedings."

The steamer trip, it would appear, was not without incident. "Long before the appointed hour for sailing" (we are told) "streams of people were seen wending their way to the wharf, the little craft being eventually crowded from stem to stern, a number of late-comers being left on the jetty sorely disappointed. At each landing stage between town and the Port, stoppages were made, and at each place a considerable number were added to those already on board. When the lights of the town became visible, rockets were fired to apprise the town people of the approach of the steamer, and precisely one hour from the time of starting, the *Golden Age* touched the Old Pier. When the excursionists arrived at the Assembly Rooms, the building was already fully occupied by the local townspeople. The persons who were present at the former concert will find little difficulty in realising the success of Monday evening's, when we mention the names of Mrs. Connor and Miss Hesford, Messrs. Loughnan, Connor, Carroll, Griffin, Cornish, and Lennon as amongst those on the programme. We cannot refrain, however, from making special mention of the feeling manner in which Mrs. Connor rendered the pathetic song 'Constance,' and 'The Dear Little Shamrock' by Miss Hesford; as also the comic aria from Mozart's 'Le Nozze de Figaro' by Mr. Loughnan; but decidedly the gem of the evening was the duet 'The Wind and the Harp' between Mr. and Mrs. Connor. When we state that Mr. Sykes presided at the piano, our readers may rest assured that the entertainment was one of no ordinary character."

Another report published on December 20, 1873, said: "The musical service at St. Joseph's Church on Sunday last was most impressive. The singers were the Misses Rosina and Fannie Carandini, and Messrs. Gordon and Sherwin, assisted by a gentleman amateur, and the full choir of the Church, Mr. Sykes presiding at the organ. The 'Kyrie' was from Haydn's 3rd Mass; the 'Credo,' 'Sanctus,' and 'Benedictus' from Mozart's 12th Mass; and the remainder of the music was from Weber's Mass in G. The 'Quando Corpus' from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' was sung as an unaccompanied quartette during the service. At the conclusion of the Mass the 'Hallelujah Chorus' was magnificently given. The sermon was preached by his Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin, and was heard with much attention, especially by many not members of the congregation, who had attended to listen to the grand music." (The above-named vocalists were members of an Operatic Concert Company then performing in Dunedin.)

The following was also noted in 1873:—"At the High Mass on Christmas Day, the musical portion consisted of the 'Kyrie,' 'Gloria,' and 'Credo' from Haydn's 1st Mass; the 'Sanctus' and 'Benedictus' from Gounod's; and the 'Agnus Dei' from Mozart's 1st Mass. The 'Adeste Fidelis' was sung during the Mass, and the 'Hallelujah Chorus' at the conclusion."

In their day were heard at St. Joseph's, Miss Julia Matthews, Madame Ima de Murska, the phenomenal Hungarian prima donna—the Tetrizzini of her day—and later (at the Cathedral) Mr. Charles Santley and Signor Foli, and within recent years Madame Antonia Dolores, Mr. Paul Dufault, and other professional artists, including individual members of practically every Opera Company that has visited Dunedin—Simonsen's, Montague-Turner, Musgrove's, and also many of the J. C. Williamson's Companies, Mr. Charles Sykes was organist for the first choir, which had Mr. Leary as conductor. Other organists included Mr. Charles Waud (the noted 'cellist), Mr. Towsey, Herr Benno Scherek, who was assisted by Madame Scherek in the work of the choir, and Miss Horan.

Referring to the first organist of St. Joseph's Cathedral, the *Sydney Bulletin* for June 15, says:—"Charles Sykes has been celebrating his Diamond Jubilee as an Australasian organist. Born at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, in 1843, he took over the organ at the neighboring Church at the mature age of 11, and when he landed in Dunedin in 1862 he was already a performer of some repute.

After 16 years' of Maoriland he came to Melbourne and started to make music at St. Francis's Church, Lonsdale Street. Followed a period of 13 years at St. Patrick's Cathedral, during which he added further cubits to his musical stature, and then he went to St. George's, Carlton, where he is still accompanying at Masses with his old-time skill. In 1880, he was one of the selected organists at Melbourne's exhibition, and for a while he officiated at the Town Hall."

Some years after St. Joseph's Cathedral was opened, Mr. A. Vallis (as organist) took charge of the choir, with Mr. W. T. Ward, and later Signor Squarise as conductor. Mr. Ward, who is the head of a brilliant musical family, has for many years been associated with Catholic choirs, doing excellent work latterly for St. Mary's Choir, Christchurch North. Mr. R. A. Loughnan was also mentioned as acting in the capacity of conductor in the rendering of the music for Christmas, 1874, when selections from Haydn's and Mozart's No. 1 Masses were produced. Eventually Signor Squarise resigned and was succeeded by Mr. O. Feil (now conducting one of the Catholic choirs of Melbourne). After the lapse of many years Signor Squarise again took up the conductorship. Mr. Vallis and Signor Squarise held their respective positions until last year, when Signor Squarise found it necessary to retire; Mr. Vallis then assumed the conductor's baton, and Mr. Fred Stokes entered upon the duties of organist, with results well in keeping with the best traditions of the choir.

In the report of the solemn opening and dedication of St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday, February 14, 1886, by His Eminence Cardinal Moran, assisted by a number of Australian and New Zealand prelates, the following appeared regarding the musical arrangements:—"The music given both in the morning and in the evening was under the conductorship of Herr Scherek, who, for some time previous had been very diligent in training the choir. This consisted of a chorus of 65 voices, and an orchestra of 16, including a harpist. Solo singers being Miss Fosbery, soprano; Mrs. Rose, alto; Dr. Lindo Ferguson and Mr. Izard—who kindly came from Christchurch to assist—tenors; and Messrs. Manning and Matthews, basses. Madame Scherek acted as organist. At the rehearsal preceding the functions, Rev. Father Lynch presented Herr Scherek with a conductor's baton to be used on the great occasion, beautifully carved by Mr. Godfrey in honeysuckle wood, and chastely mounted with New Zealand gold by Mr. Young. The inscription on the middle band was on one side 'Herr Benno Scherek,' and on the other 'A souvenir of the opening of St. Joseph's Cathedral, February 14, 1886,' and that on the band surrounding the end the words of the 'Lauda Sion' descriptive of the qualities of sacred music, 'Sit laus plena, sit sonora, sit jucunda, sit decora.' A handsome case to contain this baton was of polished red pine and ribbon wood made by Mr. Pilkington. The music was quite equal to the degree of attention that had been bestowed upon it. In the morning, as the procession entered the Cathedral, the 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus' was sung, and then followed Gounod's Messe Solennelle—a composition solemn as its name imports, devotional, and most appropriate to the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. The solos were given with excellent effect, and the harmonies, instrumentation, and organ accompaniments were perfect. The orchestral performance of a Largo of Handel's at the Offertory was also extremely delightful, and the Gregorian Chant of the 'Te Deum' in alternate verses, by the priests in the sanctuary, was very fine. 'The War March of the Priests' from 'Athalie' was the outgoing voluntary—splendidly played. In the evening, besides the 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus' and 'Te Deum' (sung as in the morning) the hymn 'Iste Confessor' and Mendelssohn's 'Lauda Sion' were sung (the latter stated to have been a noble performance). The usual Benediction music was rendered, and the outgoing voluntary was Meyerbeer's 'Coronation March.'" The report concluded by saying:—"Herr Scherek is to be congratulated on the result of his labors: he has shown in his selection and rendering of the different items a thorough appreciation of the requirements of true ecclesiastical music. Madame Scherek also, besides her masterly performance on the organ, did much to promote the happy results obtained, and deserves to share very fully in the honors of the day."

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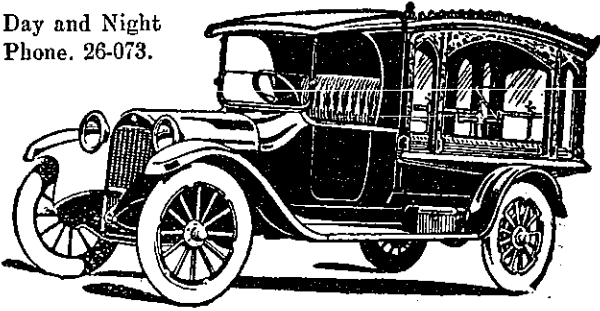
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In the original choir, and down through the years, were many whose names were familiar in both local and Dominion musical circles. At some considerable pains the committee of the choir has collected the names of those who have from time to time been members, and the list will be preserved in the Jubilee souvenir to be published shortly. Many visitors from abroad during the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition of 1889-'90 in Dunedin were greatly charmed by the high standard of music then rendered by the choir.

Subsequently the choir visited Christchurch, having entered a competition for choirs in connection with the Canterbury Jubilee Industrial Exhibition. This event, however, was abandoned, much to the disappointment of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir, then probably at the most efficient stage in its career, which would probably have easily won the contest had it been held. While in the northern city, the choir rendered Mozart's Twelfth Mass at St. Mary's Church on the Sunday during its visit. On that occasion Mr. A. Vallis presided at the organ, and Mr. R. H. Rossiter conducted. Well deserving of mention is the very active interest taken in the choir by Rev. Father Lynch during his lengthy term of duty in connection with St. Joseph's Cathedral. Local vocalists and musicians who, although not regular members, assisted the choir on special occasions during former years, included Mrs. H. Rose, Mr. J. Jago, Mr. F. L. Jones, Mr. J. Knox, and Mr. C. Umbers.

In celebration of the present important period in its history, the choir intend to celebrate the Jubilee with a reunion on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., of past and present members in the form of a *Conversazione and Musicale*; and on the following Sunday evening in the Cathedral with a recital of sacred music.

The Choir Fifty Years Ago Mr. R. A. Loughnan's Recollections

In response to a request for some of his valued reminiscences of the early days of St. Joseph's Choir, Mr. R. A. Loughnan (now of Wellington) writes:—

The memory of my old Dunedin days is very warm, more especially those of the St. Joseph's Choir service. They were the first of my choir work of 51 years—an unbroken record of great privilege. Their memories are of pleasantest comradeship in assiduous practice, and there shine through them recollections of the good Bishop Moran of the benevolent face, and the wonderful Father Coleman of the thorough practical work. They were building the diocese on firm foundations, and the Cathedral, now such an ornament to the city, was beginning to grow under their careful hands. So was the *Tablet*. But heavy as the calls were upon their zeal and time, their recognition of the choir never failed in their encouragement of us for a single instant. You ask for a few of those recollections. I thankfully comply with the few lines herewith.

When I joined in 1871, the choir functioned in Old St. Joseph's, which I entered first in December, 1865, the month of my arrival from Melbourne. In the six years that followed there was great music often in the old church. Living up country, I could only hear it on occasional visits to Dunedin. On some of these I heard Julia Matthews, a delightful singer in light opera and musical comedy, who frequently visited Dunedin, and sang in the church with members of her company. Some great Masses of Mozart and Haydn they sang with the choir. Her voice was beautiful in these, and in motets at the Offertory it soared wonderfully. I was told of others—operatic stars and others—who used often to sing at High Mass, and of whose work I heard most glowing accounts from all and sundry. Thus when coming to live near Dunedin—at Green Island—I joined the choir in 1871, I realised that I had become a member of a choir with a great traditional reputation.

Mr. Sykes was the organist and choirmaster,—an exceptionally clever organist he was,—and he had an organ, small of course, but beautifully balanced, sonorous, with some fine stops, on which it was great to hear him play. All the great accompaniments—Mozart, Haydn, Weber, and the rest of our not small repertory—he played like a master; his voluntaries were delightful, and we enjoyed the fine marches with which he played the congregation out. Of these the "Silver Trumpets," the March from "Eli," the Beethoven "Alleluia," I remember at a venture. And he was an accomplished and delightful ex-

ponent of the Gregorian at Vespers. Miss Hesford (later Mrs. Angus) was our main soprano, with a glorious mezzo voice, who often took the greater contralto solo parts very effectively. Sometimes she was magnificent, as in Mozart's Twelfth, and her "Adeste" at Christmas was always simple, tender, noble, and full. Later Miss Murphy came into prominence as a soprano leader with a pure high voice. I distinctly remember her leading in the "Credo" of Haydn's First, which rose to thrilling effect in the final "Et Vitam Venturi Saeculi," one of Haydn's greatest inspirations of tumultuous thanksgiving.

Mr. Leary was for a time our chief basso—a great voice, very sonorous and powerful in the "Qui Tollis" of the Imperial it was, quite realising the master idea of the High Priest voicing the prayer of the people, with occasional interruptions by the faithful induced to join by sheer compulsion of the great strain. In the fine orchestral accompaniment of this—arranged for the organ—Mr. Sykes always rose to inspirational level. This is one of my best recollections of the good old days at St. Joseph's.

Another is of the performance of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" by the entire force of Cagli's Opera Company, which delighted Dunedin in the early seventies with Italian opera. It was one of those companies common in Italy, of singers not of European reputation, but all very capable in artistry, for Italian audiences know their operas and tolerate nothing that is not really good. Signor Cagli on this occasion was good enough to send three principals—Signora Coy, soprano, a delightful light voice of great sympathy; Signor Coy, a liquid pure tenor; and Signor Dondi, a basso of enormous power and fine quality—and his whole chorus and orchestra under Herr Zimmerman. How we packed them all into the organ loft and found room for the choir which, knowing every note, was useful, I can hardly remember. But it was done, and the result was a performance of that great work such as has never been heard but that unforgettable once in New Zealand.

Another recollection is of a concert given by the choir, which, like all choirs of all times, required to supplement its library fund. It was a miscellaneous concert—First part, selections from Haydn's Imperial Mass; second part, songs, duets, etc. It was a new departure in Dunedin, rather ambitious. We were very excited, and I remember one of the great choruses of the Mass ran away with us, or we ran away with the chorus, put it how you like, and the press was very good to us next day. I regret to add that the audience was not large. But it made up by kindness for lack of numbers. There was a Choral Society in those days which used to mass forces on the oratorio stage far beyond our power. But nobody made any comparisons, at all events not in cold print. So there was no harm done. And after all, dear sirs, we didn't do so badly—and the benevolent smile on the faces of the good Bishop and his padres heartened us up a good bit.

What more can I say but that we went the even tenor of our way. Some Sundays we were brilliant, especially when some travelling professional came and helped with a motet—for example Mr. Amery, who used to give a rousing rendering on the concert platform of "Why Do the Nations," sang the sonorous "Ecce Deus" at the Offertory and led the bass in the Mass music—and some Sundays in winter when "coughing drowned the parson's saw" we were anything but brilliant. But we kept up our good repertory, and almost always attended practice—that was a joy worth the ride of seven miles in and out from Green Island.

Early in 1875 (January) came the bitter day of parting from the choir.

Leaving for Christchurch to take up journalism, I took leave of my friends—Mr. Smith (who is still a member of St. Joseph's, I hear), a fellow veteran; Mr. Milner, the veteran of our day, who criticised us with comparisons of choir doings at Ushaw College what time he was a lusty young basso and we were babies, and taught us what tradition was, and who, alas, has joined the majority; and Mr. Cantwell, the exact, conscientious secretary, who did all our financing with rigorous punctuality and methodical exactness; the ladies aforesaid; and many more too numerous to mention. It was a sad parting. I have sung in choirs regularly since, in Christchurch, Wellington, Sydney, and again in Wellington, where still I enjoy the privilege. But never have I had better comrades, and every time of practice I seem to hear the voices of the old days when the terror of a small solo on Sunday morning kept me awake with fright half the Saturday night.

Current Topics

According to Hoyle

We noticed a week ago that while South Africa, Canada, and even Mr. Hughes of Australia, wanted more information before taking down their war drums, Mr. Massey plunged headlong into militarism at a whisper from Lloyd George. How consoling it is now to read that the Orangemen of Ulster are sending their congratulations to Mr. Massey. It is in strict accordance with the premises that Craig and Massey should rush where statesmen ponder, and it is remarkable that the same two Prime Ministers are united in their opposition to the sane measure of Proportional Representation. No greater argument in its favor could be produced. In spite of the million and a half of unemployed in Britain Lloyd George's war cry was received very coldly there, and it was received even with a note of hostility in France and Italy. However, we are sure that he, Mr. Massey, and Sir James Craig will be found ready to send the last man to die fighting for a war that nobody else seems to think ought to be fought at all.

Football

While anonymous writers continue to pour out the vials of their sectarian hatred of the Brothers' Boys in our papers, we read that fresh attacks against the young players are being organised in the north by those poor examples of true sport, the State School teachers. Catholics may expect persecution as long as they live. From the beginning all the atheists and Jews and Mohamedans and Protestants have been ready to make common cause against the Church, which is of course the sure sign of its rightness. Persecution is sure to come from a country governed by a Cabinet which prosecutes a bishop for saying things he never said while it sends its policemen to safeguard an agitator whose vile calumnies are a constant breach of the law, as is proved by the fact that they have stirred up riots in many centres already. However, if persecution unites us and teaches us to hold up our heads and hit back harder than our foes hit, it is not altogether an evil thing. Coming back to the matter of football, why not unite in a movement which would hit the enemy very hard at present? If every Catholic school were to throw its weight and influence into the agitation in favor of the League game they would be doing something more telling than mere words. Why not do it, and do it unanimously and at once?

Father Bernard Vaughan

From the *Catholic Herald of India* we take the following note:

"A special cable to the *Statesman* announces that Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., is lying seriously ill. None but will wish the great preacher another spell of life, but should he die, we hope he will not be buried with his great secret on the last hours of King Edward. Father Vaughan, who had been for many years an intimate friend of the late King, was summoned to the monarch's death-bed. What passed between them has never been revealed to the public, but the late Father Plater has stated more than once, among others to Lieut.-Col. Ranking that King Edward died a Catholic and was received into the Church by Father Vaughan at their last interview. The evidence is unsatisfactory. But the secret is with Heaven and with Father Vaughan."

Canards of this kind are too frequent. Similar was the story that used to be told about Queen Victoria. If our memory does not play us false Father Vaughan long ago denied the truth of the rumor of Edward's conversion. And then another priest (unnamed) was suggested as the medium. What reason could any one find for suggesting that such a final grace would be granted to the one or the other? Edward was no saint surely and his mother was by no means fond of Catholics, as her famous letter to the King of the Belgians proves.

G.K.C's Conversion

Some time ago a cable announced that Mr. Gilbert Chesterton had been received into the Catholic Church. At the time, owing to the fact that a similar announcement had been falsely made more than once, we preferred to wait for confirmation of the report. As we now read in an American exchange an account of the quiet ceremony, with the name of the priest (Father O'Connor) who officiated, there seems no reason for doubting any longer that the report is true. All Catholics will extend to Mr. Chesterton a warm welcome into the fold. Indeed, so vigorously has he always stood for the sane and rational principles of which the Catholic Church is the only fearless exponent to-day that it was often taken for granted by Protestant writers that he was a Catholic. In this was conveyed a double compliment—to the Church and to Mr. Chesterton. Unfortunately it is true that Protestant Churches allow expediency and State dictation to destroy their Christian traditions more and more as time goes on, until we have civil law imposing on some of them without protest obligations which are contrary to their beliefs, while others are prepared to give to Caesar the things that are God's. Hence the astonishment at seeing a non-Catholic boldly fighting for the old and sound principles which meant everything to all before the Reformation and State-dictated religion. Hence, too, the complimentary inference that a man who did have the courage and consistency to stand for such things must be a Catholic. Well, he has now "come over" and followed the example of his brother Cecil, who was killed during the war.

Prussianism in Education

The enemies of Christianity in America are, as in New Zealand, attacking private schools, but, unlike New Zealand, America finds among all creeds and classes strenuous defenders of the rights of the private institutions, because, again unlike New Zealand, America has a large number of citizens who are capable of thinking for themselves instead of rushing headlong after a Lloyd George, as Mr. Massey does, or after a P.P.A. liar as the mob does. Not only Catholic, but Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopalian, and Adventist organisations in the United States have boldly taken up the challenge and defended the rights of the schools attacked. The arguments against the proposed despotic legislation ought to be studied in New Zealand, where, too, we have a Government, trying by Prussian methods to ruin the country. An American exchange says:

A vigorous argument against the measure was made recently in a statement signed by a group of thirteen prominent business men of Portland. They describe the measure as imitating "the method of public education which brought Prussia to her deserved destruction" and contended that the title of the Bill is deceptive since compulsory education, which this measure purports to provide, is already required by law in Oregon.

"In present-day Russia, the Bolshevik government treats the child as the ward of the State," the argument reads. "This measure proposes to adopt this method and to substitute State control for the authority and guidance of the parents and is destructive of American independence."

"It represents an anti-American effort to standardise the individual and strike a blow at democracy's long struggle to protect the individual in his right to direct his own life," is the way the proposed measure is described by representatives of four private non-denominational schools in Portland.

From representatives of the Lutheran Church a strong protest has been made on the ground that prohibition of private schools would violate the rights guaranteed to the individual by the Federal constitution. "Under the Constitution of the United States and the State of Oregon," their argument reads, "you enjoy religious liberty; that is, the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of your conscience, and to rear your child according to your religion. If you see fit to send your child to a school in which the religion of your choice is taught, not one day in the week,

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but every day, and the whole training of the child is permeated by such religion, the State, under the Constitution, must not prohibit you from doing so. This Bill if enacted will prohibit you from doing so. The Bill is manifestly unconstitutional."

A protest from the Catholic Civic Rights' Association, which has been filed with the Secretary of State, recites the history of private schools in America from colonial days, and declares that one of the chief elements of strength in the American government has been its guarantee of religious liberty.

The opinions of public men, including that of Philander Claxton, former U.S. Commissioner of Education, are cited in support of the value of private schools, and it is pointed out that such men as Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and Senator Underwood received their education in such institutions. The fact is brought out that the private schools give the same courses of instruction in civics and American history and other subjects as those prescribed for the public school curricula, and in addition offer many advantages in an educational way which cannot be adapted to the public school system. No foreign language is used as a medium of instruction in any of the private schools in Oregon, it is asserted, and the vast majority of the children of the foreign-born attend the public schools.

Attacks on the Irish Bishops

We do not imagine that anybody is simple enough to think that all the Irish Bishops were, during history, stout defenders of the Nationalist cause, but it is certainly unjust to say that they were all on the wrong side always, as some critics have said and still say. It is a strange fact that this charge is made not only by Sir Edward Carson but also by certain intransigent Republicans who regard Rory O'Connor and Erskine Childers as better guides than staunch and proven patriots such as Bishops Fogarty and Hallinan. Republican papers have even gone as far as to denounce the Bishops (in mass) as traitors to Ireland, just as Carson denounced them as traitors to England. As the matter is of no small importance we here give prominence to a reply which appeared in the *Catholic Times* from the pen of the Rev. Owen McGuire, D.D.:

"Carson had declared that it was the bishops who did not want peace, who destroyed the Partition settlement of 1916; and his associates, in high circles and low, have taxed the hierarchy with every evil, in their estimation, which has since occurred. But Carson was later out-Carsoned in attacks on the hierarchy by some writers in *An Poblacht*, the organ of the anti-Treatyites. Two writers, both of them professing Catholics, seemed to have got the hierarchy on the brain. According to these writers the Irish Hierarchy has never been politically right. They have betrayed the nation in every crisis of its history since the landing of Strongbow, or at least since the fall of Limerick. They did not follow Wolfe Tone in '98. They were against the patriots of '48. They condemned Fenianism in '67. They opposed the Land League. They banned the Plan of Campaign. They were lukewarm, or, in individual cases, hostile, to the Republican movement before the Treaty was signed; and after the Treaty was signed they failed in their manifest duty to denounce the signers and the majority of the nation who thought that in the circumstances they had made a fairly good bargain. They should have followed the wise leadership of Messrs. Childers and Barton, de Valera and Rory O'Connor, who spoke for 'the soul of the nation,' denounced 'cowardly reason' and the 'craven fears' of the majority, and claimed openly that 'in a period of revolution' elections could decide nothing, that an army was 'autonomous,' and that if a majority even of this autonomous army, led by 'cowardly reason' and 'craven fears,' went over to the majority of the nation, a subsection of the army became *ipso facto* autonomous, with the right to impose its will by force. And the bishops are declared traitors to nationality by two Catholic writers because they did not canonise these doctrines! And we Americans were expected to canonise them!

"Bad and Dishonest Arguments.

"But the arguments used to prove this are really no worse than those put forward to show that the Irish bishops were always politically wrong and had always deserted or betrayed their people. In themselves the arguments are historically false and manifestly dishonest, although I would not charge these two writers with personal dishonesty. I had followed the literary career of one of them with admiration. They were suffering from brainstorm, which clouded their intellect, kept their eyes fixed as in an hypnotic state on their own ideal only, shut out the field of Irish history generally, and blinded them to its most luminous facts. It is surely a narrow-minded and short-sighted view of Irish history, or of any history to expect that bishops in the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries should have gone ahead of all political leaders and proclaimed the political principles which are generally accepted to-day. Yet it is for not doing so that the Irish bishops above all are now denounced, whereas above all other bishops they had in the awful circumstances of these periods to be cautious and prudent, if the lives of their people and the very existence of the nation were to be saved.

"The Bishops' Ideal.

"And without doubt it was, under God the Irish bishops who saved both. The Irish bishops never either lost or betrayed their ideal of an independent Ireland. How to obtain it was a very different question. If it was not obtained in the Confederacy, the failure was certainly due more to the political and military leaders than to the hierarchy. And the same may be said of the Williamite wars. But if we take especially the period that succeeded the darkest night of Ireland's thralldom, which ran from the fall of Limerick to the advent of O'Connell, we can see what Ireland owes to its hierarchy and also the root-reason why Irish labor and the hierarchy are in agreement to-day. It was the darkest night of Ireland's thralldom. The cause of Irish nationality and of the Catholic religion in Ireland had become identical. The people saw that the extinction of the one meant the destruction of the other. Their oppressors saw it, too, and shaped their policy accordingly. Mr. Belloc says that the survival of both is 'miraculous.' Edmund Spenser, Froude, and Macauley came to practically the same conclusion. They did not say 'miracle,' but they declared the fact to be inexplicable. A miracle it truly was, as running counter to all the known laws that govern the relations between historical cause and effect.

"The Bishops Saved the Faith and the Race.

"According to these laws Irish Faith and the Irish race should have perished. That they did not is, under God, most certainly due to the Irish hierarchy. The military and political leaders had expatriated themselves. The only leaders left were the hierarchy. They preserved the priesthood and preserved and fostered its discipline. Without a priesthood and discipline the battle was lost; and with a courage and sacrifice even to martyrdom, sharing the sufferings of their people to an extent never realised in the history of any other hierarchy, the Irish hierarchy preserved both. They saved the nation and the Faith; and if they had not stood to their post both would, humanly speaking, most certainly have perished.

"Without Political and Military Leaders.

"I have said that the identity of view taken by the hierarchy and the Labor Party to-day is both suggestive and instructive. And it is; for the Irish Labor Party of to-day, more than any other Irish party, represents the Irish nation as it existed in the awful conditions of the period. They were a nation of toilers, penniless and propertyless, who earned their bread in the most adverse circumstances in the sweat of their brow. They were left to suffer when their political and military leaders were dead or expatriated. But the bishops remained with them to share their sufferings. They thought first, in virtue of their office, of the spiritual and eternal welfare of their people; but secondly, or rather at the same time, of their lives

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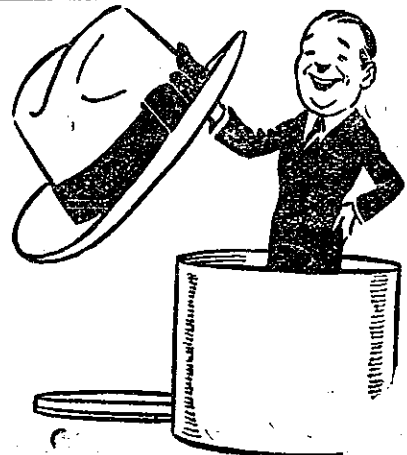
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and temporal welfare. They knew and their successors know, both by tradition and experience, the forces that were marshalled against them, and the horrors for the common people that follow in the track of unsuccessful revolution. To hurl the bare breasts of a people against a military power twenty times stronger than they, even if they were armed, may be a fine gesture for idealists who are willing to die themselves rather than compromise. But the mass of the people do not die. They remain to suffer; and when, as after the fall of Limerick, the idealists are dead or expatriated to fight in 'far foreign fields' where they did little service to Ireland, the hierarchy and labor remain, 'to bind up the nation's wounds,' to devise new means to save it from utter extinction, and to share also the sufferings of the common people who remain and cannot live in idealism alone.

"A Luminous Fact.

"It is this fact, written in letters of light, and of tears, too, and blood, on every page of Irish history for the past four hundred years, which is the root-cause of the agreement between Irish labor and the Irish bishops. Where were the editor of *An Poblacht* and his associates then? They were certainly not there, nor their representatives; and if the bishops had not been there, no effort could be made to-day to revive a Gaelic nation for it had perished. It was not saved by rhetoric; nor could it be even if Mr. Childers and his associates had been there to make it.

BOOK NOTICES

The Round Table, September, 1922. Five shillings. Mac-Millan, London.

As usual this British Commonwealth review contains interesting articles and an ample survey of the events of the various countries concerned. While recognising its general value and fairness we are compelled to object to its bias in certain matters. For instance, it does not give a true account of the troubles in Ulster, and it is even more misleading still when dealing with the prosecution of Dr. Liston.

Darwinism and Catholic Thought, by Canon Dorlodot, D.D., D.Sc., Louvain University. Translated by Rev. Ernest Messenger, St. Edmund's College, Ware. Burns and Oates, London. Price six shillings.

In this book we have the first volume of a study of Darwinism, examined in the light of Catholic teaching, by a master-hand, whose scholarship and qualification for dealing with his subject leave nothing to be desired. There is no better work on the subject.

The Confessions of Father Baker, O.S.B., edited by Dom Justin McCann, Monk of Ampleforth. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, London. Price 3/6.

Father Baker's great work, *Sancta Sophia*, is well known to educated Catholics, and he has for centuries been recognised as a master of the spiritual life. In the present volume we have set before us an account of his mystical experiences.

Catechism of the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. By R. P. Thomas Pegues, O.P., Member of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Done into English by Aelred Whitacre, O.P. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, London. Price six shillings.

Pope Leo XIII. did nothing more likely to bear lasting fruit than when he decreed that the writings of Aquinas should be made the basis of theological and philosophical study in Catholic colleges and universities. The world has gone astray because it has lost hold of the right principles of religion, of conduct, of politics, and nowhere more soundly and eloquently have these principles been laid down than in the works of the great Dominican teacher, the Angel of the Schools. Hence it was a true inspiration that moved Father Pegues to supply the laity with a volume in which in clear catechetical form they might have ready access to the wisdom of the master-mind of medieval Europe. For laity and for clergy it is a helpful and valuable book.

Maintain mutual concord with other servants of Christ.
—St. Cuthbert.

Answers to Correspondents

KILLARNEY.—The editor regrets that he has no more of the ballad, "Master McGrath," than appeared in the *Tablet*.

G. G. (Wellington).—The editor of the *Advocate* is Mr. O'Leary. The editor of the *Bulletin* is Mr. O'Kelly. You are the only one who has informed us that they have gone through a course of theology and secured their degrees. Until you have studied for some ten years to come, we assure you that you may without fear of making any great error take the Irish Hierarchy as a safe guide on ethical questions. They are far more likely to be right than amateur lay-theologians.

R. H. (Fernside).—Your message to the Manager has been delivered. Traffic or bartering in the matter of Masses such as you suggest is strictly forbidden.

S. V. de PAUL.—In May, 1833, in the office of the *Tribune Catholique*, the first Charity Conference, which was to develop into the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held.

INQUIRER.—The Knights of Columbus now total 800,000 members in the U.S.A. They have 42 State jurisdictions and 2,400 local councils. Forty years ago they began with 11 members, and at their first convention, held at Newhaven, their total was only 800.

CHRISTCHURCH.—No! Bishop Grimes of New Zealand was an Englishman, while Bishop Grimes of Syracuse, N.Y., who died last July was a native of Limerick. He was born there in 1853 and went to America when only sixteen years of age.

CYNIC.—Decidedly the habit of giving boys and girls outlandish, high-sounding names is no healthy sign of a Christian spirit among parents. Fair dinkum, we would not call a mongrel puppy by some of the "naice" names we hear sounding round us where young folk congregate. It is nothing short of cruelty to saddle for a life-time with a poetic name like Guinevere, Adelaide, or Muriel, some plain, every-day kind of girl, and it is even worse to call a common or garden hobbledehoy Clarence, or Ethelred, or Adolphus when there are any amount of common-sense names like Pat and Tony to go round. Of course the children are not consulted, but if they had a choice it is likely they would rather be called after a saint than a patent medicine or a bug destroyer.

GALLUS.—Pierre l'Ermite is a French parish priest named Loutil—Canon Loutil, in fact. He is 59 years of age and pastor of the parish of St. François de Sales, in the Parc Monceau district of Paris. He is best known as a leader writer for *La Croix*, but he has also found time to write a number of novels, among which *La Grande Amie*, *P'Emprise*, *Le Soc*, and *Restez Chez Vous* have had a large circulation in France. Earlier he had charge of a parish right in the heart of the swiftest part of Paris, all round the Moulin de la Galette and the night cabarets, frequented by artists of all kinds.

Orange Terminology

A "SPECIAL" DICTIONARY FOR "THE YARDS."
Heaven.—An Orange Lodge on the other side of the Styx. Membership confined to "Ulstermen," with a few exceptions.

Hell.—A place of eternal pogrom paved with Papishes. Gunman (Fenian, Mickey, Taigue).—Any male Papish. Sinn Feiner.—See Gunman.

Civil and Religious Liberty.—Permitting everybody else to be a Protestant-Unionist, an Orangeman, and a Mason, the same as yourself.

Revolver.—Useful weapon for disciplining Papishes.

Bomb.—See Revolver.

Rifle.—See Revolver.

Justice.—Sentencing a Papish to five years' imprisonment for possessing a revolver and fining an Orangeman half a crown for the same offence.

To-day's Good Deed.—Kill a few Papishes and burn their houses.

Happy Thought.—Say they did it themselves.

British Empire.—An annexe of "Ulster."

Union Jack.—Flag of "Ulster," kindly lent to the aforesaid Empire.

Sport.—"Rounding up" Papishes throughout the Six Counties and clapping them into underground cells.

The Silencing of Sir H. Wilson's Assassins

[The following letter originally appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on August 5. The points raised by Mr. Shaw, however, are of such fundamental importance that we herewith reproduce it by kind permission of the author.—Ed. *New Witness*.]

Sir,—It is impossible to allow the scandalous travesty of judicial procedure by which Joseph O'Sullivan and Reginald Dunn were condemned to pass without vehement protest.

It would be hard to cite an occasion on which it was more important for the education of public opinion than the case for constitutional methods as against direct action in its extreme form of political assassination should be fully and impressively argued to its inevitable conclusion. We have had enough of Government by quixotic young men with revolvers versus hot-headed old men inflamed by *Morning Post* journalism.

Further, it was important that the constitutional party in Ireland should not be harassed and compromised by any violation of the strictest judicial spirit in dealing with a capital case of Irish political crime. In the absence of a supernational tribunal there was no practical escape from the scandal of a trial in which England was plaintiff, prosecuting counsel, judge, and jury; but it was all the more urgent that the legalities and constitutionalities should have been scrupulously observed. Otherwise it would have been far better had the accused been killed red-handed by the spectators.

I do not think any responsible Englishman who understands the terms of these propositions will demur to them. They could have been applied all the more readily because there was not the slightest risk of a miscarriage of justice through any defect in the law or any technical loophole through which an ingenious barrister could extricate his clients.

What actually happened? At the trial the judge lost his head so completely that he denied the prisoners their right—a right fundamental in trial by jury—to plead for a verdict of not guilty by justifying their action. The accused (to whom, by the way, he alluded as "these people") at once very properly refused to proceed with their defence, and depended on the Court of Appeal to rescue them. They were accordingly found guilty by the jury and sentenced to death. The judge then said that he desired to say a few words: the usual prelude to a political speech. In the course of the few words he described the conduct of the prisoners as cowardly. As the prisoners had sacrificed their lives, given an extraordinary exhibition of military courage in resisting arrest, and showed remarkable dignity and self-possession in court, the state of mind which provoked so absurdly inappropriate an epithet can hardly be called judicial.

The Court of Appeal might have set all that right without altering the final result. But the Court of Appeal went from bad to worse. Mr. Justice Shearman, at least, cannot be accused of levity. But what are we to say to Mr. Justice Branson, who said that if a prisoner were allowed to speak he might offer the jurymen £1000 each not to convict him? Or to Mr. Justice Darling, who added that "the man might threaten the jury so that they might be afraid to convict him"? If we take those frivolities seriously these two judges know less about the law than the crudest J.P. But, of course, they know as well as I do that the legal remedy for the very serious crime of attempting to corrupt or intimidate a jury is to commit the offender and punish him very severely after due trial, not to gag men quite innocent of it lest they should commit it successfully. The Lord Chief Justice might and should have rebuked these sallies, and restored judicial decorum. Unfortunately he countenanced them. He took the view of Mr. Justice Shearman. He assumed the point at issue. The prisoners were guilty. Therefore to allow them to justify their conduct was to allow them to justify guilt. The justification of guilt acts as a propaganda of crime. To allow a court of law to be used for such a purpose would be "subversive to all the foundations of justice." The Attorney-General need not reply on so obvious a situation. Away with the prisoners to the gallows.

There is no remedy for this sort of thing but vigilant and fearless criticism in the press. The two prisoners,

being young men and soldiers, were quite helpless. Had they been experienced demagogues like Mr. Pemberton Billing they could have shouted down Mr. Justice Shearman and forced him to consider whether he dared silence them by actual violence. Had they known something of the law, like Mr. Horatio Bottomley, they could have made political appeals to the jury-box and the gallery to the last extremity of irrelevance without being interrupted. Being only what they were—"these people"—they could not defend themselves, and their counsel was not prepared to handle the Bench as it deserved.

The legal position was simple enough, though it was not the normal position. In 999 criminal cases out of 1000 the issue is really one of fact only. The verdict follows the fact because neither the prisoner nor anyone else defends the alleged act. When a professional thief is tried for picking a pocket his only chance of escape is to deny the fact; he does not dream of admitting that he picked the pocket, and contending that he is not guilty because pocket-picking is innocent and laudable. But in the case now under consideration there was no question of fact at issue at all; the two men had deliberately and openly shot Sir Henry Wilson as certainly as Eaton Square is in the south-west postal district. Their only possible defence was a justification of their action. And neither the judge nor anyone else had the right to call that defence a justification of murder until the jury had found, in spite of the defence, that they were guilty of murder. To rule out a defence because it might possibly be successful (an impossibility in this instance) is simply to rule out all defence whatever.

In France, just before the war, the Socialist leader Jaurès was killed precisely as Sir Henry Wilson was killed. The assassin's defence was an appeal to the political sympathies of the jury. He was acquitted. During the war an officer frankly killed a man of whom he was jealous. He appealed as an outraged husband to the domestic sympathies of the jury. He was acquitted. In neither case was there any question about the fact or the wilfulness. In both cases deliberate homicide was justified. If a fanatical English Unionist were to shoot Mr. de Valera or Mr. Collins to-morrow on English ground he would be fully entitled to exhaust all the resources of patriotic casuistry in an appeal to a British jury to find him not guilty; and nobody in Ireland or America believes that any English judge would attempt to silence him. It is quite likely that the next time a prison warder shoots a prisoner trying to escape, a coroner's jury may return a verdict of wilful murder. Will the warder be forbidden to argue his plea of not guilty on the ground that nothing can justify killing and that killing must not be justified in a court of law where the judge in his next breath sentences the prisoner to be killed? A judicial mind is a rare gift; and in England it is so incomprehensible and unpopular that it is difficult for anyone with a vestige of it to obtain promotion in a profession which is becoming more and more entangled in party politics.

—But this gives an overwhelming importance to the constitutional and legal checks on any personal or political abuse of the great power necessarily confided to them; and the present is an occasion calling for a very emphatic reminder that the Fourth Estate is not so ignorant of these checks, nor so apathetic in insisting on their scrupulous observance, as the man in the street, who is apt to forget that he may one day be the man in the dock.—Yours, etc.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Death of Sister Mary Celestine, St. Joseph's Convent, Ohakune

Sister Mary Celestine, who died at Ohakune on Monday, September 18, was born in New South Wales. She came to New Zealand some 22 years ago, and entered the Institute of St. Joseph, at Wanganui. Sister Celestine taught in various branch houses of the Order. She was an able teacher, highly artistic and musical, and of a bright, happy disposition that endeared her to her pupils and her Sisters in religion. Her health gave cause of anxiety for some time. She bore her sufferings cheerfully, and, fortified by the rites of holy Church, passed peacefully away on the above-mentioned date. Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated on the following Wednesday morning at St. Joseph's Church, the funeral taking place immediately after Mass. The people of the parish showed their great esteem for the deceased Sister by attending the funeral in large numbers, in many cases at great personal inconvenience. Rev. Father Guinane officiated at the interment, assisted by Rev. Father Harnett of Taihape.—R.I.P.

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The Triumph of Ireland's Dead Leader

(By LOUIS J. McQUILLAND, in the *New Witness*.)

All Ireland's leaders have been lost leaders, many of them dying in humiliation and defeat, deprived of even a glint of the coming of freedom to the dear and ungrateful land they gave their hearts' blood for.

O'Connell, the great Tribune, who carried Catholic Emancipation, passed away at Rome, a broken and desolate man. The Young Irelanders, with their bolder policy, had long ere that dethroned the people's idol. Isaac Butt, gallant, gay, a great fighter, genial friend and chivalrous enemy, was thrown aside for Thomas Shaw, who in turn gave way to the cold, implacable genius of Parnell. On an evening of darkness, Parnell passed away, the sword broken in his hand. I saw his faithful lieutenant, John Redmond, that good, unselfish soldier for Ireland, mobbed in Dublin by young Republicans who had forgotten his unselfish services to the land whose enfranchisement they desired. None of these men, none of their predecessors during the seven hundred years' struggle for a separate Irish nationhood had achieved their full purpose. They vanished with their supreme objective unfulfilled.

At first glance it would seem that Arthur Griffith has gone the way of O'Connell, Butt, Parnell, and Redmond, that he has been struck down with his great task undone and that his opponents of the irresponsible Republican movement may speak of his as an outworn tradition. In actual fact, Griffith has died in the arms of victory, whatever the guerilla warfare after his death. He has achieved the emprise that Thomas Davis sighed for, that the legions of the young and brave died for. He has made Ireland a nation. There seems to be a general hesitation as to calling Arthur Griffith a great man. If we are to judge him by the result of his life's work, he must rank with the supermost of the men who gave all their genius for Ireland. The policy pursued and fulfilled by Griffith has not been universally accepted in Ireland. Some of the youth of the country is still in the field against it. But his work is accomplished for all time. This obscure, insignificant-looking man has raised Ireland from a province to a power. By his conception and realisation of it, the old, withered Cathleen ni Houlihan, is young again and walks with the step of a queen—albeit still a sorrowing one.

Griffith's original scheme of Sinn Fein, which he adumbrated some 25 years ago, was founded on what was called the Hungarian Policy, which was an ignoring of Austrian rule. Hungary, however, had an Executive, an Army, and a national position which Ireland did not possess. In the course of a generation Griffith quietly, patiently, hopefully laid the foundations of Ireland's modern independence. His propaganda by newspaper and pamphlet was constant. At first it appealed to and convinced hundreds, and then thousands, and then tens of thousands. Advantage was taken of the Language Movement founded by the Gaelic League to re-establish the Irish tongue. Then came those projects, for years regarded with ridicule, of appointing Irish consuls all over the world and endeavoring to obtain diplomatic recognition by America and the European Powers. Later still Irish courts were constituted which ignored the existing judiciary. The county, rural, and district councils, were already manned by Sinn Fein members. Then a poll was taken of voters with power to return candidates for an Irish Parliament—Dail Eireann.

All these projects originally emanated from the brain of one man, Arthur Griffith. Griffith was a doctrinaire, but unlike Eamonn de Valera, he was a practical man out for practical results by any means which should not conflict with the central principle of complete Irish self-government. His initial policy was one of passive resistance, but when the hour struck for an inevitable clash of arms he faced the music with Collins as his generalissimo. In a quarter of a century he worked out his own and his country's salvation. Whatever happens in Ireland—and God knows what may be happening at this very hour—the freedom established by Arthur Griffith will not be abrogated. It is as certain as anything can well be that England will not attempt a second conquest of Ireland.

It is difficult to form any personal estimate of the

character of the dead leader. He had none of the gifts which arouse wide popular enthusiasm, and failed in every characteristic of oratory except the essential one—that of convincing an audience. He had no rhetoric, no flamboyancy, no knack of arousing the immediate cheer. Most of the world's great revolutions have been precipitated by inspired demagogues. The real and lasting freedom of Ireland has been effected by a self-effacing man who was never at ease on a public platform. With Griffith the written word was more powerful than the spoken. He had none of the brilliant pamphleteering of Swift, but every sentence he wrote was for him the unexaggerated truth. He did nothing for his own glory, but all for the cause of his country. This unromantic little man persistently remained in the background even as President of the Free State—which is, in effect, the Republic. His statesmanship was undoubted. Even brilliant party politicians who knew every move in the game, like Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, admitted this. But to Griffith it was not game: it was his life. He beat those clever men at many conferences because his brain was as good as theirs and because the truth was in him. Many of the most crucial difficulties he solved in solitude, but he never worked in the dark—neither did the children of darkness prevail against him. Ireland's good Grey Captain is gone, but, through a sea of trouble, his ship, Sinn Fein, is nearing harbor.

Obituary

MRS. MARY SULLIVAN, GREYMOOUTH.

A sublime instance of Christian humility (writes our own correspondent) was depicted in the life and work of Mrs. Mary Sullivan, a prominent figure in pioneer Church work on the West Coast; who was called suddenly to her reward on the afternoon of Thursday, September 13, at the age of 85. It is doubtful if one among the numbers who throng to St. Patrick's Church knew before this grand old lady's demise that the deep-toned bell which called them to prayer (the finest on the West Coast) was presented by Mrs. Sullivan. Sixteen years ago she made the gift, but so disinterested were her motives that her own children were ignorant of it. One mentioned to her that he had seen the bell with her name inscribed—"Ora pro donatrice—Maria Sullivan. *Laudo Deum Verum.*" His mother merely showed a non-committal twinkle in her eyes! Mrs. Sullivan, prior to her death, had been in gradually failing health, but the end was unexpected. She was a native of Co. Clare, Ireland. She arrived in Hokitika in 1866 accompanied by her late husband, who died about 20 years ago. Before coming to Greymouth, where Mrs. Sullivan resided for 35 years, the family lived at Stafford. A large family, prominent in the active side of the Church, survives her. There are four daughters and six sons, and 20 grandchildren—amongst whom is the Rev. Brother Eric, Timaru. The daughters are Mrs. W. Ryan and Mrs. J. Kennedy (Greymouth), Mrs. Rohloff (Christchurch) and Miss Ellen Sullivan (Greymouth), who was with her mother to the end. The sons are William and Daniel (Greymouth), Richard (Te Kaha), Joseph (Christchurch), and John and James (Nelson).—R.I.P.

MRS. FRANCES MARY DONNELLY, NGARUAWAHIA.

There passed away on the 17th ult., at the residence of her daughter (Mrs. O'Connell, Ngaruawahia), Mrs. Frances Mary Donnelly. Born at Lower Hutt 79 years ago, the late Mrs. Donnelly resided there until the death of her husband six years ago. She was attended during her last illness by Rev. Father Hunt. The remains were removed to SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Lower Hutt, of which church deceased was organist for 33 years. Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated by Rev. Father Carmine, and at the conclusion of Mass Miss P. Connolly played the "Dead March." Very Rev. Dean Lane officiated at the graveside, and spoke in feeling terms of the many services rendered by deceased. Educated at St. Mary's Convent, Hill Street, Wellington, the late Mrs. Donnelly was one of the first teachers at the old Stockade school. Deceased leaves a family of three daughters—Mrs. A. Rodgers (Palmerston North), Mrs. D. O'Connell (Ngaruawahia), Mrs. H. Fowler (Reefton)—and one son Mr. O. Donnelly (Lower Hutt), 22 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.—R.I.P.

MR. PATRICK McHUGH, DARFIELD.

There passed away at his residence, Darfield, on the 18th ult., Mr. Patrick McHugh, fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. The late Mr. McHugh was attended during his short illness by Rev. Father T. Hanrahan, of Christchurch, who also celebrated Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of deceased. The funeral took place on the 20th, and was very largely attended, people coming from a long distance to pay their last respects to an esteemed old resident. His four sons acted as pall-bearers.

Mrs. J. Aramburu

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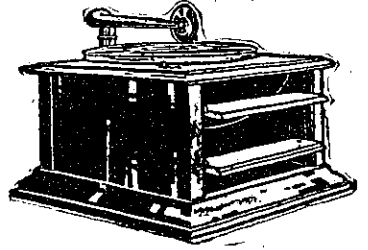
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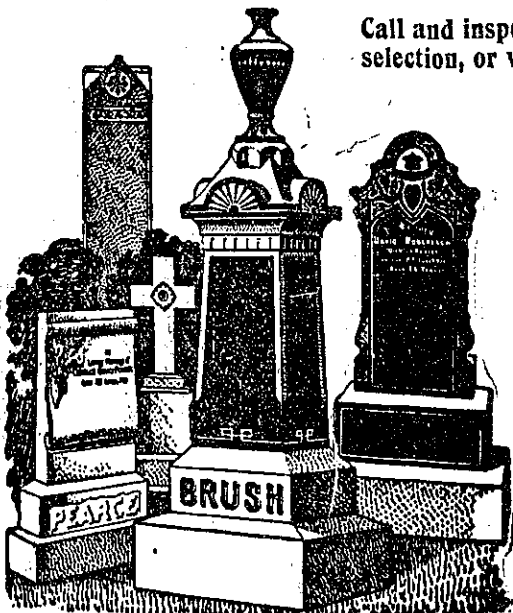
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Rev. Father J. Hanrahan, assisted by his brother (Rev. Father T. Hanrahan) officiated at the graveside. The late Mr. McHugh was the son of the late Patrick and Catherine McHugh, Swanlinbar, Co. Cavan, Ireland. He arrived in New Zealand by the ship *Lady Jocelyn*, landing at Lyttelton on December 11, 1879. His first employment was with the late Sir Cracroft Wilson, Cashmere. Later he worked on road and railway construction contracts throughout Canterbury. In 1884 he settled in Darfield, and a year later married Miss Mary Shannon, eldest daughter of the late Margaret and Patrick Shannon, Mulnaherb, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland. The deceased was a member of the church committee and was a ready and willing helper in Church matters. He is survived by his wife and grown-up family of five sons and one daughter—Messrs. J. S. McHugh (Hororata), J. J. McHugh ("The Peaks," North Canterbury), A. G. McHugh (Auckland), F. C. McHugh (Darfield), Peter McHugh (South Canterbury), and Miss McHugh (Darfield). He was predeceased by two sons—Mr. P. E. McHugh died at Te Awamutu, and another died in infancy.—R.I.P.

The Turk of Anatolia

(By Roy Elston, in the *Review of Reviews*.)

Tall, and proportionately broad; Caucasian in feature despite his Mongolian ancestry, and strong dignified features at that; sober, vigorous, moral because he loves morality, and generous because meanness is foreign to his nature; pious, with a piety that sometimes bursts to passionate fanaticism; lazy, because of his fatalistic temperament and his too selfish reliance in Allah's generosity: thus the Anatolian Turk of whose character the Western world is so pitifully ignorant.

He is not the idealised creature with whom Pierre Loti has made us familiar, nor the barbarous savage of pro-Armenian or pro-Greek imagination; indeed, he is really a very normal person. True, perhaps, his primitive vice is nearer to the surface than is the case with us; so also are his primitive virtues. His hatreds are rarely premeditated, and are due, as a rule, to accidental excitements. One cannot, of course, deny his long-standing hostility toward certain other races of Asia Minor, as, for example, the Armenians; and here, in extenuation, it is as well to point out one, at least, of the cogent reasons for that hostility. For many years a large percentage of the Armenians has practised throughout Anatolia a sinister usury similar to that which provided the mediaeval Jew with his unenviable reputation; and his victims, generally Turkish farmers, are often goaded to deeds they would scarcely contemplate under ordinary circumstances. This state of affairs, aided by the distrust existing universally between peasantry and financial class, has, after generations, created a feeling of hostility that seems likely to endure.

There is a similar bitterness between Greek and Turk, though I fancy the Ottoman dislike of the Greek is not a very deep dislike; by one administration this bitterness is fed and fanned for purely political reasons; by another, it is allayed for purely commercial reasons, till at best the feeling has become one simply of toleration. It is certain, however, that centuries of ill-tempered rivalry—due, in no little measure, to the Turkish envy of Greek prosperity—have resulted in a mutual distrust that sometimes ends in bloodshed; and very often it is merely opportunity that decides which of the two is the more lawless! At any rate, that is the opinion forced on unbiassed minds here in Anatolia. For, after all, there is not between the Turk and other races of Asia Minor that difference which an inexperienced visitor is justified in expecting. See them in the fields, tilling, reaping, threshing as their forefathers did when the world was comparatively young; see them in their crude adobe dwellings; hear them talk of politics, crops and brigands; listen to their wild strange music that is scarcely music at all; study their morals and their many superstitions; Greek, Armenian, Turk, observe them all, and you will be surprised at the absence of contrasts.

True enough, the Christian races of Asia Minor are superior, economically, to their Turkish neighbors. Their minds are more trained in commercial subtleties, and their greater knowledge of, and desire for, the comforts attendant on successes, provide them with an ambition the Turkish peasant lacks; also, to some extent, it robs them of many of the simple virtues possessed by the Ottoman peasants. However, so far as an "unspeakable" nature is concerned, the Turk is really no worse than Greek or Armenian; and, of course, no better.

Massacre and cruelty have occurred, and do occur to horrify the world from time to time; and, of course, I do not desire to condone these things. I wish only to insist that the true Anatolian Turk—and here I do not include the Kurds, Circassians, and Black Sea Lazis, who are not true Ottomans at all—has no love for needless cruelty, though, if, according to his morals, which obviously and naturally differ from ours, he considers the occasion merits it, and there is no other way of securing what, to him, is a legitimate end, he does not shrink from deeds that, despite our European War, cause us to turn shocked eyes to heaven.

If we would seek to find the cause of massacre and outrage in Asia Minor we must look to the administrative fortune-seekers of Stamboul. A great pity it is that people have so often judged the Turks by a handful—city-full if you will—of corrupt administrators. A very great difference exists between these Turks of Stamboul and those of Anatolia—the difference between an artificial and a natural environment; and one is sometimes forced to the conclusion that the greatest disaster in Turkish history was the capture of Constantinople, and the retention by its captors of a Byzantine legacy of intrigue and luxury, a legacy clung to by successive Sultans and bureaucracies till only complete revolution now can cleanse the Porte of accumulated vice.

Effete, corrupt, "unspeakable" even, might fit the state of the Ottoman Court; it certainly cannot be said of the Anatolian Turk, in whom reposes to this day much of that same vigor and virility that made an empire of a tribe, and extended that empire's will from Baghdad to Cairo, from Buda Pesh to the Black Sea. At present that vigor and virility would seem to be slumbering; and for this there are two causes over and above the corrupt state of the governing classes: one of these causes is the lack of a brilliant and trustworthy leader whom the people could regard as an instrument of Allah; the other, the careless, liberal ideas on religion and politics that have filtered from Europe to Asia.

The first of these reasons is easily understood: the Ottoman of Anatolia requires a contemporary hero whose actions and intentions are not subtle, but obvious; he cannot, himself, see into the minute details of modern diplomacy; he cannot understand the trend of his country's fortunes when not one man but a score seems to be directing them; and so he goes on in the dark, fulfilling, as well as he may, the simple teachings of the Koran. What comes or goes he accepts with a shrug of the shoulders and a pious ejaculation, and the time seems to him very distant when events had any meaning worth his bothering about. Without some strong mind to rouse him from his lethargy, and instil in him the fire of ambition, he will continue in the careless, slothful existence that may at length destroy his stamina.

The second reason is not, perhaps, so easy for a Western mind to appreciate; but it is a dangerous reason none the less. The subtle, almost invisible, penetration of Western ideas into Turkey greatly affects the character of the peasants, and affects it in a way that spells disaster. Already the Islamic religion in Turkey is losing that vigorous militancy that once distinguished it; much of that militancy, I agree, could have been modified without harm, but in so far as liberal ideas are destroying the discipline and strength of the Church, Turkey as a nation is being morally weakened, is losing one of its greatest incentives; and this is due, in certain measure, to that Western influence which leads men to think a great deal more of freedom than of duty, of self than of nation.

When I speak of Western ideas, I do not mean those progressive ideas of commerce and industry—Turkey has room for some of those ideas,—but social ideas, the "high-falutin" doctrines which seem to destroy the need for individual thought, destroy that thought itself, and feed the mind with dreamy vaporous utopias; even far afield in Anatolia one occasionally hears repeated those moral and social platitudes with which the Western world in recent years has become so painfully familiar; and absurd enough they sound from the lips of these strong-looking dignified Turks, whose very nature breathes robust conservatism.

Despite this, one must admit that, in certain social directions, the Turk could profit by the careful acceptance of one or two Western institutions; such, for example, as the traditional family life of Europe; such life with these peasants has, I fear, degenerated. They have physical desires, they require cheap labor for the fields, and the forests, they recognise the national necessity for propagation; indeed, for a purely political reason, this necessity is drilled constantly into their minds by the authorities; and that is all their family or home life consists of; in no sense is there anything beautiful or inspiring about it, save when a Turkish mother rocks her babe to sleep as sweetly as any mother in the world.

All this has been said in an endeavor to show that the Turk of Anatolia is neither "unspeakable" nor greatly to be admired. Centuries of maladministration, the lack of great national figures, the growing carelessness of thought: all these things have done their best to reduce the Turk to impotency. Notwithstanding this, the spirit of his forefathers smoulders still in the blood of the Anatolian peasant: whether at length it will die out or blaze again to strength and greatness, is a matter purely for conjecture. Those who have dwelt in Anatolia are optimistic.

We must only love ourselves as for God, instead of which we are always trying, if we are not careful, to love God for ourselves.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

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Dunedin Catholic Students' Club.

On Saturday last the Dunedin Catholic Students' Club (the first of its kind in New Zealand) brought a most successful and beneficial year to a close with two very enjoyable functions. In the afternoon a large number of the students visited Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, at the invitation of the rector, Rev. Father Morkane. The afternoon being beautifully fine, a delightful time was spent in the college and grounds. Afternoon tea was served in the charming garden of the college, and a very pleasant afternoon ended with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the music being devotionally rendered by the college choir. On Saturday night a social was held in the Assembly Room of the Christian Brothers' School, when there was a large gathering of students. The rooms had been tastefully decorated by members of the committee, who, as on previous occasions, spared no time or trouble to make the meetings so successful. A dainty supper was provided in an adjoining room. Special thanks are due to the members of the committee, who are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. The students are very grateful to Mesdames O'Neill, Todd, Hall, and Ross, who kindly attended and helped the students to spend a most enjoyable evening.

During the year, in addition to the social gatherings, the following lectures were given:—"The Origin and Development of Universities" and "Evolution and Ethics," by the Rev. Father Morkane, M.A.; "Evolution," by Dr. Burns (who recently gained the Medical Travelling Scholarship); "Impressions of France and Belgium," by Mr. J. B. Callan, B.A., LL.B. (lecturer at Otago University); "Rome and Roman Life," by the Rev. L. T. Buxton, M.A., D.C.L.; "The Bible in the Catholic Church," by the Rev. E. A. Andersen, M.A., of Holy Cross College. His Lordship the Bishop (Right Rev. Dr. Whyte) has taken a deep interest in the welfare of the club, and on several occasions has honored the students by his presence at the meetings. The success of the club must prove particularly gratifying to Father Morkane, who, since founding the club, has spared no effort to further its development. The grateful thanks of the students are due to the Christian Brothers who so kindly placed the school at the disposal of the club, and also to the Dominican Nuns for various kindnesses during the year. The club will resume its meetings next March, with every promise of even greater success. It is to be hoped that all Catholic students who enter Otago University will avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from membership of the club.

Hospital Matron Honored.

SISTER MARY GONZAGA: SILVER JUBILEE IN AUCKLAND.

(From a Special correspondent.)

What fitting phrase shall be found to express the feelings which were experienced by the hundreds of friends of the good Sisters of Mercy, both in New Zealand and Australia, in connection with the red-letter day in the history of the Mater Misericordiarum Hospital, Auckland, which occurred on Wednesday, September 27? The occasion marked the attainment of her silver jubilee by the matron of the institution, Sister Mary Gonzaga, who made her profession at St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, 25 years ago, since when, for 20 years, she has occupied her present position at the hospital. To celebrate the event the members of the Order arranged a reception, the success of which will cause it to be long remembered in the Catholic community. Of this more presently.

As a sincere Protestant friend of the Sisters the writer desires here to record something of his knowledge of the guest of honor on the day referred to. Of her it may truly be said that she has, all her life, taken to heart the admonition of Oliver Goldsmith to "learn the luxury of doing good." Sister Mary Gonzaga can look back upon a quarter of a century of service to others. Ever imbued with the sweet spirit of charity, she has aided the afflicted, comforted and nursed the sick, prayed for the suffering, and sacrificed herself for those in distress. Thinking of her noble life one is forcibly reminded of those lines of Whittier's from "The Robin" which run:

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do."

It is only those who have been privileged to come into an intimacy of acquaintance with Sister Mary Gonzaga who really know her worth.

The gathering at the Mater Hospital to do honor to this noble Sister was a striking testimony to the fact that her good deeds have not gone unnoted. The guests numbered nearly 300. Among them were, the Coadjutor-Bishop, Dr. Liston, Chancellor Holbrook, Mgr. Ormond, Fathers Fay (Society of Mary), Forde, Spierings, Bowen, Taylor, O'Connor, Brady, W. Skinner, Curlew, Dore, and Shore. The Marist Brothers were represented by Brothers Denis (Provincial), Borgia (Superintendent of the Sacred Heart College), Benignus, and Eusebius (Superintendent of Vermont Street School). The medical profession was represented

by the numerous surgeons and physicians of Auckland. The other visitors comprised ex-patients of the institution and many friends. The Sisters of Mercy from St. Mary's, Ponsonby, and various other houses, were there in strong force, headed by the Rev. Mother Liguori.

Most of those who attended the function had either sent gifts or brought them with them for Sister Mary Gonzaga. The majority of these were in the appropriate silver, and the whole formed a collection which paid an eloquent testimony to the good matron's hold upon the esteem and regard of her numerous friends. In addition she received cablegrams from Australia, wireless messages from ships at sea, and scores of telegrams from all parts of the Dominion, all offering her congratulations upon the proud occasion of her 25th anniversary as a Sister.

The reception was to have taken the form of a garden party, but the Clerk of the Weather had other ideas, and showers of rain kept the proceedings beneath the roof of the new building and that of the old one. So great was the crush that the hostesses—the Sisters, the nurses, and the staff of the hospital—had much ado to distribute the trays full of delectable afternoon tea refreshments. However, with the aid of several willing helpers, this act of hospitality was duly performed to the satisfaction of all. Needless to say Sister Mary Gonzaga was the centre of attraction, receiving so many congratulatory hand-shakes in the course of the afternoon that she was all but overwhelmed. Numbers of those present were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded to them of looking over the institution, especial interest being displayed in the operating room, which is second to none in the Dominion. For the rest the function was in the nature of a happy reunion, the Sisters evincing the utmost pleasure in greeting old friends.

An enjoyable musical programme added to the festive atmosphere of the gathering. An orchestra comprising pupils of St. Mary's and Holy Cross convents played selections. Songs were given by Mrs. Foote ("Joy be Thine"), Mrs. Towsey ("Mother's Song"), Miss Nora McManus ("In a Tiny Garden" and "Fair Roses"), Miss Eileen Madigan ("In the Garden of my Heart"), a vocal duet by Mrs. Foote and Miss R. Nicholas ("Maytime"), a recitation by Miss Y. McVeagh ("The Bride's First Pudding"), and a piano solo by Miss N. Ormond ("Swedish Mazurka"), the last-named lady also providing the accompaniments. Finally the orchestra played "A Perfect Day" and "Auld Lang Syne," the gathering joining in the strains of the latter.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

September 30.

The Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association held their final social for the year on Wednesday evening last at the Alexandra Hall. The decorations consisted of the club's colors (green and white), the shaded lights included, the effect being very pleasing. Much praise is due to the energetic committee and lady helpers who contributed to the success of the social which was enjoyed by the large number present.

St. Anne's bazaar was opened at St. Anne's Hall last evening by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy. There was a large attendance and excellent business resulted. The bazaar, which is for the liquidation of the parish debt, will continue for ten days. Mr. W. H. Giles is honorary secretary.

It has been ascertained by late advices from the Old Country that his Grace Archbishop O'Shea was still in England, where he had made an interesting visit to Oxford, and spent a couple of pleasant weeks in Devonshire.

Rev. Father Rockliffe, who recently arrived from England to take up work in the Archdiocese, and who, for the past few months has been stationed at St. Joseph's, Buckle Street, will do duty at Hawera during the absence of the Right Rev. Mgr. Power, who has left for Australia in company with his Grace Archbishop Redwood.

Another old identity in the person of Mrs. Smith passed away last week at her residence, Kelburne. The deceased, who was a sterling Catholic, had been a resident of Wellington for very many years. Mr. C. K. Smith (of Messrs. Smith and Smith, Ltd.) and Mr. J. Smith (of the N.Z. Railways), are sons of the deceased, and to them is extended the sincerest sympathy of a large circle of friends.—R.L.P.

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Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

September 28.

On Tuesday, 12th inst., and Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, we had Solemn High Mass at St. Mary's, Rev. Father Mahony was celebrant, Father McGrath deacon, and Father Buckley subdeacon. There was a very big

congregation, and the special music was sung by Fathers Outtrim, Venning, and Guinness.

First Holy Communion at St. Joseph's, Aramoho on Sunday last, 20 children—girls and boys assorted—being communicants. The children sang special hymns, had a splendid sermon from Father Outtrim, and after last Mass adjourned to the schoolroom for a special breakfast, prepared and served by the good ladies of Aramoho.

Rev. Fathers McCarthy, O'Leary, and Vincent, Marist Missioners, are here and the mission has started. Castlecliff comes first on the list, Father McCarthy being down there attending to the wants of that district and giving them their first mission. Fathers Vincent and O'Leary are busy with the children's mission at St. Mary's, this having opened yesterday, and will go on till Sunday afternoon. On Sunday, the grown-ups in town will start their mission, the exercises to last a fortnight, and next week Aramoho will have a little week all to itself. This good arrangement will keep the different congregations busy about their own business, and no one will be overlooked or crowded out.

Lots of new things will be a-building in the near future at Jerusalem-on-River. Travellers tell of the timber and such like that is being shipped up there, but I am not quite sure just what is going to be done, except that the alterations and extensions have connection with the church and school. Rev. Father Buckley is up river just now, and has been acting parish priest at Jerusalem for a few days.

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Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

The president of the Social Study Club (Rev. Father Hurley) entertained the members on 25th ult. to an illustrated lecture on some of the ancient Cathedrals of England. Quite a number of beautiful pictures were shown especially depicting the Norman and Gothic style of architecture; the lecturer ably manipulating the splendid lantern. Father Hurley was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks by his appreciative audience.

The revue party visited St. Andrews the other week, and provided a good entertainment to a large and enthusiastic audience. The proceeds were in aid of the parish funds. Several generous parishioners provided cars for the conveyance of the visitors, who deeply appreciated their kindness.

The weekly meeting of the Catholic Club was held on the 27th ult., when Rev. Fathers Hurley and O'Ferrall, and a fair number of members were present. The programme for the evening was a lecture on the "Westinghouse brake," by Mr. J. P. Leigh (secretary of the club). The lecturer, who is a first-class locomotive driver, ably dealt with the subject, and after answering some questions of a technical nature in a satisfactory manner, was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks.

The anniversary of the opening of the Sacred Heart Church occurred yesterday (Rosary Sunday). A very large number approached the Holy Table at the early Masses. Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., celebrated the late Mass, and the choir rendered Van Bree's music in a very creditable manner, under the baton of Mr. T. J. O'Connor, with Mrs. Mangos at the organ. The high altar and sanctuary were very tastefully decorated.

The annual Eucharistic procession was held in the convent and church grounds on Sunday afternoon. The religious pageant was most impressive, and the route of the procession was tastefully marked out by roped garlands of flowers, banners, and religious emblems. The members of the various parochial sodalities and societies, and also the children from the convent and parish schools, marched in their regalia, and the sight was a memorable one. A number of bandsmen, under Mr. K. Mara, played special music, and appropriate hymns were sung during the procession. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was first given at a well-appointed altar at the main entrance to the convent, then at an altar in the girls' school-ground, and finally in the church. It is estimated that fully 2000 persons took part in the ceremonies. Rev. Father Bartley, S.M., preached in the presence of a crowded congregation. The Sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent were heartily congratulated on the success of their arrangements.

A "gift evening" in aid of the art stall in connection with St. Anne's Guild sale of work, was held last Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. T. P. Crowe, under the direction of Mesdames J. G. Venning, O'Rourke, and Misses Blackmore. Many useful and artistic articles were donated to the stall. The sale of work will open at 2.30 on Saturday, and continue throughout the evening, when there will be a short musical programme. As there is no charge for admission and all the proceeds go to charity it is to be hoped there will be a liberal response.

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Ashburton

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

The 24th annual general meeting of the Ashburton Catholic Club was held last Wednesday evening, the president (Mr. L. T. J. Ryan) presiding over a large attendance of members. The report and balance sheet showed the

club to be in a sound financial position, the assets exceeding the liabilities to the value of £58. The election of office-bearers for the ensuing year was keenly contested, that for president being between four candidates. All the positions, except that of secretary, had to be decided by ballot. The present secretary was elected unopposed for the third year in succession. With Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell as patron, the new executive consists of—President, Mr. L. T. J. Ryan (re-elected); vice-president, Mr. H. Lennon; treasurer, Mr. Jas. McCormick; hon. secretary, Mr. F. Lennon (re-elected); librarian, Mr. E. Brophy; committee—Messrs. T. M. Brophy, Val Cullen, David Fitzgerald, W. Bryant, and J. Kelleher; auditors, Messrs. E. J. O'Brien and E. McSherry. Should the interest displayed by members at the meeting continue, the coming year can be looked forward to with pleasure by the members of the club.

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Rangiora

The fortnightly euchre party and social in connection with the parish was held in the Oddfellows' Hall, Rangiora, on last Friday evening (writes a correspondent). The popularity of these socials was again evident, about 170 persons being present. The euchre prizes—100lb bag of flour and 70lb bag of sugar—were won by Mrs. F. Devlin and Mr. M. Fahey respectively; consolation prizes being awarded to Miss E. Hawley and Mr. S. Coates. Supper was served and the evening's programme interspersed with musical items.

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Chesterton a Convert

For quite a number of years now at more or less regular intervals the well-known writer, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, has been credited with having entered the Catholic Church. The latest report to this effect seems to be true, and it is stated on the most reliable authority that this distinguished man of letters was received into the Church a few days ago by Father John O'Connor. There are only two Fathers John of that name in the country, and on the ground of geographical proximity it seems as if Mr. Chesterton made his profession of faith at the hands of the one at Canton Street, Poplar.—*Catholic News Service*, August 19.

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A Welsh Lourdes

The little Welsh town of Holywell, until recently part of the patrimony of the ancient Catholic family of the Mostyns, which for more than a thousand years has been famed for its Holy Well of St. Winefride, is rapidly on the way to becoming another Lourdes (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for August 19).

From earliest times regular pilgrimages have taken place to the Holy Well, which is supposed to mark the spot where the Virgin Saint suffered decapitation at the hands of a rebuffed admirer. Even during the centuries since the Reformation the pilgrimages have continued, almost without break. But the record has been beaten these early days of August. To the number of several thousands pilgrims from all parts of England and Wales have been arriving daily. From a single parish in Liverpool four thousand pilgrims visited the shrine in one day.

A number of marvellous and inexplicable cures have taken place at St. Winefride's Well! nor are they Catholics alone who frequent this holy place. Numbers of devout Protestants visit the well in good faith, and many of them depart with their bodily sufferings alleviated. From the point of view of scientific investigation the miracles of Holywell are inexplicable. The volume of water that rushes up in thousands of gallons daily in the piscina gives no evidence of medicinal or chemical properties on analysis, and on the therapeutic basis the cures at Holywell are an absolute puzzle to the scientific sceptic.

There is a church at Holywell which is in the charge of the Jesuit Fathers, and during the summer months devotions are conducted daily at the well. A number of discarded crutches and ex-voto offerings lining the walls testify to the numerous cures that have been effected there by what can be described only as Divine interposition. There is a special Papal privilege of a daily plenary indulgence attached to the church at Holywell, which is under the patronage of St. Winefride.

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Rev. Father Westropp's Indian Missions

Rev. Father Westropp (per Bert. Gallien, North-east Valley) begs to acknowledge parcels of stamps, etc., from the following:—Miss M. M., Cargill Street; C. B. S.; Mr. F. Maloney; Miss Hartnett; Miss M. Thornton, Waimatuku; J. S., Masterton; Miss C. Brosnahan, Ashburton; J. K., Greymouth; Convent, Greymouth; J. P., Invercargill; Miss M. Ryan, Tai Tapu; Mrs. T. Duffey, Patearoa; P. O'Brien, Christchurch; Mrs. W. O'Shaughnessy, Canterbury; T. Hannaghan, Dunedin; —, Te Puna; F. Allen.

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Selected Poetry

Days

We are the marchers,
Marching endlessly,
Marching tunelessly,
Marching raggedly,—

Column and column,
And column and column,
Clad in gray. . .

We shall never double-step,
Never run—
But quietly, quietly,
Forever, forever. . .
—WILLIAM NEWMAN, in a contemporary.

Lost at Sea

[An elaboration of a recently found Greek epitaph from Sinope, the birthplace of Diogenes and Mithradates, now in Constantinople. See *American Journal of Philology*, 1922, No. 1.]

No grave is here! only a slab, a stone, a mound
To mark Narcissus fair. Far from this hallowed ground
The Euxine vast doth roll his wand'ring grave along,
But chiselled words shall fix him in enduring song;
In him to goodness there was added charm and grace,
A fine nobility shone in his acts and face,
His soul full charged with wisest speech took rank beside
The very eloquence of Nestor, Pylos' pride.
O sullen Envy, thou grim-visaged hateful Power,
That lov'st to drown the good and great before their hour!
Came there no sudden flush and blush of shame to climb
The evil ladder of thy narrow corrugated brow,
Mounting from wrinkled round to redd'ning round, what
time
Thou saw'st the young and brave Narcissus die, and how?
—DAVID M. ROBINSON.

Ireland, 1922

Betwixt the hills of grief and death,
She moves upon her thornelad road
For others peace and wealth, God saith,
For her the rod, the Cross, the load.

"Oh Holy Mother, bloody dew
Drips down your cheeks for us who sinned.
Hear you not Mary calling you,
And God's own anguish in the wind?"

Dark women touch your robe of gold
And kiss the silver dust away,
Who keened by Calvary Hill of old
And watched through Crucifixion Day.

"Oh black-robed women, widowed ones!
Who sit at every river ford,
You wring the shrouds of brothers, sons,
You washed the Body of the Lord!"

The ghosts of all the starved and slain
Rise from their graves about her head,
With martyrs, prophets in their pain,
And phantoms of her lovers dead.

"Oh Ireland, thou art set with few
To bears world's woe like Sorrow's star,
How faintly Heaven weeps for you
And Mary cries unheard afar!"
—SHANE LESLIE, in the *New Witness*.

The Irish Mother

Long years have passed since when a child I heard it,
Sweet Irish tongue so full of melody
Yet memory oft like strains of sweetest music
Recalls my mother fond "A gra ma chree."

When pain or grief oppressed me, how caressing
How soft "Alanna" as she stroked my hair;
What other tongue hath terms of fond endearment
That can with these in tenderness compare?

"Acushla"; sure the hurt were past all healing,
That was not soothed when that fond term was heard,
"Asthore"; the pulses of my heart, receding,
Would thrill responsive to that loving word.

"Mavourneen"; time and place and distance vanish,
A child once more beside my mother's knee;
I hear her gently calling me "Mavourneen,"
And in her eyes the tender love-light see.

What matter whether dark my hair or golden,
She greeted me her 'colleen bawn' most fair;
To other eyes I might be all unlovely,
I was her "colleen dhas" beyond compare.

Long years have passed, alas! since last I heard it,
That sweetest music to my listening ear;
My mother's voice, I hope, when life is ended,
"Cead mile failte" once more I shall hear.
—FATHER FITZGERALD, in the *Irish World*.

Two Roads

Life held her hands behind her back
(I knew that Life was rich),
And as she faced me, starry-eyed,
She simply asked me—"Which?"

A Road she held in either hand—
A Road where I must go;
But which would prove the better one
Not even Life could know.

Like greedy children who must choose
Of treasures, I was loath
To take the right and leave the left,
Because I wanted both.

And who shall say what spirit rules
When Contradiction goads
Some part of us toward either choice
Of Life's two different roads?

But life was urging me to choose
(The ways of Life are swift),
And so I closed my eyes and reached
A hand for either gift.

And as I walked, sometimes alone,
I questioned Life one day—
"What fairer things might I have found
Along the other way?"

And Life assured me with a smile—
"Some thoughts will always yearn
To know the still untasted joys
Down Roads we never turn.

"Some sad regret is sure to come
For ways we did not know,
But something worth the finding lies
Whichever way we go."
—NAN TERRELL REED, in the *New York Times*.



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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

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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, OCTOBER 5, 1922.

IRELAND



RECENT cables inform us that the Dail Eireann is carrying on in a determined and self-reliant manner. A large majority supports the Constitution and in Mr. Cosgrove a firm and clear-sighted leader has been found to succeed Arthur Griffith. R. Mulcahy, as head of the army, is a success as far as may be judged at this distance from the field of operation. No notable

stand was anywhere made by the Irregulars against the National forces, and the excesses and violence of the former are more likely to bring about their defeat than the attacks of the Free State soldiers who have no heart in a war against Irishmen. As an example of the effect of such violence we here quote the opinion of one of the old 1916 Republicans: "The damage to our national prestige and to the moral of Young Ireland will take long years to repair. The fanatical doctrine that fidelity to principles of Freedom puts one above all law, civil and ecclesiastical, is responsible for and alone makes intelligible the attitude of the Republican soldiers. . . Idealism is giving place to Militarism and its consequent moral deterioration. . . I at times feel a sense of remorse for having been so prominently associated with a movement that ended so ingloriously. I can say from my heart: *Domine ad adjuvandum nos festina!*"

*

From independent sources we learn that the vast majority of the people have become hardened by the senseless policy of destroying roads and public buildings, for the repair of which the Irish people must pay; and frequently old Republicans of the stamp of the one whom we have just quoted abandon the cause which has become identified with such madness. They cling to their ideal as long as they could, but like true Irishmen they put virtue and honor even before their highest notion of duty to their country. From many officers of the Republican army, and from various parts of the country letters have been written to the press pleading for peace and for an end of a campaign which strikes directly at the Irish Nation. Indeed, the rank and file on both sides are sick of the fighting and from them peace may come any day. The civil war, so far as it can be called war, has gone in favor of the Free State forces, and although their guerilla tactics might enable the opposition to hold out for a long time, with the

country behind the Government the end can only be victory for its army. We place no great amount of confidence in the reports in the Dublin daily papers, but when such a sound and even severe critic as the *Leader* admits at length that the situation has turned the corner and is promising well we must accept its verdict. From first to last, as during its entire existence of some twenty-five years, it has put the country before parties and Irish Ireland and the Irish people before leaders and their ideals; and since the Treaty was signed its frank advice has been more wholesome than acceptable to those most concerned in the domestic squabbling of the past half-year. Its view at present is that quite enough harm has been done to the country, and the sooner the Government gets on with the work of educational and economical reconstruction the better. Of course Ireland is by no means out of the wood even now, and we must have patience and no little hope for months to come. When we hear critics who say: "I told you so!" we must not forget to remind them that if there is demoralisation and trouble it is largely the result of the British misrule and of the refusal to give willingly five or ten, or twenty years ago what was finally wrung from England by force. In this connection we commend the following editorial opinion of the *Manchester Guardian* as worthy of study by supercilious scoffers at the Irish people:

This last tragedy brings home only more poignantly the desperate folly and wickedness of the whole enterprise of which it is the latest outcome. These are no blows inflicted by an outside power. It is Irishmen who are guilty of the blood of Irishmen, and it is Ireland's own sons who are spreading ruin over the land. Well may Mr. Bernard Shaw, most profound of Nationalists, declare "this people is mad." There will not be wanting those who will find in these things the fulfilment of all, and more than all, the evil they had foretold from the establishment of Irish self-government, and the justification of their own opposition. Those who have stood most strongly for the policy of Irish self-government and whose hopes for the fruits of emancipation had been highest need not therefore be abashed. Disappointment there well may be, but behind it should still stand faith and hope. What Ireland is suffering now, what we are suffering in sympathy with her, is in part at least our own doing. Emancipation any time since it was first proposed thirty-six years ago would, until the last six of them, have brought to Ireland, if freely accorded order and peace. We waited too long. We did more; two years ago we let murder loose in Ireland, and murder once let loose is not easily chained up again. Thus before finding a solution for the Irish problem we contributed to it every element of exasperation. That may, in part at least, account for present evils; it may also give ground for believing that they are not destined to endure. Every movement is in some degree at the mercy of its leading men, and in this respect Ireland, as represented by the present leaders of revolt, could hardly have been more unfortunate. But no folly, no recklessness on the part of a few men or of a faction can for long overbear the settled resolution of the community. Ireland may have much trouble yet to go through, and perhaps we along with her, but there is no reason to doubt that in the end the judgment and the interests of the mass of her people will bring her to safety.

*

Finally let us recall that revolutions always bring turmoil in their train, and that it is not surprising that Ireland is no exception. Depending on the good sense of the mass of the people and on the prayers for their welfare offered up all over the world, we face the future with hope and still believe in the truth of the fine old motto:

"There is no telling the destiny that God has in store for the family of the Gael."

In the home, the spirit of unity and harmony must prevail. Let the members of the household be affectionate toward one another, having only one heart and one soul, not saying or doing anything that may pain any one of them.

NOTES

Early Days in New Zealand

A few months ago when reviewing Archbishop Redwood's *Reminiscences of Early Days in New Zealand* we ventured to express the hope that his Grace might consent to favor us with a continuation of the interesting memories which brought us only as far as his appointment as a professor in Dundalk. The wish then voiced has been now fulfilled, and we have before us a second volume, as delightful as the first, in which we are told in the same facile style about the author's ordination to the priesthood, his appointment and consecration for Wellington his arrival in the home of his youth after an absence of twenty years, his welcome in the Dominion, and many entertaining and edifying incidents in his life as Bishop and Archbishop of Wellington. On the first page we are brought back to the year 1864 when Francis Redwood arrived at St. Mary's, Dundalk, where he taught others, and was taught himself by two sound theologians, Fathers Leterrier, S.M., and Father Pestre, S.M. In 1865 the future Metropolitan of New Zealand was ordained priest at Maynooth. In retrospect we see him confirmed at Lyons by Cardinal Bonald; receiving Tonsure and Minor Orders from Bishop Whelan at All Hallows; ordained subdeacon by Archbishop (later, Cardinal) Cullen in his private oratory in Dublin; ordained deacon at Armagh by Archbishop Dixon; and, after his ordination at Maynooth by Bishop Whelan, celebrating his first Mass (which was a High Mass) at the Marists' chapel in Dundalk. Then, back to teaching and study again—to serious study which had its fruit in a brilliant thesis for the Licentiate, in Dublin. It had another result too. Owing to intense application the young priest's health broke down, and he was ordered by a doctor to spend the winter in a warmer climate than Ireland—a providential circumstance which brought him to Rome where his mind was enriched and his imagination quickened among the churches, shrines, libraries, monuments catacombs, and treasures of art in the Eternal City.

Bishop of Wellington

In 1869 Father Redwood's superiors had already selected him as co-adjutor to Dr. Viard. In 1872 Dr. Viard died, and in 1874 the Holy See appointed Francis Redwood as his successor, at the age of 34, the youngest bishop in the Church then as he is now the oldest in time of consecration. The news of this elevation reached him on January 29, 1874, the feast of his Patron, St. Francis de Sales. The Archbishop thus describes his reception of the momentous tidings: "When on reflection I decided that obedience was the best proof of humility and the surest sign of God's will, I accepted the awful dignity and tremendous responsibility, trusting in God and the 'Star of the Sea.' I had never, as God knows, desired and never asked to return to New Zealand after my profession as a Marist. I put myself entirely into the hands of my superiors to go where they wished and do what they commanded, all the days of my life; my sacrifice of home and country was absolute, and, as far as dependent on me, irrevocable. And thus, in my poor person, was again signally verified the truth of the sacred words: 'An obedient man shall speak of victory.'" On St. Patrick's Day, in St. Ann's Church, London, Cardinal Manning consecrated the young bishop, who selected the feast of the Apostle of Ireland, because, he tells us: "I had witnessed for years the faith and virtue of the people whom his labors and miracles had converted from Heathenism to the Catholic Faith, which they have kept so heroically down to the present day and will keep for ever. I also considered that the bulk of my flock in New Zealand was Irish, and I longed for the blessing and assistance of their great Apostle upon my labors in their behalf." Here an Irishman may pause to remember with gratitude how nobly the Archbishop has served the cause of Ireland

from that day to this and how truly may it be said of him; *Hibernior Hibernis ipsis!*

Back to New Zealand

After the solemn day of consecration there was a brief period of rest and recreation, there was visiting of old friends and new, interviewing superiors and students at ecclesiastical colleges, and a tour through the beauty spots of Ireland in company with Father Ginaty, S.M., whose memory is still green in New Zealand. Then we have delightful vignettes of the long voyage across the world in the largest and newest P. and O. steamer afloat—the "Australia," 4000 tons and warranted to do her 10 knots! "At last, on a fine evening, we reached the Bluff, and I shall always remember the vivid impression of feeling myself once more really in New Zealand (after an absence of twenty years), produced by the peculiar smell of the numerous flax bushes near the landing-place. Then a run to Invercargill on a woefully deliberate train; then a cordial *cead mile failte* by Bishop Moran at Dunedin; then Christchurch; and so at last to Wellington where priests and people were eagerly waiting for their Bishop's arrival. The Canonical Reception over and the addresses read, what wonder that his heart yearned for a sight of the aged mother whom he had parted from twenty years before as a boy and was now to meet again as a bishop. And so, over the Strait and down the Sounds for the dearest welcome of them all: "I lost no time in answer to her longing. Accordingly, with my two brothers, I started on the small steamer 'Phoebe' for Picton. . . . At Picton my brother Charley's fine pair of horses and a carriage were in readiness. We soon did the seventeen miles to the ferry on the Wairau River, there being then no bridge. There were clouds of dust in parts of the way, stirred up by the number of conveyances which had brought people to meet me at Picton. A crowd of Catholics, with their Rector, Father Sanzeau, S.M., were on the Blenheim side, and, of course, in a fever of expectation, wondering what their new Bishop was like. My mother's heart was throbbing apace in expectance of her son, Frank, whom she last saw a boy, and now so changed and exalted?—her Bishop! . . . I had better not describe our meeting. There are moments in life beyond the power of speech to describe—and this was one." Later, as soon as duties allowed, Nelson claims him, and there, amid the scenes of childhood, Father Garin, Brother Claude Marie Bertrand, and other old friends were ready in their joy to say their *Nunc dimittis* on seeing the boy who had sailed away to France two decades ago once more among them as a bishop. The subsequent pages of the *Reminiscences* are full of vivid pictures of a Colonial bishop's life and labors in years when roads were rough tracks, when trains were few, and travelling on sea around the coast by no means an unmixed pleasure. But life was more spacious and perhaps the people were more lovable and simple, and there were abundant compensations for hardships endured in the service of God. There was rain in plenty and mud *go leor*, but it was not always bad weather and rough going, and the glory of summer seas made up for the lack of comfort of the little boats that tossed and rolled around the coast: "What, in fact, more fascinating and delightful than cruising in fine weather along some of the boldest and most sublime scenery to be found on the globe—mountains, rocks, and snowline in all their grandeur?" We must pass over many a page on which we would love to linger. We can only mention such important events in the history of Catholic New Zealand as the framing of the Statutes, the visit of Cardinal Moran, the founding of Catholic institutions, the opening of St. Patrick's College, which all appear in their proper perspective in the *Reminiscences*. Readers will turn to the pages themselves lovingly, and we have no wish to mar their enjoyment by inadequate descriptions of them. The book ends on this note: "May these *Reminiscences*, however, serve their purpose as illustrations and truthful graphic pictures of times and scenes and people dear to me and many, but times and people and scenes never to come back with the same features again." We congratulate His Grace on having given us a second volume worthy of the first.

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DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Kaikorai, supply the completed list of office-bearers for the ensuing year as follows:—President, Mrs. T. Hill; vice-president, Mrs. J. Ford; treasurer, Mrs. R. Winders; secretary, Miss Heffernan; wardrobe-keepers, Mrs. K. McConnell and Miss Garstang.

The concluding eucharistic-social in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society's Stall in connection with the St. Vincent's Orphanage Fair, will be held in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, South Dunedin, on next Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. Mr. T. Keohane has presented handsome prizes for competition, and an attractive programme has been arranged. It is hoped the function will be numerously patronised in view of the worthy object which it is to benefit.

Mrs. M. A. Jackson (president) and other ladies of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, will occupy the recognised Catholic stand (Government Life Insurance Corner, Princes Street) on the occasion of the annual street collection in aid of the Karitane-Harris Hospital (Plunket Society Nurses), which is to be held on Friday week, the 13th inst. Helpers and donations for the stall will be gratefully welcomed. A feature of the appeal will be the sale of spring flowers supplied by Mr. Hart, of Lawrence.

The mission for women at St. Joseph's Cathedral and St. Patrick's Basilica, conducted by the Marist Missioners, Fathers Herring and Eccleton respectively, was brought to a conclusion on last Sunday afternoon, when both of the sacred edifices were crowded to capacity. The week's mission for men was commenced at the eleven o'clock Mass in the Cathedral and Basilica. The Masses at 6, 7, and 9 o'clock are attended by large numbers, the daily Communions showing considerable increases from day to day. The devoted missioners' eloquent discourses each evening are listened to with the utmost attention and interest by splendid congregations of men. A fruitful result of the mission is the increased membership of the parish confraternities, the aim at the Cathedral being to bring the numerical strength of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor (women) and the Sacred Heart Association (men) up to record figures. Already the membership of the former has been increased by over 500, while all efforts are being concentrated this week on bringing about as satisfactory a result in regard to the men's society. This is a work which is very dear to the heart of his Lordship the Bishop, who is using his utmost endeavors to enrol members.

A solo of work, combined with a children's entertainment, will be given at the Catholic schoolroom, Morpington, on next Saturday week, in aid of the St. Vincent's Orphanage Fund.

Recent letters received from the Right Rev. Mgr. Coffey, state that he is still in Ireland, and in good health.

The fortnightly meeting of St. Joseph's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on Tuesday evening last, Bro. P. Walsh presiding. Owing to the mission now in progress urgent business only was transacted.

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Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

October 2.

The quarterly Communion of the members of the Hibernian Society took place at the 7.30 o'clock Mass on Sunday, when there was a good attendance.

The members of the sodality of Children of Mary also approached the Holy Table in very large numbers.

Mr. J. S. McGrath, an old boy of the Marist Brothers' School, who has spent some ten years in the East, has been visiting his home in Invercargill. He leaves next week on his return to Burma.

Last week, Mrs. Fulton, of Waikiwi, gave a very enjoyable evening at her residence in aid of the bazaar funds. There was a large number of visitors, who were enjoyably entertained by the hostess.

The much-talked-of bazaar will commence in the Victoria Hall on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., and will be continued until the following Saturday week. At the Masses on Sunday the people were exhorted to patronise the bazaar and generously assist it. The stall-holders have accomplished a great amount of preliminary work, and it only remains for parishioners to do their share by attending and liberally supporting the enterprise. It is hoped that the financial results will eclipse any similar effort in the past.

I understand that the tender for the erection of St. Joseph's School has been accepted, and that the work of erection will be gone on with immediately.

IRISH CHILDREN'S RELIEF FUND.

Articles (new) for above fund will be received up to October 16. Schools are particularly invited to help.—Honorary Secretary, c/o Catholic Supplies, Manners Street, Wellington.

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Trouble not at the loss of thy bodily eyes. Thou hast the eyes with which the angels see, by which thou mayest behold God.—St. Anthony.

A Lourdes Year

There were certain timid souls who, shortly after the war, feared that the day of Lourdes was over, and that the great crowds of pilgrims would never come back. But the war, which devastated Europe for four years with its horrible carnage, has not stayed the tide of pilgrims to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes (writes Edmond Duthoit).

It became evident that the Catholics of the whole world, and particularly the Catholics of France, were impatient once more to renew their pilgrimages to the shrine. And the French bishops have made good their promises to lead their dioceses, in the pilgrimages of thanksgiving, to the steps of the Grotto.

On the morrow of the Armistice, as well as the year following, the difficulties of transportation were such as to prevent the bishops carrying out the fulfilment of their promises. Yet the pilgrims have come in ever increasing throngs: old soldiers who vowed the pilgrimage during the war came to fulfil their vows; widows and disconsolate mothers, who having lost husband or children, came for consolation to the Mother of the Afflicted.

Yet, in spite of the transportation difficulties, the diocese of Montpellier, headed by the late Cardinal Cabrières, its valiant Bishop, made its votive pilgrimage in 1919, and it was followed in 1920 by the dioceses of Paris, Angoulême, Angers, Nancy, Rouen, and Toulouse.

But it is the year 1921 that marks definitely the renewal of the pilgrimages. From April 15 until October 18 there was an unending flow of pilgrims. While during the three months of August, September, and October there was not a week with fewer than five or six pilgrimages at a time. And these pilgrims arrived from all parts of France. Normans and Bretons, Alsatians, and Lorrainers, Provençals and Bourguignons, Gascons and Auvergnese, passed day after day in throngs before the rock of Massabielle. It was like a picturesque and edifying vision of France, France Christian and religious.

And then the foreign pilgrimages began once more, as in the days before the war. As might be expected, faithful Belgium was the first to return with 13 pilgrimages, not counting the numerous small groups.

Spain came next that year, with its six imposing pilgrimages. Then followed Italy, with its great national pilgrimage that was headed by the Archbishop of Milan, the then Cardinal Ratti—*Pio XI., gloriosamente regnante!* Then there was the pilgrimage of the French Swiss, the two great pilgrimages from England, the pilgrimage of the Irish Catholics, one from Holland, and one from the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

As to the total number of pilgrims for the year, let it suffice to point out that down to last October at the railway station of Lourdes alone there were 750,000 cards verified. Among the year's pilgrims to the Grotto the Princes of the Church are particularly to be distinguished; for the record of the year shows that more than one hundred archbishops and bishops and no fewer than seven cardinals passed the foot of the Grotto.

It is out of the question to say how many priests visited Lourdes. But here is the figure for the Masses celebrated in the Lourdes sanctuaries—45,500. And the number of Communions given approached something like 800,000.

Much structural progress has been made during this Lourdes year under review. The Interallied Monument of Thanksgiving, which is to commemorate the noble dead of the war, is going on well, thanks to the goodwill of the pilgrims. Above the subterranean crypt, now completely finished, have already been placed the marble slabs on which is represented a tableau both religious and military, and which doubtless will dominate the statue of Notre Dame de Lourdes. It is hoped that this work of art will be commensurate in dignity with the noble generosity of the heroic soldiers whose memory it honors.

The decoration of the Church of the Rosary goes ahead. The walls are gradually disappearing under the rich layers of Pyrenean rose marble, on which is to be inscribed in letters of gold the numerous witnesses of graces and cures accorded by Our Lady of Lourdes.

Last of all there is the grand project of enlarging the space at the Grotto. It will place more room at the disposal of the pilgrims, and provide more room for the sick who wish to be present at the Masses and other sacred ceremonies.

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When the family circle is broken and scattered and we have but the memory of those whom we have "loved and lost awhile," in the heart's silent times we can hear again the dear, familiar words as potent as the "still small voice" at Horeb's cave. And the rarest treasure of the soul will be the sweet remembrance of this "practice of the presence of God" at the family altar.

◆◆◆◆◆
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MARRIAGES

KELLY—O'REILLY.—On September 12, 1922, at St. Mary's Church, Makikihi, by the Rev. Father Peoples, Daniel, eldest son of Mr. P. Kelly, Jackson Street, Timaru, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. P. Reilly, Makikihi.

DEATHS

BROWNIE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edward John, beloved husband of Rose A. Brownie, 371 Worcester Street, Christchurch, and son-in-law of the late James and Ann Bonner, Port Chalmers, who died in Christchurch Hospital on September 14, 1922.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

DOOHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Doohan, who died of pneumonia at Kaiwairai, Featherston, on September 11, 1922; aged 49 years.—R.I.P.

DONNELLY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Frances Mary Donnelly, relict of William Donnelly, of Lower Hutt, who died at Ngarawahia on September 17, 1922.—R.I.P.

McHUGH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick McHugh, who died at his residence, Darfield, on September 18, 1922; aged 62 years.—R.I.P.

McILHONE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Albert (Albie), dearly beloved husband of Nellie McIlhone, who died at his residence, Carlton Club Hotel, Newmarket, on September 25, 1922.—R.I.P.

McLAUGHLIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, beloved husband of Bridget McLaughlin, who died at his residence, 121 North Street, Timaru, on September 20, 1922; aged 83 years.—R.I.P.

O'BRIEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Johanna, relict of William O'Brien, who died at Bury Street, Gore, on September 21, 1922; aged 74 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

SULLIVAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Sullivan (Co. Clare, Ireland), who died at her residence, Cowper Street, Greymouth, on September 13, 1922; aged 85 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

CASEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Casey, who died in the Fairlie Hospital on September 30, 1921.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her loving husband, sons, and daughters.

FITZPATRICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Alexander Fitzpatrick, who died at Passchendaele on October 4, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

HARTSTONGE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Joseph Hartstonge, who was killed in action on October 12, 1917; also of Jeremiah Hartstonge, who was killed in action on October 1, 1918.—On their souls, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

LA BROOME.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Thomas La Broome, dearly beloved eldest son of Louis and Ellen La Broome, Colin Street, Port Ahuriri, who was killed in action near Cambrai, on October 8, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents, sisters, and brothers.

McCORMACK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James McCormack, who died at Oxford on October 3, 1921.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

McQUILKIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John McQuilkin, who died at Ashburton on October 3, 1919.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

O'CONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John O'Connell, who died at "Marawitti," Barr Hill, on October 1, 1921.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

DRURY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Drury, who died at Dunedin on October 3, 1919.—R.I.P.

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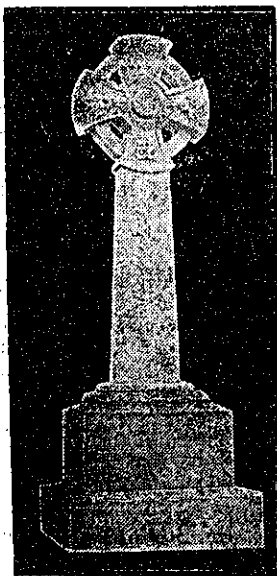
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Mr. Arthur Griffith

(By STEPHEN GWYNN, in the *Manchester Guardian*.)

Arthur Griffith was too pertinacious a man, too desperately in earnest, for it to be possible that he should die without reluctance. He must have known the difficulties that lie ahead, and certainly he was not one to shirk his part in facing them. Yet I think if ever a man was lucky in the opportuneness of his death it was he. He had given his best; his ideal had been accepted and brought to fruition. Ireland, after turning down so many leaders, had stood by him, even to accepting the ordeal of civil war. Ireland had learnt to trust his courage and his patriotism, and refused to be led away by those who cried out that he was hauling down the national flag. Wisdom was justified of its children; he had been the great educator of Irish thought in his time, and the settlement which he secured was the settlement which he had taught Ireland to aim for. It is statesmanship to formulate an end which is attainable, and the proof of his statesmanship is that his end was attained. He joined for a period in the demand for a Republic, but on a clear principle. He followed Davis in choosing to work always with the Irish people, and at that moment the people were demanding a Republic. Just so in 1912, when they were demanding a Home Rule Bill, he declared his intention of lending support to Redmond's party. But essentially Ireland knew what he wanted.

The most trenchant publicist since John Mitchel, he had preached to them a Parliament as independent as that of Hungary, but the Hungarian policy implied acceptance of the Dual Monarchy. Certainly no one suspected Griffith of any attachment to the Empire, yet his insistence on Ireland's rights was always on her right, to get back what she had in Grattan's day. The greatest service that he ever did to Ireland was to determine the acceptance of an offer which gave all that he thought to be vital. He was able to do that service because his essential consistency was recognised and because he counted with confidence on the effect of education, which he himself had given, carrying further but not in principle departing from the teaching of O'Connell, Parnell, and Redmond, as well as of Davis and Duffy.

The Support of the Country.

The statesman in him gave effect to what the educator had taught. His action had three stages: first, in the London debates, where it is plain that he forced acceptance on a wavering Irish Cabinet; second, in the debates where he had to prevent the Dail from going back on what the delegates had done; thirdly, in the Ministry, when he had to decide that attempts to defeat by force the country's declared acceptance must be put down by force. He died on the very day when the resistance of the Irregulars was broken and his third task accomplished with growing enthusiasm of support for his policy over all the country. More than that, he had lived to see those who in opposition to him preached an irreconcilable policy render their own ideal furiously unpopular by the courses they pursued. All danger from the appeal to abstract idealism was over. The appeal to Ireland's historic past had won. Davis, whom Griffith always claimed for his master, would have rejoiced to see the unanimity of support which came from all classes when the Irish Government issued its call to arms. Many who gave or approved that support are anxious to-day. Some think that the opposing sides may not join; if they do, it can only be in support of Griffith's policy. No Government abandons what it has won a civil war to establish.

Some rate so highly the talent which is lost that they think it irreplaceable. Yet in fact Arthur Griffith was ill-fitted for the work of a Parliamentary leader. He showed that in the Dail he was irritable, and certain people, especially Mr. Erskine Childers, made him furious. He was not dexterous in debate, and was not, indeed, a good speaker. He lacked persuasiveness in speech, and his manner of stating a case seemed to create opposition. He lacked also personal magnetism, the gift through which men are followed blindly. Mr. Collins has his share in all these, and it may be as well that the State should have one head and not two with their relative positions ill-defined. For the troubles ahead a leader will be needed who has a free hand and something of the demagogic gift, which Griffith lacked.

Men of the Future.

But Griffith's views are fully expressed in the Ministry. Mr. Cosgrave, Minister for Local Government, was presumably by Griffith's choice acting as vice-chairman of the Cabinet. He is said to be able and clear-headed, and his reply of this month (August) to a proposal for negotiations was firm and lucid. Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Commerce, who assisted Griffith in redrafting the Constitution, is another representative of his opinions, but the real truth is that the country at large stands for Griffith's opinions, and has supported the Government in a war to make them prevail. It is not now going to see them thrown aside. It is determined not to be pushed into war with England for phrases before it has proved that the powers given it are insufficient for its free development. At present it is ready to take Griffith's word for it that they are ample. His feuds—and they were many—die with him. Relations between old Nationalists and the Ministry may be more easily established and they should be. But his ideals survive.

AN ENGLISH APPRECIATION.

The writer of the following appreciation had many opportunities of meeting Mr. Griffith during the period of the Treaty negotiations in London last year.

Ireland has had a roll of famous leaders, but no one quite like Arthur Griffith, drawn from the artisan class, making no pretentious claims for himself, unable to spellbind the multitude with demagogic oratory like O'Connell, imposing no implicit obedience like Parnell. He was a genuine democrat, and did not ask Irishmen to give up their minds to his keeping. He was a silent, shy, sensitive man, hardly of medium height, with a voice pitched in a low key, with a somewhat nervous manner and twinkling eyes behind his pince-nez. He probably knew a lot of Irish. He was a master of written English; but he was disconcertingly brief in the use of the spoken word. From all of which it will be realised how unlike he was to what an Englishman has been taught to expect an Irishman to be. Anyone who spent an evening with Griffith and Collins together would wonder how one country could produce the two men, and would even doubt if the Welshmen's claims to Griffith as one of themselves could be substantiated. It is said that his type is to be found in remote parts of North Wales and that any slight differences must be explained by the long time the Griffith family have been settled in Ireland. Perhaps so. So reticent and anonymous had he been that it is safe to conjecture that when he was deputed to cross to London as chief negotiator the majority of his Majesty's Ministers had never heard his name.

Enough of the inner history of the conferences in Whitehall has leaked out to enable the public to know that the silent man retained his characteristics undiluted in Downing Street. He made no speeches. He gave no opportunities. He was perfectly courteous. He was willing that his country should be associated with this country for certain specified and quite important purposes. He mainly wanted Ireland to be mistress of her own affairs in her own household. He did not believe the Ulster difficult insuperable if we would but stand aside and not foster the quarrel between North and South.

Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill, and the Lord Chancellor in particular were growingly impressed with the moral qualities of the silent negotiator. He was quite straight. He was not unpractical. He never swerved from any undertaking. These are reputed to be the true English qualities, and I suppose the English statesmen liked this reflection of themselves. Anyway, the story goes that it was the moral courage of Arthur Griffith which rose to the crisis on the fateful night when the Prime Minister posed the final issue. The protracted negotiations had throughout tested supremely the courage and patience chiefly of two men—Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Griffith. In the conflict they learned to respect each other, and the Prime Minister's messages to Mrs. Griffith and Mr. Collins are obviously no formal expressions of regret, but confessions of a personal sorrow felt at the death of a great Irishman.

Griffith took back to Dublin a charter of genuine Irish freedom, and later he took a Constitution which, though disguised in legal terminology, has within its clauses the imprint of his wise care for the best interests of the land to which he utterly dedicated himself.

A. H. O'Leary

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Taumaruni

Our Sports Summary

TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Marist Brothers' second Rugby football fifteen recently visited Christchurch and played a match with a junior team, when the visitors won by 12 points to 6, after giving a splendid display of football. The Timaru boys were billeted by some kind friends, and the Brothers desire to express their gratitude for the hospitality shown them—a number of whom had visited the City of the Plains for the first time.

The Christchurch boys visited Timaru last Friday and played the return match with the Marist Brothers' junior A team at Anzac Square on Saturday, when the local boys were just beaten by a try scored near the close of the game. There was a good attendance of spectators, who were treated to a well-contested game. The visitors were billeted by a number of friends and supporters, and greatly enjoyed their stay in Timaru.

The annual seven-a-side football tournament, promoted by the Schools' Sports Association, was held at the Athletic Grounds on the 23rd ult. Rev. Brother Palladius is a prominent member of the controlling committee. The Marist Brothers entered three teams, and the junior A fifteen were successful in their competition, after playing four times during the day. The following players will receive medals: Masters Mason, Hall, Ryan, Fulton, Henry, Peyer, and Gilmore.

The members of St. Patrick's Miniature Rifle Club have had a very successful season for a young club. The members took part in the *Timaru Herald* tournament, also the South Island championships, and acquitted themselves remarkably well. The following parishioners and supporters generously donated cash trophies for competition amongst the members: Mrs. F. W. Clark, Messrs. W. McCulloch, P. J. O'Leary, C. Hall, M. Mullins, V. Meehan, M. O'Meehan, T. P. Crowe, M. Houlihan, J. Collins, T. Cronin, J. Murphy, G. B. Lamborn, and R. Rodgers. The prize-winners are Messrs. McCulloch, J. Collins, J. Leigh, W. Stirling, J. Crowley, C. Knight, J. O'Leary, W. McGrath, C. O'Donoghue, P. Downey, and H. Travis. Mr. Con Byrne very kindly donated a fine silver cup for most points in the aggregate, which was won by the popular secretary of the club (Mr. F. Bartos), who will retain the trophy till next year. The winner also gained a gold medal (donated by Mr. J. O'Leary), and a handsome challenge medal (donated by Mr. D. Doyle, jun).

The Rifle Club held a successful social last Thursday night, a large number being in attendance. The social committee's arrangements were completely satisfactory, and much appreciated.

GAELIC PASTIMES.

Aonach Tailteann:—The following summary of work done by Aonach Tailteann Council has been issued to all countries concerned:—Appreciating your great work in organising teams in your adopted country to take part in the revived Tailteann Festival, and realising that your disappointment is as great as ours, we hasten to tell you of the hopes we had, and the preparations we had made that Aonach Tailteann should prove worthy of its noble design, creditable to our island home, and demonstrative of the talent, virility, and recuperative powers of the Irish race.

On the fertile plains of Meath thousands of years ago the scattered clans were wont to assemble in friendly contest at stated periods. From ancient Annals, poems, manuscripts, and modern history, it is clear that during the August month all that was best in our ancient nation was wont to assemble. Aonach Tailteann was the big event in the social and athletic Gaelic year. Each chieftain brought his retinue of athletes, charioteers, cavalry, poets, musicians, shanachies, champions of spear and battleaxe, swimmers and wrestlers. We are told the retinue of horsemen alone stretched along the plain below Teltown for six Irish miles. We are told Tailteann was one of the three greatest events in that epoch of glorious chivalry. We are told of the friendly invasions of the Gaelic clans from Scotland, Wales, and Northern France; we have in our annals a picture of peace and plenty, of gallantry and glamor, of social festivity and friendly intercourse, which must have had a powerfully cementing influence on the scattered branches of Celtic civilisation.

But Aonach Tailteann is not gone. The central committee will keep together. After a month or so of respite we start with new vigor on the enlarged scheme of 1923, and in their working we seek your continued and enthusiastic support. Many fresh items will be included, and, benefiting by this season's experience, more exhaustive preparation will be possible. It is proposed to hold an International Congress of Sport in Dublin in August, and here, amongst other matters, the prospects of 1923 Aonach Tailteann will be fully discussed. Confident that brighter prospects are in store for our country, we propose to start preparations for an ambitious national celebration next year, lasting a full 14 days, from August 1 to 15, in which no branch of activity in our nation's life shall be overlooked. From out the ashes of the past new forms shall grow and brighten Eire. Paul Carroll, the Australian representative for the quarter and half-mile at the Tailteann Games, who arrived at Plymouth recently, was keenly disappointed

that the Games had to be abandoned, but hopes, nevertheless, to come across next year.

The Famous Diggers

The Famous Diggers is one of the few travelling companies which have survived the strenuous period we have just passed through, and it speaks well for the merit of its performances that this war-born organisation has been able to hold its head up in the hard times.

Recognising that better times are ahead, the management decided to produce an all-eclipsing programme which has left all previous efforts far behind.

A fine new comedian and dancer, Jimmy Norton, known throughout America as "That London Boy," has been imported to New Zealand to assist Joe Valli, Tano Fama, and Gus Dawson keep the comedy ball rolling. Mademoiselle Claire Gooley, a cantatrice with a delightful soprano voice, is an attractive young singer who adds delicacy and charm of manner to a wonderfully sweet voice. The *Sydney Bulletin*, in speaking of Miss Gooley, says: "Of the performers on this week's Tivoli bill, we must hand it to that prince of Comedians George Carney and to Claire Gooley. The latter is a true cosmopolitan, wisely mixing popular songs with the more difficult operatic arias. She was recalled five times." Gus Dawson is responsible for the many dancing features in the entertainment and he has devised some fine ballets for the "Super Six" dancing girls who now grace the show. Broad, laughable burlesque, clever satire, smart jokes of the unhoary type characterise the evening's entertainment, and such side-splitting absurdities as "The Rest Cure," "The A.B.C. Restaurant," and the quaintly funny "Roof Garden Scene" are calculated to raise a laugh from the most blasé theatre-goer. The comedy is in the hands of Messrs. Jimmy Norton, Joe Valli (the Scottish comedian), and Tano Fama. Stan Lawson, although he has not entirely dropped the feminine impersonations which have earned him an international reputation as a "Misleading Lady" (a charming deceit) will be seen in "he man" parts and his histrionic ability stands out greater than ever. Claude Bell, the new baritone, has, until recently been singing under Harry Musgrove's management and was selected in Australia from forty-six applicants. The Big Orchestra is still a feature of the show.

Plea for Peace in Ireland

ARCHBISHOP'S MOVING APPEAL.

In the course of his sermon at last Mass in Tuam Cathedral on a recent Sunday, his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam said:

"I sympathise most deeply with the young men of Ireland in the tragic situation in which they now find themselves. Cruel and barbarous reprisals by the British forces helped to concentrate the attention of the world on Ireland's struggle for freedom. In response to the prayers of the people, there came a truce; next came a treaty.

"There was a tide in the affairs of our nation which, taken at the flood might have led to a new stable Government, but the great men failed the masses of the people, and most of the young men were in favor of the compromise. There was a constitutional way of settling the difficulty, but it was rejected. While the great majority wanted peace, sinister influences prevailed, and here we are now," he said, "in the throes of a disastrous domestic war. The noble, responsive young men of Ireland who allowed themselves to be drawn easily into a kind of war against what was called a British Government, are now ranged in serried columns pouring deadly fire into their own ranks. I appeal to them to ground arms, and insist on the constitutional way of ending this conflict. There is already enough of Irish blood shed. There is enough of destruction done in the country. Irish property is being daily destroyed by Irishmen. Railways are cut, bridges broken, property commandeered, women and children are living in terror. Work is abandoned, and the grim spectres of famine and disease are standing at our doors. The moral law is violated; consciences are tortured; hearts are torn, although by the use of common sense and moderation our country could now be smiling as it never smiled before, in its freedom from outside control.

"In the name of God and in the name of Ireland I appeal to the young men to save the old land from destruction. Let them insist on a Truce of God, with a view to the restoration of ordered conditions in the country. During the Truce let Parliament meet and let Parliament rule. Let us have one Government, namely, that accepted by the majority of the people's representatives. Let us have one army, one police force, and one Ireland. Is this a fair solution? Is it a just solution? Is it not the only way to political salvation? Is it not morality, patriotism, and common sense? The alternatives are too terrible to contemplate. There can be no glory in this war. Its continuance to the bloody end will leave Ireland a pallid skeleton, awaiting death, with no pitying eyes to weep for disasters brought upon us, not by our foes but by ourselves. Let us then proclaim a Truce of God. Let us all join in prayer while our Parliament is laying the basis of a constitutional Peace, as we cannot expect God's blessings unless we keep His Commandments. Let those concerned set about making restitution and reparation for damage, as far as they can do so. May God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, St Joseph and the Irish saints give the young men of Ireland the moral courage to do what conscience proclaims to be right."

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Faith of Our Fathers

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

COMMANDMENTS OF THE CHURCH.

1. To the ten commandments of God we must add the five commandments of the Church, so called because they were established by the Church, that is, by ecclesiastical superiors invested with the authority of Jesus Christ.

2. The commandments of the Church must be observed by all the faithful like the ten commandments of God. They cannot be broken without incurring the guilt of mortal sin and the penalty of eternal damnation. At the same time, being in their nature human laws, the precepts of the Church do not oblige when it is impossible or very difficult to observe them, and they admit of dispensation. With these legitimate exceptions, we are bound to observe the precepts of the Church as the precepts of God Himself, because they are laid on us by the pastors who govern in His place, and to whom we owe the same obedience as we owe to God, according to the words of Our Lord: "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me" (St. Luke x. 16).

3. The commandments of the Church have for their end, (1) to help us to observe the commandments of God, and the things prescribed by Our Lord Jesus Christ; (2) to make us practise the filial obedience, respect, and love that we owe to the Church, our Mother.

4. Among all ecclesiastical ordinances and laws, there are five which in a special manner concern all the faithful; and these are called the five commandments of the Church. They are—

(1) To keep certain appointed days holy, with the obligation of resting from servile works.

(2) To hear Mass on all Sundays and holidays of obligation.

(3) To keep the days of fasting and abstinence appointed by the Church.

(4) To confess our sins to our pastors at least once a year.

(5) To receive the Blessed Sacrament at least once a year, and that at Easter or thereabouts.

To Keep Certain Appointed Days Holy, with the Obligation of Resting From Servile Work.

I. Meaning of Holidays or Feast-Days.

1. A feast-day, or festival, is a day of joy, a day of solemn assembly or public rejoicing, established either in honor of some distinguished person, or in commemoration of some great event. There are civil festivals and religious festivals; it is of the latter only that we are here about to treat.

2. Religious festivals are days especially consecrated to divine worship. They are established, (1) in order to render to God the solemn homage due to Him; (2) for the spiritual welfare of men; (3) to enliven the days of our earthly pilgrimage with holy joy.

3. There have been festivals as long as there has been any public worship, that is to say, ever since the origin of the human race. The Holy Scripture reveals to us this fact of these real festivals in the solemn invocations of the name of the Lord, established by Enos, in the time of our first father, Adam (Gen. iv. 26); then again in the holocausts offered by Noe and his family after the Deluge; and lastly in the celebrated sacrifices offered by Abraham and the other patriarchs on the altars which they had erected.

4. Formed into a nation, the family of the patriarchs received, together with the law of Moses, the institution of various solemn festivals. The chief of these were the Feasts of the Pasch and of Pentecost, which two solemnities were to endure to the end of time, and to be continued in later days, though under a more perfect form, in the Church of Jesus Christ.

5. The Church, in virtue of the power delegated to her by her divine Founder, to regulate all that concerns divine worship, has established festivals—(1) in honor of the Blessed Trinity; (2) in honor of Our Lord Jesus Christ; (3) in honor of the Blessed Virgin; and (4) in honor of the angels and the saints.

The end of all these festivals is not only to render fitting homage to God and His saints, and a just acknowledgment of their benefits, but likewise to obtain their protection, to inspire the faithful with holy joy, to encourage them, and to nourish their piety and devotion by putting

vividly before them the mysteries of faith, and the example of Jesus Christ and His saints.

6. The Church orders that the festivals that are commanded, or of obligation, are to be kept holy like Sundays. For France and Belgium there are four of these, which may fall on other days than Sunday, namely, Christmas Day, Ascension Day, the Assumption, and All Saints.

7. Besides these feasts of obligation, there are others that are designated as abolished feasts; they are those festivals which, by virtue of an indult granted by Pius VII., on April 9, 1802, have ceased to be of obligation for France and Belgium, although the divine office is to be continued as before, because the Church desires that the faithful should continue to assist at it. Among these abolished feasts are the patronal feasts, that is, the feasts of the patrons of each diocese, parish, or country.

A Presbyterian Tribute to Pope Benedict XV

It would doubtless fill many columns to print all the eloquent tributes paid the world over to the memory of Benedict XV. by the non-Catholic press (says *America*.) The note of bigotry was but seldom and faintly heard in the secular papers of the United States, while the appreciation for the services rendered by the great Pope of the World War was deep and genuine. From the pulpit of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, Dr. William Carter preached a formal sermon upon the subject: "A Protestant Estimate of Pope Benedict XV." "No wonder that the world is mourning so deeply now," he said. "No wonder that the chariots of the Church of God are dragging heavily." Praising the dead Pontiff as a great executive, a great friend of man, and above all "a great churchman, a great Christian," he continued.

"Three hundred million Catholics mourn his loss to-day because of the close and tender relationship they had with him, through the faith he so faithfully and consistently exemplified, and three hundred million Protestants send their sympathy, as from heart to heart, and join their sorrow with their Christian brethren. I trust, therefore, that it will not be deemed presumptuous for a fellow-Christian, though of the Protestant faith, in genuine sympathy and sorrow to give, in this public way, a Protestant estimate and eulogy of Pope Benedict XV.

"Benedict XV. had the gentle sanctity of Pius X. mixed with the keen executive ability and brilliant statesmanship of Leo XIII. No smirch, or spot, or stain ever rested on his life, either public or private. No bar sinister can ever be placed on his escutcheon even by the most malignant of his enemies. In him was combined the manhood of the Master and the culture of the Cross. He lived in the quiet of the cloister but his ear was ever attuned to the cries of a needy and a suffering world. He knew his Lord and Master, but he also knew men and ever insisted that he should know them better than he might the better minister to their needs. With one hand he grasped the hand of God, as he walked with Him day by day, with the other he reached out to needy men that he might lift them up to higher and to nobler things.

"Enumerating the long list of the Pontiff's accomplishments in the cause of peace Dr. Carter thus silences all the criticisms that were made against him in the past:

"The best answer to all these criticisms is the fact that Benedict, throughout the war, won the confidence of the world at large enough to join eleven more nations in formal recognition of the Vatican and representation there than it had had before. The nations represented by formal diplomatic relations with the Vatican at the beginning of the war numbered twenty, at the end of the war the number had increased to thirty-one. Let this be the answer to all his critics."

Against those in fine who censured the Pope for his fight against Protestant propaganda in Rome, Dr. Carter nobly replies: "Is there anything derogatory in a man fighting back for his faith?"

"Reminiscences of Early Days in New Zealand."

Archbishop Redwood's *Reminiscences* is now on sale, and may be had from The Catholic Supplies, Manners Street, Wellington; O'Connor, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch; or N.Z. Tablet Office, Dunedin. It is a book that ought to be read in every home in New Zealand.

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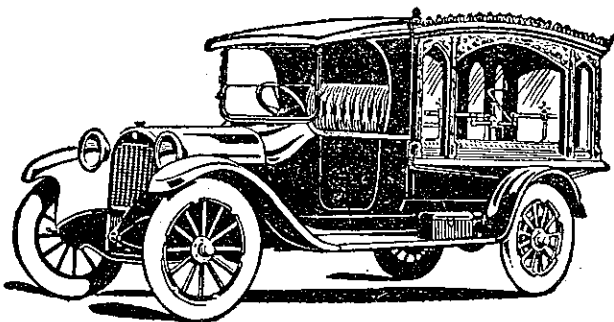
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IRISH NEWS

NEW IRISH BISHOP: COADJUTOR TO MOST REV. DR. BROWNRIGG.

The Pope (says the *Weekly Freeman*) has appointed Father James Downey, of the Congregation of the Mission, to be Titular Bishop of Adada, and Coadjutor to the Bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, with the right of succession.

The Bishop of Adada, who has been spiritual director at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, for some years past, has a record of useful service in the Order of which he is so distinguished a member. A Northerner, he was born in Co. Armagh about 48 years ago. He showed himself a scholar of marked ability, and for many years after he joined the Vincentian Order he was a professor in St. Patrick's College, Armagh.

From here he was transferred to St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, and after some time there he was appointed professor in the Irish College at Paris.

About five years ago he returned to Ireland as spiritual director at Maynooth College, an office which he has since held.

On his elevation to the Bishopric of Adada, Father Downey has the congratulations and good wishes of his many friends amongst the clergy, as well as those of countless students, who became acquainted with him in the various colleges where he acted as professor.

GOREY PRIEST'S COUNSEL.

Preaching at Mass in St. Michael's Church, Gorey, on a recent Sunday, the Rev. J. J. Rossiter, P.P., pointed out that one of the tenets of the Christian Doctrine was that they should live in peace and harmony and be charitable towards one another. They had come through many troubles, but there was now a greater trouble upon them. Young men, who had fought shoulder to shoulder in the past, were now in arms against each other. Nobody could say anything against the majority of the men on either side, but he would earnestly appeal to them to use great self-restraint and not to do anything provocative. Feeling was running high at present and passions were easily aroused, and none of them should do anything which would be likely to cause trouble and which would prevent the bringing about of a full reconciliation. They all hoped it would come soon.

CARDINAL LOGUE SEARCHED AGAIN.

Reliable information (says the *Freeman's Journal*) has been received at Dundalk of the provocative attitude adopted by armed "Specials" on the Louth-Armagh border recently and this was exemplified on Friday, the 21st July, when his Eminence Cardinal Logue, who was attending the funeral of Rev. Dr. Loughran, C.C., together with all the clergy present, were ordered to dismount from their cars and were searched by Ulster's armed constabulary. The searching was needlessly insulting. One clergyman, who was rather slow in complying with an order to put his hands up, was told by an officer that if he did not put up his hands "d—d quickly there would be another priest's funeral there."

In other cases the clergymen were poked in the sides with rifles, and others were compelled to take off their hats while the search was made. One Special, even more insulting than the rest, remarked, "We are tired of you people."

British military from an adjoining barracks had a machine-gun posted at a cross-roads, where motors were stopped. In these cases, however, no searchings were made, the soldiers being content with examining the motor licences of the drivers.

MAJOR-GENERAL McKEON AND THE ARMY: THE SERVANT, NOT THE MASTER, OF THE PEOPLE.

Addressing the people of Claremorris lately, Major-General McKeon thanked them for the reception given to the troops. That was the right attitude to adopt, as the troops were their own men, who were out to serve the people. They did not come as dictators; they came to

protect the lives and property of the people, with their own lives if necessary (cheers). That was what was really happening all over the country. They were offering their own lives. If soldiers set themselves up as dictators in opposition to the will of the people in any country, that was tyranny, no matter what Government they presumed to represent. On a recent occasion at Athlone he outlined the policy which he thought proper that the soldiers of the nation should adopt. He still stood by that policy.

Proceeding, he referred to the present operations as the last lap in the campaign, and if the people desired that the army should go the last lap, the army would do it. The army was the servant, not the master, of the people. They wanted to help to build up their country, to make it sound, economically and industrially, so that the people might live their lives in peace. Later, General McKeon and his staff were visited by the leading residents of the town.

NUNS UNDER FIRE: ATTACK UPON RATHDOWN UNION.

There was heavy firing at Loughlinstown, Co. Dublin, between 1 and 2 o'clock on a recent morning, when the Rathdown Union buildings, which include St. Columcille's Hospital, were attacked by Irregulars. A small garrison of national troops is stationed in the building, and they replied vigorously to the heavy fire of the attacking party. The exchange of shots lasted for about 40 minutes, during which a constant stream of machine-gun and rifle fire was directed on the Irregulars. The attackers were concentrated at the rear of the building, lying under cover of the railway embankment, which runs at a distance of some 200 yards away.

The attack was chiefly concentrated on the disused northern wing, which is occupied by the soldiers, and close beside which are situated the convent and chapel attached to the institution.

THE MILITARIST MIND: ADMISSION OF EXECUTIVE STAFF OFFICER.

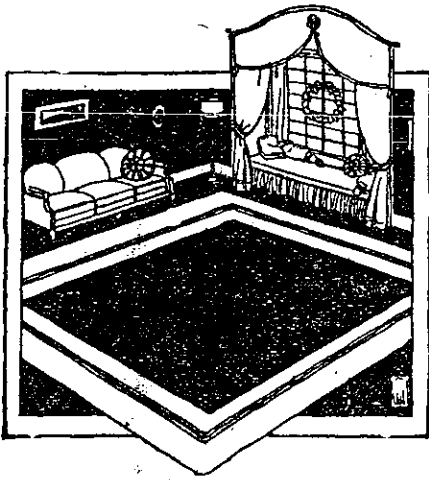
Interviewed at Field General Headquarters, Limerick, General O'Duffy, Chief of Staff, made the following statement:—"We are here to help the people who are being trampled upon by men, some of whom, at least, believe they are patriots, but the majority of whom are out for loot and appropriation of the property of the people, who have suffered so much at the hands of the British during the past few terrible years. We are not here to shoot down the men we fought with a short time ago. We are here to protect, so far as we can, the lives and property of the people, and in carrying out that duty only as much force as is necessary shall be used.

"Men who in the sacred name of freedom cut railway lines, endangering the lives of the civilian population, who barricade roads, set mines in position under these barricades, who terrorise lonely women and children in the dead of night, who blow up canal locks to starve the poor, who get in the necessaries of life by this mode, who set thousands of pounds' worth of private and State property in flames, and murder our brave and fearless young Irish soldiers under the protection of the Red Cross flag, men who do these things, however inspired, are enemies of humanity and of the Irish nation, and the Irish nation demands that they be treated as they deserve. The Irish Volunteer organisation," said General O'Duffy, "was established to protect the rights and the liberties common to the Irish people. We fought since 1916 to establish the will of the Irish people. We are now fighting to maintain that expressed will. Greater freedom will be ours when the people will it, and we trust the people.

"Liam Lynch, Irregular Chief of Staff, said to Commandant-General Hannigan a short time ago in Limerick: "The people are simply a flock of sheep to be driven any way you choose." "The people of Ireland always refused to be driven," continued the General. "No matter who carried the whip they refused to be driven, and the army of the nation will sacrifice its last soldier to carry out the nation's will. The burning of the different barracks in the city is a loss to the citizens, as it was our intention to hand over a number of them to the Corporation. However, I am glad that in the dislodging of the Irregulars private property has not been injured to any great extent."

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What is Fascism?

AN ANTI-LABOR MOVEMENT OF TERROR.

Many a newspaper reader must have seen references to Fascism and the Fascisti in Italy without having any very clear idea as to whether it was an art or a political movement. In the January *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Vincent Bugeja gives an interesting account of the rise and influence of this post-war political party.

Ever since the great Labor and Socialist victory at the General Elections of November 16, 1919, the country has been in a state of unrest. Old ideas of traditional party government were gone, for the support either of the Socialist or the Popular party (the latter a Catholic party which stood for radical and Christian, as opposed to revolutionary, social reform) was now indispensable. There have been outbreaks, notably the seizure of factories and land in August, 1920, but following these has been a great Nationalist revival, and a revolt against Socialists. In this revolt the growth of the anti-Socialist reaction known as "Fascism" has played a great part.

"This movement," says Mr. Bugeja, "has developed from the patriotic and nationalistic programme of the 'Fasci dei Combattenti,' or clubs of ex-service men. At first valuable organisations for the defence of the interests of former soldiers, the Fasci gradually admitted as members large numbers of young men whom the war had left without any certain means of livelihood, and who were too proud or too lazy to work with their hands. The element thus introduced into the Fasci was a turbulent one; and the Fascisti formed excellent material for such military adventures as that of Gabriele D'Annunzio. A considerable proportion of the poet's legionaries in Fiume was drawn from the Fasci in different Italian towns."

The commercial classes and landed proprietors financed the movement, in self-protection against Labor, and Fascism began a campaign of violence. "Their efforts," says Mr. Bugeja, "are mainly directed against Labor organisation and Socialist propaganda in any form. Labor newspaper offices and *Cemere del Lavoro* have been destroyed by them; Socialist literature has been burnt; workmen's meetings have been broken up; and Socialist leaders present in cities other than their own have been forcibly marched to the railway stations and compelled to return to the places whence they came.

Terror Let Loose.

"During the first three months of 1921 the Fascisti let loose a veritable Terror throughout the length and breadth of Italy. . . . The accounts of vendettas by the peasants of the south-eastern provinces against the landowners were followed by the story of three bloody days in Florence, then by the news of the burning of the great shipbuilding yard of San Marco di Trieste. In the Central Provinces there was scarcely a town which did not witness fatal conflicts between the opposing factions of Fascisti and Socialists. The total toll of human life ran into hundreds."

"Wounded were counted in thousands; and the destruction of property at the San Marco yard alone was estimated at more than 30,000,000 lire."

But the movement seems to be likely to perish by its own violence. So far as it fulfilled any useful partisan purpose, as a rallying point for the friends of peace and order against the friends of revolution, that function is likely to be taken over by the State, for—

"Another ground of hope is the present widespread belief in Italy in the necessity of the rehabilitation of State authority, which means of course the disintegration of the Fascist movement. The essence of Fascism is the usurpation of the powers of the State by an organised faction within the State. Although the majority of the Fascisti have been and still are animated by the best of patriotic motives, their ardor has blinded them to the fact that their methods lead straight to anarchy. Reconstruction at home and prestige abroad cannot be secured by the aimless activities of an organisation largely inspired by a desire to discredit Parliament."

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WEDDING BELLS

KELLY—REILLY.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Makikihi, on September 12, by Rev. Father Peoples, S.M., of Daniel, son of Mr. P. Kelly, Timaru, and Mary, second daughter of Mr. P. Reilly, Makikihi. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, was charmingly attired in a cream souple satin frock daintily embroidered in pearls. She also wore the customary veil and wreath, and carried a bouquet of hyacinth and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaid (Miss Helen Reilly) wore a pretty frock of apricot organdi muslin, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of pink hyacinths. Mr. John Reilly (brother of the bride) was best man. After the ceremony, the wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of the bride's parents. Rev. Father Peoples presided, and the usual toasts were honored. The bride and bridegroom, who are well known, were the recipients of numerous valuable presents, including cheques for substantial amounts. The newly-wedded couple left in the afternoon for the North Island, where the honeymoon was spent. In the evening Mr. Reilly entertained a number of friends and young people at a social in the Makikihi Hall.

New "Britannica" Announces Discovery of the "Missing Link"

In the twelfth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which is to appear shortly, Prof. Grafton Elliott Smith, of the University of London, makes the startling statement that science has at last found the missing link between man and monkey. In a most iconoclastic article he sweeps away, as out of date, the conclusions of Dr. Edward B. Tylor, F.R.S., who, in writing on "Anthropology," for the eleventh edition, declared that "no bones, with the exception of the much-discussed *Pithecanthropus erectus*, have been found which can be regarded as definitely bridging the gulf between man and the lower creation." The London savant, strange to say, has not discovered any new fossils, but simply confounds his timorous peers by recognising in the Piltdown skull (a subject of controversy for years) the long-sought "missing link." This is not all. Delving further, he declares that mankind springs from the Siwalik Hills at the base of the Himalayas, where the anthropoid apes, the ancestors of the chimpanzees, gorillas, and the human family, were bred. This was in the Miocene period.

All of this is so arbitrary that we cannot but recall Darwin's letter to Haeckel in 1868, wherein he wrote: "Your boldness sometimes makes me tremble." So must the best scientists of the day address Dr. Smith. They have already passed on the Piltdown fossils. They doubt whether the jaw-bone and the imperfectly formed cranium, which were found at a considerable distance from each other, belong to the same individual; they admit there is no proof that both are human. The burden of proof is clearly on the shoulders of Dr. Smith. Others have jumped at conclusion. A few years ago *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java was hailed as the intermediate between man and ape. Now science knows the skeleton is that of a gibbon. Twenty scientists have twelve different opinions of the Neanderthal skull, while practically all admit that the Galley Hill remains, the most ancient of all, represent clearly *Homo sapiens* as we know him to-day.

Virchow's dictum that "we have no fossil remains of imperfectly developed man" stands as the almost universal opinion of reputable science. Wherever remains have been found man has always appeared as true man. Palaeontology has shown us an older race of men with beetling brows and an absence of chin, but there is no trace, as yet, of even a probable argument in favor of the ape-like animal progenitor of man. We have not obtained Dr. Smith's argument; only his conclusions have been broadcasted. Will he bolster up his assertions, as Haeckel did his Law of substance, by fraud and falsity, or will this twentieth century Columbus make modern science bow its head in shame at his display of erudition?

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Catholic World

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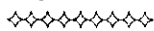
On July 26 the 11 envoys of the Holy See embarked at the port of Bari for Russia, to distribute among the starving Russian people the relief provided by the Pope.

Thus comes about the conclusion of the negotiations between the Vatican and the Soviets, about which so much has been heard, and concerning which so many sensational reports have been circulated. It had been said that a Concordat had been concluded between the Vatican and Moscow; though, as a matter of fact, nothing remotely resembling a Concordat had even been discussed. Last March a certain document was signed, on the one hand by the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, and on the other hand by the Soviet representative, Mr. Vorovskii. Certain points were discussed at Genoa for determining the conditions in which the messengers of the Holy See could venture into Russia to carry relief. It was decided that they should act purely in a charitable capacity; to have nothing whatever to do with Russian political matters, nor to act in any way as religious propagandists. That was the sole scope of the mission.



CATHOLIC DOCTORS DENOUNCE BIRTH CONTROL.

Without a single dissenting voice, the Catholic medical men who have been meeting in Glasgow in connection with the annual conference of the British Medical Association, passed a resolution urging the Government to make it a penal offence to publish or expose for sale birth control literature, and to advertise or expose for sale appliances destined to this end. The crowded meeting at which this resolution was passed was organised by the Catholic Medical Guild of St. Luke, and among those taking part in the speeches was the new Archbishop of Glasgow, who has recently been promoted to the See from the Scots College in Rome. A second resolution, which was passed unanimously by the Catholic medical men, placed on record their hostility to the proposed sterilisation of the unfit (a favorite proposal of advanced prophets of social reform) as being opposed to the fundamental principles of Christianity. During the sessions the Catholic medicos, together with nurses and medical students, attended Solemn Mass in the Glasgow Cathedral in full academic dress, when the special sermon was preached by Canon Ritchie, who administered the See during the vacancy.



ANGLICANS DEMAND "CATHOLIC PRIVILEGES."

A faculty issued in the London Consistorial Court, sitting in St. Paul's Cathedral, has ordered the wholesale removal of numbers of Catholic ornaments from the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr, at the foot of London Bridge. This foundation is of very great antiquity, and the original church dedicated to the Martyr King of Norway is understood to go back to Danish times. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and the present church is one of Wren's buildings.

Situated in the heart of Billingsgate, the church was practically without worshippers, until the recent appointment of a new Rector has really brought back a congregation to the church. But his use of Catholic adjuncts to worship has aroused the ire of the Kensingtonites, and in the London diocesan court they have secured an order for the removal of such things as the Tabernacle, the Benediction throne, and the Stations of the Cross.

But the congregation has taken up the challenge, and in a petition to the Bishop of London has demanded that while such things as gramophone services, evening Communion, and moving picture displays are tolerated in some of the London churches, they should be allowed such "Catholic privileges that make their church a centre for Catholic worship and devotion."

The Rector of this church created considerable sensation earlier in the year by holding a Requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Pope Benedict XV. He managed to fill his church for the occasion, nor did the congregation appear to have assembled for the sake of protesting.

PIUS ELEVENTH AND RUSSIA.

The Apostolic Letter of Pius XI., which has just been published, recalls the touching appeal made about a year ago by the late Pope Benedict XV., on behalf of unhappy Russia, overturned by the most awful catastrophe that has ever befallen that country.

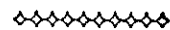
Pius XI. relates that, in spite of public and individual financial difficulties, all the nations responded generously to the Pontifical appeal, particularly the citizens of the more prosperous States in America, who distinguished themselves as well by their liberality as by their humanity. The Pope proceeds:—

"But this assistance has not been, nor could it be, adequate to the immensity of the need. From day to day We hear afresh of further unspeakable agonies of these innocent victims, among them millions of young children, young lads, women and aged persons, who are condemned beyond all remediation to a most horrible life or a still more terrible death.

"With the whole strength of Our soul as Supreme Pastor, with the absolute straining at Our heart as Father, in the name of that mission of universal charity entrusted to Us by God, We raise Our voice anew in pity to beg for help. We recommend it to you, and particularly to you, Venerable Brethren, and through you to all the faithful and all pitying and merciful souls, to come to the assistance of those who suffer agony beyond measure."

The Pope leaves it to the different bishops as to what means they shall employ to secure this much-needed assistance.

After announcing that the Papal contributions to the Russian relief fund is 2½ million lire, the Holy Father imparts to all the Russian people and to all their benefactors the Apostolic Benediction.



THE BISHOP OF DURHAM AND ANGLO-CATHOLICS.

Bishop Hensley Henson of Durham, who at one time in his career (says *Catholic News Service, London*) was one of the most advanced ritualists in London, but who is now one of the most latitudinarian Anglican prelates that have graced the episcopal bench since Thomas Cranmer, has fallen foul of the Anglo-Catholics.

With the idea of converting England after the Great War, the Anglo-Catholics have been holding a series of congresses this summer with considerable success, at which they have persuaded most of the diocesan bishops to take part; and from an external point of view the bishops have presented a pleasing spectacle in all the glory of their copes and mitres. But religion of this kind is not to the mind of the Liberal prelate who sits in the Chair of St. Cuthbert, and he has sharply declined to lend his countenance to the Anglo-Catholic Congress that has just been held at Preston.

Invited to become a vice-president of this particular congress, the Bishop of Durham seized the opportunity to discharge some of the feeling against the High Churchmen that has been simmering in his bosom since he attained to high ecclesiastical promotion. The Bishop appears to think that the Anglo-Catholics are advocating a version of Christ's religion which it is impossible to harmonise with the doctrine and discipline of the Anglican Church—and he told them so. Indeed, he went further than that, and bluntly told the promoters of the congress that their movement is neither Catholic nor Anglican, but simply Roman!

As far as that goes, the practices of the Anglo-Catholics in no way differ from those observances of which the present Bishop was so stiff-necked a champion, before his Liberal politics secured for him a canonry at Westminster started him on the high road to the episcopate. Meanwhile, the Bishop's progress from the state of a simple parish clergyman to that of the occupant of the historic and formerly Catholic See of Durham, is strewn with discarded Catholic observances which Dr. Henson at one time taught as vital to the proper spirit of "Anglo-Catholicism."

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Chocolate Glaze.

Melt over hot water two squares of shaved chocolate; stir into it one-half cup of sugar, turn into a small saucepan and add one-fourth a cup of hot water, then cook to the soft-ball stage. Spread while hot over the cakes by pouring the glaze on top and using a hot knife to spread it as it runs over the sides.

Stewed Prunes.

Wash the fruit well with warm water, then put into a bowl, cover with cold water, and leave them to soak overnight. Put them in a pan and bring them very slowly to boiling point. Add a pinch of salt and leave them to cool, well covered up. Drain off the juice, sweeten it to taste, and add lemon peel or a bit of cinnamon if liked. Boil for 10 minutes, pour it over the prunes, and serve.

Prunes and Sago.

Ingredients: 4oz of sago, 1 dessertspoonful of lemon juice, 3oz of sugar, 1 breakfastcupful of steamed prunes. Soak the sago, then boil in a pint and a half of water until it is clear. Stir in the sugar, lemon juice, and the prunes, which have been stoned and pounded to a puree. Cook them all together for two or three minutes, then set aside to cool. Pour into a glass dish and serve with custard. Orange juice or powdered cinnamon may be substituted for the lemon juice.

Jam Roll.

Beat 2 eggs and one-half cupful of sugar together until very light. Stir in one-half cupful of sifted pastry flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat until smooth, then pour into a well-greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes. Turn out on a slightly dampened cloth sprinkled thickly with confectioners' sugar. Spread the cake quickly with any kind of jam and roll up. Wrap the cloth tightly around the cake and let it stand until cold.

Cold Meat Shape.

Trim $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of cooked meat and chop or mince it very fine. Melt 2 tablespoonsful of butter in a saucepan, put in 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion and cook it for a few minutes without allowing it to brown. Then add the meat, 5 tablespoonsful of bread crumbs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of pepper, 1 beaten egg, and 2 tablespoonsful of gravy. Take a plain mould or bowl, just large enough

to hold the mixture, grease it well and coat it with bread crumbs, then fill up with the meat mixture and cover the top with a greased paper. Cook in a moderate oven until firm to the touch. Then turn out carefully on to a hot dish, garnish with parsley, and serve with gravy, or hot tomato sauce. This shape may be steamed instead of baked. Time to bake: one hour. 1 cupful of cooked and sieved potatoes may be used instead of the bread crumbs.

Household Hints.

Ammonia in warm water will revive faded colors, and it will remove grease spots on rugs and carpets like magic.

There is only one correct way of making tea—that is after scalding out and having the teapot hot, pouring bubbling, boiling water on the dry leaves, and pouring off the tea from the leaves in two or three minutes.

Even when of long duration, tea and coffee stains can be eradicated by the application of glycerine. Take some of the best quality glycerine, and with it rub the affected parts, afterwards washing them over carefully in the ordinary way.

To wash an eiderdown quilt, dissolve a bar of washing soap in 4 quarts of boiling water. When cool, immerse the quilt, and dab it until clean. Rinse well. Fold and put through a wringer; then hang on a line to dry. This should be done on a dry day.

To whiten handkerchiefs, fine blouses, and delicate lingerie, wash and dry in the usual manner, then to 1 pint of cold water, add 2 tablespoonsful of granulated sugar, stirring until thoroughly dissolved. Let handkerchiefs, etc., soak in this water one-half hour. Dry in the open air.

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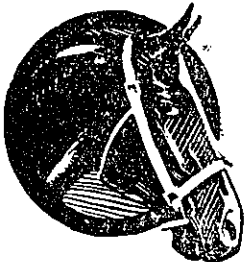
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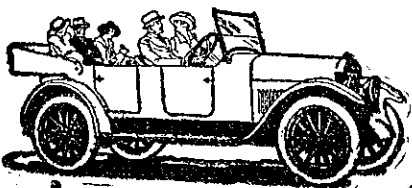
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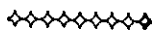
ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

There was a large yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week, 266 head being forwarded, consisting principally of good quality. Competition was fair, but prices for prime quality were easier by about £1 per head, while medium and light were easier by 30s, and in some cases slightly more. Best bullocks brought from £12 10s to £14, medium £10 10s to £11 5s, inferior £7 to £8, best cows and heifers £8 to £9 5s, medium £6 5s to £7, inferior £5 to £5 15s. Fat Sheep.—There was a small yarding of medium quality, 1864 head being forward. Prices for prime heavy wethers were firmer by about 2s 6d per head. Medium sold under fair competition at a shade firmer than the previous week's rates. Best wethers 28s to 32s, extra prime to 38s, medium 23s to 25s, inferior 19s to 21s. A few pens of extra prime ewes were offered, which sold at up to 27s. Inferior ewes sold at from 15s to 17s. Fat Pigs.—There was a small yarding of both fat and store pigs. Owing to the small number forward, competition was keen, and prices for fat pigs showed an advance of 5s to 10s per head on late ruling rates.

At Addington market last week there were smaller yardings in the metropolitan market, and an improvement in the prices for fat stock. Fat Sheep.—The yarding was slightly below the average. There was a brisk market, there being an advance of 2s to 3s per head. Over the three past weeks the rise has been equal to 7s per head. Extra prime wethers 35s to 38s 9d, prime 30s to 34s 6d, medium 26s 6d to 29s 6d, light 23s to 26s 3d, extra prime ewes to 31s 9d, prime 25s to 28s 3d, medium 22s 6d to 24s 6d, light 20s 6d to 22s 3d, prime hoggets 24s 6d to 26s 10d, ordinary 20s to 24s. Fat Cattle.—The smallest yarding for some time past, comprising 245 head, of which 61 were from the North Island. There was an advance of 25s per head, bulk beef selling from 32s to 35s per 100lb. Extra prime bullocks £16 to £18 10s, prime £13 7s 6d to £15 5s, medium £11 5s to £13 5s, light £7 10s to £10 15s, extra prime heifers to £13 7s 6d, prime £9 to £11 10s, ordinary £6 10s to £8 10s, extra prime cows to £13 5s, prime £8 5s to £11. Vealers.—The general quality was again poor. Anything fit for killing sold well at late rates. Runners brought up to £4 12s, vealers £3 10s to £4 3s, small calves from 8s upwards. Fat Pigs.—A medium yarding. Porkers and baconers met with a good sale, and showed an advance on late rates. Choppers £4 to £10, light baconers £3 15s to £4 5s, heavy £4 10s to £4 19s 6d (average price per lb 6½d to 7½d); light porkers 45s to 50s, heavy 52s to 60s (average price per lb 7½d to 8½d).

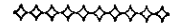
Following is the report on the fortnightly sale of rabbitskins, etc., held last week:—Medium-sized catalogues were submitted to a full attendance of buyers, and good winter skins were keenly competed for. Prime, first, and second bucks were sold at an advance of 2d to 3d per lb, prime, first, and second does at par and slightly better than at the previous sale, while inferior sorts sold well up to late rates. The following are some of the best prices:—Prime bucks 77½d to 81½d, first bucks 76d to 80d, second bucks 72d to 75½d, prime does 87½d to 92½d, first does 73½d to 83d, second does 67½d to 71½d, early winters 63d to 66d, incoming 61d to 62d, spotted 50d to 52d, autumn 38½d to 46½d, late autumn 44½d to 50½d, outgoing 42d to 49d, spring 24d to 27, runners and suckers 6½d to 8½d, light racks 17d to 19½d, prime racks 24½d to 26½d, broken 24d to 26½d, first winter broken 26½d to 34½d, milky 21½d to 23½d, winter black 48d to 56d, first winter black 67½d to 75½d, first fawn 61d to 69½d. Hare-skins to 40d; horsehair to 32d; catskins to 2s 8d each.



WHY LEEKS SHOULD BE GROWN.

Although this is one of our hardiest vegetables, it is not grown nearly so frequently nor so well as it should be (says a writer in a Home journal). It is a vegetable which will well withstand the severities of winter, and may be had in use during autumn, winter, and spring. It may

be grown in trenches or in deep holes, may be forwarded under glass and transplanted like onions, and if in the spring it occupies ground which is required for another crop it is quite safe to move the leeks and lay them in closely in a shaded part of the garden, where they will keep for several weeks. Such an accommodating vegetable should certainly find a place in every garden.



TO CULTIVATE CELERY.

The following useful instructions on the cultivation of celery, by Mr. W. H. Taylor (horticulturist), is extracted from the *N.Z. Journal of Agriculture*:—

Celery requires rich soil and a liberal supply of moisture. Stable manure gives best results, partly because the humus holds moisture. There are two types—one with white stems, termed self-blanching, which can be used without being moulded up for blanching, and the green-stemmed type, which must be moulded up. The former is a delicate plant and fit for growing only in summer except in the warmest districts, where it can be grown in winter also.

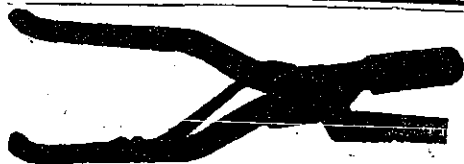
White Plume self-blanching is the variety commonly grown for summer and autumn use. In market gardens this variety is usually grown on beds 5ft to 6ft wide, the plants being set 8in or 9in apart. Rich soil and frequent watering result in heads which, though small, find a ready market. The amount of labor involved in their production is not great, no moulding up being done. Close planting and quick growth preserve the natural whiteness of the stems. The result is a comparatively poor product, but useful, and it pays. The same variety can be grown to larger size by trench culture and moulding up greatly improves the texture of the stems, imparting the crispness so necessary to good celery when used as a salad.

The varieties that are not self-blanching possess the best quality, and are capable of making the largest heads. There are a number of varieties, some with a shade of red in the stems; these latter are the best-flavored. They are not much grown in this country, there being an impression that they remain red after being moulded up, which is not the case. These varieties must be grown in trenches. Any number of rows may be grown in a trench, the trench being of a width necessary to accommodate the number decided on. In this country two rows is usual. A trench is taken out a good spit deep, and some half decayed manure is placed in the bottom and deeply dug in. Seed is sown in boxes under glass in July for early crops and at intervals till October. In places not too hot seed for the later crops may be sown in the open ground. Pricking-off is necessary as soon as the seedlings can be handled. This may be done in boxes, or in 3in or 4in of a suitable compost spread on a hard surface in the open, in which case shading with scrim is necessary till the plants get a good hold, and thorough watering is required in the evenings of fine days.

In regard to celery-diseases, rust can be identified by a rust-colored powder discharged from pustules on the leaves. The disease can be carried on the seeds, in which case the young plants become infected. Wash seeds through a solution of 2oz of bluestone in half a gallon of water, and dry before sowing. Spray plants with bordeaux at 4—5—40, or at summer strength of a ready-made mixture. Spraying must be frequent so as to cover new foliage. A weaker solution may be used if the disease is not in a virulent form. Leaf-spot: Little spots scattered over the surface of the leaf, at first sickly green, but changing through brown to almost white, are signs of this disease. The remedy consists in spraying as for rust. Occasionally celery is attacked by small lice, which, if not checked, can speedily make an end of the plants. Spray with Katakilla, XL-All fluid, or Vistolene.

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The Family Circle

A LITTLE MAID.

I know a little bright-eyed maid,
Whose moods, now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather vane
In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
Her roguish smile, remark,
They're wont with pleased accord to say
"She's happy as—a lark."

Yet oftentimes I grieve to add,
If vexed or hurt by care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
As cross as any—bear.

And then our tongues in mild reproof
Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus—
"You silly little—goose."

Throughout the day her active form
First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
As busy as a bee.

At last, when evening shadows fall
And silence rules the house,
In slumbering she rests at ease,
As quiet as a—mouse.

How can she be at once a goose
And on the self-same day
A mouse, a lark, a bee, a bear,
Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,
Nor contradiction fear,
That in addition to all else
She's just a little—dear.

—GEORGE L. BENEDICT.

THE BLESSINGS OF WORK.

The good things of life come from labor. Labor is the creator of wealth, the foundation of health, and the builder of happiness. In those pleasant hours of idle imaginings we may conceive a very great and very beautiful pattern of life; but to weave their roseate dreams into sweet and valuable realities calls for purposeful and continued effort. Nothing succeeds without labor. We are born to work, and likewise we are endowed with an appreciation that makes the enjoyment of the fruits of our labor one of the finest pleasures in a life that is filled with many pleasures and happy compensations.

To work, and to learn to do that work well, are great gifts and fine accomplishments. To work is to live and to grow, constantly adding new pleasures with new achievements. It is not what you do so much as it is the way you do it, your spirit as much as your skill, your sincerity as much as your speed. Talent itself is but labor intensified, and, like all special success, is due more to perspiration than inspiration.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

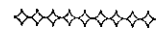
The month of October reminds one of a consoling teaching of the Church, the doctrine, namely, concerning the angels who act as personal guardians to mortals. The Old Testament frequently refers to these spiritual escorts. "He will send His angel before thee"; an angel accompanies young Tobias, feeds Elias, guards the youths in the fiery furnace, and on many and divers occasions cares for the faithful. Christ warns against giving scandal to little ones, for "their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father."

The Fathers also emphasise this belief, as St. Jerome, who declares that "the dignity of a soul is so great that

each has a guardian angel from its birth." St. Augustine admonishes the Christian: "We should pray to the angels who are given to us as guardians." The Church approves all this by instituting a festival in honor of the Guardian Angels.

There are many beauties in the Catholic Church that seem to be overlooked by the average Catholic, countless sources of strength that go untouched. Thus, indulgences, communion of the saints, and devotion to the angels are perennial fountains of grace and needed help in the warfare against the evils of life. The majority of the faithful, it is safe to say, suffer these prolific means of assistance to pass unheeded. The children of the world omit no effort, overlook no possibility for advancing themselves in a material sense; every opportunity is at once drafted and made to do yeoman duty in the service of lucre, power, or glory. The divinely-called sons of God, on the other hand, are too listless to approach the various treasure houses whence they may draw heavily on heaven's wealth. Little wonder, therefore, that they remain so poor spiritually.

Since each one has a guardian spirit, it would seem at least good policy to cultivate his friendship by honoring and invoking him, and by seeking his aid in times of need.



NUTS TO CRACK.

Why are birds so melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all overdue.

Why is a shoeblack like an editor? Because he polishes the understanding of his patrons.

What is the longest word in the language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because having eyes they see not and having ears they hear not.

Which is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured.

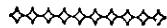
Why is a fishmonger never generous? Because his business makes him sell fish.

Why are fatigued persons like a wagon wheel? Because they are always tired.

Spell "blind pig" in two letters. P. G.—A pig without an I.

What thing is it that is lower with a head than without one? A pillow.

What profession is a postman? He is a man of letters.

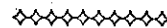


TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!

(New Style.)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I don't wonder what you are.
Teacher told us yesterday
Why you come and go away;
And she left us have a wrinkle
Why you seem to twinkle, twinkle;
You are just a whirling mass
Of different sorts of burning gas,
Rushing through the places where
There really isn't even air;
Rushing on at miles a second
(Teacher told us how it's reckoned).
And she told us yesterday
You're so many leagues away
That, if some great waterspout
Were to burst and put you out,
None would know your light had fled
Until long after we were dead,
So you may twinkle, little star,
But I don't wonder what you are.

—PUNCH.



DEAD RECKONING.

George Wurzel did not "go much on eddicashun." Consequently he had an uncomfortable feeling that over his deal in market produce at so much per pound he had been "done."

Mrs. Wurzel agreed—forcibly. Turning up an old ready-reckoner, they worked out the deficit, and the next day descended furiously upon the dealer.

The dealer looked keenly at the angry couple.

"Get away," he said, "that's last year's ready-reckoner."

Mr. and Mrs. Wurzel beat a crestfallen retreat.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
SPOILED THE SCENERY.

A certain professional man is a great believer in the widening influence of travel. When he and his wife set off for a holiday in Switzerland they took their maid with them.

She was much envied by the other girls of the village, and when she got back one of her friends asked: "Well, Gladys, what did you think of Switzerland?"

"Not much," was the answer. "I couldn't really see what the country was like. The mountains got in the way!"

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
KNEW TOO MUCH ALREADY.

Running the lift in a building where a prominent publishing firm had its offices was a Negro of more than ordinary intelligence. The firm had published a book on mechanical engineering, a chapter of which was devoted to the construction and operation of passenger lifts. One of the agents selling the book thought he might find a customer in the Negro.

"Wash," he said, "you ought to buy a copy of this book."

"Don't git no time for readin' books," drawled Wash. "It teks all mah time to run dis lift."

"But this book will help you to run your lift. It contains a whole chapter on the operation of passenger lifts," persisted the canvasser.

"Don't want no help to run dis lift," said the Negro. "It runs all right now."

"But," said the canvasser, "this book will help you to run it better. You will know twice as much when you have read it."

"No, boss, dat's just it," returned Wash. "Don't want to learn nothing. Why, I know more now than I git paid for."

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
SMILE RAISERS.

"Yes sir, eighty-two I be, an' every tooth in my 'ead samo as th' day I were born."

☞
"I envy the man who sang the tenor solo."

"Why, I thought he had a very poor voice."

"So did I; but think of the nerve he has!"

☞
"Now, Victor, what does a clever, nice little boy do when he is in a full tramcar and sees an old lady who has to stand up?"

"He pretends he is asleep!"

☞
Gent.: "Can't you find work?"

Tramp: "Yessir; but everyone wants a reference from my last employer."

Gent.: "And can't you get one?"

Tramp: "No, sir. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years."

☞
Visitor: "What is the dear little chap's name?"

Mother: "John, but we call him Johnny for short."

☞
He came across a paragraph in the paper which, dealing with vital statistics, stated that there was a death in the world for every heart-beat of a human being.

"How terrible!" he murmured. "Every time I breathe someone dies."

And the little man in the corner said sympathetically: "Have you tried cloves, sir?"

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
PILES

Can be instantly relieved and quickly cured by the use of BAXTER'S PILE OINTMENT. This excellent remedy has been a boon to hundreds of sufferers all over New Zealand. Sent post free on receipt of 2/6 in stamps or postal notes by

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Finding Oil by Wireless: Apparatus that Overcomes Space.

An amazing claim has been made by two French scientists, Dr. Henri Moineau and M. Regis. They declare that they have invented an apparatus by means of which they are able to discover oil-fields, not only in the ground beneath their feet, but also in land hundreds and even thousands of miles away.

From a station at Clermont-Auvergne, in Central France, M. Regis has discovered an oil-field in the Rocky Mountains in America, while from the same position he has detected oil in Saxony, Hanover, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Sardinia, Sicily, and Corsica.

The invention is an adaption of wireless telegraphy. It has been known for some time that great loss of energy resulted when wireless waves of short length were used in sending messages, and it was agreed that the lower parts of the waves were absorbed into the ground.

Hertz, the great wireless pioneer, discovered that waves were affected by the various substances over which they passed, and Regis and Moineau set to work to note the effect that the different kinds of earth had upon electrical waves. In this way they discovered the machine which has given such remarkable results.

It is stated that not only oil, but coal, water, and even gases can be located by the new apparatus, and it has been suggested that when such supplies have been discovered, X-ray photographs from the air can be taken to show the best spots for boring.

Genius Who Invented Coal-Gas Lighting.

There is no more inspiring story in the annals of science and invention than that of William Murdoch, the Scotoman who, by his discovery of coal-gas lighting, won fame, but not a fortune.

The son of a millwright of Old Cumnock, a village in Ayrshire, Murdoch was born more than one hundred and sixty years ago in a low-roofed thatched cottage. In his youth he showed ingenuity in mechanics, and a wooden horse of his own contrivance, on which he and his brothers rode to school at Cumnock, is claimed as the forerunner of the modern locomotive.

At the age of twenty-three the young inventor came to England and entered the service of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, of Birmingham. He changed the spelling of his name from Murdoch to Murdock, out of consideration for the Englishman's natural inability to pronounce the guttural.

In Birmingham he made the acquaintance of another genius, for the Watt of the firm was the famous inventor of the steam-engine.

It was when he found it necessary to light his way on his walk home from work that Murdoch began to experiment with the distillation of various classes of coal, with the result that he made his great discovery. After that he used to carry at night a gas-filled bladder under his arm. He squeezed the gas out with his elbow, and it burned at the end of a pipe attached to the bladder.

It was in 1798 that Murdoch constructed apparatus for lighting the Birmingham works—a step which marked the beginning of the use of coal-gas for industrial purposes.

Until after his forty-fourth year he was never paid more than £1 a week. But to a man of his temperament money mattered little. However, he earned £1,000 a year before he died in Birmingham at the age of eighty-five.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
I cannot understand why those who have given themselves up to God and His goodness are not always cheerful, for what possible happiness can be equal to that? No accidents or imperfections which may happen ought to have power to trouble them, or to hinder their looking upward.—St. Francis de Sales.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
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Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/- (post free) from BAXTER'S PHARMACY, Theatre Buildings—TIMARU.

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 Ribbed Silk Ankle Hose, Black and colored, 8/6 per pair.
 Broad Ribbed Cashmere Hose in Black and all shades, 5/11 per pair.
 Real Torchon Lace from 1/- per yard.
 Imitation Torchon Lace, 6 yards for 1/-.
 Imitation Silk Laco from 1/6 per yard.
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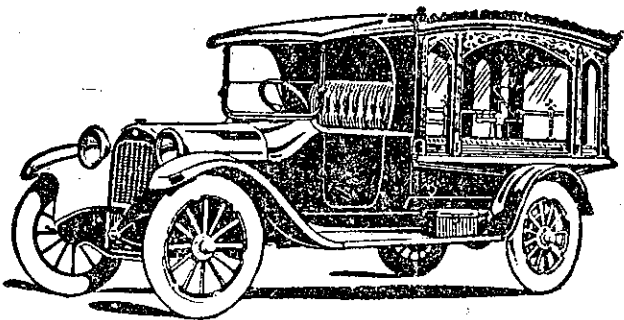
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(Lead, Kindly Light)

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.

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