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VOL. XLIX
No. 42

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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

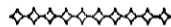
- October 29, Sunday.—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 30, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 31, Tuesday.—Vigil of All Saints. Fast Day.
 November 1, Wednesday.—Feast of All Saints. Holiday of Obligation.
 „ 2, Thursday.—Commemoration of All Souls.
 „ 3, Friday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 4, Saturday.—St. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Confessor.

Commemoration of All Souls.

The month of November is also known as "the month of the Holy Souls in Purgatory." According to the Church's teaching, not all who die in God's friendship are at once admitted into heaven. Some have not paid the full debt of atonement which Divine Justice sometimes requires after the guilt of mortal sin has been forgiven, or are still stained by lesser faults, which do not merit everlasting punishment, but at the same time debar the soul from entrance into the pure presence of God. These are they of whom St. Paul says: "They shall be saved, yet so as by fire." They suffer in Purgatory in proportion to the number and gravity of the faults they have committed. In commemorating these holy souls, the Church invites us to pray fervently that God in His mercy may shorten the term of their atonement, and admit them to their reward.

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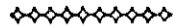
Grains of Gold

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

They lived with us on earth; they loved the sun
 On golden mountain peaks; the shining sea
 Sang them its olden music murmurously;
 Mayhap they were our loved ones and had won
 Our hearts by deeds unselfishly, nobly done;
 Parents who toiled and moiled that we might be
 From pain and sorrow and ill-fortune free—
 To shelter us, Fate's blows they did not shun!

Now are their souls immersed in cleansing fire,
 They cry to us—"O, friends, our groanings hear,
 Pray for us that the Heaven of our desire
 Be not denied for long. Assuage our fear
 Here where we tremble 'neath Jehovah's ire—
 And bring the day of our deliverance near."

—Rosary Magazine.



REFLECTIONS.

Write, O Lord Jesus Christ, Thy wounds on my heart
 in Thy precious blood, that I so may read in them Thy
 sorrow, as to bear all sorrow for Thee, and that I may
 so read in them Thy love, as to despise all wrong love for
 Thee.—St. Augustine.

If you desire to see me, seek me in the wound of the
 side of our sweet Saviour; for as it is there only that I
 dwell, it is there that you shall find me; if you seek me
 elsewhere, you will search in vain.—St. Elzean.

The Storyteller

Alice Riordan

(By Mrs. J. SADLER.)

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Well, when I heard of his strange request, I went up myself to the garret where he lay, and represented to him the inconsistency of his conduct; but I could not get him to listen. I proposed to send for Mr. Reed—'No!—No!'—he wouldn't hear of it. 'What good could Mr. Reed do an unhappy sinner like him?' I then offered to have Mr. Harley come in and read some chapters in the Bible for him, and that we would all pray with him and for him, but he snapped at me as though he would have bitten my nose off. 'I don't want your prayers, ma'am—they'd be no use to me now—an' for readin' the Bible, its little comfort that would give me. No, no; it's too long I've been schamin' on you; but now I can schame no longer. For the love o' God, mistress dear, will you send for a priest?—Father Smith, or any of them that speaks English. Oh, wirra, wirra, Mother of God! pray for me that I may live and have my speech to confess my sins afore I lave the world. I know I'm not worthy; but then I'm sorry—sorry—to the heart for listenin' to them that put bad in my head. Och, Mrs. Harley, dear! if you have any pity in your heart, send off, quick—quick.' This was the way in which he continued to talk."

"But did you comply with his request?" interrupted Mrs. Finlay, as she wiped away the tears which she could not repress.

"Oh, of course, I did! You wouldn't have had me make the poor unfortunate man's last moments miserable. But there was some difficulty in finding a priest, as there are so few in the Seminary, it seems, who speak English; and you would really have thought that Tom was losing his senses, so great was his fear of dying without a priest. With a view to console him, I took up the Bible, and told him I was going to read something that would give him comfort, and help to prepare him for death—I meant, I said, the justification by faith alone.

"Justification here or there," says he, 'I want the priest. O Lord! O Lord! what will I do at all? Death is on me—an' how will I face the judgment-seat with all this load of sin on my miserable soul.'

"But, Tom, my poor man, you believe in Jesus Christ, do you not?"

"I do—oh, God knows I do!" was the answer. 'I b'lieve all that the Church teaches. Oh, sweet Saviour! didn't I b'lieve all that I ought to b'lieve when I was only a gossoon in Ireland; didn't I larn it all at home with my poor ould mother, that had more religion in her little finger than these grand people have in their body an soul? Go away with the Bible, ma'am; I know it's God's book, but it can't hear my confession, nor give me absolution; nor it can't put the blessed oil on me, nor give me the Holy Communion.'

"Well," cried Mrs. Finlay, anxiously, "did the priest arrive in time?"

"Why, yes, he did, just when the unhappy old man was at the height of his delirium—for delirium it must have been—I heard a stranger's foot on the stairs. Tom started, and clapped his hands and shouted, 'Thanks be to the Lord! here comes his real minister!' and I hastily withdrew by another door, having no fancy for meeting one of these gloomy Jesuits, who can work up people's minds to such a state as I have described. He stayed with him for about an hour, or an hour and a half, and by that time all was ended. Poor Tom! I had better hopes of him! Isn't it a strange thing that you can't depend on the conversion of these Papists?"

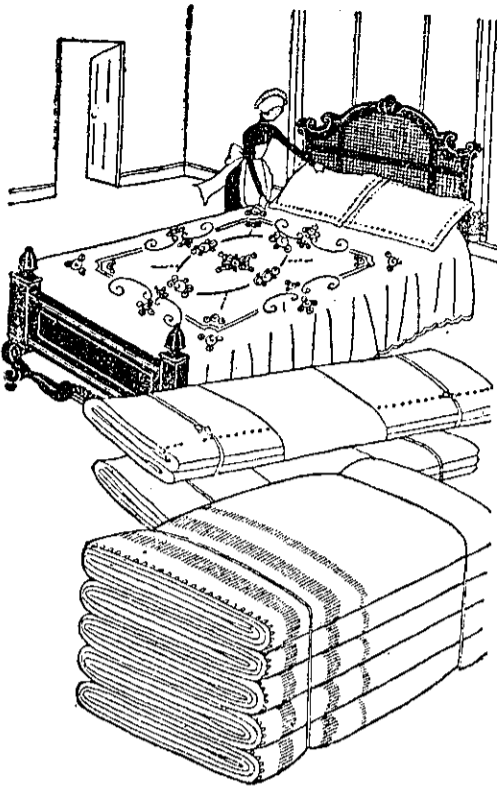
Mrs. Finlay laughed at the earnestness with which the question was put. "Not at all, my dear Mrs. Harley! I have long since made the discovery that they are never really converted, that is to say, brought over to Protestant views of religion; some of them may appear to be so, from one motive or another, but as soon as ever they find themselves in danger of death it is all over with their Protestantism; one who has been a Catholic seldom or never

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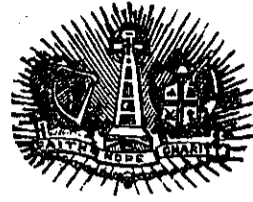
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dies protesting against Popery; death tears off the mask of hypocrisy, and lays bare the real belief."

"Why, how strongly you do talk!" cried Mrs. Harley, "one would really think you were more than half a Romanist yourself. But, *apropos* to that, have you not got a little Catholic girl here of whom Mr. Finlay has great hopes? He tells me she is much too keen-witted and intelligent to remain long in such spiritual bondage."

"Yes; I have got a girl here named Alice Riordan—a very pretty and a very engaging little damsel, and what is more, she is discreet, modest, and obedient."

"Dear me, how fortunate you are! I hope sincerely you may soon get her brought over to true religion."

"I shall not try to do so, my good friend," was the quiet answer.

"No! and why not, pray?"

"Because, by so doing I should but spoil a naturally good and lovely disposition. As I told you a while ago, I have no faith in conversions from the Catholic religion; it is all a sham—"

"Really, Mrs. Finlay, I am at a loss to understand—"

"Remember Tom Carney, my dear madam," said Mrs. Finlay, archly; "I could not presume to succeed in such an attempt, when even you failed; though I know you did at one time believe Tom to be a good Protestant. But I had forgotten to ask—how do you like your new seamstress?"

Mrs. Harley bit her lip, and blushed deeply. "Oh! I was obliged to part with her; I found she did not answer me at all."

"Why, how was that? I thought you valued her so highly that she was to be brought forward at the next Bible meeting as a witness against Popery."

"Well, so she was," said Mrs. Harley, struggling with her embarrassment, "but—but—she left us rather suddenly, and we have not seen her since." She then took up her parasol, and moved towards the door, and Mrs. Finlay was too well bred to push her inquiries any further.

That very day Mrs. Dempsey came to see Alice, and from her Mrs. Finlay learned that Margaret had not left Mrs. Harley empty-handed, "for," said she, "before she went, she emptied some of the good lady's drawers, and took their contents with her."

"But where in the world is she gone to, poor unhappy girl?"

"Oh! she's gone to 'follow the drum,' ma'am," replied the dressmaker; "the —st Regiment is gone to the West Indies, and poor Margaret with them. Captain Tandy kept her reading books that he selected for her in the library, until he quite turned her head, and then took her away with him; the Lord preserve us all in the state of grace, for when once we lose it, and cast it from us, there's no saying what we'll come to."

"Very true, Mrs. Dempsey, very true," said the lady, thoughtfully.

"But how is Alice getting on, ma'am?"

"Oh, fully as well as I expected, and perhaps better, too," said Mrs. Finlay, with a bright smile. "You see I'm not afraid of making you vain, Alice."

"But I'm afraid you're saying too much for me, ma'am," said Alice, her face covered with blushes. "I'm doing as well as I can, but not half as well as I'd wish. The mistress is too good to me, Mrs. Dempsey, an' even Miss Cecilia and Mr. Archy—indeed, they're all so kind that I don't feel myself amongst strangers at all."

"And your master, Alice?" said Mrs. Finlay, with a meaning smile.

"Oh! well, ma'am, the master's not bad either; he's a real gentleman, I'll say that for him. If he'd only let me alone about my religion, I'd like him far better than I do." Mrs. Finlay laughed, and pushed Alice over to Mrs. Dempsey. "There, take her home with you; I'll lend her to you till Monday morning, so that she may be near the church to-morrow, and go to see her father in the afternoon."

While Mrs. Dempsey was returning thanks, Alice ran off to change her dress and put on her bonnet, and returned in a few minutes, looking as neat, Mrs. Dempsey said, as if she had just come out of a handbox.

On their way into town Mrs. Dempsey told Alice that she began to have better hopes of Ellen, since she had heard of Margaret's woful misconduct. "I have got her

to confess at last," said she, "that the way of sincerity and of obedience is the best after all, and the safest both for time and eternity. The girls, too, particularly Susan, are all doing pretty well, so that I have a great deal of comfort now, compared with what I had."

Alice was very glad to hear this, and when she shook hands with Ellen, she could not help telling her how rejoiced she was on her account. What was her surprise when Ellen burst into tears.

"Why, what in the world ails you, Ellen?"

"Did my mother tell you about the fifteen pence?"

"Well, no; what about it?"

"Ah! Alice, did you never suspect anything of who it was that took it?"

"Maybe I did," said Alice, with a smile, "but I never spoke of it."

"I know that very well, Alice dear—well, God forgive me, it was I that took it to pay the man in the library; and besides, I used to have to give Margaret a penny for every book she brought me, and I cribbed it all from my poor mother, little as she has to spare."

"Never mind, Ellen, never mind," said her mother, kindly; "I hope the like may never happen again, and you know I forgive you from my heart; so don't think any more about it. Thanks be to the Lord our God for the great change that has come over you in so short a time. It's to the prayers of Our Blessed Lady that I set it down, for I prayed to her hard and sore to intercede for you and obtain your conversion. But come into the workroom, Alice, while Ellen is getting our tea ready."

The girls were all delighted to see Alice, and made as much of her as though they had not seen her for months. Everyone was anxious to know how she liked her new situation, and when she told how kindly she was treated, Susan cried out: "I told you so, Alice; didn't I, now? Why, I declare I think you must have found a lucky cap somewhere. My stars! you ought to thank God, anyhow!"

"So I do, Susan," said Alice, as she followed Mrs. Dempsey to the kitchen, where supper was just ready.

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

It does not come to blows, however, for now a curious thing happens. A sudden chill and dumbness fall upon the never-never-shall-be-slavers. It seems that their foolish cheers prevented them from understanding the situation. Far from the sticky little Yankee tugboat accepting the repulse, it has been all the while lurching closer and closer alongside, and now—horror upon horrors' head!—after much confusion and darksome colloquy, the indomitable sea-dog on the bridge who, but a moment ago, seemed ready to brave the battle and the breeze for another thousand years rather than disappoint the patriots of the hurricane deck, is actually throwing a rope to the small stranger. The frozen truth is that the whoops of victory of the loyal poker-players, after the Captain's shout of no surrender, drowned the answer of the provoking wretches on board the tugboat, which was that they had the Medical Officer of Health on board, with an United States' permit authorising them to pick the two Irish rebel envoys out of Captain McMickan's passenger-list, and then bid a calm good-night to the remainder. And there was no alternative for the old sea-dog, but a surrender at discretion, if he did not want one of the shore batteries to find him out the next morning with a United States round-shot. He growls, he storms, he does the needful with all imaginable surliness—but he does it. The rope is cast. The Medical Officer of Health is on board. All is still uncertainty in the darkness. An exultant whisper runs around among the players of poker; it is for an American millionaire on board the tug has really come out. "Flapdoodle!" observes the American bird-of-freedom beside me. "Do you think any man in his proper wits would come out on a night like this for money? No, sir, they've come out for you, and they're going to have you—bet your bottom dollar!"

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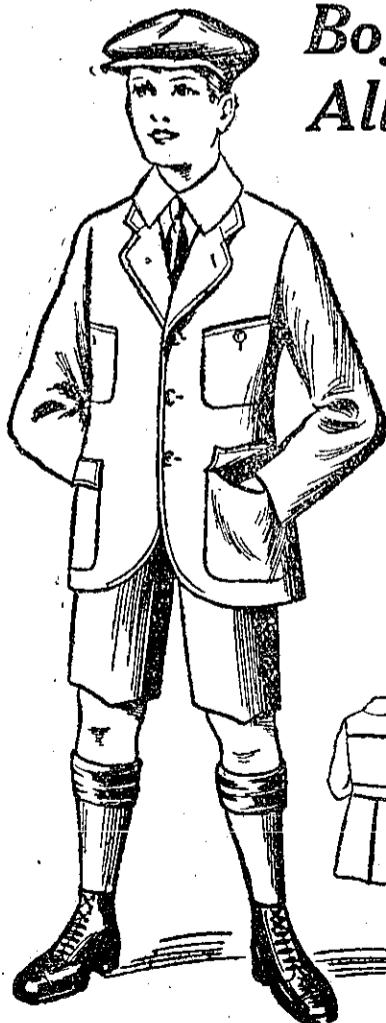
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mighty shipping here, there and everywhere, invisible a few yards away in their shrouds of dead and clammy mist, the very dirges from their foghorns all but inaudible. I am afraid that, apart from the unsportsmanship of leaving comrades in misfortune in the lurch, and steaming away in triumph, I should unhesitatingly have preferred to turn into bed and wait until the fog rolled by, only for that unlucky shout of exultation: "You shan't get him!" from the hurricane deck. To make them eat their words became for the moment the one thing that made life worth living. I verily believe that if that tug were fated to wander into the night to the end of my days, with no other provisions except clammy condensed fog on board, I should joyfully embark for the satisfaction of teaching the patriot pokermen that all the arrangements of the universe are not necessarily dictated by a growl from the British lion.

But there is no making sure what is happening amidst the hurry-scurrying and the confusion of Babel at the steerage gangway. I am told the Medical Officer of Health is descending the wooden ladder placed loosely against the great shipside to the tug. The vessels seem to be about to part company. Bewilderment reigns on board the tug. The scoffs and jeers of the poker party recommence. There is nothing for it but to shout, and I shout over the side: "My name is William O'Brien. Do the people on board want me?" There came an answer in which all the wild yearning passion of the Irish exiles' hearts—all the pent-up emotion of three days' indomitable groping in the fog—spoke out. "Do you wish me to land to-night?" Another roll of thunder from the tug. "Then I shall go," and I am ashamed to say the old Adam within me could not refrain from chortling: "if it was only to spite some cowardly creatures here on board." Another outbreak of snorts and goans of disappointment from the hurricane deck sounds now as feebly as a foghorn amidst the roar from the tugboat and from the Irish emigrants who are by this time crowding around with clenched fists and brows of thunder, not knowing precisely what has been going on, but divining it was an occasion anyhow when clenched fists might come in handy.

There is but a moment to clamber on the ladder which is swaying in a dizzy sort of way, to and from the ship's side with the heaving of the sea. Somebody attempts to drag me back. There is a moment's pause, and a confused conflict of voices in my ear. Fortunately, the delay is only for a moment, the next I am rapidly swinging down the rungs of the ladder. Not a whit too rapidly, for while there are still five or six rungs to be descended, the hawser connecting the tug with its huge neighbor snaps with a whirr, an angry swell sends the little craft lurching far apart, the ladder loses its grip on the Umbria, and ladder and self come tumbling down at a run. Had my weight been on it a few rungs higher up, this narrative would end here, or rather would never have been begun. As it is, massive General O'Beirne, with the agile instinct of the practised Indian fighter, is at the bottom of the ladder and unerringly "fields me out," so to say, in his brawny arms. "Had some miscreant cut the rope?" is now the angry thesis among the bronzed and rugged soldier-men who press around in the half-light. I never harbored a thought so injurious to human nature—even the human nature of a Briton's "Kazoo Band" in the sulks. None the less it is a comfort to hear it established on the verdict of General O'Beirne's prompt drumhead court-martial on the subject, that the rope was severed at a point closer to the tug than to the Umbria, and that its strands were doubtless wrenched asunder by the violence of the sea, and not by the gash of a knife.

Our friends have permits to bring off Kilbride and Bishop Ireland as well, but we have now been flung far by the tossing sea, and it is hopeless to re-establish communications. We can only hear a wild tumult of cheers, groans, and conflicting national anthems, raging along the decks of the Umbria, while with volleys of Irish-American war-yells we bid good-bye to the monster liner, as to a nightmare as high as a mountain swallowed up in the belly of a still higher nightmare of solid fog. In the topsy-turvey little cabin of the J. E. Walker, men with burly forms and fierce moustaches—old comrades of death and hardship—gather around for the inevitable citizens' address and solemn reply, the while the boat's mad motions toss a few of the weaker vessels into sea-sickness, and

send other weary vigil keepers fast asleep, and the reporters who never sleep, nor sicken, pin me into a corner for my "impressions." Surely, more affecting than any address ever penned by human hand was it to learn how my gallant friends had spent their three days and two nights circumnavigating the fog in search of the Umbria at instant peril of their lives, groping in this direction and in that, hailing the wrong ships, hornblowing to distraction, in hourly danger of some mortal collision, and never giving up until at long last their wild halloo was answered from the Umbria—and all in order that a messenger from Ireland, bound on a hazardous mission, might get up, like a prince, a tide in advance of common men!

(To be continued.)

Funeral Oration at Burial of Michael Collins

GENERAL MULCAHY'S MORAL FROM THE TRAGEDY.

General Richard Mulcahy, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, commenced his oration at Glasnevin on Monday in Irish (says the *Irish Catholic* for September 2). Speaking in English, he spoke at length, and in the course of his remarks said:—

Our country is to-day bent under a sorrow such as it has not been bent under for many a year. Our minds are cold, empty, wordless, and without sound, but it is only our weaknesses that are bent under this great sorrow that we meet with to-day. All that is good in us—all that is strong in us—is strengthened by the memory of that great hero and that great legend who is now laid to rest. We bend to-day over the grave of a young man, not more than 30 years of age, who took to himself the gospel of toil for Ireland—the gospel of working for the people of Ireland and sacrifice for their end, and who has made himself a hero and a legend that will stand in the pages of our history with any bright page that was written there. Pages have been written by him in the hearts of our people that will never find themselves in print. But we lived, some of us, with these intimate pages, and these pages that will reach history, meagre though they be, will do good to our country, and will inspire us through many a dark hour. Our weaknesses cry out to us: "Michael Collins was too brave!" Michael Collins was not too brave. Every day and every hour he lived, he lived it to the full extent of that bravery which God gave him, and it is for us to be brave as he was, brave before danger, brave before those who lie, brave before those who speak false words, brave even to that very great bravery that our weakness complained of in him.

Page From His Diary.

When we look over the pages of his diary for August 22, we read:—

Started 6.15 a.m.—Macroom, Ballineen, Bandon, Skibbereen, Rossbarbery, Clonakilty."

Our weakness says he tried to put too much into the day. Michael Collins did not try to put too much into the day. On Saturday, the day before he went on his last journey to Cork, he sat with us at breakfast, writhing with pain from a cold all through his body, and yet he was facing his day's work for that Saturday, and facing his Sunday's journey and Monday's journey, and his journey on Tuesday. So let us be brave, and let us not be afraid to do too much in the day. If all that great strenuous work of his was intemperate, it was the only thing that Michael Collins was intemperate in. Often with a shout, he used to get out of bed in the morning at 5 or 6 o'clock crying, "All the time that is wasted in sleep!" and would dash around the room or into some neighboring room where some of us lay in the hope of another hour or two's sleep, and he would clear all the blankets off us, or would pound vigorously at the door that prudence had locked. Crossing the square of the barracks on the Saturday morning that I mention he told of his visit to one of the barracks in the South on his first trip there, and of finding most of the garrison in bed at 10 o'clock; and of his thinking of all the lack of order, lack of cleanliness, lack of moral strength and efficiency that goes with this particular type of sloth,

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and of that demoralisation following on the dissatisfaction that one has with oneself all the day that one starts with an hour's disadvantage. "Oh," he said, "if our fellows would only get up at 6 o'clock in the morning; yes, get up to read, to write, to think, to plan, to work, or, like An Ríogh Eireann long ago—simply to greet the sun, the God-given long day, fully felt and fully seen, would bring its own work and its own construction." Let us be brave then, and let us work.

Army and People.

Recent writings and speeches, the recent break in our National silence that have disfigured the last few months, have seemed to emphasise the army as a thing apart and different from the people. Our army has been the people, is the people, and will be the people. Our green uniform does not make us less the people; it is a cloak of service, a curtailer of our weaknesses, an amplifier of our strength. The army will be a concentration, a crystal that will crystallise out all the good, all the bravery, all the industry, all the clear intelligence that lies in saturation in the people, and hold aloft a headline for the nation. We are jealous for his greatness. Words have been quoted as being his last words.

Michael Collins is supposed to have said the fragile words, "Forgive them." Michael Collins never said these words, "Forgive them," because his great big mind could not have entertained the obverse thought, and he knew those who sat around him and worked with him, and that they, too, were too big to harbor in their minds the obverse thought. When Michael Collins met difficulties, met people that obstructed him and worked against him, he didn't turn aside to blame them, but facing steadily ahead he worked bravely forward to the goal that he intended. He had that faith in the intensity of his own work that in its development and in its construction he would absorb into one homogeneous whole in the nation, without the necessity for blame, for forgiveness of all those who differed from him and of all those who fought against him. He is supposed to have said: "Let the Dublin Brigade bury me." Michael Collins knows that we will never bury him. He lies here among the men of the Dublin Brigade. Around him there lie 48 comrades of his from our Dublin Battalion; but Michael Collins never separated the men of Dublin from the men of Kerry, nor the men of Dublin from the men of Donegal, nor the men of Donegal from the men of Cork. His great love embraced our whole people and our whole army, and he was as close in spirit with our men in Kerry and Donegal as he was with our men in Dublin—yes, and even those men in different districts in the country who sent us home here our dead Dublin men—we are sure he felt nothing but pity and sorrow for them for the tragic circumstances in which they find themselves, knowing that in fundamentals and in ideals they were the same.

His Last Word.

Michael Collins had only a few minutes to live and to speak after he received his death wound, and the only word he spoke in these few moments was "Emmet." ["Emmet" is the name by which Brigadier-General Dalton is known to his comrades in the army.] He called to the comrade alongside him, the comrade of many fights and many plans, and I am sure that he felt in calling that one name that he was calling around him the whole men of Ireland that he might speak the last word of comradeship and love.

Inscription on the Coffin.

The following is the inscription on the breastplate of the coffin of General Michael Collins:—

Michael O Coileán, Ard-Thaoiseach agus Ceann Arm na h-Eireann, Cathaoirleach an Rialtais Shealadaigh, agus Aire Airgid Dáil Eireann; d'éag an 22adh lá de Lughnasa, 1922, i n-aois a 31 bhliain.—Trócaire Dé ar a anam.

Following is an English translation of the inscription:

Michael Collins, General and Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Army, Chairman of the Provisional Government, and Finance Minister of Dail Eireann; died on the 22nd day of August, 1922, in the 31st year of his age.—The mercy of God on his soul.

Sir James Craig: Arrangements Upset by Melancholy News.

Sir James Craig, who is staying with Mr. Spender Clay, M.P., at the Forewinds, Sandwich Bay, said, ac-

ording to an interview published in the *Daily News*:—"I have already sent a message of condolence to the acting head of the Provisional Government in Dublin. I am terribly upset at this tragedy, but at present I prefer not to express any opinion. This has naturally upset my arrangements, and for the time being I do not know exactly what I may be doing. In fact, I may be going to London to-morrow (Thursday) to see Mr. Churchill upon the matter."

Lord Londonderry.

Lord Londonderry, who is staying at his seat in Durham, when told the news by an *Evening Standard* representative, said:—"I regret to hear the news. I was hoping that Michael Collins might be strong enough to deal with revolution and anarchy in the South of Ireland, and his fellow-countrymen would soon realise the criminal folly of this internecine struggle. Although in my ideal I differed profoundly from Michael Collins, still I was anxious and willing to believe that in the restoration of peaceful conditions throughout the whole of Ireland and in the maintenance of law and order we were working together for a common object. That common object must not be lost sight of in any circumstances now, but must be pursued by all right-minded Irishmen, whether they live in the North or in the South, notwithstanding the succession of tragedies which is gradually destroying Ireland and Irishmen in the eyes of all civilisation."

Cardinal "Stunned": Appeal to Conscience of Misguided Men.

An enormous number of messages of condolence were received last week by the late Mr. Collins's relatives and colleagues.

Cardinal Logue wired to the Provisional Government from Carlingford:—"I have been stunned by the sad news of the death of General Collins. This second blow to the hopes of Ireland should awaken the conscience even of those misguided men who show their love of country by drenching its soil with blood, and leave behind them a trail of hideous ruin and destruction. The young patriot, brave and wise, was the chief hope of a peaceful and prosperous Ireland. I deeply sympathise with his colleagues and relatives."

Other Messages.

The Bishop of Meath, Most Rev. Dr. Gaughran wired:—"Deepest sympathy with Government and nation in this terrible hour." Mrs. Arthur Griffith, widow of the late President, telegraphed to the Provisional Government offices:—"Deeply shocked at Ireland's loss." Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., wired from Cushendall:—"Am deeply shocked and grieved at General Collins's death. Please accept my deepest sympathy."

Lord MacDonnell's Offer.

"London—Calamity of Collins's death overwhelmed us, and we offer you our deepest sympathy. If my services can be of any use to Free State Government I place them at your disposal.—MacDonnell, Swinford."

Mr. John MacCormack, Dun Laoghaire.—"Please accept my deepest sympathy in the great loss our country has suffered in the death of the bravest of the brave, General Michael Collins. Our consolation is that his spirit still lives on to guide our Ireland.—John MacCormack."

Killed on Wedding Date.

The tragic fact was learned on 24th ult. that not only had General Collins's marriage to Miss Kitty Kiernan of Granard, been fixed to take place this month, but recently the date had been settled definitely as August 22, (Tuesday), the day on which he was killed. It was owing to the death of Mr. Arthur Griffith that the wedding was postponed. Miss Kiernan had already purchased her trousseau.

Sisters' Lament: Brother's Sad Homecoming from U.S.A.

The Press Association's special representative in Dublin wired on 25th ult.:—"Queues began to form in the early morning, and some hundreds of people were waiting when the doors of the City Hall were thrown open at 9 o'clock. Free State troops guarded the steps and approaches to the chamber, and officers stood at the entrance to guide the people to where lay the remains of their distinguished leader. Dublin, inured to tragic events, and suffering, as she is, has surely never before been stirred to such depths

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of grief, and the scenes within the hall will live in her tragic history."

His Nearest and Dearest.

Perhaps the most poignant moments were those during the mid-day hour when the doors of the hall were closed to the public, and the relatives and closest friends of the dead general were admitted. Members of his family were grouped round the coffin and gazed longingly and with mute grief at the tranquil features. At the head of the catafalque, within the shadow of the crucifix, stood a priest murmuring, in whispered tones, words of consolation. For half an hour or more they stood in silent contemplation, and then, reverently, the dead general's sisters bent low and kissed him on the lips. The voice of the priest was then faintly heard blessing the body as he placed his hands upon the hands of the dead soldier, around which was entwined a rosary. Within the hall there followed a silence that was almost uncanny, and through the partially closed door could be faintly heard the stir and clamor of the city which mourned. One could not forget the sense of tragedy underlying everyone's thoughts.

Mr. John Collins, brother of the dead general, who, while on his way to Dublin, was fired upon near Bandon and detained overnight, broke down completely when he entered the City Hall. Bursting into tears he bent over the coffin and tenderly embraced the form of his dead brother. He knelt down beside the catafalque and remained for some moments bowed in prayer. Once more he bent over the body and, with unrestrained emotion, grasped his dead brother's hands.

From U.S. in Time for Funeral.

During the afternoon the United States Shipping Board steamer, Seattle Spirit, of the Moore and McCormack Line, from New York, arrived at the North Wall extension pier, Dublin, having made calls at Penit and Cork with general goods cargo. It was ascertained that amongst those travelling from Cork by this United States steamer was Mr. James Collins, brother of the late General. There were also aboard Colonel Thomas Ennis, Lieutenant Lawless, and other highly-placed army officers.

"What an Anniversary!" Touching Letter from General Collins's Nun Sister.

General Collins's sister, who is a Sister of Mercy in England, has sent the following to her brother and sisters: "My beloved ones, what can I say to comfort you all in our mutual sorrow and loss which, alas, is not only personal but universal. May God help us to echo Michael's dying words, which were our Saviour's very own—'Forgive them.' Yes, my darlings, we must pray for this spirit, for soon we shall follow our beloved hero-brother to 'the land that knows no sigh, where the tear from every eye is wiped away for evermore.' Oh! we have much to be grateful for. For our own 'baby' has fulfilled papa's prophecy—(R.I.P.). For down the ages the name of Michael Collins will be blessed for his fearlessness, nobility, spirit of forgiveness, and dauntless patriotism. Please God, it is the turning point in Ireland's history, and we (his brothers and sisters) must, even in this bitter hour of sorrow, be worthy of our brave brother—(R.I.P.). I am 21 years in religion to-day, and what an anniversary! We had Mass this morning for Michael (R.I.P.). The Sisters knew about it last evening, but did not tell me until after Mass. The worst is now over (D.G.), and I had offered our Michael up when I heard about poor Mr. Griffith (R.I.P.). Now, my dearly loved sisters and brother, cheer up and say: 'Thy will be done' and 'Father forgive them' from your very hearts, and soon (D.V.) we shall all be united to 'Part or sorrow no more.' With heartfelt love, and praying God to pour down on you and Ireland His holy consolation and grace, I am, my darling sisters and brother, your ever devoted 'Lena' in Jesus Christ, Sister M. J. Celestine."

English Transport Workers.

At a National Conference of Dock and Water Workers, held at Essex Hall on the 25th ult., to consider the wages question, before the commencement of the business reference was made to the death of Mr. Michael Collins, and the following resolution was unanimously carried, the delegates rising as a mark of respect:—"This delegate conference of the Transport Workers expresses its deep

horror at the death of Michael Collins and its sympathy with the Irish nation in the loss of her two noblest sons, in the passing of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith. Sanity and statesmanship were never more necessary than at the present time, and we devoutly hope that at an early date peace will prevail in Ireland, in order that the Irish nation, relieved of internal strife, may enjoy the position achieved after years of struggle."

Bishop's Tribute to Lion-Hearted Hero: Grave Lined With Hope.

Words of glowing eloquence fell from Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty in an interview regarding the loss of General Collins.

"He was big in all aspects, save resentment," declared his Lordship who likened the dead Commander-in-Chief's life-work to that of Joan of Arc.

Dr. Fogarty began by saying the death of General Collins was to him an intense sorrow. "I cannot think of him," the Bishop said, "without emotion. His personal charm was irresistible, like his high, commanding powers.

"He was made by nature to conquer and to rule. In him the brave and tender, the gentle and the strong were richly and beautifully blended.

"He had the heart of a lion, and yet was as soft as a child. Had he lived in the Middle Ages he would have been a coeur de lion, a knight of endless and dazzling romance.

Noble Nature.

"He was big in all aspects of his character, save one, and that was resentment of which he had none at all. I never heard him say a bitter word of the English, even in the blackest days of the Terror, nor of his unnatural enemies in this disgraceful conflict.

"General Collins' last words, 'Forgive them!' are pathetic, but they are so like his noble nature. I need not speak," Dr. Fogarty continued, "of his manifold abilities, his resourcefulness, quickness of decision and indomitable will. His almost incredible achievements in the short spell allotted to him will be an emblazoned witness to the world and time.

"It seems but a day since he burst on the Irish stage like a youthful Sampson, almost a boy, with his white face, royal mien and jet black hair; and in three years he transformed Ireland by his titanic energy, forcing England to relax her powerful grip on Ireland, and winning for his country a triumph which Hugh O'Neill in his hey-day never dreamt of.

"Had he fallen at the hand of an external enemy, we could have borne it, but that such a rich and bounteous nature, such a triumphant and romantic battler for Ireland's cause, such a glory of our race and nation, such an idol of the people should be slain by a spiteful faction of our own countrymen is a chagrin, a bitterness and a shame too heavy to bear.

"They are not men who shot the noble life away from behind a hedge.

Never Such Tears.

"Inevitably we recall the history of Joan of Arc. She appeared suddenly, did her work for France, and disappeared almost in a day, burned to death by some of her own countrymen.

"It seems to be God's way, but the flames that extinguished the heroine's life did not destroy her work. So will it be with Michael Collins—the work he did is indestructible; he gave us more than Orleans.

"Sooner or later," continued his Lordship, "and the sooner the better, the people will get going in earnest, and when they do, they will make short work of the wreckers. Then will the heroic figure of General Collins tower high in glory, while they who contrived his death lie buried in shame.

"Never was such a flood of tears rained on an Irish bier, never have the Irish pipes wailed so piercingly for a stricken chieftain as they will when General Michael Collins, maker and leader of Ireland's victorious army, the hero of so many thrilling episodes, the trusted standard-bearer of Ireland's hopes and fortunes, that gained for himself and her the admiration, one might say, of all the world, will be laid to rest beside President Arthur Griffith in Glasnevin.

"But," the Bishop concluded, "let the people dry their

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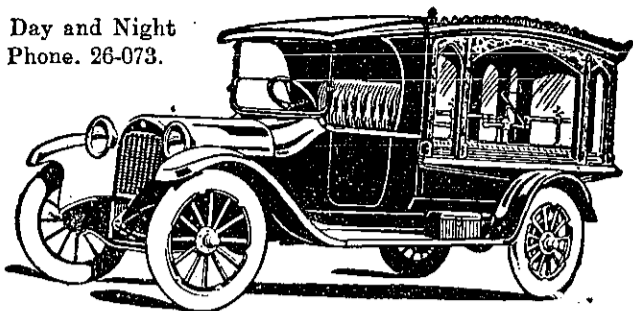
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eyes; that grave is lined with Christian hope. As sure as Michael Collins will rise again from the dead on the Last Day, so sure will the Ireland he lived and died for rise, and rise soon, please God, from her present woes to peace and prosperity."

Oxford and the Dominicans

(By CARDINAL GASQUET, O.S.B., Librarian of the Holy Roman Church and Prefect of the Vatican Archives.)

St. Dominic, the holy founder of the Black Friars, as we English used to call them in Catholic days, was born in 1170 in Spain, in the year in which the Martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, was done to death in England. St. Dominic was of a high Spanish family, and early in life, determining to embrace the ecclesiastical career, he devoted himself for 10 years to theological study, after which he became a Canon of the Cathedral of Osma. Together with the Bishop of that See, Don Diego, he was sent upon a political mission, and they found their way to Rome in 1204. It was whilst carrying out their mission, probably about the year 1209, that St. Dominic first came into contact with the great Englishman, Simon de Montfort, and formed with him a warm friendship, which only came to an end when this brave English Crusader met his death in 1218 under the walls of Toulouse.

The influence of Dominic's preaching and the holiness of his life drew round him a band of zealous disciples, devoted to him and to the work of preaching religion. And so in 1215 there was canonically erected at Toulouse a society which became the nucleus of the great Order of Friars Preachers.

The year 1215 is a date to be remembered. It was not only the date of the first beginnings of the Dominican Order, but to the English it was the year of the signing of the Magna Carta—that foundation of our liberties, which was won chiefly by the determined attitude of the great churchman, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. The same year was also the date of the Fourth Council of the Lateran, which gave to Dominic the highest approval for his religious projects. Hitherto the small society at Toulouse was merely what would now be known as a diocesan congregation, but now, even in the first year of its existence, God's Providence was to make it into a world-wide Order—a majestic tree whose branches were to spread literally over the whole earth.

St. Dominic at the Lateran.

Together with the Bishop of Toulouse, St. Dominic was present at the Council of the Lateran when it met in the November of 1215. For Dominic the meeting was fortunate, and indeed, providential. The stated object of the assembly in Rome was "to deliberate on the improvement of morals, the extinction of heresy, and the strengthening of the Faith." These ends were precisely those of the Saint in forming his society—his very programme.

A great change was made in the constitution of the Order. Hitherto the friars had possessed corporate property, but the apostolic spirit they desired to possess in its plenitude prompted them to abandon this element which they had derived from the life of the Canons of St. Augustine, and to adopt the principle of absolute poverty, which the followers of St. Francis were just beginning to manifest to the world, as the new power capable of attracting men to their ranks, and of recalling Christians to their duty. It was a great venture, but the results were patent from the first. The Gospel teaching was made manifest, "having nothing they possessed all things," and God's blessing upon their work was manifest from that hour.

It happened that whilst the Chapter was in session at Bologna, there passed through the city the Bishop of Winchester. As the Chapter had determined to send a colony of friars to England, at St. Dominic's request, the Bishop promised to let them travel in his suite and to be their guide. There were 13 Dominicans chosen, and under their first English Prior, Gilbert de Fresnoys, travelling thus in Bishop de Rupibus' company, they reached Dover on August 8, 1221. Their saintly Founder had gone to his reward four days before, although they were, of course, as yet unaware of their loss.

Settlement at Oxford.

For what had they come, and what did they accomplish? The subsequent history of the University of Ox-

ford, during the succeeding 300 years, is the best reply to such questions; for the story of the Friars Preachers in Oxford is so bound up with that home of learning that it would be difficult, even if it would serve any useful purpose, to separate the two.

A word, however, may be said about the position and state of Oxford when the Dominicans arrived there. God's Providence ever provided, when and how He saw fit, for the wants of His Church; and England, at that time if ever in its history, stood in need of new teachers and new methods, whilst Oxford, as the chief centre of the intellectual life of the kingdom, was no exception.

Twelve years before the coming of these sons of St. Dominic, that is, in the year 1209, during a quarrel between the students and the townsmen, three of the former were seized and put into prison. This strong measure did not, however, put an end to the disorders, and King John coming in person to the city, promptly hanged the three students. Upon this the professors and their students, according to the example set by the University of Paris in similar circumstances, quitted Oxford in a body. Some betook themselves to Cambridge, some to Paris, others to Reading and elsewhere, so that the university life at Oxford ceased for a time, as more than 3000 students in all are said to have quitted the city. Moreover, in this same year, 1209, King John was excommunicated by the Pope, and the celebrated Papal Interdict was pronounced upon the whole of England. It is difficult to exaggerate the misery and anarchy of the eight years which followed, during which the religious services ceased throughout the land.

Naturally studies suffered greatly, and, although students evinced a great desire to take up their work again in spite of all difficulties, and even gathered together again at Oxford, it was really not till John was dead and Henry III. came to the throne in 1216 that we find anything like the establishment of a corporate body to direct the studies of the University. Even then, it was not until the middle of the 13th century that Walter de Merton conceived the idea of establishing a hostel to enable the students to live together. Up to that time they were mere scattered units, living where and as they liked, and they were only kept together by their desire to profit by the teaching they found at the University.

Into this only partially cultivated field of work the Dominicans entered in 1221. They were eminently fitted by their vocation and training to cope with the need of the hour, and as teachers and preachers they threw themselves into the labor, full of zeal and enthusiasm. It was their special call to wage war against ignorance, and to afford sound teaching, and their *mot d'ordre* was ever "Preach the word in season and out of season: reprove, rebuke, exhort."

From the first they were assured of success. By one man—and that man the most important of his time—the coming of these friars was welcomed as a manifest providence of God to the University of Oxford. This was that great genius and scholar, that great moral force, and that saintly man, Bishop Grosseteste, whose interest in the improvement of the studies and teaching of the University was allowed by all at the time. He at once cordially welcomed the sons of St. Dominic into this field, and, though his name is perhaps better known in connection with the Franciscans, who arrived shortly after their Dominican brethren, Grosseteste from the first proved himself the friend and adviser of the Friars Preachers, and encouraged them on their coming. He was ever ready to lecture to them himself on subjects where they needed his help. We learn from the historian of the early Franciscan friars that this great Bishop of Lincoln was particularly struck by the cheerfulness of the early Black Friars at Oxford, and used to say that they understood the secret of success in work, since they believed that "three things were necessary for temporal health—to eat, to sleep, and to be gay."

The time of the coming of the Black Friars to Oxford was indeed providential. It was a period of great importance for the Church in England and the need of teachers and preachers was imperative. Langton and Grosseteste, in giving the friars such a hearty welcome, recognised fully the necessity of securing their co-operation in effecting the ecclesiastical re-organisation then in con-

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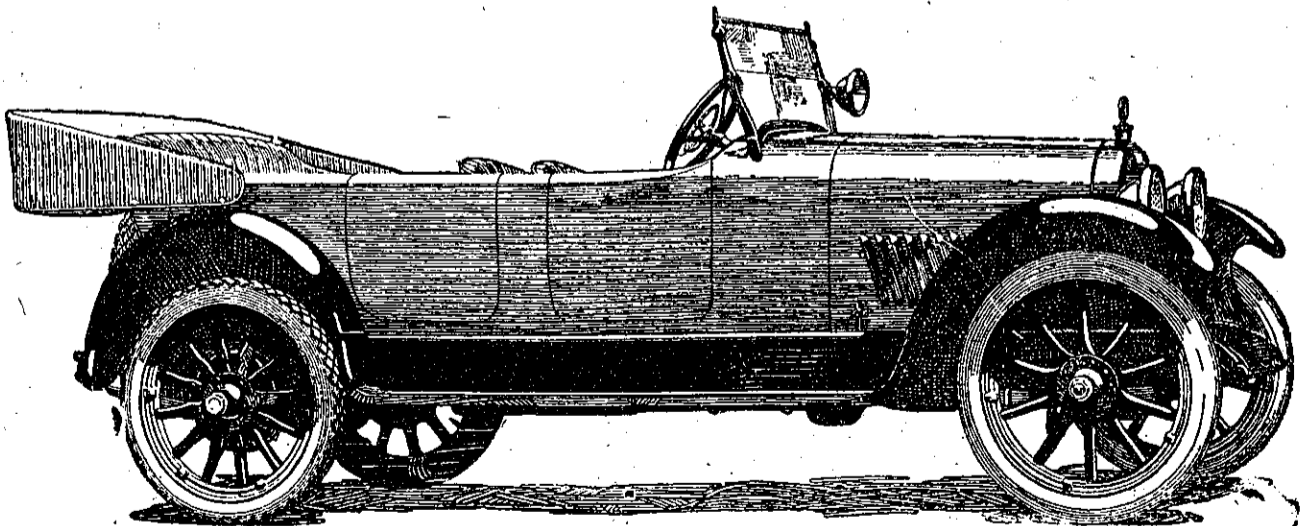
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templation, and which nine months after their coming—namely, on April 3, 1922, was initiated at the Synod of Oxford. In this national Synod great stress was laid upon the necessity of popular instruction in the Faith, and upon the strict observance of the laws of clerical life.

Dominican Progress.

So rapidly did the Dominicans justify their existence in the University that, when in 1244, Oxford received its Charter from Henry III., the deed acknowledging it was signed by the Prior of the Dominicans and the Minister of the Franciscans. Alone, moreover, of all the other bodies the Friars Preachers held two public schools in the University, and the fame of their teaching gained a European reputation for Oxford, hardly second to that of Paris. In 1248 the Oxford house was named by the Order one of the four *Studia Generalia*—the other three being Cologne, Montpellier, and Bologna, to which Dominican students might be sent from any part of the world.

In Ireland, too, in the 13th and succeeding centuries, Dominicans were called to rule the Church as archbishops and bishops to the number of more than 70. The Green Isle, indeed, became the most fruitful soil for the Order, and from the year 1224, when the first convent was established in Dublin, till the close of the century, 24 flourishing houses had been set up in the country.

First among those English Dominicans, worthy sons of the great University of Oxford, I will name Robert Bacon, a Dominican, not to be confused with the illustrious Franciscan, Roger Bacon, who, possibly a relation, came much later to Oxford. Robert, the Dominican, was the first scholar to join the Friars on their arrival in Oxford, and he became the first English Dominican writer. Bacon had studied at Paris as well as Oxford, and his learning and scholarship were much appreciated by Bishop Grosseteste. At Oxford he was the fellow-lecturer and the firm friend of St. Edmund Rich, the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury. Friar Robert was a prolific writer, and was a glory to the Order. He died in 1248.

Next there is the Dominican Archbishop of Canterbury, who has already been mentioned.

Kilwardby taught both in the schools of Paris and of Oxford, in which latter place he was the Master of St. Thomas of Hereford. In 1261 Friar Kilwardby was made a Provincial of the Order in England, and 10 years later was appointed Archbishop by Pope Gregory X. Six years later, in 1278, he was called to Rome by Nicholas III. and created Cardinal, being the fourth Dominican to receive that honor in the 50 years during which the Order had been in existence. Cardinal Kilwardby did not live long to enjoy his well-merited distinction; he died in 1279, and was buried at Viterbo.

Another English Dominican of renown in the 13th century was Friar John Giles. He was the medical doctor of Philip II. of France, before he entered religion. Another Oxford Dominican in the early days of the Order was Richard Fitzacre. Fitzacre was the firm friend of St. Edmund of Canterbury. It is said that the great St. Thomas Aquinas had the greatest esteem for the theological writings of Friar Fitzacre, and desired to possess all of them.

The Dominicans Expelled.

In the September of 1538 the Friars were cast out of the University when the destruction of the religious houses was decreed by the tyrant, King Henry VIII., on his breach with the Roman Pontiff. The royal claim to dictate the religious principles of his subjects—his famous dictum "*Cujus regio ejus religio*," could never be accepted by those who were true to the ancient faith and the teaching of St. Dominic, and so, with others, the Dominicans were expelled from their old homes, chiefly because of their loyalty to the Holy See.

And this was the course of that honorable existence of more than three centuries of the Dominican Friars of Oxford. Cast out of their heritage the Black Friars in England were scattered to the four winds of heaven. The ruins of their halls and cloisters, and the smoking walls of their desecrated church it was hoped might serve as overwhelming evidence of the passing of the Friars from Oxford for ever.

But the tree, planted 700 years ago on English soil, cut down even to the ground by evil men for evil ends, more than three centuries and a half ago, grows green again, and puts forth new shoots and new buds, which

is proof to us that the ancient life is not extinguished even in these centuries, and which encourages us and fills us with hopes for the future of the Order in the University of Oxford.

WEST COAST NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

Greymouth, October 8.

An unprecedented spell of glorious weather prevails on the West Coast and after a wonderful, mild winter which could hardly have been equalled anywhere in New Zealand, every hope is entertained of a good summer. Signs of its approach are not wanting, and the numbers who throng the churches each morning during the October devotions find that the discharge of this spiritual task is now attended by a minimum of physical irk.

Greymouth has been favored lately with visits from several members of the clergy. First and foremost was the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, the zealous advance guard of the Catholic missions to Western Equatorial Africa and to Egypt. It was the venerable missionary's third visit to these parts, his first being 29 years ago. He still retains pleasant memories of the reception accorded him on those occasions, and was good enough to say that the wonted hospitality of the people here showed no signs of cooling. Father O'Sullivan's lectures were really eloquent, and in spite of the weight of the years he has spent in the most self-sacrificing service in the service of God he can still sway a congregation by the fire of his oratory and sacredness of his mission. The appeal in Greymouth was not direct, but netted £74, which, Father O'Sullivan informs me, is a Dominion record. In Hokitika and other parts of the Coast Father O'Sullivan met with the same happy response to his appeal, notwithstanding the depression resulting from the idleness of the timber and other industries. This depression, incidentally, is becoming more acute in parts, and the response of the loyal Catholic West Coasters to the call for help from lands far removed from the wooded hills and silver streams of proud, but poor, Westland, is edifying indeed.

Other clerical visitors were Rev. Fathers Heffernan, S.M. (Blenheim), J. Herring, S.M. (Reefton), and McDonnell.

By the time these notes appear Ahaura will be recovering from the excitement of a red letter day in the history of the district—the opening of the Soldiers' Memorial Hall and Library on Friday, October 13. The township has put its heart into the completion of the scheme, and the finished article is a credit to the Ahaura people and an acquisition to the district. Mr. Ward, one of the prominent Catholic residents (who was recently married to Miss Mary Meates, of Greymouth) took a very important part in the work. There is another big day for Ahaura in the near future. An energetic committee is working hard in its preparations for a gigantic Catholic garden party, which will be capped off with a social the same evening. Father Fogarty has asked all interested to lend a hand, particularly those who were pupils of the old Ahaura College. Distance places no limitation on the willingness of old Ahauraites to assist the grand cause of Catholic progress in the district.

I understand that Mr. Rasmussen, who went from here to Rome some time ago to complete his studies for the priesthood, is to be ordained this month in Rome. The career of this brilliant young man is being eagerly followed by his friends at Home.

St. Mary's Church, Hokitika, will soon have the finishing touches placed on it by the plasterer, and these will, no doubt, enhance the beauty of the edifice. At present the Redemptorist Fathers are conducting missions in a southern district, and their campaign is proving successful in every way.

Once again the St. Columba Club has received some shocks. Mr. L. J. Cronin, who represented the club so well in the debating sections of the competitions, resigned his position as reporter on the *Grey River Argus* for a place on the staff of the *Manawatu Evening Standard*, and left to take up his new duties. His loss will be keenly felt by the club, which could ill-afford to spare him, and also by the M.B.O.B. Association, of which he was a strong supporter as far as his professional duties would allow. The members of the junior club, in whom he took

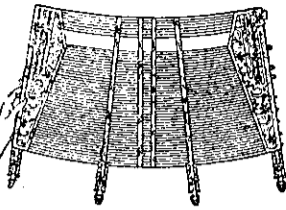
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a special interest, presented Mr. Cronin with a fountain pen as a token of their esteem. Shock number two is the news that Mr. T. Barry, the popular president of the club, has been transferred to the Post Office at Dannevirke. There is a faint hope that Mr. Barry may be able to remain after all, and it will certainly be to the advantage of the club if he remains.

Mr. L. R. Higgins received notice the other day of his appointment as deputy-registrar at the Supreme Court at Greymouth.

A scheme is on foot to paint the churches at Ahaura, Ngahere, Nelson Creek, Totara Flat, and surrounding places. The money has been subscribed in some districts, in others it has yet to come. The church at Ngahere is such a neat little structure that it could well do with a coat of paint. Many improvements in the other churches await the magic finger of coins.

Retirement of a Popular Police Officer

SUPERINTENDENT McGRATH HONORED.

Superintendent McGrath, who is retiring on superannuation after 44 years of service, was entertained at a social by members of the police force at Kroon's Hall last week, prior to his departure from Dunedin. The social was largely attended, and was marked by an excellent camaraderie. Sub-inspector Eccles occupied the chair.

The chairman proposed the toast of Ex-Superintendent McGrath. He said that they were gathered there that evening to do honor to Ex-Superintendent McGrath, who was retiring from the police force. Their guest of the evening had joined the armed constabulary as a raw recruit away back in June, 1878. He had been through Parihaka and through the various branches of the force till he had reached the rank of superintendent. During 25 years of his service he had served in the detective force, and had been called on to carry through many important cases, his work in which had always been marked with the greatest care, intelligence, and foresight. It was, however, as an inspector and a superintendent that their guest had displayed his greatest ability in the police force. He would say without fear of contradiction that Ex-Superintendent McGrath had proved one of the best officers he had ever served under. He thought in saying that he was echoing the voice of every man in the Otago and Southland division.—(Applause.) Their ex-superintendent's control had always been marked with kindness and consideration. There was nothing of the martinet about him. The days of the martinet, in fact, were past, and, moreover, he was not necessary, as in his (the speaker's) opinion they had the most efficient police force in the world. He considered that this pleasing state of affairs had been brought about in a large degree by the fact that during the past 25 years they had had officers from the police force as commissioners. Every policeman knew, and also every layman, too, that for the police force to be brought up to an efficient state they must have a police officer rising from the ranks as the "head seraing." The officers in the lower ranks, and one of them was Mr. McGrath, had also played their part in building up the officering of the force. The great tact, kindly manner, and discretion of Mr. McGrath had played an important part in placing him in the high position to which he had attained. That his work had been appreciated was demonstrated by the large attendance that night of policemen and officers from the Otago and Southland district. The young policemen had always received a square deal from Mr. McGrath, and he had always been very good to the man who walked the beat. Mr. McGrath knew his work from A to Z—no man knew it better. There was no intricate case or question of law that he could not unravel. He had worked himself to his high position by his own sheer ability. Both the plain clothesmen and the men of the other ranks would sever their connection with him with very great regret. He hoped that their retiring superintendent would be long spared to enjoy good health and that he would live to spend many happy days in his new home in Wellington.—(Loud applause.)

Chief Detective Bishop and Senior-Sergeant Mathieson also spoke in testimony of Mr. McGrath's excellent qualities as a police officer and to the great esteem in which he was held by those in every grade of the service.

The chairman then presented ex-Superintendent McGrath with a handsome coffee service, a set of stainless knives, a photograph of the last parade of the Dunedin Police Force, and a gold chain and locket. He also presented him with a handsome bag for Mrs. McGrath and a bangle for Miss McGrath.

Ex-Superintendent McGrath, who was received with loud applause, said that he had to thank them most heartily for the splendid testimony of their friendship they had given him that evening. He was pleased and proud to see such a large gathering of his comrades to bid him good-bye on the eve of his retirement from the police force. Many of them had come long distances, at much inconvenience he was sure, and their presence was on that account all the more appreciated by him. He noticed with great pleasure that some of his oldest comrades of the old days were there, looking hale and hearty. That encouraged him to think that he too would survive the shock of being severed from his old associations. He had always valued the good opinions of the men who had been associated with him in the force above all others, and he had every desire not only to gain but to deserve that good opinion.—(Applause.) That he had succeeded in gaining it was clear from what had been said that night and from their presence in such large numbers, and above all by the very handsome and valuable presents they had given him, and for which he sincerely thanked them one and all. He also had to thank them very heartily for the presents for his wife and daughter. He had been very pleased indeed with the remarks that had been made about him. He knew, of course, that they were not deserved (Voices: Yes they were), but nevertheless he appreciated them deeply. He would always have many pleasant memories of his long connection with the police force, but the function that night would certainly be the brightest of the memories of the past.—(Applause.) He had had a very easy time during his three years in Dunedin, and this was due to the fact that the whole of the staff throughout the district, from top to bottom, had performed their duties in a highly satisfactory manner. He had had no trouble at all. He was sorry to leave Dunedin, where he had many friends, but for family reasons he found it necessary to settle in Wellington. He desired to warmly thank the promoters of such a highly successful gathering, and all of those who had in any way assisted in making it such a pleasant function.

Mr. and Mrs. McGrath and daughter (Miss Madeline McGrath) left by the North express on Thursday. A large gathering of the police force who were off duty, together with many personal friends of Mr., Mrs., and Miss McGrath assembled at the railway station to wish them farewell, hearty cheers being given as the train drew out.

Klan Condemned by Government

What was said to be the first official government denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan transpired recently when United States Attorney-General Daugherty referred to the movement as a "distinct menace to decent government" in a letter to Governor Olcott concerning the move against the Klan in Oregon. The letter replies to one from Governor Olcott, thanking the Federal department for its cooperation in the prosecution of men said to be Klan members for alleged outrages in Jackson county.

The text of the letter is as follows:—

"Please accept my sincere thanks for your letter of the 4th with regard to the assistance rendered the State of Oregon in its prosecution of several members of the Ku Klux Klan for outrages committed in Jackson county.

"It is a source of great satisfaction to know that the Department of Justice has been of any assistance whatever in assisting you and your subordinates, as well as the executive officers of other States handling an extremely serious situation.

"Please accept my hearty commendation of the splendid spirit manifested in your fearless proclamation and prosecution. I can only repeat what I have already said to certain executive officers in California engaged in a similar prosecution that I think you and your assistants are rendering a signal service to the public in general, as well as to your own State, in endeavoring to stamp out a distinct menace to decent government."

Current Topics

Brevities

Some time ago a certain parson who had a great deal to say concerning the working of the recent No Popery Marriage Act in New Zealand let himself loose on patriotism. As reported in one of our dailies he said that the Empire was sure of success because of its devotion to *Gold Almighty!* If that was a jest on the part of the "Comp" it was as true a word as was ever said in jest.

British Imperialist politicians are becoming alarmed as the elections draw near. They are going round the country warning all and sundry against Labor and the terrors of government by Labor. Our Mr. Massey raised the same cry at least seventy times seven and went one better by saying or hinting that some of the Liberals were also dangerous persons. Most people capable of thinking do not need to be told who is the real menace to liberty, prosperity, and happiness in New Zealand, only their ideas are not quite Mr. Massey's.

"Asked for his views regarding the position in Ireland," says the *Star*, "Mr. McGrath said the best service that could be rendered to Ireland at present was to say as little as possible." He had much more than that to say, and by the time we had read it all we were saying to ourselves: "It is a good divine that follows his own preaching."

According to the *Star*, Dr. Alfred Kerr, the *Berliner Tageblatt's* literary and dramatic critic, said, after a recent visit to London: "In London there is not an ugly woman to be seen—on my oath." Which German gas reminds us that Lord Northcliffe told a reporter who collared him on the gangway as he was landing at Auckland that the New Zealand dailies were the greatest things in the world! Surely somebody will now come along and tell us that he takes Mr. Parr seriously.

The "Square Deal"

As an example of the sort of square deal to be found in a Dominion in which a government elected by P.P. Asses flourishes we commend to our readers the following extract from the Auckland *Star*:

Applicants for the position of Dominion Secretary to the Farmers' Union are required to furnish information as to "experience, political opinions, RELIGION, age, and marital condition." Are we to understand that candidates' chances of success will be proportionate to the skill with which they depict Mr. Massey as a Heaven-sent combination of Pericles, Julius Caesar, William the Conqueror, Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, William Pitt, Gladstone, and Lloyd George? On second thoughts, however, I fear William the Conqueror, despite his name, would have to be eliminated. He was a Roman—but hush! let me rather say that he lived before the Reformation. Really, things are coming to a pretty pass in New Zealand when a man is asked to state his religion before he is appointed to a job in an organisation whose members embrace all creeds. I wonder what Marshal Foch thinks of the stipulation. I hope that at least one applicant has the sense of humor to describe himself as simply a Christian.

While they were about it, the Farmers' Union should have asked for the sizes of applicants in hats, their preferences in tobacco and cinema stars, and the color of their hair. It might be highly dangerous to appoint a red-headed man. He might be a Bolshevik.

A Severe Critic

When party feeling runs high there is always more than a probability that party issues will cloud realities. That is exactly what has happened in Ireland since the signing of the Treaty. The long and acrimonious debates, the party rhetoric, and eventually the fighting have made men lose sight of the true aim of both Republicans and Free Staters. Here and there in both parties, and commonly enough outside of both, we find

men who take the higher view and who consider first and above all Ireland and the Irish people. The Bishops have declared that they are willing to look on silently as long as the conflicting parties keep to the law of God and work for the good of Ireland, but that they cannot remain silent when murder and wilful destruction of the property and the people are used as means to an end. It was because Collins put the people first and wanted to save them that he took what he got and stood by his bargain to death. There are many who think he ought not have signed, and there are others who think that, considering the people in the concrete and not merely an abstract ideal, he was right in signing. There are some who say that whether he was right or wrong, there is no doubt that once the Treaty was signed the best thing for Ireland under the circumstances was to make the most of it. The following remarks are from a letter from a consistent supporter of the Republic, but a man who condemns as unworthy of Pearse and Connolly the methods of their present day followers:

"De Valera seemed to collapse miserably in the great crisis. He spoke incoherently and acted inconsistently. What to-day was wrong was right to-morrow; what was advisable one moment became unthinkable the next; he was sick of politics and eager to resume leadership; he said he was anxious to avoid fratricidal strife but refused to co-operate to preserve order; he said that the Dail had committed suicide and then appealed to it as the highest authority; he spoke of the threat of war as interfering with the will of the people, as if we all did not know that as we had failed to beat the English out of Ireland we should have had to face war.

"While the politicians debated the army was becoming demoralised.

"There is no doubt that the overwhelming majority of the people are for the Free State and opposed to the Republican army.

"Admittedly wide-spread damage has been done to property. That is not irreparable. But the damage done to national prestige and to the morals of Young Ireland will take long years to repair. The fanatical doctrine that fidelity to principles of freedom puts one out of reach of all laws, civil and ecclesiastical, is responsible for and alone explains the attitude of the Republican soldiers.

"The evacuation of towns does not mean that the end is near. Guerilla warfare continues. When the Republican ammunition is exhausted we may look for peace in Ireland.

"In the Gaelic League days the notes of an Irish patriot were love of the native language, sobriety and a high sense of honor. Now alas, no matter how degraded a man is, no matter how he despises Irish Ireland, he can be a soldier. From a National point of view the army is nondescript. When I mean the army I mean Republican and Free State alike. The situation is too sad for words. The men who died to save Ireland's soul, to preserve our Gaelic civilisation, little wonder if they turned in their graves to-day."

Now that plain criticism comes from a man who had worked consistently for Ireland from the beginning and is now disgusted with the methods of both parties. Being a follower of Pearse he is hard on the Free Staters, but he is no less hard on the Republicans who have defied every law, human and divine, and told the bishops to mind their own business when they protested against assassination and plunder. Like many another he would rather see Ireland in chains than freed by criminal methods.

"My Country Right or Wrong"

Not long ago Mr. Wilford, who calls himself the Liberal Leader, ran true to form by uttering a perfectly Jingoistic and immoral sentiment. He said that he believed in his country right or wrong, or was with his country right or wrong, or in some other form which does not matter gave voice to the motto of every British Jingo and German Junker. There was nothing to marvel at in this. It was as much as could be expected from any New Zealand Member of Parliament; since

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it is to be presumed that a person whose views are on a higher plane than that denoted by the remarks of Mr. Wilford would find himself too much of a stranger to remain in Parliament in New Zealand. Mr. Robinson wrote a letter to our evening paper calling attention to the absolute hopelessness and degradation of such a principle, and the editor wallowed through a footnote trying to draw red herrings across the track in vain. Later, the Rev. Hector McLean preached a vigorous and sound sermon in which he rightly scarified the abominable motto and pointed out how ignoble and discreditable it is for any man of brains to say such a thing. And, we learn, the tale was taken up by Dr. Gibb who also boldly enunciated the Christian view. As might be expected the pronouncements of these clergymen drew forth rejoinders from several editors who were hard put to it to defend their own position as champions of whatever policy is put before them by the capitalist Government of which they are the slaves. It was natural that people who had helped to spread lies about corpse-factories and about mutilated babies yet unborn, because such lies were, in however immoral and unchristian a manner, helping to stir up hatred of the Germans, should try to say a word on their own behalf. Not in a single paper did we see a defence worthy of a man of principle or intelligence, and even the most benighted of their readers could laugh at the poor sophistry upon which they had to fall back. Of course there may be circumstances in which a man is unable to judge clearly as to the rightness or wrongness of the country's policy, but there are certainly circumstances in which no man who has even a rudimentary knowledge of the Ten Commandments can have any doubt at all as to the country's wrongness. For instance, owing to the cloud of lies and to the obfuscations of secret diplomacy the man in the street was quite at sea as to the origin of the war, and well-meaning people actually believed all the talk about fighting for small nations. In such a doubtful issue it was reasonable enough to give the benefit of the doubt to the Government and help it on as far as one could. But when the Government of England was preaching about the rights of small nations and at the same time doing the very things which it declared Germans ought to be exterminated for doing, only a fool or a rogue could support its policy. Again, if a few capitalists who have millions invested in oil are able to persuade Lloyd George to go to war and to stake the lives of thousands of British people in the interests not of the Empire but of oil, and if without making any inquiry whatever Mr. Massey says that Lloyd George is right, then again only a fool or a knave would keep silent and allow such a scandal to pass without challenge. But it was in defence of somewhat like this that Mr. Wilford uttered his Jingoistic platitude, which Rev. Hector McLean attacked like a Christian and the newspapers defended like bandits and schemers. Obviously the reason of there being discussion at all concerning such a clear issue is that the people have lost the fundamental principles of Christianity and made a god of the State and a sort of High Serang of Mr. Massey—bless the mark! The State, the Empire, and the interests of capitalists are not the things that matter most. There are many things that matter far more to every individual. But so far have we wandered from the path of common sense and from all ideals of religion that right and wrong, the law of God, the natural law, charity, justice, purity, and such noble things as kept civilisation alive no longer matter.

Red Tape and Nonsense

From time to time our dailies tell us of the comments made on New Zealand by visitors. Thus, we were told that, before he landed at all in the country, Lord Northcliffe told an inquisitive reporter that the New Zealand dailies were the eighth wonder of the world, and on other occasions it has been flashed over the wires from Auckland to Bluff that Lord Tomnoddy or Lady Golightly assured some knight of the pen that New Zealanders contained all the virtues to such an extent that there was not nearly enough to go round among less favored races. And our dear simple people

swallow it all and thank heaven that they are the salt of the earth and the light of the world. For once in a while we have had a sane criticism from a traveller, and it is worth repeating. Mr. John Fuller landed the other day from Australia. He had to undergo the usual torture invented by Mr. Massey's cultured and learned politicians in order to terrify intending visitors and convince them that they are not wanted in New Zealand. Mr. Fuller's comments on the ridiculous oath-taking and flag-flapping are sane reading, and we recommend them to our readers and to all others who hate to see New Zealand made a laughing stock and an object of pity for visitors:

"I arrived in Auckland the other day, and having got into port imagined it would be only a matter of a few minutes before we got ashore. I was disappointed. We did not get ashore for another three hours. First, out came the port health officer. Customs and Postal officials in different steamers (which was apparently one of the Government's economy measures); then, with the doctor aboard, we were lined up in the social hall, and one by one examined, as though we were unclean—something quite alien to the people of New Zealand. There in the saloon one had to suffer a medical thermometer to lie thrust in one's mouth (though feeling in the best of health), walk twenty paces, then have the instrument removed and dipped into a cold antiseptic ready for someone else.

"What a farce! What an expense for this sort of thing to be going on every week in every port, when simpler methods would serve to preserve New Zealand from contamination with these dreadful Australians! Aren't we of the same good British stock as you New Zealanders? What have we done to deserve such treatment—treatment which I and others felt was humiliating. When New Zealanders come to Sydney or Melbourne they are not put through any such rigmarole. Any case of sickness on board would be reported by the ship's officers, and passengers' luggage would be cursorily examined by the Customs officers in the shed ashore, but here people are treated like criminals.

"Do people in New Zealand know that the form invented for war-time is still to be filled in by all visitors to New Zealand? This form is too lengthy and ridiculous to particularise, but cannot the Government see how silly it is to ask visitors to New Zealand—often well-born, well-to-do people from England and America—their full name, sex, condition, occupation, race, nationality, where born, father's name, mother's maiden name, where father was born, where mother was born, naturalised or not, intention to permanently reside or otherwise, if otherwise date of intended departure. On top of all this there is the oath of allegiance to be sworn and another oath of obedience to the laws of New Zealand.

"I did not demur at making the oath, for I defer to no one in loyalty to King and Empire, but the very fact that I am a strong loyalist makes me resent being compelled to take the oath of allegiance. I do not understand the New Zealand politicians. They seem to have lost their heads over this compulsory loyalty business, and evidently cannot see that they are doing more harm than good by their unwise insistence. Surely they have confidence in the power of their police system to sort out an undesirable and deport him, without degrading everyone who comes to visit the country.

"Then, having passed the medical test, and filled in the form the visitor is handed a tiny 'chit,' which is collected at the gangway by a uniformed policeman! I felt like a branded criminal, as I handed my ticket to this big man in blue, wondering the while what it all meant.

"I concluded that the New Zealand Government had been oblivious to the time which has elapsed since the war ended. The restrictions on travellers are greater here than between England and France or even between England and Germany. Has not the time arrived when this discouragement of the visitor should stop? I am sure it is hurting New Zealand. I am sure some of the thousands who rush over to Tasmania from Sydney every year would come this way if more were known of New Zealand and the restrictions on arrival were less harassing and humiliating!"

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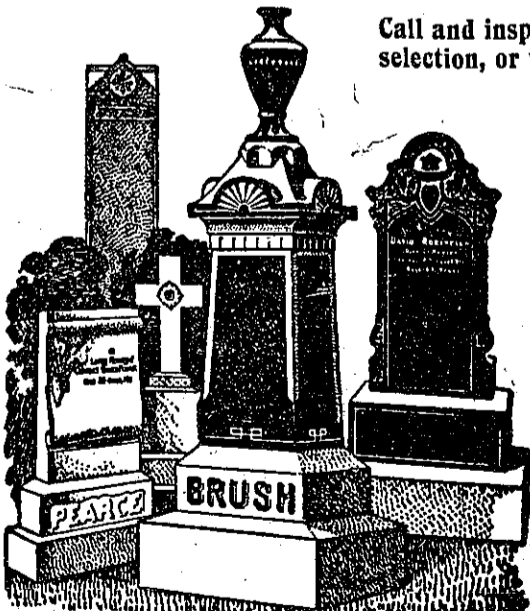
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Irish History Lessons

III.

THE SPIRITUAL REVIVAL.

"We have hunted this Jesus Christ!" said a French publicist before the Great War. But all France itself could not hunt His pity. When the great sorrow of 1914 came upon her, France, beaten to her knees, learned to look to Him as her only shelter against the wind of war.

And what of Ireland? Ireland, in hunger and in rags, in agony and in mourning, has clung ever to His hems and will not let Him go.

It is a sad fact that we have to be smitten to give thanks, and in periods of great prosperity we care less for God. There is a danger in happiness, and a safety in suffering. You are too young perhaps, dear children, to know that yet.

Ireland has been two things in the world's history—the island of saints, and the island of sorrows. She is linked to God by a fetter of steel and a riband of gold. If a history of the Christian nations were to be written, of them all she would have the proudest story—Colmcille with his gulls and his seals, Brendan with his bees and his sails, and Columbanus, the faithful, who might have been Pope of the World if he had renounced the tonsure and the Irish rites of John of the Bosom! Those were the days when the Princes of the Rhine and the Elbe would cross the wild waters to Ireland, just to lean over a monk who would be gilding a missal.

And what shall I write of the later days? When in England shrines were being robbed to yield jewels for the king's hairy fingers, when golden copes were given for bed-spreads to Master Cromwell, Ireland, poor and undaunted, held savage by her neighbor, was unshaken by the storm of sacrilege. Judge for yourselves which was the barbarian!

And then on to the penal days and the famine! Under the penal laws the priest and his flock were hunted by hounds and by men. Often the priest fell at his altar of rock in the cave that was his tabernacle. Then the famine! Cabin after cabin filled with the dying little children crawling to the roadside to eat the dusty grass, strong men sobbing the night long, women giving the last crusts to their children, and the relief-ships turned away! Is there anything more bitter than famine? But listen, no other famine in the world was like unto this famine. For, this people, this dying, stricken people could have had food for the asking, yet like wounded animals they chose to crawl to their dens and die. Why, were they mad? Not mad, but very wise, for there was a price on the food, and they held the price too high. But you will ask what had they that was precious, what had they to trade? They had their souls, their immortal souls, and that was the price that was asked of them. "If you change your faith," said their tempters, "we will give you bread!" And, scornful and silent, they crept back to their cribs to die.

Then, as I have told you before, Ireland grew more prosperous. Slowly, slowly, well-being came to her, but it came. And slowly, slowly, it began to do its work like dry-rot in the wood of her faith, but God, who remembered her loyalty, sent her succor.

Men like Pearse began to say, "We are becoming a commercial nation. Let us go back to Colmcille and Cuchulain, to the days of the saints and the heroes!" He set the pilgrim's scrip above the seal of the moneylender.

I think none can doubt that his rebellion was set for Easter, because Easter is the time of the rising from the dead, and for him this Easter meant the rolling of the stone from Ireland's tomb.

And from a spiritual viewpoint no years are prouder than the years that followed. None ever doubted that God and Mary were to the Irish living, breathing people. Any Irish peasant who was vouchsafed a vision would be awed and honored but not surprised. He would feel that the outer eye was seeing what the inner had known so long.

Pearse died serene against Kilmainham wall because he felt that his Isagan, his Jesukin, was pattering to meet him down a lane of heaven.

Nor was he alone secure in this faith. Father Augustine crossed the yard to Plunkett on that cold bitter morning of his death. His hands were tied behind his back, his face was lifted for a last look at the sky. It

reminded Father Augustine of that sweet saying of St. Francis, "Welcome, Sister Death!" To another priest he said coolly and calmly, "I die for the glory of God and the honor of Ireland!" And so died they all!

No doubt most of you have read the sweet and terrible story of their last hours. What I would like, too, is the story of the passing of those dear souls, those peasant lads from the far hills and fields, who sat waiting for the white dawn in the prisons of strange cities—grand simple hearts, unknown of books, but known of God. "Only think," said one such to a nun who visited him, "two weeks ago I was in Clare. Soon I shall be in heaven!" And another, "Look you here! To-morrow I shall see God!"

There are two whom I cannot pass over even at the risk of making this too long. The Poles tell proudly of a boy of seventeen, who sooner than betray his comrades, set fire to his pallet, and burned himself to death. Ireland has his match in Kevin Barry. This boy, this shining boy, when shown his gallows, and offered pardon if he turned traitor, said with exquisite courtesy: "Gentlemen, your arrangements are excellent—now lead me back to my cell!" And in that cell he prayed till dawn when his poor tortured body was led out to die. Salutation, Kevin Barry, from this our age and every age within the womb of time!

The other is a soul so great that lips must ever tremble on his name. Read your books and see if in the history of the world you can find any sacrifice, save one, to equal that of Terence McSwiney! Only Christ alone, whom he followed so lovingly, has surpassed it. For over seventy days did he lie in Brixton prison, and for a protest ate no food. Seventy days of hunger! What made that possible? He himself has told the world. "I am sustained by my daily Communion!" Every morning One with shining hands brought him his only food, every morning he broke bread with Christ! Ah weeping Cork that followed him along the Quays, you knew your son a saint! And we afar, we knew it too. Every Pole, every Breton, every Spaniard said, "A miracle of God!"

These are only a few names—I could give examples more recent. Dear Cathal Brugha, torn and weary, lying upon the stones to do the Holy Hour; Collins, dying with a prayer of pity—surely these are enough to prove the burning faith that will yet prevail and bring Ireland to triumph. When one thinks of the crowds that knelt on the wet flags outside the prisons, and prayed in the rain for the souls that were passing within, when one thinks of that sea of prayer breaking on God's feet, one feels that Kathaleen ni Houlihan, who bears so lovingly His cross, has been set for a sign in a faithless world.

Answers to Correspondents

QUIBUS INTEREST.—The Editor will be absent for a couple of weeks. Hence letters addressed to him personally will have a rest in the office until he returns.

E. de M.—In theory one may go to Holy Communion without confession day after day, but in practice to do so, without at least fortnightly confession would not be advisable. We know that the Holy Eucharist always confers grace on a soul free from mortal sin, but on the other hand there is the danger of tepidity and lack of due reverence.

READER.—We can recommend *La Croix* as a high-class French paper, admirable in its Catholic tone, and distinguished for its able and scholarly articles. For the clergy we would recommend *L'Ami du Clerge*.

H. W.—For an account and critique of the Adventist doctrines you cannot do better than study Father Ernest Hull's book which we recently noticed in the *Tablet*.

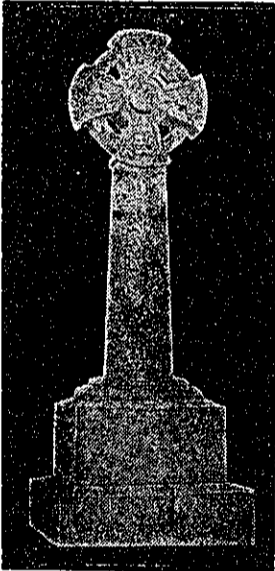
S. P.—We have no medical doctor, no cheiropractist, no cheiropodist, no Coueist, and no psycho-analyst on the staff, so that we cannot prescribe for your rheumatics, but we might add that we have ourselves tried (a) carrying a potato in our pocket, (b) wearing a block of sulphur on a watch chain, (c) eating no salt or sugar, (d) taking phosphorine, (e) using liniments of various strengths and stinks, (f) taking hot baths, (g) taking cold baths, and we can testify that not one of these popular and infallible remedies is worth "a tin of fish."

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Religious Aspect of Irish Insurgency

(By JOHN A. RYAN, D.D., in America.)

Suppose the Bishop of Cloyne should come over to these barracks this afternoon, and order the Irregulars to disband and go home, what would happen?" "They would not pay a bit of attention to his order."

This was a part of the conversation which I had, July 9, with the man in Cobh (Queenstown) to whom I referred in a former article in *America*. While I had expected some such answer, I was surprised at its promptness and positiveness. A few days later, I quoted it to Archbishop Byrne, of Dublin, and received the reply, "Unfortunately that is true."

And yet, the spiritual authorities of the Irish people had condemned the insurgent movement in unmistakable terms before it had developed into active and bloody operations. In their "Joint Pastoral," issued April 26, the bishops and archbishops said:

"It is painful and sorrowful for us to have to use the language of condemnation, but principles are now being openly advocated and acted upon which are in fundamental conflict with the law of God, and which, as bishops and pastors appointed to safeguard Christian morals, we cannot allow to pass without solemn censure and reprobation.

"Foremost among these principles is the claim that the army or a part of it, can, without any authority from the nation as a whole, declare itself independent of all civil authority in the country. The army as a whole, and still less a part of the army, has no such moral right. Such a claim is a claim to military despotism and is subversive of all civil liberty. It is an immoral usurpation and confiscation of the people's rights. More than any other order in society the army, from the very nature of its institution, is the servant and not the master of the nation's Government, and revolt against the supreme authority set up by the people is nothing less than a sacrilege against national freedom.

"As to the organ of supreme authority in this country at present, whatever speculative views may be entertained upon the subject, there can be in practise no doubt so long as the Dail and the Provisional Government act in unison, as they have hitherto done."

American Catholics, particularly those of Irish blood, have been puzzled, shocked, and scandalised at the insurgents' disregard and contempt of both ecclesiastical authority and the elementary principles of morality. The former offence is typically illustrated by the quotations from the man in Cobh and the Archbishop of Dublin; the latter is notorious, universal and of the utmost gravity. What is the explanation?

I cannot answer the question adequately. And I doubt that any competent Irishman would undertake to give an adequate and final answer. The forces which have produced the psychological and moral pathology afflicting the insurgents, are too complex to admit of ready analysis, or to form the basis of confident conclusions. The best that I can do is to submit some tentative contributions toward an explanation. In this article I confine myself to the religious side of the situation, deferring the moral aspect to a later paper.

A distinction must be drawn between two radically different kinds of insurgents. One is the sincere and fanatical idealist; the other comprises those whom, for want of a more accurate term, I shall call the "disreputables." The latter are variously composed, principally of petty adventurers, "corner-boys," loafers and semi-criminals. A third element, to which I referred in a former article, consisting of boys who have been physically or morally coerced into the insurgent bands, does not call for discussion here. Of the disreputables the vast majority seem to be under 25 years of age; probably most of them are not yet 22. That they should disregard the teaching and commands of their bishops and priests is not surprising, in view of their antecedents' habits and characters. They are merely "running true to form."

The facts which demand explanation in their regard are their previous degeneration and their numbers. Accordingly, our first question is, how came Irish boys to acquire habits and become involved in courses of action contrary

to their training in the virtues of industry, honesty, and obedience? Thus restricted, the question is not insoluble. At every period of Irish history there have been some boys and some men who set at nought the moral teaching received from their parents and their priests. There have always been some loafers, some thieves, some murderers in Catholic Ireland. This has happened in spite of the exceptionally strong authority and control exercised by parents and clergy. It is the second question, that of numbers, which presents all the difficulty. Why is the disreputable element so much larger in Ireland to-day than at any previous time?

The situation is complicated by our lack of definite knowledge. Obviously we have no scientific census of the irregulars from this viewpoint. We do not know with anything like accuracy what proportion of them is composed of disreputable people. Some Irishmen declare that it amounts to seven-eighths. Others put the proportion much lower. My own impression is that the disreputables probably constitute two-thirds of the insurgents. But this is only an impression, and I confess that one of the principal reasons why I hold it is the almost universal cowardice betrayed by the insurgent bands when confronted by the National troops. Most decidedly they have not, except in a very few instances, exemplified the bravery characteristic of their race. A short time ago, Michael Collins was asked whether the Free State Government would prosecute the captured Irregulars for sedition. "Oh, no; that is too respectable a charge," he replied; "I think we shall make them stand trial for cowardice."

How shall we explain this sudden and rather large increase in the number of young Irish who have turned their backs upon their youthful training and defied their bishops and priests? The first Irishman whom I met after landing in the country, a barrister well past sixty years of age, declared that in the last ten years the boys and young men had been "allowed to get out of hand." Although I made some attempts, both by inquiry and by observation, to ascertain the correctness of this view, I have been unable to find it confirmed. It may contain a grain of truth, but it certainly does not of itself provide an adequate explanation. Nowhere did I find conclusive evidence to sustain the charge that bishops, priests, or parents have been less assiduous or less vigilant in their work of training and supervising the young during recent years than at any previous time.

A more plausible but less simple explanation was suggested by some remarks of an English priest whose forbears were Irish. The control of the Irish clergy over their people has always been based to a relatively large degree upon custom, authority, ascendancy, and to a relatively small degree upon argument and grounds of reason. In the moral training of the Irish youth, the latter method has not received as much attention, because it did not seem to be necessary as in, say, Germany or the United States. The fact that the priest taught such and such to be right and such and such to be wrong, was sufficient for the great majority. During the last six or eight years of widespread and various demoralisation, the break-down of moral standards, the confusion of moral values, this authoritarian basis of training proved too weak to support the superstructure.

I give this explanation for what it is worth, without attempting a critical evaluation. It has at least the very considerable merit of establishing a connection between the religious and the moral aspect of the subject, the religious and the moral causes of the evil situation. The religious and the moral elements are inextricably intertwined, as we shall see when we come to consider the latter in a subsequent article.

Let us turn now to the case of the sincere idealists and all the other men of good character in the insurgent forces, whether they be leaders or followers. Why have they disregarded the declaration of the bishops, quoted early in this article? Here we seem to be on surer ground. A partial answer seems to be implicit in the attitude taken by the majority of the bishops towards the tactics of the Republican army during the "terror." They were not friendly toward these operations. Yet these operations were instrumental in extorting from the British Government a larger measure of political autonomy than any constitutional movement had ever sought, much less achieved. If the bishops were wrong, as seemed to be

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proved by the test of results, in frowning upon armed resistance to the "Black-and-Tans," might they not also be wrong on the question of armed resistance to the Free State? To be sure, this reasoning is vitally defective, inasmuch as it assumes that the campaign and methods of the Republican army were morally justified by the happy political outcome. That is quite a different question, and it contains some issues upon which a competent and cautious moralist would be very slow to pronounce confident judgment.

Some of the sincere insurgent leaders seem to have fallen back upon a simpler, if an equally inadequate, theory. It is that the question of accepting the Free State Government is merely political, and therefore beyond the competence of the bishops. In this connection the hackneyed declaration of O'Connell is quoted, that he took his religion from Rome but not his politics. Of course it is misapplied. All political actions are moral actions, either morally right or morally wrong; hence subject to authoritative approval or condemnation by the Church. Under the Holy See, the Irish bishops are the voice of the Church for Ireland. When a political issue involves such a clear, fundamental, and urgent principle of morality as does that of the legitimate Government in Ireland to-day, the bishops have a clear right and duty to make an authoritative pronouncement. To be sure, they are not infallible, and there is always the opportunity of appeal to Rome.

Nevertheless, the situation contains a practical difficulty which is not confined to Ireland nor to the domain of politics. The syllogism which is implicit in the declaration of the Irish bishops is applicable, with an appropriate change of terms, to the field of economies. It runs thus: "The citizens are morally bound to accept and obey the legitimate Government; in Ireland the legitimate Government is that of the Free State; therefore, etc." Let us apply the same method to a couple of industrial situations. "A strike is morally unlawful when it aims at unjust demands; the present strike in X is aimed at unjust demands; therefore, etc." Here is the other illustration: "Employers act unjustly when they pay wages insufficient for decent living; the employers in Y industry are paying such insufficient wages; therefore, etc." It is not a violent assumption to suppose that in some places, even in the United States, Catholic workers would reject the episcopal pronouncement in the first instance, and Catholic employers would disregard it in the second instance. Yet both these declarations would be as authoritative and as normal, and might be as necessary and urgent as the pronouncement of the Irish bishops on the present political situation. All three constitute applications of general moral principles to particular courses of action.

The foregoing paragraphs are not submitted as a complete or satisfactory answer to the puzzle created by the insurgents' disregard of ecclesiastical authority. While in Ireland, I heard several explanations from both priests and laymen, but they were all too simple. The tentative considerations that I have advanced will be worth while if they afford a partial explanation, and especially if they emphasise the truth that easy and quick solutions of the puzzle are very liable to be wrong solutions.

One month ago yesterday I sent an article from Dublin to *America* in which I predicted that by August 15 the insurgent bands would have been dislodged from their strongholds in all the towns and cities. That forecast has been substantially and almost literally fulfilled. As I write the concluding lines of this paper, word comes that Michael Collins has been assassinated. I have no language adequate to this appalling and unspeakable crime. My mind goes back quickly to a house in Merrion Square, Dublin, where General Collins came in late in the evening to spend a brief half-hour with the hosts and their other guests. I can see him now, in his new uniform as Commander-in-Chief, with his stalwart figure, his handsome face, his wonderfully winning smile, his very boyish manner, and his rich Cork brogue. (No, not "accent"; it was no such pale fraud; it was an honest and wholesome brogue.) I recall particularly the moderation and sense of due proportion which he displayed in discussing some exceptionally diabolical performances of certain insurgent gangs. As I listened and observed, the thought came to me that, despite his meagre 32 years, this man is and will be a tower of strength to the Free State. Arthur Griffith was

there, and George Gavan Duffy, and Richard Mulcahy, and several lesser lights of the Government. Now both Griffith and Collins are gone. Who will take their places? I do not know. This, however, I do know: there is an abundance of brains in Ireland. What is more necessary in this crisis than brains is moral courage. It would be invaluable particularly in the local communities and their responsible guides. If the murder of Collins shall be the occasion of transforming the moral courage of the local communities from potency into action, so that they will no longer merely look on, sad and supine, while gangs of ruffians loot and kill, the death of Michael Collins will not have been in vain. It may be "expedient that one man should die for the people." I now predict that his supreme sacrifice will have precisely this effect.



POPE PIUS XI.

Inspecting the new motor car presented to him by the women of Milan, his former diocese. He is the first Pope to use a motor car.

[A motor car, the gift to Pope Pius XI. from a committee of Milanese women, arrived at the Vatican recently, and the Pope went to Belvedere Court to inspect the gift. He made several trial trips around the court in the car. The motor was offered to the present Pontiff while he was still Archbishop of Milan, and after his election to the Papacy the offer was maintained. The car is black and bears the Papal coat of arms.]

The Working Day of Pope Pius XI

Like that of the late Pope the working day of Pius XI. is marked by long hours and frugal meals (writes "Veritas," in the *Catholic Leader*, Madras). Benedict XV retired at midnight, and rose at 5 o'clock. Pius XI. retires at 1 a.m., and rises at 6.30. He opens the shutters himself, chooses his own clothes, and dresses unaided; for his valet has orders not to enter his room unless summoned. Like most priests, he shaves himself and he keeps to the old style of razor.

After having celebrated Mass the Holy Father remains in silent prayer for some 20 minutes. Breakfast over (which consists only of milk, coffee, bread and butter) he meets his private secretaries, reviews the work assigned to them the evening before, hears the news of late last night, and gives orders for matters he wishes expedited.

At 9 o'clock his Holiness descends to the second

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floor to begin his working day, and he meets first of all his Prime Minister, viz., the secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, who comes carrying a portfolio filled with State papers, documents waiting for the Pope's signature, telegrams, etc. This is the most important audience of the whole day, and it lasts an hour, sometimes two. This concluded, audiences to bishops, representatives of foreign countries and other individuals of note begin. Afterwards collective audiences are held. Sometimes a couple of hundred and more are in the audience chamber together.

A Frugal Table.

Two o'clock is the hour fixed for the Pope's dinner. But like busy men of the world, he is often kept a half hour late. The menu card is soon read: soup, one kind of meat, cheese, fruit and a glass of wine. Nobody thinks of "dry" laws to legislate away man's God-given liberty among Italians, the most frugal of people. No rarities appear on the table of this strong, hard-working priest. Mrs. Linda, the old housekeeper who kept his home at Milan, sees that the cook caters only to simple tastes. Only the ordinary kind of bread appears at the table, and no sweet is seen there except on days of festival.

On fast days and days of abstinence the Pope follows the regulations that bind the ordinary faithful. After dinner he takes a cup of coffee. He neither smokes nor takes snuff or liquors.

Papal Etiquette.

Vatican etiquette supposes the Pope to dine alone. Leo XIII. always observed it. Pius X. followed it for a week after his coronation, but finding irksome the task of sitting out three meals daily without one with whom to exchange a word, he suspended the rule and called in Mgr. Bressan and one or two of his attendant prelates to share his meals.

Benedict XV. usually dined alone. A book or newspaper stood propped against the water crock, just as you and I, reader, prop the morning paper up against the teapot. Up to the present Pius XI. has called nobody to his table. His Holiness has yet hard thinking to do, and what part of the day has he more alone for doing it? But at the close of his meal his four private secretaries are called in to chat with him on the news of the day until he rises from table.

Physical Exercise.

Wet or dry weather, the Holy Father goes down to the Vatican gardens every day at three o'clock. Pius X. only went there in fine weather, and Pope Benedict still more rarely.

The diminutive size of the Pope's territory, viz., 14 acres, is made up for in some way by the position of the gardens. All Rome lies beneath it. The gardens cover the slope of the Vatican Hill. From them his Holiness can look down to the Mediterranean Sea, out to the Sabine and the Alban Hills, and over the broad Roman campagna to famous Mount Soracto with its coat of snow.

With a vigorous stride Pius XI. walks around the gardens on leaving his carriage, in his white soutane and rarely wearing a cloak, often carrying his hat in his hand. One of his secretaries is usually with him, viz., the one whose turn it is to be on duty for the week.

An amusing story is told of the first three days on which the newly-elected Pontiff went to drive in the gardens.

"Where shall we go, Holy Father?" asked the coachman as soon as the Pope and his secretary appeared the first day.

"On to the Grotto of Lourdes," directed the Pontiff.

"Where shall we go, Holy Father?" asked the coachman on the second day.

"On to the Grotto of Lourdes," was the order.

"Where shall we go, Holy Father?" asked the good man on the third.

"Where else have we to go but on to the Grotto of Lourdes? Do you think we can trot through the streets of Rome?" asked the Pope smiling.

In trying to follow the tradition of asking for orders, the coachman forgot the short road gave them no choice, for whether they went to the right or the left, they had to come to the facsimile of the famous French shrine which a number of Catholics from France built for Pius X. Fourteen acres of ground gives a coachman no choice of routes.

How the Papal Gendarmes Admire.

The Papal gendarmes—the police of the Vatican—are among the finest body of men in Italy. No wonder these strong, agile men admire Pius XI. as he swings along the walks, around the groves, up and down the elevations, after he leaves the carriage. They see in him the bold mountaineer who never feared to sleep a night under a rock high up on the Alps. It is their business to guard the precincts of the gardens when the Holy Father is in them, so they have a good opportunity of observing the Head of the Catholic Church swinging like an athlete around the walks.

Just one hour's recreation the Eleventh Pius takes in the gardens then the carriage is called, and he drives back to the Vatican. On reaching his own apartment his Holiness rests a few minutes, takes a cup of coffee (the third in the day) and commences the work of the evening.

At 5 p.m. his Holiness descends once more to the second floor to commence the audiences "di cartello," viz., fixed audiences which the cardinals who are Prefects of the Sacred Congregation have for a certain hour each week. At these audiences the administrative affairs of the universal Church are arranged.

The Vatican Palace in the Evening.

What a quiet place is the Vatican with its 11,000 rooms, 30 magnificent halls, 20 large chapels, 8 grand staircases, and 200 smaller ones, along with museums, picture galleries, libraries, and archives, in the evening. The crowds of the day come and go no more. Silence reigns throughout the vast palace. Unless these special few going up to a Papal audience are seen. You feel, as it were the deep silence.

But in the Pope's office work is going on briskly. Urgent questions are being settled—the appointment of bishops vacant in the five continents, meetings with Diplomats, etc., etc. About 8 o'clock the Pope goes upstairs for supper, sometimes at 9 or 9-30. He can never be certain what will happen to keep him to his desk. The menu card can be more easily read now than at dinner. It has frequently: two fried eggs and vegetables, or again: soup, light meat and sometimes fruit. Cheese does not appear. But the cup of coffee does.

The Pope's working day is not yet ended. At 10 p.m. he sends away secretaries, attendant prelates, and valet and he sits into his working table again. There is a pile of papers resting beside the big ivory crucifix on the table. These demand special thought on the part of the Supreme Pontiff himself. There are sums of money, sent for the Pope's particular use, which he has to distribute as he thinks best. This is not to be confused with Peter's Pence. Multifold matters engage his attention. At last comes the hour for night prayer and the Father responsible for the souls of 300,000,000 Catholics is alone with God.

Where we are all Equal.

A year ago when Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, came on a visit to Rome he met by chance in the Lombard College a Father Alisardi, S.J., and he took occasion to ask him to hear his confession. As soon as he became Pope he sent for the good Jesuit and made him his regular confessor. Every Friday sees Father Alisardi leave the *Gesu* for the Vatican and makes his way to "the Chapel of the Sacraments" on the second floor, where he is joined by the Pope. Here we are all equal. One of the grandest lessons Catholics throughout the world can profit by is the thought of the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, kneeling at the feet of a simple priest every week in the Sacrament of Penance. After confession the Holy Father remains sometime on his knees in prayer, just as do the humblest of his spiritual subjects all over the world on leaving the confessional.

When a bishop, a prelate or one of the superior officials of the Vatican passes the Swiss Guards they are given the military salute. Great was the embarrassment of the Jesuit Father on seeing the Guard present arms to him as he mounted the stairs to the second floor.

"Gracious goodness! What do you do that for?" asked Father Alisardi in surprise, forgetful for the moment that his office as confessor to his Holiness entitled him really to the status of a Vatican dignitary.

A Long Reign.

We are likely to see a lengthy reign. A man of such

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a strong constitution, of simple habits, one who innured himself to cold, heat, fatigue and all that goes in the life of an Alpinist, must, under normal circumstances, even "see the years of Peter" on the papal throne.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON (From our own correspondent.)

October 21.

Rev. Father Vincent, S.M., Marist Missioner, commenced a mission at St. Francis de Sales' Church, Island Bay, last Sunday. The morning Mass and the evening devotions are being well attended, and the number approaching the Holy Table daily is most edifying, and furnishes a practical proof of the success of the good missioner's instructions and exhortations. The mission concludes with the Forty Hours' Adoration on Tuesday morning.

During the week the Marist Fathers have been conducting a children's mission at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street. After the children's mission the Fathers will conduct one for the adults of the parish.

Great preparations are being made by the parishioners of Thorndon under the energetic direction of Rev. Father Smyth, Adm., for the opening next Saturday, of the bazaar in the new Thorndon Catholic Hall, which will be known as St. Francis's Hall. The hall, although not completely finished, is sufficiently advanced to enable the bazaar being held there, the proceeds of which is to be utilised for the payment of its erection. One of the big attractions will be a tug-of-war tournament for which prizes of £40 and £10 have been allocated. Another attraction will be the grand spectacular and fancy displays by some 80 children. The bazaar will continue until November 11.

Latest advices of the movements of his Grace Archbishop O'Shea are that he was in Ireland during the month of September, and that he was sailing for New York on September 30. His Grace is enjoying the best of health.

At the examination for Trinity College of Music held at the Sacred Heart College, Lower Hutt, on October 6 and 7, the pupils were very successful. The examiner (Mr. G. Vincent) congratulated them on their good work. Out of the 36 presented, 18 obtained honors. Miss Theo Halpin recently obtained her licentiate diploma for this college.

Sydney Street Hall was *en fete* last Friday evening, the occasion being the plain and fancy dress children's party organised by Mrs. W. Berry and Miss May McKeown, in aid of the Thorndon Catholic Hall Fund. The 150 children who attended had an abundance of entertainment, the dancing pupils of the Misses Guise, O'Brien, and Mr. Knowsley contributing largely to the success of the evening. Prize-winners for the most original costumes were Nellie Wyatt and Jack Goodall, cheapest costume to Joyce Burnett and Pat Turkington, and consolation prizes to Dorothy McGovern and Pat Hickmott. After supper the children were handed balloons, which gave the hall a festive appearance. The musical programme was kindly supplied by the Misses Blake and Dwyer.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND (From our own correspondent.)

October 13.

The Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, arrived in Auckland to-day by the Niagara.

The new convent for the Sisters of St. Joseph, Grey Lynn, is nearing completion. The ceremony of the solemn blessing and opening will take place within three or four weeks.

The Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop, visited Hamilton on Sunday last, and formally inducted Rev. Father Bleakley, as parish priest.

Latest reports to hand give indications that our Bishop, Dr. Cleary, is improving in health. On his return from the Eucharistic Congress in Rome, his Lordship visited the battlefields of France, and returned to Dublin to be present at the funeral of the late Mr. Michael Collins.

[The above notes reached us too late for insertion in last week's issue.—Ed. N.Z.T.]

October 20.

A vocal feast was enjoyed by the inmates of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital and the children of the Catholic Orphanage at Mount St. Mary, when these two institutions were visited by the Sistine Choir Soloists at the invitation of Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland. The members of the choir sang with the same verve and enthusiasm which has recently delighted immense audiences in the Town Hall, and their voluntary offer to sing at these institutions was greatly appreciated.

The annual reunion of the associated Catholic tennis clubs was held recently in St. Benedict's Club-room. The president (Father Murphy) said that a shield for competition by the A grade teams had been donated by Mr. James Ford. Right Rev. Dr. Liston, in presenting the trophies won during the past season, congratulated the association on the successes of the various teams. The A grade shield was won by the Good Shepherd Club, Dominion Road, and the B grade silver cup by the Ponsonby team.

On Saturday, October 21, at 8 p.m., the Right Rev. Dr. Liston will open the St. Benedict's bazaar in St. Benedict's Hall. The object in view is to wipe off the debt of £2300 which has been incurred for necessary expenditure in the parish. An energetic committee has been working very hard since Easter and have amassed a fine collection of tempting goods. Musical items will be given each evening till the bazaar closes at the end of the month. All this is now required is the attendance of friends and parishioners to gratify the hearts of the stallholders and make the debt a thing of the past.

Right Rev. Dr. M. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, who has just returned from his Home trip, spent a few days in Auckland before returning to Christchurch on Tuesday, October 17. His Lordship looked remarkably well and seems to have greatly enjoyed his tour.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

October 21.

The bazaar which was brought to a close on Saturday night was a great success in every way, and the promoters and workers are to be congratulated on a record result as far as bazaars in Invercargill are concerned. At the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday Rev. Father Lynch tendered his best thanks to all concerned. The stallholders had worked magnificently not only for the ten nights the fete lasted but for six or seven months previously; the result being highly satisfactory. He also thanked the performers who had provided the entertainment, including the Hibernian Band, the Caledonian Pipe Band, the M.B.O.B. minstrels, and the dancers, all of whom had given material help. He knew that all would gratefully acknowledge the tremendous amount of work that had been accomplished by the secretary (Mr. Harry Searle). He had been the eyes, the ears, and the hands of the organisation, and the whole parish was indebted to him for the sacrifices he had made, and for the success accomplished.

The members of the St. Mary's Tennis Club will hold their opening day of the season on Monday (Labor Day). The courts have been renovated and top-dressed, and with a very large membership a successful season is assured.

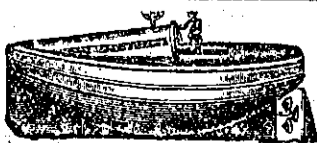
The final effort in connection with the bazaar will take place in the beautiful grounds of Ettrick House on Saturday next, 28th inst., when the crowning ceremony in connection with the successful princess candidate will take place.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

October 16.

At the last meeting of the Social Study Club, Rev. Father Hurley delivered a lecture on "Catholics and Crime." The president dealt with the important subject in a masterly manner, and afterwards answered a number of questions bearing on comparative morality, to the entire satisfaction of the members. A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer for his lucid and interesting address.



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Counting Sheep

Half-awake I walked
 A dimly-seen sweet hawthorn lane
 Until sleep came
 I lingered at a gate and talked
 A little with a lonely lamb.
 He told me of the great still night,
 Of calm starlight
 And of the lady moon who'd stoop
 For a kiss sometimes.
 Of grass as soft as sleep, of rhymes
 The tired flowers sang;
 And ageless April tales
 Of how, when sheep grew old,
 As their faith told,
 They went without a pang
 To far green fields, where fall
 Perpetual streams that call
 To deathless nightingales.

And then I saw, hard by,
 A shepherd lad with shining eyes,
 And round him gathered one by one
 Countless sheep, snow-white;
 More and more they crowded
 With tender cries
 'Till all the field was full
 Of voices and of coming sheep.
 Countless they came, and I
 Watched, until deep
 As dream-fields lie,
 I was asleep.

—W. P. R. KERR, in the *London Mercury*.

Slievenamon

All alone, all alone, by the seawashed shore,
 All alone in the festive hall;
 The great hall is gay while the huge waves roar,
 But my heart is not there at all.
 It flies far away, by night and by day,
 To the time and the joys that are gone.
 I never shall forget the sweet maiden that I met
 In the Valley of Slievenamon.
 I never shall forget the sweet maiden that I met
 In the Valley of Slievenamon.

It was not the grace of her queenly air,
 Nor her cheeks of roses glow;
 Nor her soft dark eyes, nor her curling hair,
 Nor was it her lily white brow.
 'Twas the soul of truth, and melting ruth
 Her smile like the summer dawn,
 That stole my heart away, on that bright summer day
 In the Valley of Slievenamon.
 That stole my heart away, on that bright summer day
 In the Valley of Slievenamon.

In the festive hall by the sea-washed shore,
 My restless spirit cries—
 "My love, oh, my love, shall I ever see you more,
 My land, will you ever arise?"
 By night and by day I will ever, ever pray
 As lonely this life goes on,
 To see my flag unrolled, and my true love to unfold,
 In the Valley of Slievenamon.
 To see my flag unrolled, and my true love to unfold,
 In the Valley of Slievenamon.

The Game of the Gael

(Air: "The Top of Cork Road.")

Of late they are giving a deal of attention
 To physical culture with every invention;
 Without being too bold, sure I'd just like to mention,
 That hurling's the manliest art of them all!
 A tonic for all, 'tis the surest and best,
 Good for the shoulders, the arms, and the chest.
 If you're nausey or needy,
 Or ever feel seedy,
 A cure that is speedy—the ash and the ball.

Don't talk about Soccer or Rugby or Cricket,
 Or such foreign games, for they're not on my ticket,
 With our old-fashioned pastime their best we can lick it.
 For all their amusements are lazy and lame!
 What we want here is some frolic and fun,
 For Irishmen, all and for everyone—
 Sport with a dash in it,
 Clatter and clash in it,
 Something with ash in it—surely a game!

Hurling's a sport with a genuine swing in it,
 Rhythm and reason and plenty of ring in it,
 Faith! and a taste of an old Irish sting in it,
 Racing and chasing the stout leather ball.
 Here's, then, a health to our forefathers' game;
 With changes of time, sure 'tis ever the same.
 For tumbling and tearing,
 And dashing and daring,
 And "devil may caring"—the game of them all!

—PHILIP O'NEILL, Kinsale.

The Moon Behind the Hill

I watched last night the rising moon
 Upon a foreign strand,
 Till memories came, like flowers in June,
 Of home and fatherland;
 I dreamt I was a child once more
 Beside the rippling rill,
 Where first I saw in days of yore
 The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand
 That purpled boyhood's dreams;
 Its youthful loves, its happy land,
 As bright as morning's beams.
 It brought me back my own sweet Nore,
 The castle and the mill,
 Until my eyes could see no more
 The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,
 Until, in accents wild,
 I prayed her from her home above
 To guard her lonely child;
 It brought me one across the wave,
 To live in memory still,
 It brought me back my Kathleen's grave,
 The moon behind the hill.

The Coulin

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet, wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever I roam.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon shall tear
 One chord from that heart, or one lock from that hair.

—THOMAS MOORE.

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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 26, 1922.

THE POWER OF THE POPES BENEFICIAL TO EUROPE



HE itinerant ranter, whose mark is ignorance of history and disregard for truth, often goes back to the Middle Ages, about which neither he nor the weak-minded people who chuck three-penny bits into his hat know anything, for material for attacks on dear old Rome. As in England, from the time of the Reformation until quite recently, the writing of history seemed to be undertaken only by people who were either honest and ignorant or else, like Froude, fairly educated and extremely prone to telling lies, it is easy to find in Protestant English versions of history matter of the kind that is dear to the average ranting parson. Nowadays, the study of history has made wonderful progress in England—that is to say that in England Protestants are beginning to find out things which the scholars of Europe knew a hundred years ago—and among students the lies that passed current half a century ago everywhere and are still repeated in tin-tabernacles in the Colonies are now regarded as the outward and visible signs of benightedness. Thus a Dickie may still blaze as the bright particular star of a little town more than ten thousand miles away from civilised Europe, but a man who dared display such boorishness as he and his peers are known to have displayed one Twelfth of July in Knox Church would, in England, be more qualified for breaking stones than for teaching theology. Ignorance of the sort that such people cultivate is kin to madness, and the very mention of Rome has the same effect on them as a full moon has on an average Orange Lodge. Hence, pity for them is perhaps the most charitable sentiment.

In spite of Protestant history, the power of the Popes in the Middle Ages was most beneficial to Europe. They kept princes up to their duty and they restrained subjects when other means failed. They formed a court of appeal to which princes and people could have recourse without fear that secret diplomacy would interfere with justice. They were a bulwark against tyranny and, what makes them objectionable to Protestantism which means Capitalism, they protected the poor and the toilers against the rich. We know how the great Hildebrand brought the tyrant, Henry of Germany, to his knees at Canossa and smashed his

arrogance and pride for ever. In our time congresses of so-called statesmen have tried to make peace between warring countries and we have only to think of Versailles to remember how they failed, because they set selfishness and greed and revenge before charity and justice and truth. In the Middle Ages the Popes did what the Lloyd Georges and the Clemenceaus and the Wilsons fail to do, because the Popes made the law of God and the law of Nature the bases of their decisions. One does not hear the ranters quoting the body of Protestant historians (not English of course) who, because they studied history instead of repeating like parrots old-wives' tales, were proud to bear witness to the salutary results of Papal power exercised on behalf of humanity during the Middle Ages. Thus, Voight, in his history of Gregory VII, and Hurter, in his history of Innocent III, prove that these Popes saved civilisation by their energetic resistance to the corruption of the age and the despotism of rulers like Henry IV and Frederick II. Seeing how well they deserved of Europe by the exercise of that power which ranters in New Zealand say was abused, Urquhart, a distinguished Protestant writer, quoted in O'Reilly's *Life of Leo XIII*, urged that the present foolish and fruitless system of trying to settle international questions by congresses should be abandoned and recourse had once more to the arbitration of the Pope. Leibnitz wrote, at the end of the seventeenth century: "In my opinion Europe and the civilised world ought to institute at Rome a tribunal of arbitration presided over by the Pope, which should take cognisance of the differences between Christian princes. This tribunal established over princes to direct and judge them would bring us back to the golden age." Pitt wrote in 1794: "We must find a new bond to unite us all. The Pope alone can form this bond. Only Rome can make her impartial and unprejudiced voice heard; for no one doubts for an instant the integrity of her judgment." (Pitt did not conceive how ignorant New Zealand parsons were going to be!) Guizot wrote in 1861: "All things considered, the Papacy, and only the Papacy could be the powerful mediator by defending, in the name of religion, the natural rights of man against States, princes, and various nations themselves. It was the Papacy which reconciled the weak with the strong by always inculcating in all things justice, peace, and respect for duties and engagements; in this way it laid the foundation-stone of international right by rising against the claims of passion and brute force."

We have the authority of Mr. Hughes of Australia for saying that the recent terrible war was a war for "economic domination," another way of saying that it was a "sordid trade war." One thing is certain: while millions of workers died and lost all they had in life, while hundreds and thousands of others came home to beg on the streets of London and Sydney, the engineers of "Dope" swindles and similar schemes made vast sums of money out of the blood of the workers. During the war, while a hired press was shrieking about patriotism, profiteers were adding millions to millions, and the secret diplomatists were forming a solemn compact not to allow the Pope to make peace even if he could gain the ear of the people who most wanted peace. They made that scandalous compact; they solemnly set their names to it—those English and French and Italian schemers who would have human blood run in rivers rather than allow the Pope to stop the useless slaughter. When the Pope issued to the world a peace-proposal, based on justice and charity, the British hireling press denounced it as pro-German, and when, a short time later, Wilson issued his proposal, based on the Pope's, the same hired press hailed it as the wisdom of a superman. And, in time, the political schemers scrapped the Wilson proposals as soon as they had served to delude the Germans into laying down their arms on the strength of a scrap of paper. Then, instead of trying to reconstruct Europe on such a basis of truth and charity and justice as the Pope proposed and Wilson copied these secret diplomatists played their game of grab around the table at Versailles to such effect that

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they left Europe ten times worse than it was before the war for "economic domination" ever began. Is it any wonder that people whose sole guiding principle is selfishness and greed do not want the Pope's intervention? Is it any wonder that we find the policemen of a Capitalist government in New Zealand protecting rangers who make a living by trying to stir up hatred of the Pope and of the one religion in the world which has at heart the interests of the poor? Is it any wonder that Ministers who are puppets in the hands of rich men will prosecute a Bishop for saying what he never said while they send out police to enable Protestant parsons to say things that have caused serious riots throughout the Dominion? When is public opinion going to compel the Government to prove that it has some respect for justice and that there is some shadow of justification for its motto of "a square deal"?

NOTES

A Gentleman

Recently we came upon a sentence from Livy which puts in a nutshell the definition of a gentleman: *Haud minus libertatis alienae quam suae dignitatis memor.* That is, one who is no less mindful of the liberty of another than of his own dignity. There is, we think, everything essential in those few words. They suppose personal self-respect, a right sense of dignity, a true consciousness of manliness. And with that they require an intelligent regard for the liberty of other people. It is obvious that self-respect and a sense of dignity founded on self-knowledge will bring one far on the road to perfect manners, but the thoughtfulness for the liberty of others must also be there as a control. Many good-natured people offend sadly in this respect. They press invitations where they are unwelcome; they try to make people do things that are really unpleasant for them; they do not know when to take no for an answer. Thus a guest is almost compelled to swallow numberless cups of tea, to eat poisonous sweets, to partake of dishes which mean a night in the Inferno of dyspepsia; or a visitor is entreated to stay longer than he can conveniently, his word that he has other concerns and other engagements and even duties does not prevent well-meaning people from trying hard to make him break engagements and shirk duty. If such people only realised how painful it is to a right-minded man to have such attacks made on his liberty of choice and action they would recognise their mistake and repent.

Liberty

Man is an individual. In spite of the efforts of modern godless States to standardise people, in spite of the fact that British bunglers have produced a population of C.3 people, true men will always assert their individuality and refuse to yield it to any power on earth. The root of it is that in the essential things man is responsible to God alone. There are things that a boy's parents may not dictate to him; there are relations higher than those of the family; and it is on the working out of his life on the lines of such relations that character is formed. No true man will suffer constant distation as to the direction of his own actions. The man who makes up his mind that a certain thing is to be done to-day and not to-morrow detests having pressure brought on him even by friends who want him to do what he thinks were not better left alone, or not to do what he thinks were better done. The friend who constantly says to another "Don't do this," or "Do that," and who fails to recognise that a friend's judgment in his own affairs must be respected is likely to be a blunderer. In all of us there ought to be a part of ourselves over which God alone has influence, and in the ordering of our days it is an invasion for others to intrude therein. Hence it is that the definition of Livy seems to us so sound in its insistence on mindfulness of the liberty of others. This is also ex-

pressed in Newman's definition where he says: "The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast." For there is to some people no greater jolt of the mind than an effort to persuade one to change one's mind when it has been made up concerning personal duties. Almost equally jolting are nagging suggestions and continual hints from outsiders as to how a man ought to conduct his business, whether it be the editing of a paper or the choice of his tobacco.

A Medico's Advice

There have been poems written in praise of rain, snow, early rising and other such unpleasant things, and it is suspected that the men who wrote them were never out on a wet day, or never under a snow storm, or never up in time to see the sun rise, as the case may be. Recently a Harley Street doctor advised his patients, with a large consideration for their tastes, not to get up early or at least to take their time about it. "Getting out of bed," he says, "should be a leisurely, not a hurried process. The act of springing from bed is bad, because it accelerates the action of the heart suddenly after the period of repose." This advice inspired "Lucio," in the *Manchester Guardian*, to convey the good advice to the multitude through the pleasant medium of verse:

Why arise with senseless haste?
Bed has got a pleasant taste;
Hurry would be most misplaced.

If they call you, never mind—
They will come again, you'll find;
Do not rush to draw the blind.

Why consult your window-pane?
Ten to one it's wet again;
If it's not, it's going to rain.

Do not look for joyous thrills
From the stuff the postman spills:
Let them lie—they're merely bills.

Breakfast? Cut it out, I say,
Lunch will do as well to-day;
Overeating doesn't pay.

And in fact I now recall
Days that tempted me to drawl
"Why on earth get up at all?"

And the answer, I decreed,
Was that, anyway, the deed
Wasn't one that called for speed.

Rise I might; but this affair
Needed some deliberate care—
Haste increased life's wear and tear.

Now, I'm rather pleased to see,
I was right as right could be:
Harley Street agrees with me!

America comments on the philosophy of the matter thus:

As all the world knows, many a young doctor has rapidly built up a large and lucrative practice merely by giving a few sick and fussy old ladies just the medical advice that was most adroitly calculated to flatter their vanity and love of ease. By always offering the patient the counsel that she is already persuaded she requires, a shrewd young doctor, we are assured, provided of course that he also possesses a soothing "bedside manner," has at least the promise of an impressive beard, and takes care, whenever he solemnly gives an opinion, to put on a heavily corded pair of glasses, can be practically called a "made man," is sure to "go far" and, eventually, may even leap with astounding speed to the highest pinnacles of his profession.

Any doctor, therefore, like the canny Harley Street physician quoted above, who gravely counsels his leisured, well-to-do patients to strengthen their heart-action by always being as deliberate as possible about

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getting up in the morning, can confidently expect a large and steady fee from them. For there are very few of Father Adam's vast family, whether they be rich or poor, prince or peasant, sage or simpleton, sinner or saint, who without going violently counter to their natural inclinations will always respond with joyful alacrity to this work-a-day world's summons from their morning bed. What wonder then that every Harley Street physician's advice regarding the danger of precipitate rising is so universally followed.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

Since the recent mission at St. Joseph's Cathedral, the membership of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor has increased very considerably, some 550 women being enrolled. Each Wednesday evening the Cathedral has been completely filled. On Wednesday last, the solemn consecration and enrolling of new members took place, and it was most edifying to see the great numbers that approached the altar rails in order to be placed under the special protection of Mary the Immaculate Mother of God. The women of the parish have responded magnificently to the appeals of Father Herring, and also to the appeals of his Lordship the Bishop, whose earnest wish is to see all the women of St. Joseph's parish assembled at the weekly meetings of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor.

The ladies of the Refreshment Stall in connection with the St. Vincent's Orphanage fair will hold a jumble sale on Friday week next, November 3, in the Old Post Office Buildings, Princes Street, commencing at 10 a.m. A large quantity of new and second-hand goods, provisions, etc., will be offered, and buyers are assured of an excellent choice of goods at very moderate prices. As the opening date of the fair is now close at hand, few if any such similar opportunities, besides those already notified, will be possible.

A euchre and "500" card evening, in aid of the funds of the Children of Mary Stall at the St. Vincent's Orphanage fair, was held in St. Patrick's School hall last week, and in keeping with previous functions, was enjoyed by the large number present. Prize-winners during the evening were Miss Woods and Mr. J. Plunket for euchre, and Mrs. Donnelly and Mr. Allen for the "500." During the evening musical items were capably rendered by Misses N. Bradley, A. Flannery, Johnston, and MacDonald, Miss M. P. Noonan, L.T.C.L. being accompanist. Forthcoming attractions for the above stall include a euchre party in the school hall on the 31st inst, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Harrier Club; an open-air concert by the St. Kilda Municipal Band at the Ocean Beach rotunda on November 1, and a jumble sale in St. Patrick's School on November 4.

Return of Right Rev. Dr. Brodie

AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME.

The enthusiastic welcome tendered by the people of the Catholic diocese of Christchurch to his Lordship Dr. Brodie last night, on his return from his ten months' trip abroad (says the *Christchurch Press* of the 20th inst.), was deeply impressive by nature of its warmth and cordiality, for the huge crowd which assembled to do him honor left no doubt as to the kindness of its welcome.

Long before the arrival of the 7.40 p.m. train, by which Bishop Brodie travelled from Lyttelton, the railway station was thronged with people, while large crowds awaited him in Moorhouse Avenue. As his Lordship left the platform and walked down the avenue formed by two lines of members of the Hibernian Society, wearing the insignia of their order, he was greeted by loud cheers and shouts of welcome. The procession to the Cathedral grounds was headed by a company of St. Bede's College Cadets, followed by Derry's Band, and a number of motor cars. Hundreds of those in the waiting crowd fell in behind the cars and followed the procession. At the corner of Moorhouse Avenue and Barbadoes Street, the route was lined by crowds of young people, who vociferously welcomed the Bishop, and at the approach to the presbytery gates the route was guarded by another detachment of members of the Hibernian Society and of the Children of Mary, the latter being attired in their blue robes and white veils.

The spacious grounds of the Bishop's residence presented a scene of fairylike enchantment. Over the gates

was a large illuminated sign bearing the words "Welcome to our Bishop," and on each side of the drive there were strings of red, green, and yellow electric lights and Chinese lanterns, while lights could be seen twinkling amongst the foliage of the trees in the more distant parts of the grounds. As the cars passed between the crowds lined up on either side of the avenue, the cheers were renewed.

After a brief retirement his Lordship and clergy proceeded to the Cathedral, which was not large enough to accommodate the immense crowd, many having to wait on the steps and on the lawns. Inside the Cathedral, combined choirs sang the "Te Deum" and the Bishop officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The speeches of welcome were made in the open, the site being the tennis court in the presbytery grounds, where a large dais had been prepared. After the brief ceremony in the Cathedral, the crowd gathered in the brilliantly-illuminated space before the carpeted dais, upon which the Bishop and the clergy took their seats. Bishop Brodie's appearance was the signal for another warm outburst of welcome.

Rev. Father Hanrahan read a telegram from Dr. Thacker, M.P., apologising for his absence.

Mr. P. O'Connell, on behalf of the laity of the diocese of Christchurch, read an address of welcome to his Lordship. This expressed the joy and gratitude that all felt at his Lordship's return, and assured him that during his absence their thoughts had been often with him. They rejoiced with him on the attainment of his official visit to the See of Peter. After assuring Dr. Brodie of the never-failing support of a loyal and loving laity, the speaker expressed a hope that his Lordship had come back in renewed vigor and health, and trusted that those blessings might be his for many years to come. (Applause.)

Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, of Ashburton, briefly welcomed Dr. Brodie on behalf of the clergy. He expressed the pleasure felt by them at having their Bishop again in their midst, and he congratulated him upon the success attending his official visit to the See of Peter. In conclusion, the Dean expressed gratitude for the manner in which the affairs of the diocese had been carried out by the Administrator during his Lordship's absence.

His Lordship, addressing the clergy, the members of religious Orders, and the laity, returned thanks for the inspiring reception and demonstration of welcome which they had given him. Since he left them he had travelled many thousands of miles, and during that time there were occasions when he had been very homesick. Going away to see foreign countries was very pleasant, but the most pleasant part was coming home again. (Applause.) His first words on his return should be words of thanks to the Very Rev. Dean Bowers, who had kept the speaker so closely in touch with the work of the diocese during his absence that he had almost felt that he was not a Bishop at all. (Laughter.) In coming home that night he had recalled the great welcome his people had given the Apostolic Delegate. When the speaker was attending the Eucharistic Conference in Rome, the Apostolic Delegate had in remarking on that wonderful gathering, referred to the great reception he had received in Christchurch last November.

His trip, as they knew, was one of duty, his duty being to lay before the Holy Father an account of the diocese of Christchurch. Dr. Brodie, in detailing the incidents connected with his audience with his Holiness, said that the latter typified all that they meant by the term "Holy Father." His Holiness listened "almost spell-bound," while the visiting Bishop narrated what had been done by the priests and people in the matter of Catholic education in the diocese of Christchurch, during the last five years. When his Lordship told him that there had been expended the sum of £100,000, his Holiness expressed amazement and his Lordship increased that amazement by telling him what that sum represented in Italian money. (Laughter.) His Holiness had replied, "Your Lordship, the words you have said to me have filled my heart with the deepest gratitude, and I ask you to convey to the people of your diocese my appreciation of the great work they have done for the advancement of our holy religion. It lightens my burden when I have such co-operation in the cause of our Mother Church.

After conveying the Pope's greatest blessing and deepest gratitude to the priests, Sisters, and all connected with Catholic education, the Bishop went on to describe the Eucharistic Conference in Rome, and the impression made upon him by his visit to the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.

MARRIAGE

SCULLY—SHEEHAN.—On September 6, 1922, at St. Mary's Basilica, Invercargill, by Rev. Father Martin, James, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Scully, Georgetown, to Katie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sheehan of North Invercargill.

DEATHS

FALVEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Marcus Falvey, who died at Masterton on October 2, 1922.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

HORAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maurice Horan, who died in the Masterton Hospital on October 2, 1922.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

HUNT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Harry, dearly beloved husband of Mary Hunt, who died at his residence, Albion Hotel, Luggate, on October 6, 1922; aged 46 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

QUINN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Ann, relict of the late Alexander Quinn, who died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. David Stuart, Pahautanui, on October 4, 1922; aged 80 years.—Lord have mercy on her soul.

IN MEMORIAM

FLYNN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Joseph Flynn, who was killed in action on October 17.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on him.—Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for him.

O'BOYLE (*nee* Treacy)—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Hilda, dearly loved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Treacy, "Te Waro," Kaitieke, N.I., who departed this life at Christchurch, on October 31, 1921.—R.I.P.

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Rev. Father Westropp, writing from India by last mail, gratefully acknowledges receipt of £100; also 20 bags of stamps: each containing 11lbs weight. This is the result of 12 months collecting in New Zealand. Father Westropp desires to thank most sincerely all his kind friends and benefactors who have contributed money or forwarded stamps, etc., for the missions. Your continued support either in cash donations or used postage stamps, etc., is earnestly solicited as the missions are situated in a very poor district and have lately extended their territory to 30 more villages in which they intend opening up schools, homes, etc., as funds permit. Father Westropp asks his friends in New Zealand to pray for his success in this venture. Kindly send all donations, used postage stamps, etc., to—BERT. GALLIEN, N.E. Valley, Dunedin.

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European Origins

In continuance of a recent course of lectures (says the *London Catholic Times*), Mr. S. N. Miller, M.A., of Glasgow University, said that the unity of the Ægean was due to communication by water. This meant exchange not only of merchandise, but of aptitudes, experience, and ideas. The age of Ægean culture was roughly from 4000 to 1000 B.C. The development was from nomadic to primitive settled life, then to the civilisation of the Ægean.

The Germans and other tribes of the northern grass lands of Europe did not produce civilisation out of their own barbarism. The discovery of bronze by the Ægean people gave art, engineering, and sanitary arrangements a great impetus among them. This immense change in material culture produced no important change in the social structure. The people still remained in small local communities. In the old towns discovered in Crete they found the houses were all of the same size. There appeared to have been none among the people of outstanding wealth. The Ægean civilisation came to an end about 1200 B.C., with the invasion of the people of the grass lands.

The Formation of Christendom.

The Roman expansion was quite different to the expansion of the Barbarians. It was a reception. The Romans were formed from the people of the Danube grass land, who combined with the people of the Tiber's banks. It was a unity from the beginning. The Roman expansion was the incorporation of the Romans. The office of Caesar was built up out of the magistracy. It was a popular government. Caesar's government did not so much govern as co-ordinate. The Roman world was articulated into provinces. Each province was a complex of small local communities. Caesar was an executive officer.

The vehicle of revelation—the Jews—were intensely conscious of a mission. They lay astride the highway from Egypt to the Ægean. They were dispersed and crushed, yet retained their identity. The revelation was carried on by individuals, the race rejected it. The faith passed from the Jew to the centre prepared for it at Rome. It gave to that civilisation, a sense of cohesion; it did not destroy antiquity but fulfilled it. The gradual formation, enlargement, transmission, and fulfilment through literature, art, and custom, which, when fulfilled, turns out to be the Christian Catholic soul, shows the visible continuity and identity.

From Antiquity to Medievalism.

It was important to notice how the Catholic mind conserved itself through the Dark Ages and also the tremendous length of time covered by the transition. The evidence of this period was meagre. Looking back from the 12th century to the Christian Empire one was apt to get a false impression by the apparent juxtaposition.

The cause of the Dark Ages was the struggle between civilisation and barbarism. It was not the Latin and the German or a question of State. The Germans were not a State. The Romans were not a State in the sense of a modern State. It was not a matter of race. The barbarians looked upon civilisation as the negation of barbarism. The barbarians saw things they liked in civilisation and obtained them at first by looting. The Roman process was one of regulated immigration. At the close of the Roman Empire the barbarians came into the Empire through congestion on the Roman frontier, and frontier conditions were set up in the heart of the Empire.

The entrance completed the incorporation of the barbarians. They entered into its town life and came into contact with the diocesan system and the Church and bishops. Which was the formative influence, German barbarism or the Catholic Church, on the secular side? The Protestant historian would not admit it was the Catholic Church, because he did not understand the social influence of the Church. He attributed the change to the natural endowment of the German working itself out, and not to the action of the Church on the mind of the barbarian. The Protestant with his idea of an invisible Church, did not think of the Church as a body which laid down a social system. The Protestant did not think of the Church as a body of men and women who carried with them the secular traditions and customs, arts, etc., in addition to a body of religious truth. The Catholic Church did not

destroy the personal traits. We must study what happened to those things which were brought into civilisation. What matters in civilisation was not the origin, but the mould.

Civilisation developed from one root in the Ægean. The development was from primitive pastoral conditions to settled conditions. It absorbed an Arian element and became Greece. It absorbed another Arian element and became Rome and developed Christendom. It absorbed the Germans and ushered in the Renaissance and the Reformation. This last was the greatest danger of all, because it had come out of Christendom itself. The Reformation held up the Renaissance. All the activity since in material things was due to the loss of vision of the soul. Disintegration was the key word of Protestantism. The vital principle had gone out of it and the parts preyed upon each other.

Concluding, Mr. Miller said: "Fill up the gap between the family and the local community, and between the local community and the centre authority. Electoral devices are means to make forms of government workable. The centralised solution is Protestant; it takes for granted that the Catholic Church can no longer guarantee the guardianship of the moral law."

Compton Mackenzie

Nobody can doubt Compton Mackenzie's brilliancy or dexterity (writes May Bateman, in the September *Catholic World*). But he will only be the great novelist which some call him now, when he eschews unworthy lures. "Deep down," as the children say, he actually is a far more natural and sincere character than, as yet, still to use a childish phrase, he is "big" enough to let us see. The twist in his nature, which makes him deliberately exploit one minute section of the kaleidoscopic world in its alternating florid and scarlet, or squalid and drab phases, limits his observation and irretrievably restricts interest in his work. How is it that a writer who has travelled so widely and has, withal, such sensitive perceptions, can become thrall to an obsession, and write and re-write part of the same story so continually? Over and over again in his different books, we find allusions to the same thing which happened to the same people—Michael and Sylvia, Michael Avery and Jenny, Guy and Pauline, Dorothy Lonsdale and Lily Haden, as the case may be, until he ends by provincialising the half-world itself. With hawk-like eyes that can see in many directions, he deliberately puts on blinkers; with the winged spirit of youth to carry him far, he lurks in the incredibly narrow ways of one small area of teeming life. How account for this limitation of power except by an unworthy explanation? The man who sells his birthright for a mess of pottage is neither true man nor true artist.

Compton Mackenzie, with the great art of capturing youth, has used it often to unworthy ends. The spirit of individual books with their infinite possibilities is not a static, but dynamic force. The choice of the right books is every bit as important as is the choice of the right friends. This is why a writer with the power not only to "see true" himself, but to make others see it, acts culpably when he narrows his vision and looks too long on what is perverted and artificial.

Hibernian Society, Napier

The ordinary fortnightly meeting of St. John's branch of the Hibernian Society, Napier, was held in St. Patrick's Hall, on the 17th inst., when there was a fair attendance of members (writes a correspondent). P.P. Bro. Cunningham, presided. Sick pay amounting to £8 and accounts (£3 11s 2d) were passed for payment. Every endeavor is being made by the executive to ensure the thorough success of the banquet arranged to take place on the 31st inst. An excellent programme has been arranged for the occasion. Bro. J. W. Callaghan, who has done splendid service for the branch as secretary, and later as auditor, will be farewelled at this gathering, prior to his departure for Wellington, where he has secured a good appointment. In the departure of Bro. Callaghan the district will suffer a severe loss as he has always taken a most active part in the work of the Hibernian Society, as well as in education and other Church interests, also sports. He has been chairman of the local Rugby Union for a considerable period.

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'TABLET' SUBSCRIPTIONS

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference: —
PERIOD FROM OCTOBER 2, 1922.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

T. F., Courthouse, Napier, 30/3/23; D. M., Walton, Waikato, 30/9/23; J. D., Victoria St., Hamilton, 30/9/23; D. O'C., Ngaruawahia, 30/9/23; J. M., Vautier St., Napier, 30/3/23.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

Mrs. M., Aro St., Wgton., 30/9/23; Rev. Fr. D., The Presbytery, Feilding, 30/9/23; T. M., Woodville, 30/9/23; A. V. D., The Parade, Island Bay (2 papers), 30/9/23; A. S., Crosby Terrace, Wgton., 30/9/23; H. T. F., P.O. Hotel, Foxton, 30/8/23; M. K., Kaupokonui, 30/9/23; M. C., Tariki, 30/9/23; T. M. C., Cruickshanks Street, Kilbirnie, 30/3/23; Mr. G., Boulcott St., Wgton., 30/3/23; H. J. T., Camp Rd., Lr. Hutt, 30/9/23.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

Miss R., Ch.ch., Latimer Square, Ch.ch., 8/3/23; T. M. B., Beach Rd., Ashburton, 30/9/23; J. R. H., Hereford St., Ch.ch., 30/9/23; J. R. H., Hereford St., Chch. (for W. Library), 30/3/23; Mrs. H., Rhodes St., Waimate, 30/9/23; M. McS., Farmer, Adair, Timaru, 30/9/23; D. S., St. Andrews, 30/9/23; O. K., Otaio, 30/3/23; M. C., c/o Lady C., Stonyhurst, 30/9/23.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. L., Franklin St., Dalmore, 15/3/23; Miss D., George St., Dun., 30/9/23; Miss B., Port Chalmers, 30/3/23; W. M., Anderson's Bay, 30/9/23; Mrs. F., Erin Street, Rslvn, 30/3/23; R. M., Fingall St., Dun., 30/9/23; T. H., Bowmont St., Inghill, 15/9/23; A. A., Alexandra, 30/9/23; M. P., Clyde, 30/3/23; M. G., Waipiata, 30/3/23; S. N., Waikouaiti, 23/3/23; M. J. H., Pukeuri Junction, 30/9/23;

J. M., Moran Park, Tapanui, 30/9/23; C. A., Tuapeka Mouth, 30/9/23; Rev. Fr. M., Ettrick House, Inghill, 23/10/23; Miss M., Macandrew Rd., Sth. Dun., 30/9/23.

THE SISTINE CHOIR SOLOISTS

The New Zealand tour of the Sistine Choir Soloists has so far been greeted with crowded houses each night. Much was expected from the visitors, but the performers' work exceeded every ideal pictured. The Sistine Choir soloists include five tenors, three baritones, and two basses, and Emilio Casolari, conductor and pianist. The members of the choir have distinguished themselves in Italy, sung at the Vatican, and in grand opera, and have just completed a successful season with the Sistine Choir of 60 singers in Australia. The singers have never travelled as far as Australia and the Dominion previously. As the combination entered they were warmly ovated, and the executants sang to those before them as though they were intimate acquaintances, whilst at the termination of the scenas, solos, and ensemble pieces the artists were doubly and triply encored, and after some items wildly cheered, Altogether, the concert is an unusual musical feast, and is thoroughly enjoyed by patrons. A notable feature about the singing of this organisation is the ensemble work; at times the baritones' and basses' performances resembled the fullness of the diapasons of a grand organ, and the tenors that of a beautiful flute quality. The singers' crescendos and diminuendos aroused astonishment, and are worth going to hear. The vocalists possess much magnetism, and pass it on to each other. They sing as to the manner born, and as though every bar of music was of vital importance. The South Island tour commenced at Christchurch on Tuesday and will conclude on the 30th.

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Speaking recently at the blessing of the new church-school at Kandos, N.S.W., his Lordship Bishop O'Farrell, said that, while the Minister for Education had no love for him, he was in accord with him regarding the reimposition of high school charges. The bursary system, he said, could be applied to brilliant children of the poor, and not used indiscriminately as now. Two out of three pupils at the University were receiving their education under the exhibition system, which meant free education. Much rather would he see them paying their way, as they were merely going to swell the already overcrowded professions of law and medicine. If their course enabled them to return to the land, it would be a different proposition, as the land was the real wealth producer. Referring to the custom of saluting the Union Jack, the Bishop said that that flag stood for the ostracism of the Catholic school, but in Britain the Union Jack stood for the liberty of the Catholic schools.

On Thursday, 17th ult., Wentworth was honored with a visit from his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne. In company with his Lordship Dr. Hayden, Very Rev. Dean Carey, and Right Rev. Monsignor Killian, V.G., his Grace left Broken Hill the previous day. The party spent the night at Netly station, where they were most hospitably entertained by Mr. John Dunne.

Addressing a large assemblage at Wentworth, Dr. Mannix in the course of his remarks, said that those that were dealing with the populating of Australia were beginning at the wrong end, and if they continued on the lines they were now following, the Australian standard of living would be pulled down, and unemployment increased. One peculiar phase was that a number of good Australians were seeking work, and unable to find it, while the immigrant could go straight to a job. This state of affairs was accounted for by the bad government of the country. Instead of having the land prepared for the settler before he came, they were bringing him first, and thus increasing the ranks of the unemployment. Dr. Mannix said he would admit that no country was in greater need of population than Australia. The lame excuse had been advanced that it was physically impossible to settle Australians on the land. One reason was that it would cost too much, yet they were bringing the immigrant, and could afford to do that. This was making Australia the poorer instead of the richer, as it would be by settling the land with its own people. When this thing had been put right, then bring the immigrant, and not before. Since the war certain countries had a surplus population of failures to get rid of, and these failures were being brought to Australia. Dr. Mannix said that during the war the cry had been raised that Australia would be made a fit place for heroes to live in, but the returned men were not getting treatment worthy of heroes. He had been denounced during the war as a traitor, because he had asserted that the war was a trade war. What do we find now? he asked. We had given the enemy a knock-out blow, and were also knocked out ourselves. Mr. Lloyd George had won the last British elections by the pledge that England would exact the last shilling of reparation from Germany. Now the same man was saying that Germany should not be pressed for her war debts. What he (Dr. Mannix) had been denounced for, they were now proving by their attitude in regard to war debts.

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VICTORIA.

The 50th anniversary of the dedication of St. Finbar's, Brighton—synchronising with the diamond jubilee of the parish itself—was celebrated with fitting solemnity on a recent Sunday. Great interest was manifested on the occasion, not only by the present parishioners, but also by many others for whom the old church has tender and venerable associations. The spacious grounds, looking their best in the genial warmth of a spring morning, contained such an assemblage of motor-cars, buggies, gigs, and other kinds of vehicles that several passers-by along the Nepean Road stopped to inquire the cause. For once the church itself was unable to accommodate the large congregation.

The other Sunday Right Rev. Dr. Foley visited Bungaree

for the purpose of blessing and laying the foundation-stone of a new convent intended for a community of Presentation Sisters, who will from the beginning of next year have charge of the parish schools. The function of blessing the stone took place before Mass, which was celebrated by the parish priest, Father Mulcahy, the Bishop being present in the sanctuary. After Mass his Lordship preached to a large congregation, and subsequently made an earnest and strong appeal for contributions towards the cost of the new building. The commodious and substantial churches in the parish and the handsome presbytery were, he said, standing monuments of the generosity of the Catholics of Bungaree in recent years, and he felt sure the same generous spirit would be manifested on the present occasion. The monetary response was eminently satisfactory. The new convent is being built of brick, and will provide accommodation for seven or eight Sisters, besides a commodious oratory, community room, refectory, reception, and music rooms, etc. The convent will be occupied by a branch of the Presentation Order of Nuns, now established at Windsor, and will be opened in January.

Many thousands from the metropolis and suburbs crowded the grounds of the Carmelite Monastery, Mason Street, Hawthorn, last Sunday afternoon, when his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (Most. Rev. Dr. Mannix) solemnly blessed and opened the building, a fine brick structure of two stories, situated in spacious grounds (says the Melbourne *Advocate* for October 5). Amongst those associated with his Grace were:—His Lordship the Bishop of Sale (Right Rev. Dr. Phelan) and a large number of the clergy. From an improvised platform, the background of which displayed the Australian and the Irish flags, the speeches were delivered. His Grace the Archbishop said:—My duty this afternoon is easily discharged. I have only to join with Father Claffy and the other speakers in giving a most cordial welcome to the Carmelite Sisters. I have no doubt whatever that the coming of the Carmelite Sisters is one of the greatest blessings that has ever descended upon this city from the Giver of all good gifts. They have come to us looking for little, but prepared to give a great deal. It may be well for you to know that the Sisters, either from their own resources or through the generosity of their friends outside Victoria, were able to find the greater part of the purchase money for this fine building and these extensive grounds. That part of their financial liability is not going to rest upon Melbourne or upon the people of Victoria, and, therefore, even from a financial point of view the Sisters have placed us under an obligation to them. But our financial gain is the smallest part of our indebtedness. We all hope to profit spiritually by the presence amongst us of the Carmelite Sisters. For, much as we sometimes pride ourselves upon the vigor of the Catholic faith in Melbourne and in Victoria, we badly need all the vicarious help that we hope to derive from the prayer and self-denial of the Sisters. Father Claffy naturally welcomed the Sisters to his own parish of Hawthorn; but the Bishop of Sale rightly emphasised the fact that the whole of Catholic Victoria will rejoice in the coming of the Sisters, and hope to share in the spiritual benefit of their prayers and good works. On my own behalf, therefore, and on behalf of the whole Catholic body of Victoria, I desire to extend a most cordial welcome to the Sisters, and to assure them that we all wish to make them happy and comfortable amongst us in their new home. They will never regret, I am sure, having selected Melbourne for their first foundation in Australia outside of Sydney. The coming of the Carmelites to Hawthorn has apparently touched the hearts of the people, and I am overjoyed to see the magnificent gathering which has assembled to bid them welcome. The subscription list, too, shows that practical interest and sympathy are not confined to Hawthorn, but extend right through Victoria. This is as it ought to be, and is just what I expected from the Catholic people of Victoria. (Applause.)

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Here and There

Just one hundred years ago the theatre-loving citizens of Dublin were highly pleased at the visit of the incomparable Edmund Kean, who appeared in a round of Shakspearean characters in the "Old Royal." Dublin, in those far-off days, possessed a daily paper entirely devoted to theatrical matters. The title of this journal was *The Original Theatrical Journal*, and its motto was: "Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." Kean began his engagement on Tuesday, July 16, and concluded on Monday, August 12, when he appeared in a scene from "The Roman Actor" as Octavian in "The Mountaineers," and as Tom Tug (with original songs) in "The Waterman." In the latter part, we are told, he evinced his extraordinary versatility. "He really astonished us in his singing—and although the deficiency of his physical powers as a vocalist precludes the possibility of his producing in a theatre a very decided effect, yet his taste, sweetness, delicacy and expression were the theme of universal wonder and admiration." It may be interesting to recall that Edmund Kean and his distinguished son, Charles appeared together in the Old Royal during the month of May, 1829.

Two of the favorite haunts of Arthur Griffith will, alas! see him no more. For years, and until official duties tied him to State affairs, as regular as the clock he sallied from Fleet Street into Aston's lane at half-past twelve every Saturday. Then he literally plunged at second-hand book barrows. His nearest friends did not dare interrupt his "prowl" from one barrow to the next. Book after book was taken up and examined, and it was very rarely that he did not sail off with a volume or two at the end of his hour's cruise. His taste in books was nothing if not Catholic. Prose and poetry had equal charm for him, and the writer has seen him buy an old tattered volume of sermons. The other spot in Dublin which he regularly frequented for several years was the newspaper room in the basement of the National Library. The old papers of the '48 days especially came in for his scrutiny, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Griffith was as familiar with the Irish press of 80, 70, 60 years ago as with the newspapers of to-day. His knowledge of speeches, articles, paragraphs of the dim and distant past was uncanny, and his memory for what he once read was so acutely accurate that he seldom had occasion to refer to the "source" when writing out a quotation to his purpose.

The Dublin Mansion House, to the historical associations of which the Lord Mayor recently referred, dates from the year 1710. It was in that year that a citizen named Dawson, from whom the street takes its name, erected a mansion, which, with "its gardens and park," was purchased in 1715 by the Municipal Council, who, at that time, "were minded to buy a house for the constant residence and habitation of the Lord Mayor." The Corporation gave £3500 for this house and its contents, free of all rent, except one loaf of double refined sugar, of six pounds weight, to be paid to the representatives of Dawson at every Christmas yearly, if demanded, Dawson to erect an additional large room, 33ft 10ins long and 14ft high, to be well wainscotted and completely furnished, and the Corporation to keep in good repair, ready for the reception of each Lord Mayor." The schedule of goods and furniture set out in the original lease is a curious document—"Twenty-four brass locks, six marble chimney-pieces, the tapestry hangings, silk window curtains and window seats and the chimney glass in the great bed chamber, the gilt leather hangings, a chimney glass in the Danzic oak parlor, the window curtains and chimney glass in the large eating room." The Round Room, it need hardly be recalled, was erected at the expense of the Corporation for the purpose of entertaining the monarch whom Byron described as "The fourth of the fools and oppressors called George."

Until quite a few weeks ago the name of Monsignor Seipel was comparatively unknown to the majority of people in the various countries of the world. Then, all at once, the strong personality of the Chancellor of the Austrian Republic emerged from obscurity, and to him has fallen the task of arousing the sympathy of the world for the distressed people of Austria. Some weeks ago

(wrote Johann Pircher, of Innsbruck, recently) I had the privilege of being received by him, and from that interview I have carried away a strong impression of his intelligence, his decisiveness, and his firmness of character.

Mgr. Seipel is a Domestic Prelate of his Holiness, and his age is something under 50 years. Now the Chancellor of the Austrian Republic, he was already at the time of his promotion to this office the recognised leader of the Christian Socialist Party. It was he who led that Party in the electoral contests of October, 1920, and to victory—a victory that surpassed the hopes of the friends of the Christian Socialists, and inflicted hard political blows on their opponents. In the old Parliament the Christian Socialists held 62 seats—after Mgr. Seipel's victory in 1920 they had 83 seats, a gain surpassing those of all the other parties combined.

As far as his personal sympathies go Mgr. Seipel is a monarchist. But he has never hesitated, when the interests of Austria have demanded it, to rally loyally to the Republic. And it is in this same spirit of loyalty, and in sight of the extreme and pressing needs of the country, that he has cast his vote in favor of seizing the property of the former Imperial family for the needs of the nation.

As head of his Party, Mgr. Seipel has had to suffer all the knocks and blows that fall to a political leader. He has been attacked and vilified by his opponents. Yet even those most opposed to him politically do not hesitate to respect the motives that inspire him. For this statesman and politician, who knows all the wiles and dodges of politics and the tactics that a political leader must employ, remains for all that a devout and sincere priest. His fidelity to principle, his attitude of perfect Christian charity, which he carries into the arena of party politics, are those of a minister of Jesus Christ.

And rooted as he is in these principles, he has never forgotten his old devotion to the cause of Christian education for the young. He proved his mettle by placing a Catholic at the head of the Ministry of Public Education—to the disgust of the anti-clericals at Home and the scorn of the radicals outside Austria. And, alongside with this he has sternly discountenanced the anti-Jewish movement, which in certain circles in Austria has far-reaching tentacles.

For the rest, Mgr. Seipel is not a "clerical" in the narrow sense in which that word is understood by the anti-clericals. As to the Christian Socialist Party, he aims at making that a non-confessional party somewhat along the lines of the great and powerful German Centre Party.

In the grave crisis through which she is passing, Austria could not have a better or more firm hand at the helm of the ship of state than that of Mgr. Seipel. He is a sincere friend of peace, as well as a fervent believer in international agreement. He allows no occasion to pass when he can give his testimony on behalf of the reconciliation of the peoples of the basis of justice, of their right to a normal life, and for a definite policy of peace throughout the entire world.

As against the party in favor of fusion with Germany, he believes that Austria will manage to survive—for this ruler of the new Austria has a soul profoundly Austrian. There are many who believe with him that Austria will recover, and the priest Prime Minister, who has already done so much for the moral re-birth of Austria, is expending all his efforts for the economic resurrection of his native land.

Irish Troops Blown up

A party of National troops were recently proceeding from Cork to Fermoy in an armored car and Crossley tender, and when they reached Tubberenmire Bridge, about 80 miles from the Cork road, a mine exploded under the Crossley tender, in which were eight men. The car was blown to pieces and three of the occupants injured. One had the side of his face and head blown away, and succumbed to his injuries, another received serious wounds in the leg, and the third was wounded by splinters.

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Our Sports Summary

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

The successful sporting section of the Marist Brothers' school boys were tendered a dinner at "Dixieland" on last Wednesday evening week. The school has always had

had earned for them the Collins cup. The boys showed their appreciation of these remarks by giving hearty cheers for their coaches. Mr. K. Bassett, chairman of the Dominion Council of the Live-saving Society, expressed his cordial thanks for the invitation to be present. He dealt exhaustively with the development of the competition in life-saving, which was open to all schools. Points were awarded, and he warmly commended the team of seven in gaining their elementary and proficiency certificates. In presenting the certificates to Masters J. Mannix, R. Sutherland, B. Harrington, R. Noonan, J. Nee, D. Jobbin, and V. P. McTeague (captain) he urged them to assist the

Marist Brothers' School, Christchurch

WINNERS OF THE PRIMARY SCHOOLS' RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP, 1922.



Following is the school record since 1910:—Winners of the junior championship, 1910, '11, '12 (being ineligible for senior); winners of the senior championship, 1913, '14, '15, '16, '18, '19, '20, '21, and '22 (beaten by Sydenham in 1917).

enthusiastic lady-supporters, and, rising to the occasion, some of them decided to treat the lads who have so well distinguished themselves at their games. Those responsible for the function were Mrs. Blackaby, Misses C. O'Connor, V. Harrington, E. Gleeson, M. Smyth, E. Rodgers, and K. Cronin; and the pretty hall was kindly placed at their disposal by Mr. and Mrs. Dickson. Rev. Brother Phelan presided, and besides his local teaching staff there were present Messrs. W. Nidd, T. P. O'Rourke, M. Grimes, H. McDonnell, M. Mannix, F. J. Glackin, A. Barrett, and Messrs. Frank Collins and K. Bassett representing the Royal Life Saving Society. The teams honored were the senior Rugby team (winners of the Public Schools Shield), the light-weights (runners-up to Addington in the Southern contest), the Soccer team (winners of the Association schools' shield), seven-a-side (winners under 14 years and 11 years), and the school life-saving team (winners of the Collins cup. Brother Phelan said he felt proud of the boys who, like those of previous years, had won honors for the school in 1922, and reminded them that the treat they had enjoyed that evening was to be gratefully remembered, as coming from the ladies present. He also reminded them of the untiring efforts of their coaches in football (Brothers Marcellin, Francis, and Nazarius), for whose work too much could not be said. Life-saving (he said) was a new departure in connection with the school, and thanks were due to Messrs. F. Glackin and A. Barrett, who trained the school team, their initial effort

Royal Live-saving Society in a practical way by instructing others. Mr. Frank Collins, the donor of the cup told the story of its origin and also the different stages through which the form of competitions passed. The Life-saving Society knows no creed (applause), and he hoped that the holders of his cup would in all circumstances assist in the teaching of swimming and life-saving. He then handed the cup to Master McTeague, who is the Dominion schools' champion swimmer. Rev. Brother Phelan, on behalf of the boys, presented Messrs Glackin and Barrett with souvenirs as tokens of gratitude for their kindly interest. Both recipients feelingly replied, and paid a tribute to the conduct of the boys during their course of training. Mr. W. Nidd, who had donated a handsome gold medal for the best improved player in the senior football fifteen, tendered it on Brother Marcellin's award to Master Frank Woodham. Mr. Nidd has now promised a gold medal for the boy gaining the best batting average at cricket this season. During the evening several toasts were honored, and musical items were given by Master Herd, Miss E. Rodgers, Mr. Dickson, and Brother Phelan. Several choruses were sung by the boys. Mrs. Baxter, who is ever ready to assist the school, played the accompaniments. Mr. Bassett invited the boys to attend the surf clubs in order to receive instruction in life-saving with the reel. The proceedings were concluded by the passing of a hearty vote of thanks to the ladies for their much-appreciated kindness.

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Faith of Our Fathers

[A WEEKLY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.]

6. We are obliged to fast—(1) during the whole of Lent; (2) on the Ember Days—that is, the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays of four weeks in the year, namely, the third week in Advent, the first week in Lent, Whit week, and the week of which the Wednesday follows the 14th of September, the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross; lastly, on the following vigils, those of Christmas Day, Pentecost, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, the Assumption, and All Saints. Lent, which is of Apostolic tradition, is established to honor and imitate the fast of Jesus Christ in the desert. The Ember Days are instituted to consecrate to God all the seasons of the year, to draw down His blessings on the fruits of the earth, and to thank Him for those which He has given us; lastly, to ask of Him ministers worthy of His altars, and an abundant outpouring of graces on the ordinations that take place regularly at these times.

7. The ecclesiastical fast contains three elements, which are one meal, abstinence from flesh meat and white meats, and the hour of the repast. The one meal requires that we take only one meal in the day; this constitutes the main point in fasting. The Church, however, allows, besides the principal meal, a light collation. With regard to the hour of repast, it will vary according to the custom of different families.

8. The law of fasting is binding, under pain of mortal sin, upon all those who have completed their 21st year, unless they are dispensed from it. There are three causes for lawful exemption: dispensation, inability, and hard labor. Thus the following are excused from fasting: the sick and infirm; the aged, when their strength begins to fail, which happens generally about the age of sixty, though there is no fixed time; and all who cannot fast without danger of seriously injuring their health, or rendering them incapable of fulfilling their duties.

If we cannot fast, but are able to abstain, we are bound by this second law.

9. Abstinence from flesh meat is commanded—(1) on all Fridays throughout the year, excepting that on which Christmas Day may fall; (2) on all fasting days, excepting, in Belgium, the Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays of Lent (Maundy Thursday excepted), by virtue of a dispensation.

The Church has instituted abstinence on the Fridays and Saturdays throughout the year in memory of the death and burial of Our Lord, and as a preparation for Sunday.

10. The law of abstinence binds all the faithful who have come to the use of reason, unless they are lawfully dispensed by their ecclesiastical superiors, or exempted on account of moral or physical inability. He sins mortally who, without dispensation or exemption, eats food which is forbidden, or makes his children, servants, or laborers do so.

Children and servants who cannot obtain abstinence food from their parents or masters should consult their confessors, who will tell them what to do under the circumstances.

Fourth Commandment of the Church: To Confess Our Sins to Our Pastors at Least Once a Year.

1. By this Commandment the Church obliges all the faithful to approach the sacred tribunal of penance at least once a year. Children who have come to the use of reason are also bound by this precept; and it is incumbent on parents and masters to prepare them for this duty and send them to confession.

2. This law of annual confession dates from the fourth Council of Lateran, A.D. 1215. In the earlier times the faithful were in the habit of confessing and communicating frequently, and did not require to be stimulated by an express command; the general law established by Jesus Christ in the institution of the Sacrament of Penance, and their own fervor, were enough to bind them. But at the time of the above-named Council the laxity of a great number rendered this commandment necessary.

3. The Church, then, has ordered yearly confession as an act strictly necessary for fulfilling the divine precept regarding confession; and not by any means as a practice with which we are to be satisfied. It is to manifest her intention clearly that she makes use of the words at

least, thus showing her desire that her children should not content themselves with the annual confession; implying even that it may be necessary for them to confess oftener.

4. If it is asked why the Church desires the faithful to confess oftener, we reply that it is in order that they may avoid grave falls, and reap most precious benefits. (1) Those who only confess at Easter show but little zeal for their salvation; they deprive themselves of many graces, fall more easily into mortal sin, and expose themselves to the risk of dying in that miserable state. (2) Frequent confession, on the contrary, not only preserves us from mortal sin, but also helps us to avoid the slightest faults, and to acquire that purity of conscience which makes virtue take root and flourish in our souls.

5. Besides the precept of the Church to confess annually, there is also an obligation of divine right to confess when in danger of death; and in this case it cannot be put off. Besides, the love which we owe to God and to ourselves demands that we lose no time in making use of this salutary remedy, when we have had the misfortune to fall into mortal sin, (1) because we should be doubly ungrateful and culpable if, after having offended God, we continued to live under His displeasure; (2) because it is very prejudicial to live in a state of mortal sin, since by doing so we deprive ourselves of many graces, and all the good works done in that state are devoid of merit for heaven; (3) because it is very dangerous to remain in such a state, as we thus expose ourselves to fall into still greater and more numerous sins, and to die at enmity with God.

6. We satisfy the precept of annual confession only by a good confession. So, in order to make a confession not only valid, but also fruitful, according to the intention of the Divine Institutor, two conditions are requisite: (1) adequate instruction concerning this Sacrament and its different parts; (2) a practical method for accomplishing properly the different acts which the Sacrament demands. There are acts to be performed before, during, and after confession.

Before.—We must (1) ask of God the grace to confess our sins with true repentance, as if it were for the last time in our lives; (2) we must examine our conscience; (3) we must excite ourselves to sorrow for our sins, and make a firm purpose of amendment; then recite with all our heart the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition.

During confession—that is to say, in the confessional—we must declare our sins with humble sincerity, and afterwards listen with respect to what the confessor says.

After confession, when we have received absolution, we must accomplish the penance imposed, and carefully put in practice the good advice which we have received from the priest.

WEDDING BELLS

SCULLY—SHEEHAN.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Basilica, Invercargill, on the 6th ult., by Rev. Father Martin, of Mr. James Scully and Miss Katie Sheehan. It was an interesting Catholic wedding (writes our own correspondent), as both the bridegroom and the bride's father take an active part in matters Catholic and Irish. Mr. Scully is a son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Scully, of Georgetown, one of the pioneer Catholic families of the parish, the bride being the daughter of Mr. Edward Sheehan, an Invercargill city councillor. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a pretty saxe blue frock with hat to match, and carried an ivory-bound prayer book, the gift of her mother. Miss Margaret Sheehan, as bridesmaid, was attired in a neat nigger-brown frock and picture hat. Mr. Dick McCarthy (formerly of these parts, but now of Wellington) attended Mr. Scully as groomsman. The wedding breakfast was partaken of by about 40 relatives at the Floral Tea Rooms; the usual toasts being honored. The newly-wedded couple journeyed by the afternoon express *en route* to Christchurch, where the honeymoon was spent, the bride travelling in a smart navy costume and kingfisher-blue hat. She also wore a black fox fur, the gift of the bridegroom. Valuable and useful presents, including several cheques, were received, thus bearing further testimony to the popularity of the young couple.

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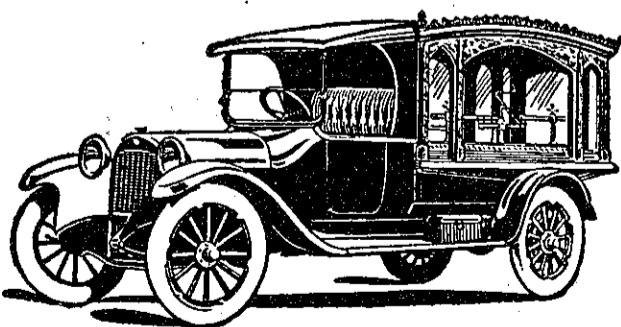
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IRISH NEWS

CRIMES OF THE IRREGULARS DENOUNCED.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, Bishop of Kerry, in the course of a long letter to be read in all churches in the diocese, refers to the shooting dead of two Red Cross soldiers at Killarney. "To add," he writes, "to the infamy of this revolting crime, the assassins made sacrilegious use of the sacred ruin on Innisfallen to effect their murderous designs."

His Lordship begged young men connected with the revolt to return to their homes.

The perpetrators of the atrocious crime at Innisfallen, his Lordship added, and all their misguided comrades engaged in destroying property and commandeering goods, were acting in defiance of the moral law and were guilty of brigandage and murder. Equally guilty were all who countenanced their criminal courses by counsel, encouragement, approval, or co-operation of any kind.



POPE'S SORROW AT THE DEATH OF MICHAEL COLLINS.

Messages of Condolence.

Pope Pius has been deeply moved by the news of the shooting of General Collins. This and similar incidents of recent occurrence, his Holiness said, show the need of the masses to return to the teachings of the Christian doctrine of love and peace among men, and the necessity for them to realise that violence does not secure the triumph of any cause.

Among the countless messages of sympathy with the Irish Government, and expressions of horror at the appalling death of General Michael Collins, are:

Archbishop of Cashel.—"Deepest sympathy with army and Government of Ireland on sad fate of General Collins, Ireland's bravest son."

Archbishop Duhig, Brisbane (who is at present in Dublin).—"Accept my heartfelt sympathy in the unparalleled tragedy that has robbed the Irish nation of its bravest son. The name of Michael Collins was revered throughout Australia. His death will win millions of friends to the cause for which he died. God rest his soul."

Bishop of Waterford.—"Shocked at news of death of Commander-in-Chief."

Bishop of Killaloe.—"Overwhelmed by tragic news. In the Commanding Chief of the Irish army, General Michael Collins, they have killed a man of all others adored of Ireland. His sad death will deeply distress, but will not dismay, the Irish people. May God remember the dead and strengthen the nation against its unnatural enemies. —* M. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe."

Bishop of Buffalo.—"Profound sorrow at news of death of Ireland's great leader. America, I know, will join with Ireland in mourning your nation's loss. The news will solidify there the sentiments which already exist, and which I need not describe, except to say that we are with you and against those who are responsible for this great loss to Ireland. If there is any decency of sentiment or sanity of reason among the Irregulars, surely this appalling news will have a sobering effect on them. May God rest his great, noble, chivalrous soul, and bring peace to this troubled country."

Bishop of Auckland.—"Profound sorrow, death of great patriot and leader.—Henry Cleary, Bishop of Auckland."

Mayor of Wexford.—"Wexford shocked at terrible news. Accept heartfelt sympathy.—Corish."

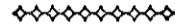


G. B. SHAW ON IRELAND: "THE STALE ROMANCE THAT PASSES FOR POLITICS."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who had recently been in Ireland for a fortnight at Rosslare, and later returned to London, was asked by a representative of the *Irish Times* to express an opinion on the Irish situation.

"Well," was his reply, "what can anyone say that has not been said already until people are so tired of it that the words have lost all meaning? If you ask me what on earth Mr. de Valera and Mr. Erskine Childers are driving at—what they think they are doing, as the English say—I can only say that I don't know. And that

is the weakness of their position from the moment when the elections went against them so completely that the members they were allowed to return by arrangement could not pretend to any representative character, they had either to accept the popular verdict and set to work to convert the Irish people to their views or to choose between the two other courses open to them. One was to subdue the country by armed force, British fashion, and coerce it to become an independent little republic, whether it liked it or not. The other was to take to the mountains and live more or less merrily by brigandage in the manner of Robin Hood. What has happened is that Mr. de Valera and Mr. Childers have attempted the first alternative, but having no war chest and apparently no programme beyond calling Ireland a republic, they have been forced to tell their troops on pay-day that they must live on the country, which means in practice that the leaders are to be republicans contending for a principle and their troops are to be brigands. This is an impossible situation. No community can tolerate brigandage, even when it is good-natured brigandage. The existing brigandage is not good-natured and Ireland is obviously on the point of losing its temper savagely with Robin Hood, Alan-a-dale, Friar Tuck, and the rest of them.

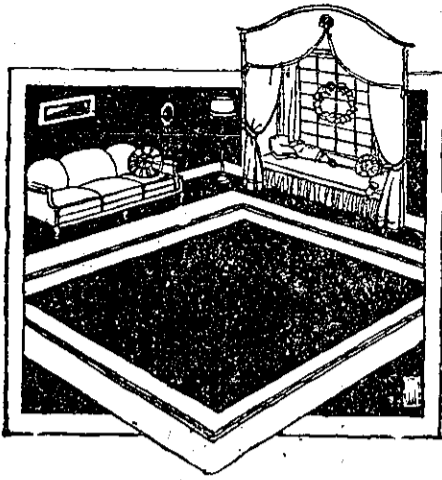


ARCHBISHOP CURLEY'S ADVICE TO COUNTRYMEN.

"We in America now believe that the case of Ireland has become a purely domestic question." So said Most Rev. Dr. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, in the course of an interview with a representative of the Dublin Press. "When," he added, "Mr. de Valera came to America last year I was his friend, and I presided at his big meeting at Jacksonville, Fa. Now, as an Irishman I can no longer see eye to eye with him. The man is a mystery to me."

It now remains for the Irish people to determine the form of Government they will live under, said his Grace, in discussing the situation. "It seems," he continued, "to me that they have determined this by the majority vote of their representatives in Dail Eireann approving the action of the Plenipotentiaries. They also expressed their will in the recent election. The Irish people, therefore, as a whole by an enormous majority are desirous of accepting the Treaty and of making the best of it. It follows, according to the principle of justice and right that the country ought to settle down to work the Treaty, to solidify its position, and to advance the interests of the nation, develop its resources, and then in 25 or 50 years—a small period in the life of a nation—they may wish to change their position and re-assert their demands just as they think fit. This is the common-sense view. "I would," he pursued, "be glad to see the Republican ideal kept alive and a Republican party at work in the Irish Parliament, but the present situation is illogical and intolerable. The vast majority of Americans to-day regard the action of the so-called Irregulars as inimical to the best interests of Ireland. The American people are overwhelmingly in favor of the Free State, and stand at the back of the Government of Michael Collins and the late esteemed Arthur Griffith."

"It is a lamentable fact that as the result of the present condition of affairs Ireland has become a laughing-stock for the nations of the world, and those of us who in America have done all we could in the fight for Irish freedom have been humiliated by the present state of things, where Irishmen themselves are advancing, to all intents and purposes, the regime of the hated "Black-and-Tans." The opinion of the American public, as it is, may be expressed in this phrase:—'We are sick of Ireland, and we do not want to hear about her any more,' " continued his Grace. "I don't wish to accuse the followers of Mr. de Valera of improper methods, but objectively their present mode of action seems on the outside sheer madness." He emphasised the fact that he felt keenly the present situation because of his undying love for his native land. "When," he concluded, "I return to America I will place before the American people as fully and as clearly as I can all the knowledge at my disposal of the sad condition of things which I found existing there. I visited Dublin Castle, and I spoke to the stalwart young men there from all the counties in Ireland, and I found them unanimous in their adhesion to the Treaty and their desire to carry on and to make the best of their hard-won victory in the interests of their long suffering country."



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Obituary

MRS. ANN QUIN, PAHAUTANUI.

Another of the band of pioneers in the person of Mrs. Ann Quin, passed away suddenly at Pahautanui on the 4th inst. (writes a correspondent). The late Mrs. Quin came to New Zealand 57 years ago, arriving with her husband and two children, and for 34 years lived on the West Coast. Her husband predeceased her some ten years ago. Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of deceased was celebrated by Rev. Father Griffen, Rev. Father Fitzgibbon, of Levin, being also present. Of a family of five sons and three daughters, three sons and one daughter survive to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

MR. MARCUS FALVEY, MASTERTON.

There passed away on the 2nd inst., at the residence of his sister (Mrs. H. J. O'Leary, Masterton), Mr. Marcus Falvey. (writes a correspondent). The late Mr. Falvey was born in Co. Kerry, Ireland, 79 years ago, and came to New Zealand in the year 1866. He spent most of his time in the Marlborough district, where he was very well known. He came to Masterton about six years ago, where he remained until the time of his death. He had been in failing health for the past year, being confined to his bed practically the whole of the time. The last rites of the Church were administered by Rev. Father McDermott. Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Leary (nephew) at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, and the funeral took place immediately afterwards.—R.I.P.

MR. MAURICE HORAN, MASTERTON.

The death occurred at the Masterton Hospital on the 2nd inst. of Mr. Maurice Horan. The deceased, who had only been ill four days, was a well known and popular resident of Masterton. The late Mr. Horan was born in Co. Kerry, Ireland, 74 years ago, practically the last 40 having been spent in Masterton, where he was a roadman for a great number of years. Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Leary at St. Patrick's Church at 9 a.m., on October 4, in the presence of a large assemblage of friends and relations. The funeral was very numerously attended, people coming from long distances to pay their last tribute to an old and esteemed resident. I might mention in passing (writes a correspondent) that Mr. Horan and Mr. Falvey had been great friends during life, in fact they were distantly related. Born in the same parish at Home, they came to New Zealand about the same time, and during the six years Mr. Falvey had spent in Masterton, as he was unable to move about much, Mr. Horan visited him every day up to within a few days of their decease. It seemed rather a coincidence that they died within a few hours of each other, were laid side by side in the church where Mass was celebrated for the repose of their souls, and, as seemed only fitting, were laid to rest side by side in the cemetery.—R.I.P.

St. Vincent de Paul Society

ST. PATRICK'S CONFERENCE, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

The ninth annual meeting of St. Patrick's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, South Dunedin, was held in St. Patrick's Schoolroom on last Wednesday evening week. Rev. Father Delany presided, and there was a good attendance of members. Amongst the activities mentioned in the report for the past year were that 20 sewing meetings had been held, with an average attendance of 6 members; breakfast had been provided for the children who made their First Communion on All Saints' Day; and on March 19 breakfast had been provided for and served to the members of the Hibernian Society on the occasion of their annual Communion. 206 visits were made to the sick in their own homes, to the Mental Hospital and to the Sanatorium. 262 new and 155 second-hand garments and other necessary articles had been distributed. The annual church collection towards the conference's funds amounted to £79 12s. The principal items of expenditure were groceries, £56 2s 3d; coal and firewood, £31 3s 6d; boots, £21 5s 3d; drapery, £24 0s 8d; sundries, 17s 6d; a total of £133 9s 2d. In moving the adoption of the report Rev. Father Delany congratulated the members of the conference on having been instrumental in relieving a very considerable amount of distress. A great deal of want and hardship still, unfortunately, existed, and he

felt sure the ladies of the society would do everything possible to relieve necessitous cases until conditions again became normal. He complimented them on their past good work and wished them every success during the present and future years. Following are the office-bearers:—President, Mrs. J. J. Marlow; vice-president, Mrs. A. Nelson; treasurer and secretary, Miss S. Mulholland; wardrobe-keepers, Mrs. M. J. Roche and Miss M. Mullin; buyer, Mrs. C. Mullin.

Jan Huss and his Modern Admirers

A short time ago (writes Dr. Josef Hanus, Canon of Prague), the *Gazette de Prague*, a semi-official journal that appears in French, made the following assertion in a leading article:—"Czecho-Slovakia reveres the memory of Jan Huss in July. On this occasion speakers in all parts of the country recall the part which the great reformer took in the formation of the national conscience. The press, too, does not fail to hold up the life of Huss as an example to the nation. In that connection, the article in the *Narodna Politika* by Mr. Sekanina has an interest all its own, since it constitutes an immortal reminder of how Huss contributed to the liberation movement, of which the consummation is the Czecho-Slovak Republic."

Now in the article referred to above, Mr. Sekanina mentioned the speech which Dr. Masaryk, now the President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, made some seven years ago at Geneva. Jan Huss was there proclaimed to be the author of the national reformation; the ideal humanitarian of the 15th century, just as Tolstoy was acclaimed to be in the 19th and 20th centuries. I am not discussing the causes of the liberation of the Republic; but I wish simply to draw attention to the present-day admirers of Jan Huss, and their manner of celebrating the anniversary of Huss's death at Constance. In former days, under the yoke of the Hapsburgs and the Germans, at the time of our national rebirth and during the last 50 years, Jan Huss was held up to admiration as a national hero by the Czechs as well as by certain Catholic Liberals, because of his resistance to German influence and the renown he acquired from the point of view of the Czech civilisation, and not on account of his heresies and dogmatic vagaries, as some of the Protestant pastors would have other people believe, when making use of Huss's memory to serve purely sectarian ends.

Now since the Czech nation was delivered from German and Austrian domination the whole programme of the Jan Huss celebrations has changed. He has been taken up as a ready instrument for the purpose of combating the Catholic Church. Now during the recent celebrations it was certainly not a little extraordinary to hear the Free Thinker orators repeat that Jan Huss was one of the primary founders of Free Thought. The Communists also took him up, and lauded him as their father and founder; the Socialists proclaimed him to be the author of Socialism; while even the sectaries of the apostate and schismatic so-called "Czecho-Slovak National Church," with their married priests, asserted that Huss was their pioneer! To put it in a phrase, all these speakers made use of the occasion to carry on an inveterate campaign against the Catholic Church, and very disingenuously suppressed all mention of the qualities for which the people revered him formerly—that is, for Jan Huss's nationalism. As a result, the Czech people of the more reasonable sort, disgusted with these tactics, took no part in the celebrations this year. The anniversary of the death of Jan Huss, formerly observed as a national festival and a holiday, has lost its former character and is now an ordinary working day. In Moravia, and more particularly in Slovakia, as well as Russian Subcarpathia, the cult of Jan Huss, hitherto unknown, amounts to nothing more than a provocation against Catholicism. It is as well to add, particularly for the better informing of foreigners, that the Czechs are not Hussites as the Free Thinkers try to make them out to be. The Czechs are still Catholics, at least they are in Bohemia to the extent of some 78 per cent. of the population, in spite of the shameless propaganda against the Catholic religion that was carried on during the recent census. The banal humanitarianism has degenerated into a mere materialism. The present-day cult of Jan Huss is nothing more than an instrument in the hands of anti-clericals, and criticised by all serious-minded men, who see in it a danger to the unity of the people of the Republic. It is not without interest to add that the Communists, who affect to revere Jan Huss, were greatly put out because the Sokols, or non-religious athletic associations, refused to have anything to do with the Huss celebrations.

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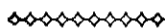
ILLNESS OF CARDINAL GASQUET.

Cardinal Gasquet, who recently arrived in South America, where he is to consecrate the Abbey Church of St. Benedict in the Brazilian city of Sao Paolo, has been seized with a sudden illness, according to an agency telegram, and has been obliged to cancel his public engagements (says *Catholic News Service*, London, for September 2).

Now in his 76th year, the venerable Prefect of the Vatican Archives has been a Benedictine monk for 51 years. Entering the novitiate at Belmont in his 19th year, he was professed as a monk at Downside in 1871, where he became Prior in 1878. From 1900 until 1914, with the title of Abbot of St. Alban's, his Eminence ruled the English Benedictine Congregation as its President, and during his term of office the houses of Downside, Ampleforth, and Douai were raised to the rank of abbeys. In May of 1914 Pope Pius X. created him a Cardinal.

During his distinguished career Cardinal Gasquet has been connected with many Roman commissions. Leo XIII. appointed him in 1896 on the Commission on Anglican Orders. In 1907 his Eminence was appointed to the presidency of the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, and the late Pope nominated him Prefect of the Vatican Archives as well as Librarian of the Holy Roman Church.

Cardinal Gasquet is by birth a Londoner, and enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few Londoners who, in the course of many centuries, have occupied the high position of a Cardinal in Curia.



THE VATICAN AND PALESTINE.

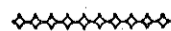
Cardinal Gasparri's rejoinder on the revised draft on the Palestino Mandate, which has now been received in London by the British Government, is very likely to be accepted, since it will provide a way out of the many difficulties that have sprung up around the question of Palestine.

The Holy See desires to have represented on the special commission which is to regulate the ownership and guardianship of the Holy Places, members of certain Catholic nations. And as several nations are making their own special demands in regard to Palestine, the suggestions of the Cardinal Secretary of State do offer one way out of the many perplexities that have arisen over the varying national demands.

But in addition to the rights and claims of Catholics, a new condition has now arisen out of the activities of the Orthodox churches, who now insist upon being heard. For example, the Orthodox Patriarchate in Jerusalem has now filed a petition on behalf of its claims, and the Orthodox Armenians are about to put forward demands of their own. The Spanish Government also insists upon the retention of its ancient claims, and it reserves the right of having one Spanish member among the advisers of the *Procureur de la Custodia*, and to have a say in the election of the Superiors of the various convents and religious establishments.

So that apart from the special claims made by the Holy See in the name of Catholic interests in general; the British Government is called on to face the different national claims, which in more than one instance are conflicting.

Meanwhile the Papal rejoinder is being closely and carefully considered by the British Government, and it should not be surprising to hear that Cardinal Gasparri's suggestions are to be acted upon.



CATHOLICS AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

At the University of Oxford there are six houses or hostels of study under Catholic auspices and affiliated to the University as schools, not counting the recently-founded Catholic Labor College, which forms no part of the academic life of Oxford. These Catholic establishments are

Campion Hall, the Jesuit house of studies, the College of the Salesians (known as Salesian House), St. Benet's Hall, the hostel of the Benedictines of Ampleforth, Grosseteste House, the Franciscan house of studies, and St. Charles House for secular clergy.

Besides these, there is the Catholic oratory under the direction of Mgr. Barnes, who is appointed to minister to the Catholic members of the University. Yet, until 1895 it was out of the question for any Catholic to go through the academic course at either Oxford or Cambridge.

Founded originally as Catholic homes of learning, the two ancient universities became, through the medium of an ingenious series of religious tests, absolutely barred to Catholics. Students and masters were obliged to subscribe to the Articles of the Church of England, to attend the worship and receive the Sacrament of that Church, and so for centuries no Catholic appeared amongst the undergraduates or teachers of Oxford.

It was not until February, 1895, that a petition was addressed to the English bishops, drawing attention to the fact that the barriers excluding Catholics from Oxford and Cambridge were removed. And following on that, in April of the same year, a Rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda allowed the return of Catholic laymen to the schools of the ancient universities.

From that time dates the Universities Catholic Education Board to which the Holy See entrusted the task of providing for the religious welfare of Catholics at the universities. With the way made open for laymen, the return of the clerics and religious to the universities was not long delayed. The Jesuits were the first to open a house of studies affiliated to the University of Oxford, and since the opening of Blackfriars, the Dominican house of studies, all the great religious Orders are now back again at Oxford.

Cambridge is not so well off in this respect as Oxford. The Benedictines of Downside maintain Benet House as a University school for their monks. The secular clergy have their own hostel at St. Edmund's House, and, as at Oxford, there is a Catholic chaplain to minister to Catholic members of the university only.

In each of the universities the Catholic undergraduates have their own student societies. The Newman Society at Oxford takes its name from the great convert, while the Fisher Society of Cambridge recalls the fact that Cambridge in the old days was in the jurisdiction of the Catholic bishops of Rochester, of whom the martyred Cardinal, John Fisher was one of the most illustrious.



FRANCE DODGES ATROCITY INQUIRY.

On the ground that it cannot lay its hands on a sum of about £1000, the French Government has put a check to the inquiry into the Turkish persecution of Christians in the Near East. The actual inquiry was to have been undertaken by the International Red Cross, and the American Government had agreed with the British to furnish its quota of the total cost, a matter of some £4000.

But apparently France has backed down, alleging that the paltry sum of £1000, or thereabouts, is not to be secured, and that the proposed inquiry savors somewhat of politics.

There is the possibility that the American and British Governments may go ahead with the inquiry, providing the total cost between them, and the suggestion receives considerable support from the American relief workers in the Near East, who are all agreed upon the details of the barbarous persecution of Christians that is going on still at the hands of the Turks. But unless the American and British Governments get together and push this inquiry through, there seems no possibility whatever of the lifting of the Turkish persecution, which has exterminated nearly half a million Greek and Armenian Christians along the Black Sea coast-line alone.

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Domestic	By Maureen
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Lemon Curd.

Grate the rind of 2 lemons and strain the juice. Put into a saucepan with $\frac{3}{4}$ lb butter, 1 lb loaf sugar, and 5 eggs. Mix well together, and stir over a slow fire until it thickens. If put into jars this mixture will keep for three months.

Steamed Raisin Pudding.

Chop one-half cupful of suet, add one-fourth cupful of bread crumbs, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, 1 cupful of milk, 1 cupful of treacle, 1 cupful of raisins, 1 beaten egg, and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well and pour into a greased mould, cover with a greased paper, and steam steadily for 2 hours. Turn out and serve with hot milk or any kind of sweet sauce. If desired, the pudding may be decorated with whipped and sweetened cream.

Tasty Patties.

Any kind of cold meat minced. A little gravy, salt, and pepper, nutmeg. Slices of bread about 1 in thick. Cut the bread in neat pieces, either square or round, removing crusts, dip into milk, and fry a golden brown. Put the meat and gravy into a saucepan and make quite hot. Scoop out the centre of the fried bread, then pile the mixture on to the prepared bread, and serve very hot. The addition of a tablespoonful of tomato relish, apple chutney, or mushroom catsup is an improvement to many of these dishes.

Delhi Pudding.

Half a pound of flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb of chopped suet, a pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb of apples, grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grating of nutmeg. Stone and chop the raisins, pare, core, and slice the apples. Mix both with lemon-rind, sugar, and nutmeg. Mix flour, suet, salt, and baking powder into a stiff paste with cold water. Divide into two equal parts; with one line a well-greased basin, from the other cut off sufficient to form the lid, and roll the remainder out thinly. Place a layer of the fruit mixture in the basin. From the rolled-out paste cut a round rather more than enough to cover the fruit, moisten the edges, and join them to the paste lining the basin. Proceed in this way until the basin is full, then cover with greased paper and steam for two to three hours. Serve with sweet sauce or custard.

Semolina Snow.

Semolina 3oz, sugar 6oz, water $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint, rind and juice of 1 lemon. Semolina is a granular preparation of wheat, consisting of small fragments of the interior of the grain. It is rich in flesh-forming material. Mix the semolina with a little cold water. Bring the $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water, with the sugar and rind and juice of lemon, to the boil; then stir in the semolina and boil 10 minutes. Pour the mixture into a basin, and when cooled beat until the mixture becomes quite white and thick. Pour into a glass dish, and when quite cold decorate with crystallised cherries or red currant jelly.

Chocolate Sauces.

Melt 1 tablespoonful of butter, add 2 squares of chocolate cut in small pieces and stir until the chocolate is melted. Then add 1 cupful of sugar, two-thirds cupful of milk, and a few grains of salt. Heat slowly to the boiling point, and boil without stirring for 8 minutes. Then add 1 teaspoonful of cornflour mixed with a little cold water or milk, and cook 2 minutes longer. Cool slightly, add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and serve hot as a sauce for puddings, cake or ice cream. One-half teaspoonful of essence of peppermint may be used instead of the vanilla to make a chocolate-peppermint sauce.

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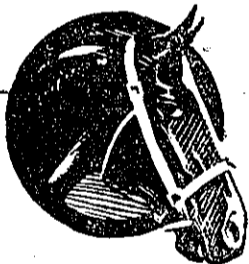
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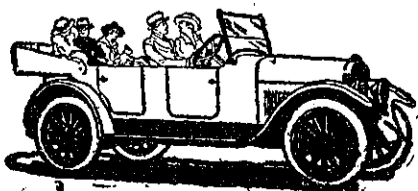
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week, 191 head of fat cattle were offered, including a fair proportion of well-finished stock. Butchers who were unable to secure the usual supply of mutton endeavored to make up the deficiency in the beef market, and the result was a spirited sale from start to finish. The sale opened at about 30s per 100lb and advanced to about 35s per 100lb. Extra prime heavy-weight bullocks sold up to £16 17s 6d, prime £13 to £14 10s, medium £11 10s to £12 10s, unfinished from £8 10s, prime cows and heifers £7 10s to £8 10s, medium £6 to £6 10s, light and aged from £4. Fat Sheep.—There was a small yarding of 1233 sheep. Butchers were keen to secure supplies, and bidding was very spirited. The sale opened at 2s 6d per head better than on the previous week, and gradually improved until at the end of the auction extreme prices were obtained. An average rise for the day could be quoted at from 3s 6d to 4s 6d, but in some cases this was considerably exceeded. Extra prime heavy-weight wethers made to 53s 6d, prime 37s to 42s, medium 28s to 35s, light from 24s, extra prime ewes made up to 33s, medium 23s to 26s. Spring Lambs.—There was a small yarding of 24 head. A few extra prime lambs sold up to 52s, prime from 30s to 46s, others from 28s. Pigs.—A large yarding, all classes being well represented. Best baconers realised from 5½d to 6d, and best porkers from 7½d to 8d per lb.

At Addington market last week, there were larger yardings of nearly all classes of stock. Beef was slightly easier. The steadily-rising movement in mutton values was arrested. Considering the size of the yarding, however, the sale was a very good one. Spring Lambs.—247 were penned. A keen sale, the top price of which was 39s. The bulk of the entry sold at from 32s to 35s, and a few under 30s. The over-all price was in the vicinity of 1s per lb. Fat Sheep.—A bigger yarding, comprising 12 races, a fair proportion being shorn. The market was easier than on the previous week by about 2s per head. Over the preceding month there had been an average weekly rise of quite 2s 6d per head. Extra prime wethers 35s to 38s 6d, prime wethers 32s to 34s 6d, medium 28s to 31s, light 24s 6d to 27s 6d, extra prime ewes to 36s, prime 27s to 31s, medium 24s to 26s 6d, light 19s to 23s 6d, extra prime shorn wethers to 30s 10d, prime 26s 6d to 29s, ordinary 22s to 26s, shorn ewes 20s to 23s 6d, prime hoggets 25s to 30s 3d. Fat Cattle.—A yarding of 340, compared with 247 on the preceding week. Ninety odd were from the North Island. There was a slight easing in prices. Prime middle-weights 32s 6d to 35s per 100lb, big beef 30s to 33s, secondary 27s 6d to 30s, rough beef to 22s 6d, extra prime steers to £16, prime £12 15s to £14 15s, medium £10 10s to £12 10s, light £6 15s to £10 5s, extra prime heifers to £12 2s 6d, prime £9 to £11, ordinary £6 15s to £8 15s, extra prime cows to £12 12s 6d, prime £8 5s to £10 10s, ordinary £6 to £7 15s. Vealers.—The number offered was not sufficient for requirements. Prices rose from 6s to 8s per head. Runners to £4 12s 6d, vealers £3 10s to £4 10s, small calves from 8s upwards. Fat Pigs.—A slacker demand, and prices declined. Choppers £3 to £5 15s, light baconers £2 15s to £3 3s, heavy £3 7s 6d to £3 12s, extra heavy to £3 15s—average price per lb 4½d to 5½d; light porkers £1 15s to £2, heavy £2 3s to £2 10s—average price per lb 6½d to 7½d.

The usual fortnightly sale of rabbitskins, etc., was held last week, when medium-sized catalogues were offered to a full attendance of buyers. Competition was erratic and prices for winter skins were easier, more especially for winter bucks, which showed a decline of 3d to 5d a lb on late ruling rates. Prime winter does to 90½d, prime winter bucks to 80½d, first winter bucks to 74½d, first winter does to 84½d, second winter does 66d to 69½d, second winter bucks 64d to 68d, incoming and early winters 60d to 65d, autumns to 43½d, outgoing to 42d, racks 24d to 27½d, light racks 21½d, springs to 28d, summers to 19d, milky does to 24½d, small 8d to 9d, winter black to 72d, autumn black 32½d, winter fawn 70d, hareskins 28d to 36d, horsehair 30½d.

MAKING OF ENSILAGE: SOME VALUABLE ADVICE.

The dairy farmer in Taranaki realising that he must make the land produce as much as possible, if he is to make dairying pay, especially in these days of high priced land, is turning his attention more than ever to the main essentials, i.e., the selection of a good milking strain of cattle, and the provision of suitable feed and adequate shelter. Ensilage is coming greatly into favor, in some districts, and at Tikorangi some very useful advice was given the settlers by Mr. J. W. Deem, fields supervisor in Taranaki for the Department of Agriculture. Keen interest was displayed in the address, and an interesting discussion took place.

Earlier in the day, Mr. Deem visited five of the ensilage stacks that had been made during last season in the district, and gave a general criticism, sometimes favorable, sometimes the reverse, as the case warranted, on the methods adopted. Generally speaking, Mr. Deem expressed himself more than satisfied with the quality of the ensilage. Here and there he found that the stack had become slightly overheated, and although the quality was not by any means spoilt, with a little more attention to that matter an improvement could be made. The stacks appeared to require more attention as regards outside waste, and Mr. Deem advised settlers, when making their stacks, to have a hay-knife handy, when they would obtain a much firmer surface for laying timber, earth, etc., for covering the stack. The quantity cut off each day could be thrown back on the stack, and that would come to ensilage. By doing this they would find that they would curtail the waste a lot. The best time to cut for ensilage was when the grass was in flower, oats when the grain was in the doughy stage; peas when the pod formed. Good grass and clovers made splendid ensilage, and were often far more easily and economically obtained than peas, oats, etc.

As regards stacking, he advised reaching to a height of about 6ft the first day, and then, generally speaking, he would spell a day, and then continue daily until the job was done. He did not think it necessary to let the first lot wilt a little before making a start, except with, say, very green material, such as the first cut of lucerne. Generally, our grasses were sufficiently dry to do without wilting. If they were at all doubtful, take the temperature, and if it reached 130 they could go on to 150, but must pile the material on quicker and kill the heat. As regards a round stack, he had never made one, but he knew of settlers who had good results, and possibly it might minimise the waste, but he preferred a stack nearly square. As regards sour and sweet silage, one was perhaps as good as the other, but the sour was more obnoxious to work; in fact, even our own kind kept away if they had much to do with sour silage. However, the cattle were very fond of it, and did well on it.

Questioned as to whether it was better to open the whole stack, or cut the silage out in sections, Mr. Deem said he favored the latter. Certainly the air did penetrate where cut, but taking from the cut he thought one would lose a little unless he could take some all over the stacks every day or so. The best way to get earth was to dig a space around the stack, and then refill again when the earth was removed. He thought in time silage would be more general, and although with soft turnips probably cows may give a little more milk, he thought they would be in better condition on silage.

Accuse not another of a crime, from which you cannot clear yourself.—St. Pacian

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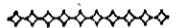
There are two kinds of people on earth to-day;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the sinner and the saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for, to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health;
Not the humble and proud, for, in life's span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No, the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just two classes;
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

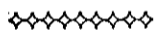
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?



GOD'S WORLD AND MAN'S WORLD.

Here is a gem of thought well worth considering from
an anonymous author:—

"It is not God's world, with its love and friendship
and little children, its fields and flowers, sea and sky,
sunlight and starlight, and sweet consolations of art and
song, against which we are bidden to beware. No, it is
man's world—the world which devotes itself to gain, or to
the wish to be somebody in society, to the frittering away
of time in fashionable frivolity, or in struggling to outdo
our neighbor, not in the purity of our lives or the dignity
of our actions, but in our clothes, our carriages, and the
company we keep. This world it is which cannot be
rightly loved by one in whom dwelleth the love of the
Father."



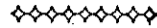
THE LOVE OF GOD.

Those who have learned to love the Divine Heart are
taught day by day to appreciate more and more the won-
drous love that was manifested towards the human race
when Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist. Then
learn, too, to form a right estimate of the coldness and
indifference with which Our Lord is treated in this Sacra-
ment of His Love, and they are inspired with a desire not
merely to cultivate a tender affection in their own hearts,
but to spread the devotion to all mankind.

Attendance at the daily Mass and Communion, if
possible, or a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, reading
spiritual books, are means by which we may foster devotion
to the Blessed Sacrament, and by the influence of our
example bring others to a closer union with God. To
numberless Catholics in our day the reproach of Our Lord
might truthfully be repeated: "There hath stood One in
the midst of you whom you know not." So many act as
if they were unaware of the Sacred Presence patiently
waiting in the tabernacle to receive the homage and love of
His children.

His return to us on our altars at Mass, at Communion,
is not simply that we might worship, but that the need
we have of sweetness in religion might be amply supplied.
We must approach His presence, gather about Him, for
the refreshment of our lives, to break down the hideous
monotony of our work, to add the brightness of love to the
grey streets and greyer skies. Not holiness alone, but the
beauty of holiness, is required to bind our hearts, our
whole souls, to God. The child, which with its wistful
trust demands protection, asks for something more than
strong defence; it needs also the warm welcome of love.

And in so far are we all children we need the gentleness
and mercy of God to be made manifest, else we shall be
too frightened to go on. If religion is to mean much to
me, I must approach the altar of the sweetness of God
that giveth joy to my youth.



THE FEAR OF DEATH: A RELIGION GOOD TO DIE IN.

There is an old saying, attributed to many authors,
that the Catholic religion may not be an easy religion to
live in, but is a good religion to die in. Bishop Vaughan,
in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, demonstrates the truth
of the second half of this saying by interesting examples
drawn from his own observation and from the history of
Catholic deathbeds. To see how some great Catholics have
faced the adventure of death is one of the best arguments
for the truth of our holy religion, and a source of consola-
tion to all mortals who must one day pass into their eter-
nity.

Death is a punishment justly inflicted by God on man
on account of sin. Therefore it is but natural that man
should stand in some fear of it. But it has been remarked
as one of the mercies vouchsafed by our Heavenly Father
that this fear, which persists as long as a man is in
health, generally disappears when death actually ap-
proaches.

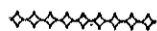
Cardinal Manning's explanation of this phenomenon
is this: "So long as God intends a man to live, He instils
into Him the fear of death; when He intends Him to die,
He mercifully withdraws this fear, so that most people at
the very last deliver up their souls into the hands of God
as peacefully and as calmly as a healthy child composes
himself to sleep."

St. Teresa found that it was harder to suffer than to
die. Indeed, St. Teresa, like St. Paul and other saints
in whom the love of God had grown so strong that they
longed "to be dissolved and to be with Him," had a fear
of life rather than a fear of death.

"When Cardinal Wiseman was on his deathbed," writes
Bishop Vaughan, "he is reported to have said that he had
no misgivings, but felt full of joy, like a schoolboy going
home." The great theologian, Suarez, during life had an
almost abnormal fear of death; yet, when it was actually
on him, he smiled as he exclaimed: "I little thought how
sweet a thing it is to die."

A few years ago a holy religious was dying, and one
of his companions, after he had given him Extreme Unc-
tion, asked him if he were not terrified at the thought of
meeting Our Divine Lord. "What!" he exclaimed,
"afraid to meet Him Whom I have served and labored
for during the past forty years, and Who is charity itself?
Certainly not; I would be much more afraid to meet the
Provincial."

Death may be regarded from two points of view: as a
punishment of original sin or as the especially appointed
means of attaining our sublime destiny. Considered from
the first point of view it is only natural that we should
fear death and dread its approach, but from the second
we should look forward to it as our friend and deliverer.
A holy man once wrote that "although it be in anyone's
power to deprive thee of life, yet nobody, not even the
uncontrollable violence of kings, can deprive thee of
death."—*Pilot*.



THE PALLID MOON.

Oh, why is the moon in the purple sky
So pallid white?
A pageant of glory is going by
That is Gods delight.
When the stars are glad, can the moon be sad
In the middle night?

Oh, the moon through the ages can never forget
A garden glade,
And the Saviour's robes all crimson wet
In the ugly shade.
The shadowing hills and the shadowing trees
All paint afresh bitter memories;
Gethsemane has made.

—DARREL DAMIEN, in *Messenger*.

Thos. Munro

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TEACHER'S IGNORANCE.

The class was asked by the teacher to give the first letter of the name of a flower, and she would complete it.

One pupil said "R."

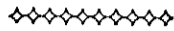
The teacher guessed "Rose" correctly.

Several others followed, with the same result, until one little girl said "O."

The teacher guessed, but all in vain. After trying several names, she gave it up, and asked the author of the poser what flower she had in mind.

Very proudly the ingenious scholar rose to her feet and glanced scathingly at the ignorant teacher.

"I means 'Oll'ock'! she cried.



HIS REASON.

"I've often heard that virtue is its own reward," said an old gentleman to the writer, recently, "and so I do not attempt to interfere with the arrangement in the future."

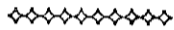
He had been crossing the street, when a gust of wind removed his silk hat, which rolled under the wheels of a passing omnibus.

As the old gentleman picked up his battered headgear he was greeted with a yell of laughter from a gang of boys at the corner of the street.

Turning furiously, with the intention of reading his tormentors a lesson, the old gentleman paused as he found one boy wearing anything but a cheerful expression.

"My boy," he said effusively, "you're the only little gentleman in the party. Here's a shilling for you. Now, tell me, why didn't you laugh with your companions?"

"Because, sir," replied the youngster, pocketing the coin, "I'd my back turned and didn't see the fun!"



SMILE RAISERS.

Mother (to Bobby playing on the floor): "Bobby, how many times have I told you not to beat that drum?"

Bobby: "Six, mother."



Mrs. de Smythe: "We had a lovely time last night. We had a box at the theatre."

Mrs. de Browne: "Yes? Chocolates, weren't they? We saw you in the gallery eating something."



"Do you think, Professor," said the ambitious youth, "that I shall ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

"Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to raise the neighborhood in case of invasion."



A teacher, in reply to questions, stated that "trickling" was another word for running, and that "anecdote" meant a short tale.

He then asked the children to construct a sentence containing these words.

One of the answers was: "A dog was trickling down the street with a tin-can tied to its anecdote."



Teacher: "Willie, what is ratio?"

Willie: "Ratio is proportion, sir."

Teacher: "But what is proportion?"

Willie: "Why, sir, proportion is ratio."

Teacher: "But what are ratio and proportion both?"

Willie: "I'm sorry, sir; but I can only answer one question at a time."



"I say, old man," inquired the friend, "do you mean to tell me that you like living in the country? Now, be quite frank and honest about it—do you like it?"

"Of course I like it," replied the host.

"But tell me, what do you find to do with yourself in the evenings out here?"

"Oh, I go to town."

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The Birth of the Telephone.

Probably at any stage in the development of civilisation it must have seemed to the majority of men that the age of absolutely new inventions was over and that all fresh devices would consist of refinements upon existing instruments (says the *Manchester Guardian*). A departure like the first telephone—the death of its inventor, Alexander Graham Bell, is just announced—is a particularly good example of the way in which this line of thought is periodically falsified. There was nothing in nature to suggest, at any rate to most laymen, the possibility of sending the human voice over a wire; Bell started from the beginning on the task of turning an intellectual conception into a fact. Stories of sudden inspiration from some workroom accident have no place in the real history of his telephone. Its young inventor was primarily an authority on voice production and a teacher of the deaf, and it was his researches into turning sounds into visible signs which led him to the conception of an instrument which should not record but transmit the human voice. At the beginning of his experiments he seems to have known more about physiology than electricity; one of his early pieces of investigation was actually carried out with a human ear from a medical school, in order to observe the way in which the fragile ear-drum transmitted infinitely delicate vibrations through heavier bone substance. When he had conceived a receiving instrument of metal which should work on somewhat analogous lines, he turned to electricity as the best method of carrying the necessary vibrations. In his own words, he knew "practically nothing" of the scientific aspect of electricity, but he set to work to master enough of it to be able to make it the servant of his theory, and one summer afternoon in 1875 the theory was justified in its instrument, and sounds were successfully transmitted and received over an electrified wire. Less than a year later its inventor could send his own voice over the same wire, and two months afterwards the first practical telephone was on view at an exhibition in Philadelphia. Thanks to the way in which the problem had been approached, the telephone was one of those inventions which to all intents and purposes are born full-grown. The engineer of the first Atlantic cable, afterwards known as Lord Kelvin, saw to his wonderment this early instrument at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and pronounced it perfect in principle. That principle has since been refined and extended, but even in its early days Bell's telephone was capable of transmitting the human voice over some three or four hundred miles.

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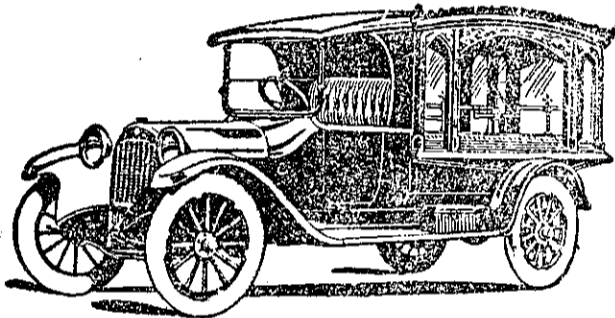
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