

and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonor it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valor and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government,

Thomas J. Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada, Thomas MacDonagh, P. H. Pearse, Eamonn Ceannt, James Connolly, Joseph Plunkett.

## The Song to which they marched to Victory

### SOLDIERS OF ERIN.

I'll sing you a song, a soldier's song,  
With cheery rousing chorus,  
As round our blazing fires we throng  
The starry heavens o'er us,  
Impatient for the coming fight  
While we await the morning's light,  
Here in the silence of the night  
We'll chant a soldier's song.

### CHORUS.

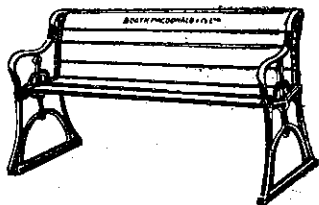
Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland.  
Some have come from a land beyond the wave,  
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient Sireland  
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.  
To-night we man the barnabweel  
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal,  
'Mid cannon's roar and rifles peal,  
We'll chant a soldier's song.

In valleys green, on towering crag,  
Our fathers fought before us.  
They conquered 'neath the same old flag  
That now is floating o'er us.  
We're children of a fighting race  
That never yet has known disgrace  
Then forward, march, the foe to face  
And chant a soldier's song.

Sons of the Gael! Men of the Pale!  
The long watched day is breaking,  
The serried ranks of Innisfail  
Have set our tyrants quaking.  
Our camp fires now are burning low,  
See in the east a crimson glow,  
Out yonder lies our Saxon foe,  
Then chant a soldier's song.

"The people, thank God, amidst their present sufferings, are good and fervent Catholics," said Cardinal Logue a short time ago at Omeath, "but when peace comes," he went on, "I trust that the old days of the Irish Church will come back again, that the country will be studded with religious houses of men and women, and that as it won the title at the beginning it will preserve it to the end—the glorious title of the Island of Saints."

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## Answers to Correspondents

INQUIRER.—Regret delay in answering but it could not be helped. Marconi's mother was a Miss O'Brien, an Irish Protestant. Moral: don't bet until you are sure. That's not sporting but it is sound.

P.O. (Mitcham).—Same regrets as above and same excuse. The priest you ask about was for a time in the place you mention in Ireland but is now in the United States.

E.C. MCKENZIE writes to us in support of trial by jury, by twelve good men and true, rather than by a Government official. In the abstract he is quite right, but, alas! in the concrete it is hard to find the twelve good men and true, so hard that a Catholic would rather risk facing the judge than a packed jury of bigots. If even ten just men could not be found in Sodom and Gomorrah what hope is there of finding twelve in Massey's Murderland?

C.T.—We will have the *Tablet* sent to your Auckland address until the strenuous business engagements that demand your attention about Boxing Day are over. Without desiring unduly to occupy your time, we beg you to accept our best wishes for a prosperous Christmas. As we know you are a busy man on a holiday we will trespass no further than to hope that the leaden chain of your cares of the year shall end in a silver link. When you come south again don't say that we meant to say things that we did not mean to say.

INQUIRER (Taihape).—Your letter reached us too late to send information by the date you indicated. In any case it is not our custom to reply by letter to correspondents' queries. When we are allowed a private secretary we may be able to induce him to do so in his spare moments. The Black-and-Tans were so called because they wore black belts and caps over the tan of the khaki uniform. They were under control of the British Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. There is no doubt that many of them were criminals.

## BOOK NOTICES

*The Catholic Diary*, 1922, Edited by a priest. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, London. Cloth 2/- net, leather 4/- net.

*The Catholic Diary* has made so many friends during the fourteen years of its life that a recommendation is almost superfluous. It gives us a wealth of information in a handy form, besides a diary for the whole year that begins on each page with a mention of the liturgical feast of the day, and ends with a devotional thought in prose or verse. Taking a page at random we get:

"January 16, Monday. S. Marcellus, P.M., 308; sd., red.

Ireland, St. Fursey, Ab., 650.

O.P. ; B. Stephana, v.d.

"All things are best fulfilled in their own time—and time there is for all things."

*The Ideal of Reparation*, by Raoul Plus, S.J., Translated by Madame Cecilia. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, London; 4/6 net.

"The world will be saved when we have a sufficient number of souls devoted to Reparation, and not before." These words give us the note of this devotional work, translated from the French by Madame Cecilia. The author explains clearly and eloquently why Reparation should be made, who should make it, and how it ought be made. Catholics who have a true devotion to the Sacred Heart will appreciate this book.

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