

suffered during the heart-breaking warfare in her country. She spoke of the many raids on their home when she was alone with her little children—raids when her husband was being sought. Those had been days and nights of torture, waiting, always waiting, for news that her husband had not been run down, for he spent night on night, month on month, fleeing his pursuers. "And I never knew from hour to hour what news would come of him."

Her visit to the United States last year came as a respite. I was only free of distress when I knew my husband was in prison. When they were hunting him it was terrible. He had so little peace. And our home life was so destroyed.

But she would not dwell on that topic. "No one who has all her loved ones still alive has a right to complain. I am silent before those brave women who bear the grief of death. I have always said I could bear anything but that—not death! And yet I know, or rather I feel sometimes, that the dead are further along than we are," she added mystically. "Perhaps they are happier. And we would be false to our honored dead if we accepted now less than the thing for which they died. On the other hand, we must do everything in our power to stop the cruel warfare against our people. God will help us!" Her faith in God is absolute.

Mrs. Michael O'Callaghan, the young widow of the late Mayor of Limerick, who was assassinated in his home, joined us at this point in the conversation, and discussion turned to tragedy, as it does sooner or later in an Irish gathering. Mrs. O'Callaghan said she preferred the way her husband came to his end—shot in her presence—rather than the agony of Mrs. MacSweeney's trial at watching her husband die on hunger-strike. Mrs. de Valera thought it would be easier to endure the latter ordeal.

As I had just crossed the Atlantic Mrs. de Valera asked me about the Prohibition movement in the United States—it is well known that nearly all the Sinn Feiners are teetotallers. What had the women had to do with it, she wanted to know. She did not reveal what she herself thought about the virtue or vice of Prohibition. But she wanted to know on which side the women threw their influence.

She asked me about the new movement of women in the United States toward abolishing sex discriminations. "I am interested," she said, "in making the home a better place for women. I realise that as far as we can see ahead, the majority of women will function in the home, and there will lie the centre around which to raise the standards."

We spoke of her visit to the United States. "I only stayed six weeks," she said. "You see, my husband was so frightfully busy that even then I scarcely saw anything of him. So I came back to my children, who needed me more than he did." And I thought I detected an inevitable sadness, not complaint, of the very feminine woman who has perforce to give up her husband almost entirely to a movement.

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1918.

Dew-pearled cobwebs glitter on green boughs,
Beneath our feet the grass is wet with dew,
It seems as if this clear dawn must arouse
Our broken world to something strange and new.

Deep in the high-built fortress of the pines,
Lost to her stars dark night imprisoned lies,
Near my hushed soul in peace a white rose shines,
Like a new dream down flung from ancient skies.

Alas, the bugles on the distant plain—
The guns break forth with their insistent din,
The dews of noon-day leave a crimson stain
On grass, that all men's feet must wander in.

Oh, singing splendor of the morning furled,
About the souls of trees, the hearts of flowers.
Have you no dream of beauty for the world—
This bitter blood-stained world we men call ours?

—EVA GORE-BOOTH.

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LOURDES AND IRELAND

(By Mrs. Michael Sullivan, in the Dublin *Leader*.)

During the late years of the terrible war which has laid Europe low, and when the French had taken over the supreme command of the army, a French acquaintance said to me:—"Now, for the first time since 1870, it is asked—What does France think?" Soon, I hope that we Irish will be able to say likewise and to rejoice at once again having the management of our own affairs and at feeling sure that we, too, shall be asked—What does Ireland think? Early in July I visited Lourdes and there, on the notices outside the churches of the Grotto, was a printed paragraph asking, and sanctioning the asking of, the pilgrims for prayers for Ireland. These notices tell the pilgrims the hour of their Mass at the Grotto and also the hours of their other devotions, and consequently are read by very many. Some say Ireland is unknown to the average French man or woman. I never found it so. The French, on being told that one is Irish, immediately recognise an inhabitant of a friendly country, one of their own religion, and one whose tone of thought differs little from their own. The language question does puzzle them a bit, but the French are not alone in that. I remember a professor from Fribourg, in Baden, saying to me:—"I regret I cannot talk to you in your native language, but I know middle and ancient Irish; these I found necessary to study and to be acquainted with in order to possess a good knowledge of the subject I profess in our University."

For those who have Catholic beliefs Lourdes is an entrancing spot. Once one passes the gates leading into the grounds of the Grotto—and these gates stand open—one sees no buying or selling; no need to say as did Our Lord, "You have made a den of thieves of My Father's house." True there is a tiny little room close by the Grotto where religious objects, candles, etc., can be purchased, but this is an exception, and it did not seem to me that the proprietors pushed their wares; and, I must add, this little store is a great convenience, as from where it stands to the nearest spot where one could buy a drinking cup or a candle is very considerable. What I wish to convey, is that in the grounds of the Grotto, and they are extensive, there is not the usual crowd selling, yes, plaguing one to buy something and making it impossible to keep one's mind on the one thing needful. The management of Lourdes is excellent. During all these years since Our Blessed Lady, through Bernadette, made it known to the wide world, Lourdes has retained its deeply religious aspect, and there one almost forgets the outside world. The excursions are not boomed, and although Tarbes is only 25 minutes by train from Lourdes and is the birthplace of General Foch and the home of his parents, there were no placards announcing this fact. The French form the bulk of the pilgrims. Pilgrims come from other countries. The "Catholic Young Men"—I presume that that very excellent society of Catholic young men is known to all readers of the *Leader*—personally conducts a pilgrimage of Irish Catholics to Lourdes every year. They make arrangements to be in Lourdes for the magnificent festivities of August 15. But France sends her sons and her daughters there in their thousands, and they do pray and with such fervor, just as the Irish pray, knowing full well that Our Lady of Lourdes will intercede with her Divine Son for all of us. Everything in and around the Grotto is free—no charge—free entrance at all hours to all the churches. The baths are free. One can drink as much of the water as suit's one's taste and, in addition, can carry away as much of it as one likes or is able to carry; water is fairly heavy. Taking charge of a supply of Lourdes water on a long journey is not free from trouble.

As far as I can, I will incite and lead others on to love God with all their heart above all things.—St. Francis of Assisi.

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