

NOTES

Spain

Our acquaintance with Spain is in a very real sense only superficial. Touching a country here and there along its coast does not bring knowledge, for of all towns sea-ports are likely to be least characteristic of the national spirit of the people. But the desire to see more of that great old Catholic land grows with time, and, we hope, draws near fulfilment. Italy was a land to satisfy the heart, and residence for years in Rome left an abiding nostalgia ever since. France seemed colder in many ways, and there was nothing at all in Portugal of the homely feeling which "orphans of the heart" experience not only in Rome but all through Italy. From accounts received from those who tramped among the Spanish hills on sunny days of *Lehrjahren*, were begotten dreams of a people and of towns and of landscapes which might once more bring such joy of life as came of first knowledge and first love of *la bella Italia*. So, when somebody said the other day: "What about coming to Spain next year?" It was easy to answer, "Barkus is willing." Apart from other things, Spain is a sort of curiosity nowadays. It is almost the only country that kept its head during the epidemic of propaganda of which the war was born: the only country in which the people cannot now say to the Government: "You lied to us and you deceived us and you sent us to die for lies during five years."

England and Spain

It is natural that Catholics should look to Spain with love and pride. Protestant England does not do that. During the Spanish-American War, Salisbury contemptuously spoke of Spain as "the dead nation." Spain remembered, and when the English people were reeling under the shock of a particularly disgraceful and decisive defeat by a handful of Boer farmers, Spain telegraphed to Salisbury: "The dead nation salutes you now." But if Protestant England only knew, its debt to Spain is not small. At any rate, Sir Mark Sykes, a brave gentleman and a statesman who was exceptional in having principles to go by once said:

"We must ever be grateful to Spain for having given us the Elizabethan era. Without the sharp lash of apprehension which the Armada laid upon this country, Shakspeare might have been an egotistical, purposeless, and fatuous cynic, Raleigh a sordid ruffian, Drake a self-seeking adventurer, Elizabeth a miserly old woman, England a parcel of factions composed of babblers and cravens. Spain flogged England into Imperialism. The English above all people love Don Quixote because he is the father of many English sons. Hudibras is Quixote in a political pamphlet. Sir Roger de Coverley is Quixote with unobscured intelligence. Parson Adams is Quixote in Orders, Colonel Newcome is Quixote pure and simple, Pickwick is a Don Quixote of peace in white tights and black gaiters. It is delightful to think that if Sancho Panza had never been tossed in a blanket Sam Weller would never have been cross-examined by Sergeant Buzfuz. What Cervantes did for English literature perhaps Velasquez achieved for English painting. Just as Columbus showed the way to English sailors, so has Velasquez led English painters to truthful observation."

Shakspeare as a Motor Expert

There is a common opinion among the people of this generation who think they know more than their fathers that Shakspeare was only a poor benighted, backwashed bloke (excuse the term but that's how they put it) who didn't have sense enough to know when he was alive. We hereby produce documentary evidence (borrowed gratefully from the *Catholic Herald of India*) to prove that the Bard of Avon was as up-to-date as any joy-riding Percy or Ermentrude of our day:

"I will remedy this gear ere long."—Henry VI., part II.

"The' dust hath blinded them."—Henry VI., part II.

"I like the new tire."—*Much Ado About Nothing*.
"As horns are odious they are necessary."—*As You Like It*.

"I show thee the best springs."—*The Tempest*.
"As one would set up a top."—*Coriolanus*.

"Marks upon his battered shield."—*Titus Andronicus*.

"Had it been all the worth of his car."—*Cymbeline*.

"And you, sir, for this chain arrested me."—*Comedy of Errors*.

"Humbleness may drive unto a fine."—*Merchant of Venice*.

"How quickly should you speed."—*Hamlet*.

"Our lamp is spent, it's out."—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

"An't please you, deliver."—*Coriolanus*.

"I have Ford enough."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

On Being Up to Date

Old-timers who were educated according to a system which had behind it the wisdom and experience of centuries which used to produce thinkers believed a lot of things which are scuffed at by the illustrious pupils produced by a system dependent on fads begotten of the dreams of a Rousseau, a Herbart, a Froebel, a Spencer, or a Flexner. The first and most essential difference between the old products and the new is that while the former were taught to grapple with difficulties and to do hard thinking the latter are encouraged to follow the line of least resistance, and education means for them something like what an irreverent youth found technical schooling to be: "What do you do in your Practical Chemistry class?" said the visitor. "Oh, just coddin' and breakin' glass," replied the boy. Old-timers also learned that they had souls, and that the soul was more important than the body. A very ancient sentence was impressed on them in early life: it was this: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and to suffer the loss of his own soul?" Consequently they thought a good deal about and a great deal of the soul, and they were disposed to be careful lest they should do anything that might result in losing it. The youth to-day are, on the other hand, encouraged to think they have no souls, and that to gain the whole world or even a slice of it is their whole end in being. They are not even taught to put themselves out in order to do this. Respect for age, reverence of parents and superiors are of no account. Youth takes the first place at the banquet and says most in the senate: self-restraint and self-knowledge not finding room in the programme of the modern pedagogue. Youth grabs the newspaper in the home, and probably wipes his boots with it when his majesty has read it: for to worry about the convenience of others is not youth's way now. Youth reads nothing, studies nothing, but is ready to talk with absolute and infallible cocksureness on every topic under the sun. In fact only one thing is wanting to them. That is, to see themselves as others see them.

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