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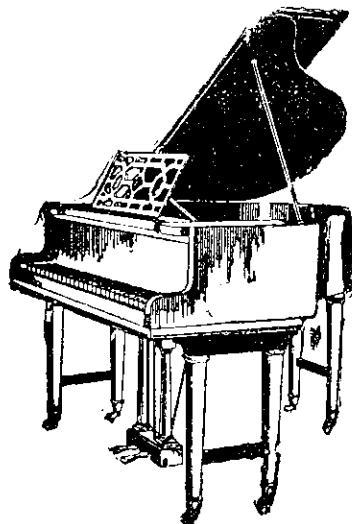
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 22, Sunday.—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 23, Monday.—St. Appollinaris, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 24, Tuesday.—Vigil of St. James, Apostle.
 „ 25, Wednesday.—St. James, Apostle.
 „ 26, Thursday.—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 27, Friday.—St. Pantaleon, Martyr.
 „ 28, Saturday.—SS. Nazarius and Celsus, Martyrs.

St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Anne is proposed to the faithful as a perfect model of a wife and mother, and as the special patron of those who have entered the married state, or are entrusted with the care of children.

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St. James was a brother of St. John the Evangelist, and a near relative of the Blessed Virgin. After Pentecost he preached to the Jews, who, having left Judea, had found homes in the neighboring countries. According to a very ancient tradition, he voyaged to Spain, which honors him as its patron. Going to Jerusalem in 43, he was apprehended and beheaded by order of King Agrippa for teaching the doctrines of Christ

Grains of Gold

A WISH.

I wish I were the little key
 That locks Love's Captive in,
 And lets Him out to go and free
 A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
 That tinkles for the Host,
 When God comes down each day to dwell
 With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair,
 That holds the Blood of Love,
 When every gleam lights holy prayer
 Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
 So near the Host's sweet face,
 Or like the light that half an hour
 Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
 As on His mother's breast,
 Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
 In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh my God, I wish the most
 That my poor heart may be
 A home all holy for each Host
 That comes in love to me.

—A. J. RYAN.

REFLECTIONS.

Let us all kneel, and jointly beseech the true and living God Almighty, in His mercy, to defend us from the haughty and fierce enemy; for He knows that we have undertaken a just war for the safety of our nation.—St. Oswald.

The Church prays everywhere, not only for saints and the already regenerated in Christ, but for all infidels, and enemies of the Cross of Christ.—St. Prosper.

We live as about to die to-morrow; we build as about to live for ever in this world. Our walls, our ceilings, the capitals of our pillars shine with gold, while Christ, naked and hungry, dies at our doors in the person of a poor man.—St. Jerome.

Let your monasteries be the homes of the sick, your cell a hired chamber, your chapel the parish church, your cloister the streets of the town and the wards of the hospitals, your rule obedience, your grating the fear of God.—St. Vincent of Paul.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—MAT DONOVAN AT HOME.

"God save all here," said Billy Heffernan, as he closed the door behind him.

"God save you kindly," replied Mrs. Donovan, raising her spectacles to look at him. She was about adding the usual "sit down an' rest," but Billy had already taken possession of the bench against the partition by the fireside. So Mrs. Donovan pulled down her spectacles over her eyes and went on with her darning.

"What news?" she asked as she opened the wick of the candle with the darning needle, to give herself more light.

"Nothing strange," replied Billy, looking round the house, "I thought Phil Lahy was here."

"He wasn't here since I was below," replied Mat, who was cutting a strip from a piece of horse-skin to make a gad for his flail.

"Faith, Billy," said Mat's sister Nelly, "'tis a cure for sore eyes to see you in this direction. Here, card a few rows uv this for me."

She laid a handful of wool on the end of the bench upon which Billy sat, and then presented him with a pair of cards.

"'Twould be time for you to stop," said her mother. "Where is the use of killing yourself that way?"

"As soon as I have this cuppeen filled I'll stop," she replied.

And Nelly returned to her wheel—to the hum of which the grating of the wire-toothed cards was added, as Billy Heffernan went on converting the wool into rolls so soft and light that the sudden opening of the door blew some of them from the bench down upon the hearth.

The door was opened by a slatternly woman, smelling of soap-suds and snuff. After thrusting her dishevelled hair under a very dirty cap with borders that flapped backwards and forwards without any visible cause, and pulling up the heel of a man's brogue, which she wore as a slipper upon her stockingless foot, she announced the object of her visit to be "a squeeze of the blue rag."

"'Tis there in the drawer of the dresser," said Mrs. Donovan, coldly.

She got the article she wanted, which was a small piece of flannel tied with a string into something like a rude purse.

"'Tis button blue," she remarked, feeling what was tied up in the piece of flannel.

"No, 'tis slate blue," rejoined Mrs. Donovan, in no civil tone.

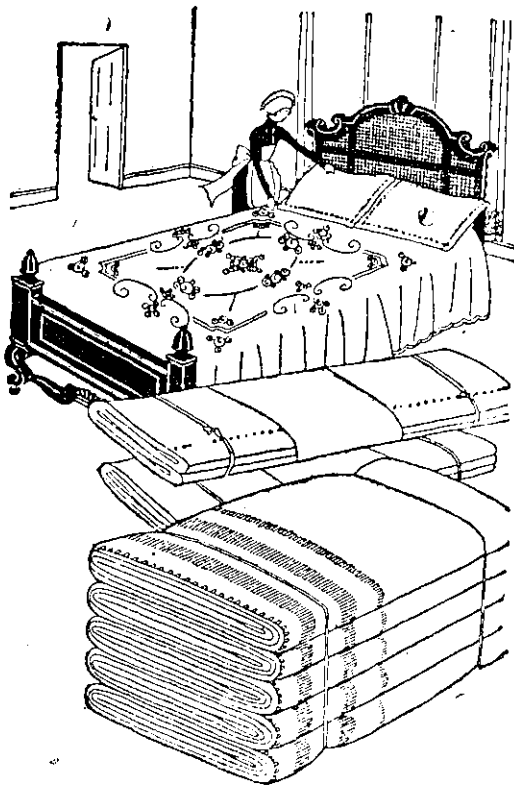
The slatternly woman took a black bottle from her pocket, and, after holding it between her and the light, and turning it in various directions, extracted the cork with her teeth. Then throwing back her head, she held the bottle, bottom upwards, over her open mouth for several seconds.

"The devil a duge," she exclaimed, replacing the cork, and striking it with the palm of her hand. "This is the second three half-pints I'm goin' for for 'em," she added; "though they never as much as axed me had I a mouth on me."

"Who are they?" Mrs. Donovan asked.

"Dick and Paddy Casey, Andy Dooley, and Phil Lahy," she replied. "Single-hand. Wheel out for a half-pint."

"Faith, if I'm to wait for Phil," thought Billy Heffernan, as he presented the last roll of the wool on the back of the card to Nelly. "'tis a long wait I'll have, I'm afraid. An' if I don't wait, Honor'll think I didn't mind what she said to me. An' maybe Norah'd think it bad uv me." This last reflection decided Billy Heffernan to wait for Phil Lahy; and he knew his man sufficiently well to be pretty sure that he would call to Mat Donovan's on his way home, and try to make his wife believe that it was at Mat Donovan's he had been all the time.



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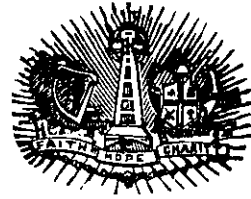
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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
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"Look at them"—here a difficulty presents itself: we are not sure whether it be possible to convey by means of the English alphabet the only name ever given to potatoes in Knocknagow. "Pratics" would be laughed at as a vulgarism only worthy of a spalpeen from Kerry, while "potatoes" was considered too genteel except for ladies and gentlemen and schoolmasters. The nearest approach we can make to the word we were about writing is "puetas" or "p'yehtes."

"See if them puetas is goin' to bile," said Mat Donovan; "t'would be time for 'em."

Billy Heffernan anticipated Nelly before she could stop her wheel, and raised the wooden lid from the pot.

"The white horse is on 'em," said he.

Nelly now having "filled the cuppeen"—that is, spun as much thread as the spindle could carry—placed her wheel against the wall, and drew a very white deal table to the middle of the floor. Upon the table she spread a cloth as clean, but scarcely so white as itself—for it was of homespun unbleached canvas—and upon the cloth she laid a single white plate with a blue rim, and three very old black-handled knives, with the blades worn to a point and very short. Taking a small saucepan or porringer from a nail in the wall, she half filled it with spring water and put it down to boil on a red sod of turf which she took from the centre of the fire with the tongs, and broke upon the hearthstone. Thrusting the tongs into the pot, she took a potato and felt it in her left hand, which was covered with the corner of her apron, and then laid it smoking on the table-cloth. The pressure of her hand did not break the potato, but she knew by the feel it was boiled to the "heart." Whipping the pot from the fire she emptied its contents into a boat-shaped basket placed over a tub, to drain off the water. Nelly Donovan then "threw out" the potatoes on the table, adroitly catching one or two that were rolling away and placing them on the top of the pile.

Her mother now took off her spectacles, making many wry faces as she did so, for they had got entangled in her white hair, or she imagined they had—which came to the same thing—and placed them on the upper shelf of the dresser. The dresser was of deal like the table, and scoured, if possible, into a more snowy whiteness. It was pretty well furnished with plates with blue rims, and some cups and saucers in which red and green predominated, a sturdy little black earthenware teapot, half-a-dozen iron spoons fixed in slits in the edge of the top shelf, which top shelf was crowned with a row of shining pewter plates, and two large circular dishes of the same metal—relics of the good old times when "a pig's head and a bolster of cabbage" used to be no rarity to them.

Having placed her spectacles upon the upper shelf, and her darning needle and the half-mended stocking in one of the two drawers under the lower shelf of this imposing article of furniture, Mrs. Donovan smoothed down her apron, and took her accustomed place at the table. She was a quiet, decent-looking woman, with a sad, care-worn face, but tranquil and contented at the same time. Her well-starched cap was scrupulously clean, and her grey hair carefully smoothed over her temples. She wore a small, yellowish shawl pinned over her dark brown stuff gown, and a white cotton kerchief under it, which was visible at the throat and round her neck. Her hand, as she rested it on the table, appeared bony and shrivelled, and it could be seen that the gold wedding ring was now too large for the finger it once fitted tightly enough—which made it necessary for her to wear a smaller ring of brass, as a guard.

"Put up that flail, Mat," she said, somewhat reproachfully, "and sit down to your supper."

Mat tucked up his cuffs; and, after washing his hands in a wooden basin—always called a "cup"—and drying them on a strip of canvas that hung from a peg in the wall, he, too, sat at the table, exclaiming, as he pushed some of the potatoes out of the way, and laid the small iron candlestick on the middle of the table:

"Put the priest in the middle of the parish."

Then seizing a good-sized potato, he looked admiringly first at one side and then at the other. It was white and floury, and altogether a tempting object for a hungry man to look at. There was even something appetising in the

steam that curled up from it. In fact, the potatoes were remarkably good potatoes, notwithstanding the bad name Mat had given them to Miss Mary Kearney when he pronounced them "desavers."

During this time Nelly Donovan was engaged in cooking a salt herring on a small gridiron, which was constructed by simply bending a piece of thin rod iron, zig-zag, into something like the outline of a hand with the fingers extended, traced with a burnt stick upon the wall, and bringing the ends of the iron together and twisting them into a handle, which might represent a very attenuated arm to the hand aforesaid. When the herring was done, she tossed it on the plate, and poured some of the boiling water out of the porringer upon it for sauce.

And now the repast being prepared, Nelly sat down to partake of her share.

"Won't you come an' ate, Billy," she said, turning to their silent visitor.

"No, thankee," he replied, "I'm afther my supper."

"Oh, wisha! wisha!" Nelly exclaimed, discontentedly, as she glanced at the table, "how well I should forget." She stood up and opened the door; but seeing that the night was dark and the wind rising, she turned to Billy Heffernan and said, "Come out wud me, Billy."

He left his bench in the chimney corner, and followed her out. They returned in a minute or two, and after washing something in a black, glazed earthenware pan, and drying her hands, Nelly laid two small leeks on the table near her mother.

The meal then commenced, but Nelly started up again, exclaiming:

"Bad cess to me, but there's somethin' comin' over me."

She selected half-a-dozen of the best potatoes and laid them in a semi-circle round the fire to roast, and again took her place at the table.

The worn knives were used to peel the potatoes—though towards the conclusion of the meal, Nelly sometimes fell into a contemplative mood and did the peeling with the nail of her thumb—but all three helped themselves with their fingers to the herring, which they took in minute pinches, as if they were merely trying how it tasted.

Billy Heffernan left his bench and sat upon a straw-bottom chair in front of the fire, so that his back was towards the table—the Irish peasant always considering it rude to stare at people while eating. And as he was turning the "roasters" with the tongs, a laugh from Nelly, clear and musical as ever rang through festal hall, made him look round. Mat, it appeared, was making great inroads upon the herring, the backbone of which was well nigh laid bare from the head to the tail. He had his hand stretched out to help himself to a second pinch, by way of supplement to an unconscionably large pinch he had just taken, when his sister snatched away the plate. Mat, finding his finger and thumb close upon vacancy, opened his mouth, not to add the supplemental pinch to its contents, but in blank amazement; and as he stared at his sister, she laughed till she was obliged to wipe the tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron. Even her mother's sad face relaxed into a smile; which, however, was followed by a forced look of reproach, as she requested Nelly to "behave herself." Mat now rested the handle of his knife on the table with the air of a man who had made a good meal, and was pretty well satisfied. All three, in fact, paused as if the work in hand were completed. But Nelly, going to the fire, took up the "roasters," which served the purpose of a second course, and placed three of them before Mat and two before her mother, reserving one for herself. These being disposed of after the manner of tarts or some such delicacies, Mat Donovan leant back luxuriously in his straw-bottom chair for a minute or two. Then hastily making the sign of the cross, he stood up, and, dipping a cup in a pail of spring water which rested on a stone slab under the little window, Mat Donovan took a draught with a relish that drinkers of champagne dream not of. He then placed the little iron candlestick on the window, while his sister set about clearing away the table, and joined Billy Heffernan at the fire.

Mat Donovan's house was on the top of a hill where two roads met; and the candle in the little window was a beaconlight to many a splashed and weary wayfarer during

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the dark winter nights. In fact, his latch was often raised not only by his neighbors who came in for a "shannahus" of an evening, but travellers who were accustomed to pass the way made it a point to light their pipes at the bright turf fire, or in the hot summer days to take a draught from the pail under the little window, which was sure to be found at all hours and seasons as fresh as in the well under the whitethorn in the "rnsy field" near the bridge.

"Have you the flute, Billy?" Mat asked, as he sat in the chair which Billy had again left for the bench in the corner.

"No," was the reply: "I left id at home."

"I'll engage he hasn't," said Nelly. "Tis seldom he has a tune for us."

"Begor, you can't say that, Nelly. Whin did I ever disappoint ye whin ye wanted a tune?"

"Well, that's throe enough, Billy," returned Nelly. You're a good warrant to play for us whenever we ax you. 'Tis jokin' I was."

"That's what you're always doin'," said her mother, shaking her head.

"Tis better be merry than sad," she replied, with a laugh.

The latch was here raised and the door pushed open; but as no one came in, Mat leant backwards and peered out into the darkness. By shading his eyes from the fire-light he was able to see that some one was fastening a horse to the back-stick iron in the door-post; and after a little delay—more perhaps than a perfectly sober man would require—a tall, broad-shouldered man turned round and advanced a step or two into the house.

"Is that Ned?" Mat asked.

"Tis," was the reply, as he took off his hat and swung it downwards to shake off the wet with which the fur—for it was a beaver or "Caroline"—was dabbled.

"Is it rainin' it is?" Mat inquired, in some surprise.

"No, but the wind whipped id off uv my head as I was passin' the quarry."

At this Mrs. Donovan made the sign of the cross on her forehead; for it was generally believed that the "Good People" were wont to take their nightly journeys through the air to and from Maurice Kearney's fort over the quarry.

Nelly took the hat, and, bringing it close to the candle, gave it as her opinion that it was "spiled"; and immediately set to work to dry the inside.

"A fine, new Car'line," said she, as she gave it back to the owner; "take care an' don't rub the outside till 'tis dhry."

"Faith, Ned," she added, taking up the candle and viewing him all over. "I'm thinkin' I could make a good guess where you're comin' from."

Ned smiled and looked rather sheepish, as she held the candle down almost to his shoes, and then slowly raised it till she came to the "fine new Car'line," and then dropping the light on a level with his waistcoat, moved her hand as if she were describing a circle in the air, till the little glass buttons on the waistcoat twinkled like so many little bright black eyes winking at her. Ned's riding-coat was that which he usually wore, but everything else about him was brand new, even to the black silk cravat with a scarlet border, the bow knot of which happened to be under his left ear, till Nelly pulled it back to its proper position.

"Tell us something about her, Ned," she began, laughingly. "What sourt is she? Shawn-na-match says you're bringin' a pattrern to the parish. But far away cows wear long horns, you know."

"Go about your business, and thry an' have a little sense," said her mother, rising from her place in the chimney-corner. "Sit down, Ned, an' never mind her."

"No, Nell, no; 'tis too late, and I'm in a hurry. Take a walk down as far as the bridge," he added, turning to Mat, "I want to spake to you."

There was something in his voice and manner that made Mat apprehend that he had unpleasant news to communicate, so he at once stood up, and taking the bridle from the jamb of the door, set back the horse and desired the owner to mount.

"No, I'd rather walk," said he, taking hold of the bridle and leading the horse out upon the road.

They walked on in silence for some time, and at last

Ned Brophy—for it was the same Ned Brophy of whom mention has been made more than once—said:

"I believe this business is settled."

"Is the day appointed an' all?"

"All is settled," was the reply.

"Well, you're gettin' a fine fortune any way," said Mat Donovan.

Ned Brophy made no reply, but walked on in silence till they came to the bridge; and then he stooped and looked down at the little stream as it rushed under the ivy-covered arch.

"Mat," said he, covering his face with his hands, "my heart is broke."

"I don't see the use of talkin' that way now," Mat replied, a little angrily. "I tould you to look before you. An', begor, Ned, 'tisn't for you I have the compassion."

"Don't be too hard on me, Mat. You don't know the way they wor at me. Judy said she'd dhrag the red head off uv her."

"More shame for Judy to talk that way uv as dacent a girl as ever she was. But, like that, you know, she had no great harm in id. An' sure 'tis no wondher she'd be agin a match that'd lave herself wudout a fortune. But as I often said to you, you had a right to think uv all this long ago, an' not to be the manes uv setting any girl astray. But 'tis too late to talk about id now; so dhrop id in the name o' God."

"You don't know the way I do be," said Ned Brophy, "whinever I pass over this bridge. Two hundred pounds is a fine fortune, moreover, whin a man'd want id. But that bush beyand an' the bridge here that kills me."

Mat took up a stone from the road and jerked it into the stream, but made no reply.

"There now," continued Ned Brophy, with a groan, "I think I'm lookin' at her peltin' the little pebbles into the wather. Och! I do be all right till I stand on this bridge."

"Well, don't stand on id," rejoined Mat. But you're not fit to talk to now; and if you wor itsef, there's no use in talkin'."

Mat turned his back and then his shoulder to the wind, which was blowing in strong, fitful gusts over the unsheltered bridge.

"Come, come," he continued, pulling up his coat collar over his ears, "there's no use in perishin' here."

He held the horse while Ned put his foot in the stirrup and mounted; and after saying "safe home," was starting off up the hill, when Ned Brophy suddenly wheeled round his horse and laid his hand on Mat's shoulder.

"Mat, what way is she?" he asked.

"I didn't see her since the day uv the Station," he replied. "She wasn't at the dance o' Sunday."

"Wasn't she, Mat?" he asked in a tone of such real feeling that Mat was moved, and added:

"Nelly goes in to see her now an' then; an' she says she is purty well, on'y she can't stir herself to go among the b'ys an' girls like she used."

"I'm tould," Ned continued, "the mother is very bitter agin me. But Tom or hersef says nothin'."

"Nancy Hogan couldn't say a hard word uv any wan," returned Mat Donovan. "But I'd rather you wouldn't meet Jenny till his passion cools. Good night, an' safe home. An' mind your hat goin' through the bog, if you don't want to have id swep' where 'twon't be as aisy for you to find it as in the quarry."

Ned Brophy rode away at a brisk trot, and Mat the Thrasher turned toward home, remarking, as he did so, that the light had disappeared from the little window.

(To be continued.)

Praises cannot cure a bad conscience, nor dispraises wound one which is good.—St. Augustine.

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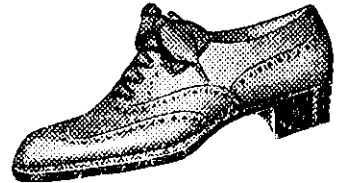
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Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXV.—THE PARNELL COMMISSION (1889-1890)

It was the Parnell Commission devised for the destruction of the Irish leader which re-enchanted his waning popularity. Never was the immanence of justice in human affairs better verified than in the completeness with which the ruin planned by his persecutors fell upon their own heads. Since smaller men were taken off by the conspiracy of Titus Oates and his suborners, no individual was ever threatened by a combination of power and perjury so formidable in its patrons, so infamous in its methods, and to all seeming so impossible to withstand. It was the culmination of a system of poisonous defamation under the title of "Parnellism and Crime" carried on for many months with all the resources of the most powerful newspaper in the world. Even an appetite jaded by unceasing doses of libel in every hateful form against the Irish leader was whipped up to an excitement past description when men read one morning in the *Times* the *facsimile* text of a letter in which Parnell avowed his complicity in the Phoenix Park murders, and apologised to a murderous confederate of his for the hard necessity which drove him nominally to condemn them.

Curiously enough the calmness with which Parnell received even this last outrage of his tormentors, confirmed the hopes or fears of a British public, which had never been free from the suspicion that the silence and dignity which baffled them in the great Irishman were in reality the evidences of guilt. The singular speech he delivered in the House of Commons on the night after the publication of the first *facsimile* letter, was received with blank faces of bewilderment on the Liberal benches. It contained a few sentences of quiet repudiation of the forgery, full enough of confidence, as they read now, but unemotional, and even casual as they then sounded, even in our own ears, in view of the appalling outrage of which he was the victim. But even from this show of contempt, rather than indignation, he passed at once to a detailed examination of the forged letter, word by word, and even letter by letter, which reduced his friends to a condition of pained silence, and all but caused the exultation of his foes to burst audibly forth. With the painstaking and loving interest with which he always followed up a mechanical or mathematical demonstration, he pointed out that a certain "t" was a clumsy imitation of his own, that the indentation in the heavy loop-line of the "I" was a peculiarity he had dropped since the year 1884, and must consequently have been copied from some letter of his before that date, and that the word "hesitancy" in the forged letter was one he had never used, and did not believe to be good English, and so on. His performance of that night constitutes one of the most amazing human documents in history. Greatly to his own surprise, for after sitting down, he whispered to me, with his carefully modulated smile on such occasions: "I think these fellows really imagine they have struck ile!" The truth, of course, was that with his usual practical directness his mind had passed from indignation at the forgery to detailed measures for its detection. But Anglo-Saxon wisdom was so non-plussed by Parnell's cool fortitude that in all probability the Government side of the House was not the only one on which he left more than a suspicion that the *Times* calumniators had indeed "struck ile," and that Parnell's movement, if not his life, was trembling in the ignominious balance.

The odds against him seemed to be beyond counting: an avowed confederacy, offensive and defensive, between the sober-sided Leader of the House, the blameless Mr. W. H. Smith, and "my old friend, Mr. John Walter of the *Times*"; the machinery of Dublin Castle, its choice Resident Magistrates, police officers and lawyers, its secret sleuth-hounds and informers, placed without reserve at the service of the Forgers; every dark spot in Ireland and in America searched for miscreants with some tale of crime to sell or to invent for vast rewards; "charges and allegations" not confined to the plain issue whether the *Times* letters were a splendid Imperial service or a hideous crime, but ranging over the whole field of indictment of a whole nation for every idle word or obscure village misdeed in the course of an agrarian revolutionary in the main nobly justified by

results; and for the judges of it all a tribunal wholly English, sitting in England and bitter haters of the Irish Cause, with the first law officer of the Crown, the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster) to invest the prosecution with the full weight of a governmental adoption of the forgeries. England's misreading of Irish feeling proved to be as preposterously astray as usual. Parnell's Parliamentary colleagues to a man, the Irish people and their whole world-spread race rose to the rescue of their leader with a passionate enthusiasm never before surpassed; a Defence Fund of more than £40,000 was raised as swiftly as the subscriptions could be taken in, and Parnell's impressive figure rose with the old majesty high above the legions of unscrupulous politicians, loathsome informers, and not less loathsome suborners, leagued for his destruction.

It seems unaccountable that neither to the conductors of the *Times*, nor to the Law Officers of the Government, who were staking their reputation upon the genuineness of the *facsimile* letters, nor yet to Parnell's own keen intuition did it occur to dispose of the entire structure of falsehood by the simple method which Archbishop Walsh was the first to happen upon some months later. The Archbishop examined the letters with the aid of a powerful microscope, and discovered that every letter of every word was separately formed, leaving a perceptible gap between the point at which each letter ended, and that at which the next began, showing manifestly that each had to be laboriously traced by the forger from genuine letters of Parnell on various subjects and on different occasions. That so clumsy an imposture should have imposed upon some of the shrewdest minds of England, and for many months thrown an Empire into a fever is a marvel even in the country which impeached the five Catholic lords for "a damnable and hellish plot" on the testimony of the infamous villain Oates. It is not, of course, to be believed that Mr. Walter and his editor and manager should have incurred their ruin by publishing the Forgeries with an actual consciousness of their origin, but their guilt is little, if at all, attenuated by the plea. They had become so hardened by the unpunished publication of the most horrid innuendoes and libels of every description on the representatives of Ireland, that they had probably become incapable any longer of estimating the value of the collaboration of a wretch like Pigott, whose reputation as a professional swindler and blackmailer was too notorious to impose upon anybody with the slightest acquaintance with the underworld of Irish life. The truth is they had given the key of their conscience to the wire-pullers of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, whose Secretary, and a certain Trinity College celebrity known in convivial circles as "Professor Red-headed Whisky," and sad to relate, another Trinity College professor of a very different character—the biographer of Shelley—had long superintended the *Times* supply of murderous munitions, and welcomed Pigott's wares without scrutiny as the crowning attraction of their stock.

(To be continued.)

Obituary

MRS. ELLENA FITZGERALD, MATA MATA.

There passed away recently another link with the past, in the person of Mrs. Ellena Fitzgerald, wife of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, of Mata Mata (writes a correspondent). The deceased had been visiting Wanganui when she contracted a severe cold which rapidly developed into pneumonia, and despite all that could be done for her at a private hospital in Mata Mata, she slowly sank and passed away, at the comparatively early age of sixty-three years. Much sympathy is extended to her husband, who is left lonely in his old age. The late Mrs. Fitzgerald had no children of her own but was more than a mother to the children of a younger sister who died at an early age, leaving six helpless little mites behind her; she carefully tended and watched over them until they were grown up and established in homes of their own. For this, and many other acts of charity and kindness, the deceased will long be remembered by those who now mourn their loss. The late Mrs. Fitzgerald was the eldest daughter of the late Michael Glassett, Alma, Oamaru, and is survived by two sisters and a brother—Mr. Michael John Glassett, of Australia, Mrs. Murdoch McKay, of Hastings, and Mrs. John Curran, of Wanganui.—R.J.P.



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A Complete Story

The Hermit's Second Story: The man Without a Name

(By AODH DE BEACAM, in the *Irish World*.)

"I will tell you, a *mhic*, a story about something that happened at the Mainistir one Christmas Day long, long ago (the hermit was saying). It was customary with the brethren to come together in the refectory on Christmas Night. It is there they would make cheer, and be telling stories before the big turf fire. Brother Aengus was once in Rome, and he would tell us of the wonderful things he had seen.

"Brother Ryan would tell us stories of Fionn MacCuail, the King of the Fenians in the old days. It was those stories that were best with the Brothers.

"Now we had an old serving man who used to listen to the stories. He was so old that nobody could guess how old he was. He had long hair that was as white as the snow we found him in, and his face was as rough with age as a piece of leather.

"It was the Abbot that found him one snowy night. We heard strange cries in the wind and the Abbot said that some traveller must be lost on the headland of Rannatinny. He took a staff to him and went out with two Brothers to search. They found footprints in the snow going up the hill. They were big footprints far apart, like the track of a giant. The Abbot and the Brothers followed the track right up the headland till they saw out before them the big stones of the Cromlech, where the Druids used to have their fires in the ancient days. One of the Brothers gave a cry of fear and he said that he saw the Druid at the stones. The other Brother said that he thought he saw a giant in his pains of death. But the snow was blowing between them and the Cromlech.

"Give up your foolish talk," said the Abbot. He made the sign of the Cross and the snow parted till they saw the Cromlech clear before them.

There was a strange cry in the air like a cain, or perhaps it was the wind that was in it. They went forward and they found an old man lying on his face on the great stones. They thought he was dying. They brought him back to the Mainistir.

"The old man got back his strength. But he never could tell his name, so we called him Fear-gan-ainm, or Nameless. He was not a baptised Christian, and he would not give in to the Faith, but he stayed at the Mainistir and the abbot said to us to be kind to him because he might yield some day. He was grateful to us, however, and used to serve the brethren. Every day he used to kneel outside the chapel when Holy Mass was a-saying, and he would beat his breast when the little bell rang. But he never would go inside the chapel.

"When Brother Ruan would be telling tales of the Fianna, on Christmas Night, Fear-gan-ainm would listen. Once he said: 'That is not how it was.' Brother Ruan stopped in his story and the old man told it afresh in a different way. It is what Brother Ruan had said, that all the helpers of Fionn did great deeds for his sake, but Diarmuid had not helped the Fenians in their battles. Fear-gan-ainm told us the story of the Palace of the Quicken Trees, how Fionn and Caolty and Conan were imprisoned in the enchanted palace, while their enemies gathered to destroy them; and how it was that Diarmuid had killed the three sons of Thule and held the ford till the Fenians came.

"After that Ruan gave up telling tales of the Fianna, and Fear-gan-ainm told them instead. It was wonderful how many tales of the heroes he had.

"One Christmas Night Fear-gan-ainm was telling us more of his stories and Brother Ruan was writing them down behind his back without his knowing. It was a cold, snowy night. There came suddenly the noise of a great crash on the strand below the Mainistir. Brother Aengus said: 'That is like the stranding of a ship. It was so the ships sounded on the strand in Gallia.'

"The Abbot said: 'We must go forth, Brothers, and see whether we can aid the shipwrecked men.'

"We went out from the Mainistir and looked down

upon the strand. But there was no wreck, only a long vessel with a serpent at its prow, that had been safely beached. Men with winged hats of steel and furry jerkins were climbing over its side and helping to moor it safely above the water line.

"The Abbot said to us: 'Go back into the Mainistir, Brothers, and close the gates, for it is a fear with me that these men are the White Galls, who fear not the Cross of Christ, but lust only to destroy. I will speak with this man.'

"Some of the Brothers would have stayed with the Abbot, but he put them under obedience and they went back. Only Brother Ruan saw that Fear-gan-ainm stayed beside the Abbot.

"The brethren saw the Abbot walk down toward the strangers. They saw the strangers turn to him. A big man with yellow hair came up to meet the Abbot. They spoke and the strange man stretched out his hand for the Abbot's keys. But the Abbot shook his head. The White Gall drew the big sword from his side and struck the Abbot down. He put the sword in his left hand and stopped to take the Abbot's keys. It was then that the wonderful thing happened.

"The Brothers saw Fear-gan-ainm draw himself up straight. It was the first time they had ever seen him standing like this, and they were surprised at the bigness of him. He leaped at the White Gall and seized the sword from his hand. Then he struck him down.

"There were more of the strangers coming up the hill now, with their swords drawn. They shouted the terrible war cry of Odin. But Fear-gan-ainm faced them and gave them battle. The brethren were sure he would be slain, but he seemed to grow bigger every minute, and he shouted a great war cry against them that rang louder than their own.

"That is the cry of the giant at the Cromlech," Brother Aengus said.

"Let us go to the chapel and pray," Brother Ruan said, 'for we cannot help him.'

"The brethren turned to go into the chapel. They were sure that the Mainistir would be burned before dawn, and that they would all be slain. They were joyous as they thought they would receive martyrdom, but it was a grief with them that the treasures of Mainistir would be lost. The gospel of Columcille was in the Mainistir at that time.

"While they prayed there rose a great shout of battle without. They heard the crashing of swords, the shouting of war cries (but Fear-gan-ainm's voice was the loudest of all), and the groans of men suffering death and the shortening of life. All night this noise went on.

"When the sun rose there was silence, except for the noise of the waves and the crying of birds of prey. Then there came a great knocking at the gate of the Mainistir. Brother Aengus went to open it. All the brethren stood at the door of the chapel, watching and wondering what they would see. Aengus opened the gate and a big man, covered with blood, staggered in, the sword falling from his hand. He fell to the ground and Aengus lifted the white head in his hands. The blood splashed all over the cream-colored habit of our Brother. The brethren went forward and they heard the dying man ask for baptism.

"Brother Ruan ran back to the chapel for water. But other brethren fell on their knees and began to pray. But when Ruan came back with the water the big man was dead.

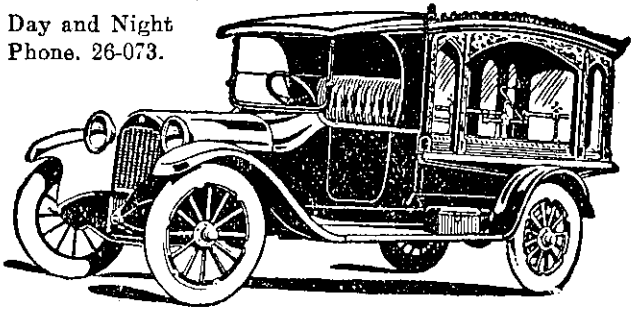
"Aengus was drawing back the bloody hair from the warrior's brow. Then he said suddenly: 'It is Fear-gan-ainm, and he has died without baptism.'

"But the Ruan said: 'It is not Fear-gan-ainm, but it is Fionn MacCuail, and if he did not get baptism of water he got baptism of blood.'"

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Mr. Churchill's Apologia*

(Reviewed by the RIGHT HON. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, P.C.,
in the *Review of Reviews*.)

I have already made some observations concerning the remarkable piece of rhetoric which Mr. Winston Churchill describes as *The World Crisis, 1911-1914*. I have been partly amused and partly amazed by the reviews which have appeared from many intelligent men, who have taken apparently no steps to ascertain the exact truth concerning any particular incident, but who have been swept away by the rhetoric of a man who, if rhetoric could win wars, could win any war which was waged under his direction.

I bring no charge against him, except that fundamental incapacity for right judgment which seems to be an hereditary characteristic. Mr. Winston Churchill's first instincts were always wrong, sometimes so wrong that one was reduced to a kind of astonishment and despair that the genius of a man of extraordinary capacity for work should be so gravely marred. On the other hand, in all civil decisions, he was always open to the appeal of reason, and when I worked with him at the Home Office, both the permanent officials and myself rejoiced in the fact that he would always listen to the reasons which made his first decisions impossible; and when his intellect was convinced would always reverse them. Unfortunately, however, these reverberations of his mind in time of peace ceased altogether to operate in time of war. Even when he was fighting a railway or a coal strike, he ceased to listen to the demands of reason, and saw himself as a kind of Napoleon. I could tell strange stories of some of the propositions which he seriously advanced, of the treatment which he would bestow upon sections of the working people of England if they continued to resist his imperious demands. I should be delighted to see Mr. Churchill charged with the mission of building houses for the British people who are now living in pigstyes, attics, or cellars—whole families whose male representative fought through the war or whose wife has been made by that war a widow. I should be delighted to see Mr. Churchill encharged with the duty of furnishing work for the unemployed. But in any office connected with war or foreign affairs he remains a danger to this country. He has never been, as this book points out in almost frantic self-revelation, a Liberal. He would be very happy in the position of Mussolini or of Trotsky, or as the head of a Socialistic State in England. This great stream of so many hundred pages of egotistic and vaunting rhetoric reveals him in all his strength and weakness. It is a cataract like Niagara: useless unless properly harnessed.

Unfortunately he has not always considered it worth while to take blame which really belonged to himself on his own shoulders and frankly to acknowledge where he has been at fault. One would think that nine years afterwards, in the record of a time of terrible testing of all men, anyone associated with the tremendous events of that terrific challenge, would be prepared to say frankly, "Here I agree I was wrong; here my subordinates gave me advice which I ought to have taken." No one at this distant period would think less of him for such generosity. But he has set himself to prove that the war was won by the First Lord of the Admiralty, that all those others who opposed him were recommending methods which could only lead to ruin, and that Churchill will stand in the future in a position higher than Chatham as the man who saved civilisation and the British Empire in our darkest hour.

The imaginative can read into his confessions facts which he proclaims, not with apology, but with defiance; his fierce determination to compel all the neutrals to fight either for us or for Germany; his contempt for all moral judgments of the civilised world; his desire to utilise the toy which he had in part created, the gigantic Armada of ships and guns; and his belief that the only thing which mattered was that this Armada should be given full scope for its energies, regardless of treaties and neutralities and any suffering which might be imposed upon those who had no quarrel with either combatants. I have no hesitation in saying that if we had had a Government of Churchills, Britain, France, and a Russia in hopeless decay, would in 1914 have been fighting almost every other

nation in the world; and that we ourselves would have been declared outlaws because of the use of our preponderant sea-power in violation of every Convention of justice and humanity, not against our enemies, but against those with whom we had no legitimate quarrel at all.

You may turn from foreign policy to the practical application. From the opening of hostilities, Mr. Churchill had taken, from the First Sea Lord, the full responsibility "over everything that was proposed or was done." "Right or wrong, that is what I did, and it is on that basis that I wish to be judged." He would show us, at the Admiralty, maps and models indicating the position of every warship in the British Navy. In those models were included the three cruisers which wallowed daily off the shores of Holland, and who came to be termed "live bait," obviously in jeopardy every hour. After six weeks of it, in a visit to the Grand Fleet, he hears a casual mention of the "live bait squadron." He then gives orders for their withdrawal, but owing to the rough weather, the substitute system cannot be immediately arranged. He goes up to Liverpool, and mocks at the German Navy as "rats which dare not come out of their holes," and that night departs on a visit to France with his friend Lord Birkenhead. While he is away, one "rat" slips out of its hole and sends the "live bait" to the bottom of the sea; with the loss of 1400 persons, largely schoolboys and married men—an episode, as he cheerily describes it, "of a peculiar character in human history." The "episode" gave rise to a Court of Inquiry, whose decision was neglected because its adverse verdict was "a reflection upon the Admiralty by a subordinate Court." It was not a reflection on the Admiralty by a subordinate Court. It was an expression of the opinion of the Navy upon Mr. Winston Churchill.

Again, in his brooding over the mad expedition to Antwerp, Mr. Churchill still endeavors to defend the indefensible. It may have been a sound strategical idea to attempt to defend that great city, whose forts were simply being battered to pieces by the gigantic long-range German artillery to which the Belgians could give no reply whatever. But what kind of madness is it which, after Lord Kitchener has refused the Territorial battalions as insufficiently trained for this defence, drags out the Naval Brigades to certain slaughter, who had never received any training at all, or, madness again, which subsequently proposes to take over an independent command in Belgium over "the Allied forces in the low countries," quite neglecting the terrible struggle which was being continued southward by Sir John French with an army enfeebled every day.

Of the Second Naval Brigade from Deal, the majority had never fired a shot before they were put in the trenches. They had been drilled with obsolete rifles. Some lads were seen trying to slide their cartridges the wrong way in. One officer, for example, subsequently to become one of the most distinguished generals of the army, had only joined up a few days before. They had no khaki, no water bottles, no identification discs, and an officer who saw them off at Dover remarked: "The poor beggars are being sent to be murdered." Needless to say that without any efficient artillery support they were useless for any defensive purposes, and this fine body of men were in three days broken to pieces. This was not strategy; it was lunacy. And Mr. Churchill would have done better in his book to confess in frank acknowledgment of an outrageous decision, made under exceedingly difficult circumstances, that he has nothing to offer but an open apology and regret. Instead of doing this, which would have turned many minds in sympathy with him, he indulges in a series of defences of his own actions, some of which are inaccurate, and some of which assail the intelligence or energy of other men. And he so excites a process of violent controversy out of what might have been an honest confession of mistake, which would have stimulated sympathy and forgiveness for one whose personal courage could never be impeached and who undoubtedly followed the light in so far as he could see it.

The book will have value. It may live as a brilliant rhetorical exposition of the war and the preparations for the war as revealed in the mind of one who took no small part in both. But it will only have value when it is published with annotations and notes showing where the author has forgotten or omitted the truth; something like the annotated editions of Carlyle's *French Revolution* produced by modern historians. It would have been better if it had been published twenty years hence.

* *The World Crisis, 1911-1914*. By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. (Thornton Butterworth.)

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The Burning of Ballynastragh PRICELESS TREASURES DESTROYED.

The destruction of Ballynastragh House, the historic home of the Esmondes, is a heavier blow to Ireland than the public has yet realised. It was one of the oldest houses in continuous possession of one family in Ireland. That family was Irish and Catholic, yet it clung to its abode for centuries in spite of wars, persecutions, and penal codes. In the early Norman times the name of Esmonde figured prominently in Wexford affairs. The first of the religious persecutors, Henry VIII., dispossessed Marcus Esmonde of Ballynastragh. Later, Patrick Esmonde was dispossessed by Elizabeth, and James Esmonde by James I. Cromwell, William III., and Queen Anne, each in turn, confiscated the family property. After that there was tranquility until 1798, when John Esmonde, grandfather of the present Baronet, was hanged as a rebel, and his children had to fly the country until 18 years later, when the 9th Baronet recovered Ballynastragh again. Since 1620 there have been eleven Baronets at Ballynastragh, all but one of whom, the late Sir John Esmonde, have been turned out of their home by their political opponents.

The Esmondes have shown amazing pertinacity in clinging to their ancient seat through the vicissitudes of all these centuries of history; and it remains to be seen whether the latest attempt will succeed where Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, William III., Queen Anne, and George III. failed. The last person to burn down Ballynastragh was Oliver Cromwell, but those who attacked a defenceless home on March 8, 1922, may congratulate themselves on eclipsing even the destruction he wrought. Cromwell allowed some furniture, documents, silver, and clothing to be saved; but the present-day destroyers, though they permitted the rescue of an old chalice of the Penal days, and some venerated relics, burned the altar-stone on which the chalice had rested for 300 years, and the altar where Mass had been celebrated constantly since 1682. They burned the chapel in which for generations infants had been baptised, the living absolved from their sins, and the dead had rested; and where only a few weeks before the last Lady Esmonde had reposed in her coffin. The list of art treasures and historical records reduced to ashes in Ballynastragh is heart-breaking to contemplate.

The library contained thousands of books—many of them rare—the careful collection of several generations of a cultured race. Books of history, art, and science; the literatures of Greece and Rome, of France and Germany, of Italy and Spain, had all contributed their quotas. There was one room full of books on Ireland, many of them unobtainable to-day—all, even their catalogues, are destroyed. The journals of both Houses of the Irish Parliament from 1611 to 1800, in their fine Dublin bindings; reports of Irish pre-Union Commissions; official tables of Irish finance and trade; Blue Books dealing with industry and commerce in the days of the Irish Parliament—all these would now be valuable; all have perished in the flames. The bound files of the Dublin newspapers from 1776 to 1800; the local journals with the history of Wexford for nearly 150 years, valuable to the historian of the future, have gone with the rest.

Ballynastragh's hoard of historical documents is an even greater loss. The intimate records of 300 years of history are gone for ever. The Confederation of Kilkenny, the Jacobite movement, the working of the Penal Laws, the records of the men of '98, the intimate personal relations of men and women who lived and suffered in these days, are all gone. With them have perished the manuscript collection of Col. de Montmerency—a name familiar to Irish Academicians—with the result of his life's research into the fates and fortunes of Irishmen serving in all the European armies in the 18th century. Greater loss still, the papers and manuscripts of Grattan are vanished in smoke, along with other relics of the great statesman—his duelling pistols, the shoe-buckles he wore on the Declaration of Irish Rights, the cup he last drank from when leaving Ireland to die in London. A great mass of autograph letters has also perished—letters from such diverse persons as the Duke of Berwick (son of James II.), Lord Chesterfield, Charles James Fox, Daniel O'Connell, Bishop Milner, Wm. Smith, O'Brien, John Mitchel, Gladstone, Parnell, Cardinal Manning, Leo XIII., and Pius X., not to mention other names. Besides these treasures of Irish interest, historical collections from many parts of the world were here assembled: Greek and Etruscan pottery, bronzes, Aztec and Maori

weapons from the Caribbean Seas, the American prairies, the South Sea Islands, etc. All were gone, together with beautiful china, old Irish glass, furniture, portraits, engravings, and old political cartoons that can never be replaced.

The "Boundary Question"

HOW IT CAN BE "SETTLED."

(By "DUNGANNON," in the *Irish Weekly*.)

So long ago as the end of November, 1922, a few editorial paragraphs worth resurrecting at this moment appeared in the *Irish Review*, a Dublin publication. I think some passages can be usefully reproduced at the present time; the writer was prophetic to an extent not ordinarily vouchsafed to political "experts." He said:—

"The question of Ulster meanwhile becomes more urgent. The day that will see a partitioned Ireland is almost here. There is a futile belief abroad that the provisions of the Treaty by which a Boundary Commission is to be set up will, if allowed to take their course, settle matters satisfactorily. Many people think there is no need to worry—we stand by our bond and the English Government, and the Northern Government must adhere to it, too.

"This easy illusion will be shattered for anyone who will examine a map on which the distribution of population politically is marked. So interspersed are the different populations in Ulster that no Commission, however evenly it hold the scales, could devise a boundary that will not place large masses of people under a Government that they will bitterly resent. We are emerging from one civil war in Ireland; the boundary question—if we are to come to that—contains all the seeds of another."

Everyone who knows anything about Fermanagh and Tyrone—not to mention other areas in dispute—will agree that the writer in the *Irish Review* had a sane and practical grip of the situation—so long ago as November 25.

He looked upon maps. I am a native-born Tyronean; I know my county; I know Fermanagh as intimately; with the exception of a part of South Fermanagh. I hold it impossible to give back to the Irish Free State, or to annex for the Belfast Government, any area worth having in Tyrone, Fermanagh, Monaghan, or Donegal without inflicting on both "sides" an injustice more serious and stupid than even the wrongs done by the Partition Act against which there were only six or seven Irishmen left to fight in the arena where it could have been defeated by 60 or 70. The writer in the Dublin organ went on to say:—

"If we are wise it will not come to that. We do not want a boundary to divide Ireland, but an understanding that will unite Ireland. The Free State Government and the Northern Government should get into conference—only thus can a calamity equally dangerous to both of them be averted. If they cannot quickly reach agreement, they should take their time and remain in conference until they do reach agreement.

"The present position can be maintained without difficulty and without prejudice to either side, and every effort should be made to dissuade either side from taking any irrevocable step.

"As we have said before in this paper the Free State Government must take the initiative, because it alone can. The Northern Government must go out of the Free State next month or forever stay in. No agreement can be reached within the time that is left; the time must therefore be extended to enable agreement to be reached. The Free State Government alone can arrange the extension of time."

Well, the Northern Government have "gone out"—and things are between the two Governments—outwardly—as they were last November.

Does any man amongst us Nationalists in the Six Counties, or any woman, now believe that the *status quo* can be disturbed after what has happened, and after what has not happened, since?

I say—Drop nonsense and face facts.

We are here; we must stay here to live our lives in our own land. Get together—and make the best of it until better days come for all Ireland.

"DUNGANNON."

P.S.—I think it worth noticing that some Ministers and officials of the Irish Free State, including the Minister of Education, are regular contributors to the *Irish Review*. —D.

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Where is Dublin's Humor?

(By SUSAN L. MITCHELL, in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*.)

When it was suggested to me to write an article on "Humor in Dublin," I rejoiced exceedingly. Now, at last, I felt I should have a chance of showing off, in my own cheery way, those witty sayings of Dublin carmen, policemen, railway porters, and such that one reads so much about, and I hurried round to my friends and asked them to tell me the latest funny things said to them by these ambulatory humorists, on whose jests our reputation in Dublin for wit is built up. But with one accord my friends denied that carmen ever said anything that sounded funny in their ears—for what householder can see any fun in a jarvey's demand for twice his legal fare—that they had never even heard the voice of a policeman, and supposed them to be deaf and dumb; that, far from exchanging bright repartee with a railway porter, they invariably failed to catch his eye on any rare occasion when they required his services. I was strangely crestfallen, as I strapped my note-book and went sadly homewards to commune with my own conscience.

Its still small voice spoke firmly to me, and recalled to my mind that though carmen had often been kind to me and blind to my deficiencies in cash, none had ever approached my pocket with a joke. No railway porter had ever expressed otherwise than by facial contortion his opinion of my tip; no Dublin policeman had ever unbent from his absorption in Nirvana to lower me even the astral body of a jest; and, indeed, what unthinkable temerity would induce one to attempt to catch that unseeing eye to which anything under the height of a public building is invisible?

Gone Into Exile

In tram conductors, it is true, I have sometimes suspected a grim substitute for humor. No tram conductor has ever been known to welcome a passenger on his exclusive vehicle; his voice as he announces stopping-places or demands fares is void and colorless, but if he presides over an uncovered tram on a day when a particularly vicious rain is falling, what sudden enthusiasm leaps into his eye when he sees the umbrellaless and waterproofless passenger approach; how he leans forward to welcome him to the platform; how he waves his hand heavenwards, carolling his "Excelsior" in those heartening words "Outside passengers only." This may be humor on his part, or it may be just original sin; whatever it is, it will not form a support for a theory of Dublin humor, and I am forced to the conclusion that as a race we are entirely devoid of humor, and that our poverty in this respect has induced other nations to give us alms, and hence it is that all the bad jokes of the universe are put in the mouths of Irishmen. This explains how it is that if a wit happens by some strange fortune to be born here he is obliged to export himself. Our Goldsmith, our Sheridan, our Wilde, our Shaw, and, last of all, our Gogarty, took the emigrant ship to their spiritual home. Goldsmith could only express what wit he felt in him when he lived here by such outscarlar devices as blindman's buff or hunt-the-slipper. Shaw's wit could not make itself heard in the furious silence of Molesworth Street, or Wilde's shafts penetrate the triple brass of Merriou Square. It was in vain that Gogarty whipped up a sentence to a ravishment of Froth, for as he sallied out by Stephen's Green all the Puritanical draughts of Dublin hiew it to invisible atoms. He can carry that delicate manufacture far, far more safely in a London drawing-room. I never hear Stephens giving to his whimsical fancy that I do not tremble, fearing that he too may soon hear the summons bidding him seek his spiritual home.

Ireland's Only Joke.

Once, long ago, before the Germans conquered England and compelled the ancient Briton to discard his tidy suit of woad, and when Ulster was still in Ireland, one Brieriu conceived the only native joke ever made here. He wanted to jostle out of their dignity the stately queens of Ulster and to this end he built a lovely house and invited to a feast there these lovely ladies and whispered privately in the ear of each as, clad in regal and flowing garments, she sailed with her attendant on his fair green lawn, that she who would be first to enter his house would be queen of the whole province. He wanted to see these dignified dames tuck up their floating trains and run like redshanks,

vieing with each other who should enter the house first, and they did run, and "the noise they made in their contest to enter the kingly house was like fifty chariots arriving there," and there was a clattering and a haltering and a tearing of walls and windows and all that pell-mell of material destruction and confusion that characterises the English music hall jest and the cinema humor of to-day, for when the English conquered Ireland they took away our only joke and ever since have been passing it off as their own. I hope no one will dispute its paternity with them or begrudge them the free use of it, for certain loud explosions here in the last year or so make me tremble at the thought that Brieriu's muscular humor might return to its spiritual home and become a permanent fashion in Ireland.

If We Had Wit.

We do not want it really any more than we really desire in any sense to recall our departed wits. If we had wit in Dublin we would have to arouse ourselves from our happy torpor, for your wit is ever a reformer, and is always exploring some abuse cherished by the witless mind. We are inured to explosions of public buildings, but explosions of our public abuses are more than we could bear. If we had a native humor fussing round we might have our dustbins entirely emptied of their contents every day, and the waste paper and cabbage stumps and bright orange-peel that a liberal municipality cannot bear to deprive us of, and that lends such color to our streets, might be made to disappear, and if the Dublin dust that accompanied these streets decorations disappeared also we might be able to see our neighbor's faces too clearly, and, deprived of our face-powder of dust, we might not like the look of each other at all, and old friendships might be broken up and old tolerations abolished.

If we had wit in Dublin our minds might be shaken out of their fatalistic acquiescence in things as they are, and a noble statue be erected in Stephen's Green where a faded wreath on a lamp-post registers its feeble note of interrogation ever year.

With a native humor Dublin picture galleries might occupy the central sites now appropriated to publichouses, and we should get cricks in our necks and puzzledom in our souls from the contemplation of modern art. We might get a mighty Metropolitan Concert Hall and be condemned to listen to Beethoven and Wagner, when we can get on perfectly well with an occasional stave of "Bold Kelly, the Boy from Killane." We might even, if humor suddenly appeared here, get postage stamps with something other than a blank spot in their middle to remind us of our black look-out.

Thoughts of Pope Pius XI on Church Music

In Catholic musical circles the question is often asked, "What is the mind of the present Pope on Church music?" A *Motu Proprio* dated November 22 (Feast of St. Cecilia), 1922, will give a satisfactory answer. The subject of the document is the Papal Ratification of a Higher Pontifical School of Sacred Music in Rome. Founded originally in 1910 in Rome by the Cecilian Society of Italy as the Higher School of Sacred Music, under the directorship of the late Father de Santi, S.J., the school was so successful that in 1914, by a letter from the Curia, it was given the title "Pontifical" and the power to confer degrees. Pope Benedict XV., greatly impressed by the work done despite the lack of proper accommodation, showed his interest and appreciation by securing for the Schola much larger and better equipped buildings and engaging additional professors. Degrees in music are granted to pupils who reach a determined standard of theoretical and vocal or instrumental proficiency in Gregorian (the word used by his Holiness) and sacred music in general, and may also be conferred *honoris causa*. Two regulations in the *Motu Proprio* will indicate the mind of the Holy Father:—(1) "Whatever was prescribed in the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X. on Sacred Music (1903) must, in all the exercises of this school, be observed as of most inviolable law." (2) "All subjects taught in the school must be fundamentally dependent upon Gregorian. Therefore it will not be possible for anyone to obtain a degree in any other subject unless he has been pronounced satisfactory in Gregorian Chant."

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Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Current Topics

Blessed Robert Bellarmine

Cardinal Robert Bellarmine, who was recently beatified, was one of the most illustrious sons of St. Ignatius. He was a prolific writer and a tireless worker. As a preacher he was distinguished and as a professor his ability was world-wide in renown. His masterpiece was his work, *De Controversiis*, which was rightly described as a complete arsenal to which defenders of the Faith turned, and never in vain, for materials to refute the attacks of the Protestants of the age. By order of Pope Clement VIII. he produced his famous *Catechism*. He also wrote several treatises on historical, dogmatic and moral questions. By his zeal and learning he won the noble title of "prince of controversialists."

The Pope and Pasteur

The celebrations in honor of the centenary of Pasteur in France were taken as an occasion for inviting the participation of the Holy Father in them, and his Holiness addressed the following letter to Mgr. Cerretti; it was read on Friday evening at the Sorbonne, Paris: Venerable Brother,

Health and the Apostolic Benediction.

The invitation which has been addressed to the Holy See to join in the solemnities of the centenary of Louis Pasteur has been particularly agreeable to us, and we desire to associate ourselves with them by delegating you to represent us on this occasion.

Pasteur is too noble a figure as a Christian savant, his scientific successes have been too beneficent, his work of charity and devotion is too universal for the Holy See not to associate itself with the fêtes organised to celebrate his memory.

His studies on the origin of life, his struggles against the microbes of sickness, have been the basis and point of departure for a whole series of applications which continue to shed benefactions on the whole of suffering humanity.

But especially, amidst his studies and his magnificent discoveries he preserved the Faith, pure, simple, and confident, and his scientific studies enabled him to discover more and more at the foundation of all things the infinite God who illuminated and consoled his soul, and who inspired his charity. With this Divine help he was able, as he stated in his inaugural discourse at the Institute which bears his name, to push back the frontiers of life—which is certainly no little title to glory for a mortal. Happy to associate ourselves with the solemn fêtes of the centenary of this savant, great amidst the great, we form the wish that studious youth and men of science should be inspired by the magnificent examples of this master.

As a testimony of our special benevolence, we grant you with all our heart the Apostolic Benediction.

Rome, the Vatican, May 20, 1923.

PIUS XI., POPE.

Archbishop Mannix Rebukes the Envoys

Speaking at Melbourne, on June 24, Archbishop Mannix put plainly before his hearers the injustice and impropriety of certain recent attacks on the Pope and on the Bishops of Ireland.

There was (he said) a matter on which he would like to say a word. The Bishops of Ireland, and even the Holy Father had come in for criticism at the hands of certain persons in Australia, for their action or inaction in the recent past. It had been said that the Bishops were British in their outlook and anti-Irish. If they could trust the press reports, the Irish Republican envoys had joined in this criticism. Nothing of that kind, so far as he knew, had been said by the envoys while they were in Melbourne: but, elsewhere they had been reported to have made unworthy and unjust reference to the action of the Irish Bishops.

He knew the Irish Bishops probably better than any of those who were said to have criticised them. And he had never met in all his experience even one Irish Bishop who could be justly called pro-British or anti-Irish in his political views. (Applause.) He ventured to say that there was not even one Irish Bishop who would not wish to see Ireland absolutely free. (Applause.) But Irish Bishops are men of peace, as well as Irish patriots, and they have to reconcile their Irish aspirations with their wish for peace. It was, of course, a matter of common knowledge that since 1916 those who were struggling for Ireland's freedom had to fight their battles without help or sympathy from the Irish Bishops as a body. There were notable exceptions, but they were few.

Motives of the Bishops.

But that really meant no lack of love for Ireland, but only want of faith in the policy pursued. And, later still, when the unfortunate Treaty was signed, the Bishops threw in their lot against the Republican policy, not, he was sure, because they were satisfied with the Treaty, but because they could, at the moment, see no good issue from an appeal to force against it. And, in that case, the Bishops did not seem to have been far astray, if their only objection was to force, because force had been tried, and, according to present indications, had been abandoned as a failure. People should, therefore, be just to the Bishops. They were not bound to agree with them on political matters. They might think that the Bishops, being men of peace, sometimes leaned too much to peace, and made too little allowance for the claims of patriotism, or grasped at a kind of peace for their own day, which made inevitably for unrest and strife, and war in the future. These questions were too complicated to be settled offhand by a harsh criticism on one side or the other, and he deeply regretted if anything unfair or unworthy had been said by the Irish envoys, or by anybody else, no matter what the provocation might have been.

The Envoys and the Pope.

It was reported, too, that the Irish envoys had spoken critically not only of the Irish Bishops, but of the Pope. If there was anyone beyond criticism in regard to present Irish affairs, he thought it was the Holy Father. Benedict XV. and Pius XI. had been calm, patient, and impartial. Very likely there was strong British pressure: it was rarely wanting, and never weak. The Irish Bishops had felt bound to take strong measures. But the Pope kept himself above all political controversy. He was the Holy Father of the Irish as well as of the English; of the Free State supporters as well as of the Irish Republicans. What the personal views of Benedict XV. or of Pius XI. might be in regard to Ireland he had not the least idea. But, notwithstanding pressure of all kinds, the Popes had refused to take sides. They worked for peace, and prayed for peace, but they left the Irish people to settle their own political controversies. (Applause.) The visit of Monsignor Lauzio to Ireland, and the impartial attitude which he maintained, was an example to those friends of Ireland in Australia who might be disposed to say harsh words, or to assume an aggressive or dictatorial tone towards those in Ireland with whom they do not happen to agree. (Applause.)

The Methodists on Monte Mario

Readers of the daily papers will remember seeing a cable which informed us that the Methodists of America intended entrenching themselves on Monte Mario with the view of making an assault on the spiritual walls of Rome. Monte Mario is a hill over the Tiber, a short walk from the Roman gate known as Porta del Popolo, and almost under the hill the famous Milvian Bridge spans the river. One remembers that it was beside that gate that Martin Luther lived; that the name of the gate is from a poplar grove, from which, tradition says, ravens and sundry other black birds used to drop ignominious salutes which were conducted by the laws of gravity onto the site of the tomb of the monster, Nero; and also that it was at the bridge mentioned that Constantine routed the barbarians. Having given

briefly the historical and scenical setting of the story cabled out to us, it may be as well to let our readers know what is thought of it by the anti-clerical paper, *Il Messagero*—a witness by no means prejudiced in favor of the Vatican.

Its attention, the *Messagero* says, was called by several Roman papers to what might be termed the intended "material and spiritual conquest of Rome by American Methodists, and specifically to the statement of its own correspondent to the *Chicago Tribune*, in which it was said that the Methodists intended soon to inaugurate a Methodist University on Monte Mario, and meant it to be a stronghold of Methodist propaganda destined to dominate the Vatican. The *Messagero* says that up to the present moment it neglected to take notice of the threat, seeing that the date was far away when it could be put into execution. But since it was often asked to declare its opinions on the subject, the *Messagero* exposes them candidly.

The communication sent to the *Chicago Tribune* was evidently made, says the *Messagero*, with the intention of causing a deep impression among American Methodists. The latter, continues the anti-clerical Roman daily, do not find in reality a very fertile field for their work in Italy. But the statement made to the *Chicago Tribune* must not cause too deep a stir among Romans. The latter must be fully aware that either the municipal authorities of Rome itself, or if need be, even higher ones, will know how to stop the building on Monte Mario of a monument, which could be interpreted in no other light than that of an affront to the religious sentiments of a great majority of Italians. It would be doing too much honor, adds the *Messagero*, to the correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* to take too seriously the announcement made by him to his American co-religionists. Behind his hopes and aspirations, there is but little foundation on which he can build. If American Methodists, the *Messagero* pointedly adds, count for the fulfilment of the hopes on the already excessive liberty, which sometimes is granted by Italian Governments to "foreign infiltration in the country," they give evidence that they have not understood that the spirit of the nation has undergone a renovation, and that the Government is energetically resolved to undeceive any such hopes, and to frustrate any such attempt as American Methodists are now making.

To these remarks made by the *Messagero* and quoted in the *Corriere d'Italia*, the *Corriere* itself adds the following comment: The preceding note, which the *Corriere* takes to be official, comes at a most favorable moment. It does not indeed, affect its own views, the *Corriere d'Italia* hastens to add, for on the particular question of the ground for the proposed building on Monte Mario, it had definite assurances from the municipal assessor Signor del Vecchio. But the note of the *Messagero* should give pause to the American financial backers of the plan, who keep alive the hopes and aspirations of their co-religionists beyond seas. When, the *Corriere* goes on to say, the attempted conquest of Monte Mario was publicly denounced, Signor del Vecchio aroused by the protests of the press, to the real intentions of the Methodists, took practical measure to put an end to their "fantastic plans," "*le fantastic methodistiche*" and stopped the excavations they had already begun. There is reason to believe, the *Corriere* adds, that since that moment, no new attempt on the part of the Methodists has taken place, with the exception of the communication sent to the *Chicago Tribune*. In denouncing this last step, the *Corriere* declares, it does so because it feels it a sacred duty to denounce every intrigue due to Protestant activity and propaganda. For in countless ways they persistently conspire against the fairest glories of "Our Latin and Catholic civilisation."

Poor Potter

Stung by Father Gondringer's exposure Potter the rash, Potter the foolish, forgot that he was too busy to defend his honor and found much time to make a public display of his ineptitude and his bigotry. He had tried to shift the burden of his defence to the shoulders of a creature who was able to boast that

though he was horsewhipped he had led by the nose such notable personages as our dear friend, Sir Francis Bell, the godfather of the infamous and ridiculous Marriage Bill. But Father Gondringer pointed the finger of scorn sternly at Potter, while ignoring the "rotter." Hence, Potter emerged into print, or put his name to a printed screed, in hopeless effort to make good a bad cause. From first to last, Potter did not find much sympathy among his colleagues, many of whom considered that he had disgraced the name of New Zealand's Parliament by his ignorant and incoherent bigotry. Father Gondringer's scathing letters were a source of delight to Members who could hardly conceal their contempt for Potter and his infamous champion. The following reply from Father Gondringer, which appeared in the *Evening Post*, of July 10, sufficiently explains what Potter's methods of defence were and what sort of credit he reflects on whatever sort of people chose him for their representative in the House:

Sir,—At last Mr. Potter has found time to defend his honor—or what remains of it. The pressure upon his time must have eased off considerably, for, apparently, he has found time to read two long works: *The Moral Theology of St. Alphonsus Liguori*, and *The Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII.* With regard to these, I beg leave to make but one remark: even if Mr. Potter possessed these works, he would be as capable of understanding them as he would be of deciphering the inscriptions in the tomb of Tutankhamen. After giving us bogus oaths, he gives us bogus quotations. Let us dispose of the oaths first, Mr. Potter.

The issue is this: Mr. Potter produced four oaths, alleging them to be Catholic oaths. I denounced all four as forgeries, invented between 1678 and 1689 by Robert Ware, and by him ascribed to Archbishop Usher, in whose voluminous writings they are not to be found. Of the four, only one could be really tested here in New Zealand, viz., what Mr. Potter calls the "priest's oath." There are some 300 Catholic priests in New Zealand, and I, as one of them, challenged Mr. Potter to state that I had taken such an oath. I should then have served him with a writ for libel, and the whole question could have been debated in as public a manner as one could wish.

To this challenge Mr. Potter at first failed to reply. When I pressed the point, and taunted him with being a "quitter," he replied saying that I was attempting the impossible. And yet, what I was attempting to do was to persuade him to be a gentleman, and to stand by his words. For the form of words which I used was not one "which exists, for the purpose of this controversy, only in my imagination." I quoted Mr. Potter's own words, as they appeared (in brackets) in the *New Zealand Times* of June 27. Could confusion be worse confounded? He admits quoting those oaths in Parliament, and then coolly tells me that they exist in my imagination only.

But out of his confusion one definite fact appears: Mr. Potter refuses to stand to his guns. He refuses to come into Court; and plain, honest people might conclude that he himself does not believe in the forgeries he quoted. To cover up his tracks, therefore, he suggests a Royal Commission. And why a Royal Commission, pray? Is it Sir, that he has fears for his purse? I have found occasionally that people, who were not at all squeamish about their honor, quickly showed deep concern when their purse was in question. But I had not, until now, thought it possible that a member of Parliament could be a man of such a stamp! Besides, Mr. Potter knows perfectly well that neither he nor I would obtain a Royal Commission, under the present circumstances—and, that being so, he would escape scot free! To agree to this would be to set a premium on slander. Every time that, in the month of July, an Orangeman felt an attack of "yellow fever," he could pour forth his venom in perfect safety; for, when his victims would protest, he need but say: "Oh, well, if you are innocent, you can try to get a Royal Commission set up!"

Now, Sir, Mr. Potter cannot escape through that ingeniously-devised loop-hole. I hold him hard and

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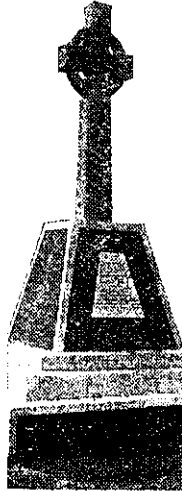
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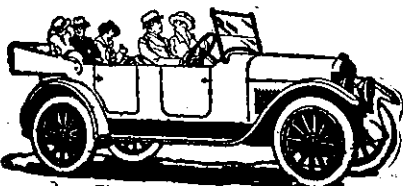
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fast to my original challenge. Let him state that I have taken the "priest's oath," and I will sue him for libel, and he will be made to prove his words, or to "eat them."

My challenge concerns the "priest's oath." But let not Mr. Potter forget that I have definitely stated that all his oaths are forgeries. I have already told him how the Jesuits disposed of the oath ascribed to them, by going to law over the matter.

Let us now take the oath of the Knights of Columbus, the authenticity of which was "proved" by the statement that it appeared in the Congressional Records, 1913, page 2216. Let your readers judge of the reliability of Mr. Potter in this matter! In 1918, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy of the United States issued a joint statement to the press, saying that the oath appeared in the Congressional Records "only because it was produced in an election contest, and denounced before Congress as an abominable forgery." The same authorities add that, in 1918, this bogus oath was circulated as "German propaganda," and that "an agent caught in passing around printed copies of this oath in New Jersey has been arrested and imprisoned."

That is how the United States deal with such people, Mr. Potter. It has surely not escaped your memory that some members of Parliament suggested that your chief confederate, who, in this controversy uses your name as his "nom de guerre," should have been treated in a like manner. You taunt me with being afraid to answer him, and you know, and the intelligent public know, that I am, as a matter of fact, answering him all the time. Such childish tricks as calling me Father Gondringer over one signature and Mr. Gondringer over another do not mislead me, I assure you.

Is it beginning to be clear to you what a pretty pickle Don Quixote has got you into, Mr. Potter? For, should we go to law, you, and not he, will have to appear in the witness-box—and pay the costs. He has proved before to-day that he will avoid the witness-box at all price. A Royal Commission, at the expense of the State, is more to his taste.

B. J. GONDRINGER, S.M.,

July 8.

St. Patrick's College.

Points of Church Law for Laymen

(By REV. T. SLATER, S.J., in the *London Catholic Times*.)
MARRIAGE WITH UNBAPTISED PERSONS.

Protestants do not admit the authority of the Catholic Church, and consequently they deny that the marriage laws of the Catholic Church have any objective validity. A Protestant who has married a Catholic in the Protestant Church or in the Registry Office is offended when he is told that his marriage is null and void. He should consider the Catholic party, it is true, but when religious prejudice stands in the way it is not easy to look at things from other people's point of view. Sometimes, unfortunately, the Catholic party does not regard the marriage from the Catholic point of view, sometimes he or she is ignorant of the Catholic point of view. In any case it will be worth while to try to make the Catholic position clear with regard to an important part of the marriage law of the Catholic Church.

Catholic Church's Marriage Laws.

The Catholic Church has made laws for the regulation of Christian marriage from the earliest times. Some of these laws, like that which prescribes bans before marriage is contracted, make marriage unlawful and sinful if it is contracted against and in spite of the law, but they do not make it null and void. Such laws are called in technical terms merely prohibitory impediments of marriage. Other laws are more stringent: it is of greater importance that they should attain their object, and so for good reasons they not only prohibit marriage and make it unlawful and sinful, but they render it null and void, if it is attempted against and in spite of the law.

Diriment Impediments.

Such laws as these are called in technical language diriment impediments of marriage, like consanguinity in

the second and third degree. When a marriage has been contracted in spite of the existence of a diriment impediment between the parties, the marriage is no marriage at all; after the ceremony the parties are just where they were before it: they are not man and wife.

St. Paul and Marriages of Christians with Pagans.

The history of the impediment which is known as Difference of worship, or Difference of religion, will illustrate what has been said. In the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians occur the words: "Bear not the yoke with unbelievers." In these words St. Paul forbade the Christians of Corinth to enter into any close and intimate relations with those who were not baptised. Of all close and intimate relations marriage is the closest and most intimate, and so in these words St. Paul prohibits the marriage of Christians with pagans. At first it was only a prohibitory impediment: it forbade marriage between a Christian and a non-Christian, but it did not make it null and void. However, as Christians multiplied and pagans decreased in number, custom made the law more stringent, and from the eighth to the twelfth century Difference of religion gradually became a diriment impediment of marriage.

Marriage Between a Christian and a Jew.

A marriage, for example, between a Christian and a Jew was no marriage at all, unless a dispensation from the law had been obtained from the competent authority. The impediment bound all baptised Christians, even those who had separated from the Catholic Church by schism. There is a well-known case of an Anglican who had married an Anabaptist in England. He quarrelled with the Anabaptist and married a Lutheran woman. He subsequently asked to be received into the Catholic Church, and it was necessary to determine whether his second marriage was valid. The case was sent to Rome, and there it was decided that if the man had been baptised and the Anabaptist was not baptised, the first marriage was invalid and the second valid.

The Code of Canon Law has made an important change in this impediment. Canon 1070 is as follows:

"§ 1. Marriage contracted by a person not baptised with a person baptised in the Catholic Church or with a convert to it from schism or heresy is null.

"§ 2. If a party at the time of contracting marriage was commonly held to be baptised or if his baptism was doubtful the validity of the marriage must be upheld in accordance with the rule of law that marriage is favored by the law, until it is proved for certain that one of the parties was baptised and the other not baptised."

The Canon mentions only those who have been baptised in the Catholic Church: that is, those who have received baptism with a view to their incorporation as members of the Catholic Church. It says nothing expressly about baptised non-Catholics. However, according to the common interpretation, the effect of this Canon is to restrict the impediment of Difference of religion to baptised Catholics; baptised non-Catholics are no longer subject to the law. The change may be illustrated by the case of the Anglican who married an Anabaptist mentioned above. We saw that this marriage was declared null and void and the second marriage upheld. Since the new Code came into force, if such a case of marriage contracted after May 19, 1918, were brought into court, the decision would be reversed. The first marriage would be declared valid, and the second invalid.

Catholic Population of Canada

A St. John, N.B. message under date May 10, says:—Tabulated returns on the religious affiliations of the people of Canada, obtained from reports of the Dominion census of June, 1921, have just been issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce. Figures for the leading denominations follow: Catholics, 3,388,663; Presbyterians, 1,408,812; Methodists, 1,158,744; Anglicans, 1,047,959; Baptists, 421,730; Lutherans, 287,484. Included in Canada's total population of 8,788,483 a year ago last June were 125,190 Jews, 13,826 Christian Scientists, 11,626 Buddhists, and 19,956 Mormons.

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The Late Very Reverend Dean Thomas McKenna

REQUIEM AND FUNERAL AT PAHIATUA.

Last week we published an account of the solemn obsequies celebrated in the parish church of New Plymouth for the repose of the soul of the deceased parish priest. On the following day (Wednesday, July 11) the remains were brought by train to Woodville, and thence in a long funeral procession to the Dean's old parish, Pahiataua. From the station at Woodville to the church at Pahiataua a large number of mourners followed the hearse which bore the body of "Father Tom," in addition to friends and relatives from the district; many from New Plymouth and Hawera joining in the cortege. In the church wherein for so many years he ministered so faithfully to his flock, the Dean's remains lay in state at the end of his last earthly journey, while the beautiful Office for the Dead was sung by the clergy in the presence of a large congregation.

On Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father John Kelly, Father Sweeney (deacon), Father Falloon (subdeacon), and Father McDermott (master of ceremonies). The Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna (brother of deceased) presided in the sanctuary. There was an overflowing congregation, a great number being unable to gain admission.

The music of the Mass was well rendered by a choir of the clergy, under the direction of Father Stan Mahony. Father Schaeffer presided at the organ.

The church was suitably and effectively draped.

A panegyric of the deceased Dean was delivered by Rev. Father John Kelly, taking for his text, St. John, 16th chapter, 11th verse: "A little while and you shall not see me, and a little while you shall see me."

He said the voice of God, the voice of men, the voice of experience, tells us that life is short and uncertain. This fact was vividly brought before them that day assembled as they were in the presence of the mortal remains of their one-time revered and devoted parish priest. It would be vain for him to attempt to describe fittingly the virtues and priestly life of the late Dean McKenna to a congregation who knew him so intimately, and had been the witness of his daily round of parochial duties, for well nigh close on 30 years. He would therefore commend the late Dean to the prayers and loving remembrance of those whom he had so faithfully served during half his lifetime. The parishioners of Pahiataua had requested that the remains of the late Dean should find a resting place in their midst, hence he did not doubt that the most fitting place for the Dean's burial was in the scene of his former priestly ministrations and among those people who had loved him so dearly in life and would cherish his memory so affectionately in death.

Father Kelly referred to the tender bonds of brotherly affection uniting the late Dean with his brothers, Monsignor McKenna and Mr. James McKenna. To them, might fittingly be applied the words:—

"Oh, how good a thing it is to see brothers dwell together in unity."

How these brothers loved one another!

On behalf of the clergy of the Archdiocese, of the congregation here present, and of the many friends who had sent messages of enquiry during the illness of the late Dean, he begged to tender his sincerest sympathy to the Right Rev. Monsignor McKenna and his brother, Mr. James McKenna, and those other relatives present on this occasion.

The Brigidine Order was represented in the congregation by Sisters from Masterton and Carterton, as well as by the local community.

The tasteful draping of the church was due to the local Sisters.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Absolutions were read by Father John Kelly and the funeral procession started immediately from the church. The cortege which was a very lengthy one, consisted of the children of St. Anthony's school (who wore crape badges), the Sodality of the Children of Mary, the members of the Hibernian Society, in regalia, the cross-bearer with two acolytes, then followed a long line of the clergy, numbering about forty, from all parts of the Archdiocese, some as far south as Westport, to the extreme northern limits, then came the

hearse, followed by fully 100 motor cars. The whole formed a very striking procession. The length of the latter extended well over a mile.

The widespread esteem in which the late Dean was held was evidenced by the large numbers which congregated at various points. Business was suspended as the cortege passed through the streets, which were lined at different points by large numbers of residents. It seemed as if the whole countryside had turned out *en masse* to demonstrate its sympathy and respect. The funeral was probably one of the largest ever seen in this district.

The ceremonies at the graveside were conducted by Rev. Father Cashman, and the choir of clergy impressively sang "The Benedictus." The obsequies were of a very striking and solemn character. Many of the Dean's former parishioners were visibly affected. The crowd at the graveside included residents of Taranaki, Manawatu, Wairarapa, Hawke's Bay, and Wellington.

The chief mourners were Monsignor McKenna and Mr. James McKenna (brothers of deceased); Laurence, Clive, John James, Charles, Patrick, and Michael McKenna (nephews of deceased), Marjory (Sister Evangelist), and Mary McKenna (nieces).

The pall-bearers comprised members of the Hibernian Lodge from Masterton, Woodville, and Pahiataua. They were: Messrs. J. J. Beech, D. O'Rourke, O'Regan, Kearins, Goldfinch, and McCool.

There were several beautiful floral tributes including wreaths from the following:—"The old parishioners of Masterton, members of the Tararua Club, President and members of the Pahiataua Tennis Club, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sherry, Dr. and Mrs. Paterson, Mr. O'Styke and family, the Mason family and others.

The following clergy were present:—Monsignor McKenna, Father O'Reilly, S.M. (Provincial), Venerable Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., Dean Tubman, S.M., Dean Holley, S.M., Dean Lane, Fathers Whelan, C.S.S.R., Kelly, Tymons, S.M., Mahony, S.M., Falloon, Connolly, McDermott, Minogue, Cullen, Campbell, S.M., FitzGibbons, Duffy, C.S.S.R., Long, Hickson, S.M., Butler, Klimceck, Sweeney, Harnett, Lynch, Griffin, Cahill, Bowe, McManus, Guinane, Power, Hegarty, Daly, V. Kelly, Devlin, Doolaghty, Doherty, Walsh, McDonald, S.M., T. Lenehan, and Cashman.

Answers to Correspondents

REFORM.—In our opinion your letter ought to be addressed personally to the writer of the article. We are reluctant to publish a letter asking him publicly to give his views on the topic to which you refer.

J. MCP.—We regret that we are unable to find any information of the kind you ask for concerning the Scottish bagpipes. There are probably works on the subject in the large libraries in Auckland and Wellington. We have seen a history of the Irish bagpipes but have never come upon a work dealing with the Scottish pipes.

READER.—We agree with you that the new Free State stamp is not a thing of beauty. The outline map of Ireland on it looks like a lump of emptiness. One old lady, looking at it keenly, said: "Poor Tim Healy! Isn't it ugly he is in his old age." Let us hope the want of poetry in the stamp is a proof of the presence of practical ability in the Government.

SPORT.—Don't take the racecourse phonetic pronunciation for a horse's name as reliable. For instance, Maghera is popularly pronounced as if it spelled "Ma here ah." It ought to be "Moh (guttural 'h' like the "gh" in lough) er-ah," nearly like the words "mock" and "hurra" combined. Again, ardour is a common English word and there is no justification for making it sound "ardoor." Don't worry; the "Kils" are not nearly exhausted. There are still Kilkenny, Kilpatrick, Kilbride, Kilmacthomas, Kilfinane, Kilturk, Kilcock, Killenaule, Kinnefad, Kilbeggan, Kilgobnet, Kilkyle, Kilmore, Kilbeg, Killesk, Killiney, Kilmacduagh, without coming to Kilkelly at all. As for the name of the chaser Pamplona, it ought to remind you of an incident in the life of St. Ignatius, who in his soldiering days was wounded at a siege of a town of that name in Spain.

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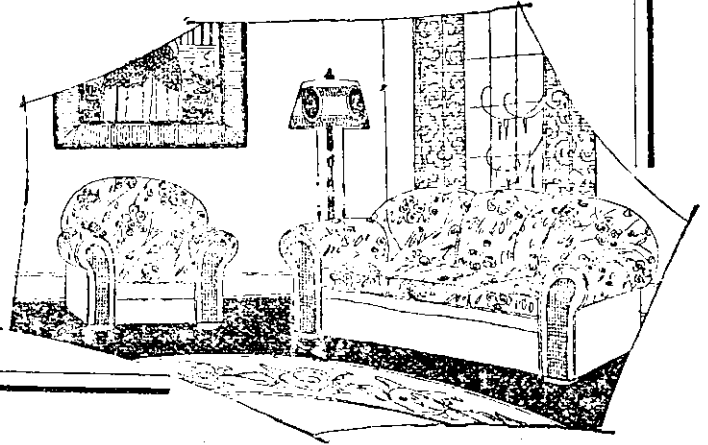
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St. Patrick's College, Manly, Sydney

REV. DR. NEVIN APPOINTED VICE-PRESIDENT.

The appointment of the Rev. Dr. John Nevin to the vice-presidency of St. Patrick's Ecclesiastical College, Manly, will be hailed as an appreciation of the rev. doctor's scholarly efficiency, and of his sacerdotal qualities (says the *Catholic Press*). Dr. Nevin was born in Co. Galway, Ireland, in 1886, and was educated at Propaganda College, Rome, where he studied under Mon-



signor Bonzano, afterwards Apostolic Delegate to U.S.A., and now Cardinal, and the present Apostolic Delegate (Archbishop Cattaneo). Dr. Nevin completed a distinguished course at Propaganda College, where for three years he was Assistant Vice-Rector, and crowned his efforts by receiving the degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Canon Law. Then he ministered for some time in his native diocese, and on the outbreak of war, when priests were needed so badly to convey the consolations of the Church to the Catholic soldiery, he volunteered his services and was attached as chaplain to an English regiment. He served valiantly, and saw stirring times in the battle zone. Unfortunately, however, he received a grievous wound in May, 1917, which necessitated the amputation of his right leg. For his heroism under fire the French authorities conferred upon him the "Croix de Guerre avec Palmes," one of the most coveted of French military awards to those who have displayed great courage in face of the enemy. Following his period of convalescence, Dr. Nevin was engaged for 18 months at Lourdes as chaplain and guide to the convalescent Catholic troops who visited that city of miracles. At the request of the late Monsignor O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, he came out to Manly College to teach for a period of years, and for the past three he has been teaching at the Manly institution Moral Theology and Canon Law with a very marked degree of success.

A New Zealand Redemptorist Student

Amongst the recent professions which took place on July 2 (Feast of the Visitation), at the Novitiate House of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, Ballarat, was that of Reginald O'Connell, son of Sergeant and Mrs. O'Connell, Waimate. He will be remembered as an altar boy of the Rev. Father Delany, South Dunedin and Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, Gore. He was a pupil of the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin and later on of Gore, where he left with the Rev. Father Kelly, C.S.S.R., for St. Clement's College, Galong. He has now sailed for Ireland to finish his higher studies for the priesthood.

BOOK NOTICES

Selections from Round the Boree Log, for Use in Schools. Angus and Robertson, Ltd., Sydney. One shilling.

The best-seller in Australasia for many a day was John O'Brien's volume of poems, *Round the Boree Log*. Its rhymes were music; its lessons were wholesome; its message was from heart to heart. So it won its way into thousands of homes, and people were everywhere repeating its pages. Hence, it was a good thought to publish in this neat and inexpensive edition the best of the poems, for the use of schools. May the venture be rewarded with the success it deserves.

The Great Antithesis: Hinduism Versus Christianity, by Ernest Hull, S.J. Bombay *Examiner*. Price. Price 12 Annas net.

In this his latest volume, Father Hull grapples with a problem of vast importance to Christian missionaries, and of no small interest to Catholic readers in general. The book is an attempt to explain a fact about which there is no dispute, namely, that India furnishes a puzzle to the Christian missionary; and most people have settled down by this time to the conclusion that it is a baffling puzzle. Father Hull thinks the puzzle can be solved, and his chapters point the way. It is an interesting study and the book is in keeping with the author's reputation for thought and scholarship.

Song Night at the Cumann na nGaedhael, Wellington

(Contributed.)

For some time now this society has been wishful to make a gift to Mrs. Pearse for the love of her great son, Patrick Pearse. For this worthy object the Rev. Father Ryan graciously consented to give a recital, and a large audience seized the privilege of hearing him. The Dominion Farmers' Hall was well filled with listeners, who were loath at the end to let the artist go. The concert together with donations realised £24. The Cumann hopes by other ventures to double this sum. We feel sure that Patrick Pearse would desire no better recognition of the greatness of his genius than a gift to his mother and we appeal to all who love him and his works to send donations for this object. All donations should be addressed to the Secretary, Cumann na nGaedhael, c/o Catholic Supplies, Wellington, and will be acknowledged later in the *Tablet*. We regret that the people in the outlying districts could not hear the fine lecture on the works of Pearse, with which Father Ryan preceded his recital. We append the evening's programme.

Part I.—Lecture. Patrick Pearse: "Men of the mountains, my son is the singer that has quickened the dead years and all the quiet dust." Part II.—Song Recital. The symbols of Pearse's heroism: Freedom, The Gaelic Tongue, Long dream of Nationality. (a) "The Battle Hymn"; (b) "Pearla an Drollaigh Bain" (Pearl of the White Breast); (c) "Noel d'Irlande." Ages of National Struggle—The Rush and Swirl of War. (a) "Follow Me Up to Carlow"; (b) "O'Donnell Abu"; (c) "My Dark Rosaleen." Pearse's Passion—Love of the Gaelic Character, its winsomeness, fancy, and affection. (a) "The Fairy Tales of Ireland"; (b) "I Love My Love in the Mornin'"; (c) "Cuttin' Rushes." The Light-heartedness of the Gael. (a) "The Cruiskeen Lawn"; (b) "The Next Market Day"; (c) "I Wish I Had the Shepherd's Lamb"; (d) "The Nine-penny Fiddle"; (e) "My Little Kerry Cow." Awakening; Pearse the Prophet—to Save Gaelic Civilisation and Nationality. (a) "The West's Asleep."

The real welfare of the world never has depended and never will depend on any one man or woman. There are, of course, specially busy times in every life. To be serious while in the midst of these times may be well, but to allow oneself to grow so that one becomes chronically serious sometimes defeats the very effectiveness of one's efforts, while at the same time it gradually renders one a sort of bore to oneself and others.

Messrs. Jago, Biggs, Limited, the leading cycle and motor mail merchants in Dunedin, have an important announcement on page 34 of this issue.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

July 14.

It was with the greatest regret that the news of the death of the Very Rev. Dean Thomas McKenna was received in this city. During his sojourn here the late Dean endeared himself to all by his genial nature and genuine kindness. His old parishioners of St. Anne's, where he was stationed, were particularly sad when the information was given last Sunday, and many a silent prayer was offered up for the repose of his soul. The deceased priest interested himself in all Catholic affairs, whether in his own parish or the city in general. His interest and kindly encouragement in Catholic societies was keen, and the office-bearers and members deeply appreciated his kindness. He was held in the highest esteem not only by his fellow priests and the Catholic community but also by non-Catholics. The deepest sympathy is felt for his brother, the Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna, V.G., of Masterton, in the sad loss he has sustained. The Church in New Zealand, too, has lost the services of a good pioneer priest whose untimely death is no doubt due to the hardships he endured in building up the Church and ministering to his flock in a rough and scattered district. May his soul rest in peace.

CONVENT SCHOOL, PETONE.

The successful competitors for 1923 for the Essay Challenge Shield at the S. Taranaki Winter Show were the pupils of the Petone Convent School. This highly appreciated shield, which is always well contested, has now been won for three consecutive years by the Petone Convent pupils. They won by 57 points, and were also successful in winning the following prizes:—Std. 6 (boys), "The Daily Paper."—1st prize, Jack Larney; highly commended, Gordon Rounds. Std. 6 (girls), "The Charm of Fairy Tales."—3rd prize, Dorothy Whittaker; highly commended, Joyce Morrison. Std. 5 (boys), "The Adventures of a Diamond."—1st prize, Pat Ryan; 2nd prize, Keith Morrison; Std. 5 (girls), "Home."—1st prize, Leila Robinson, 2nd prize, Rita McGurk, 3rd prize, Rhea Evison, highly commended, Margaret Ryan; Std. 4, "Animals."—1st prize, Eileen Simpson, 3rd prize, Neil McGurk; Std. 3, "Bees."—1st prize, Joan Maunder, 2nd prize, Vera Purcell, 3rd prize, Alma Young, highly commended, Mary Borlase.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

July 13.

In the charming and extensive repertoire of Miss Amy Castles is "The Nightingale," in which she revels in the most exquisite trills. At one of her concerts here his Lordship Dr. Cleary was an interested and delighted listener. At the invitation of Dr. Cleary the Misses Amy and Eileen Castles visited his Lordship at the Bishop's House, Ponsonby, on the following afternoon, when, *inter alia*, the Bishop recorded some of his experiences in the trenches in the late war. One incident he told was that of a nightingale which every night perched on an adjacent tree and regaled the weary soldiers in the dump with most welcome and cheery music. With a smile the Bishop added, "We had to entertain us each night an Amy Castles," a compliment which the Diva keenly appreciated.

HIBERNIAN JUBILEE.

The Auckland branch (No. 81) of the Hibernian Society, will celebrate the golden jubilee of its foundation at the end of the month of July. The members of the society will attend a special Mass to be celebrated by his Lordship Bishop Liston in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Sunday, July 22, at 8 a.m. On the Sunday evening, his Lordship Bishop Cleary has kindly consented to preside at Vespers and Benediction at the Cathedral and deliver a sermon appropriate to the occasion. On Monday evening, 23rd inst., members and friends will attend a dinner at the Tiffin Restaurant, Queen Street, in commemoration of the jubilee.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

July 13.

Rev. Father Kelly, of the Irish Mission to China, was in Gisborne recently, and made an appeal on behalf of the great work of the Missionaries to the Catholics of this parish. Rev. Father Lane gave every assistance in his power, and in response £77 10s was contributed.

Mr. Chas. Wood, who has been choirmaster of St. Mary's Church, Gisborne, for over two years, has accepted a similar position at the Cathedral in Auckland. Mr. Wood is a clever and talented musician, and like his father (Mr. Chas. Wood, sen.), who was choirmaster at the Timaru Catholic Church for several years, takes a keen interest in church music. His many friends in Gisborne and elsewhere will wish him every success in his new appointment.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

July 16.

Rev. Father T. McCarthy, Superior of the Marist Missioners, is at present conducting a Retreat for the Sisters of the Missions. Father McCarthy preached a fine discourse at the Cathedral on last Sunday evening.

In the interests of the sale of work in aid of the Cathedral schools, to be held in August, the members of the Sodality of Children of Mary gave a concert in the Hibernian Hall on Tuesday evening. It was well attended, and the excellent programme presented was much enjoyed. Those who contributed songs were: Misses M. G. O'Connor, Elsie Ives, Evelyn Carney, Mr. T. Delany, and the popular humorist, Mr. Phil Jones. In vocal selections Misses M. G. O'Connor, K. O'Connor, and Phil Jones were responsible for prettily harmonised items. Messrs. E. Casey and J. Darragh (elocutionists) and Misses Colleen Costelloe and Mavis O'Brien in a pianoforte selection, were warmly received, as was also Master Kevin McMenamin in his violin solo, "Il Trovatore." Rev. Father Loran expressed the appreciation of the promoters of the excellent attendance and support given.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

July 16.

There was a good attendance at St. Patrick's Hall on the 9th inst., when members of the Literary Society were treated to a lecture by Rev. Father Hurley on the "Spanish Inquisition." At the conclusion of the lecture several questions were put and answered, after which a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer for the clear and able manner in which he dealt with the subject matter. The members are looking forward with great pleasure to more lectures from their patron who takes such a deep and practical interest in the general welfare of the society.

A mild form of influenza is very prevalent in South Canterbury at present, especially amongst the children, and hundreds are absent from the various schools.

It will be noticed from an advertisement in this issue of the *Tablet* that the Sacred Heart library committee has decided to enlarge its circulation by admitting a limited number of subscribers by post. This will enable Catholics in remote parts to secure the benefits of a good library at small cost. At present the shelves contain about 3000 volumes, and new books are being added each month. It is stated on good authority that Timaru possesses the best parish library in the Dominion.

Ashburton

(From our own correspondent.)

July 15.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Patrick's branch (No. 420) of the H.A.C.B. Society was held last Tuesday evening, Bro. E. J. Kelleher presiding over an excellent attendance of members. The sick-visitors presented their report, which was adopted. Considerable discussion took place re the investment of the branch funds, and the secretary was instructed to communicate with the district executive on the matter. Five new members were initiated by the president. The election of office-bearers for the ensuing half-year resulted as follows:—President, Bro. E. J. Kelleher;

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vice-president, Bro. D. C. McCormick; treasurer, Very Rev. Dean J. J. O'Donnell; secretary, Bro. F. Lennon; warden, Bro. T. Sullivan; guardian, Bro. C. J. Ramsey; auditors, Bros. S. Madden and T. Brophy; sick-visitors, Bros. J. Brosnahan and F. Lennon; delegates to the Friendly Societies' Council, Bros. W. Bryant and F. Lennon.

Consequent on Father O'Doherty's departure for Rangiora, Holy Mass will now only be celebrated on the last Sunday of each month at Hinds.

Mr. A. A. MacDonald has been appointed president of the Ashburton Advance Association. Mr. MacDonald is well known in Ashburton, having for many years been prominently connected with Catholic societies.

Mr. Wm. Bryant has been appointed president of the Ashburton United Friendly Societies' Association. Mr. Bryant's efforts on behalf of the local Hibernian society are well known, and at the half-yearly meeting held recently a motion congratulating him on the attainment of the position was carried unanimously.

The members of the Catholic Club recently invited the members of the St. Stephen's Club to a card match, about 30 from each club participating. The Catholic Club proved victors by 15 points. After supper, a short musical programme was much enjoyed.

VALEDICTORY.

There was a very large gathering in the Catholic Club-rooms on last Monday evening, on the occasion of a farewell social tendered to the Rev. Father O'Doherty, who has been transferred to Rangiora. The president of the club (Mr. L. J. Ryan) presided. The early portion of the evening was devoted to progressive euchre, the prize-winners being Miss K. McCormick and Father O'Doherty, the consolation prizes going to Miss Cunneen and Mr. J. Mora. During an interval a presentation was made to Father O'Doherty. The chairman, addressing the assemblage as a preliminary to subsequent proceedings, expressed regret at the departure of Father O'Doherty, and referred in laudatory terms to his work in the parish during his brief stay. Reference was made to his activities in connection with local Catholic societies, particularly the Catholic men's club. In asking Father O'Doherty's acceptance of a handsome inscribed wallet packed with notes, the chairman expressed the hope that the recipient would enjoy the best of health and that on some future occasion he would be transferred back to Ashburton. Messrs. J. Farrell, M. J. Burgess, V. Cullen, and F. Lennon supplemented the remarks of the chairman, each speaking highly of the guest's sterling qualities. Father O'Doherty, who was very warmly greeted, returned thanks for the kind consideration shown him. He was simply overcome (he said) by the kindness shown him, and was glad that his efforts on behalf of the parishioners had been appreciated. He had made many friends in Ashburton, and felt that wherever he went he would not find truer friends, and thanked them sincerely for their splendid manifestation of regard. At intervals in the proceedings musical and elocutionary items were contributed by Misses O'Malley, Meeking, Burgess, and Messrs. Cullen, Hutchieson, Ryan, and O'Malley. After supper had been dispensed by the ladies, the spirited singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save Ireland" brought a successful evening to a close.

The H.A.C.B. Society

ST. JOSEPH'S BRANCH, DUNEDIN.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Joseph's branch (No. 73) of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray Street, on Tuesday evening, the 10th inst., the president (Bro. J. J. Marlow, jun.) presiding over a fair attendance of members. The report of the sick visitors (Bros. A. Berland and A. Hanley) was handed in, and sick pay was passed for payment. Correspondence was received and an amount of general business transacted. One new member was initiated by the president, assisted by Bro. A. Gillick. The installation of office-bearers for the ensuing term was conducted by Bro. J. T. Carr, P.V.P., as follows:—President, Bro. J. J. Marlow, jun.; vice-president, Bro. R. Simpson; secretary, Bro. J. Ford; treasurer, Bro. T. J. Boyle; guardian, Bro. D. McBride; warden, Bro. D. Crichton; sick visitors, Bros. A. Berland, A. Han-

ley, and J. Hughes. All returned thanks for their election, and appreciation was expressed of the installing officer's impressive conduct of the proceedings.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

The usual fortnightly meeting of St. Patrick's branch (No. 643) was held in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, South Dunedin, on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., the president (Bro. F. Mullin) presiding over a large attendance of members. Sick pay and accounts were passed for payment and routine business transacted. The resignation of Bro. J. Day from the office of warden was accepted with regret, and Bro. J. Noonan was elected to the position. One new member was initiated by the president, assisted by Bro. J. Kerr, and several candidates were proposed for membership. Referring to the success of the recent euchre social the president expressed gratification at the excellent attendance, and said he hoped the members and their friends would support the social committee's efforts in organising and carrying out similar gatherings. The prize-winners on the occasion above mentioned were Miss Kelligher and Mr. Patterson. At the conclusion of business all took part in a question debate, the prize-winners being B.P. Bro. F. Mullin and V.P. Bro. J. Kerr.

Christchurch

(From our own correspondent.)

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH.

St. Patrick's Branch (No. 82) of the H.A.C.B. Society held its half-yearly meeting on last Monday evening, B.P. Bro. E. Fitzgerald, presiding over a full roll of office-bearers and a large attendance of members. Rev. Fathers Lordan and Joyce were present, as was also P.P. Bro. James Curry (Akaroa). Owing to the prevalence of influenza the sick visitors reported a busy time, and sick pay amounting to £24 16s 8d was passed for payment. Accounts (£14 4s 6d) were also passed for payment. The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, Bro. E. Fitzgerald; vice-president, Bro. E. H. Turner; secretary, Bro. M. Grimes; treasurer, Bro. W. P. Daly; guardian, Bro. S. Doherty; warden, Bro. L. Mahony; sick visitors, Bros. P. Pearce and W. McMenamin; assistant secretary, Bro. H. A. Sloan; auditors, Bros. M. Garty and E. Wall; U.F.S. Dispensary delegates, Bros. M. Grimes and T. P. O'Rourke; U.F.S. Benevolent Association delegates, Bros. M. J. O'Connor and P. Pearce; U.F.S. Council delegate, Bro. M. Grimes; medical attendants, Drs. Ardagh, Pairman, and Whetter. The installation was performed by District Deputy Bro. Grimes, assisted by P.P. Bro. J. Flannelly. Rev. Fathers Lordan and Joyce addressed the meeting, and the latter recited the concluding prayers.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH.

St. Mary's branch office-bearers for the ensuing half-year are: President, Bro. H. O'Connor; vice-president, Bro. C. T. Lascelles; secretary, Bro. J. H. Johnstone; treasurer, Bro. N. Hooper; warden, Bro. E. Parkin; guardian, Bro. L. M. O'Sullivan; sick visitors, Bros. J. Ormandy and P. Gunn; assistant secretary, Bro. T. Y. Wagstaff; auditors, Bros. F. A. Roche and D. McCormick. Committee work in connection with the carnival in aid of the church and schools, to be held in November next, is being enthusiastically taken up, and the branch anniversary social held last week in the Memorial Hall proved an enjoyable and successful function.

ST. MATTHEW'S (LADIES) BRANCH.

Sister K. Sloan presided at the half-yearly meeting of St. Matthew's (Ladies) branch, when the following office-bearers were elected:—President, Sister K. Sloan; vice-president, Sister V. Harrington; secretary, Sister B. M. Sloan; treasurer, Sister M. Smythe; warden, Sister E. Rodgers; guardian, Sister J. Soper; sick visitors, Sisters S. Morgan and A. Moore; assistant secretary, Sister K. Bridgman.

Jesus alone understands Love, He can repay all—yea, infinitely more than the utmost we can give.—The Little Flower.

If you appreciate GOOD TEA, you can now obtain the celebrated "GOLDEN BREW" by Mail Order. See offer, page 22 this issue.—James Cooney, Oamaru.

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Selected Poetry

"My Old Dhudeen"

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

I am sitting here and dreaming of the days now long gone
by,

I am sitting here and dreaming of memories that never
die,

Of memories sweet and pleasant that are thrown upon the
screen,

In the picture, in the smoke cloud as I smoke my old
dhudeen.

I could see my sainted mother standing at the cabin door,
I could see my playmates playing down beside the Shan-
non's shore,

My father, and my brothers too, and my sister, sweet
colleen,

In the picture in the smoke cloud as I smoked my old
dhudeen.

"God is good," Thus said my mother, and what she said
was ever true,

"As you roam around this world, my boy, we will ever be
with you,

"The times may be hard, the roads be long as you move
from scene to scene,

"But, picture us in the smoke cloud as you smoke your
old dhudeen."

The years have rolled and rolled since then and my loved
ones are no more,

But I can see them, yes, I can see them all down by the
Shannon's shore,

I would gladly give all the wealth I have and all the joys
that I have seen,

To be in that smoke cloud picture as I smoke my old
dhudeen.

You are but a simple bit of clay but such a true, true
friend,

And like the Master of all Masters you give but never
lend,

So gaps are bridged, so times effaced, ah! many changes
have we seen,

But the smoke cloud picture still remains—"God bless
you" my old Dhudeen.

—JAMES SEXTON, Remuera, Auckland.

The Robber in England

I am a robber from over the seas;
I have come stealing things like these:
The slant of the hills toward Parracombe Town,
The look of the sea from Porlock down,
The patchwork of fields with hedges between
Dividing the new-ploughed red from green
Like a magical quilt-stitch set to bind
Fields upon hills around and behind.

I have come stealing the tilt of the thatches
Where villages doze among the green patches,
Where each little house as the road winds round
Seems to have grown from a root in the ground,
For almost as natural as trees are they
With the dull brown thatch above the stone's old gray,
Or ancient plaster firm and mellow
In quiet tones of cream or yellow.

When I go home I shall carry away
Deep-drawn fragrance of Devon hay,
The teasing turn of a path like a dream
And the soothing flavor of Devonshire cream,
The fiery glance of poppies in corn,
The blessed light on a holy book
Through colored windows reverently borne
While overhead the sweet bells shook
For somebody married, somebody dead,
Or another hour of the ages sped.
Into my treasury I shall thrust

Heather-plunder or bracken-rust,
Thorn of holly and ivy-bud
And songs of all the singing brood,
With English voices cheery and sweet
And the patient look of English feet
Clumsily shod and moving slow
Wherever the paths of the good land go,
Or on streets of London that twist and wind
Like the whimsical humor of the English mind.
These and the angels weeping stone tears
In Westminster Abbey forever and ever,
And the knights that sound the hours with spears
In Wells Cathedral prompt and clever,
The combs the Romans used at Bath,
The Cheshire Cheese where Johnson made merry,
The Bloody Tower with its scenes of wrath
And the old Cathedral of Canterbury—
These I have stolen, stolen away
To make them mine till my dying day;
And neither the King in Buckingham Palace
Nor the gracious Queen with her crown of gold
Will take them from me, for all without malice
What I have taken I mean to hold.

—MARGUERITE WILKINSON, in *The Great Dream*.

Dublin as the Poet Sees It

When I behold those wistful eyes of Thine
Brimmed with sad laughter and triumphant tears,
I think the pageant of Thy crowded years
Stirs in their deeps, now shadow, now sunshine.

A queen Thou art, though of Thy queenliness
Nought but the mournful vestiges remain;
The stately glories of Thine ancient reign
Are still reflected in Thy faded grace.

Nature has clothed Thee with sovereignty,
Robed Thee with purple of the heather hills,
Yellow of gorse, silver of mountain rills,
And for Thy footstool made the emerald sea.

Thou Sleeping Beauty of old cities, rise
From hopeless dreams of hope too-long denied;
The hundred years are passed, and to Thy side
Young Freedom hastens with a glad surprise.

Beauty and Love and Hope are in his train,
And Health and Plenty for the coming time;
Soon on Thy throne, as in the golden prime,
Over Thy children thou shalt grandly reign.
—HUGH A. MACCARTAN, in *Little White Roads and Other Poems*.

Offering

What shall I offer God?
What shall I set apart
Out of my body and blood,
Out of my mind and heart,
To be His and His alone?

Give Him the costly thing
Never given for gold.
For fear, or love, or hate,
To any soul you have known,
The thing he bade you hold
From the cradle to the tomb,
The thing dearer than fate
That cannot be taken away
By any crowned king,
The thing no wage can pay,
By no praise beguiled,
The thing deeper than doom
That you could not yield your child
For a holy wedding gift
Were she a sweet, white bride—
This thing of terrible thrift
Offer God—your pride.

—MARGUERITE WILKINSON, in *Current Opinion*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Education, p. 29. Notes—Shyness About Religion; Papini's Vita di Christo; "La Carina"; Strachey and Inge, pp. 30-31. Topics—Bellarmine Beattified; The Pope and Pasteur; The Methodists in Rome; Mr. Potter and Father Gondringer, pp. 18-19. Churchill's Apologia, p. 13. The Boundary Question, p. 15. Dublin's Humor, p. 17. Church Law for Laity, p. 21. The Late Dean McKenna, p. 23. St. Patrick's College, Manly, p. 25.

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, JULY 19, 1923.

TRUE EDUCATION



In his book for the children of France, René Bazin tells us a little story which is almost a shock to the mind of the reader. Two children strayed into the Louvre Palace one day and wandered round the rooms, looking at the wonderful objects of art collected there. In a glass case was a beautiful ivory crucifix, and the children paused before it. "What is that?" said one of them. "Who is He? What did He do?" In Catholic France this was possible. Children old enough to go about by themselves did not know what the crucifix was, nor what it meant, nor who Christ was, nor what He did and suffered for us all. When we read of these children can we wonder at the failure of secular education? Can we wonder that even secularists admit its failure; that they confess that it has brought on the country the terrible evils of immorality and anarchy? For this is exactly what the report drawn up by the commission to inquire into the state of education in France found at the beginning of the present century. It confessed that secular education was a failure, and that the only way to stem the rising tide of vice and rebellion was to bring back religion and to train the children in the light of the eternal principles of right and wrong which are handed down to us by the teaching of Christianity. Again, five years ago an American University professor took with him into the public schools of a large city a picture of the Last Supper. He asked the children what it meant. Here is his experience: "In answer to the question, one little girl said that it was 'a party' and the others assented. Not a single child had an idea of the significance of the picture." He asked them then who the central figure was, and one child, with no sign of dissent from the rest, answered: "It is George Washington!" Thus, in the United States, which Protestants tell us is a Protestant country, the children in public schools seemed to be totally ignorant of religion, so unfamiliar with the history of the life of Christ that they were not able to recognise what a picture of the Last Supper meant.

These two examples illustrate forcibly to what a pass the experiments and the fads of modern educationalists have brought us. The Reformation which cast loose from the old restraints of Christianity also ruined the educational ideals which were the result of centuries of Christian thought on Christian principles. As Protestantism became in a short time a thing of impulse

and of individual whim, so too education ceased to be regarded as a mental discipline, and successive experimenters had their way with it until it became as incapable as anything born of licence must become for the training of young people whose end in life is to know, love, and serve God here and to enjoy Him for ever hereafter. Hence the chaos, the disorder, the perpetual chopping and changing in what modern States call their educational systems. Hence the fruitless experiments and the wasted effort and the squandered money, of all which the result is almost total ignorance of the things that matter most, and total unfitness for the battle of life. Hence, too, the sordid stories of juvenile crime, the corruption of individual, family, and public life, and the degeneracy and the paganism of nations like New Zealand, where there are so many products of the State School who use the sacred name of Jesus only in blasphemy. The Christian educators never lost sight of the fact that it avails a man nothing to gain the whole world if he suffers the loss of his own soul. The post-Reformation theory seems to be that the soul does not matter and that the turning out of a eugenic animal is more important than the training of a virtuous citizen for whom purity and honesty and truth are more than honor and wealth. The Christian teachers had a clear goal before them always, and they had fixed principles to keep them from error; but the secularists have no permanent goal and no fixed principles to guide them if they had a goal. As the Reformation brought chaos among Protestants, so did it bring confusion among Protestant educationalists. At first it almost destroyed education in Protestant countries. In England, for example, the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge nearly had to close as a result of the plunder and anarchy which were the harvest of the revolt against religion, and in Germany things were even worse. Then, when the need of doing something to stem the tide of barbarism dawned on the rulers, the folly of cutting loose from the eternal principles of Christian tradition became evident. Education became a thing of fads and experiments, a hopeless game for tinkers and amateurs who from that day to this continued to perform their experiments at the expense of the souls of children. Down across the ages the tinkering went on, from the time of Luther to our own little Mr. Parr. And, viewing secularism at the present time, the conglomeration which receives the name of education is the product of three main tendencies, due to experimenters whose fads for some reason or other chanced to survive and kill other fads. We have eclecticism, which is but the offshoot of Rousseau's principles, and the modern advocates of that foolish system are worthy disciples of the man whose fitness for educating other people's children was demonstrated by sending his own to a Home for Foundlings. We have Rousseau's Naturalism itself in modified and camouflaged forms and with meaningless rhetoric. We have the scientific fad dear to the followers of Spencer and to the foes of the sound and proven classical system which turned out four-square men and scholars. And, while we have a conglomeration of all these fads and failures, we have not the one thing which is the essence of education—religious and moral training. Hence, we have a crop of children who do not know the salient facts of the life of Him who redeemed us and will one day be our Judge. Hence, we have the private and domestic and public revolt against the Ten Commandments. Hence, we have magistrates and judges and social workers proclaiming that as the expulsion of God from the school has caused the moral ruin of our people, so the only remedy is to bring God back.

Looking on all this, we cannot help pitying the protesting and complaining Ministers of Education who hold up their hands in horror at the Red Socialist Sunday School which promulgates doctrines so uncomfortable for Protestant Plutocracy. What right have they, who by expelling religion from the schools have taught children to ignore God and to make light of vice, to protest when other schools carry out a little further their own principles and attack private property and the half-and-

half religion which has become interchangeable with Jingoism? The secular schools that preach indifference to God and His Law during six days of the week are far more murderous and poisonous than the Red Sunday Schools that on one day of the week proclaim that religion does not matter and that private property is a delusion. The latter are openly and frankly irreligious and un-Christian, but the State schools are secretly engaged in undermining Christianity all the time. There is no doubt which are the more dangerous to the people, and no Socialist Schools will ever do half as much harm in the world as has been done by the secular schools of France, America, England, and New Zealand. When parsons and Ministers denounce the former, we have every right to tell them to take first the beam out of their own eyes; for they are the real culprits in this matter.

NOTES

Shyness about Religion

Apropos of something with which we are not here concerned, a writer in an exchange notes that the Irish Catholic people are shy about speaking of their religion. This is perfectly true, and we think it may be explained in more ways than one. First, there is a probable historical explanation. The worst enemies of the Irish Catholic people came among them beating drums and singing psalms. It was so in the days when Cromwell sent our fathers "to hell or to Connacht": it was so when the souper ladies offered the starving mother food with a Protestant Bible. In one word, Ireland has good reason to associate outward display in religion with people whose profession on earth was to murder either their bodies or their souls. Again, there is a psychological reason for reticence. In fact there is more than one. Penal Laws made secrecy essential for generations, and it was a crime against English might to manifest fidelity to the Faith of Christ. That is past and gone, but its influence on the minds of later generations may well be active to-day. From another point of view, consider that the Irish Catholics always regarded their religion as the dearest and most sacred thing they had. When all else was taken from them, in the depths of their hearts they cherished it. During long ages they learned to appreciate the power and the sweetness of their treasure. It was a hidden thing and a heavenly thing with which the world had nothing to do. Their feelings concerning it were deep beyond words. And, of deep feelings men speak but little. So that, because of the very intensity of their religion, Irishmen became silent about it and felt awkward if asked to talk about it. There is no mystery here for an Irish Catholic. On the contrary, one often distrusts the man who makes too much open parade of religion.

Papini's Vito di Christo

No small stir has been made by the publication, in many languages, of a Life of Christ written by a Florentine, Signor Papini. Papini was a journalist; for years his paper was an offence to Catholics and to all believers. He wandered far and wide in search of Utopias. He was a Pragmatist and a Positivist and a Pessimist; and several other things in succession. Realising the vanity of it all, he turned to the Gospel story and found there rest and peace and comfort for his soul. He returned to the Faith of his childhood, convinced that only in the following of Christ was salvation to be found. He took up the New Testament, and resolved to tell men in his own way what he learned from it. He aimed at writing a book that might be read. And he succeeded. His great creative Italian genius is revealed at its best in his work. He is eloquent and graphic. Canon Barry thinks his treatment is akin to that of a Jesuit Father conducting a spiritual retreat—the utterance of words from the heart to those who understand. He did not write as a theologian; and

so, theological accuracy is not to be sought in his book. He did not—as he ought to have done—submit his work to the censorship of the Church; and so there is no guarantee that it is sound in doctrine. When an English translation was undertaken, it was done by a non-Catholic; and again the book suffers from that mistake. All things considered, there is much in the work to be thankful for, and it is certain to do a large amount of good. Unstinted praise is due for its literary and artistic merits; for its design, construction, descriptive charm. It is also a sincere effort to bring to struggling and erring humanity the saving knowledge of Christ the Redeemer of Mankind.

"La Carina," by Isabel Clarke

This is, in our opinion, the best novel so far written by this Catholic author. The story describes the fortunes of a gifted young Catholic novelist who married a middle-aged Protestant Englishman, with the traditional prejudices against the Church deeply ingrained in his nature. He was a widower, having a son, Peter, who was as sensitive as the father was stolid. Peter and his young step-mother became good friends, and the boy's mind turned Romewards. What a storm there was when the father found out that the son was going to become a Catholic, what harshness on his part, and what misery on his wife's, are well described. The book ends on a happy note, although the death of Peter (the result of an accident in the hunting field) is the cause of the change of his father's heart. Rome is the stage for much of the scenes, and adds its magic atmosphere to the pages of the novel. On the whole, it is a well-told tale and wholesome reading. Here and there the characters crowd one another too much as they move through the pages. Short, almost staccato sentences, and rather commonplace writing in general, rob the style of grace and distinction.

Mr. Strachey

In elder days no shallow writer had much chance of being a success. Men thought, and they looked for thought in books. Hence, even a generation ago, such vogue as has been attained by Mr. Wells's alleged history, or by Mr. Strachey's character sketches would have been impossible; and the one and the other would have passed unnoticed by serious readers, in spite of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of servile critics. If one wants the measure of the mind of the much-bemoaned Mr. Strachey, one has but to read his silly remarks about Cardinals Newman and Manning. *Omne quod recipitur, recipitur secundum modum recipientis*—A man's views are small if his mind is small. Hence, this popular modern writer regards Manning as an ambitious man, and Newman as a rather feeble-minded ascetic! The two great English Cardinals need no defence, but this fatuous attack on them by a modern scribbler is enough to shew us that Mr. Strachey's books are not worth their weight in lead. The probability is that he never read a single work of Newman's, and that his mind would prove inadequate for the intellectual effort entailed in following the powerful logic of "the most winning writer of English that ever existed," as John Morley calls him. To study and to appreciate Newman's methods require talent. His luminous pages affect small minds as strong sunlight affects weak-eyed persons.

Another of Them

That lime-light lover, Dean Inge, also has a tilt at the dead Cardinal who once annihilated Kingsley with scorn. Newman is dead and Inge may rave in security if indeed, it were possible that so trivial a person could ever have succeeded in attracting Newman's notice. "Kingsley," says the Dean, "bungled his attack on Newman's truthfulness and put himself in the wrong; but Kingsley had a sort of horse-sense that there was something radically amiss, from his point of view, which was that of an English gentleman, in the operations of Newman's mind." (Can people blame those who are moved to ridicule by the use by such persons of that "grand old name of gentleman, defiled by all ignoble

use"?) On Inge's attack, the *Catholic World* has the following sharp comment:

There is only one word to characterise this kind of controversy, the strong old *Nordic* word "nasty." The ethics of a man who descends to such an insinuation are beneath the ethics of a plug-ugly in the prize ring. The bruiser would not hit a man when he is down. Dean Inge kicks a man when he is dead. Worse still, after virtually calling Newman a liar, he says most unctuously, "yet Newman was an honorable man, who would never have stooped to the tortuousness of many Roman ecclesiastics." There is the poison on the point of the rapier. No fine Italian hand, even in medieval days, could work more skillfully, more stealthily than this modern English gentleman, who so abhors all that is stealthy. Some people on this side of the Atlantic are still wondering why Hilaire Belloc did not answer Dean Inge before returning to England. There is the reason. Belloc could answer and overwhelm the Dean. But then Belloc might die; and when he died, the Dean could safely call him a liar and an honorable man.

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DIocese OF DUNEDIN

The annual appeal for funds to enable the Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to carry on its charitable work in this city will be made on next Sunday, when collections for this worthy object will be taken up at the Cathedral and at the churches at Mornington and Kaikorai.

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Distinguished Visitors to Rome

Distinguished visitors here recently (writes the Rome correspondent of the *London Catholic Times*) were his Lordship the Bishop of Aberdeen (Right Rev. George Bennett) and his Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand (Right Rev. James Whyte), both in whom were present at the Beatification ceremonies of the Blessed Robert Bellarmine. The Bishop of Aberdeen stayed at the Scots' College, and the Bishop of Dunedin at the Irish College. His Lordship Dr. Whyte is making his first *ad limina* visit. He is a native of the City of Kilkenny, and was ordained

for the archdiocese of Sydney, where he labored for many years. Three years ago he was called from the care of a large and busy parish in that diocese to the heavier cares of the New Zealand diocese. In his early years in Sydney he was attached to the staff of Manly College, the famous diocesan seminary which Cardinal Moran founded more than a score of years ago. His Lordship intends going to Ireland to visit his old home.

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The Greater Relics of the Passion

Recent devotions in Rome have brought newly before the eyes and minds of Catholics many relics and memories of ancient Christian faith and devotion which seem especially impressive when seen in that city, the centre of Catholicity.

The Lenten season and Holy Week, of course, are the times when most attention is naturally attracted to the great relics of the Passion and to places and things especially recalling the sufferings of Our Lord, but at all seasons the historic places of Rome are full of material to excite special devotion in the faithful heart.

Certain of the special ceremonies of the year are occasions for the exposition of the greater relics of the Passion which are shown at St. Peter's and at Holy Cross. The relics at St. Peter's are those of the Veil of St. Veronica, the Lance and Nails and the True Cross, all supreme relics of great and awe-inspiring interest for the Christian.

A recent development which has greatly added to the facilities for Catholic devotion of a special nature is recalled by some of the Holy Week ceremonies. On the Friday in Passion Week the Way of the Cross was solemnly preached in the famous arena of the Colosseum. This was once a regular feature in Rome, owing its origin, it is said, to the zeal of St. Leonard of Port Maurice. Later, however, it fell into disuse, following the removal of the permanent Station which the Saint caused to be erected in the arena itself. Permission was recently obtained to restore this pious custom at Passion time.

Thus now Catholics annually have the opportunity to make the Way of the Cross in the arena, which has been made historic in a special way by the blood of Ignatius and other Christian martyrs.



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DEATHS

MITCHELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Fredrick Mitchell, who died at Hazebrouck Private Hospital, Marston, on June 17, 1923; aged 56 years.—R.I.P.

REARDON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Reardon, beloved mother of W. J. O'Donovan, Mrs. D. O'Connell, and Miss H. V. Reardon, and widow of the late John Reardon, of Waikouaiti, Otago, who died on June 29, 1923. (A native of Glanworth, Co. Cork, Ireland.)—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

LAWLOR.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, dearly beloved husband of Mary Teresa Lawlor, who died at his late residence, Bishop Street, Christchurch, on July 20, 1922. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

KEALY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Kealy, who died at Masterion on July 15, 1917. Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

WANTEDS

WANTED.—HOUSEKEEPER (elderly Catholic woman) for father and six children (ages range from six to thirteen). Apply to Frank Hinsley, Winton.

WANTED.—Elderly Catholic Woman (references required) as COOK and assist with General Housework. Apply H. B. M., c/o Manager, *Tablet* Office.

WANTED.—A man able to take charge of small farm; Peninsula. Apply Box 402, G.P.O., Dunedin.

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MISS CARR has taken over the GROCERY BUSINESS lately carried on by MR. T. BALLANTINE at the corner of Mills and Young Streets, St. Kilda, Dunedin.

All goods at market prices. Orders called for and delivered. A trial solicited.

The Amy Castles Concerts

NORTH ISLAND ITINERARY:

Friday, July 20, Inglewood; Saturday, July 21, Stratford; Monday, July 23, Eltham; Tuesday, July 24, Hawera; Wednesday and Thursday, July 25 and 26, Wanganni; Saturday, July 28, Dannevirke; Monday, July 30, Hastings; Tuesday, July 31, Napier; Friday, Saturday, and Monday, August 3, 4, and 5, Gisborne.

Facts About Chuhari

Chuhari lies in one of the most thickly populated agricultural lands of the world. Within a radius of ten miles there are over 1000 villages and hamlets and a population of over 250,000. The bulk of this population is very poor. Their sole capital is frequently little more than the rags they wear. Could you but see the vast swarms of bright little boys and girls running around, many of them only half clad and half fed, your heart would be touched with pity. The majority grow up in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. Ninety per cent. of them attend no school and therefore are shut off from the chance of ever learning the true religion and the way to heaven.

Who will do his share towards opening the Gate of Life and Heaven for these little ones in the name of Him Who said, "Let the little children come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." £20 will educate a native priest; £10 a native catechist, £2 will educate a native boy or girl; or build a little chapel or school; £1 will save a pagan child; 10/- will help feed an orphan.

Rev. Henry J. Westropp, Chuhari, India.

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THE IRISH SOCIETY

The MONTHLY MEETING of the above Society will be held in the OVERSEAS CLUBROOM, on TUESDAY next, JULY 24.

LAND SALES

J. MEAGHER & CO., report having sold the following properties within the past twenty-one days:—

Mrs. Robert's property, Manchester Street, to Mr. McKeefry. Mr. Goslin's bungalow, Milton Street, to Mr. Kilday. On account of Trustees, property at Hornby, to Mr. Coleman. Mr. Pegg's property, Fisher Street, to a Client. Mr. Kavanagh's farm, "Avonhead," to Mr. Crequer. Mr. Whealan's farm, Waimiri Road, to a Client. 5 Building Sections at Peveril Street, Riccarton, to a Client. 3 Building Sections, Riccarton Road, to a Client. Mr. Edmond's Section, Malborough Street, to a Client. Section, St. Andrew's Square, to Mr. Dolph. Mr. Beattie's Section, St. Alban's Street, to Mr. Condell.

All the above properties were sold at satisfactory prices. Also several lines of produce at top prices. We are the leading agents for letting furnished and unfurnished houses.

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Dona Christi, 6/; Mater Christi, 5/6; Ortus Christi, 6/-; Passio Christi, 7/6; Sponsa Christi, 4/-; Lumen Christi, 6/-. All by Rev. Mother St. Paul.

Christ in the Church, 7/-; Confessions of a Convert, 7/-; Friendship of Christ, 7/-. All by R. H. Benson.

The Daughters of Banba. By Mrs. Concannon, 10/-.

Four Winds of Erin. By Anna MacManus, 5/-.

Speeches From the Dock, 2/6 and 4/-.

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Songs of the Gael, 4/6.

Shan Van Vocht, 5/6.

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Bible Stories for Little Children (illustrated)—1/3.

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-WAIMATE

CYCLES, MOTOR CYCLES, PRAMETTES
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Our Sports Summary

Great Revival in Athletic Action in Dublin

Ireland was always famed for the prowess of its athletes. In this field its young had been of late years put out of action. This year a great revival in athletics is observable. Football matches are the order of the day. Sports are being organised with energy. University College, Dublin, and Trinity have met in the football field for the first time since the Catholic University came into existence.

In athletics there are, or were, politics. Last year certain differences in the South were settled. This year an obstacle to harmony in the domain of sport between North and South has been removed. Ireland will, it is expected, make a good show at the Olympic games next year.

In the cultivation of the national pastimes a foremost part is taken by the Catholic secondary schools and colleges. So well-trained are the youths in these institutions that they often defeat teams consisting of adults.

The Late Dean Thomas McKenna's Aid to Sport

Writing of the death of Dean Thomas McKenna, the *Pahiatua Herald* says:—

As a young man the late Dean was a fine athlete. He played Rugby football for the Wairarapa representative team and in the early days of Pahiatua was one of the prominent members of the old Pahiatua Cricket Club. Up to quite recent years he was one of the best players in the Pahiatua Tennis Club, and frequently played in inter-club matches.

The late Dean was a big man physically. He was broadminded, generous, warm-hearted, open-handed, and these qualities, accompanied by a fund of good humor, made him popular with all classes of the community. None was more ready than he to acknowledge on all occasions the willing help he received from many who were not of his own faith.

St. Patrick's Club, Timaru

The entertainment submitted by the St. Patrick's Club last night (says the *Timaru Herald*, for July 12) was well up to the high standard set by previous concerts, and met with the appreciation of a large audience. The overture, "Independencia," played by a well balanced orchestra under the baton of Mr. T. O'Connor, was followed by a vocal duet, "O Lovely Night," sung with fine effect and taste by the Misses V. and K. Dennehy. Mr. Norman Earl was in fine voice and sang "Invictus" with dramatic effect, responding to an insistent recall with the "Widow of Penzance." In the latter part of the programme Mr. Earl also sang "She Is Far From the Land" and "At Dawning." An item received with great applause was a banjo solo entitled "Oakleigh Quick Step" by Mr. W. Connor. This contribution was very enthusiastically received. Master A. Murphy proved quite a surprise packet, playing a movement from Beethoven's Sonata with wonderful execution for one so young, and he had to respond to an encore. Miss K. Dennehy sang "The Bird With a Broken Wing," with taste and refinement, taking for her encore number a pretty number entitled "Wait." Miss M. Irwin (Christchurch) proved quite a success with a vocal solo, "Lullaby," and also an encore number "Doloroso" which was given with charming effect. Two little tots, Miss M. O'Rourke and M. O'Leary, caused much amusement with a recitation. An Irish jig was danced in a very graceful manner by Miss U. O'Leary, and an additional number was asked for. The "Waters of Minnetonka" (duet) proved a very pretty number in the capable hands of Misses M. and E. Irwin, and a further demand was made by an insistent audience. Miss Betty Quinn's rendering of the old favorite "Mother Machree" was warmly received, and the diminutive vocalist was compelled to oblige again. A humorous recitation which caused much amusement was contributed by the Misses M. and E. O'Leary and M. O'Rourke, an encore being also demanded. Mr. F. Ryan contributed two songs "Beneath

My Window," and "An Emblem," which were well received. Miss E. Irwin (Christchurch) was quite at home in the "Harvester's Night Song," and an extra number "Heart of Gold." A clarinet-banjo duo by Messrs. W. J. Connors and T. J. O'Connor, concluded the entertainment. In thanking the performers for their kind assistance, the Rev. Father O'Ferrall said that great credit was due to the organiser, Miss Dennehy, for providing such a splendid entertainment. He also thanked those present for turning up in such large numbers despite the inclemency of the weather. Miss Dennehy provided valuable assistance as accompanist.

A Horsey Yarn

An amusing story is told regarding a neophyte amateur jockey who was anxious to win a race, and therefore an absolutely "armchair" ride was found for him in a hunters' flat race, so that he could score at a fashionable meeting. The trainer was averse to giving him a whip, until the horseman said "it looked better to carry one." It was not, however, to be used on any account unless something tackled the horse a few strides from home. In view of that the trainer had arranged to stand at the entrance to the rails and to shout to him if there was a real necessity to use the flail. The amateur, acting under orders, made the whole of the running, and was apparently winning easily, until close to the post, when a strenuously-riden opponent began to get near him. The trainer from his promised position, then yelled—"Now, sir? Hit him!" An instant afterwards the horse was riderless, the jockey under the rails, the trainer in despair, remarking: "By gad; he's missed him!"

Miss Amy Castles

A local press report of Miss Amy Castles' opening concert at Auckland, stated:—

In His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening Miss Amy Castles and her concert company began a series of three concerts which was attended by a numerous audience. The prima donna is no stranger to Auckland music lovers. She made her premier appearance in the Opera House on May 12, 1902, and sang then as she did on Saturday evening, the scene et air D'Ophelie, from Ambroise Thomas' opera, "Hamlet," and was associated with the famous young Italian tenor, Signor Dani. The diva also toured the Dominion during April, 1911, giving two performances in Auckland, and was principal soprano with the Williamson Grand Opera Company in February, 1920, making a wonderful success of the dramatic role of Tosca in the opera of that name. During these different intervals the illustrious singer has travelled far and wide, and has just concluded a highly successful season of concerts in Australia.

Associated with the cantatrice, is her gifted sister, Miss Eileen Castles, who made a sensation whilst in Auckland with the Williamson Company, in the Olympian music in Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann"; Signor Alberto Tonzillo, a fine harpist, and Mr. Charles Tuckwell, pianist.

A programme of an exceptionally interesting nature was presented, which catered for all tastes. Miss Amy Castles was down to contribute five solos, but so carried away were the delighted listeners that before the conclusion of the concert the songstress was emphatically requested to contribute seven extra items. The audience was lavish with its praise, delighted with the beautiful singing of the children's songs and popular ballads, and marvelled at the fine art exhibited in the dramatic numbers. At the close of the concert the prima donna was warmly ovated and sang two extra solos, and had finally to contribute "Home, Sweet Home" before the audience would part with her.

The Strasburg Clock

After an exhibition of nine days (terminating on Saturday, the 21st inst.) at Gore, the beautiful working model of the Famous Clock of Strasburg is now being shown at Matakura, with Wyndham and Invercargill to follow. After the showing in New Zealand which is just about completed, the world's tour will be resumed, and, as few of the present generation may again have an opportunity of viewing such a masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity, the chance now offered should not be missed.



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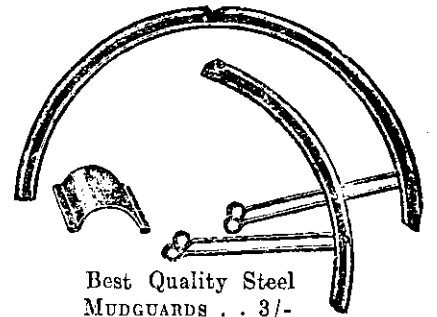
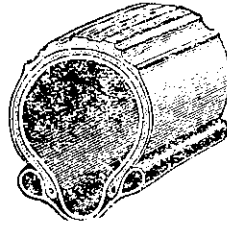
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"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference: -
PERIOD FROM JUNE 27 TO JULY 2, 1923.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. R., Oxford St., Sth. Dun., 30/6/23; Mrs. M., N.E.V., —; Miss C., St. David St., Dun., 30/12/23; E.S. McE., 108 Eye St., Inghill, 30/9/23; Mrs. L., Middlemarch, 15/3/24; A. McM., North Rd., Oamaru, 30/6/24; J. McM., Usk St., Oamaru, 30/3/24; M. M., Hull St., Mataura, 30/6/24; J. P., Blair Taieri, Sutton, 30/7/24; J. W., 78 Grace St., Sth. Inghill, 30/6/24; M. B., Farmer, Seacliff, 30/9/23; J. T., Merimi House, Palm, Sth., 30/4/24; J.S., Pomahaka, 30/12/23; M. McK., Tyne St., Oamaru, 15/1/24; J. W., Waitari, 30/9/23; Mrs. A., Magnetic St., Port Chalmers, 30/7/23; Mrs. W. C., 2 Mills St., St. Kilda, 8/9/23; Mrs. W., North Rd., Oamaru, 8/7/24; E.J. O'D., Reed St., Oamaru, 8/1/24; Miss W., 17 Trent St., Oamaru, 8/1/24; W. McC., Eden St., Oamaru, 8/7/24; G. M., c/o Rly., Ngapara, 8/7/24; W. O'B., Blacksmith, Ngapara, 8/7/24; J. J. F., Elderslie, Enfield, 8/7/24; T. W., Enfield, 8/7/24; W. McR., Enfield, 15/8/23; E.A.W., Enfield, 15/4/24; J. C., Trent St., Oamaru, 30/12/23; Mrs. R., Trent St., Oamaru, 8/11/23; Mrs. C. B., 29 Test St., Oamaru, 30/6/23; M. J. H., Dentist, Oamaru, 30/5/23; Sister H.E.D., "Nevada," Oamaru, 30/12/23; Miss M., Chambers St., N.E.V., 15/9/23; Mrs. D., 48 Young St., St. Kilda, 30/12/23; A. M. McL., Garston, 30/3/24.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

T. D., 429 Barrington St., Spreydon, 15/6/24; F. McC., Addisons, 15/5/24; D. P. S., Box 16, Hokitika, 30/3/24; J. McC., Tailor, Rakaina, 23/12/23; Mrs. M. H., P.O., Miffleton, 8/7/24; Mrs. H., Kaikoura, 23/7/24; W. H. R., 199 Main Sth Rd., Up. Riccarton, 15/3/25; D. P., Douglas Sett, Waihao Downs, 8/6/24; P. D. H., Waimate Sett, 23/6/24; M. J., 3 Ponison St., Addington, 23/12/23; T.M., South St., Blenheim, 23/7/24; D. D., Ngahere, 30/3/24; Miss R., 15 Bishop St., St. Albans, 15/4/23; J. McG., 64 Bishop St., St. Albans, 30/9/23; Mrs. J. A. W., 7 Avon St., Chch., 30/7/23; D. W., Hereford St., Chch., 23/11/23; Mrs. T., 275 Cashel St., Chch., 8/9/23; J. P. O'D., 20 Domain Terr., Spreydon, 30/6/24; C. W., 88 Lincoln Rd., Spreydon, 30/12/23; R. McA., 444 Selwyn St., Chch., 30/12/23; Mrs. J. R., 1 Alliance St., Riccarton, 30/12/23; J. P. C., 39 Elizabeth St., Riccarton, 30/12/23; Mrs. D., 135 Moorhouse Av., Chch., 30/12/23; Mrs. M. B., 181 Antigua St., Chch., 30/9/23; M. M., 40 Lincoln Rd., Spreydon, 30/12/23; R. W., 197 Lichfield St., Chch., 30/12/23; Mrs. W., 15 Plunket St., Spreydon, 30/12/23; F. H., Riccarton Rd., Chch., 15/5/24; F. D. S., 46 Lytton St., Sydenham, —; C. O'D., Spring Creek, B.M., 30/4/24; P.N., Ballance St., Westport, 30/6/24; F. C. D., 139 Packe St., St. Albans, 30/3/24; J. S., Peel St Central, Westport, 8/4/24; Mrs. J. W., White Hart Hotel, Chch., 8/5/24; Mrs. B. L., Pareora E., —; W. N., South Rd., Waimate, 23/10/23; Miss O'B., North Rd., Waimate, 23/12/23; T.S., 19 Church St., Ashburton, 30/12/23.

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Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

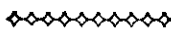
A wonderful display of affection towards their pastor (says the *Catholic Press*) was made by the parishioners of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Right Rev. Monsignor Collins, P.P. (Arch-priest), which occurred on Sunday, the 24th ult. Monsignor Collins was raised to the priesthood in 1873, and since then he has labored faithfully in the Australian corner of the Great Vineyard, and for 41 years he has had charge of the parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

A beautifully impressive ceremony took place at the Convent of the Maternal Heart Chapel, Lewisham, on a recent Monday afternoon, when four young ladies who have dedicated their lives to the service of God, received the holy habit of religion from the hands of his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney. The recipients of this spiritual favor were Miss Nellie Spratt (Sister Mary Leila), Miss Muriel Piggott (Sister Mary Ida), Miss Irene Lynch (Sister Mary Iuda), Miss Margaret Mulligan (Sister Mary Enda). With the exception of Sister Mary Iuda, the religious names borne by the other Sisters recall the days of monastic glory in Ireland and its islands, Aran and elsewhere, when the lamp of faith was set in eternal light by the labors of those chosen children of God.

Rev. Father Hanrahan, of Christchurch, N.Z., has been staying at Lismore for a few days, the guest of Monsignor McGuire, V.G. (says the *Freeman's Journal* of recent date). He was greatly impressed by the Cathedral and other ecclesiastical buildings at Lismore.

Quite a stir was caused in Cummoek when it became known that the presbytery had been burned to the ground. At about 4.30 a.m. on the day of the fire, a number of residents saw the reflection of the burning building, but were unable to definitely locate the fire. The Sisters at the convent, which is about 100 yards distant from the presbytery, were surprised to see only the brick chimney standing in the morning. How the outbreak originated is a mystery, but it is surmised that some cinders from a fire used during the afternoon fell on the floor. The building and its contents were only partially covered by insurance.

Set on the pinnacle of North Sydney heights, commanding one of the most compelling views of the harbor and the city, stands the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, a noble building erected for a noble cause, and a monument to the zeal of the late Cardinal Moran (says the *Catholic Press*). From an almost insignificant beginning, the Mater Hospital, as it is familiarly known, has developed into one of the largest houses of healing in the Archdiocese of Sydney. Certainly it is most successful. The "Mater" rejoices in a reputation of having upon its visiting list a large number of doctors and surgeons who are eminent in their respective professions, and the competence and devotion of its nursing and house staff and the complete equipment that it possesses make it foremost among up-to-date hospitals. The remarkable progress that the institution—which is conducted by the zealous Sisters of Mercy—has made may be gauged easily from the annual report which was presented at a recent gathering there. Speaking on the occasion, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney said:—"When the Government wants to be mean towards Catholic hospitals it excuses itself on the ground that they are 'ecclesiastical institutions.' 'They are not ecclesiastical institutions,' said His Grace, 'they are Christian institutions.' An ecclesiastical institution is one established for the service of the Church. We have a number of Catholic colleges and teaching institutions in this State, but none of them are entitled to be called ecclesiastical except the novitiates and the seminaries. Catholic hospitals are open to the sick of all creeds; the visits of clergymen of every creed are welcomed, and they will be sent for at the request of the patients. Handsome compliments to Catholic hospitals have been paid by Protestant clergymen, notably by the Rev. Dr. Carruthers."



VICTORIA.

Another monument to the zeal of the native-born clergy and to the generosity of the Catholic people has been erected in the Archdiocese of Melbourne. This is the church-school of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Deepdene,

which was blessed and opened by his Grace Archbishop Mannix on Sunday afternoon, July 1. In spite of inclement weather, many parishioners and visitors from other parishes attended to witness the ceremony.

There was great rejoicing in Geelong on Thursday, 21st ult. (says the *Melbourne Advocate*), when the Very Rev. Archpriest McKenna, P.P., V.P., celebrated his golden jubilee of ordination. Close on fifty years ago the Archpriest, then fresh from Ireland, was a curate at St. Mary's, Geelong, under the late Ven. Archdeacon Slattery. Geelong in those days was a very extensive mission. After a time the Archpriest labored in other fields, and ultimately became Administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Vicar-General of the Archdiocese. When Archdeacon Slattery became incapacitated, Archpriest McKenna succeeded him as parish priest at St. Mary's, Geelong, and he has filled this position ever since. The Archdeacon died about twenty years ago, and to the older generation he is held in affectionate remembrance. Archpriest McKenna's zealous efforts in Geelong have been lately dealt with, suffice it to say that his parish is splendidly equipped, and bears favorable comparison with any other parish in the Archdiocese. At the conclusion of Mass, his Grace the Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, felicitated the Archpriest on his golden jubilee. His Grace said:—

Priests and people will have their opportunities of paying their tribute to the venerable jubilarian, but even if no other tribute were to be paid to him beyond that which you offer by your presence here this morning, the Archpriest's heart would be gladdened and content. He sees gathered round him, not merely his own faithful people of Geelong, but representatives of every diocese of the Province of Melbourne. The Bishop of Sandhurst has been good enough to come to pay in person his own tribute of affection and esteem for a friend of long standing. Priests have come from Ballarat and Sale to honor the Archpriest, and therefore it is not surprising that the clergy of Melbourne, with whom the Archpriest has been so long and so intimately and so honorably associated, have come from long distances and in great numbers to show their respect and veneration on this day of jubilee and rejoicing.



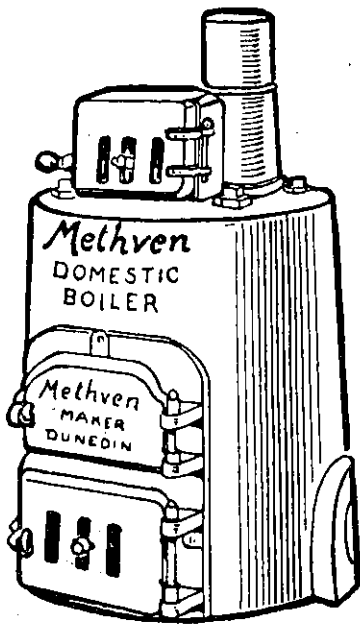
TASMANIA.

His Grace, the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart (Most Rev. Dr. Barry), celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on June 24 (says the *Melbourne Tribune*), when congratulatory messages reached him from all parts of the Commonwealth. Dr. Barry is well and affectionately known in Melbourne. He has paid several visits to this city and has preached to and addressed huge concourses of people, who have been edified and delighted by his personality, his culture and his eloquence. His Grace Archbishop Barry was born at Middleton, Co. Cork, in 1872, and at the age of seventeen began his studies for the priesthood in the College of Fermoy. Three years later he entered All Hallows College, Dublin, where he read a most distinguished course. In the prize list issued during his six years' training in that famous missionary school, Dr. Barry's name appears almost invariably among those who merited academic distinction in the various faculties taught. He was ordained on June 24, 1898, being one of the first students of All Hallows to be raised to the dignity of the priesthood in the beautiful new hall of the college. Coming to Australia, Father Barry was at once appointed to the staff of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney. There he remained for twelve years. During that period he was entrusted by the late Cardinal Moran with duties demanding exceptional energy and prudence. He was in charge of the Church of St. Canice for a number of years; he assisted in missionary work among seamen; he acted as secretary to the St. Patrick's day celebrations in Sydney. One of his greatest achievements was a most successful mission conducted at the direct command of Cardinal Moran, among the Catholics of far distant Norfolk Island. In 1910 when the district of Chatswood was separated from the parent parish of Pymble Father Barry, because of his energy and enthusiasm, was chosen to be its first rector.

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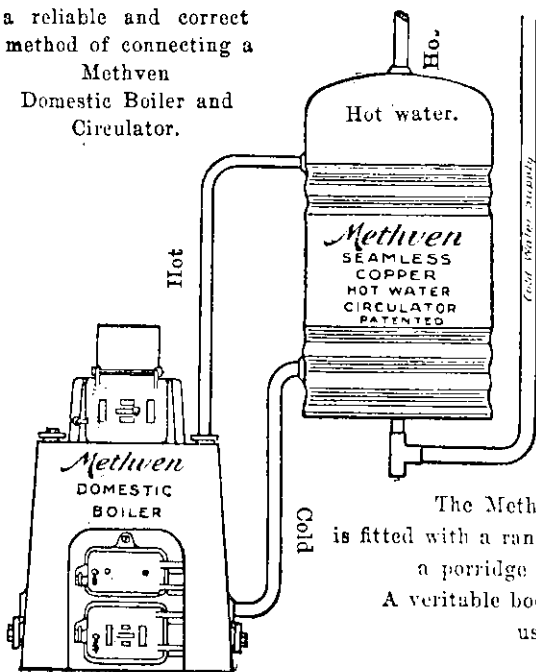
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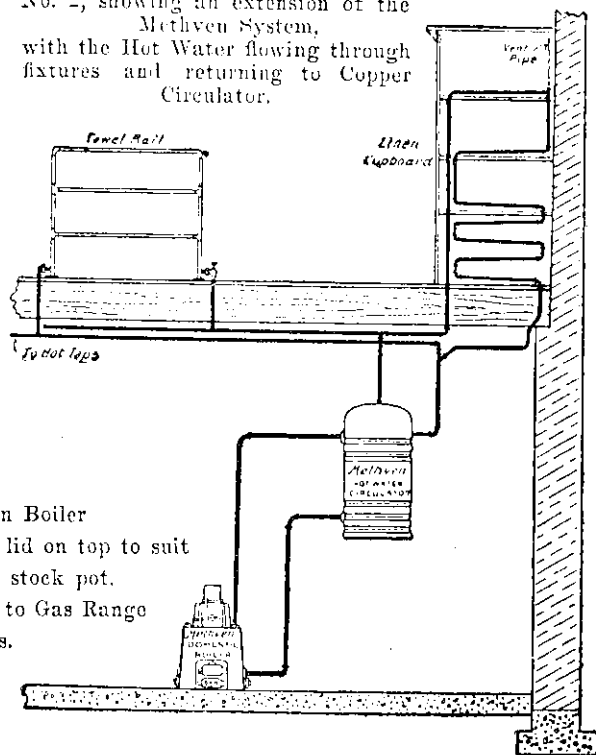
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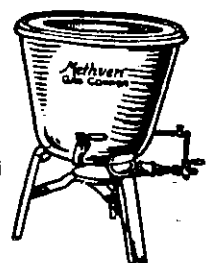
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Here and There

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home."—W. H. Drattan Flood, in the *Month*, calls attention to the fact that John Howard Payne, the author of the immortal ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," the centenary of which was recently celebrated, died a Catholic. A few weeks before his death (1852), at Tunis, where he was American consul, Payne was received into the Catholic Church by the vicar of the Bishop of Tunis. He died an edifying death, surrounded by four Sisters of Charity. Strangely enough, when the corpse of "the homeless exile," as Father Abram J. Ryan called him, was brought back to America, an Episcopalian minister officiated at his obsequies.

Notable Irish Priest's Death.—Deep regret has been caused by the death of Rev. Hugh O'Toole, C.S.Sp., which occurred recently at Blackrock College, Dublin. The late Father O'Toole, who was a native of Attanna, Leix, was educated at Blackrock College. At the termination of his studies he entered the open competition for the Control Department in the Civil Service—a position long since abolished—and succeeded in becoming one of the few candidates chosen by the Civil Service examiners. Immediately after he entered the scholastic attached to the College, and in the late 'seventies taught for some years in the Civil Service Department. Ordained in the year 1880, he returned to Blackrock, and for 43 years gave the best that was in him in the service of the College. Science was one of his favorite subjects, and a few of his inventions are still to be found in the catalogues of recent scientific discoveries. Though in charge of the Castle for the greater part of these 40 years, he found time to carry on classes in physics, chemistry, mathematics, German, and political economy.

Honor for Canon Barry.—Canon William Barry, of Leamington, the grand old man of letters in Catholic circles, if not in literary circles generally, has just celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination, and in commemoration of the event the Holy Father has promoted him Protonotary Apostolic, in recognition of his services to the Church both as a priest and as a writer. Few living ecclesiastics can look back to events of such momentous importance as can Canon Barry. Born of a Norman family that settled in Ireland after the Conquest, the Canon proceeded from Oscott to the English College in Rome, where he made his studies under such theological giants as Cardinals Franzelin and Tarquini. As an ecclesiastical student in Rome Canon Barry saw the coming and going of the Fathers of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, and three years before his own ordination he watched the Italian troops take possession of Rome through the breach in the Porta Pia. In the field of literature Canon Barry wields one of the most brilliant and most scholarly pens of the day. He is master of seven languages, and among the tongues with which he is acquainted are to be numbered both Hebrew and Persian. Besides the special jubilee honor conferred by his Holiness, the Canon was the recipient of congratulations from the Cardinals of Armagh, Westminster, and Malines, with further felicitations from archbishops, bishops, and clergy and through all ranks of life down to the Boy Scouts.

Cardinal Bellarmine.—Out of the three new Beati recently honored by the Church together with the "Little Flower," is Cardinal Bellarmine (1542—1621), Jesuit, Cardinal, writer and controversialist. He was a man whom British Protestants greatly disliked, and for very good reasons. Saravia (1593), Hooker (1594), M. Sutcliffe (1606) fought him tooth and nail. In 1608 James I. joined the fight against Bellarmine, and engaged in a long controversy with the learned and witty Jesuit. As late as 1683 the University of Oxford and Cambridge passed a decree against his "pernicious books and damnable doctrines destructive to the sacred persons of princes." It is a period of the Protestant Reformation on which Protestant historians always keep very *chup*. And the reason? Because Cardinal Bellarmine was a democrat and is one of the pioneers of modern political liberties, British and otherwise. Sir Robert Filmer in his *Patriarcha* (1680), or defence of the divine right of kings, thus summarised Cardinal Bellarmine's "damnable doctrines":—"Secular or civil power is instituted by man. "It is the people, unless they bestow

it upon a prince. "The power is immediately in the people. "The Divine Law hath given this power to no particular man. "If the positive law be taken away, there is no reason why, amongst a multitude who are equal, one rather than another should rule over the rest. "Power is given by the people to one man, or to more. "It depends upon the consent of the people to ordain over them a king, council, or other magistrates. "If there be lawful cause, the people may change the kingdom into an aristocracy or a democracy."

English Art.—Not only Etonians, of whom the number in New Zealand can not be large (says the *Christchurch Press*), but all who are interested in British art will welcome a recent contribution to the *London Times*: "Among the most notable examples of early English art are wall paintings (they ought not, it is understood, to be called frescoes) which adorn—or would adorn, if any one could see them—the walls of Eton College Chapel. Let not the Etonian cast away his paper with the scoff of incredulity. Has he never noticed between the stall canopies in the south-west corner of the Chapel, which he entered every day of his school life, a faint grey blotch? If he has, he has seen all that can be seen now of a very remarkable work of art." Continuing, the writer points out that ten years (1479 to 1488) were spent in decorating the walls of the western portion of the Chapel with a series of paintings in two rows representing miracles of the Blessed Virgin, the Patroness of the College, figures of Evangelists, Doctors of the Church and Virgin Saints. But in Elizabeth's reign (1550) six shillings and eightpence (as the accounts reveal) was paid to the College banker for wiping out this "imagery" with whitewash. And so for nearly 300 years these relics remained hidden and forgotten, but still complete under whitewash or wainscoting till the College Chapel was renovated by "excellent, virtuous, generous, enthusiastic, disastrous men" who (this time through ignorance or inadvertence) allowed workmen to scrape most of these treasures into the rubbish-tin. How much still remains the authorities do not quite know, but the Provost and Fellows of Eton have consented to a temporary removal of covering canopies, and critics say that the world will discover soon that English art did not begin with Sir Joshua Reynolds.

President Harding on Newspapers.—Speaking in Washington recently at a gathering of "fellow editors," President Harding was in reminiscent mood regarding his early journalistic days. One of his statements was the following: "I think the most unfortunate contribution to the disturbances of the day is the excessive publication of sensational vice. I believe if I were to write a code for all the newspapers in America I would ban everything of a vicious character except that which is necessary as a public warning."

Death of the Bishop of Limerick.—The death is reported by cable of the Bishop of Limerick, Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan. Dr. Denis Hallinan was born in Limerick 74 years ago, and was educated at the Irish College, Rome. He was ordained in 1874, and served as curate in Newcastle West and in Limerick City for some years. He was appointed P.P. of St. Mary's, Limerick, in 1894, and four years later was transferred to Newcastle West. The late Dr. O'Dwyer made him Vicar-General, and he was created a Domestic Prelate by the Holy Father in 1900. He became a Canon on the Limerick Chapter in 1912, and was created Bishop of Limerick on the death of Dr. O'Dwyer in 1918. Dr. Hallinan was distinguished by his devoted loyalty to the political aspirations of the Irish people during the whole period of his life, and especially during his episcopal career. In the later phases of Irish political strife he ever took the way of peace, and by all means in his power he strove to bring about the reconciliation of the contending elements amongst the Irish people. We have frequently published extracts from his "peace" discourses during the last 12 months. Quite recently, Dr. Hallinan raised his voice against some revolutionaries, who would solve the housing problem in the city of Limerick by methods not consistent with Catholic moral teaching; the correspondence was published broadcast. The late Bishop was a man of wide culture and of mature experience.—*Catholic Press*.

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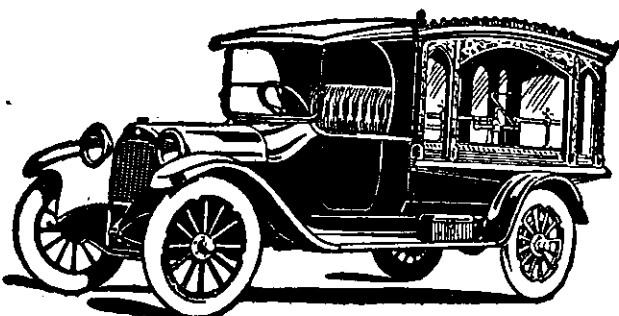
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The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anna

My dear Little People,

Three more of our friends—Pat Daly, Margaret O'Gorman, and Bernard Taylor—have birthdays in July, so, although it is a little late, we will give them our good wishes this week.

Some of you, I am sure, if not all, heard of the dreadful railway smash in the North Island last week. We must all say a little prayer for those poor people who were killed and hurt.

I must not write more because there are such a lot of letters. Some of you are still writing to me in pencil, and I'm sure you will be very sorry for yourselves if I do not answer or print those pencil letters. Do try to remember. Anne.

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Kathleen Daly 0 2 0

My dear Anne,—Will you have me for one of your little people. I am eight years old. My birthday is on December 3rd. I am in std. 1 and I drive three miles to school. I have three sisters and no brothers. One of my sisters goes to the convent school. We go to the State school; when I am older I hope to go to the convent school too. I think your riddle is:—A man a stool a leg of mutton and a dog. This is my first letter written in ink so I will close now. I am sending you 1s.6d for the Orphans. Your loving friend, Frances Orr, Waitohi.

(Yes Frances, I'm delighted to have you for my little friend, and thank you for your gift. Yes, your answer is right.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I look forward to the *Tablet* every Friday, especially since the children's page was commenced. We have been a subscriber to the *Tablet* for seventeen years. I go to St. Patrick's School, which is about a mile from our home. Dear Anne tell me whether you are a man or a lady. I am twelve years of age, and in the fourth standard. I think the answer to last week's riddle is, a man sitting on a three-legged stool, with a leg of mutton on his lap. Along comes a dog, and runs away with the leg of mutton, up jumps the man, picks up the stool, chases the dog, and makes him bring back the mutton. Well dear Anne, as this is my first letter I will close. Wishing your page every success. Your new friend, Julia Hanuifini, Waimate.

(Your answer is right, such a lot of my friends guessed it. You will see some new riddles one of these days.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—This is my second letter to you. I am 12 years of age and am in the sixth standard. I attend St. Joseph's School and I like it very much and I go regularly every day. We have just had two weeks' of holidays and we get another day on Monday. In another three months we have our exam, but I have my doubts whether I shall pass or not, but it does not matter much because I am only 12 years. I have no pets, only a persian kitten which I call Peter. I have got a little piece of fur tied on to a piece of string which he enjoys playing with. We have also a little yellow canary and he is a beautiful little singer. As it is only my second letter to you Anne you will not expect much from me, so I will close now. Your most ever loving friend, Mona Hanley, Oamaru. P.S.—We live in the heart of Oamaru beside the sea and it is not very nice listening to it when it is rough. M.

(How is Peter? Mind he doesn't get your canary. I have one too, a fine whistler.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I have been reading all the letters in the *Tablet*, for a long time so I thought I would write and become your friend. I go to St. Canice's, School Westport, and I am thirteen years of age and in the sixth standard. I have five brothers and three sisters. We will be getting our school holidays on the 21st of this month and we are looking forward to them. I have just been writing to "Maureen" in the *Far East* and it is my first letter to her also. Well dear Anne this is all the news for my first letter and I will write a longer one next time. From your new friend Vera Thurlow, St. Canice's School, Westport.

(You are having your holidays now Vera, I wonder did you get any snow lately? "Maureen" will be pleased to hear from you.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—As it is a long time since I last wrote to you, I think I shall write now. You may remember the black kitten, Hops, of which my sister wrote about. Well, he is dead now. This is how it happened:—When the lorries were carting our grain away, my youngest brother and my youngest sister went to see them. They took Hops with them, but as they could not take him all the way, they tied him up to a tree, until they came back. When they did come back, he had twisted the string around a

branch and hung himself. My little brother said, "Or, he's only gamming." It was true that he was dead. Mother said we would have to wait till next election for another "Hops." My sister and I go to Methven Convent to learn to play the violin. We are learning by the Semitone System. A few weeks ago, we had our term exam., where I beat my rival by 15 marks, although she beat me by $\frac{1}{2}$ a mark last year. My eldest sister, aged 14, goes to the Ashburton Convent, and she says she likes it very much. On the Chertsey Road the storm-water channels, which are 8ft deep, was filled, but, of course, it was nothing compared with Kaiapoi or Amberley. As I have no more to say, just now, I shall close now with best wishes from your friend, Frank McNeill, Lauriston.

(Poor little "Hops," you'll never tie a cat up again, will you? Mind you keep well ahead of your rival for the rest of the year.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—My sister wrote you last week. Her letter would, I think, be the first you received from Nightcaps. This place has been called "Sleepy Hollow," but I think that is hardly fair for we do wake up sometimes. One day, not long ago, a pup spent the day on the school doorstep. Suddenly he ran into school, grabbed the blackboard duster and ran out again. No one saw him until he was near the door on his way out, then a boy went after him and rescued the duster. The pup came back later and tried to get a bag. We enjoyed his visit. Have you ever been down a coal mine? I have often. Our coal is good even if it did not save the "Calliope." We have splendid fires at school since "Jack Frost" put in his appearance. Your new friend, Willie Klemick, Nightcaps.

(I have quite a lot of "Nightcaps" now, three or four of you, which is very good. No, I have never been down in a mine, it must be very interesting.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I have not seen you so I am sending you a letter. I have a family of five dolls—one has a broken nose. My dolls' names are, Betty, Kitty, Irene, Molly, and Lilly. My mother sent a parcel to my brother Arthur, who is at Otouto and it went right down to Otouto and Invercargill I am in std iii and am nine years of age. We are having a bazaar next week and every one is very busy. We are having an Art Union also. We have a pony and we ride him to school and to town. His name is Tommy. I have a pet bantam rooster and its name is Tommy also. We have two cows and two cats and a calf. The cows' names are Darcy and Topsy. I go to the Patea Convent school. Our school is just across the road from the Domain. We go over to it nearly every day to play games. They have a good foot-ball ground there, and a good grand-stand and training shed. Your new friend, Mary Boyle, Patea.

(Poor doll with the broken nose, can you mend it? Do you ever go to the river in summer for a swim?—Anne.)

Dear Aunt Anne,—This is my first letter and I hope it will not be my last one. It is my mother's Silver Jubilee to-day, and it was my Grandmother's Golden one about this time last-year. I do not think you know much about St. Andrew's. We have no Convent School here but we have a nice little Church which mass is heard in every Sunday. I will have to draw this little to a close and leave room for some other letters or names. Your new friend, Dymphna Ita Kane, St. Andrew's.

(No, Dymphna, I don't know much about St. Andrew's. Indeed, I am beginning to think that if I hadn't started our page I would have missed knowing the nicest Little People in the world.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—May I join your little band of writers I am 7 years old and I am in Std 2 I made my first Holy Communion at the Mission in March I have 6 Brothers and 4 Sisters there is only one of my Sisters at home just now there is only 11 children going to our school so we have a good time I must say goodbye now From your Little Friend Eileen Finn, Beaumont, Nightcaps

(What a nice little school—just like a family. Very glad to welcome you to our circle of Little People.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—Just a few lines to let you know that I am a reader of *The Little People's Page*, and like it very much. I live in Takapuna which is a suburb of Auckland. This is my first letter to you and I wish to become one of your friends. I attend the public school as there is no convent here, and I am in standard four. I am nine years of age, and have a sister aged eleven, and a brother aged eight, also a baby brother aged sixteen months. We have a nice beach here, where we bathe in the summer time. I will close now with love from your unknown friend, Molly McCarthy, Takapuna.

(Yes, your beach is beautiful, all the Auckland beaches are, I think. Watch your writing Molly, it is not bad for a little nine years old.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I now take another opportunity of writing you another letter. I read the L.P.P. every week and they are very amusing. I was twelve years old last October and I am in Std. 5. We had a hall Carnival during this previous week and the Winton Brass band was in the attendance for one night. I think we are having a Catholic Bazaar here in October, in aid of the church funds they are going to renew it. Well I must stop, as it is getting lengthy write another time. Your sincere pupil, Mary Donaghy.

(Always pleased to hear from you but you must write in *Ink*. Are you busy for the Bazaar.—Anne.)

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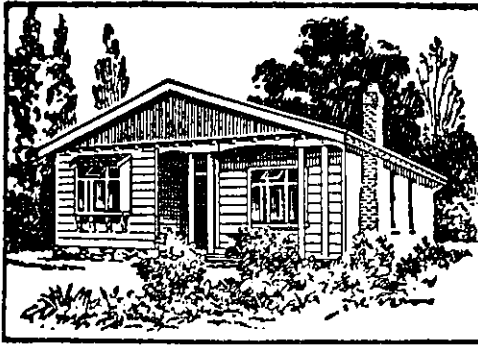
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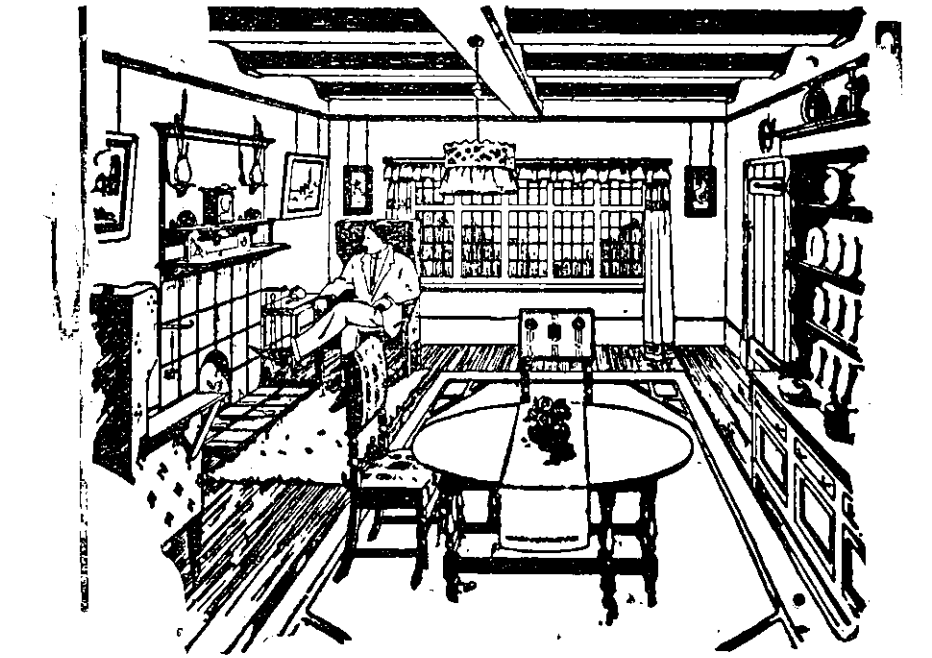
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OF THE INEFFABLE GOODNESS AND LOVE OF GOD TOWARDS MAN AND OUR DUTY IN GRATITUDE TO KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS.

Not only does His love to us appear in the manifold benefits He heaps upon us by means of the inferior creation, but still more resplendently in the numberless favors which, by the disposition of His providence our fellow-creatures, men are made the instruments in His hands of procuring for us. What shall we say of the care and attention paid to our well-being by our parents in our infant state, when we cannot move a finger to help ourselves? What shall we say of the benefits of society, in which kings and princes, magistrates and rulers are employed by His Divine providence to protect and defend the meanest amongst us, to secure our property and defend us from injuries? What shall we say of that strict command He lays upon all, to *love their neighbor as themselves*, and the powerful motive He brings to enforce it, assuring us that *what we do to the least of our brethren, He esteems as done to Himself*? But what is still more surprising, He has made such a connection among mankind by the amiable disposition of His providence, as to lay us under a necessity of helping and serving one another, insomuch that it is impossible for us to promote our own welfare without at the same time contributing to that of others, even of those we never saw, yea, even of those that are yet unborn. It is a most delightful consideration to reflect on this, and to see what multitudes of men the goodness of God makes use of to serve us. Take one instance in the morsel of bread we eat for our daily aliment. How many of our fellow-creatures have been employed to prepare it for our use? How many in laboring the ground where it grows; in sowing the seed; in reaping the corn; in threshing it out in the barn; in grinding it at the mill; in bringing it into market; in baking it into bread? How many artists have been employed in preparing the necessary instruments for each of these to perform their respective parts, in such a multiplicity of labors, carpenters, smiths, masons, and others such; nor is this all; the seed itself, from whence the bread is produced, could not have been sown, if it had not been provided by the labor and industry of others, and that in a continued succession of husbandmen, and of all the various artists necessary for their work, from the very beginning of the world. What an amazing idea does this give us of the wonderful providence of God, and of His goodness towards us, in employing such multitudes of our brethren, who knew nothing about us, who existed ages before we were in being, in preparing that morsel of bread which we eat for our daily food; and in putting them under such unavoidable necessity of not being able to serve themselves, without at the same time helping us; the same reflection is equally to be made in regard to every good thing we enjoy; in all the different kinds of meat and drink and clothing, in the various arts and sciences, in the studies of the learned, in the good books they publish, and in everything else that anyone does for the good and benefit of mankind: What infinite obligations then do we not lie under to our great Creator, whose amiable providence has so beneficently disposed all things for our good? Truly "The Lord is sweet to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works!" (Ps. cxliv. 9.)

Great indeed and admirable are all these effects of the Divine goodness; but it does not stop here: He not only has ordained all the visible creatures about us for our service, but He even employs His heavenly spirits, those beings of such superior excellency to us, to be our guardians and attendants, to guide and direct us, to guard us from our enemies, and to defend us from many dangers: "There shall no evil come unto thee," says the royal prophet, "nor shall the scourge come near thy dwelling; for He hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways; in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone" (Ps. xc. 10). "And are they not all ministering spirits," says St. Paul, "sent to minister for them, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation!" (Heb. i. 14). What an exalted idea does this give us of the boundless love of God towards us, when we consider, *who we are; who are sent to guard us; who He is that sends them, and for what end!* Oh! how

greatly are we honored by such goodness! how great is our obligation then to correspond with it, by a faithful obedience to His holy commandments.

Such then are the general effects of the Divine goodness towards all mankind; for "He makes His sun to rise on the good and bad, and raineth on the just and unjust" (Matt. v. 45). It is true, in the distribution of these common benefits, He divides many of them in different degrees, giving to some more and to others less; but even this He does for the most beneficent purposes, according as He knows to be most proper for the real good of the receivers. And this very unequal division of many of these benefits, gives each of us another just occasion to see the particular goodness of God towards Himself, by considering how liberal He has been to us, above what He is to many others. How many do we find of our brethren, who are of the same mould and nature with ourselves, deprived of many of those good things which we enjoy, and subjected to many sufferings, of which we are free? Some are confined to their beds with lingering and painful distempers; some deprived of the integrity or use of some of their members; many lame, blind, deaf, palsied, half men! many reduced to extreme penury, without a house to receive them, or clothes to cover them, and forced to seek their bread from the charity of others. Let us cast our eyes on all such, and ask ourselves this question, Why are these so miserable, and I so happy? why so many good things to me, and so few to them? perhaps my sins deserve much worse than theirs, and yet God treats me with such lenity and mercy! What an ample field does this afford us, to admire and adore the infinite goodness of God to us, and to excite in our hearts the most sensible affections of gratitude and love to Him!

Nor must we imagine, that because these common effects of the Divine goodness were made for all mankind in general, therefore God has not any special regard for each of us in particular: His holy word assures us that "He made the great and the small, and hath *equally* care for all" (Wisd. vi. 8); that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father, or is forgotten before God"; yea, that, "the very hairs of our head are all numbered" (Matt. x.—Luke xxi.). The goodness of God extends to each one in particular, no less than to all in general; and when He gave being to all the other creatures for the use of man, He had each individual before His eyes, in regard to the proportion of those benefits He intended for him, as distinctly as He had the whole: so that each one of us in particular can say with the greatest truth, what the Divine Wisdom says of itself in another sense, "When He prepared the heaven, I was there; when with a certain law and compass He prepared the depths—when He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of waters—when He compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters, that they should not pass their limits—when He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him" (Prov. viii. 27). Though I had not then received existence, yet I was distinctly present to His infinite knowledge, as the end of that great work, for whose use and service He created it, and on the same ground it is that, though Christ died for all men universally, yet St. Paul applies His death no less entirely to himself than if He had died for him alone. "I live in the faith of the Son of God," said he, "who loved me, and delivered Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). How endearing a consideration is this! and what an affecting motive does it afford, to excite us still more and more to love and serve that good and gracious God, who shows such special love and kindness to each of us in particular! Such, then, is the extension or breadth of the love of God to man, considered only in regard to those good things which are in the order of nature. But what an incredible addition does it receive, when to these are also joined the far more excellent goods which are in the order of grace and glory! But as it is in them that we see the sublimity or height of the love of God, we shall particularly consider them under that view.

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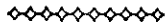
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IRISH NEWS

FARMERS EMIGRATING.

The various batches of emigrants leaving Ulster have one rather ominous circumstance in common—the large number of farmers who formed part of their number. Ulster farmers all over the Six Counties, despairing of the outlook at home, are leaving in large numbers for Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, and others are preparing to follow. Financial depression, unremunerative farming, and no prospect of improvement are the motives influencing their departure. The financial condition is worse than in the early 'eighties, which was another period of emigration by the farming community. Another depressing fact is the number of failures taking place amongst farmers. In the present official list there are 156 cases of compounding with creditors in all parts of Ireland, and of this number 60 were of the farming class. There never has been such a proportion—nearly 40 per cent.—for the last 30 years, and it is not consoling to find that of the 60 failures in the farming community the Six Counties contributed 24.



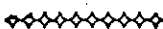
THE U.I.L. DISSOLVED.

Some daily papers reporting the official dissolution of the United Irish League referred to it as an organisation "which has been in existence for fifty years." This, of course, is quite inaccurate (says the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*). There has been a series of Irish Leagues. First there was the Land League—founded about 1880—which in turn became or was succeeded by the Irish National League, which in turn gave way to the Irish National Federation, which in turn was succeeded by the United Irish League. It began rather as a sectional organisation, started in Mayo but eventually it was recognised as the official organisation supporting the Irish Parliamentary Party. To claim that the United Irish League had an existence of fifty years would be to claim continuity on its part with the Irish Home Rule Association which was started in 1873. It is true that both organisations had for their main purpose the attainment of Irish autonomy, but in inception—organisation, officials, and, above all, in spirit, they were distinct and apart. For years past the United Irish League has been defunct, although only now has its demise been officially registered.



THE MORAL OF DUNGLOE.

Derry City is the point at which all the anomalies and absurdities of Partition are focussed (says a Home paper). Its population is predominantly in favor of the Free State, but its Corporation is wholly Partitionist. Its commercial prosperity is based on a practical monopoly of the trade of North-West Donegal—a monopoly which the railway system was designed to perpetuate. Its merchants admit their dependence on trade with the Free State, but they have lent themselves, willingly or unwillingly, to the Partitionist policy of the Belfast Parliament. Their trade with Donegal has been hurt by the Customs frontier, necessitated by the "opting out" decision of their Belfast taskmasters. This would seem to be a sufficiently high price to pay for the privilege of Belfast's overlordship, but the news that North-West Donegal has made arrangements for direct shipping between the port of Dungloe and various cross-Channel ports must surely have given the Derry merchants furiously to think. The development of Dungloe as a distributing centre for North-West Donegal would mean the end of Derry's century-old monopoly of that valuable commercial field. Already Derry merchants have met the new menace by establishing branches in Free State territory. In doing so they tacitly condemn Partition and acknowledge Derry's economic dependence on Donegal. Dungloe is the concrete proof of the fact that Donegal is not inherently dependent on Derry.



MAY DEVOTIONS IN IRELAND.

The close of the holy month of May brings a retrospect of splendid devotions carried out in Ireland in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. From one end of the country

to the other pious Catholics this year observed the month with appropriate devotion, and in many places there were special events in fitting observance of the time.

To look back upon the religious exercises of the month is to garner a wealth of devotional reminiscences that promise great things for the country in the future. Sterling manifestations of Catholic piety are too many in Ireland to be listed, and this May was like the long series of others that have found Irish Catholics showing their splendid devotion to Our Lady.

May processions, of course, were a conspicuous feature of the month's exercises. Their splendor and their inspiration have been abundantly felt far and wide, and the picturesqueness that unfailingly attaches to them externally is a fitting accompaniment.

In Dublin the May processions were perhaps especially conspicuous. May processions are a notable feature of Catholic life there. Enormous numbers of people attend these exercises, and this May furnished special interest in some ways.

The Most Rev. Dr. Domett, Archbishop of Ptolemais and Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who has been on a visit to Ireland, presided at the ceremonies in connection with the May procession at Inchicore. The presence of Archbishop Domett added to the interest of the occasion, and the people waited in thousands to receive His Grace's blessing.

At the Passionist Church at Mount Argus this year the May procession was unusually large and impressive. A special sermon was preached by Rev. Father Basil, C.P. Some twenty Confraternities from various churches all over the city of Dublin were present for the occasion.



ULSTER CATHOLICS STAND FIRM: NO SURRENDER ON SCHOOLS QUESTION.

Conferences of the clergy of Armagh diocese were held in the course of this week at Drogheda, Dundalk, Dungannon, and Armagh (says a Home paper for May 26).

On consideration of the Education Bill in course of enactment by the Northern Parliament, the following statement was adopted by the Managers resident in the Six Counties and supported by all the other priests who were present.

"The second class of schools described in the Education Bill for the Six Counties as complying with the requirements of the Ministry are termed 'Voluntary schools.' In the Bill, as introduced, these schools, which are the only ones possible for Catholics, were subjected to grave disabilities. Now, instead of remedying the proposed injustice, the Minister opens up the prospect of withdrawing salaries as well as grants from these schools, and therefore of extinguishing the Catholic schools which comply with the requirements of the Ministry in regard to public elementary education."

"This fell aggressiveness is in strange contrast with the attitude in England and, more still, in Scotland towards the schools of a small Catholic minority."

The Minister's Powers.

"Certainly the Minister has the power at the moment of closing the 700 Catholic schools in the North-East and sending the teachers in them adrift, or even of doing worse by the teachers and the schools. But no threat such as that reported in the papers will help him to get Catholic children into provided schools or Catholic schools transferred to the local education authority. Threats of this kind only stiffen the resolve of Catholic parents to face the most cruel oppression rather than sully conscience and sacrifice the sacred interests of their children."

The statement is signed, on behalf of the managers and priests of the diocese, by—

Right Rev. Mgr. Dean Quinn, P.P., V.G., Dungannon; Very Rev. Charles Canon McDonald, P.P., V.F., Cookstown; Very Rev. Joseph Weldon Canon Brady, P.P., Keady; Very Rev. Peter Canon Sheerin, P.P., V.F., Crossmaglen; Very Rev. Felix Canon McNally, P.P., Upper Killeevy, Newry.

Appended are the words of Lord Londonderry which evoked this statement:

"There was no obligation on the Ministry to pay salaries of teachers in voluntary schools. He was not sure that they were in a position to abolish the voluntary schools, but they could make it very difficult for such schools to exist by withholding salaries and grants."

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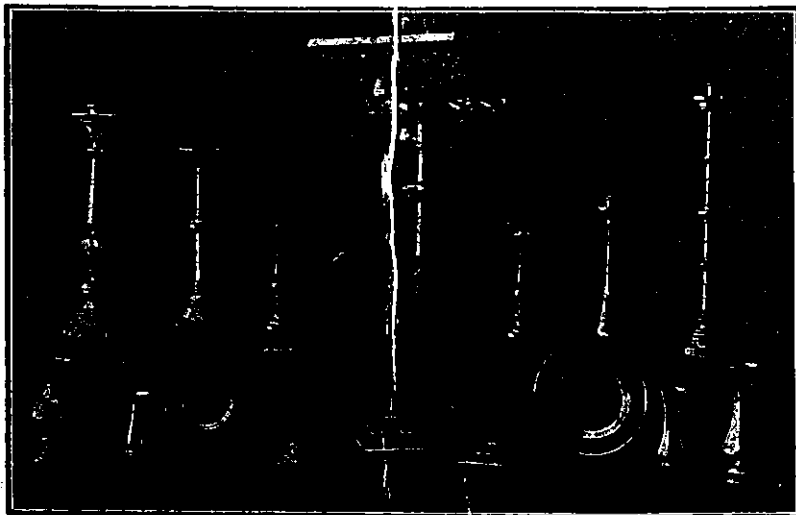
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Wedding Bells



EDMONDS—HOGAN.

A very pretty wedding (writes our own correspondent) was solemnised in St. Mary's Church, on June 4, when Catherine Theresa (Kathleen), fourth daughter of Mrs. Hogan and the late David Hogan, Wanganui East, was married to Albert George, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edmonds, Glen Oroua, Palmerston North. Rev. Father Outtrim officiated. The bride entered the church on the arm of her brother (Mr. J. T. Hogan), and looked sweet in a charming gown of ivory brocaded crepe-de-Chine with georgette sleeves and trimmed with silver beads. A tulle veil was kept in place by a coronet of silver leaves; she carried a shower bouquet and wore a handsome pendant, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Han Hogan attended her sister as chief bridesmaid, and wore a pretty frock of pink crepe-de-Chine, a black velvet hat trimmed with autumn leaves, and carried a bouquet showing the same warm tints. Miss Rite Edmonds (sister of the bridegroom) was the other maid of honor, and wore a pale green crepe-de-Chine dress, a black hat, and carried pink and white flowers. Both bridesmaids wore a string of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Fred Alcock and Mr. Pat Hogan carried out the duties of best man and groomsmen respectively. After the ceremony a reception was held in the R.S.A. Hall, St. Hill Street, about 70 guests being present. Later in the afternoon the newly-wedded couple left for the North, where the honeymoon is being spent, the bride travelling in a costume of fawn cloth with new high fur collar, silk hat to match, and fur wrap.

◆◆◆
Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

July 7.

A new schoolroom has been erected which is a benefit to the parish, and is appreciated both by the Sisters and the parents of children attending the school.

We are looking forward to the next bazaar to wipe off the debt. Euchre parties, etc., are being held as a preliminary to the forthcoming bazaar, which we all hope will be a great success.

At the present time the city of Nelson is looking very business like with the reticulation of streets. The new power house is now on its way to completion, and the much wanted electric light will soon open a new chapter in the history of Nelson.

The country re-echoes meetings of fruit-growers, and the lack of market for the apples threatens many of them with ruin, especially those who rely on the fruit for their living.

◆◆◆
Anglicans and Rome

Just exactly what advances the High Church Anglicans expect to be made on the side of Rome is somewhat of a mystery. But in Anglo-Catholic circles there seems to be a general air of expectation, vague but hopeful (says *Catholic News Service*, London).

There seems to be, for example, a very strong belief in certain sections of Anglicanism that if Pius XI. re-assembles the Vatican Council, at which he has hinted, that event will have enormous significance for the High Anglicans.

Lord Halifax, the former President of the English Church Union, was in conference last October with Cardinal Mercier at Malines. He has seen the Belgian Primate again this year, and, according to Lord Halifax's own account, their is something behind all this coming and going between London and Malines.

There is also the possibility that the proposed revision of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer may force a crisis on the Establishment. It is no secret at all that the dry and dusty Anglicans may try to force a situation that would practically drive the Anglo-Catholics out of the Church of England: on the other hand, the Anglo-Catholics know exactly what they want in the way of revision, and are prepared to accept nothing under that.

The line of cleavage between the two factions is quite clear. The tighteners-up of the principles of the "Glorious Reformation" are mostly to be found amongst the legally-

mind prelates and ecclesiastically-minded lawyers. On the other hand, the protagonists of a revision in a Catholic direction are, for the most part, a band of enthusiastic men, distinguished for their love of souls and inspired with the mission of carrying the Gospel into the lives of the people. So that ultimately the contest levels itself down as one between what is for life and spiritual development, and what is legal according to English Acts of Parliament.

◆◆◆
Mgr. Grosch on Prohibition

A largely-attended meeting, organised by the Anti-Prohibition League, was held recently in the Mansion House, London, to protest against the policy of local option (says the *London Catholic Times*). A speech read for the Right Rev. Mgr. Henry Grosch, R.D. (Rector of St. John's, Islington), supported the following resolution: "This meeting declares its antagonism to every form of intemperance, and pledges itself to support all honest endeavors to educate our people in the ascertained facts concerning the use and misuse of their traditional beverages."

Mgr. Grosch, in his closely-reasoned statement, remarked that intemperance took on a multitude of forms. The term "intemperance" had quite wrongly come to be associated with one kind of excess only. Every form of intemperance, including intemperate methods of controversy, intemperate speech, etc., was abhorrent. It was not new to the meeting that a movement had lately been set on foot with the avowed object of accomplishing the task of educating the people in the matter of true temperance. In so far as this was a temperate and a truthful movement, as far as that, but no further, he wished it "God-speed," as any man who desired true progress must. (Applause.) Knowledge was power, and the more they could know of the established and demonstrable facts concerning their daily lives, the stronger and better they would be, unless they wilfully rejected their evidence.

◆◆◆
Unworthy Methods.

Speaking as one who had spent more than thirty years as a working priest among the people of London, continued Mgr. Grosch, he had witnessed the disastrous effects of excess in intoxicating drinks among various sections of the community. He was a convinced and determined temperance worker, and it was precisely because of that that he felt deeply concerned lest a lofty cause should be spoiled by unworthy methods. In regard to such methods, Mgr. Grosch recalled a recent lecture given to children at Bexhill-on-Sea, where a scientific experiment was made in the sacred name of temperance. There portions of food were reported to have been placed in a test tube to show the awful effects on the human stomach of even moderate drinking. The liquor used for the experiment was not beer, not wine, not whisky, but crude alcohol, such as the law expressly forbade to be sold as a potable spirit. If that were true, said Mgr. Grosch, then those who employed such methods were trying to promote temperance by intemperance—nay, by something far worse, by fraud, by deception, by falsehood, by weapons which the Church could not bless, under a banner which should not be broi-dered falsely with the name of religion. (Applause.) Let the facts, he said, be taught with all speed, with all openness and clearness, but let the fiction, the fancies, and the falsehoods be rejected, lock, stock, and barrel. (Applause.)

◆◆◆
Misrepresentation by Statistics.

Turning from the medical to the statistical aspect of the question, Mgr. Grosch pointed out that again they found habitual, wilful exaggeration—more intemperance of statement. People were told that £400,000,000 was spent annually on strong drink. They should at the same time be told that half of that sum was paid to the Government and utilised by them for education, old-age pensions, and other beneficent objects. That sum, he said, was not lost to the country. Half of it went to revenue. (Applause.)

If Prohibition be the remedy for intemperance—and with his whole soul and mind he said it was not—let those who were working for it at least deal openly and fairly with the British public. (Applause.) They in that meeting differed from the avowed Prohibitionist; they fought him, but respected him. But if it were true that deception was in this new campaign, they deplored it and denounced it. (Applause.)

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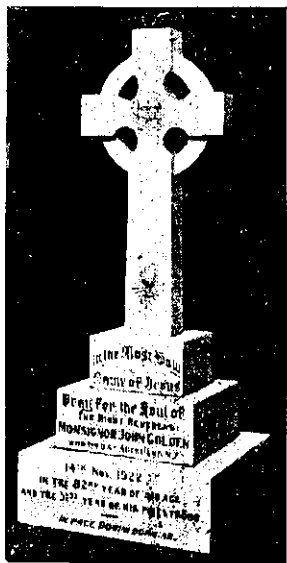
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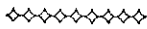
Catholic World

NATIONAL CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

Birmingham has been chosen (says *Catholic News Service*, London) as the *locus* of the National Catholic Congress this year, where the proceedings will open early in August, lasting for eight days. The Archbishop of Birmingham will preside, and the Cardinal Archbishop and other members of the Hierarchy will be present.

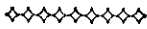
The war threw out of gear the holding of the congresses, which up to 1924, were an annual affair. It has now been decided to hold the National Congress every three years. The congressional city for 1926 is yet to be decided upon; but it is understood that the congress of 1929 will be held in London, possibly at Westminster.

Although it is six years ahead, the congress of 1929 promises to be of exceptional interest, for in that year the centenary of Catholic Emancipation will be celebrated. A great deal will have happened in the hundred years, and the 1929 congress is likely to mark an important stage in the modern development of Catholicism in Great Britain.



DECREE FOR THE VATICAN MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.

From Benedict XV. great love for the missionary apostolate has been inherited by Pius XI. hence the Pontifical Decree just issued by the Holy Father directing a missionary exposition in the Vatican for 1925 (states a Rome message under date May 5). This means, as his Holiness explains in his communication to Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Faith, that the Exhibition will illustrate the nature and the activities of the Catholic missions, the places where the work is done, etc., etc. And to make the occasion more solemn Pope Pius XI. announces that 1925 shall also be observed as Holy Year, in which Catholics will gather to Rome from all quarters of the world. With a view of carrying out the Pontiff's commands Cardinal Van Rossum has constituted a Committee of the Missionary Exhibition with Archbishop Marchetti as President.

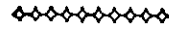


IN HONOR OF ST. JOAN OF ARC.

The anniversary of the deliverance of Orleans by Jeanne d'Arc in 1429, was celebrated in that city on May 8, with the usual ceremonies. From early morning all the church bells rang out merrily and the sound of the cannon brought a warlike note into the religious atmosphere that dominated the celebration. This year the special feature of the "fête" was the presence of one of the generals who won the war, one whose personality is deservedly popular, General Gouraud. Readers may remember that he lost an arm in the campaign which brought about the Armistice. The preacher at Orleans on this occasion was the eminent rector of the Catholic University of Paris, Mgr. Baudrillart. In his discourse, after extolling the heroine of the day, he addressed himself to the General, whom his religious faith and ardent patriotism link with one whose service of God went hand in hand with her love of France. He tactfully reminded his hearers how General Gouraud and St. Jeanne, at centuries' distance and among widely different circumstances, had, while using all the human means provided by Providence, put their supreme hope in God whose assistance never fails His servants.

A Paris message under date May 31, says:—The Feast of St. Joan of Arc was universally observed throughout France. In Paris the celebration was especially notable. All public buildings and many private houses were decorated with the national colors. The Place de Rivoli was a riot of beautiful color. At the feet of the statue of the Maid of Domremy were numerous splendid wreaths from prominent organisations and personages including the President of the Republic, the Government, and the City of Paris. Exercises were held about the monument. Bands of music struck up the "Marsellaise" when the Minister of the Interior, M. Manoury, appeared and stood uncovered before the statue of the Saint. The presence of many troops made

the setting more picturesque and impressive. A procession of all the organisations participating in the ceremonies later marched to the Place de Rivoli where wreaths were laid before the representation of the Maid by Fremiet. It took an hour and a half for the procession to pass one point. The Feast was observed in especial manner at Orleans and Rouen.



MUSIC OF CHURCH GREATLY ENRICHED.

A Rome message to the *Boston Pilot*, under date May 30, says:—

Recent events in various parts of the world have borne witness to the splendid influence on the progress of Church music that has been exercised by the late beloved Pope Pius X.

The famous *Motu Proprio* on this subject has borne rich fruit far and wide, and has played a wonderful part in the recent history of music. Though much could be quoted as evidence of Pius X's. influence on music during the last 20 years, nothing speaks more convincingly than the national societies which have been formed to teach the principles laid down by the *Motu Proprio* (says a writer in the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*).

Before 1903, Germany, Holland, and Italy had their own Cecilian organisations, and now Spain, Belgium, France, and the United States have their organisations. In connection with these, congresses of much interest have been held on the continent and in America. Among the noteworthy examples of these have been those at Tourcoign in 1919, at Strasburg in 1921, and at Paris in 1922.

These congresses have been nearly international, and they have accomplished notable work. An average daily programme of these activities might be given about as follows: Lecture, High Mass, Conference and Discussion, with illustrations; vocal and instrumental; Vespers or Compline and Solemn Benediction. These have furnished hard days of work, but they have been happily tempered by the spirit of the occasion.

Each rendering is given by a separate choir, with music both representative and serving to assist the lectures. When "alternation" is possible, the whole congregation sings the Plain Chant. Musicians of great experience give of their best in the lecture-room and at the discussions, solving the many difficulties met by Cures and choirmasters.

These congresses are not primarily exhibitions of what has been done, nor are they competitive. Their chief object is educational. They are intended to show what can be done, what is worth doing, and how to do it.



BLESSED ROBERT BELLARMINE.

As we all expected (writes the Rome correspondent of the *London Catholic Times*), a very large concourse of people flocked to the ceremonies of beatification in the Basilica of St. Peter's, when the Pope came down to pray before the "Gloria" of the newly beatified. In these days there are being published in the various papers here articles dealing with the work and with various aspects of the life of Blessed Robert Bellarmine. He seems to have been cast in the mould of St. Thomas Aquinas, a saint who was one of the busiest workers of his age. Certainly Blessed Robert was also a prodigious worker and student. It is not generally known that he was the first to write a Catechism for Children; this catechism of his has long been held in renown by those who know the facts of his life. He was also the first Catholic writer to treat adequately the relations of the Papacy with other sovereign powers and to study its social value. For his many mystical writings he has often been called the St. Bernard of the Society. His defence of Holy Religion is one of the commonplaces of ecclesiastical history, while his exposition of the principles of democracy, or rather of what we call nowadays the right of the self-determination of nations, was one of the first adumbrations of the new political ideals which were beginning to be heard of in his day. With all this, he was the very soul of virtue, serving the Divine Master in even the smallest things. So that he is to be commended especially as the patron of busy priests and of all who are called to serve God in the dust of the world's arena.

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Domestic

By Maureen

Nourishing Soup Without Meat.

Roughly cut up 2 carrots, 3 turnips, and 2 parsnips; put into a saucepan, cover with water, add a tablespoonful of dripping, and simmer for 20 minutes. Then mash the vegetables to a pulp, add more water, salt and pepper to taste, and thicken with a tablespoonful of peaflour. Serve with squares of toasted bread.

Boiled Lemon Pudding.

Rub 4 ounces of bread through a colander, 4 ounces of beef suet shredded fine, a 1/2 of a pound sugar rolled fine, 4 eggs, the juice of 2 lemons, and the peel grated; mix all with 2 ounces of candied orange-peel. Put into a shaped mould, well-buttered, and boil for 3 hours. Butter a piece of paper and lay on the top before you put on the cloth. Tie up to prevent the water from getting in. Make a sauce of melted butter, sugar, and the juice of a lemon.

Velvet Pudding

Put on to boil 2 cups milk or milk and water, 3 table-spoonful sugar, and the yolk of 1 egg beaten in. Stir frequently. Mix 2 level table-spoonful of arrowroot, and a pinch of salt, with a little cold milk. Stir into the milk and continue stirring till it thickens, but do not boil. Pour into a piedish to cool. Make a meringue by heating the white of egg to a stiff froth, with a pinch of salt, add slowly 2 level table-spoonful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Spread over the top of pudding, bake a few minutes in a hot oven. Watch that it does not burn.

Apple Muffin.

Boil up half a pint of milk with the thinly-cut rind of half a lemon, and pour it over 1 ounce of salt bread-crumbs. Take out the lemon rind after a while. Beat 2 yolks of eggs with 2 ounces of castor sugar and 1/2 ounce of butter to a cream; to this add 1/2 of a pint of apple puree. Mix all together, add the strained juice of half a lemon, and pour into a well-buttered dish, the edges of which have been lined with handfuls of crumbs of paste. Bake till firm and slightly brown in a moderate oven, cover with a meringue made with the whites of 2 eggs whisked to a stiff froth and sweetened with sugar. Dredge with castor sugar, decorate with glace cherries, and return to the oven till nicely browned.

Ginger Cookies.

Place in saucepan half-cup syrup, half-cup butter and dripping mixed, half-cup brown sugar. Heat gently until the butter and dripping is melted, then bring to a boil

and cook for 3 minutes; remove from the stove and add 1 teaspoonful ginger, 2 teaspoonful mace, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, half teaspoonful allspice. Beat well to blend, and then add sufficient flour to make a mixture that will drop from the spoon. Place 3in apart on well-greased and floured baking sheet, and bake in moderate oven for 8 minutes. Use teaspoon for the dropping of this mixture, and do not have the batter too thick—just so it will run slightly. Place in oven as soon as you have the mixture on baking sheet. About 3 cups of flour are required.

Household Hints.

Beat eggs in the cold, if possible by an open window, if you wish them to set well.

A cloth wrung out in vinegar and water cleans a carpet and saves time in dusting.

When silverware becomes tarnished, place it in potato water and you will find afterwards that it looks like new.

Mustard, to obtain the full flavor, should be mixed with salad oil and not water.

Keep a lump of rock salt in the sink. It will dissolve slowly and keep the pipe clean and the sink fresh and wholesome.

Eggs for thickening custards, soups, etc., should be beaten only long enough to blend the yolks and whites—never until they are a stiff froth.

Warm tea in the oven before using it. It will be found to make much stronger tea than if put into the teapot when cold.

A little piece of dried orange peel in the tea canister gives the tea a pleasant and uncommon flavor.

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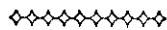
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week 190 head of fat cattle came to hand for market, a small proportion only of which could be termed prime quality. Prices opened at about 20s above the previous week's rates, and as the sale progressed values improved to the extent of 30s. Prime heavy bullocks realised from £15 2s 6d to £17 10s, prime £12 10s to £14 12s 6d, medium and unfinished from £8 10s to £11, prime heifers and cows sold from £8 15s to £10 10s, others from £5. Fat Sheep.—The yarding consisted of 2400 sheep, the majority being ewes. The market opened on a par with the preceding week's rates and hardened to the extent of 1s per head towards the end of the sale. Prime heavy wethers realised from 51s to 55s 9d, prime 45s 9d to 50s 3d, medium 36s to 42s 3d, light from 31s 3d, prime heavy ewes from 36s 6d to 42s, prime from 29s to 34s 3d, medium 25s 6d to 28s, light from 20s upwards. Fat Lambs.—There were 2170 lambs yarded, which, with the exception of a few pens, were of fair to medium quality. The fact that the local freezing works were closing accounted for the increased yarding. Prices for freezing lambs were on a par with the previous week's rates, but prices for light and unfinished sorts were easier by 1s to 1s 6d per head. Prime lambs realised from 32s 9d to 35s, extra to 37s 9d, others from 27s to 30s 9d, stores from 17s to 21s. Fat Pigs.—There was a full entry of pigs, all classes being represented. The demand was brisk, especially for prime baconers, and these sold at prices equal to those which ruled at the preceding week's sale. Porkers, however, were easier to the extent of about ½d per lb. Best baconers realised up to 6½d, and best porkers up to 7d per lb.

A notable feature about last week's Addington market was the sudden jump up in values for fat sheep of which there was a small yarding. Fat Lambs.—Three hundred and forty were penned. The first consignment per the tunnel arrived from the West Coast in good condition, and topped the market. Values were unaltered. Fat Sheep.—There was a small yarding and a big jump in prices, averaging from 2s 6d to 5s per head. Best wether made to 7½d per lb, medium 6½d to 7½d, good ewe 5½ to 6½d, light to 5d, extra prime wethers 41s to 43s, a few special at 45s 6d, prime 37s 6d to 40s 6d, medium 34s 6d to 37s, light 30s to 34s, extra prime ewes 36s to 38s, a few special at 39s 9d, prime 32s 6d to 35s 6d, medium 28s 6d to 32s, light 24s 6d to 28s, old 19s 6d to 24s. Fat Cattle.—A heavy yarding of 522 head showing a drop on values of about 15s to 20s per head. Extra good beef made 32s, good 27s to 29s, medium 24s 6d to 36s, rough 15s to 22s 6d, extra prime steers £14 10s to £17 5s, prime £10 15s to £13 10s, medium £8 to £10 10s, inferior £5 15s to £7 15s, extra prime heifers £10 7s 6d, prime £7 to £9, ordinary £3 15s to £6 15s, extra prime cows £9 15s, prime £6 to £8 10s, ordinary £4 5s to £5 15s. Vealers.—A small entry with a good demand. Prices again advanced. Runners £5 15s, good vealers £3 to £5 5s, fair £2 to £2 15s, small calves £1 to £1 15s. Fat Pigs.—Bacon improved a little, but pork was easier. Choppers £3 to £8, light baconers £3 15s to £4 5s, heavy £4 10s to £5 5s, average price per lb 7d to 7½d, light porkers £2 5s to £2 12s 6d, heavy £2 15s to £3 5s, average price per lb 8d to 9½d.



MILKING POWERS OF COWS.

The most wonderful breed for milk production is the Friesian or Holstein, which is now largely kept by the dairy farmers of Great Britain, but has not yet gained much of a footing in this country (says an Irish exchange). The drawback to adopting it as the chief dairy breed of this country is, of course, its inability to compete with our native Shorthorn as a producer of stores or heaves; yet at a recent Smithfield show a Friesian steer was awarded championship honors in competition with representatives of all the beef breeds. The Friesian is represented in England by a very much alive association, which publishes the records of all registered herds, and when any Friesian cow

or heifer milks upwards of 2000 gallons in a year, the fact is advertised throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Thus it would seem that a man keeping one of the 2000 gallon Friesian cows would make as much profit from his single cow as an Irish farmer keeping an average herd of 420-gallon cows makes from eighty cows.

GARDENING NOTES

(By Mr. J. Joyce, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF JULY.

The Vegetable Garden.—This month's work in the garden should be a continuation of that outlined for June. As very little vegetable planting can be done digging and manuring vacant spaces intended for cultivation should be the main work at present. As recommended in previous notes the surface of the dug soil should be allowed to remain in a rough and open state. The more the manure used in the vegetable garden the better will be the quantity and quality of the crops. The present is a good time to prepare an asparagus bed, and for this purpose dig in a plentiful supply of decayed stable manure with a good sprinkling of rough bone meal, then cease operations till September, when the plants may be obtained at the nursery. The plants should not be more than three years old, and require to be planted about 2ft apart. An asparagus bed is a very profitable part of the garden, and when once established it will last for many years. Early peas and beans may now be sown, taking care to protect the young shoots and even seeds from the small birds. If broccolis are coming on too quickly bend over a few of the leaves to protect the heads from frost.

The Flower Garden.—Continue the digging and tidying up of the beds and borders, shifting shrubs and plants which have grown too big and out of place. All strong growing roses, and climbers may be planted in shady situations. Plant all cuttings at least 6 to 9 inches deep, leaving two or three inches above ground and stamping them firmly at the base. All soft-wooded cuttings in boxes require to be kept fairly dry and have all decaying leaves picked off. The lawn should be well rolled while the ground is in a soft state, and if the grass is in a poor condition give a top dressing of good rich soil, and when dry a rolling and followed by a raking. The soil should not be walked on during wet weather, and digging delayed until the soil is in a fit state for handling.

The Fruit Garden.—Pruning and spraying requires to be well advanced and thus conclude the winter's work so that the work in other departments for early spring may be attended to. If planting is to be done this should be seen to without delay—the sooner the better—so that the trees will have time to make a good start when the spring growth sets in. Root-prune trees which are inclined to make more wood than fruit; this is done by digging down halfway around the base of the tree, throwing out the soil, and cutting back all the strong growing roots, also excavating to get at the tap roots. All this work requires to be done with a clean sharp spade. Prune at once all vines under glass; if left too late they bleed from the cuts, especially if the sap is making a start to flow. Clean away all loose bark from the canes.

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Change to one of song.
Nothing lasts forever,
Love and beauty die,
Make the best of the present
Ere it passes by.

Clouds must come and sorrow,
'Tis the way of life,
Still the silver lining
Shines upon the strife,
And the sorrow lessens,
Bringing with it calm;
Ev'ry pain of living
Has its own sweet balm!

Try a little smiling,
Though the effort cost,
You will find that never
Is its radiance lost;
Through the darkness shining
Ev'ry star has place;
Try a little smiling,
Trouble to efface.

—O'REILLY.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ SYMPATHY.

Generations of indifference, rebuff, and suffering have not quenched the sparks of divinity that glimmer in the hearts of men the most obdurate and impious. Their feelings vibrate with compassion as readily as do the strings of a harp to the touch of the finger. There is a tender chord in every soul, which, when swept by the breath of sympathy, wakes angels' melodies. Those who do not allow for this responsive and sublimating force, who do not recognise sentiment as distinguished from interest as a potent factor in all government, take a partial and distorted view of human nature.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ THE LOVING WORK OF CATHOLIC NUNS.

In our reflective moments we often consider how much we owe to our good nuns engaged in teaching, and of how gently these quiet, consecrated ladies unconsciously bless the world.

They come out every morning from the Presence of God and go to their allotted task. And all day long they toil; they drop gentle words from their lips and scatter little seeds of kindness all about them; and to-morrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth, and along the hard path whereon their feet have trod.

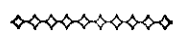
More than once in Holy Scripture are the lives of good people in the world compared in their influence to the dew. It falls silently and imperceptibly. It makes no noise; no one hears it dropping; but it covers the leaves with clusters of pearls.

All honor, then, to our dear Sisters. They are the dew in the dusty streets of life.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ A PRINCESS'S DEVOTION.

The fact that the infant son of Viscount Lascelles and Princess Mary was christened on March 25, the feast of the Annunciation, in a church dedicated to St. Mary, recalls to the *Catholic Register*, Toronto, the further fact that the royal mother of the little boy has always cherished a deep and tender devotion to Our Lady, as she publicly proclaimed some time before her marriage, when she reminded the boys of Eton College that their college was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by Henry VI., its august founder, and that she herself had always loved the Immaculate Mother of God, to whom England of old was consecrated as "The Dowry of Mary." Catholics will sincerely hope and pray (says our contemporary) that in Our Lady mother and child will find a loving and efficacious patron and protectress, and that some day the happy Princess and her little boy, baptised under the

auspices of Our Lady, on Lady Day, may experience the joy of honoring that heavenly Lady in the Church that exalts the Queen of Heaven next to her Divine Son, and sets her up as a model of womanly virtue to be emulated by all true and good women.



A COUNTY DERRY SAINT.

Away in the Black North, on the shores of the far-famed Lough Neagh, is a promontory called Tyrad Point. In the fifth century, somewhere in its vicinity between Magherafelt and Ballyronan, lived a quiet married pair.

They had embraced Christianity through St. Patrick's teaching, and it was the dream of their hearts to be privileged to entertain the great saint on his sojourn in that part of the country.

At last their desire was gratified, and he became their honored guest. All that was in their power they did to make his stay a happy one. We can imagine those big, good "loughshore men" coming with their wives and children and drinking in eagerly the teaching of the great apostle and his happiness in baptizing them.

On his reluctant departure from these true, large-hearted entertainers of his, St. Patrick prophesied that an infant that was expected soon to arrive would one day become a saint.

Some time afterwards a little baby girl made her welcome appearance. Her parents had her baptised by the name of Trea.

The happy father and mother spared no trouble in her training. Nothing was left undone to make her a good, accomplished and useful girl. The father probably owned land and boats. We can imagine the baby Trea toddling gaily along Lough Neagh's banks "when the clear, cold eve's declining," and maybe going out in a boat with her proud parent "to see the round towers of other days in the waves beneath them shining."

As a child, and as she grew towards maidenhood, her great desire was to become a nun. At last she got the wish of her heart and entered a convent.

The story goes that on her profession St. Patrick was invited, and came to officiate at the ceremony. In placing the veil on her head it fell down over her eyes. She earnestly begged that it might be allowed to remain so, and that for the remainder of her life she should only look on the world through its threads. Her superiors granted her request.

In the Catholic Church of Magherafelt is a handsome pulpit erected by the people in memory of their beloved pastor, Canon Patrick Donnelly.

One of the panels represents St. Trea with the veil hiding her features. The pulpit is a really beautiful specimen of Irish and Dublin sculpture, and was selected and designed under the guidance and advice of Canon Donnelly's successor and beloved admirer, Canon McNece. He also took an interest in St. Trea and unearthed some particulars of her from old records in Armagh.

It was, as far as I can remember, a saintly young curate, Father Joseph Quinn (Canon Donnelly called him his right hand), who first told his parishioners about St. Trea.

She must have been a rather important personage in the early days of Christianity on the "Lough shore," for to the present day the very large Parish of Ardtrea, which runs into Co. Tyrone, bears her name. It is also thought that Tyrad, or Tread Point, was so called in her honor.

Details about her are at present rather meagre. In Newbridge, the country part of the Parish of Magherafelt, the church is dedicated to St. Trea, but so far very few parents think of calling their children by the beautiful name of their local patronness.—*Irish World*.



A link between the heart and the Creator—
A fragile flower among earth's sturdy trees,
A source of joy to those whose souls are simple,
A little ship all stranger to life's seas,
A strengthening balm to toilers oft full weary,
A jewel not on sale in this world's mart,
A ray of sunshine when all life seems dreary,
A bit of Heaven to a mother's heart!

—M. E. H.

A POOR EXCUSE.

They met after a lapse of many years. The recognition was mutual and their greetings were cordial.

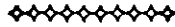
"How lovely to see you again! Why, you've scarcely altered a bit."

"So glad; and you, too, are hardly changed. Let's see, how long is it since we last met?"

"It must be ten years."

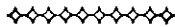
"Time flies. And why have you never called to see me?"

"My dear, just look at the weather we've been having!"



HER NAME.

Her parents named her "Marguerite,"
And friends and kinsfolk said: "How sweet!"
But here I will relate to you
What happened as she upward grew.
Her older sister called her "Meg,"
Her teasing brother called her "Peg,"
Her girlish chums to "Daisy" took;
Plain "Maggie" satisfied the cook.
And "Maggie" she was to her papa;
And "Margie" to her fond mamma;
With "Margarey" teacher's word,
While "Rita" she herself preferred—
Now, in this list of names replete,
Pray what becomes of "Marguerite?"



SOLD!

It was the first sale of live stock over which he had presided, and in response to his eloquent pleadings the bids for the horse he was selling rose slowly.

At length a little man made a bid of eleven guineas and a half.

"Eleven guineas and a half," he said, scornfully. "What! Only eleven and a half guineas for this magnificent cob."

"Well, I don't mind giving you twelve pounds, mister," said the little man, after a pause.

"Thank you. Going at twelve pounds. Going, going—gone!"

The hammer fell, after which the auctioneer was at a loss to account for the laugh which arose, and it took some time to convince him that he had been taken down eightpence.



SMILE RAISERS.

"Did you ever see a company of women perfectly silent?"

"Yes, once. Someone had asked which of those present was the eldest."

Kind Party: "What are you crying that way for, little boy?"

Little Boy: "'Cause it's the only way I know how to cry."

Wee Willie: "Whaur's ma rubber collar, mither?"
Mother: "Ye ken fine I washed it. It's hangin' up there."

Wee Willie (in distress): "Washed it, an' me had my sums dune on the back o' it!"

"The woman next door is really dreadful, Richard," said the young married woman. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. I'm sure she can't get any work done."

"Oh!" remarked her husband; "to whom does she talk?"

"Why, to me, dear, of course," was the reply, "over the fence!"

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Are Continents Adrift?

We often speak of the solid earth, but scientists are beginning to wonder whether all the land portions of our globe are not in a state of movement.

It was discovered some years ago that part of Greenland was slowly changing its position. It is not exactly a rapid movement—a yard or two a year—still it is movement. Observations made recently seem to show that all continents may be drifting like sticks on the surface of a lake.

One scientist believes that thousands of years ago America was joined to the Old World, and certainly if you cut out the countries from a map of the world, like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, you will find that North America fits quite nicely into the jagged coastline of Britain, France, and Spain, and that South America seems made to be joined to Africa.

Solving Nature's Secrets.

The aid of pilots on Europe's growing network of airways is to be enlisted to solve some of the secrets of bird life. The work will be done unofficially, but the airmen are to be encouraged to set down any observations of bird life that they may encounter.

It is hoped that in this way some light may be shed on migration and similar problems.

Observations have hitherto been made casually, but no steps have been taken to collate them. When the late Sir Ross Smith was flying from England to Australia he ran into a flight of hawks.

It was a common practice at one time at Royal Air Force stations to race swallows and swift, and although the machines usually outpaced the birds, some extraordinary speeds have been observed among swifts. These birds, curiously enough, have shown little resentment of man's intrusion in the air, although British pilots have reported attacks by eagles when crossing the Pyrenees.

On the Bridge of a Liner.

A captain of a large passenger liner (says Captain C. A. Smith, of the *Berengaria*, in the *Weekly Dispatch*) is always on duty, so to speak, from the time he leaves port until he reaches the other side. The only time he relaxes is when he hands his giant ship over to the marine superintendent. "Port to port" is the captain's spell of duty. Obviously he must sleep at sea, but metaphorically he does so with one leg out of the bunk. Before I leave the bridge, I make sure of the ship's position and record it. I prepare my "captain's night orders," wherein are noted any alteration of course and directions when I am to be called. There are always some cautionary remarks to the officer on watch—e.g., as to open ports and fog. If near land the precise position of the ship must be marked on the chart. The compass must be corrected for any deviation, and steps must be taken to ensure that the ship is held properly on her course. The junior officer on watch must be made equally conversant with everything. Even he must be prepared to deal with all emergencies. On every Cunard liner a special officer is detailed to supervise the actual steering of the ship. When fog descends, or even threatens, the captain instantly goes on the *Berengaria's* bridge. This is the universal rule for a master during a fog. Under my feet are 52,000 tons and 4000 people, who have implicit trust in me. Whole families are sleeping with the same sense of security as in London. My officers and I are dim shadows silhouetted against the driving fog, which writhes and twists like some gigantic ghost. Every nerve is taut, the engines at stand-by or eased down. At regular intervals our whistle—sounding hoarse and scaring in the black night—splits the dead silence. Far away, I hear an answering signal. I know exactly what I am going to do, but the skipper's anxiety in a fog is, "Does the other fellow know?" That's the fog problem. There is no room for imagination on a bridge.

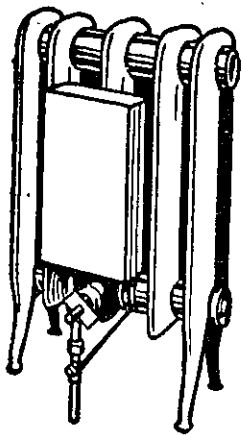
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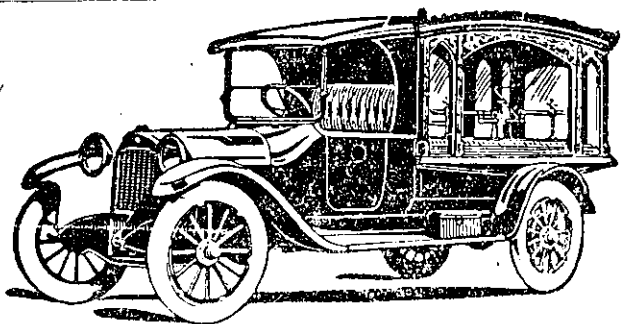
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(Lead, Kindly Light)

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