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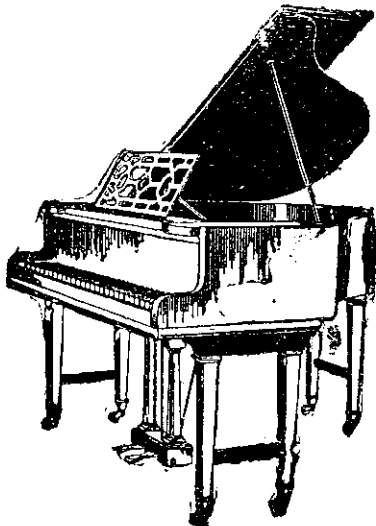
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- October 21, Sunday.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.
 ,, 22, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 23, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 24, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 ,, 25, Thursday.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, Martyrs.
 ,, 26, Friday.—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
 ,, 27, Saturday.—Vigil of SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

†

SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were revered in Rome in the fourth century. Many Romans and Roman ladies, it is related, were converted by them, including the Tribune Claudius, his wife Hilaria, and two sons (Maurus and Jason), all of whom, with the exception of the mother, suffered martyrdom. Chrysanthus and Daria themselves were condemned to death, led to a sand-pit in the Via Salaria, and there stoned.

St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.

The death of St. Evaristus took place in 112. He is honored in the calendar with the title of martyr, but little is known of the events of his life or of his sufferings for the Faith.

SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.

After the dispersion of the Apostles, St. Simon preached in Egypt, and then in Persia, where he received the crown of martyrdom. According to the common tradition, he was crucified like Our Blessed Lord.

St. Jude, called also Thaddeus, was a brother of St. James the Less. He was related to Christ by his mother. Nothing certain is known of the later history of this Apostle. Nicophorus tells us that after preaching in Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and Idumaea, he labored in Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in Phoenicia, either at Beyruth or Arad.

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Grains of Gold

DOMUS DEI.

It stood in Nazareth of yore,
 Half-hidden in the narrow street,
 The little house unto whose door
 Came every day Emmanuel's feet.

Thither He came at end of day,
 Not for an hour a passing Guest,
 But taking an accustomed way,
 A weary Householder to rest.

He passed unheeded through the throng,
 Their Townsman well-beloved and known,
 Nor sound of timbrel or of song
 Told when the Lord was with His own.

Men could not see about the door
 The myriad prostrate Cherubim,
 Nor know that low unto the floor
 His mother bent the knee to Him.

King Herod's palace lies in dust,
 Dank is the Golden House with death,
 But Angels keep in holy trust
 The Holy House of Nazareth.

When I, familiar with Thy grace,
 Am heedless of Thy glance, Thy word,
 That my soul was Thy dwelling-place,
 Keep this for my remembrance, Lord.

Then for no deed, no meed of mine,
 Who am forespent with futile things,
 But that this body was Thy shrine
 Bid Angels bear it on their wings.

—BLANCHE M. KELLEY.

The Storyteller

Knocknagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.—HOME TO KNOCKNAGOW.—A TENANT AT WILL.

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and on looking round he saw the dragoon standing close to him.

"Come and have a drink," said the dragoon.

"I don't take anything; thank you all the same," replied Billy Heffernan.

"Oh, d—n it," returned the dragoon, "as we were comrades on the road, don't refuse a treat."

"Well, I'm a teetotaler," rejoined Billy Heffernan; "but if you'd have no objection to come over beyond the Westgate, I know a place where they have peppermint."

"All right," said the dragoon; and they continued on their way through the drays and carts.

"Is this all corn?" the dragoon asked.

"All whate," replied Billy Heffernan.

"I never saw so much corn at a market," returned the dragoon; "and yet ye Irish are always talking of starving. How is that?"

"Begob," said Billy Heffernan, "'tis many's the time I said thin words to myse'lf."

"Where does it all go?" the dragoon asked.

"Some uv id is ground in the mills here an' up the river," replied Billy Heffernan; "an' more uv id is sent off wudout bein' ground. But ground or not off id goes. If you'll take a walk down to the quay, you'll see 'em loadin' the boats wud id. They brin' id on to Carrick, and from that down to Waterford, an' the devil a wan uv me knows where id goes aftler that. 'Tis ould Phil Morris that could explain the ins an' outs uv id for you. But 'tis the corn that's makin' a town uv Clo'mel; so there's that much got out uv id afore id goes, as ould Phil says; besides the employment uv tillin' the land and reapin' id. But 'tis the big grass farms that's the ruination uv the country. 'Twas on account of thryin' to put a stop to 'em that they made up the plan to hang Father Sheehy. So ould Phil Morris tells me."

The mention of Phil Morris's name seemed to have put political economy completely out of the dragoon's head, and he did not again speak till Billy Heffernan roused him from his reverie after they had passed the West Gate.

"This is the house," said he.

"Come in," returned the dragoon.

"Here's luck, any way," said Billy Heffernan, as he tossed off his glass of peppermint.

The dragoon blew the froth from his mug of porter, and took him by the hand.

"Good morning, friend," said he, laying his empty mug on the counter.

"Have another," said Billy.

"No, no," returned the dragoon. "Good morning."

"Oh, begob," rejoined Billy Heffernan, getting between him and the door, and putting his hand against the soldier's broad chest, "we don't undherstand that sort o' work in Ireland."

"Yes, yes, I understand your custom," returned the dragoon smiling. "And," he added, "I will take another."

Billy Heffernan sold his creel of turf, and, after breakfasting upon a brown loaf and a bowl of coffee in a cellar, was returning through the Main Street, thanking his stars that the big town with its noise and bustle would be soon left behind him, when his eye caught the big dragoon standing with folded arms opposite a shop window, and seeming absorbed in the examination of the articles there displayed. Happening to look round, he recognised his companion of the morning, and beckoned to him. Billy Heffernan stopped his mule, and waited till the dragoon had crossed over to the middle of the street.

"Going home?" said the dragoon.

"Yes," replied Billy; "I have the turf sowld."

"Would you," the dragoon asked, after a pause, "would you bring a message from me to Bessy Morris?"



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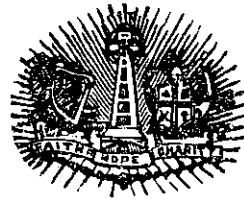
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"Well, I will," said Billy; but he felt, he couldn't tell why, as if he would rather not.

"Wait for a minute," said the dragoon, and he walked quickly back to the shop.

He soon returned, and handed to Billy Heffernan what seemed a small box wrapper in paper.

"What will I say?" Billy asked, as he put the parcel in his waistcoat pocket.

"Well, I don't know," returned the dragoon, as if he felt at a loss.

Billy Heffernan very naturally looked at him with some surprise.

"Say," said he, at last, "that it is from a friend."

"Begob," thought Billy Heffernan, "he is a bad case. I wondher what do she think uv him? 'Twould be d—n dhroll if Bessy Morris, above all the girls in the parish, would marry a soger. Begob, ould Phil 'ud choke her afore he'd give her to a redcoat. Come, Kit, be lively, or they'll be all in bed afore we get to Knocknagow."

Billy Heffernan and his mule had left the busy town with the cloud over it some miles behind them when the sun was disappearing behind the hills upon which the dragoon turned round to gaze when his companion would have called his attention to the Waterford mountains—by which piece of eccentricity the reader has lost an exciting legend of those mountains, which Billy Heffernan was about relating for the amusement and instruction of his military friend. But it was all owing to Bessy Morris—who we fear has much more than that to answer for. As the stars began to peep out one by one—and there was one star that shone with a pure, steady lustre, and Billy Heffernan felt sure it was looking through the beech-tree into a face as mild and beautiful as itself—he began to wonder why he felt so tired and sleepy; but, recollecting that he had had no rest the night before, he turned to his mule, and said, "Wo! Kit," in a manner that made that sagacious animal not only stop, but turn round till her nose touched the shaft, and look at him. The fact was, Billy Heffernan was in the act of yawning as he pronounced the word "Wo!" and a stiffness in his jaw as he attempted to add the other word suggested dislocation, which so alarmed Billy Heffernan that his mule's name escaped from him with a cry, as if some one were choking him. And hence Kit not only halted at the word of command, but looked round to see what was the matter. And, finding that there was no rude hand on her master's windpipe, Kit expressed her satisfaction by advancing her fore-leg as far as possible, and rubbing her nose to it.

Billy Heffernan placed one foot on the nave, and then the other on the band of the wheel, and climbed up till he stood on the side of his car. He put back his hand several times, and attempted to catch the skirt of his barragain coat under his arm. But the skirt was too short; and, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, Billy Heffernan looked down at himself with a look of drowsy surprise. He first thought of the elk's horn fixed to the rafter in his own house; then Phil Morris's old goat came to his assistance; and at last Billy Heffernan thought of Mick Brien, and a shake of the head signified that he was satisfied. In fact, Billy Heffernan, before climbing into his creel, was attempting to tuck the skirt of his ratteen riding-coat under his arm, and was much astonished on finding that trusty companion of his journeyings missing for the first time in his life; for the ratteen riding-coat, its owner averred, was as good to keep out the heat as the cold, and, consequently, he was never known, winter or summer, to take the road without it. For a moment he thought he must have left it at home, but then that glimpse at the half-moon through the rent in the skirt occurred to him and he knew he had the riding-coat as far as Phil Morris's. Then the idea of the half-moon shining through the rent in the riding-coat brought the roofless cabin to his mind, and the pale faces upon which the moonlight fell so coldly, and Billy Heffernan shook his head as he remembered how he had wrapped his riding-coat around poor Mick Brien.

Billy Heffernan climbed into his creel; and, resting his arms on the front, and leaning his chin on his arms, waited patiently till the mule was done rubbing her nose against her leg; and as the mule continued rubbing her

nose against her leg rather longer than usual, her master began rubbing his nose against the sleeve of his coat. There was, in fact, a remarkable sympathy between Billy Heffernan and his mule in the matter of rubbing the nose.

The mule at last moved on of her own accord, for which piece of considerate civility her master resolved to give her an extra fistful of bran when they got home, for he was so tired and drowsy that he felt it would be a task to say "Yo-up, Kit." Indeed, the mere thought of being obliged to speak brought on another yawn, and Billy Heffernan turned his open mouth to his thumb—which required less exertion than moving his hand to his mouth—and made the sign of the cross. To neglect making the sign of the cross over the mouth while yawning would be even worse in Billy Heffernan's eyes than to forget saying "God bless us" after sneezing, and almost as bad as going to bed without saying his prayers, or sprinkling himself with holy water.

The mule jogged on quite briskly, as if she knew her master's good intentions regarding the additional fistful of bran, while he leant over the creel, with his cheek resting on his arm, as a weary traveller might rest upon a gate, and looked lazily along the road before him in a somewhat confused state of mind. Becoming too sleepy to maintain his standing position, he dropped down in the bottom of the car; and after a pantomimic wrapping of himself in the ratteen riding-coat, resolutely resolved to keep wide awake till he reached home. In spite of his firm resolves, however, it occurred to him that he must have dozed for half a minute or so, as he opened his eyes on missing the rumble of the wheels.

"Yo-up, Kit," said he, but Kit never stirred.

He turned upon his elbow; and, looking through the laths of the creel, saw that the mule was drinking from a little stream that ran across the road.

Billy Heffernan rubbed his eyes, and thought he must be either dreaming or bewitched. But there could be no mistake about it. There was the identical little stream over which he had lifted Norah Lahy that bright summer evening long ago, and in the middle of which he stood the night before and wept.

"Well, that bangs Banagher!" exclaimed Billy Heffernan, rising to his feet, and rubbing his eyes again. "I thought I wasn't wudin' tin mile uv id. I wondher what time uv the night might it be?"

He was wide awake now, and there was an anxious expression in his face as he looked about him, while the mule moved on briskly, seeming quite refreshed and lively after her draught at the little stream. An old fear, by which he was always haunted when descending that hill on his way home, fell upon Billy Heffernan. Most people, we suspect, have experienced some such feeling when approaching home after a lengthened absence. But it weighed upon Billy Heffernan's heart after the absence of a single day. True, he was alone in the world. He had no father or mother, sister or brother, wife or child, to awaken that feeling of dread. Yet he never descended that hill on his way from the busy town with the cloud over it without fearing that, just after passing Mat the Thrasher's clipped hedge, the children would run out from one of the next group of houses to the middle of the road, exclaiming, "O Billy! poor Norah Lahy is dead!"

The light shone brightly, as usual, in Mat Donovan's window, so that it could not be very far advanced in the night. And when he passed the clipped hedge, and saw Honor Lahy's window giving the hamlet quite the look of a town, Billy Heffernan's heart began to beat as pleasantly as when he discovered that his assailant of the night before was Phil Morris's old goat, and not the ghost of a Hessian. He climbed out of the creel at his own door; and, taking the key from under the thatch, let himself in.

There was not as much as a cat to welcome him home, nor a spark upon the hearth. Yet Billy Heffernan felt that he *was* at home, and was happy in his own way. Taking the mule from the car, he let her find her way to her crib, and went himself for "the seed of the fire" to the next house. Having lighted the fire, he took the tackling off the mule and hung it on the bog-wood pegs. The elk's horn reminded him of his riding-coat; and after a glance at the fire, which seemed between two minds whether it

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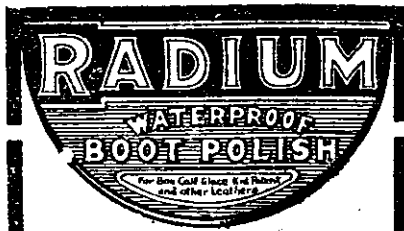
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would light or go out, Billy Heffernan shrugged his shoulders, and, sitting down in the chimney-corner on his antediluvian block, fixed his eyes on the moonlight that shone through the open doorway on the floor. Kit seemed to find some attraction in the moonlight, too, for she left her crib and smelled that portion of the floor upon which it fell, all round, and over and over, and then Kit deliberately lay down in the moonlight and tumbled. After which invigorating recreation, Kit sat up, and, instead of going back to her crib, remained where she was, winking at the moon. And Billy Heffernan, leaning back against the wall in the chimney-corner, began to wonder what Kit was thinking of. Whatever the subject of her thoughts might be, she got up after awhile and returned to her crib; and the working of her jaws reminded her master that he could not live upon moonshine either. So, taking his old gallon in his hand, he went to the well for water, thereby frightening Kit Cummins, who happened to be at the well for water, too, almost out of her life; she, by some process of reasoning peculiar to herself, having mistaken him for "the black dog," because his barragoin coat happened to nearly white. Having convinced Kit Cummins that he was not the black dog, and disgusted her by insinuating a doubt of that creature's very existence—though it was a well-known fact the well was haunted by him time out of mind—Billy Heffernan returned home with his gallon of water, and, pouring some of it into a small pot which he must have filled with washed potatoes before going to Ned Brophy's wedding, hung it on the fire to boil. Then closing his door behind him, he walked down to Honor Lahy's to purchase a halfpenny herring. He was agreeably surprised to see Phil Lahy sitting by his own fireside, holding serious discourse with Tom Hogan and Mat Donovan, as he had almost made up his mind that the "cordial" at Ned Brophy's wedding would have proved the commencement of a protracted "spreed," which would cost Norah much anxiety and suffering. But her smiling face, as she listened to her father expounding the various political questions of the day, satisfied Billy Heffernan that his apprehensions on this occasion were groundless. Honor, too, was the very picture of happiness, and in the excess of her pride and delight was actually obliged to put away her knitting and give herself up wholly to the enjoyment of Phil's eloquence.

(To be continued.)

Guilford Terrace Convent School Choir, Wellington

The report of the musical adjudicator (Mr. Roland Foster) at the recent Wellington Competitions with respect to the performance of the Guilford Terrace Convent School Choir is of particular interest to those interested in choir music in view of the fact that the choir scored the highest points given in any grade in the history of the Wellington Competitions. In the test piece, "When Icicles Hang by the Wall," in which the choir secured a total of 95 marks, Mr. Foster's report was as follows:—"A very good all round performance not lacking in any respect, except that more animation in the *tempo* might have improved it. They made a very effective picture."

In the test piece, "The Huntsman's Chorus," the judge reported: "Effect of the echo excellently worked out. Rather 'hooty' too on the word 'on' (note 'D'). Some nice effects of light and shade. A few faulty attacks. Not perfectly in tune on the word 'heard' nor on the final 'G' a trifle down in pitch." Total points in this number 85.

The same choir won the first prize and the Begg Shield in the test piece, "Oh, Hush Thee My Baby," securing a total of 85 marks; Mr. Foster's report being as follows: "Blend good, top part good, intonation quite pleasing. Good enunciation, pronunciation, and verbal shading. I like your *tempo* and your phrasing is good. Good effects. Refrain very good and a good variety of tone color. I have enjoyed this." In the second test in the same competition ("Come Lads and Lasses"), in which Mr. Foster gave 85 marks his comments were: "Blend good. Your sopranos and altos are good. Intonation quite pleasing, verbal shading and enunciation good. I like your *tempo* and phrasing is good. Good effect, good variety of tone color." I have enjoyed this and won't add any words."

Mr. F. J. Oakes was conductor of the choir.

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Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

If you want to know a man, quoth the old saying, you must study him at home. In "the Impayrial," which was throughout these forlorn years my only home, there was every external evidence of an enviable popularity, and every conceivable discomfort underneath to belie appearances.

In the street outside there was every other week the commotion attending my departure for prison or attending my return. Charles Lawlor, like another Leonidas, would muster his staff to hold the hall door against the surging barbarians, and to eject the suicidal enthusiasts who swarmed on to the frail iron balcony as to which, there came invariably at some stage of the proceedings an alarm that it was giving way. Inside, it was the incessant *va-et-vient* of callers—priests or village captains of distant estates to report eviction notices or cattle seizures, and seek advice; English members of Parliament, and women of a splendid courage and devotion, to be instructed whether they were to transfer their services as priceless lookers-on; Mr. Shaw Lefevre to risk his Privy Councillorship in some obscure police scrimmage in Loughrea; W. T. Stead to invite himself to breakfast, and map out some superior plan of campaign of his own, as the somewhat exacting ambassador of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; American interviewers to cut off their pound of flesh in "copy"; Irish-Americans in search of autographs and mementoes, and so *ad infinitum*. Since my evil way with all these was to chat, as it was to speechify, with every bone in my body, and every fibre of my being in full play, the nervous tension came to be so exhausting that a flight to my top room was long my chief luxury in life. Such became my actual terror of entering the great dining-room, where with a deadly certainty, from this table or from that, I should be pounced upon by a country deputation or by some fervid admirer, that one day when, having talked myself, or being talked, to death's door about the affairs of this, that, or the other scene of battle, I rose to quit the room, Michael, the sympathetic head-waiter, stopped me and, pointing to my unfinished plate of soup, whispered: "I beg your pardon, sir, but you forgot to eat your dinner." As a matter of fact, during two years, it was in my top-room under the slates, I consumed the plateful of meat and the pint of sixpenny claret, which my faithful friend Christy, the "boots," used to import from the lower regions, the while, perhaps, an outside car was at the door waiting to convey me to a night mail train, and I was flinging a few things wildly into my dressing-case, always towards the last minute of the last hour, and always at such haphazard, that I counted myself fortunate if there was only one article—a night shirt, a comb and brush, or a rug—missing when the journey was over. Poor Davitt was as solitary a pelican as myself, and from his own den on the same landing would sometimes drop in to console me with maledictions on our single blessedness. Mr. Healy was also an ever welcome visitor even when, with eyes upraised, and some droll outburst of mock horror on his lips, he would catch me in the ignominious position of crawling under the legs of the table, or in some remote corner under the bed, in search of a coin that had escaped from me in the course of a game, which had become with me a mild form of monomania. In the fever of some critical leading article, or improvisation for the morrow's speech, I would start to my legs amidst my wilderness of manuscripts and newspapers, to toss a handful of coins like a conjurer in the air, and then penitently sink on my knees to follow up the fallen ones as they rolled into some intricate corner, always with the repentant sinner's vow never to repeat the folly, and always with the sinner's fidelity to his vow. The curious circumstance may be of interest to some therapist, that if coppers would do well enough for ordinary occasions, there was a superior degree of nervous relief in risking a silver piece, or in extreme cases a gold one, according to the importance of the problem to be thought out; and—a sad reflection for human incorrigibility—the folly persists to this day.

All excellent evidence it may be of what the lawyers would call lack of sound testamentary capacity, but happily no question of upsetting a will could have arisen, since there was nothing to be willed except the contents of two

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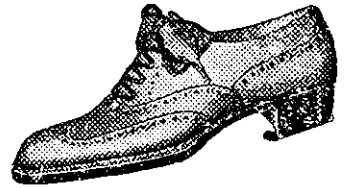
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portmanteaux that had seen me through ten years of crowded life, and whatever remnant of presentation black-thorn sticks and illuminated addresses and outworn books the hunters after prize mementoes for American Fancy Fairs had spared.

Let nobody run away with the impression that my immuring myself in my garret was for want of loving and beloved friends to tempt me into more joyous quarters. The Dublin of the day made me free of dozens of houses of refined people who never wearied of bidding me to their geneal boards. Their very names make music in my ears, as I repeople these old scenes—most frequently alas! from the world of shadows: Mrs. Deane, in her town house in Great George Street, or, better still, in far Ballaghaderin, where her window-panes shone on a winter night like a glimpse of heaven in the midst of the shivering bogs—Mrs. Deane who was, perhaps, the most capable Irishwoman of her generation, although she would have been the last to suspect it; Dr. Joe Kenny—"that mad Fenian apothecary" of Dick Adams' puck-like pranks—whose beautiful wife and superb old mansion of the Irish Parliament days, made his the most graciously hospitable house in Dublin; "Val" Dillon, whose dinner-table was the dear delight of English visitors, on their way to some scene of eviction or police violence in the country, who were never tired of saying that if the Saxon could only come to know the giant solicitor, as he sat, carving-knife in hand, to dispense the good things with a broad smile as appetising as the best of the viands, he might name his own terms for Irish Independence, and have them with a whoop; and so many others, the hereditary representatives of Irish wit and patriotism—Mrs. John Martin, in whose fearless eyes and spirit one was face to face with her Spartan brother, John Mitchel in his prime—the A. M. Sullivans, the T. D. Sullivans, the Healys, the Bodkins, the Coxes, the Fottrells, and so many more of the fond and simple souls who light up the memory of that sanguine, if stormtost, time. But although one may hope I will not be accused of being a man of one idea, I was undeniably a man of one idea at a time, and held immovably to the American principle "the first thing first." The terrific exigencies of the struggle that then possessed me day and night, left me no possible conception of pleasure except periods of sheer silence and oblivion, and certainly left no scruple that anybody was suffering by my seclusion. After all this nobody will be surprised to learn that I never became a member of a club, and in all the forty years since my entrance into public life, was never seen in an Irish theatre through sheer terror of being recognised, and made the object of a "demonstration"—whether friendly or unfriendly became an unimportant detail.

(To be continued.)

Promotion of a Popular Police Officer

The numerous friends of Inspector W. Fouhy in Wanganui and throughout the Dominion (says the *Wanganui Herald*), will be delighted to learn that he has been promoted to the rank of Superintendent.

Lower Hutt: Contributions to the Irish Mission to China

The Chinese Irish Missioner came to Lower Hutt on the 23rd ult. (writes an esteemed correspondent). The congregation was much impressed with Father O'Shea himself—a tall, pale, ascetic, young *sagart arun* from Ireland, a model of mortification and sacrifice for the East Mission. He attracted the people very much by his eloquent and earnest appeal. The people gave as they never gave before. The contributions were as follow:—Mr. William Redmond, £50; Mrs. James J. Bourke, £25; Mr. James J. Bourke, £10; Children of Mary, £6; Mr. P. Casey, £5 5s; Rev. Mother of Sacred Heart Convent, £5; "A Friend," £5; Mrs. Jane Redwood, £3 3s; Miss Moreen Bourke, Mr. E. P. Bunny, and Mrs. John Murphy, each £1; Mr. Ongley, Mrs. Hartigan, Nurse Werder, Mrs. John Young, Mr. Mick Cleary, Mr. P. Evans, Mr. Dar Connolly, Mr. Bansfield, Mr. W. Patton, Miss Costin, Mr. Le Boie, and Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, each 10s; all others contributed 5s and 2s 6d each. Total—£128. The Missioner was delighted with the result of his appeal.

A Complete Story

The Squire and the Damsel

(By VICTOR O'D. POWER, in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*.)

John O'Grady struck the table with his clenched right hand, as he thundered an ultimatum to his offending son Walter.

"It comes to this, sir!—it comes to this: If you persist, after to-day, in carrying on with that confounded actress-girl, you may consider yourself thrown henceforward on your own resources—to sink or swim in your own unaided course! I'll wash my hands of you for ever—and your family home here shall never again be yours!"

And the infuriated Squire of Rathderry meant every word that he said.

Squire O'Grady was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, and his only son Walter was very like his father: a tall, graceful, well-built youth of four-and-twenty, with a handsome face, bronzed from out-door life and exercise, bright fearless hazel eyes and a smile of sunshine.

That fearless light in Walter's eyes often reminded the Squire of his girl-wife, who had died at the time of Walter's birth, after one year of happiness at Rathderry.

"I'm sure I don't know how this story has reached your ears, sir," Walter said, after a little pause, during which he managed to control his anger with a strong effort of his will. "But now that you have heard about the matter, sir, allow me to inform you, first of all, that Miss Eva Staunton is a lady by birth, and was compelled, owing to family reverses, to join O'Connor's Touring Repertoire Company two years ago. Also, pray, permit me to say, father, that Eva Staunton has promised to be my wife. The moment I first met her, at the Fermoy Hall last winter, I fell in love with her—and before the end of the week she and I became secretly engaged to each other. There's the full truth for you at last!"

Squire O'Grady was beside himself with fury, as his son placed this unblushing statement of facts before him. He raved—he thundered—he again and again struck the table with his fist, as he ordered Walter to quit the house that very day, and never again to show his face at Rathderry.

Before this tirade was quite finished, a timid knock sounded on the study door, and a fragile, white-haired, sweet-faced old lady entered the room, leaning heavily on an ebony stick.

This old lady was the Squire's mother. She had heard the angry voice of her son just now, from her own room, and she looked pale and distressed.

"John, John, dear, what are you saying to the boy?" she gasped. She was passionately devoted to her grandson. "Shame! Shame! Why, what will the servants think? What will Miss Bateman think?"

"Let them think what they like, mother!" the squire angrily broke in on the old lady's trembling words. "I'm sure I wish Miss Bateman had kept you out of this room just at present!"

Miss Bateman was old Mrs. O'Grady's nurse and companion. Her duties were to look after her charge—to amuse her, to read aloud for her, and to minister to her daily comforts as far as lay in her power.

The squire's mother, however, was getting very tired of Miss Bateman, who had recently shown herself to be harsh, unsympathetic and selfish in her attitude towards the invalid.

"Do tell me what it is all about, John!" old Mrs. O'Grady persisted.

So, then and there, the squire informed his mother as to Walter's "insane infatuation for a d—d play-actress," giving his son's own account of the matter, with a sarcastic sneer on his lips.

"Of course, this wonderful Miss Eva Staunton is a lady of the bluest blood, and so forth!" the squire went on, in fiercely ironical tones. "She is eminently qualified, by birth, breeding, and her present experiences, to be an ideal wife for Walter!"

"Whatever she may be, I mean to marry her as soon as I possibly can manage to do so!" Walter indignantly cried. "If you send me adrift, father, I have still a head

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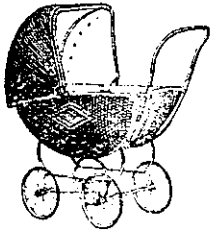
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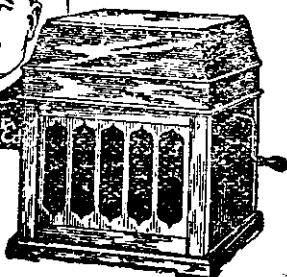
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on my shoulders and two strong arms attached to my body, thank God! I can earn enough money, I hope, to keep myself and my wife out of the workhouse!"

"Oh, Walter, Walter, darling!" old Mrs. O'Grady was just beginning, her voice broken with agitation, when a hard-featured, keen-eyed spinster, of forty winters, suddenly appeared at the door.

The squire turned strenuously to the newcomer.

"Will you be good enough, Miss Bateman, to lead my mother back to her own room at once!"

"I went downstairs for a minute to get a newspaper to read aloud to Mrs. O'Grady, sir," Miss Bateman shilly explained, as she grasped her charge by the arm. "And when I returned to Mrs. O'Grady's room she was not there."

"I'm going now, Miss Bateman," the old lady meekly said.

Then she glanced appealingly at her son.

"John dear, be merciful! The boy is sensitive—he can be led with a silken thread, but not driven with a horse-whip, remember!"

Then the old lady made her exit, in the charge of her most unlovable "companion."

"There's no fear, I'm going to adopt the 'silken thread' method!" Squire O'Grady fiercely said to his erring son. "I feel far more inclined this instant, you headstrong young fool, to apply the argument of the 'horse-whip!'"

"I'll spare you that trouble, sir!" Walter at once said. He spoke respectfully, but proudly and with complete determination. "I shall leave Rathderry within an hour. Nothing can alter my decision!"

II.

Walter O'Grady left his old home that fateful afternoon, and some months went by before the Squire heard any tidings of his son.

Then the news reached Squire O'Grady—in a letter to his mother, from an old crony of hers—that Walter had gone out to Australia to a cousin, one George O'Grady, who was running a big sheep ranch within twenty miles of Melbourne.

"Poor Walter came to see me the very day before he left Ireland," this letter went on. "He declared his intention of settling down in Australia if he liked the country and got on well at his work. Of course, I had heard about his engagement to that actress girl, so I asked him about her; and he told me that he hoped to be in a position to send for her within a year at furthest."

Old Mrs. O'Grady read this portion of the letter with tears in her eyes, and even the Squire was compelled to turn away his face from his mother's earnest gaze, as he perused the paragraph in question.

"Well, 'twas no fault of ours, mother," he said at last. Walter made his own bed for himself, with his own hands—and now he evidently doesn't mean to ask our assistance to help him to lie on it!"

Old Mrs. O'Grady burst into uncontrollable tears.

"My poor dear boy! I always loved him, since he was an infant," she sobbed brokenly, "I cannot face the thought that I'm never to see him again!"

The Squire—who like most men, hated "a scene"—hurriedly left the room; but a gentle hand was placed on old Mrs. O'Grady's bowed shoulder, and a soft, sympathetic girl's voice murmured words of consolation.

"Now, now, now, dear Mrs. O'Grady! Pray don't give way like this. Your grandson will surely write to you, when he has good news to tell you—and, please goodness, you and he will meet again sooner than you think!"

The speaker was Mrs. O'Grady's new companion—Grace Ronayne—who had replaced the terrible Miss Bateman in the previous month.

Since Miss Ronayne's arrival at Rathderry Squire O'Grady's mother seemed to have acquired a new lease of life. The days had passed away peacefully and happily. Never until to-day had Grace Ronayne seen her gentle charge give way to her hidden sorrow like this.

The Squire himself also had surrendered to Miss Ronayne's personal magnetism, and he sometimes sat with his mother listening to her new companion as she read aloud, of a night over the cosy fire in old Mrs. O'Grady's little sitting room adjoining her bedroom.

Grace Ronayne was a very lovely girl—of medium

height, with a strikingly graceful figure and a winsome, sympathetic face. She had large blue-grey eyes, full of sweetness and expression, small, delicately formed features, and beautiful, burnished brown hair rippling in sunny waves about her shapely little head.

Day by day, week by week, the Squire found himself drawn more and more hopelessly within this girl's web of fascination; until at last the day came—ten months after Miss Ronayne's arrival at Rathderry—when the extraordinary truth burst like a bombshell on Squire O'Grady.

He had lost his heart to Grace Ronayne—he, a man of five-and-fifty, a settled-down, elderly widower, had actually and literally become the slave of this beautiful girl, some thirty years younger than himself!

Watching, day by day, Grace Ronayne's unfailing kindness to his mother, the Squire's affectionate interest in the girl had at first been enlisted; then, little by little, his own heart had been drawn to her, irrespective of her goodness to his mother—drawn to her because of her own personal attraction.

And thenceforward the Squire surrendered to a wild, almost incredibly blissful dream. Could he—could he ever hope to win this girl for his very own—to be the companion and the joy of the years that were still before him?

And under the influence of this wild dream and radiant hope the Squire's heart softened towards his exiled son, and, through the wondrous force of sympathy and fellow-feeling, he now at last fully understood Walter's emotions, and, swayed by his own all-engrossing happiness of heart, he cabled an urgent message to his son:

"You are fully forgiven. Come home to Rathderry at once."

But for five weeks after this message was despatched to the other end of the world, the Squire did not succeed in summoning up his moral courage to put his fate to the touch at last.

Then came a mellow afternoon of September, when Squire O'Grady, still immersed in his love-dream, entered the old orchard of Rathderry and beheld beautiful Grace Ronayne seated on a rustic bench beneath an apple-tree, an open book in her hand.

"Now, or never," the Squire said to himself as he quickly advanced to his charmer.

CHAPTER III.

Grace Ronayne glanced up from her book, as John O'Grady approached her; then she was about to rise quickly from the rustic bench, but the Squire's hand fell lightly on her shoulder and prevented her impulsive movement.

"Mrs. O'Grady was writing a letter, sir—so I told her I would run out here to the orchard for half an hour," the girl hurriedly explained.

"You spend far too much of your time with my mother, Grace," the Squire said. During the previous months he had dropped the formal "Miss Ronayne." "And you really must give up calling me 'sir!' The fact of it is, Grace, my dear"—and now the Squire had somewhat excitedly seated himself beside her, and the hot color had swept over his face—"the fact of it is, I—I've decided to break the whole truth to you at last—at last! . . . You've won me, in spite of me, my dear. I love you with all my heart, Grace Ronayne, and the one dream of my life now is that you may consent to become my wife and the young mistress of Rathderry!"

Then followed a passionate outburst from the lips of John O'Grady—almost a frantic appeal to this startled, trembling girl to overlook all the disparities between them and to consent to think "things over" his proposal—at least.

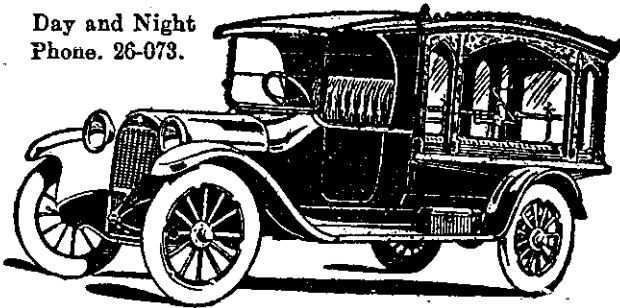
While these words were still rushing from his lips Grace Ronayne had risen in considerable agitation from the bench.

"Oh, sir!—oh, Mr. O'Grady," she literally gasped, and her face scarlet with shocked amazement at first, now grew paler and paler. "You cannot mean what you are saying! Oh, I hope—I hope you do not really mean it! . . . I—I've been so happy here—I am so attached to your mother—and I always looked upon you as a loved, true friend. Oh, tell me that you don't actually mean it, Mr. O'Grady!" she went on wildly, as she placed her hand appealingly on his arm. "Because, if you really are in

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earnest in what you say, I shall be compelled to leave Rathderry this very evening—and it will almost break my heart to do so!"

And at these words—which conveyed so clearly, so unmistakably the girl's attitude towards himself and his proposal—the scales dropped from John O'Grady's eyes and he realised the folly, the madness to which he had allowed himself to surrender during the previous months.

A little silence followed during which the Squire's pride and common sense came to his assistance and helped him to pull himself together, ere he suddenly grasped Miss Ronayne's hand and held it with a reassuring pressure.

"I offer you my sincere apologies, Grace, and I most humbly ask you to forgive me. I must have completely lost my head, my dear—I suppose we are all subject to these temporary madnesses occasionally! . . . Do forget all about it, Grace, my dear. 'Let everything glide along in the old peaceful way. My mother would never forgive me, if any act of mine drove you away from Rathderry—and, for my own part, I really don't think I could live in the old place any longer if you were gone!"

And as the words fell from the squire's lips—while Grace Ronayne turned away for a moment in the effort to control her emotion—a rapid footstep approached over the orchard grass, and a tall, bronzed, handsome young man suddenly sprang forward.

"I'm back again, sir, you see! The moment your message reached me I got ready for the journey home!"

The speaker was Walter O'Grady himself; and at the same instant a cry of amazement and delight broke from the lips of Grace Ronayne.

As yet Walter had not glanced at Grace, his whole attention seemed to be taken up with his father.

"Walter, Walter, is it you, my lad! . . . A hundred thousand welcomes!"

John O'Grady was now holding his son's two hands in his. There was no mistaking the genuine sincerity of his welcome.

"Thank you, father! I was overjoyed to receive your cable."

Then, suddenly, Walter O'Grady glanced at Miss Ronayne. He uttered an exclamation of amazement:

"Eva! Can it possibly be you, yourself?"

Grace Ronayne dropped on the rustic bench and burst into uncontrollable tears.

"God bless my soul!" gasped Squire O'Grady, glancing from Miss Ronayne to Walter. "What on earth is the meaning of this?"

"It means that this girl is Eva Staunton, sir—my fiancé!" was Walter's extraordinary reply, as he now rushed forward and took Grace's trembling form in his arms. "Though what she can be doing here at Rathderry I cannot possibly imagine!"

Grace, however, had by this time succeeded in controlling her sudden emotion, and, withdrawing herself from Walter's arms, she rose quickly and stood between father and son.

"It was all a little stratagem of my own devising," she said quickly, "in order to make a desperate attempt to win you around, Mr. O'Grady, to consent to my marriage to Walter. I answered your mother's advertisement for a companion and came on here to Rathderry—using my own true name, Grace Ronayne. Walter knew nothing of my scheme. His letters to me and mine to him, were forwarded safely by my sister, Alice, who lives in my old home, near Tralee."

"Well, well, well!" John O'Grady said, having fully digested this story. "It would certainly take a play-actress to carry it all out with such cleverness and success! You deserve to be rewarded for your enterprise, Grace, my dear, and rewarded you shall be forthwith. It certainly won't be any fault of mine, or my mother's, if yourself and Walter don't be happily married at the soonest possible moment!"

And the Squire loyally fulfilled his promise.

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Eucharistic Procession at Timaru

On Sunday afternoon week the annual Eucharistic procession was held in the convent and priory grounds, Craigie Avenue (says the *Timaru Herald*). Favored by suitable weather about two thousand people took part. The grounds were tastefully arranged for the occasion, the processional route being clearly defined by a garland of flowers and many choice examples of artificial flower weavings. Bannettes, sacred pictures and statues also served to decorate the route. At the main entrance of the convent, and again north of the girls' school, temporary but imposing altars were erected, which looked resplendent in their heavily candelabred fronts, standing out relieved by flowers against the gold-draped background. On this occasion his Lordship Bishop Brodie carried the Sacred Host beneath a canopy borne by four parishioners.

The procession started from the convent chapel at 2.30 in the following order:—Cross-bearer, schoolboys, schoolgirls, convent pupils, Children of Mary, Altar Society, St. Anne's Guild, Hibernian Society, band, choir. His Lordship Bishop Brodie bearing the monstrance, was attended by the Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., the Rev. Fathers Barra, S.M., More O'Ferrall, S.M., acolytes, and guard of honor. Then followed the parishioners. The procession halted at two temporary altars, from which Benediction was given. Hymns were sung, accompanied by the band, during the procession. The schoolgirls were clothed in white and the different societies wore their regalia. The procession, which was well marshalled, made a very imposing sight. It ended in the Sacred Heart Church, and the last of the procession could barely obtain standing room in the building.

His Lordship addressed the big congregation, taking as the text for his forcible discourse the fourth verse of the 110th Psalm: "Being an omnipotent and merciful God, He has made a monument to all His wonderful works." His Lordship dwelt on this Monument as that of the Divine Presence in the Sacred Host, showing the Scriptural authority for the unbroken tradition of the Church in support. Before commencing his address he expressed his personal pleasure at the edifying profession of faith he had witnessed that afternoon. He doubted even in the centre of Christendom if there was a more practical piety.

The choir, with Mrs. N. D. Mangos at the organ, rendered Elgar's "O Salutaris" and Silas's "Tantum Ergo" very devotionally, as well as a harmonised version of the "Divine Praises." Miss Kathleen Dennehy sang with religious appreciation Mascheroni's "Ave Maria," Miss K. Byrne supporting with a violin obbligato.

High Mass was sung on Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock by the Rev. Father Barra, in the presence of a large congregation, his Lordship Bishop Brodie presiding in the sanctuary. The choir sang with fine emphasis and expression Silas's Mass in C, with Gounod's "Benedictus." During the Offertory Silas's "Ave Maria" was sung.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

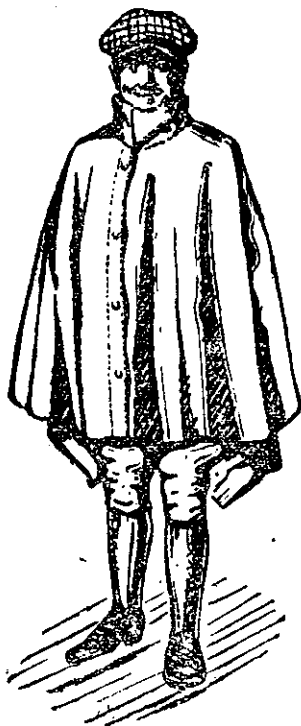
October 6.

The sale of work in aid of the parish motor car fund was very successful in spite of the bad weather. The stallholders worked well, and as a result Monsignor Mackay has been able to purchase a car suitable for parish work.

A pleasant little function took place in the Confraternity room of the Children of Mary on Sunday, September 23, when Miss K. Murray, on the occasion of her approaching marriage, was presented by her fellow-members with a beautifully framed picture of the Sacred Heart. Miss A. O'Donnell, who is taking up a position in Christchurch, was the recipient of a silver manicure set. Father Fenelon made the presentation, and after the usual nice things had been said, a dainty supper was served.

The mission, which has been looked forward to for some time, began on September 30, the children getting their share first.

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The Dead Leaders

APPRECIATIONS OF GRIFFITH AND COLLINS.

Mr. E. J. Duggan, one of the signatories of the Treaty, in an appreciation of Arthur Griffith, after describing his meeting with the dead leader in Mountjoy Prison, writes:

It was during these seven months in Mountjoy that I learned to know the real Arthur Griffith, the most humble, unassuming, genial, and lovable of men, a brilliant conversationalist, with a wonderful fund of stories, always cheerful, good-humored and as full of fun as a healthy school-boy. He was the soul of generosity.

"If he noticed amongst the prisoners one from whose appearance it might be assumed that he had not friends outside who could afford to send him in those little comforts which the prison regulations allowed, he made it his business to get into chat with him, and, having discovered the location of the prisoner's cell, would proceed to share with him anything that had been sent in to himself."

He joined in the physical exercises and in any little games that could be played in the exercise yard with the zest of the youngest.

His Versatile Tastes.

He was a man of great physical strength, and in his younger days had been an excellent gymnast.

He was a powerful swimmer, and at one time swam every day throughout the year. He was also a very keen cyclist, and knew every lane and by-road within fifty miles of Dublin.

He was keenly interested in all the arts—music in particular—and was a regular patron of the Esposito Sunday Concerts in the Antient Concert Rooms.

His memory for old Irish tunes and songs was extraordinary.

He loved all the people, but in particular the Dublin poor. All the newsboys and flower-sellers knew him, and no matter who was with him or how great his hurry, he never passed them by.

He always raised his hat in response to the salute of the very humblest, and nothing pleased him more than the "God bless you, sir," of the poor women in the back streets when they recognised his well-known figure passing through.

Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Home Affairs, in an appreciation of Michael Collins, says:—

Men have written and men will write hereafter of the Michael Collins who carried his country on his broad young shoulders, who rallied his people when they reeled before the British "Terror," who crowded into every day 17 or 18 hours of grim, intensive work for the resurrection of his submerged race, and yet found time for all those little personal touches of friendship, of sympathy, of congratulation, which form the woof of life.

The Test of Greatness.

I question whether the tempered judgment of posterity will find in all or any of these things the height of Michael Collins' greatness or the depth of his love for his people. I think they will find it rather at the moment on the night of the 6th December, 1921, when Michael Collins took pen in hand and signed the Anglo-Irish Treaty.

Michael Collins was eminently the leader of the left wing of his nation. He was pre-eminently fitted to do so. To include him in the team of negotiators was in truth a playing of the last card. He had himself demurred to the selection and surrendered to the one argument that was sure to fire his generosity—the national need. "They will never make their best offer in your absence." No one knew better than he what that acceptance involved. He had no illusions on that score. The 100 per cent. of the national demand was not available by negotiation. That had been made perfectly clear in the protracted correspondence which had preceded the negotiations. But he was told "They will never make their best offer in your absence"—and so he went.

No one knew better than he that from the day he went little jealous minds at home were busy coining the taunts that they would fling at him on his return. He could almost hear them turning the words "coward" and "traitor" in their mouths, in pleasurable anticipation of their use against a man whose phenomenal courage and energy had been a standing rebuke to many. But—"They will never make their best offer in your absence," and with the cheery smile with which he always greeted trouble ahead—he went.

When the "best offer" came, when he found himself supported in his view that it was the "best offer" by the most mature political mind, the shrewdest political judgment that ever served the cause of Ireland, Michael Collins did not hesitate between the alternative of saving his country and saving his political face.

Ireland: The Six Counties Question

Replying to a question about the Six Counties, Mr. O'Higgins said the whole trend of thought in the Six Counties in January and February, 1922, and until Mr. de Valera started his antics, was towards union (applause).

"I tell you," he declared, "but for the gospel of anarchy that was preached and practised here in Ireland you would have an united Ireland to-day, and I tell you this that unless we can build up a decent State here, in which there will be ordinary security for life and property, there will not be a union, but if we build up a State in which life and property is secure where the writ of the Government runs, where men have freedom to go about, then it will not be possible for any portion of Ireland to remain outside the jurisdiction of the Free State.

The Boundary Commission will get to work immediately after the elections, and we are going ahead with that clause of the Treaty just as we went ahead with every other clause (applause).

New Catholic Society

WORLD-WIDE LAITY ORGANISATION.

The recent European mails show that the Catholic International is a live body (says an exchange). His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney received a letter asking for information regarding some commercial activities in Australia. This matter his Grace referred to the local secretary of Ika, and the necessary inquiries are now being made.

"Ika": What It Stands For.

A new Catholic society has been formed in Sydney with the object of linking up with similar bodies recently established in all parts of the world (says the Sydney Daily Telegraph of recent date).

"Ika" is the title by which this new organisation is known, being an abbreviation of Internacio Katolika (The Catholic International).

The movement is open to all Catholic men and women, and briefly its purpose is to unite the rank and file of the Catholics of every nation in grappling with social questions which are not directly the work of the clergy.

Entirely non-political and neutral in regard to national affairs, the headquarters were established in The Hague, and three presidents were elected—one each from Holland, England, and Germany.

For financial reasons connected with the rates of exchange, operations have up to the present been directed from Graz, in Austria.

An important feature is the proposed creation of an information bureau, which will have as an auxiliary an international press service organisation.

With a view to developing a true international character, Ika has adopted Esperanto as its official language. Already an international Catholic journal, *Katolika Mondo* (Catholic World), is being published monthly in the Esperanto language. Through this channel Catholic news from every part of the world is being transmitted on to the Catholic press of every nation.

A great deal of enthusiasm was evidenced at the inaugural meeting of the Sydney branch, chiefly through the support given to the movement by his Grace Archbishop Kelly.

Dr. Sheehy, who presided, said:

"We in Australia are prone to be too insular; sometimes our viewpoint does not extend beyond Sydney Heads.

"By means of Ika we will be brought into touch with our fellow-Catholics in other parts of the world. We will then see that, though they differ from us in color, language, and perhaps politics, they have the same aspirations, the same hopes, and are just as proud of our grand mother Church as we are."

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Catholic University Students' Guild, Wellington

(CONTRIBUTED.)

The Catholic University Students' Guild held its final meeting of the year at St. Patrick's College on Sunday, October 7, at 2.30 p.m. The guild took occasion of its annual general meeting to give a reception to his Grace Archbishop Redwood, S.M., D.D., its patron. In spite of the extremely bad weather, there were between 70 and 80 present. Given fine weather, it was expected that at least 100 would be present. A number of the city clergy were in attendance, and included: Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Rev. Father Mahony, S.M., Rev. Father Fallon, and the college staff. The president of the guild, Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert, S.M., M.A., welcomed his Grace, who was received with applause. The secretary then presented the annual report as follows:—

Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It gives us great pleasure to present the second annual report of the Catholic University Students' Guild. In April of 1922 this guild was established in the belief that, under the present educational system in New Zealand it had become a necessity for the growing body of Catholic University students. In its first year, the work was in the nature of an experiment. It was begun under your Grace's patronage and with the encouragement of his Grace the Coadjutor-Archbishop. Begun as an experiment we had reason to think that it would be permanent. The first annual report recorded an average attendance at 12 meetings of between 50 and 60 members. The present year showed a marked advance in membership. We are pleased to report that at 11 meetings the average attendance was 70 members.

In general, the constitution of the guild has remained unaltered. The meetings took place every fortnight during three terms corresponding to the three terms at Victoria University College. The meeting place was St. Patrick's College. At the ordinary meetings, the reading of minutes, an address or addresses, and answers to the Question Box occupied one hour. This intellectual work was followed by afternoon tea and a social gathering. This latter part of the programme was considered as only less in importance than the intellectual part. Students attending the guild come from every district in New Zealand and have no general meeting place. This social gathering in a small way was a substitute for the social intercourse of Hostel or Catholic Hall.

The office-bearers were elected on April 8 as follows:—President, Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert, S.M., M.A.; vice-president, Mr. T. P. Cleary, LL.B.; hon. sec. and treasurer, Rev. B. J. Ryan, S.M., M.A.; committee, Miss M. Pigou, Messrs. Giles, Grogan, and McRae.

Altogether there were eleven meetings. One had to be abandoned on account of bad weather—the only meeting postponed in the two years. The programme of lectures was as follows:—

First Term.—April 8—Election of officers; address on Objects and Opportunity of Guild (Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert). April 22—The Existence and Nature of God (Rev. B. J. Ryan). May 6—Immortality of the Soul (Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert); Origin of the Bible (Rev. B. J. Ryan); May 22—Meeting postponed on account of rain. Second Term.—June 3—Providence of God (Rev. B. J. Ryan; Answers to Question Box (Rev. B. Kingan); Introduction to Evolution (Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert). June 17—Historical Account of the Growth of the Theory of Evolution (Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert); Answers to Question Box. July 1—Spiritism (Rev. B. Kingan; Answers to Question Box. July 15—Evolution and the Catholic Position (Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert) July 29—Lourdes (Rev. B. J. Gondringer. Third Term.—September 9—Faith Healing (Rev. B. J. Ryan). September 23—The Book of Genesis and Evolution (Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert). October 7—General Meeting; Annual Report.

It will be observed that almost all the lectures dealt with fundamental questions in Christian apologetics. At times the subjects may have appeared beyond the reading of many students. But it was felt that the work was necessary. Now, more than ever before, it is necessary to supply the fundamental proofs of religion. The subjects were often philosophical and abstruse and for that reason strange to younger students. But it was thought best to

attack the problem at its roots. We count the lectures successful if they introduced the Christian and Catholic aspect of the problems; if they acted as an antidote against the agnostic view, if they created courage to hold to Catholic standards and formed the basis of future leisured reading.

Other activities—(i) An innovation was the C.U.S.G. dance held in St. Francis's Hall, Hill Street, in July. For this function a special committee was set up, including Misses Pigou, McAteer, Craig, and Cameron, Messrs. Cleary, Grogan, Giles, Malfroy, Haigh, and McRae (secretary). In spite of the influenza outbreak, the dance was a great success socially, and paid for itself comfortably. The unanimous opinion voted the dance an annual function.

(ii) The C.U.S.G. supported the European Students' Relief Fund. Mr. F. Haigh explained its purpose, and a collection was made, a substantial sum being sent to the organisers of relief.

(iii) It is hoped that there will be sufficient funds in hand to form the nucleus of the cost of publishing this year a pamphlet containing the activities of the guild and the more important lectures.

Financially the guild is in a sound position. The subscription was continued at its old rate and this has met expenses and left a credit balance. (Details omitted.)

We close this report with satisfaction. The guild seems to meet a need in the Catholic body. If higher secular training builds the leaders of our country, no work could be nobler in object than to strive to raise the standard of Christian knowledge at least to a standard equal to that of secular knowledge. Only thus can they acquire that balance of mind, that full education which makes the really great leader. Christian principles alone can bring back to modern thought and action, the qualities of solidity and logic, and therefore of permanence. The Catholic stands amidst endless questioning about even the existence of God; he sees the best in tradition flung aside; the conventions shattered and morality fast disappearing. Science too often claims to be godless, literature is a shifting morass. The Church alone stands firm on the rock of truth. It has been our province and our privilege to strive to unfold that truth. Looking forward to the day when the doors of a Catholic hall will be opened, we have made a beginning of the work. Thanks to the encouragement of our patron, his Grace happily present with us to-day, and to the Coadjutor-Archbishop, we can report that the work is flourishing.

After the report had been read, his Grace the Archbishop addressed the gathering. He immediately grasped his audience and spoke magnificently. He fully agreed that the work was a grave necessity in the modern world. Statistics showed the rapid advance of irreligion in such great countries as England and U.S.A. He was delighted to see that the lectures had gone deep into the foundations of religion. The whole object of the guild met with his fullest approval and he felt gratified to see St. Patrick's College not only teaching youth, but teaching older students. He had written on its foundation stone nearly 40 years ago, *Sectare Fidem*. The extension of the school's activity was in line with its best traditions. In spite of his great age, his Grace spoke with vigor. His old fire was there and all his eloquence. Altogether, his address made this the most memorable occasion of the year.

Father Gilbert thanked the Archbishop for coming to address the students. He said that he had never heard his Grace speak with more vigor and eloquence.

Mr. Grogan spoke on behalf of the students. He said they felt very grateful to his Grace for his patronage and for his presence that day. He thought it an excellent opportunity for his Grace to see the work that was being done through the guild. His remarks were received with applause.

Mr. A. McRae then proposed a vote of thanks to the president and the staff of St. Patrick's College. They were all grateful for the lectures on problems which every student met in his reading. They were also most grateful for the kindness shown them in the social life of the guild and to the matron of the college (Mrs. N. Chamness) and her staff for their entertainment at tea.

His Grace the Archbishop then gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the college chapel.

Afternoon tea followed, and music and games. During the afternoon the college orchestra, conducted by P. Cullen, played selections.

Current Topics

Quis Custodiet?

Apropos of our reference to modern dances, in a recent issue, a parent writes to us: "I read you advice in the *Tablet* concerning modern dancing, and agree with you in regarding it as hideous. But why is it not only allowed but advertised in our local paper that a Catholic Club is going to have the latest dances—jazz, turkey-trot, twilight destiny waltz, and so forth. Don't you think our Catholic socials ought to set the good example?"

Most unequivocally and decidedly we do. The bunny-hug and the turkey-trot belong to those who love to claim their kinship with the animals. We certainly ought to aim higher than that.

Scientific Quackery

The less a man knows the more cocksure he is. This is truer in the domain of science than elsewhere. To the dupes of pseudo-scientists we recommend this extract from an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

One reason why the professional study of science in general, and medicine in particular, has failed to win public applause and gather popular support in larger measure than it does at present lies in the distortions and misrepresentations to which this department of learning has all too often been subjected. The quack and the imposter make no sincere pretence of adhering strictly to the known in heralding their claims; the pseudo-scientist usually dresses his propaganda in a variety of raiment that may include ignorance, erroneous belief and mere conjecture. All too often, even the reputed scientist is found supporting a doctrine that is dangerously near uncertainty of demonstration, or rests at best on the basis of inadequate investigation. Much of the scientific teaching of to-day is permeated with a cocksureness that is unwarranted by the meagre facts of experience or experiment. . . . The time has come when those interested in the dignity of science should protest, wherever it seems desirable, against any semblance of finality or any assumption of authority in unwarranted statements of those who trade on scientific investigations.

The Church and Miracles

In reference to our recent note on the stigmata of Father Pio, the following comment by Father H. Thurston in the *Month* is interesting:

Father H. Thurston, S.J., who has concentrated a good deal of thought and study to mystical phenomena, devotes a narticle in the *Month* to the examination of Father Pio's bleeding stigmata. As he well remarks, the utterance of the Holy Office reflects no sort of censure upon Padre Pio, and requires no one to modify any conviction he may have formed of that mystic's personal holiness. But if, so he argues, the happenings associated with the name of this devout Capuchin have not been proved to be supernatural in origin, as was declared by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, if the formation of his wounds is not a miraculous effect, to what natural cause can they be traced? "Padre Pio is always exceptionally calm and composed. There is no bad family history. He himself declared that he had never suffered from any nervous malady. He has never been subject to fainting fits or convulsions or tremors. He sleeps well and is not troubled with dreams." But, he adds, "we must give up the idea that hysterical disorders are only to be met with in subjects who are conspicuously neurotic, unbalanced," etc., and suggests that Padre Pio may be affected by pithiatism, that is to say, "the emergence of certain neurosis commonly classed as hysterical," and which may be associated with the most exalted sanctity.

Father Thurston writes: "The holiness of Padre Pio or of Gemma Galgani or of such famous mystics of an earlier age as Maria Agreda and Anne Catherine Emmerich may be real enough, and yet this fact is not inconsistent with a liability to the occurrence of suggestion neurosis, manifested at times by startling phenomena which very naturally have often been misinterpreted by their contemporaries. Long before medical science in these matters had reached its present development the Church manifested a sound instinct in the regulation of her processes of Beatification and Canonisation. No amount of evidence as to alleged marvels could be accepted in lieu of testimony to the virtuous conduct of those who were to be solemnly proposed for the veneration of the Faithful. Such phenomena as the stigmata, etc., were accepted and welcomed as part of the proofs submitted, but they could not stand alone."

A Point in Apologetics

In an article in the *Catholic World*, Mr. Belloc calls attention to the fact that our apologetic work is often marred in its effectiveness owing to the alien atmosphere which we breathe. In four ways this is likely to happen:

(1) By the effect of a Protestant surrounding upon ourselves, so that we are led to defend points which, to a Protestant, it seems natural we should defend, but which are insignificant or beside the issue for the trained mind of a Catholic. We are there the victims of the minds about us, which have never been taught to think out their first principles, and which nearly always take for granted some particular view of their own as an admitted universal.

(2) By the error we constantly make with regard to the degree of change which is still taking place in the world around us. We imagine our opponents in 1923 to remain under the same illusions as disturbed them in 1900, when, in point of fact, they have long since passed into a new fantasy.

(3) By their ignorance of our philosophy. This is the prime character of English-speaking Protestantism. It has come to know much less of the continent of Europe than did its fathers. It has become much more ignorant of the general European past and of the development of civilisation; wherefore it has necessarily become more ignorant of what Catholicism is, and it is getting more and more ignorant in that respect (and in many others) every day. Moreover, this ignorance is particularly striking in the case of those new, half educated "leaders of thought" and "best sellers" whom we have principally to meet.

(4) By the lack of clear definition as a habit of mind in the modern world around us.

Mr. Belloc illustrates his meaning by the following parallel:

"Suppose you were arguing for the accuracy of the British charts of the Mediterranean against some other who thought them worthless, and, in attempting to convince him of error, you were hampered:

"(1) By a general social habit (somewhat affecting yourself) which regarded English sailors as uninstructed fools of a low order;

"(2) By your imagining that your opponent was in his mind comparing British charts with French, whereas he had long ago given up any knowledge or use of charts in any form;

"(3) By his imagining the Mediterranean Sea to be permanently frozen solid, while you know nothing of his laboring under such an error;

"(4) By his having a vague idea that a chart was important as a work of art quite as much as a guide to navigation.

"One may easily judge what would happen to the issue in such a case."

On the importance of "clearing the issue" he writes:

"I would affirm, then, that our principal task in apologetics to-day, in the society which surrounds us everywhere in England and in most parts of northern America is to clear the issue: that done, advance by

the use of reason becomes possible and may go far; that left undone, such advance is always difficult and usually doomed at the outset."

Neglected New Zealand

The angels that guard New Zealand must blush for shame when contrasting the manner in which Tourist Departments of other lands boost their attraction, with the awful neglect displayed by the officials of our own somnolent Department. In Australia they make sure one learns all about the Jenolan Caves, about the Hawkesbury River, or about Gippsland. In spring and summer the advertising pages of Home papers are full of attractive inducements to travel all over Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, not to mention Norway, Rhineland, France, Switzerland, Italy. You are told how to go; you are brought there cheaply and comfortably; and when you arrive everything that can be done is done to make you pleased with your visit and eager to come again. But what a different tale we have to tell here! Next to nothing is done to attract tourists. One is not compelled to take notice of advertisements of cheap railway and steamer fares for scenic attractions. On the slightest provocation the services to the places best worth seeing are curtailed and made inconvenient. Hotels are dear, accommodation scarce, conveyances poor, difficulties increased rather than diminished. As blatantly as a dead thing can be blatant, the Department shrieks: Stay at home; we don't want either yourself or your money; the show places of New Zealand can exist without you! And, if you come from overseas things are ten times worse. You are held up for hours before being allowed to land. You sign idiotic papers, devised by a foolish Government that seems anxious to make jobs for its employees. Having written down such items as the age of your mother-in-law, your reasons for playing golf, and whether you take salt or sugar with your porridge, an unhygienic thermometer is stuck in your mouth and you are prodded in the ribs as if you were a fat ox in a sale-yard, and, at last, you land, unless in disgust with the country and its Government you elect to stay where you are until the boat carries you back to a land of sanity. If there were nothing to see in New Zealand, it would not be so ludicrous. But when one considers all the wonderful natural attractions of the Dominion it is almost a crime. What other country can rival the weird wonders of Rotorua, the majestic Alps, the lovely lakes, and the delightful native bush, as it exists on the West Coast? God has made our country beautiful and attractive, but man does his best to spoil it in every possible way. One day, on the North Main Trunk train, we heard a tourist ask a fellow-traveller: "Why do they run this train into Auckland at such an unearthly hour in the morning, when people are all in bed, and when one has to wait for hours to get a decent breakfast?" The answer was: "Because it is the most stupid and inconvenient arrangement possible." The reply was certainly cynical, but most travellers would agree that there was much truth in it. In the same way, one regrets that no longer can travellers go by sea from Dunedin to Christchurch, while at one time it was possible to travel up in the night, sleep well, and have the next day for business or pleasure in the fair Canterbury city. One of the most enjoyable trips known to inhabitants of these islands, was the steamer trip from Dunedin to Auckland, calling for a liberal time at Lyttelton, Wellington, Napier, and Gisborne. Now, alas! the boats that used to make the run regularly run no more, and there is a choice between walking from Dunedin to Picton, and from Wellington to Auckland, and going by the tiresome trains. Once boats used to go to the Sounds in the summer season. Now it is for most people only a vague idea that there are somewhere on our coast, beautiful places which even the Norwegian fjords cannot surpass in loveliness. At the present time, owing to the failure of the State means of transport to oblige the public, private people are carrying overland much of the business of the Dominion. In time, perhaps, private and patriotic people will also

demonstrate to the shipping combines that they are not essential to us. But better still, give us a private company to organise and conduct an opposition Tourist Department which will really prove to the public that it is conscious of the attractions contained in the country, and of what can be done in the way of bringing travellers to visit them.

The Only Way

Bishop Julius is lamenting the spread of immorality in the Dominion, and the press takes care to tell us all about his grief thereat. Bishop Julius is like the man who buys a lock for his stable door after his horse has been stolen. For years, we Catholics have been telling the good Bishop and his friends that unless they fell in line with us and insisted on having provided for the children a truly Christian education, the results would be exactly such as those that make the venerable Prelate sorrowful to-day. If the Anglicans had joined us in insisting on religion in the schools, on the religion of the parents for the children, there would be less tears to shed now. They never joined us when we made our stand, when we rejected the free State schools and built our own, even though we were unjustly forced by a tyrannous government to pay taxes for the education of other children as well as our own. Has the Bishop been deaf so long to all the warnings uttered in other countries, to all the warnings uttered by serious observers in this country, that he has only now opened his eyes to the terrible nature of the evil? He knows, and most of his clergy know that the reason why ours is a living religion to-day is that we made for it the sacrifices which we considered essential in order to save it. He probably knows too that the reason why the grass grows on the paths to so many non-Catholic churches is because so many non-Catholic bodies were supinely content to have godless schools imposed on them. The evil is immense. There is no blinding one's eyes to it. And there is only one remedy: the denominational parish school. Apropos of this necessary institution we may here quote at length the following important consideration from an article in *America* by John McGuinness (what he says of America applies to New Zealand):

"In teaching religion the parish school pays due attention to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the child. It develops him mentally and morally, and gives him an education which is a preparation for complete living, an education which enlightens the conscience by the great truths of right and justice, and makes them standards of action. In other words, religious training develops strength of character, and arouses a sense of moral responsibility so that Christian principles dominate the whole life.

"The most important end of education is the formation of character. But character rests on the basis of morality, and there can be no real morality without religion, for morality to have life and vigor, must be based upon religion. Emerson has well said, 'Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.' With equal force he could have said, 'Men of character are the conscience of the nation,' for if the nation lose its conscience, it will, like the individual, sink into moral degeneracy. Religion and morality are anchors which hold the vessel of state from ruin on the sea of human passions. In discussing human government, all great philosophers and statesmen acknowledge the utter impossibility of permanently maintaining a stable society without morality. History sadly relates the story of the great nations ruined by moral disorders. Possessing a high intellectual development, they could not prevent moral decay from infecting the individual, nor could they prevent this moral decay from spreading from the individual through the family into every artery of the social body. Mental culture alone will not cure moral disorders or hold society together. Plato tells us that the Persian Empire perished on account of the vicious education of the princes. Their minds were filled with knowledge, but without religious guidance their consciences became subjugated to their refined licentiousness. When the Roman Empire was at the peak

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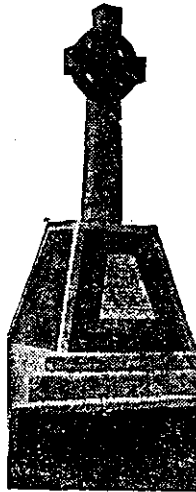
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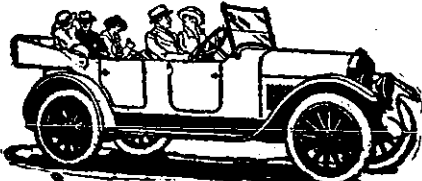
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of mental culture it was sunk in the lowest depths of vice and corruption. As long as Rome adhered to the religious policy of Numa her laws were executed with moderation and justice and her people displayed a spirit of patriotism, courage, and sobriety which command admiration.

"At the time our Government was formed, we were essentially a religious people. This was due to the denominational schools (none other existed), which made the teaching of religion a part of the curriculum. Lord Bryce, after reviewing the influence of religion in the early history of this country, which he calls the foundation of our institutions, says, 'The more democratic republics become . . . the more do they need to live, not only by patriotism, but by reverence and self-control, and the more essential to their well-being are those sources from whence reverence and self-control flow.'

"The parish school is valuable, then, because it takes the child at the beginning of its mental life and trains it in religious as well as secular knowledge, developing a citizenship of the highest type—a citizenship that is self-controlled, which reverences constituted authority, respects the rights of others, and is actuated by the highest ideals in the discharge of its duties. In brief, its ideal is a citizenship trained on the principles which Lord Bryce calls 'essential to well-being.' 'Leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them' is Ruskin's description of education. This is the purpose of the parish school, as it was the purpose of most American schools from the colonial period until nearly a hundred years after the Revolution. The charters of our oldest American colleges show that they were established for the purpose of educating the youth 'in knowledge and godliness.' The present public school, we must remember, is of recent importation. There is no trace of it in the early history of America. It was unknown to the signers of the Declaration of Independence and to the framers of our Constitution. The sterling character of the fathers of our country can be traced to the training they received in the religious school. The value of the soundness of the system of education given in the parish school, which is almost as old as the Church, is recognised to-day by a large number of thinking Protestants in every walk of life. They realise that the great need of the age is religious training, and the application of Christian principles to the disorders of the day. They are insistent in demanding the return of religious teaching to the schools from which it was dropped in the early 'fifties.

"The parish school symbolises to-day a free democracy with personal liberties as founded by the fathers of our country, and guaranteed in the Constitution. Its entire curriculum forms a great bulwark against materialism which hates and despises religious training because it teaches respect for authority and places a moral restraint on our acts."

Dunedin Catholic Students' Club

VISIT TO HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, MOSGIEL.

Recently a large number of the student members of the Catholic Students' Club visited Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, at the invitation of the Rector, Rev. Father Morkano. Favored with beautiful weather, a most enjoyable afternoon was spent seeing in and about the college. The gardens and grounds were in excellent order and presented a very charming picture. Afternoon tea was served on the lawn of the college, after which the members attended at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel, the music being rendered by the college choir. On leaving, each member was given a beautiful bunch of daffodils and other flowers. Socially the afternoon was voted pre-eminently successful and all too short.

VISIT TO THE HOME OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR, ANDERSON'S BAY.

A very enjoyable and entertaining afternoon was spent by the members of the club as guests of the Rev. Mother and Little Sisters, at their Anderson's Bay Home. The party was shown over the buildings, and some time was spent meeting and talking with the old folks. A stay was

made for musical and vocal items, which were rendered by the more talented members. Afterwards the party were most hospitably entertained at afternoon tea, and a very pleasant visit ended. The Rev. Mother extended a most hearty welcome to again visit the Home and aged ones during the next year.

Wellington

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF NEW ZEALAND'S METROPOLIS.

(By ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.)

The physical conditions of the very site of the city have entailed much labor in the making of room for homes and offices and factories—what no other city in the Dominion has had to face. To carve out homes from the hills, to reclaim much land from the sea—such toil has left little or no time for the Wellington people to waste on the purely æsthetic, and has indelibly marked their character. It has been said—and with a certain measure of truth—that Wellington lacks the civic spirit and patriotic pride. It would be nearer the truth to say that these qualities are latent and dormant, and only need stimulus to come to life. Such a stimulus was "Wellington Welcome Week." Now the spirit of progress is in the very Wellington air. Old buildings are coming down, and are replaced by vastly greater and more materially substantial ones. Former residential areas are making space for the advance of industry. Large and imposing factories are in course of construction, where wooden hovels stood before mouldering in decay. Reclaimed land is rapidly being covered with warehouses and stores. Buoyant optimism rules instead of stagnant pessimism. Wellington is coming to realise in earnest that it is the capital and natural centre of the Dominion. Of all the chief cities of New Zealand—the four centres—Wellington is pre-eminently the seaport of the Dominion. One may criticise the Latinity of the city's motto "Suprema a situ"; but one must admit the obvious reality of the circumstances which determined its choice. Wellington is indeed *supreme* (from or by) *its site*. A glance at the map will decide the matter. Look at a map, first of New Zealand, and then of the world, or at least of the Pacific Ocean. Wellington is, first of all, situated almost exactly in the centre of New Zealand, between the North and South Islands, an ideal position for the reception of goods to be exported or distributed. Has any other harbor in the world greater natural advantages in that respect? From the world's shipping point of view, Wellington is the nearest port in Australasia to Panama, the nearest port of call for overseas vessels passing by Panama to England, Europe, America, and Canada. Wellington harbor has an area of about 20,000 acres, with depths varying from six to fourteen fathoms, and sufficiently extensive to enable the whole British Fleet to be safely accommodated and to manoeuvre under steam within its limits. The anchorage is good throughout, and the land-locked harbor provides good and safe shelter. To this magnificent sheet of water there is a broad and ample entrance, exceeding in its narrowest part 3600 feet, and with a depth of seven or eight fathoms. The current in the entrance never exceeds two knots, and the rise and fall of the tide varies from 2 feet 6 inches to four feet 6 inches. The entrance is exceptionally well lighted by a powerful light at Pencarrow Head, assisted by a less powerful low-level light, and also by leading lights which, when kept in line, guide vessels up the centre of the deepest water at the channel entrance.

Port Nicholson ("Poneke" in Maori from the abridged "Port Nich") was named after Captain Nicholson, harbor-master at Sydney, about the year 1826, and Lambton Harbor, where many wharves and quays now stand, was so called by Colonel Wakefield, in honor of the Earl of Durham, Governor of the New Zealand Company. The name of Wellington was given by a resolution of the company on May 16, 1840. The first site of the proposed new town was laid off at Petone, under the name of "Britannia," but the experience of floods over the then swampy ground soon caused the settlers to shift to the originally chosen site of Thorndon. The available land in those days consisted of two level areas, Thorndon and Te Aro, connected by a narrow strip of beach at the base of low cliffs which to-day overlook the junction of Lambton Quay and

W. F. Short

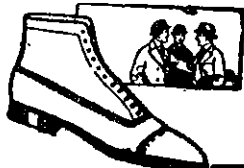
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Willis Street. The water of the harbor covered most of the site of that part of the city which is the commercial centre to-day. Wellington's geographical site gave it its commercial supremacy, but the industry and enterprise of its citizens gave that site development by reclamation from the sea.

Before the formation of the Harbor Board (February 20, 1880) there were in the 20 years before the Queen's Wharf, as many as 20 private wharves and jetties, at which lighters from the ships could unload cargo. The Queen's Wharf was first managed by the Wellington Provincial Council (before the abolition of the Provinces), and fell under the management of the Wellington Harbor Board in 1880.

High praise is due to the Harbor Board, its engineers, officers, and personnel generally. It's over forty years of existence have witnessed marvellous developments and alterations. Successive reclamations on a very large scale; the scores and scores of acres of most valuable land added thereby to a city short of level areas in the beginning; the improvement of the waterfront of the city and the deep-water berthage for miles; the foreseeing and admirable plan realised in these developments not only to-day but to-morrow and far on in the future; the spick and span aspect of the wharves and their sheds and hydraulic appliances for unloading cargo and supplementing or replacing the ordinary ship winches: all this naturally impresses the intelligent visitors, who make favorable comparisons with other ports, on the score of excellent arrangements for landing or shipping cargo, the efficiency of transport, the labor-saving apparatus, and the general air of orderly method and system. As a rule waterfronts in seaports are by no means tidy and trim, but rather slatternly in the extreme; but Wellington's waterfront is a splendid exception; so that from whatever point the visitor takes his view, Wellington's waterfront stands worthy of the capital city of the Dominion.

But the Harbor Board's greatest work, within view of near achievement, is the Greater Thorndon Reclamation, entailing the construction of a sea-wall enclosing the total area of nearly 70 acres, to be reclaimed chiefly by spoil pumped by the Board's dredge, the Wakarire. This work means much, very much, to Wellington. It means adequate space for the new railway station so often claimed and so sorely needed; it means for the Harbor Board an area for wharves and sheds of 11½ acres; it means an extensive addition of deep-water berthage; it means in all a breastwork 2700 feet long; it means numbers of vast stores and warehouses reticulated by railway tracks touching the waterfront; finally, it means almost ideal conditions for the expansion of a great import and export trade, Wellington's exhaustless source of wealth and importance.

Wellington is already the leading port of the Dominion, as official statistics for 1922 clearly show. The exports for the year are as follows:—

Wellington	£11,842,144
Auckland	9,595,225
Lyttelton (port for Chch.).....	5,034,958
Napier	2,577,431
Dunedin	2,442,453
Invercargill	2,292,770
Timaru	2,285,747

I omit other ports of less significance. In these statistics each place is rightly credited with the total amount shipped from it. This return shows eloquently Wellington's rightful place as the leading port of the Dominion.

ASPECT OF WELLINGTON.

First impressions on entering a town often color our whole sojourn there. The best way by far to enter Wellington is by the seaward gate, either in early morning or after dusk. At night the serried lights of the hilltops seem to link the earthly sphere with the stars—it is a splendid illumination equalled in no other town in New Zealand or Australia, owing to the superior loftiness of the Wellington heights. Bathed in the golden light of morn, with the sun shining over the waterfront, the sight of the city with its tall buildings and its green hills for a background studied and crested with the homes of the citizens, or with its cruder features softened at nightfall by the oncoming dusk, pricked by the myriad lights as they fall into view,

Wellington looks at its best. In more than one particular it calls to mind, for one who has travelled in Italy, the splendid panorama of Genoa—"Genova la superba"—To arrive in Wellington by road or train affects the newcomer very unfavorably. You arrive, for instance, after a long and wearisome journey by the Trunk Express from Auckland, in the apology of a railway station, and Wellington appears at its worst. Yet some fine buildings already adorn the city. Chief among them is the new Parliament Building, a noble edifice of New Zealand granite and white marble, not yet complete in all its final stateliness and adornment; then St. Mary of the Angels', the historic Catholic church, built on the site of the first lowly chapel in Wellington is a fine specimen of art and solidity, built as it is in reinforced concrete and in the Gothic style, the most ornate edifice in the city. Next the Church of the Sacred Heart on its commanding site of Hill Street. Again, the General Post Office, the Public Trust Building, the Dominion Farmers' Institute, the Town Hall, the new State Fire Office, the University College, St. Patrick's College, a number of fine banks, and not a few ornate private residences. The era of fragile wooden structures has gone, and the period of substantial steel-framed and reinforced concrete buildings has set in. The aspect of Wellington as now seen will in a few years be wellnigh unrecognisable.

Oriental Bay is a beauty spot of Wellington: It reminded the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cattaneo, on his first visit to New Zealand, of some spots near Naples, and his admiration of it was enthusiastic. The Redemptorists' Monastery and their pretty church, with its statue of Our Lady Star of the Sea, overlooks the harbor, and commands, at night especially, the finest panorama of Wellington and its harbor. A beautiful wall and esplanade face the bay, lit up by electric lights in bunches, and having a music stand, where the city band plays on summer evenings. Another charming feature of Oriental Bay and its neighbor, Clyde Bay, is the Boat Harbor. It is a haven with an area of about six acres, and varying in depth from four to over eleven feet. It is enclosed by concrete sea walls, and so pleasure craft can be safely moored in it and left secure and sheltered from all weathers. For the convenience of owners the Board has provided reinforced concrete boathouses, gear, and stores. It is a pretty sight in summer to see the flotillas issue from this picturesque haven, and dot the main harbor and produce holiday regattas.

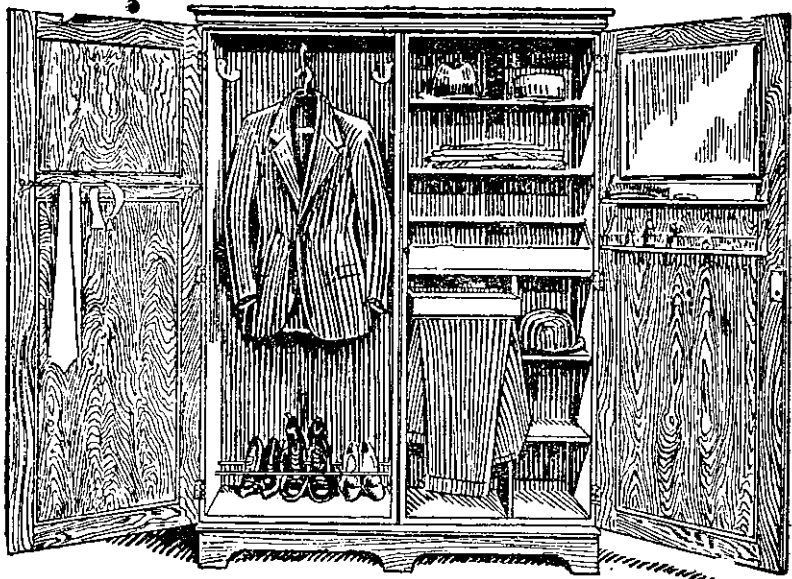
The beauty of Wellington mainly lies in its combination of hill, dale, and water. The visitor is charmed by the many views of wooded slopes and terraced homes which crown the perspective of the city. But he must climb the heights and skirt the water's edge to survey properly the city and its environs from different angles, and so form a fair idea of its picturesque variety. Above all, he should drive in a motor round the seafont of the vast harbor and its many bays. For over thirty miles round the harbor and outside the port along the beach facing Cook Strait and the Ocean, you can take the most delightful drives; and here is a feature of Wellington's charms which is shared by no other city in the Dominion. The Wellington authorities, in their wise foresight, have preserved the ownership of the roads round the waterfront everywhere, so as not to allow them to be cut or obstructed by private property of any kind. Posterity will bless them for this; for it gives to the environment of Wellington a charm possessed by no other city in Australasia. It is Wellington's unique privilege and pride.

Rangiora Celtic Club

The weekly meeting of the Rangiora Celtic Club was held in the Catholic schoolroom on Monday evening, the 8th inst., when there was an attendance of about 40 members presided over by Mr. C. Dash. The programme for the evening was a "question box," and was very enjoyable. Next week's programme is a debate, the subject being, "That State Control is more advantageous to the community than private enterprise."

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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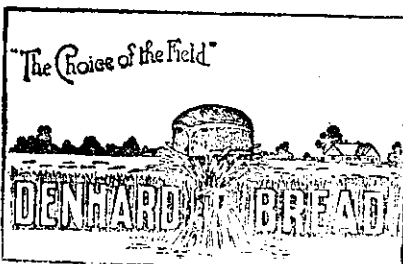
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Answers to Correspondents

L. H.—From the *Treasury of Indulgences*, we quote the following answer to your query: "For saying the Rosary (at least five Mysteries) either publicly or privately: *Seven years and seven quarantines. Once.*"

"For saying same on Rosary Sunday and on each day of its octave: *Plenary any one day. Usual Conditions. And Visit.*"

J. Mc.—The Irish names you ask about are: Una (Agnes), Isibéal, or Sibeal (Elizabeth), Aoife (Eva), Eibhlín (Aileen or Eveleen), Síle (Cecily), Doireann (Dorothy), Bláth (Flora), Siobhán (Joan or Johanna), Grainne (Grace), Meadhbh (Mabel), Maire (Mary), Sórcha Sarah, Sádhbh (Sophia), Alastar (Alexander), Lughaidh (Louis), Art (Arthur), Brian (Barney), Searlus (Charles), Donnchad (Denis), Domhnall (Daniel), Eamonn (Edmond), Eoghan (Eugene), Prionsias (Francis), Amhlaoibh (Humphrey), Seamus (James), Eoin or Seaghan or Sean (John), Peadar (Peter), Tadhg (Thaddeus), Liam (William).

READER.—The principles of true liberty are opposed to any intervention by the State which is not both just and necessary. Undue intervention is an aggression on the rights of the subject. Wise rulers never interfere except when justice and necessity demand. Foolish statesmen and politicians are constantly interfering with the rights of individuals, families, and communities, to the ruin of good order. The tendency of modern British governments is towards over-much interference, and it is one sign of the decay of the Empire.

CATHOLIC.—The Moral Modernism condemned by the Pope referred to the tendency to revolt against authority and to put individual and private opinions or whims above the guidance of authority. The revolt against the ruling of the Hierarchy was one concrete instance.

Music Examinations

ST. COLUMBKILLE'S CONVENT, HOKITIKA.

The following are the successes achieved in practical and theoretical music by pupils of the above convent at recent examinations:—Practical Licentiate T.C., London—(piano) 1, 95 marks; (singing) 1. Associate—(singing) 1, (piano) 2. Senior—(singing) 2, (piano) 3. Intermediate (honors) 1, pass 2. Junior (honors) 1, pass 3. Preparatory (honors) 2.

Theory—Intermediate (honors) 3, pass 2. Junior (honors) 7. Preparatory (honors) 4.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, CHRIST-CHURCH.

Following are the results of the practical examinations in connection with Trinity College of Music, London:—

Licentiate—Mary Callaghan. Associate—Isla Barter, Winifred Stott. Higher Local—(Honors) Lucy Fullwood, Maizie McClellan. Senior—(Medallist) Ada King, Violin (Honors). Pass—Ruby Hay, Phyllis Muschamp, Stella Naismith. Intermediate—(Honors) Eileen Grennel, Annie Hudd (Violin), Ada King (Singing), Thekla McKendry (Singing), Mary Tansey (Singing). Pass: Myrtle Cree, Hugh Findlay, Kathleen Hampton, Myrtle Hook, Annie Hudd, (Singing) Elizabeth Johnston, Ula McClellan, Kathleen Pohl, Sheila Ryan. Junior—(Honors) Mary South (Violin). Pass—Eileen Brice, Violet Bull, Jean Coleman, Maureen Cunneen, (Singing) Kathleen Ellis, (Violin) Reta Glastonbury, (Violin) Eileen Marshall, Doreen Steele.

CONVENT, "VILLA MARIA," RICCARTON, CHRISTCHURCH.

Results of Practical Examinations in connection with Trinity College, London:—

Licentiate—Veronica Una Clinton (Singing). Associate—Dorothy Barron. Senior—(Honors) Monica McNamara. Pass—Kathleen Kilgour (Singing), Grace McCormack, Annie McKeefry (Violin). Intermediate—(Honors) Dorothy Barron (Singing), Kathleen Kilgour (Elocution),

Gwendoline O'Malley. Junior—(Honors) Mona McCullough (Elocution), Monica McNamara (Singing), Ruth Santos. Pass—Pamela Coombs, Cathie Kelleher (Elocution). Preparatory—(Honors) Thelma Bennett, Lucy Carney (Elocution), Mary O'Keefe, Gwendoline O'Malley (Elocution). Pass—Rellis Bunker, Joan Cutts, Sheila Earl (Elocution), Ruth Santos (Elocution).

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, CHRISTCHURCH.

Associate—Katie Cassidy, Eileen Grummitt. Higher Local—(Honors) Margaret McKay, Rita Stevens. Pass—Dorothy Feaver, Myra Johnston, Sybil Johnston. Senior—(Honors) Florence Danderfield, Marion Hayward, Mary McDermott, Hazel Neville Amy Teachers, Myra Prestige. Pass—Eileen Gilders, Mary Rogal. Intermediate—(Honors) Joan Blake, Eileen Doody, Lizzie Kermod. Pass—Lorna De la Cour, Dorothy Fleming, Geta McDonnell, Cyril Smith. Junior—(Honors) Medallist, Freda Maindonald; (Honors) Ruby Free, Jamie Smith, Gwendoline Taylor, Ida Wallace. Pass—Amelia Brunton, Norma Davies, Lousie Gilders (Violin), Lizzie Kermod (Singing), Antonietta McGrath (Violin), Iris Thomson (Singing), Ethel Kane, Desmond O'Brien, Mary Rogal (Singing). Preparatory—(Honors) Joseph Carey (Violin), Mabel Dalton, Lilian Dollan, Mary Kyle, Eunice Penhalluriack, Nan Wallace. Pass—Mercy Aldridge, Frank Smith. First Steps—Henry Armstrong (Violin), Joseph Aspell (Violin), Gwendoline Grange, Kathleen Leggett, Ivan Tankard, Iris Trengrove.

CONVENT OF MERCY, LYTTTELTON.

Associate—Innis Mary Bald. Higher Local—Mollie McDonald, Evelyn Miller. Intermediate—(Honors) Molly Bradbury, Freda Moir (Violin). Pass—Jean Reid, Hazel Reynolds. Junior—(Pass) Winnie Newfield, Mary Robertson. Edith Wales. First Steps—Myrtle Anderson (Violin), Ellen Casey, Florence Ramon (Violin), Winnie Wales (Violin).

CONVENT, AKAROA.

Higher Local—Elma McIntosh, Mavis Walker. Senior—(Honors) Ravina Green; Pass, Kathleen Curry. Intermediate—(Pass) Alice Hall, Dapne McKollop. Junior—(Pass) Doris Barnham, Margaret Barnham, Phyllis Helps. Preparatory—(Honors) Nancy Robinson; Pass, Gwendoline Curry, Betty Welsh.

THE CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE, PUKEKOHE

At the recent practical music examinations, conducted by Mr. A. Mallinson, Trinity College of Music, London, and Mr. A. Lindo of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, all the pupils presented by the Sisters of the Missions, Pukekohe, were successful, the results being as follow:—L.T.C.L.—Iris Fulton. A.T.C.L.—(Practical) Mary Pulman, Marjorie Richards. Higher Local—Lila Rae (Honors), Kathleen Neil. Senior—Mary Pulman (Singing Honors). Intermediate—(Honors) Laurel Rehall, Joan Cook, Clorine Bell (Singing), Ethel Cronin, Edna Herbert. Junior—Lillian Chalker (Honors), Brien Kirwood-Ledger (Honors), Dolly Ihaka, Agnes Mungall. Preparatory—Ena Geraghty (Singing Honors), Eileen Scanlon (Honors), Monica Jones (Honors), Mollie Draffin (Singing), Kathleen Robinson, Ada Taylor. First Steps—Mavis Peterson (Distinction), Ray Wharfe (Violin). Lower Division—Maude Parton (Violin), Kathleen Corden. Elementary—Brien Kirwood-Ledger (Distinction), Lillian Chalker (Distinction), William Taylor (Violin), Dolly Ihaka. Primary—Monica Jones, Eileen Scanlon, Mavis Peterson. A Singing Class (33 voices).

ST. DOMINIC'S PRIORY, DUNEDIN.

The following are the results of the theoretical examination held in June by the Trinity College of Music, London: Diplomas (paper work)—Art of Teaching, Kathleen Hewes; Rudiments, Nellie Pollock. Intermediate—(Honors) Winifred Gouley 95, Jessie Gillies 90, Katherine Hickey 89, Lalla Vondersloot 87, Kathleen McKenzie 83, Nancy Rice 81, Roma Reilly 80, Doreen Sheehy 80, Muriel Lane 75 (Pass). Junior—(Honors) Mabel Rice 97, Phyllis Brown 95, Veronica Miles 95, Doreen Beasley 92, Mary Glass 92, Ada Sligo 92, Mary D. Roche 91, Teresa Harridge 90 (Dominican Convent, N.E.V.), Lily Carroll 89, Mona Curno

89, Vernice Black 88, Nonie Keenan 80; (Pass) Kathleen Kennedy 77, Eileen Shand (Dominican Convent, N.E.V.) 77, Eunice Wilson 73, Eileen Gawne 68. Preparatory—Eileen Strang 98, Peggy Rice 96 (Convent, N.E.V.), Helen Smith 96 (Convent, N.E.V.), Veronica Todd 96, Joan Drumm 95, Lily Beard 94 (Convent, N.E.V.), Eneid O'Dowd 93, Eileen Smith 91, Clara Dwyer 90 (Convent, N.E.V.), Margaret Bartholomew 89, Kathleen Merchant 89, Kathie Bell (Convent, N.E.V.) 88, Mariae Bott 87 (Convent, N.E.V.), Winifred Comer 87, Nora Hickey 85, Mollie McTamney 85, Eunice Stevens 84, Eileen Harridge 75 (Convent, N.E.V.), Mercia Johnstone 75 (Convent, N.E.V.).

TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Trinity College musical examination results have just been published, and a number of pupils prepared by Catholic teachers were successful. Following are the results:—Teachers' Diploma—(Licentiate Pass, Practical) Miss Sheila B. McBride 70, and gold medal presented by the Bristol Piano Co. (teacher, Mrs. N. D. Mangos). Associate Pass, Practical—Elsa Whittle 73 and Mercia Taylor 72 (Mrs. Mangos), Thelma Williams 72 (Miss G. Spring). Senior Division—Nancy Mathieson 87 (Honours), and silver medal presented by Mr. F. J. Rolleston, Alice Madden 86 (Honours), Eileen Richardson 80 (Honours), Vera Collings 69 (Mrs. Mangos), Olive Greenall 76, Mary Martin 75, Mavis De Joux 61 (Miss D. Mason, L.A.B.), Mary Taylor 73, Helen McKay 70 (Miss N. Lynch, L.A.B.), Margaret Reilly 62 (Miss E. Dennehy). Intermediate Division—Hazel M. Gordon 72 (Miss N. Scannell), Marjorie Russell 67 (Miss Dennehy), Eileen Lane 64 (Miss Spring), Thona Broadhead 63 (Miss Lynch). In the Junior Division John Albert Murphy (9 years of age) obtained 81 marks, honours, and silver medal presented by Begg and Co., he was prepared by Miss Dennehy who also passed three other pupils. Miss Spring had three pupils passed; Miss Mason, three. Preparatory Division—Miss Mason had four successes; Miss Spring, three; Miss Scannell, one.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

October 12.

No earth-quake as yet! The timorous are beginning to breathe again and to lose that look of goodness that danger sometimes engenders.

Father Doherty's stay in Kilbirnie has unfortunately been short. We understand he is to go to Eketahuna, and will be replaced by Father Vincent Kelly, to whom Kilbirnie gives the hand of welcome.

A word of advice to Catholic teachers and their pupils. The time is due for entries for the Trentham Scholarships, available at Catholic Schools, for the children of deserving soldiers. It has been pointed out to us that most teachers wait for the pupil to pass proficiency before applying. This is an error of judgment. It loses a valuable year and perhaps the scholarship altogether. Entries should be made in anticipation of proficiency successes, so that no time is lost.

St. Mary of the Angels' is a very lovely shrine at all times but beflowered for the Forty Hours', it surpassed itself. The red blossoming tulips stood out so clearly against the white stone of the altar. Father Guiney preached on Friday night, a fine sermon, and on Sunday night the great church was packed to its walls to hear Rev. Father Gilbert, of St. Patrick's College. Kilbirnie also held its Forty Hours' recently, and Father Guiney preached there too.

One of the most successful dances of the season was held in St. Peter's Hall, Ghuznee Street, last Wednesday (the 3rd inst.), in aid of the Wellington South candidate in the Marist Old Boys' Queen Carnival. The secretary assures us that the hall was packed with a happy throng and that the frocking was charming. Mr. Simpson's orchestra played delightful music. Mesdames Ellis and Gleeson were the chaperones, and wore black lace and black

satin respectively. Present also Mrs. Morley, mother of the candidate, and Miss Naomi Morley. The committee, the hard-working committee were Mesdames Black, Chapman, Burton, Lochrane, Hayden, Spurway, Gibbons, Carswell, and Messrs. Coleman (secretary) and Wilson and Burton, M.O.'s.

The week-end was wild with rain, but even that didn't dim the closing of the Students' Guild. The attendance, under the circumstances, was surprising. Just one comment—the College orchestra played selections at vacant moments. An account of this is given in one of the two enterprising organs that have recently sprung up at St. Pat's. We quote from *The Bulletin*: "The conductor states that the interest of the audience unnerved some of the performers slightly at first, but later they played with great abandon." A very truthful account! Let us mention, too, that in Tuesday's *Dominion* an article appeared applauding the appearance of the two organs in question. *The Bulletin*, we notice, thanks "its distinguished contemporary." *The Friend's Weekly* will doubtless make similar acknowledgments. Seriously, as the *Dominion* realised, it is excellent journalistic training for the boys.

The Dominion Farmers' Hall, in spite of drizzling rain, was packed to the doors on Sunday night when the Cumann na nGaedheal were entertained by the two singers—Mr. Charles O'Mara and Miss Anna Burke. Extra seats had to be obtained. The programme was long and varied, and of an intensely national character throughout. Miss Burke's items were much appreciated, particularly "Shanganna" and "Danny Boy." Mr. O'Mara was in instant touch with his audience. The composers of a great many of his songs were personally known to him—and his repertoire is wide. His national songs like "Ninety-Eight" and "Dark Rosaleen" were very stirring, and in the humorous items and "come-all-ye's" he is to the manner born. Mr. Skedden proved himself equal to the demands of the programme and was a valuable accompanist. "The Soldiers' Song" by Mr. O'Mara concluded the evening. The Cumann thanks them all and hopes to hear them soon again.

The Marist Old Boys' bazaar opened on Saturday evening. In spite of the inclement weather, which prevented so many from attendance, a fine crowd was present and throughout the week the supporters of the cause have rallied to the Concert Chamber. The opening speeches were made by Mr. McKeen, M.P., and Mrs. Reardon. The athletic touch is maintained by an inter-team tug-of-war contest, and exquisite dances, of which a fuller account will be given later, take place every night. The stalwarts themselves conduct sideshows and show a nice judgment in the matter of lung-power and persuasion. The stallholders are as follows: St. Mary of the Angels', Mesdames O'Driscoll, Tracey, Hickey, and Pearce; St. Joseph's, Mesdames J. J. L. Burke and Scott; Thorndon, Mrs. Wright and Miss O'Malley; St. Anne's, Mesdames Black, Chapman, Burton, and Lochrane. The supper-room is in the capable hands of Mrs. Gilligan, assisted by Misses Bailey and Fisher, and besides these in all departments there are scores of tireless workers. A queen carnival competition gives zest to the proceedings. The secretary (Mr. F. O'Driscoll) and his assistant, Mr. Skedden, have surely earned haloes. Everyone is hoping for a great result.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

October 8.

Mr. H. St. A. Murray, architect, Christchurch, is preparing plans for a new church at Little River, also a new school at Leeston, for which tenders will be called within the next week or two.

The many friends of Mrs. Katie Kennedy, of the Cave Rock Hotel, Sumner, were shocked to hear of her sudden death, which occurred on Saturday morning. The deceased had a most lovable disposition and was always ready to help in any good work. Her funeral, which was very largely attended, took place on Monday, many friends motoring long distances to be present.—R.I.P.

The plain and fancy dress dance held in St. Mary's Memorial Hall on Monday evening, in aid of the funds for a stall at the St. Mary's bazaar, to be held very shortly, was most successful. The organisers were Mrs. T. Mason and Mrs. J. Vincent, and Mrs. R. J. Munro

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IF YOU APPRECIATE BEING WELL DRESSED—LET US OUTFIT YOU.

acted as judge of the fancy costumes. The dance hall was very prettily decorated with crimson and gold streamers, and foliage, and during the evening a delicious supper was served. The prize-winners were Miss Ruby Jacobs (Lamp Shade) and Mr. B. Sparrow (The Sheik).

The contract has been let for a new north wing to St. Bede's College, Papanui, comprising study hall (65ft by 30ft) and two class-rooms on the ground floor, a dormitory (74ft by 30ft) and lavatory accommodations on the first floor, a dormitory (74ft by 30ft) and lavatory accommodation on the second floor. Provision is also being made for a temporary chapel on the first floor. The architect is Mr. H. St. A. Murray. The contractors are Messrs. D. Scott and Sons, whose contract price is £7000 odd. When the building is completed it will have one of the most up-to-date heating systems on the market.

The marriage of Mary Christina, elder daughter of Mr. D. Quinn and the late Mrs. Quinn, of Moorhouse Avenue, Christchurch, to David, eldest son of Mrs. J. McCrenor and the late Mr. J. McCrenor, of Methven, was solemnised on the morning of October 3, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Spencer Street, Addington. The Rev. Father O'Connor officiated. The "Wedding March" was played by Miss M. McNamara.

October 15.

A very enjoyable dance, which was largely attended, was held on Monday evening last, at St. Mary's Memorial Hall, in aid of the Surprise Packet Stall in the forthcoming carnival.

Rev. Dr. Kennedy returned to Christchurch on Saturday last, after an extended trip to the Old Country. On Sunday evening at the Cathedral he preached to a large congregation.

A fancy dress ball was held at the Riccarton Town Hall, on Wednesday evening last, in aid of the Sports' Stall in the forthcoming carnival. Promoters are to be congratulated on the success achieved.

The carnival to be held in the Caledonian Hall, early in November, promises to be a great success. The stallholders and assistants are now working at high pressure. It is hoped that the people will rally round them on the opening date and during the period of the carnival, and give them all the assistance they deserve.

Eighty-two children received their First Communion on Sunday morning, the 7th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street. They were afterwards entertained to breakfast by the Sisters of Mercy at the convent. In the afternoon (at 3 o'clock) they attended Benediction at St. Mary's Church.

Mr. H. St. A. Murray, architect for the new music block for St. Mary's College, Colombo Street, says that the new building should be completed in about two months. It will contain eight small rooms—10ft x 12ft—and two large class-rooms—40ft x 20ft. The building is being constructed of reinforced concrete and Halswell bluestone with Oamaru facings. The inside to be finished in plaster.

GISBORNE NOTES

(From our own correspondent.)

October 10.

Mr. A. J. Muller, chief postmaster of Gisborne, who has been lying seriously ill, has taken a turn for the better, and is daily improving.

The mission for adults, conducted by Fathers Eccleton and O'Leary, Marist Missioners, was opened at the 10 o'clock Mass on Sunday, September 30, the children's mission concluding in the afternoon. The missioners are pleased at the large attendances, especially at the daily Mass at 6 a.m. The devotions on Thursday were in honor of Our Blessed Lady, and the church was crowded. Tomorrow there will be Exposition all day, and in the evening a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The sermon will be on the Holy Eucharist. The spiritual graces of the mission are many, and fervent thanksgivings are being offered in many homes.

At the Council of Trent the Church enumerated the books of the Bible which must be considered as sacred and canonical. They are the seventy-two books found in Catholic Editions, forty-five in the Old Testament and twenty-seven in the New.

Obituary

MRS. ELLEN GUERIN, HILTON.

Towards the end of July there passed away at her residence, Kakahu Road, Hilton, an old and highly respected resident in the person of Mrs. Ellen Guerin, relict of the late Michael Guerin. The deceased was born at Marol, Co. Limerick, Ireland, and came out to New Zealand in the year 1875. Shortly after her arrival she married and settled down at her late residence. That the late Mrs. Guerin was very much loved and respected by everybody around her was shown by her largely attended funeral. The late Mrs. Guerin was always to the fore in times of sickness and trouble. Her charity was unbounded, particularly towards the orphans. Her husband predeceased her by 13 years; also seven of her children, one of whom (Sister Mary St. Joseph) died shortly after she entered the Convent of Our Lady of the Missions, Christchurch. Those of her family who survive her are Mother Mary St. Stephen (Convent of the Missions, New Plymouth), Mr. James Guerin (Mataura), Mr. Joseph Guerin (Cannington), Mr. John and Miss L. Guerin (Kakahu). The interment took place at Geraldine, prior to which a Requiem Mass was offered by Rev. A. Cullen, S.M., assisted by Rev. J. O'Connor, S.M.—R.I.P.

MR. JOHN NYHON, SANDYMOUNT, OTAGO PENINSULA.

There passed away at his residence, Sandymount, Otago Peninsula, on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., in the person of Mr. John Nyhon, a highly respected member of the Catholic community in the Dominion. The deceased was born near Dunmanway, in the parish of Drinagh, Co. Cork, Ireland. At the age of twenty-two he left his native land for Australia, being attracted by the gold discoveries then at their height. In 1862 he was married at St. Kilian's Church, Sandhurst, by the late Dr. Backhaus, and upon the reported discovery of gold in Otago, accompanied by his wife, he set sail for New Zealand, landing at Port Chalmers. After working at Wetherstones, Waitahuna, the Dunstan and other goldfields, he settled on the Otago Peninsula, then in its primeval state. In 1885 he removed to Hawke's Bay to follow the occupation of sheep-farming, but the climate being too severe for his wife's delicate health he returned to the Peninsula, where he resided until his death. The late Mr. Nyhon was a devout and fervent Catholic. He was an altar boy in Ireland, and during his residence in New Zealand served Mass whenever celebrated in his district, and also in his own home. His reverence for the priesthood and religious of his church was very marked. Despite failing health he endeavored to attend Mass, and when unable to leave home the clergy of St. Patrick's, South Dunedin, were constant in their attention and administered the last sacred rites and consolations of Holy Church. He was a vigorous Home-Ruler and had long desired to see his country freed from oppression and taking her place amongst the nations of the world. His wife predeceased him by thirty-three years. Of a family of seven, four sons and one daughter survive him.—R.I.P.

Rosary Sunday at Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

On Rosary Sunday the usual procession took place in the grounds of St. Catherine's Convent, all the Dominican Sisters taking part. The Children of Mary, the aspirants, and Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament, in their blue, white, and scarlet cloaks respectively, turned out in full muster and thus revealed the strength of the sodality in the parish. Again a feature of the procession was the fine body of men that took part. Rev. Father Martin recited the fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary, at the conclusion of which the processionists entered the church to adore Our Lord exposed in the Blessed Sacrament. The weather was beautifully fine, and the devotion of the great gathering must have pleased the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

God leads us by strange ways. We know He wills our happiness; but we neither know what our happiness is nor the way. Left to ourselves, we should take the wrong way; we must leave it to Him.

Selected Poetry

On a Friend Who Died upon the Seashore

Quiet he lived, and quietly died;
Nor, like the unwilling tide,
Did once complain or strive
To stay one brief hour more alive.
But as a summer wave
Serenely for a while
Will lift a crest to the sun,
Then sink again, so he
Back to the bright heavens gave
An answering smile;
Then quietly, having run
His course, bowed down his head,
And sank un murmuringly,
Sank back into the sea,
The silent, the unfathomable sea
Of all the happy dead.

—J. D. C. PELLOW, in the *London Mercury*.

The Song of Elder Jones

Old Isaac Jones, he couldn't sing, not worth a tinker's
dam;
And yet he joined in ev'rything, and sang "Just As I Am"
As loud as anybody there, as far as I could see,
Poured forth his soul upon the air, but always off the key.

Right after we had "let-us-prayed" and passed the plate
around,

Before the minister essayed theology profound,
He'd say, "We'll join in singing Hymn Nine-hundred-
ninety-two";

Then Elder Jones braced ev'ry limb, prepared to see it
through.

The preacher read a verse aloud; the organ played a bar;
The choir arose serene and proud, as church choirs always
are;

It sang with care the opening note, or maybe three or
four—

Then burst from out the Elder's throat that celebrated
roar.

It shook the rafters, shook the pews; it shook the country-
side;

The Elder longed to spread the news of glory far and wide.
His heart was full of joy to-day, of joy he longed to shout,
And singing was the only way he had to let it out.

Courageously the choir withstood old Elder Jones' attack
And tried to keep, the best it could, the tune upon the
track.

But, as the three sopranos glad gave forth their highest E,
Then Jones let loose with all he had and countered with
a B.

A free-for-all, when that was done, was all there was to do;
The choir sang one tune, Isaac one, the congregation two.
I often wondered which the more was heard around the
thrones—

The E of those sopranos or the B of Elder Jones.

But I'm a little older now, as old as he was then,
And know, or think I know, just how the Lord arranges
men.

He judges singing, judges what we are from day to day,
By whether we're sincere or not in all we do and say.

The Elder sang—he had to sing—his soul was full of grace;
And that's what counts in ev'rything, in church or any
place.

The Elder's joy the heavens shook, and not the singer's art:
The choir was singing from the book, the Elder from the
heart.

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

The Captain

The captain was a silent man
Who never said an extra word;
He'd watch the sea for quite a span,
Nor let himself be heard.

It's queer that such a man as he
Should find himself so strange a friend,
And be companion of a sea
That talked without an end.

—MILTON RAISON, in *Spindrift*.

For a Word

How shall you ever know the adoration
I spread like samite cloths beneath your feet?
How shall you guess the brooding desolation
Learned from your eyes so passionless and sweet?

There must be some word like the star that pauses
In summer's rose transparency of dusk,
Or like the bird-note heard through slumber's gauzes
Between the hour of dew, the hour of musk;
There must be some one word that is more tender
Than any word my lips have ever learned
Without which I can never, never render
In speech the love your cool sweet love has earned.

You know as none my heart's forlorn distresses,
Its passionate tides, its daily tint and glow;
Why must there be within obscure recesses
This tenderness of love you can not know?
—WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY, in the *Yale Review*.

Ebb Tide of the Year

Do you not see and hear
Already is the ebb tide of the year,
Though it should seem no more
Than a first wave retreating down the shore?
"No, no," you say, "for still
Noon empties his hot arrows on the hill;
And many are the flowers
And ardent hued to mark the sun bright hours!"

I answer: Though the moon
Flames on the hill, when has night brought such boon
Of cooling drink outpoured—
Deep Sleep—the oldest vintage ever stored;
While the tree cricket plays,
Moving his slender wings of chryso-phrased,
And searching is the sigh
Of the low wind through leaves grown crisp and dry!

And as for many flowers,
Look how—like ladies from their windowed towers,
The bloom creeps ever higher
On foxglove and on evening primrose spire
Until the last flower-bell
With kisses tells aloft its world farewell!

No birds in nests: they fare
In flocks afar—no mated loves are there.
Silver yon stubble fields
Where her swift shuttle the gray weaver wields.
Red gold, the great orb's sun
Leans yearningly toward earth, day being done.
Some beauty—past all guards,
Each evening will be slipping heavenwards!
Summer's old heart is tired,
Beats fitfully, but Time cannot be hired.
You will not have it so?
Too young! These ageing signs you will not know!
More wise—or sad, am I:
So many a year has bidden me Good-bye!

—EDITH M. THOMAS, in the *New York Herald*.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The State of Ireland, p. 29. Notes—Gaelic Poets; A Story of Two Poets; Spoonerisms; Puns, p. 30. Topics—Quis Custodiet; Scientific Quackery; The Church and Miracles; A Point in Apologetics; Neglected New Zealand; The Only Way, pp. 18-19. Short Story, p. 9. Catholic University Students' Guild, Wellington, p. 17. Wellington (By Archbishop Redwood), p. 21.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ 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., Pops.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1923.

THE STATE OF IRELAND



THE recent Home mails have brought us not only the definite figures but also the names of the *teachtai* elected for the various Irish constituencies. The return of every member of the Government, with remarkably large majorities over the quotas, seems to discredit the news that came to us so often about the unpopularity of the members of the Cabinet. In many districts there was

much apathy manifested, and it was hard to induce the people to take any serious notice of the polling. It is said that as much as thirty per cent. of the voters did not poll at all, and, as might be expected, it was not the ardent supporters of the Republicans who stayed away. A remarkable thing was that often in the same county a member of the Government and a prominent Republican were at the head of the poll. No doubt the young men and women voted solidly for their friends, while their elders, muttering disgustedly "A plague o' both your houses," only wanted to be left in peace for the rest of their lives—lives so rudely disturbed by the events of the past five years. The Farmers' Party did well; the Independents and Labor failed to secure as many seats as was forecasted by the public; Republicans, relatively to the total number of seats, have slightly improved their position.

*

The failure of Labor was the most notable thing about the results. It is explained, first, by the fact that Larkin split the ranks, and, secondly, by the weariness of the people of strikes and similar obstructions to peaceful living, due to Labor's recent vagaries in Ireland. There are not a few Irishmen who will try to persuade you that Larkin was released from gaol and sent back to Ireland, with a sinister object, precisely at the moment when unity was necessary; and they cannot be shaken in their belief that this plot was somehow engineered by the ancient enemies of Ireland, whether in Ulster or in England. Anyhow, Larkin came and made trouble enough, for which Labor suffered when the polling day came round. People still discuss the pros and cons of the arrest of de Valera, and the Republican sheet, *Birc*, urges his release, arguing earnestly that it is only he who can "deliver

the goods" and bring about peace. It is noted that this argument is a tacit admission of the fact which de Valera often denies, that is, that he is responsible for the outrages and destruction of life and property which accompanied the revolt against the Dail. In sober fact, the beating of the wings of the angel of peace is still faint and far off; for sporadic outbreaks of trouble follow one another week after week. Thus, the shipping strikes have almost ruined the ports of Dublin and Cork; the agricultural troubles have made a cockpit of the County of Waterford; and Wexford and Kildare have their exciting raids and robberies still. In Ulster, there are signs that the flames of religious intolerance only slumber. Recently, speaking in Derry, the Bishop of Waterford (Church of Ireland) besought the people not to do anything that might disturb the peaceful relations between neighbors and between Northern and Southern Ireland, but about the same time, Mr. Alexander, in the Belfast Council called attention to the disgraceful manner in which Mr. Best, Attorney-General for the Six Counties, was trying to stir up the old feuds by insulting public references to Catholics. Deploring the terrible violence of the past three years, and recalling with sorrow that over 700 people had been murdered in Ulster, without an assassin being brought to justice by the Government, he protested vehemently against such inflammatory speeches as that which Mr. Best, a paid official, had delivered. In a Northern paper it was pointed out that this baiting of Catholics was usually calculated and that in this instance it was an attempt to draw away from the shortcomings of the Government the attention of the people, a ruse not unknown to Orangemen in certain others of His Majesty's Dominions. While such efforts are regrettable and criminal in the extreme, it is something to see that there are men in Belfast who have courage and humanity enough to speak out and denounce the culprits in high places—an example which might be imitated by public men, in similar circumstances, in other Dominions.

*

Ireland is still in the shadows, and for her the sunshine of permanent peace has not yet come. Her troubles are not all of her own making. The heritage of woe, the result of long centuries of oppression, has its fruits in these disorders, as even the London *Times* honestly admits. Mistakes made on both sides of the Irish parties have helped to increase and prolong the present discontent. Foolish interference by persons like the well-known "fool Minister" who was responsible for the blunder of Gallipoli have not been without their evil results on the general situation. There are, on both sides, feelings of bitterness which cannot be removed in a day; and, unfortunately, the respect for religion which contains the most powerful panacea of all, has been weakened by the train of events since the signing of the Treaty. We are not optimistic enough to hope that the clouds will quickly pass from Ireland's skies, but we have confidence that she will win through her trials and come into her own in the end. If we cannot help her in any other way at present, we can all pray for her welfare and prosperity. Let us pray confidently that in God's good time she will come fully into her own, all the stronger and all the better for the storms she has passed through on her way to the goal of nationhood.

EDITORIAL NOTE

As the Editor will be absent for some weeks, letters addressed to him personally will remain unopened until his return. Entries for the Irish History Competition are now closed.

Death of Dr. Brodie's Sister

We extend our deepest sympathy to his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, on the death of his sister, which occurred at Auckland at the week end, his Lordship receiving the sad news during his visit to Dunedin. R.I.P.



NOTES

Gaelic Poets

Before the Famine the Irish people spoke their native language, and there was current among them a body of popular poetry which came down, in some instances from very old fountains, and in others from poets of later times. Writers like Douglas Hyde and Stephen Gwynn have told the literary world of their surprise at finding old men and women, in the north and west, who could, even in our generation, repeat by heart long and difficult poetic renderings of the feats of Cuchullain and Fionn. More common was it to find among the old people a knowledge of shorter compositions, such as the lyrics composed by Rafferty or Pierce Ferriter and other bards who lived in the days when Irishmen, like loyal Scots, sang of the King over the Water. Among the songs of that period we have many of wonderful charm and beauty. Good judges tell us that for sheer melody of language they are almost unrivalled. The musical Gaelic syllables were set to haunting airs, and the songs sang themselves into the hearts of the people who passed them on to their children, from generation to generation. Notable among these old lyrics are: *Eibhlin a Ruin*, which so impressed Handel; *Am Culfhionn*, the air of which Moore borrowed for his loveliest melody; *Paisthin Fionn*, one of the most popular of all the old songs; and *'S A Mhuirnin Dilis*, which is one of the saddest lyrics in any language. Very popular was the fine poem, *Seaghan Ua Duibhir na Gleanna*, which was so well preserved by faithful tradition that we have often heard Irishmen who have been long years in New Zealand repeating stanzas of it which they learned from their parents in the distant days of their childhood. Lately, we published Sir Samuel Ferguson's rendering of it, but in the English it loses much of its beauty. The first stanza runs thus:

Ar eirghe dhem sa maidin, grian tsamhrad a' lasadh,
Chual an uaille a' casadh, as ceol binn na ein;
Brioc as miolta gearra, crabhair no goba fada,
Fuaim ag an macalla, as lamhac gunnai treun.

A Story of Two Poets

There lived in Munster, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a poet named Daniel MacCarthy, better known by the nickname of "Dombnall na Buile," or Mad Daniel. At that time the Province of Munster was noted for many celebrated Irish poets. There lived another distinguished character at that period by the name of Dombnall na Tuille, or Daniel of the Flood, whose real name was Daniel MacCarthy, a man of great learning and affluence. The fame of these two bards spread throughout the entire country, and of course became known to each other. "Mad Daniel" was, we think, a native of Cork, and Daniel of the Flood lived in or around Killaloe, in the County of Clare. Donall na Buile, desirous of meeting his brother bard while on business to Killaloe, arrived late at his destination and, having knocked at the door, inquired was that the residence of "Daniel of the Flood."

"Yes," said a voice inside, "who are you that seek him?"

"I am 'Mad Daniel,'" was the reply.

He inside, thinking this might be a trick of some wag, readily conceived the idea of testing the identity of the man at the door, and as quick as thought said:

"Is minic a rug tuile fear-buile le fana."

(Oft a flood down its current a madman has taken.)

"Ni minici na gabh fear-buile tre tuile na slan rith."
(Not oftener than a madman through a flood ran unshaken)

was the instantaneous reply. Again the inmate not being fully satisfied, put the following question:

"Ceist a cuirim ort, a bhrathair, a mhic na mathair suaire,

Ce an mheid galun saie gheobhas anath so Chill-ath-luith?"

(Son of the cheerful mother, I a question put to you: How much water in full gallons, goes this ford to Killaloe?)

This, you will perceive, was a question not easily answered, and least of all was it within the limits of the "Rule of Three." It was disposed of, however, in the following manner:

"Is deacair a thomhas na cartaibh mar ta si laidir luaithe,

Acht an mheid na geobhaigh an ath do geobhadh si an fan o thuaign."

(To measure it is difficult, so rapid 'tis and strong, But what won't go the ford may go down th' eastern slope along.)

It is unnecessary to say that now the stranger was admitted and detained for a week, enjoying the pleasure and hospitality of an Irish home such as that which only Daniel of the Flood could provide.

Spoonerisms

In perhaps less than half a dozen instances, individuals' names have passed into the common coin of language and found places in dictionaries as nouns and verbs. Boycott, from Captain Boycott, has its recognised place in nearly every modern language; Burke has given us a verb, well-known if not of common use; Bowdler credits us with bowdlerise, the meaning of which every schoolboy knows. The eightieth birthday of Canon Spooner, Warden of New College, Oxford, reminds one that he is among the rather few living persons whose names have been thus immortalised.

Curiously enough, it is nothing more than a slip of the tongue that has immortalised him. It is a slip of the tongue that anyone may easily make, and that a great many people besides Canon Spooner have made. Mr. Asquith, for instance, was once in the midst of an impassioned speech when, getting momentarily muddled, he declared that he "would not abate one jit or tottle"! The mistake might have been called an Asquithism there and then had not the world learned to call it a Spoonerism. I daresay the good Canon has made a few slips in the course of his long lifetime, but it is sheerly incredible that he has made all that are ascribed to him.

One does not know quite how to sort out the true ones from the apocryphal, for probably the best Spoonerisms were not made by Canon Spooner at all, but by some ingenious person who deliberately invented them. Thus we do not know whether or not Canon Spooner really did visit Dulwich and, feeling hungry, ask for "the Dull Man at Greenwich," meaning "the Green Man at Dulwich," a famous hostelry. Neither do we know whether he really did "collide on the pavement with a man who had stopped to boil his icicle," or ask at the watchmaker's for a signifying-glass and then soothe the puzzled shopkeeper by saying that it did not magnify. I think, however, it is authentically vouched for that, being asked why he did not patronise a certain shop, he replied that he "preferred to steal at the doors."

Clever Spoonerisms are, of course, not difficult to invent, but they are not a high species of humor, and, indeed, are rarely very funny unless genuinely accidental. Adopted deliberately they are apt to bore one just as much as the succession of pointless puns that so often establishes a person's reputation for wit.

Puns

Puns are punishable, is a saying much in the nature of an offence itself. Otherwise, it is put that a pun is the lowest form of wit. And, it is generally agreed that the incurable punster's place is in outward



darkness. However, it is the ignoble use and the overdoing of it that have made the pun obnoxious. In due season, and when lit by a flash of real wit or humor, the pun deserves recognition as well as any other form of verbal sprightliness. The trouble is that the habit is so easily acquired and so inveterate that it readily becomes a nuisance, so that an all-round condemnation seems to be demanded.

Even the best pun is an affectation and needs to be very clever indeed to be really funny. Hood's opening couplet in "Ben Battle" is witty, though, when one comes to think of it, rather unsympathetically gruesome:

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball shot off his legs,
So he laid down his arms."

In the seventeenth century the pun was held in greater esteem than now, and it became fashionable for wits to lay wagers that they would make a pun about anything that was mentioned to them. One of these fellows, Daniel Purcel, was approached one night by a gentleman who desired to test his powers of extempore punning. Purcel agreed, and inquired: "Upon what subject?" "The King," said the other. "The King, sir," replied Purcel, "is no subject."

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

Rev. Father Maclean, of the Irish Mission to China, is at present a guest at the Bishop's Palace. He will make an appeal in aid of the Mission at Palmerston on Sunday, and on the following Sunday at Hampden. Rev. Father Kelly, of the same Mission, will be at Gore over next Sunday.

A garden fete, to be held on Saturday, November 17, in St. Dominic's Priory grounds, is being organised by the Children of Mary, in aid of the Dominican Nuns. The members will be pleased to receive donations, which may be left with the Directress of the sodality, St. Dominic's Priory, Dunedin.

At the theoretical examination held in June last, in connection with the Trinity College of Music, London, the following pupils of Miss M. P. Noonan, L.T.C.L., were successful:—Intermediate Division—Noreen Fitzgerald, 68 marks; Mavis Rigby, 60. Junior division—Ngarita Kennedy, 73 marks. Preparatory division—Eileen Houston, 99; Mavis Storrie, 96; Winifred Rogerson, 94; Florence Green, 92.

CEREMONY OF ORDINATION.

The Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, officiated at an ordination ceremony in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday last at the 9 o'clock Mass. The Rev. James Lennon and the Rev. Charles Tylee, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, and Dunedin Diocese, were raised to the dignity of the priesthood. Dr. Brodie was assisted by the Rev. Father Morkane (Rector) and the Rev. Dr. Buxton (Holy Cross College), while Father S. Marlow (Invercargill) assisted the newly-ordained priests. After the ceremony, Fathers Lennon and Tylee gave their blessing to the crowded congregation, which comprised many of their relatives and friends. In the evening Father Lennon gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral, when the occasional sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Morkane on the dignity and powers of the Priesthood. Father Lennon celebrated his first Holy Mass at the Home of the Little Sisters, Anderson's Bay; and Father Tylee, at the Convent of Mercy, South Dunedin.

ST. JOSEPH'S LADIES' CLUB, DUNEDIN.

The members of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club held their final meeting for the season on last Wednesday evening, the members entertaining their gentlemen friends. The clubroom was tastefully decorated in gold and white (the club's colors), and narcissi, kindly donated by Mr. Hart, Lawrence, were greatly admired by all. A euchre tourna-

ment occupied the earlier part of the evening, Father Spillane presenting the chief prizes to Miss Griffen and Mr. Behrens, and the consolation prizes to Miss S. Drumm and Mr. T. O'Connor. A short musical programme was contributed as follows:—Piano solos by Mrs. Mitchell and Miss I. Woods; songs, by Misses Brady, McCready, Spillane, and Mr. Tonner; violin solo by Miss M. Blee. After a dainty supper was handed round, a social hour was spent, Mr. Driscoll kindly acting as pianist.

MORNINGTON BAZAAR CONCERT.

A concert, the merits of which deserved far greater recognition in point of attendance than was accorded, was given in His Majesty's Theatre on last Saturday evening, in aid of the Mornington bazaar fund. What the audience lacked in numbers was made up for in appreciation by those present of the artists who contributed a really excellent programme; recalls being general. Each part was opened by pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, the first by the St. Vincent's Orphans' Choir with the chorus "Come Fairy Moonlight," and the second by the choir of St. Philomena's with the chorus "Over the Beautiful Sea," both of which were rendered in a manner fully in keeping with the high standard of excellence so frequently commented upon in regard to these children. It is always a joy to listen to children's voices, and when a great number of such are blended in perfect unison the pleasure is enhanced, and the efficiency of their training evidenced. Mrs. Lawson Broad sang "Love's Merchant" and Prayer from "Tosca," also several nicely selected encore numbers, all of which gave full scope to her highly cultured voice, and were greatly enjoyed. Mr. S. Taylor sang splendidly "I Did Not Know," "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" and several recall numbers. Miss A. McCallum sang "The Bird With the Broken Wing" and "She is Far From the Land" (the latter with sax-horn obbligato by Mr. D. Whelan), and a recall number,—all of which gave much pleasure to the audience. Greatly appreciated instrumental items were "Castles in the Air Polka" (cornet solo) by Mr. E. Kerr, and "Valse Gracieuse" (flute solo) by Mr. W. F. Morrison. Miss A. Dyer gave the recitations "Bannerman Rode the Grey" and "The Broken Halo," and also responded to recalls, in each of which she proved herself worthy to rank among the foremost of our elocutionists. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Allan Young has shown that as an entertainer he has well earned the popularity he enjoys. No calls upon his time and talents are ever rejected by him. On the occasion under notice he gave several items, and his recitation of "The Tomb of Napoleon" was given in a masterly manner. Miss C. Hughes filled the position of accompanist in her usual efficient style, and Mr. D. Whelan was stage director.

Monsignor Coffey Memorial

The meeting called for last Thursday evening in connection with the proposed memorial to the late Monsignor Coffey, was attended by a representative number of subscribers. Mr. T. J. Hussey, who presided, said the amount contributed to the fund was approximately £1000, and explained the object of the present meeting. Rev. Father Foley, Adm. (treasurer of the fund), said that many of the subscribers, especially among the clergy, all personal friends of Monsignor Coffey, had expressed the desire to see a permanent memorial erected in the Cathedral to the late revered pastor of St. Joseph's. Father Foley was of opinion that the wish of so many should be, if possible, given effect to. In view of the request he had mentioned, Father Foley suggested the diversion of a stated sum from the main fund to allow for a suitable memorial being erected. Such a course would not seriously affect the original idea—the founding of scholarships. After Mr J. B. Callan had spoken on the proposition adopted at the inaugural meeting held to establish the fund, it was decided to convene a general meeting of subscribers for Monday evening, November 5, when the following motion (which was proposed and adopted) will be submitted—"That the sum of £250 be diverted to erect a suitable memorial in St. Joseph's Cathedral, providing that a similar amount be subscribed by the friends of the late Monsignor Coffey. The nature of the memorial to be decided at the meeting indicated."

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MARRIAGES

- COX-TAYLOR.**—On July 25, 1923, at the Catholic Church, Templeton, by the Rev. Father O'Hare, assisted by the Rev. Father Leen, John William, second son of Mr. J. Cox, Melbourne, to Hilda Irene, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Taylor, Templeton.
- FITZGERALD-LEO.**—On July 25, 1923, at St. Joseph's Church, New Plymouth, by Rev. Father Nicholas Moore, Daniel Thomas, only son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald, of Kaponga, to Dora Kate, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Leo, of Waverley.
- McCORMACK-FORD.**—On September 5, 1923, at St. Mary's Church, Christchurch (with Nuptial Mass, celebrated by the Rev. Father Stuart, S.M.), James Frederick McCormack, third son of Mr. J. McCormack, Bealey Avenue, Christchurch, to Marie Ford, third daughter of Mrs. M. Ford, Bishop Street, Christchurch.

DEATHS

- GALLEN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Hugh Gallen, beloved husband of Catherine Gallen, who died at his residence, Albury, on September 27, 1923.—R.I.P.
- KENNEDY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine (Katie), beloved wife of the late Hugh Kennedy and late proprietor of the Cave Rock Hotel, Sumner, who died on September 29, 1923, at Lewisham Hospital, Christchurch; aged 43 years.—R.I.P.
- MacDONALD.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, relic of Alexander MacDonald, late of Clarks, who died at her residence, 50 Eglinton Road, Dunedin, on October 9, 1923.—Jesus, in Thy Sacred Heart, have mercy on her soul.
- FITZGERALD.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret (Maggie Cavanagh), dearly beloved wife of Alfred Fitzgerald, who died at No. 161 Eye Street, Invercargill, on October 6, 1923; aged 50 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

IN MEMORIAM

- HICKEY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private James Joseph Hickey, who was killed in action on Passchendaele Ridge, on October 12, 1917.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents, brothers, and sister (Mrs. M. Cogan, Patcoora).
- LUFARO.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Frank, beloved husband of Margaret Lufaro, who died at Lyttelton, on October 13, 1920.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.
- MOYNIHAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Alexander, second beloved son of William Moynihan, Ngapuna, who was killed at Passchendaele, on October 17, 1917.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his loving father and brothers.
- MOYNIHAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private Michael Alexander Moynihan, who was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 16, 1917.—R.I.P.—Inserted by E. and L. Moynihan, Totara.
- O'CONNELL.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael O'Connell, who died at Mount Cargill, Dunedin, on October 19, 1922.—R.I.P.

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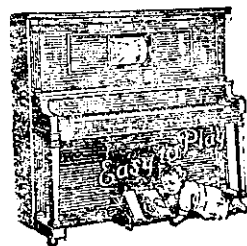
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Our Sports Summary

ST. MARY'S TENNIS CLUB, ASHBURTON.

The 3rd annual meeting of the St. Mary's Tennis Club was held recently, when the vice-captain (Mr. H. Lennon) presided over an attendance of about 30 members (writes our own correspondent). The annual report and balance sheet covering the year's operations of the club were read and adopted. The balance sheet, which was deemed satisfactory, showed a cash balance in bank amounting to £6, while the assets totalled £25. The calls on the finances of the club during the year were very heavy, and the balance reflects great credit on the joint secretaries (Misses McSherry and Dalton). Considerable discussion took place regarding the future operations of the club, and a motion to the effect that the secretaries obtain information from the local sports association re courts was carried. The meeting was then adjourned for a fortnight.

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ST. PATRICK'S RIFLE CLUB, TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The St. Patrick's Miniature Rifle Club held a very successful social and presentation of prizes on Thursday, the 4th inst., at St. Patrick's Hall. Miss Morgan's band supplied the music, and Mr. Phil Stapleton carried out the duties of M.C. in his usual pleasing manner. The committee made complete arrangements for the social. A competition for a beautifully decorated iced cake, made and given by Mrs. Chas. Knight, was won by Mrs. J. G. Venning. During an interval the trophies won were presented by Rev. Father J. More O'Ferrall, S.M. The club championship was won by Mr. F. R. Bartos (hon. secretary), who holds the Byrne Cup for the second year in succession, and also the trophy presented by the clergy. Mr. W. McGrath was second, winning Mr. M. O'Mc Meghan's trophy. A handsome shield, donated by Mr. Jos. Gilmore for competition amongst those not placed in the championship, was won by Mr. E. Hall, who holds the shield for the season, and wins the gold medal presented by Mr. D. Doyle. Other trophies won were as follows:—W. Stirling, John Jackson and Co.'s; Jim Crowley, Mr. M. Houlihan's; J. Murphy, Mr. V. Meehan's; P. Dickel, Mr. T. Cronin's; W. McGrath, Mr. J. Collins'; C. Harding, Mr. M. J. Doyle's; L. Gilmore, Mr. J. Murphy's; J. Leigh, Mr. T. P. Crowe's; P. Downey, Mrs. F. W. Clarke's; R. Seaman, Mr. G. F. Doyle's; H. Travis, Mr. E. Fountaine's; E. Hall, Mr. P. McDonald's; E. Prendergast, Mr. R. Marshall's; J. O'Keefe, Mr. W. McCulloch's; F. R. Bartos, Mr. M. Mullins'; Jerry Collins, Mr. P. McDonald's; C. Knight, Mr. M. Mullins'. The club, which has a large membership, possesses a fine shooting range at St. Patrick's Hall, and has just completed a most successful season. The club also took part in several local competitions and was successful in a few of the matches.

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THE MARIST FOOTBALL CLUB AND THE CANTERBURY RUGBY UNION.

(From our own correspondent.)

At a recent meeting of the management committee of the Canterbury Rugby Football Union, the Marist Football Club wrote asking that the case of its suspension by the Canterbury Union should be submitted to the New Zealand Union, with the object of having the suspension removed. This suspension arose out of the trouble over the Payne Trophy match. The management committee decided to submit the matter to the New Zealand Union. Mr. J. M. Coffey, secretary of the Marist Club, wrote as follows:— "On behalf of the Marist Football Club I wish to acknowledge your letter of September 19 intimating the suspension of the club. I hereby make application, on behalf of the club, to have our case submitted to the New Zealand Rugby Union with a view to having the evidence of the club placed before that body, and the suspension removed by virtue of the powers possessed by the supreme Rugby tribunal in this Dominion. With the application I enclose the sum of £1 as prescribed in the case of such applications to have the case heard by the New Zealand Rugby Union." Mr. Coffey enclosed a copy of the following letter which the club proposed to forward to the New Zealand

Union:—"As the New Zealand Rugby Union has power to receive appeals against penalties and to remove suspension, the Marist Football Club hereby appeals to the supreme controlling body in the Dominion that the suspension inflicted on the club by the Canterbury Rugby Union be removed. The case is unique in the history of Rugby in New Zealand, and no lover of the game can view the sweeping suspension of a club comprising over 200 players and patrons (some of the patrons including the most loyal supporters of the game) without a feeling of grave apprehension as to the far-reaching consequences of the present situation. The case is likewise unique in this respect that the penalty has been inflicted without the club having been given the opportunity for explanation or defence. We are quite satisfied that the case for the club is worthy of a hearing. We are prepared to submit our case in person or by advocate or by written statement, and will be ready to appear at such time or place as your motion may appoint.

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Study your Tennis Faults

TIPS THAT WILL IMPROVE YOUR PLAY.

If you wish to improve your tennis (says a writer in a Home paper), you should think over your strokes and puzzle out for yourself the reasons for your successes and failures.

When you make a winning shot, remember how you played it, the position you were in, the angle of your racket, the "feel" of the ball at the moment of impact, and so on. After a time you will be able to repeat the successful effort almost mechanically, falling into the correct position, and "tuning" your swing to a nicety.

In the same way, a mistake should never be dismissed lightly. Discover how the error was made. Then you will be able to set about remedying your worst faults, and by means of intelligent criticisms of your own play you should be successful in adding to your strength by eliminating obvious mistakes.

In match play you should concentrate upon your strong points, but in practice give chief attention to your weak strokes.

Save Your Strength.

If you are expert at hard forehand driving and can "place" the ball with reasonable accuracy, go up to the net once or twice in order to induce your opponent either to try some high and deep lobs or to run in at a short return. Then make for your true position behind the base-line and produce your hard, straight, passing drives as winning strokes.

It is of little use tiring yourself out by sending over your "killing" shots time after time if the player battling against you is in a good position to return the compliment. You will have to use guile and cunning in order to make effective use of your strong point.

Of course, if you are the more experienced performer, you will be safe in keeping to your base-line game altogether, and relying on well-placed drives to win points, but in an even match, or against a stronger opponent, this is too much in the nature of "defensive warfare," as you are simply waiting for your opponent to make mistakes, rather than hoping to win by your own superior play.

Should your speciality be "volleying," you will have to produce some "deep court" shots in order to keep your opponent back and give yourself time to reach the net for your favorite smash. When playing this type of game, remember to keep opposite the ball, so that the amount of space for a passing shot against you is reduced to a minimum. Play for the corners of the far court in preference to placing the ball along the middle line, and then you will have plenty of room for a winning "smash."

Pace That Means Points.

You may find that your opponent is a better tennis exponent in every way than you are, but not nearly so active. In this case, "chop" your returns to the service when you are the striker out, dropping the ball short over the net. Keep to the middle of your own base-line, so that you will always have to move forward in making a stroke. Do not worry much about "length," but rather try to make the play fast and furious in the early stages.

Even if you lose one or two games, it is possible that you will make the slower player ease up, and then your superior fleetness of foot may enable you to snatch a victory.



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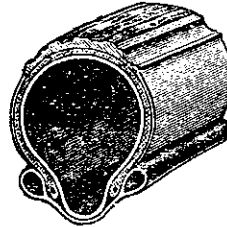
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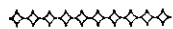
Commonwealth Notes

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The 78th Grand Annual Council of the Australasian Holy Catholic Guild was opened in the Chapter Hall of St. Mary's Cathedral the other Saturday, when there was present a very large number of delegates. The session was opened with the customary prayers, and the Warden-General (Bro. B. J. Bailey) extended to the visiting delegates a cordial welcome.

A magnificent evidence of the affection of the members of the A.H.C. Guild for their faith was afforded at the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral on the Sunday, when some 600 members of the guild approached the altar rails to receive Holy Communion. Rev. Father P. J. Murphy (Adm. of St. Mary's Cathedral), was the celebrant, and the devotion of the communicants was plain and decisive testimony to the value of the Catholic society in the work of the promotion of a love for the Eucharist. Following the Mass, the visiting delegates and members of the local branches of the guild, marched to the Australian Hall, Elizabeth Street, where between 300 and 400 members of the organisation and visitors partook of breakfast. His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, who was accompanied by the Rev. Father P. J. Murphy, presided.

On the auspicious occasion of the blessing of the foundations of additions to St. Columba's College, Springwood, on Saturday (says the *Freeman's Journal* for October 4), his Grace the Archbishop, in a reminiscent mood, said that he left his father and mother when 16 years of age and did not see them again until he was 22, then called home to be ordained. He went away a boy and came back a priest, and as such did not want any country in the world. An Irish Bishop sent for him to be an Irish missionary, and said: "Will you go?" "I said," remarked his Grace, "I have no choice, but if I may express a wish, there would be no place outside of Heaven I would prefer to Rome." "When will you go?" asked the Bishop. "I said, 'I will go to-night.'" From Rome Australia welcomed him as Co-adjutor-Archbishop to the late Cardinal.



QUEENSLAND.

The Golden Jubilee celebrations to commemorate the arrival of the Sisters of Mercy in Rockhampton fifty years ago, were celebrated in the central capital at the end of last and the beginning of the present week (says the *Catholic Advocate*, Brisbane, for September 20). The Sisters arrived in Rockhampton on August 5, 1873, and the first Community had as Superioress Sister Mary de Sales Gorry, daughter of the late Mr. John Gorry, of Ipswich. Sister Mary de Sales was the first Queensland born girl to become a Sister of Mercy. The jubilee celebrations at Rockhampton opened with an interesting illustrated lecture given on Friday evening last in the Rockhampton School of Arts by the Archbishop of Brisbane, who had arrived from the South that afternoon. The lecture covered most of the itinerary of the Archbishop's recent travels. The hall was well filled, the fine pictures shown were greatly admired, and the lecture throughout was thoroughly enjoyed. Bishop Shiel introduced the Archbishop, and proposed a vote of thanks to him at the conclusion of the lecture. The celebrations included High Mass of thanksgiving in St. Joseph's Cathedral, a fete at the Meteor Park Orphanage, and a conversazione at the Range Convent.

Rev. W. McGoldrick, formerly of Herston, Queensland, will shortly leave for China to identify himself with the Irish Mission (says the *Melbourne Advocate*). His departure has been delayed owing to the unsettled state of China, caused by hordes of bandits terrorising the people in various places. The outlaws carry off Missionaries and others, and hold them for ransom. In the Irish Vicariate they have plundered many homes, and organised efforts will require to be taken to keep them in check. Coming to Victoria from Queensland, Father McGoldrick assisted the Very Rev. Dean Carey, P.P., at West Melbourne for a while, and is now at Mentone. His call to China may come at any time. In the wide field of his future labors he has the best wishes of priests and people in Queensland, and all who know him.

Two Catholics figure on the Royal Humane Society's list of gallant acts in Queensland, worthy of recognition.

Dennis McGrath belongs to Mareeba, on the Cairns-Herberton line, North Queensland, and Leonard Twigg is a grocer's assistant in Brisbane. Both received the silver medal. Dennis McGrath, who received the Clarke Gold Medal, did a thrilling act last September, when he stopped a runaway train between Tolga and Mareeba. During shunting operations at Tolga the rear part of a train broke away. Night officer McGrath was travelling as a passenger in the van, and was asleep at the time, and was awakened by the speed of the train. He immediately pulled the tap to apply the Westinghouse brake, but found it was not connected. He then applied the handbrake in the van, got out on the waggon next the van, pinned the brake down, and went along from waggon to waggon pinning down the brakes where possible. Ultimately the train was stopped, after it had travelled a distance of 13 miles. After bringing it to a standstill he protected it with detonators and lamps, with the result that a following train from Mareeba to Tolga was stopped by the detonators. After doing all that could possibly be done, McGrath collapsed, and was removed to hospital suffering from shock.

Concert at Nelson Creek

One of the most successful concerts ever held at Nelson Creek took place on the 28th ult. (says a contemporary). People came from far and near, and the hall was taxed to its utmost capacity. The stage, which was gay and beautiful, reflected great credit on the local artists. Not one of the large audience present on the evening but left the hall delighted with what they had beheld and heard, and many were quite enthusiastic over the haka by the Maori picanninies. The memory of the night will live long in the Creek as an event to be justly proud of.

The programme opened with an action song by the Nelson Creek Glee Club, entitled "Come to the Fair." The music and song were charming to listen to, and praise is due to each and every member of the club for their successful efforts. Rev. Father P. O'Meeghan sang "Dear Home Land," and "Youth." He was exceptionally impressive and gave a beautiful rendering of both songs. Miss K. Ryan, who was in good voice, gave a splendid account of herself in "A Summer Night." Misses Alma Ryan and Patty Morrissey, in an Irish dance, were light of foot and very graceful. Miss Doreen Daly's pianoforte solo "Selected Irish Airs," was soul-stirring and beautiful. Perhaps the most successful and enthusiastic item of the evening was the haka by the picanninies. Rev. Father J. Herbert was very interesting and his anecdotes for boys set the house rocking. The first part of the programme was concluded by the Glee Club, with a tableau, "When the Leaves Come Tumbling Down," accompanied by music and song. This was a glorious item and the choral work deserves great praise. The second part opened with the Glee Club again appearing and receiving hearty applause for their interpretation of another action song. Mr. A. Giffney gave a tuneful and pleasant rendering of the "Banjo Song," and especially of "The Minstrel Boy." Miss K. Bernhardt, in good voice, sang "Pretty Kitty Kelly." Miss Nancy Morrissey, a beautiful little dancer, danced the Highland Fling with elfin glee. Messrs. Casey and Sweetman, in comical dress, sang a comic song and the house came tumbling down with laughter. Miss K. Geiseking's pianoforte solo was charming and beautiful. "Dream Boat," and "Until" were well sung by Mr. J. Noleson. Mr. Con Guy gave a good rendering of "Roses," and Mr. Waterson's banjo solo was also quite good. The little nigger boys came again and again and they were accorded loud and long applause from a large and appreciative audience. Master C. Williams, in his Maori dress, gave a good rendering of a pianoforte solo "Darkies' Home." Mr. W. Geiseking's monologue, given with vigor and precision, was heartily applauded. The concert concluded by the Glee Club singing with smiling faces and sweet voices, "Good Night." The dance which followed was well attended, over one hundred couples taking part. To the organisers, and especially to Messrs. P. Donellan and J. O'Brien, jun., every praise is due. To the accompanists, Misses D. Daly, K. Geiseking, L. Campbell, Mrs. Murray, Miss Clayton, and Misses E. and K. O'Brien, the people of Nelson Creek are deeply grateful. The supper arrangements were carefully attended to, and under the good management of Mrs. Curnow.

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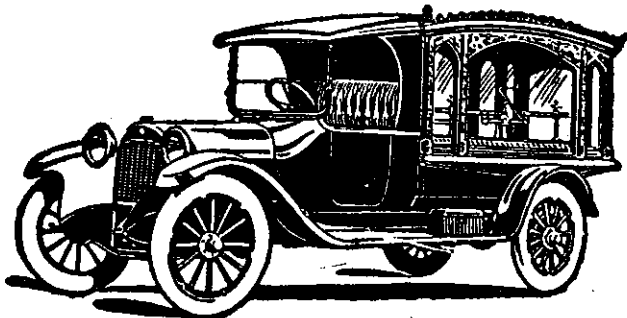
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Here and There

New Religious Congregations Approved.—The Congregation of Religious has (says the Roman correspondent of an exchange) definitely approved the constitutions of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Brentana, whose mother house is at Milan, and those of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth, whose mother house is in Rome. It has approved for a trial of seven years the constitutions of the Sisters of the Patronage of St. Joseph and those of the Sisters of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, of the Order of St. Benedict.

Dean of American Hierarchy Dies.—Bishop Ryan, of Alton, Ill., U.S.A., who has just died after an episcopacy which extended over 35 years, was born at Thurles, Co. Tipperary, on June 17, 1848, and proceeded to U.S.A. when seven years old. The family settled in Louisville, Ky., where the lad attended the parochial school. After his ordination to the priesthood, he rendered signal services throughout the diocese of Chicago. At the time of his death he was Dean of the American Hierarchy.

An Irish Nun Dies.—Sister Dominic, said to have been the oldest member of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the United States, died in the Convent of the Church of Our Lady of Victory at Brooklyn at the age of eighty-seven. She was active almost until her death, and recently directed the graduation exercises of the parish school. Sister Dominic was born in Ireland and spent practically all her life teaching in parochial schools and convents in Brooklyn. She was in turn Superior of several educational institutions, including the Convent of the Church of Our Lady of Victory at the time of her death.

Priest-Astronomer.—Father Daniel J. McHugh, C.M., head of the department of astronomy at De Paul University, Chicago, has received the rare distinction to be elected a fellow in the Royal Astronomical Society of London. There are only 76 fellows of the society in the United States, and besides Father McHugh, only one priest. Father McHugh's election came as a surprise to him. Membership in the society is conferred on the recommendation of other members after a formal and rather intricate method, during which the right of the nominee to recognition is rigidly examined. It is believed that the reason for Father McHugh's election was particularly his work in connection with the studying of the Halley Comet in 1909.

Over a Century Old.—Granny Coffey, of Coatdyke (Scotland), who has reached the patriarchal age of 104 years, is still in possession of all her faculties (says an exchange). Her maiden name was Mary Burke and she hails from Clonmel, where she was married to Malachy Coffey about the year 1840. One of H.M. Commissioners, accompanied by Mr. Brown, of Coatbridge, paid her a visit recently, and after a short conversation inquired of her who was the gentleman in the picture on the wall, and she replied: "Ah, ye don't know that gentleman. Well, that's Father Tom Burke, the greatest man ever God allowed to live." The Commissioner was very anxious to ascertain her proper age; however, that is unobtainable, but family records go to show that above is the correct age.

The Church and Republics.—Catholic communities founded all the republics that ever existed in Christian times up to the date of the American Independence, 1776. The oldest republic in the world, and one of the most radical in its democracy, is St. Marino, in Italy, founded in the fourth century by a Catholic monk. The Republic of Andorra, in Spain, was founded by a Catholic Bishop in the ninth century. St. Marino is especially noted for the reason that it is surrounded by the Papal territory, and the Popes have always been the vigilant guardians and protectors of its independence. The twelfth century saw the birth, under the fostering care of the Popes, of the Italian Republics of Venice, Genoa, Florence, Sienna, and others, and the fourteenth century saw the Swiss Cantons, under the guidance of William Tell and his associates, establish their free confederation, which exists to this day.—*Newman Quarterly.*

St. Quentin's Bells.—During the war the Germans removed from the town of St. Quentin the peal of 80 bells

belonging to that city, and which dated from 1762. The city of Malines decided four years ago to offer to St. Quentin a new peal of bells to be raised by public subscription. Lately the casting of the five principal bells of the new peal was performed at Louvain, and all the Belgian bellringers were present to witness the operation. As the casting began the Mayor of St. Quentin threw into the molten metal some pieces of silver and a gold ring, and the bellringer of St. Quentin, M. Cautelon, who is 75 years old, added a handful of medals won by him in bell-ringing competitions. The foundrymen, in accordance with custom, then knelt and made the sign of the Cross. M. Cautelon played the "Marseillaise" and the "Brabanconne" on a peal of bells which had just been completed for another city.

Perpetual Rosary Shrine.—There is a beautiful Perpetual Rosary Shrine on the front lawn of the monastery grounds at the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, Camden, New Jersey, U.S.A. In the centre of the shrine is a Rosary group of stone. The shrine is sheltered by a handsome cut-stone canopy, on the apex of which is placed a large electrical cross. There are also electric lights in the shrine, which at night light the entire vicinity. A public pilgrimage is made to the shrine on the afternoon of the first Sunday of every month. Compline is sung by the nuns in the monastery choir, after which the Rosary is recited by the priest and pilgrims while they go in procession to the shrine. At the shrine the pilgrimage prayer is recited, followed by a sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The pilgrims then return in procession to the chapel to venerate the relic of St. Dominic. The pilgrims place their intentions in a basket at the altar railing, which is carried in the procession and placed on the shrine altar during Benediction. In addition, the intentions are prayed for by the nuns in their perpetual Rosaries from midnight on Saturday to midnight on Sunday.

BULLER NOTES

The old bell from St. Patrick's Church, Charleston, has been removed to Westport, and a spire wherein to hang it has been erected at St. Canice's (writes a correspondent). Doubtless the musical tones of the bell, so long silent, will recall to many Charlestonians memories of the golden years of long ago. To-day, that old seaside town is something akin to the "Auburn" of Goldsmith, only the ruins of Charleston are more pathetic and more complete. But the glamor of romance still lingers round that desolate spot. The pioneers are sleeping in the quiet cemeteries, their children are living afar, but the little church still stands as if in defiance of time. And not more than twenty miles away the bell that some will never again harken to calls the Catholics of Westport to Mass or evening devotions.

The euchre parties held weekly in St. Canice's Club are now a recognised success both socially and financially. The proceeds are devoted to the painting of the church and the club funds alternately. The convent looks very spruce indeed with its new paint, and we hope ere long that the same may be said of the church and club. But the hard part is that these improvements cost money.

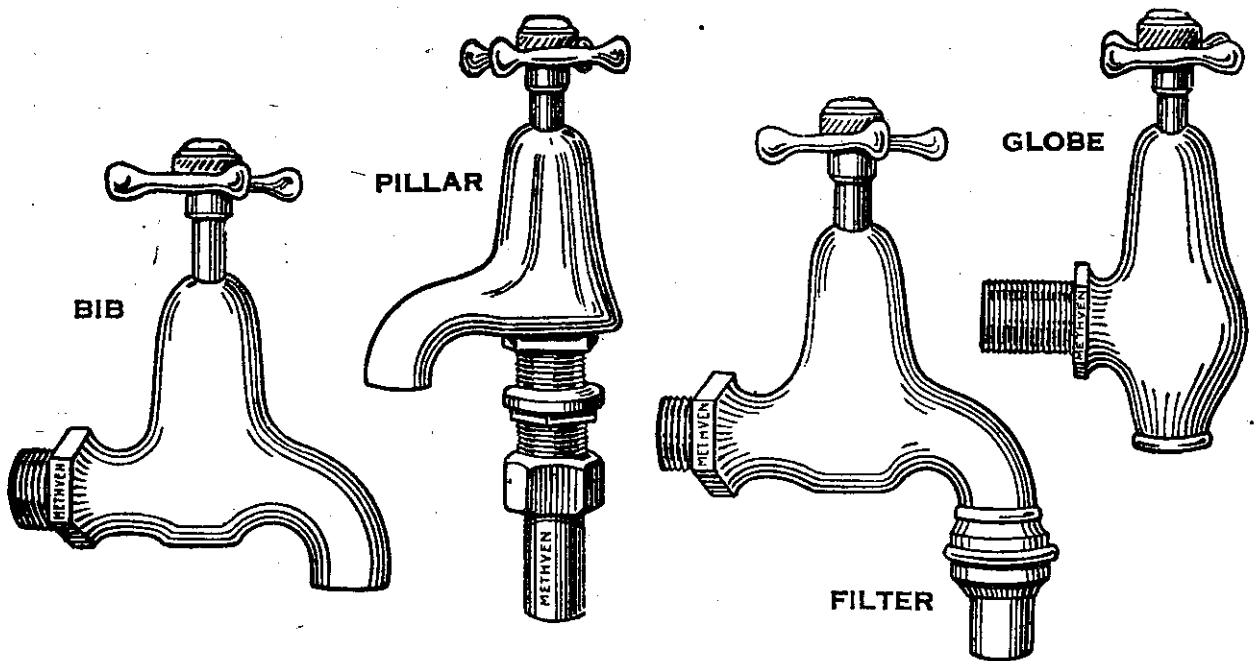
Rev. Father O'Shea, who is travelling on behalf of the Irish Mission to China, was recently in Westport.

The Seddonville folk are busy these days collecting funds for their new church. There are not half a dozen Catholic families all told in the locality, yet with characteristic energy and zeal they have built a church and named it the Church of Our Lady of Compassion. May the efforts of the Seddonville-ites be crowned with success.

The death took place at Westport the other week of Mrs. Annie Norris, formerly of Charleston. Deceased was a native of Australia but came when a child to New Zealand with her people. The sympathy of the community is extended to the sorrowing family.—R.I.P.

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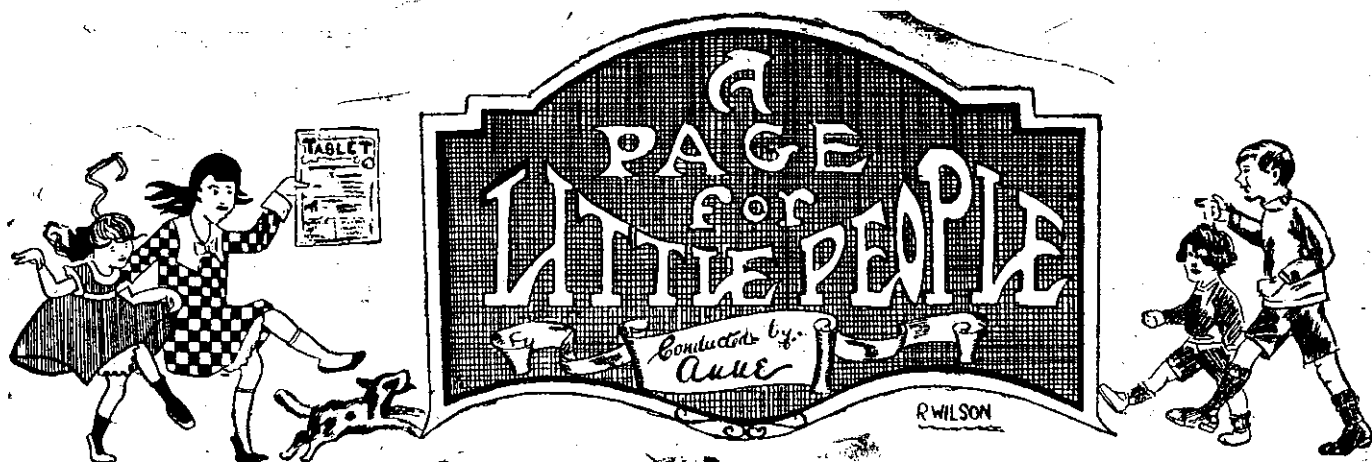
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My Dear Little People,

I'm in sore trouble about your letters to me, so many are coming that our page simply will not hold them all. So, I must ask you not to write any more for ever so long, and, even then it will take me ages to get you answered. Now my Little People, there is another thing. You will notice that in writing to thank you for the second instalment of money sent to him, good Bishop Liston tells you that you have put in one bed for all time in the Boys' Orphanage. That means that one little boy will always have a home through your help children. I want you now, all of you who can manage to spare ever such a little sum to send it along, I mean those who haven't given already, and we will make one more good drive between now and Christmas. The list will close at the end of December, so, let us see what we can do.—Anne.

Already acknowledged, £11 3s; Irene O'Connor, 10s; "Anonymus," 10s; Pat McBride, 2s 6d. Total, £12 5s 6d.

St. Benedict's,
Newton, Auckland.

Once again the orphan boys who are to find a home at St. Joseph's Orphanage, Takapuna, thank with their little-big hearts their kind brothers and sisters who have listened to Aunt Anne's appeal and thus provided a Bed for all time in the new home.

A thousand thanks to Aunt herself for her kind interest.

2/10/23.

J. M. LISTON.

Dear Anne,—I would have written before only we have been doing lessons and learning catchism for confirmation. I am sending you 10 shillings for the ophanage fund. That is two shillings from my sisters and brother and my self. I am sorry we could not send the money before but hope it is not to late. I had two pet lambs but they both died. I will close now with love from Irene O'Connor, Karioi.

(Thank you Irene and all of you for the ten shillings. Glad you are learning your catechism but sorry your lambs died.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—This is my second letter to the *Tablet*, and I hope it wont be my last. There was a Football Match here last Wednesday and I was playing and had a good game. The Second Grade men here, won the Northern Union's Sheild and it was presented to them at a dance on the night of the football match. The Inspector is expected at our school soon but I don't care when he comes for I got my Proficiency Certificate last year, and I only went back to learn bookkeeping. I think it would be a good plan if your correspondents were to correspond with one another as they would get to know each other. I am sending you half-a-crown for the orphanage fund and I hope you will receive it safely. This is all the news I will put in this letter as it will take up to much room in your page. Yours truly, Pat McBride, Mossburn.

(Thank you Pat for your donation. I too wish you Little People would write to each other. Why don't you sort out someone and make a start.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—my sister Maureen wrote a letter to you so I thought I would write one. I am eight years old and I am in standard one and I go up to the Domain every after-noon for a bottle of soda-water for Sister. I love her. I have six sisters and one brother and counting my self I have two brothers. We have two cows and two calves and a horse we call Micky and I can ride him without a bridle and I feed Them with hay every night as it

is very cold in Te-Aroha. So good buy Anne. Your New friend, Jackie Odum, Ruakaka.

(I am sure Sister loves you too Jackie. Have you climbed the big hill in Te Aroha, I forget its name.—Anne.)

Dear Ann,—This is the first letter I have wrote to you and hope it wont be my last. I often read the *Tablet* and when I saw the little peoples page I thought I would like to be a member to I have only one brother and my self. He is eight and I am nine. I shall be ten in September and my brother shall be 9 in April. I suppose you herd of the terrible railway smash in the North Island. I would not like to be those poor people. In Arrowtown the hens were frozen on their purches. Well Ann I better close now for if I go on any further my letter will be to big to put in the *Tablet*. Your fond friend, Molly Baker, St. Kilda, Dunedin.

(Yes Molly, I did hear about the railway smash. No wonder the hens were frozen, it was so cold. Your little letter is just the right size for the *Tablet*.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—This is my first letter to you. I am in Std. 5 and I am 12 years old. We are having good weather up this way. We have six cows but there is only one milking. We are playing cricket at school now. I like reading the letters in the *Tablet*. How do you like Dunedin Anne. I have been there once in an excursion. I have four brothers and one sister. We have three pup can you give me a name for each of them, and we have two ferrets. There was a football tournament at Roxbrough last saturday and the Heriot School boy lost in the final. I must close now with best wishes from Bernard Curry, Heriot, Otago.

(Glad to hear from you Bernard. Do you like Jack, Tom, and Harry for your pups' names?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—This is my second letter to you. Anne have you been to Island Bay. It is a very pretty little place. I have never been to Dunedin. I am in St. Two, and I am 9. We are going to make our First Communion in October. My birthday is in January the 7. I have one brother and he is seven. I go to the Sacred Heart School. I will end with some riddles. (1) Why is a hungry man like a baker? (2) What never has more than one foot? (3) When is a sheep not a sheep? (4) Why is a king like a book? (5) What crack is it you can never see? Your Frennd Connie Rodgers, Island Bay, Wellington.

(Yes. I have been to Island Bay, and I am sure all the Little People will try to guess your riddles.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—As I am fond of writing letters I have made up my mind to write to you. I am in standard one, and am seven years old. My birthday was on April 4th. I like to read the little children's letters best. We had a bazaar at our school lately, and I got a doll please would you give me a name for it. I have to hide it from my little brother and sister, while I am at school. I have a little fat baby brother that I am very fond of. Dad doesnt know I am writing, so wont he get a surprise when he sees my letter in the *Tablet*? I will now close, with love from your little friend, Marie Joyce Holden, Moa Creek.

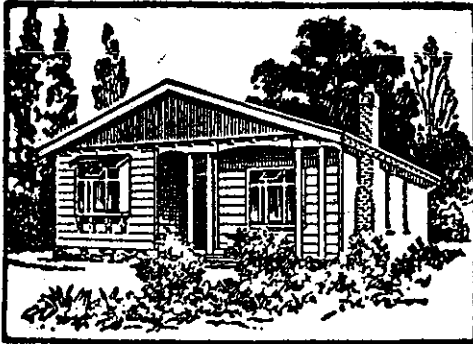
(Poor Marie Joyce, I'm afraid you must be tired of waiting for an answer, but I really can't help it dear, so be glad when you get this. I'm sure your Dad will be pleased, and do you like Rosa for your doll.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—This is my first letter to you. I was eight years old last February, and I am in Std 2. My sister Doris wrote to you some time ago, and she is going to write again so I thought I would write too. You told Doris you used to live at Titahi Bay. We often go out there when we get our Summer holidays, and spend nearly all our time on the beach or bathing. In the summer time there is a big crowd of people there. They have a bus service to and from there now. Your new friend, Jack Sloane, Porirua.

(Yes Jack, I lived for a little while at Titahi Bay, when I was four years old, and I used to visit the Pah very often.—Anne.)

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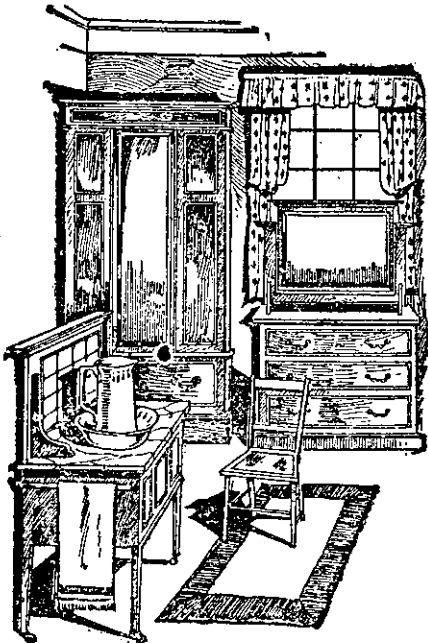
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THE COMMANDMENTS.

2. We must not seek for Happiness in Worldly Things.

St. Paul in like manner, after enjoining us to set our minds upon the joys of heaven, and not upon the perishable goods of this life, immediately adds, the mortification of our passions as the necessary means to accomplish this: "Mortify therefore your members," says he, "which are upon the earth, fornication, uncleanness, lust, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is the service of idols; for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh upon the children of unbelief" (Col. iii. 5). He repeats the same thing in another place, by assuring us that the lust of the flesh are the source of all our sins, which excludes us from heaven, and therefore concludes thus: "I say then, walk in the spirit, and you shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh; for the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary one to another . . . now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are, fornication, uncleanness, immodesty, etc., of which I foretell you as I have foretold to you, that they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God" (Eph. v. 16). Hence he declares to us, that, "If we live according to the flesh we shall die, but if by the spirit we mortify the deeds of the flesh, we shall live" (Rom. viii. 13). Where we see that this mortification of our corrupt flesh is declared to be a necessary condition of salvation. And on this account he gives the fulfilling of this condition as a distinguishing sign of our belonging to Christ. "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences" (Gal. v. 24). Nay, he assures us that it was one of the principal ends for which Christ came into this world, to teach us this necessary virtue: "The grace of God our Saviour," says he, "hath appeared to all men, instructing us, that denying all ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and justly, and godly in this world" (Tit. ii. 21). It is true, indeed, that the practice of this self-denial and mortification is difficult to flesh and blood, but we must remember that salvation is at stake, that no one is "crowned, except he strive lawfully" (2 Tim. ii. 5), that "we fight for an incorruptible crown" (1 Cor. ix.), "a never-fading crown of glory" (1 Pet. v. 4, for "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that cannot fade, preserved for us in heaven" (1 Pet. i. 4), for the possession of heaven itself; and Our Saviour expressly declares, "That the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence; and the violent carry it away" (Matt. xi. 12). Consequently there is no medium; either we must do violence to our corrupt nature denying ourselves, and mortifying our passions and lusts after the enjoyments of this world, as Christ so strictly requires of us, or there will be no heaven for us. And on this account it is that Our Blessed Saviour gives us all this warm and affectionate exhortation, "Enter ye in at the narrow gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there are who go in thereat; how narrow is the gate and straight is the way that leadeth to life and few there are that find it!" (Matt. vii. 13). Those who seek their happiness in the enjoyments of this world, walk indeed in a broad road, where self-love is under no restraint, where their passions and lusts have full scope, and where every liberty is taken to gratify all the desires of the flesh and blood; but, alas! they are so far from getting their aim, or finding that happiness which they seek, that they find nothing in all these things but vanity and vexation of spirit, and at last end in eternal misery and perdition. Whereas they who seek their happiness only in God, walk, it is true, in a narrow road, where self-love and all its lusts are crucified, and violence is done to all their corrupt inclinations; but they soon find to their happy experience that this proves a source of real peace and content to the soul here, and leads them to eternal life and everlasting bliss hereafter. It is a narrow road, but it is a road, where all the difficulty is only in the first beginnings; for when these are courageously overcome, and men begin to "taste how sweet the Lord is," they find their "way beautiful, and all their paths the paths of peace" (Prov. iii. 17). For as the Holy Ghost Himself declares, "I will lead thee by the paths of equity, which when thou shalt have entered, thy steps shall not be straightened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not find a stumbling block" (Prov. iv. 11).

Q. 5. Nothing can be more plain and decisive, than all those testimonies of the eternal truth are, to show us the necessity of not seeking after the enjoyments of this world, but of mortifying our natural attachments towards them. But how can all this be reconciled with the maxims and practice of the great bulk of Christians, which are just the reverse of this heavenly doctrine of the Son of God?

A. Or rather how can the maxims and practice of the great bulk of Christians be reconciled, with these Divine truths? It is indeed a source of melancholy reflection, to compare the conduct of Christians now-a-days with the rules of Christianity; and to see how much the spirit of the world with all its maxims, has intruded itself into the hearts of men, and usurped the sovereign power there, notwithstanding the above dreadful comminations denounced against the world and all its lovers, by the great God. To hear the way that many Christians speak, and to see how they behave, one would be apt to believe that the world is the only God they adore, whose favor the court, upon whose protection they depend, whose laws they revere, and whom alone they study to please. What the world will think, and what the world will say, seems to be the only ultimate motives that decide in their deliberations; and though Almighty God has expressly declared that "if any man among you seems to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise; for the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God" (1 Cor. iii, 18). Ye how few true Christians are to be found who are not ready upon every occasion to transgress the most sacred duties of a Christian, for fear of being laughed at by the world? Whatever lengths they go in all the extravagancies of the world, in luxury, in high living, in dress, in dangerous and sinful amusements, the common excuse is, "we must be neighbor-like, one cannot be singular to be pointed at; there is no living in the world without complying with its ways; we only do as others do: there are many who do much worse than we," and the like; and under such pretexts as these, they give way to all the inclinations of self-love, and to every impulse of curiosity, sensuality, and vanity. Such a conduct as this, in those who pretend to be disciples of a crucified Saviour cannot indeed be reconciled with the belief of his gospel; but the truth is, they do not believe it, as delivered by its Divine Author; blinded by their passions and worldly attachments, they cannot understand it in the sense intended by Him; immersed in sensual pleasures, slaves to the esteem and opinion of the world, and grasping at riches as their only good, their understandings are so darkened that they cannot see, and their hearts so hardened that they will not believe the plainest declarations of the Son of God: "The sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand" (1 Cor. ii. 14). When the Jews refused to believe in Christ He was not surprised, but said, "How can you believe, who receive glory from another, and the glory which is from God alone, you do not seek?" (John v. 44). And even those among their rulers who did believe Him, yet durst not confess Him, "for they loved the glory of men more than the glory of God" (John xii. 43). And when Our Saviour had declared some very important doctrines to the people, "The Pharisees, who were covetous, heard all these things, and they derided Him" (Luke xvi. 14). And such is the unhappy case with these worldly-minded Christians; they cannot bear the light of this heavenly doctrine, so contrary to the dispositions of their hearts, and therefore they fall upon a thousand shifts to interpret His words their own way, and by such limitations, reflections, and exceptions as they are pleased to annex to them, they endeavor to modify them according to their own fancy; for being determined not to regulate their sentiments and conduct by the Gospel, they flatter themselves they can reconcile the Gospel to their worldly maxims and practice. Thus they not only strive to make friendship with the world themselves, but even to make friendship betwixt Jesus Christ and the world, notwithstanding the infinite and irreconcilable opposition which He Himself has declared there is between them. But such nominal Christians would do well to remember, that to walk in the broad road with the many, is to walk in the "road that leads to destruction"; that "many are called, but few are chosen; and that those happy few are they who walk in "the narrow road that leads to life."

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IRISH NEWS

THE NEW DAIL.—WHAT WILL DE VALERA DO?—THE FREE STATE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The list hereunder contains the names of the Deputies returned for the various constituencies in the Free State and the parties to which they belong:—

Government—63: R. J. Mulcahy (Dublin North), W. Cosgrave (Carlow-Kilkenny), K. O'Higgins (Dublin County), Peter Hughes (Louth), J. Murphy (Louth), E. J. Duggan (Meath), E. Blythe (Monaghan), J. McGrath (North Mayo), Philip Cosgrave (Dublin South), Eoin MacNeill (National University), M. Hayes (National University), W. Magennis (National University), G. M. Byrne (Wicklow), Patrick Duffy (Monaghan), D. McCarthy (Dublin South), P. S. Doyle (Dublin South), Sean McGarry (Dublin North), Margaret O'Driscoll (Dublin North), Desmond Fitzgerald (Dublin County), Sean Milroy (Cavan), J. J. Walsh (Cork), Eoin MacNeill (Clare), A. O'Rahilly (Cork City), P. J. Hogan (Galway), P. O'Maille (Galway), J. F. Gibbons (Carlow-Kilkenny), Richard Hayes (Limerick), Michael Hayes (Dublin South), M. J. Derham (Dublin County), F. Bulfin (Leix-Offaly), Francis Cahill (Dublin North), P. Egan (Leix-Ocaly), James Ledden (Limerick), Finian Lynch (Kerry), G. Wolfe (Kildare), J. A. Bourke (Tipperary), H. Coyle (Mayo North), O. Grattan Esmonde (Wexford), P. W. Shaw (Longford-Westmeath), M. J. Hennessy (East Cork), J. M. Curtain (Tipperary), L. J. Dalton (Tipperary), S. R. Bourke (Tipperary), J. P. Nolan (Limerick), A. McCabe (Sligo-Leitrim), J. W. Dolan (Sligo-Leitrim), J. Carter (Sligo-Leitrim), J. Hennegan (Sligo-Leitrim), G. Nicholls (Galway), J. Broderick (Galway), H. J. Finlay (Roscommon), A. Lavin (Roscommon), William Sears (South Mayo), O. Connolly (West Cork), J. Prior (West Cork), J. McBride (South Mayo), P. J. Ward (Donegal), E. Doherty (Donegal), P. McFadden (Donegal), P. J. McGoldrick (Donegal), M. Nally (South Mayo), Prof. O'Sullivan (Kerry), T. Crowley (Kerry).

Republicans—44: P. J. Rutledge (North Mayo), Frank Aiken (Louth), Constance de Markievicz (Dublin South), P. McCarvill (Monaghan), P. Smith (Cavan), B. de Valera (Clare), Daniel Corkery (North Cork), H. C. Mellows (Galway), F. Fahy (Galway), Charles Murphy (Dublin South), Mrs. Caitlin Brugha (Waterford), Dr. Kathleen Lynn (County Dublin), Sean O'Kelly (Dublin North), E. O'Malley (Dublin North), Miss Mary MacSwiney (Cork City), J. McGuinness (Leix-Offaly), L. Brady (Leix-Offaly), M. Shelley (Carlow-Kilkenny), Austin Stack (Kerry), Sean Carroll (Limerick), R. Lambert (Wexford), J. Ryan (Wexford), Daniel Breen (Tipperary), Dr. J. Crowley (Mayo North), Dr. Byrne (Longford-Westmeath), J. J. Killeen (Longford-Westmeath), David Kent (East Cork), P. Ryan (Tipperary), James Colbert (Limerick), F. Carty (Sligo-Leitrim), S. O'Farrell (Sligo-Leitrim), M. McGowan (Sligo-Leitrim), Brian O'Higgins (Clare), J. McEllistram (Kerry), L. E. O'Dea (Galway), Count Plunkett (Roscommon), G. Boland (Roscommon), T. Maguire (South Mayo), J. Buckley (West Cork), P. O'Donnell (Donegal), J. Doherty (Donegal), M. Kilroy (South Mayo), T. O'Donohue (Kerry), P. Cahill (Kerry).

Independents.—16: E. H. Alton (Dublin University), W. Thrift (Dublin University), Sir J. Craig (Dublin University), A. Byrne (Dublin North), J. J. Cole (Cavan), Myles Keogh (Dublin South), H. Beamish (Cork City), W. Hewat (Dublin North), A. O'Shaughnessy (Cork City), J. Good (Dublin County), Bryan Cooper (Dublin County), D. Figgis (Dublin County), Captain Redmond, D.S.O. (Waterford), J. Lyon (Longford-Westmeath), Major J. S. Myles (Donegal), J. Cosgrave (Galway).

Farmers.—14: R. Wilson (Wicklow), P. J. Mulvaney (Meath), P. F. Baxter (Cavan), D. Gorey (Carlow-Kilkenny), D. Vaughan (North Cork), J. Conlan (Kildare), P. R. McKenna (Longford-Westmeath), M. Doyle (Wexford), N. Wall (Waterford), P. K. Hogan (Limerick), M. H. Heffernan (Tipperary), Conor Hogan (Clare), J. J. O'Donovan (West Cork), J. White (Donegal).

Labor.—16: J. Everett (Wicklow), D. Hall (Meath), E. Doyle (Carlow-Kilkenny), H. Colohan (Kildare), T. Nagle (North Cork), W. Davin (Leix-Offaly), T. Johnson (Dublin County), R. Corish (Wexford), J. Butler (Waterford), John Davy (East Cork), P. Clancy (Limerick), J. Lyons (I.L.) (Longford-Westmeath), D. Morrissey (Tip-

perary), T. J. O'Connell (Galway), P. Hogan (Clare), T. J. Murphy (West Cork).

Will Mr. de Valera change his tactics and declare his intention of presenting himself at the first meeting of the Dail, ready to take the Oath—"under protest" and "with reservations," no doubt, but still in proper legal form? If he had only 15, 20, or 25 followers, the idea might not present itself attractively to his mind. With so meagre a force he could not hope to "embarrass the Government" very seriously. But the temptation to utilise this unexpected strength in the arena where it can be most effectively employed will probably appeal to a man of his intense devotion to dialectical warfare; if his own view is not overborne by forces beyond his control, the temptation may prove irresistible. For the moment the senior member for Clare and many of his elected supporters are prisoners in the hands of the Government; some of them are "on the run." Can the Government defend themselves before the other Parliamentary sections if they keep elected representatives of the people in detention—following the example set by the Northern Government in the case of a prisoner duly elected to membership of the Imperial Parliament? And if the prisoners who have been made T.D.'s by the votes of the electorate are released, can 12,000 or 13,000 others be logically or justly, held in bondage? It seems evident that Mr. de Valera can make his own release and that of all the prisoners a matter of State necessity by taking his place in the Dail Eireann as senior representative of Clare County. If—and when—he advances the proposition, vehement antagonism will be offered by the "Irreconcilables" in his own camp—for there are Republican *intransigents* amongst those elected, though a majority are, perhaps, only theoretical enthusiasts for that particular form of government. But it is quite impossible to do more than indicate the possibilities of any situation when the human factors in a position to influence its development are unstable, uncertain, and, to a great extent, servants of circumstances beyond their personal control. We want at this early stage to emphasise the fact that the unexpected strength of the Republican element in the next Dail—a strength on which the members of the Government; least of all President Cosgrave and his companions on the journey to Geneva, did not calculate for a moment—may effect the future of the Free State and of the country altogether in directions wholly unforeseen a short time ago.

Irish-Americans are divided as to the wisdom of the Free State's claim for admission to the League of Nations. One journal, bitterly opposed to the project, writes:—"There are no benefits in sight, but many disadvantages that are quite apparent. To pay £10,000 a year for the privilege of joining a body absolutely controlled by England, and which does nothing except what England wants, would be imposing a heavy and wholly unnecessary burden on a people who are now confronted by the problem of paying the cost of the destruction wrought by de Valera, amounting to £50,000,000. England wants the Free State in the League for her own purposes, not for Ireland's, and the 'international recognition' would be for a Partitioned Ireland, not for Ireland a Nation. The League of Nations will only recognise the Free State as part of the British Empire, whose integrity is guaranteed by Article X. of the Covenant." Ireland's influence—slight as it may be—on the trend of American opinion regarding the League of Nations is evidently dreaded by this Irish-American paper, and by many Americans who are not Irish, but who are uncompromising supporters of the principle that their country shall hold aloof from "European entanglements." But another Irish-American organ published in Chicago takes a different view—while maintaining the American policy of isolation. It says: "That Ireland's action in entering the League will weaken Irish-American opposition to it is equally groundless, for they are first and before all else concerned with America and her interests, and no action on the part of the Free State would weaken this opposition. That Ireland as a member of the League may become a potential enemy of America is a mere assertion. She will never go back on America. She owes her tag much."

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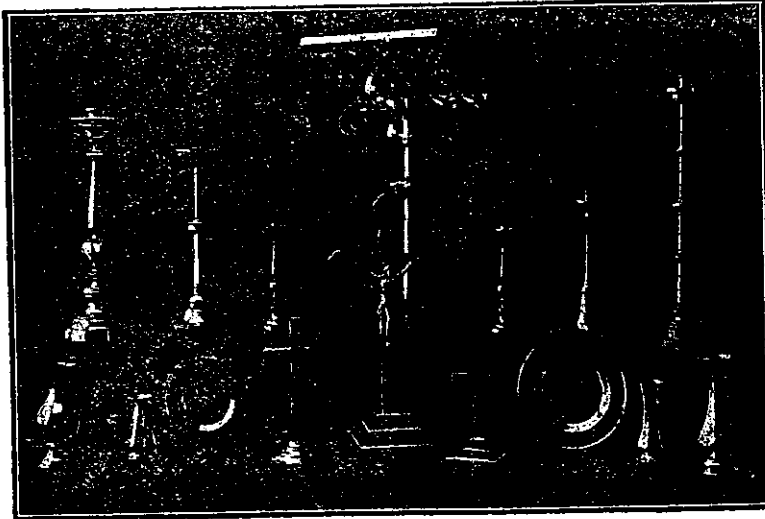
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WEDDING BELLS

COX—TAYLOR.

The wedding was solemnised, recently, at the Catholic Church, Templeton, by Rev. Father O'Hare, assisted by Rev. Father Leen, of John William, second son of Mr. J. Cox, Melbourne, and Hilda Irene, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Taylor. The church was beautifully decorated by girl friends of the bride. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father, wore a handsome gown of the palest champagne crepe-de-Chine and charmeuse satin, with overdress of silk radium lace, trimmed with pearls, and finished with a large satin rose. The beautifully hand-embroidered veil was effectively arranged with silver leaves and a spray of orange blossom which had been worn by her mother at her wedding. She carried a bouquet of freesias, Christmas roses, and maiden-hair fern, with streamers to match the gown. Miss Gladys Taylor, sister of the bride, attended as bridesmaid. She wore apricot crepe-de-Chine, trimmed with satin of the same shade, and a black satin and lace hat, and carried a bouquet of narcissi, violets, and white heather, with streamers of pale lavender. Mr. Henry Cox, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor entertained about fifty guests at the Templeton Hall, where the wedding breakfast was served. At the breakfast an opportunity was taken to present Mr. and Mrs. Cox with a beautiful oak-framed picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus from the parish priest and members of the congregation on the occasion of the first Nuptial Mass in their new church. The newly-wedded couple left in the afternoon by motor, *en route* for Dunedin, for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a nigger brown tailor-made costume, lemon-silk jumper, brown shoes and stockings, and a smart panne velvet toque, worked in Egyptian embroidery.

McCORMACK—FORD.

The wedding was solemnised, recently, at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, Christchurch, of James Frederick, third son of Mr. J. McCormack, Bealey Avenue, and Marie, third daughter of Mrs. M. Ford, Bishop Street, St. Albans, Christchurch. Rev. Father Stewart, S.M. (assisted by Rev. Father Murphy, Hawarden) officiated, and celebrated Nuptial Mass. Miss Kitty O'Connor presided at the organ and Miss Mary O'Connor sang an "Ave Maria" during the ceremony. The bride, who was escorted to the altar by her brother, Mr. P. G. Ford, wore a beautiful draped gown of white brocaded satin, with large pearl and silver ornament finished with a cascade of pearls at one side. Similar cabochons held at the shoulders the long court train of ivory brocade, which was lined with rucked maize-colored georgette, and ornamented with a pearl horse-shoe and sprays of orange-blossom. The tulle bridal veil, embroidered in Limerick work by Miss Kitty O'Connor, a friend of the bride, fell from a coronet of pearls and orange blossom, and the shower bouquet of hothouse flowers was finished with ribbon streamers. Two bridesmaids, Miss Peggy Ford, the bride's sister, and Miss Maizie McCormack, the bridegroom's sister, were in attendance. The former wore a dainty maize georgette frock, with petal skirt falling over an under-flounce of silver lace, and a trail of silver roses defining the waist. Her becoming hat had the crown of maize-colored flowers and the brim of silver lace, and her bouquet was of heliotrope flowers. Miss McCormack's frock was of rich white satin, with lace berthe and streamers of heliotrope, and mauve ribbon on the skirt. Her hat, of shirred heliotrope georgette, had a crown of heliotrope flowers and maize and heliotrope streamers. Her bouquet toned exactly with her hat. Little Marie Toner, the bride's niece, in a frock of silver tissue, veiled in tulle, and a silver lace Dutch bonnet, was a winsome little flower-girl. Mr. Robert McCormack was his brother's best man, and Mr. T. Ford was groomsman. Immediately after the ceremony at the church the bride's mother held a reception at the Winter Gardens. When the newly-wedded couple left for their wedding tour, the bride wore a navy serge costume, with

black braid stitched with white, navy horsehair hat with satin brim and navy and white trimming, and a handsome white fox stole, the gift of the bridegroom.

FITZGERALD—LEO.

On July 25, at St. Joseph's Church, New Plymouth, a quiet wedding was solemnised by Rev. Father Nicholas Moore, parish priest of Eltham and Kaponga, when Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald, only son of Mrs. and the late Daniel Fitzgerald, of Kaponga, was married to Miss Dora Leo, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Leo, of Waverley. The bride, who was escorted to the altar by her brother (Mr. Jack Leo, of Waverley), was attired in a rich white satin frock trimmed with silver lace and dainty bead trimming. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and exquisitely trimmed veil, and carried a beautiful bouquet of spring flowers. The bridesmaid (Miss Winnie Leo) was dressed in a smart frock of orange marocain and black silk hat, and carried a bouquet of spring flowers. Mr. J. Bourke, of Christchurch, was best man. The bride and bridegroom and their relations were entertained at a reception held by Miss Verdon (aunt of the bride) at "Kawaroa Bungalow," New Plymouth. Rev. Father Moore, in his usual happy style, congratulated the bride and bridegroom on the auspicious occasion. The newly-wedded couple left by car for the Hawke's Bay district where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's travelling costume was of saxe blue cloth with hat to match.

Catholic Progress at Kaponga

Another milestone has been reached in the progress of the Catholics of Kaponga (writes a correspondent). The Sisters of the Missions who, for the past two years, have been teaching in Kaponga, are now permanently established here, and have opened a beautiful little chapel. The ceremony of blessing and opening, which was performed by Rev. Father James Moore, in the unavoidable absence of the parish priest, Rev. Father N. Moore. During the Mass some delightfully harmonised and appropriate Latin hymns were sung by the Sisters and their pupils. The Rev. Mother Provincial (who was at the time visiting the houses of the Order in Taranaki) and several visiting Sisters were present on the occasion. Ladies of the parish were privileged to be present in the chapel, while a number of gentlemen were in the sanctuary. The furnishing of the chapel is mainly gifts from friends and ex-pupils of the Sisters. The chapel itself is the schoolroom in which the Sisters taught while awaiting the erection of the present beautiful and commodious school, which is the admiration of all who see it. The number of pupils on the roll when the Sisters began teaching was 21, while the average number of to-day is 68.

Valedictory to Rev. Father A. Doherty Palmerston North

A large gathering of parishioners, together with Rev. Fathers McManus and Doolaghty, assembled under the auspices of the Franciscan Tertiaries at the Friendly Society's Hall the other night. The object of the gathering was to say farewell to the Rev. Father A. Doherty who was recently transferred to Kilbirnie, Wellington. A high-class musical programme was rendered, with an especially appropriate poem recited gracefully by Miss Rosemary Tottman. Speeches eulogising the untiring zeal, many excellent qualities, and the successful ministry of Father Doherty, particularly on his direction of the Third Order of St. Francis, were delivered. Father Doherty responded most eloquently, thanking especially the Franciscan Tertiaries, acolytes, and all kind friends. He regretted the parting from their midst, and said the memory of their generous co-operation will ever remain with him. He would like Palmerston North to be known everywhere as a "generous town," as such it is. A dainty supper was served under the direction of Mesdames E. M. Hunt (hon. secretary), Bahout, and McLeod. Presentations of a purse of sovereigns, roll of notes, album, and an enlarged photograph of the premier Convent school football team, were made on behalf of the Franciscan Tertiaries, parishioners, and school children. Hearty cheers were given for Father Doherty and the function closed with the singing of "a popular chorus" and "Auld Lang Syne."

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He asked that collectors continue their efforts in the good work, and keep on sending. The stamps prove a great source of revenue for the missions, and every parcel is received with gratitude. If the name of the sender is enclosed, an acknowledgement is sent by Rev. Father Schoonjans.

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Catholic World

FRENCH PRELATE FOR MOROCCO.

A Papal decree of July this year (says *Catholic News Service*, London) has erected French Morocco into a separate Apostolic Vicariate, whose limits conform to the political boundaries of the French Zone. The ecclesiastical title of the new jurisdiction is the Vicariate Apostolic of Rabat.

Hitherto both French and Spanish Catholics in Morocco have been under the jurisdiction of a Spanish Vicar Apostolic. But France has agitated, and at last the Holy See has granted the French wishes.

The Pontifical Brief confides the spiritual interests of the new Vicariate to Friars Minor of French nationality. An Apostolic Bull, promulgated at the same time, confers the title of titular Bishop of Orthosia and the charge of the Vicariate on Father Columban-Marie Dreyer, Procurator-General of the Franciscan Missions at Paris, who has been consecrated to the episcopate by Cardinal Dubois at the convent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in Paris.

PROPOSED NEW CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

The establishment of a Catholic Council of Foreign Relations is proposed by the fraternal order of the Knights of St. Columba, for the purpose of facilitating exchange of information between Catholics of different countries. The proposal, made at a session of the Knights held in Birmingham University, follows along lines advocated by many Catholic societies in Continental Europe, and is one more evidence of the desire felt by Catholics to get together to safeguard civilisation. Material for the formation of such a council is ready to hand, and as many distinguished visitors from European countries pointed out, it is only the co-ordination of these various existing agencies that is needed to bring the entire Catholic world into a solid unity.

FRENCH PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

The French National Pilgrimage to Lourdes this year, which was more largely attended than for some time past, reports two cures of a very remarkable nature. In one case, an elderly woman, who was taken to Lourdes in a semi-conscious condition, and who for five months has been kept alive only by morphine injections, suddenly sat up in bed and declared that she was cured.

The other case is that of a young woman, a sufferer from spinal trouble, who for many months has lain in Paris supported in a plaster wrapping. After being taken down to the waters and placed therein, this patient, to the amazement of her friends, immediately arose and walked from the Grotto to the hospital of Our Lady of Lourdes.

These cures are verified by the bureau at Lourdes; but there are many other instances of cures not so verified, but which are reliably declared to have been wrought.

GREEKS WILL ACCEPT GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

After much discussion the Greek Orthodox Church is to follow in line with the Greek Government, and adopt the Gregorian Calendar. This will put an end to much confusion that would have followed had the Orthodox kept to their plan, which was to stick to the Old Style, although in secular affairs the Gregorian Calendar has been adopted.

The whole question was recently discussed at the Pan-Orthodox Congress at Constantinople. The Ecumenical Patriarch was agreeable to accepting the change, and so were the Orthodox Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Alexandria. So it is now merely a question of arrangement with the Metropolitan of Athens.

This change will mean that the Orthodox will keep Easter on the same day as the Roman and Greek Catholics, the Anglicans, and the other Christian Churches which observe the Paschal festival according to the Western computation.

The change from the Old Style to the Gregorian Calendar was made some months ago by the Greek Government.

But the Orthodox at first refused to change, and had they persisted the utmost religious confusion would have followed with nobody knowing exactly when the feast of Easter occurred.

GAELIC CENTRE FOR SCOTLAND.

The little island of Iona, that lies snugly off the west coast of Scotland and is the cradle of Christianity in the Northern Kingdom, is to be the seat of a Gaelic college, which is to be founded for the restoration of the Gaelic language, literature, and culture.

It was the Irishman, St. Columba, who first brought Christianity to Scotland. Exiled from his native land, he was bidden to seek a home where the shores of Ireland would not be visible. And setting out, he reached Iona, where he founded a monastery which was the centre for the evangelisation of the North.

Iona is not Gaelic-speaking territory, though at some of the outlying farms both Gaelic and English are spoken. But the language is not general. In other islands of the diocese of Argyle and the Isles Gaelic is the only language spoken, particularly in some of the more northerly islands, where the people have never lost the Faith and the Reformation has never penetrated even at this day.

The new Gaelic college on Iona will be under secular auspices. There are no Catholics on the island and only three or four Anglicans. The people are mostly Presbyterians, divided up into the opposite factions of Free and Established, which is not so much a matter of doctrine as of enjoying or not enjoying the ancient endowments that were filched from the Catholic Church by the Scottish Reformers.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

M. Richard Eaton, who has been visiting Russia as the special correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, declares that the religious persecution in Russia continues unabated, in spite of the protestations of the Bolsheviks. Writing since his release from prison, M. Eaton says in his paper:

Three days after my arrival in Moscow, in spite of the permission given to me to stay two months in that city, I was imprisoned by the Cheka (espionage agency), which kept me for 48 hours in a black hole, solely because I was a newspaper correspondent. I was not freed until three weeks later, and then only following a secret message sent by a liberated prisoner.

Whilst in prison I learned the details of the anti-religious campaign, which is redolent of Oriental cruelty. After the liberation of the Patriarch Tikhon, the Bolsheviks carried out reprisals which are comparable only to the persecution of the Christians by the Roman Emperors. The Bolsheviks are afraid of the eventual influence of the Patriarch Tikhon, and they are plotting the extermination of the ancient Church. Four hundred priests were exiled to Archangel, where they are sure to die of sickness or cold, since they have neither money nor proper clothing. Three hundred priests and all the archbishops and bishops, except eight, are imprisoned, accused of counter-revolutionary activities.

I saw in the most deplorable conditions, old priests who had devoted all their lives to the service of others, sleeping on the bare ground in a miserable hovel. All they get is half a pound of black bread and some soup twice a day. Most of them are over sixty years of age. One of them who had been in a faint for more than half an hour was refused admittance to the hospital. At the daily exercise if they do not march sufficiently quickly, they are beaten by their guards and flung headlong into their cells. Yet their faith is remarkable.

I spoke with the only person who has had access to Archbishop Cieplak. For six months he has been imprisonment in a tiny cell. He is never allowed to go out, and all he gets is black bread and water.

Nor are these religious persecutions limited to ecclesiastics. All civil servants are forbidden to go to Mass, and one of my comrades, a Soviet civil servant of importance, was put into prison for having dared to attend Mass. The Last Sacraments are forbidden both in the hospitals and in the prisons, while religious instruction is also forbidden, even in the family. Half the churches in Moscow have been closed, while a third of the priests languish in prison.

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Brown Rolls.

1 cupful of coarsely chopped figs, 12oz of self-raising flour, 1oz of butter, 1½oz of sugar, saltspoonful of salt, milk as required. Mix the dry ingredients up well, rubbing the butter lightly into the flour. Stir in the fruit, then mix into a stiff dough with milk. Take about a heaped tablespoonful of dough, and with the hands form into a roll, with the fig inside. When all the dough is used up, brush the rolls with the milk, put into a lightly greased tin, and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes or a little longer.

Cheese Souffle.

Melt 2 tablespoonsful of butter, add three tablespoonsful of flour, and when well blended add gradually half a cupful of scalded milk. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, and a quarter of a cupful of grated cheese. When smooth remove from the fire and add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Cool the mixture, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs. Pour into a buttered pudding-dish and bake for 20 minutes in a slow oven. Serve quickly before it has fallen.

Pineapple Custard.

Cut a medium-sized fine ripe pineapple into small pieces and cook it in a preserving pan with two cupsful of sugar and one cupful of water. Let it just simmer until the syrup is thick and rich. Strain three cupsful of scalded milk over the well-beaten yolks of four eggs and stir over the fire until it is thick and creamy. Pour it into a bowl and when partially cooled mix with it the pineapple and syrup. Let get quite cold, then fold lightly in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs and serve. Garnish with a few fine crystallized cherries dipped in powdered sugar.

Butter Icing.

Many people like a butter icing which will keep moist. For this, use the following: One-third cupful butter, 1½ cupsful confectioner's or icing sugar. Beat and add flavor, or strong coffee drop by drop, until of spreading consistency. Icing may also be made by using the white of eggs and confectioner's sugar. Beat the eggs slightly and add the sugar very gradually, until of spreading consistency; add the flavor, beating all the time. This icing, made quite stiff, may be forced through a pastry tube for ornamenting cakes. It may be colored with the various vegetable colorings.

Cookery Hints.

Flour raisins before adding them to a mixture to prevent them sinking to the bottom.

Always pour boiling water over currants and raisins before adding them to cakes or puddings; this makes them go farther.

Half the usual quantity of sugar used in preparing rhubarb will be sufficient if a pinch of bicarbonate is added to the fruit a short time before serving.

A fork should never be stuck into a steak or chop when frying or grilling, as it lets the juice out.

To remove fat from hot soup, pour the soup through a cloth that has been saturated in cold water.

As new flour is not so good as old for cooking, it is better to buy a large quantity at a time and store it.

When boiling a ham leave it in the water in which it has been boiled until quite cold. This will make it juicy and tender.

It is a good plan when cooking to take one of the oven shelves and place it on top of the stove. Once the iron plate is thoroughly heated one set of gas jets will serve to keep several pans boiling.

When frying fish, if it is dipped in milk and then in flour or breadcrumbs it will brown quite as well as though first dipped in egg.

If you want to bake potatoes, but do not want them to take long in cooking, boil for 15 minutes before putting them into the oven. They will be far more floury than if cooked altogether in the oven, and take quite a short time to bake.

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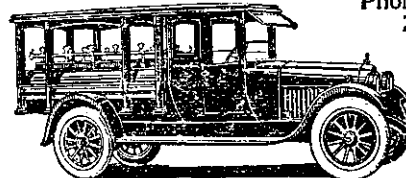
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

There was a large yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week, 278 head being brought forward. Included in this entry were some pens of very prime bullocks, but as usual they were of mixed variety, a fair proportion of the yarding consisting of unfinished steers. There were very few prime cows and heifers forward, the number of these being much less than usual. Owing to the large supply prices eased to the extent of from 15s per head all over. Extra prime bullocks £21 10s, prime £15 to £18, medium £12 10s to £14 15s, light and unfinished £9 10s to £11 5s, prime cows and heifers £9 10s to £10, medium £7 to £8 5s, old and inferior £5 to £6 15s. Fat Sheep.—A small yarding resulted, only 1633 being offered. There were very few fat ewes on hand, practically all the yarding being composed of medium to good wethers, and owing to the short supply prices showed a general rise of about 1s to 1s 6d per head. Extra prime wethers brought up to 60s 6d, prime wethers from 54s to 58s, medium 46s to 51s, light and unfinished 36s upwards, prime ewes 38s to 41s, medium 34s to 37s, light from 30s to 33s. Fat Lambs.—There was a small yarding, only nine coming forward for last week's sale. These were good quality, and after keen competition they realised from 35s to 45s. Pigs.—A medium yarding, all classes being represented. Competition was brisk and prices advanced considerably, both baconers and porkers being fully 5s per head dearer. Prime baconers realised about 7½d and prime porkers about 9d per lb.

At the Addington yards last week there were good entries in all classes. Beef showed an improvement on the previous week, but fat sheep were easier by about 2s per head, and the store sheep market was weaker. Fat Lambs.—There were 114 penned. A good sale eventuated, prices being from 27s to 42s 6d. Fat Sheep.—There was a heavy yarding of 10 full races, and lower values. Graziers bought a proportion of lighter sheep. Best wether mutton 7¾d to 8d, best ewe 7¼d to 7½d, secondary wether 7¼d, secondary ewe 7d to 7¼d. Extra prime wethers 49s to 54s, a few special 58s 6d, prime wethers 43s 6d to 47s, medium wethers 40s to 43s, light wethers 35s 6d to 39s, extra prime ewes 37s to 40s, medium ewes 32s to 36s, light ewes 27s 6d to 31s 6d, prime shorn wethers 35s to 40s 6d, prime shorn ewes 33s 3d. Fat Cattle.—There were 370 penned. A keen sale resulted, and prices improved by up to 15s per head; prime ox made 48s per 100lb, prime 43s to 46s, medium 39s 6d to 42s 6d, light 37s to 39s, rough down to 25s, extra prime steers £22 to £24 10s, prime £17 10s to £21, medium £14 to £17 5s, light £9 to £13 10s, extra prime heifers £15 to £19 2s 6d, prime £11 10s to £14, ordinary £9 to £11, light £6 to £8 10s, extra prime cows £14 to £15 10s, prime £10 15s to £13 10s, ordinary £7 10s to £10 10s. Vealers.—A small entry. Anything good sold at an advance on late rates. Runners realised £6, good vealers £4 10s to £5 10s, medium calves £2 10s to £4, small 10s to £1 10s. Fat Pigs.—There was a larger entry, porkers being easier and baconers firm. Choppers brought from £4 to £10, light baconers £4 to £4 10s, heavy £4 5s to £4 15s, extra heavy £5 15s—average price per lb 7d to 8d, light porkers £2 10s to £2 15s, heavy £2 17s 6d to £3 2s—average price per lb 8½d to 9½d.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Sheep Farming on Native-Grass Pasturage

(Contributed.)
CRUTCHING.

Crutching, as the name implies, consists in the shearing of the wool around the teats, the inside of the hind legs, and then a semicircle round the buttocks of the sheep. The object of it is to keep the sheep in a greater state of cleanliness. It is also an economical operation. The wool thus shorn is picked up, packed, and sold at the crutching sales, where it realises, as a rule, considerably more than the cost of the operation. Where sheep are left uncrutched usually a great deal of daggs accumulate round the hind-quarters, particularly in wet seasons, and on the low-lying land where there is a plenitude of feed. If allowed

to get into a dirty state and dagged from time to time, the daggs removed are almost valueless, and a greater amount of labor will be entailed in the end, to say nothing of the risk of strike from blow-fly during warm weather. The average cost of the operation is from four to five shillings per hundred sheep. Such sheep as are intended for sale before the latter part of the spring undoubtedly present a better appearance to the public eye if left uncrutched. A good covering of wool about the hind-quarters gives them a more full, well-turned appearance, and for this reason, if such sheep are not breeding ewes, it is preferable to leave them uncrutched. The daggs, however, must be removed.

Wethers should be shorn round the "button"; too much wool about that organ frequently causes scald and subsequent inflammation, particularly in warm weather.

As a rule sheep are crutched when the rams are taken out from the ewes at the end of the mating season. Some defer it as late as they can safely do so, without injury to the in-lamb ewes, in order to have them as clean as possible at the lambing time. If left too late the rough handling involved in the operation may injure both the ewe and her offspring. The wool immediately in front of the teats should be removed in order to facilitate the access of the lamb to the udder.

FOOT-ROT.

On hill country comparatively few sheep will be affected with this evil if cross-breeds compose the flocks. For a few isolated cases hand dressing with a foot-rot remedy will be as convenient and economical as any other method. However, as the trouble may be, unwittingly, introduced among the flock by outside purchases, it is well to have a small pen laid down in concrete in front of the alley in the sheep yard. Round the outer margin of this pen a rim of concrete should be raised—1½d to 2in will suffice—so that the pen may be made to contain the liquid used as the remedy for foot-rot. First pare the feet of all affected sheep; detached horn will never again unite to the sole of the dressed foot but will only induce the growth of the foot-rot fungus. Then put about 1in deep of liquid dressing in the pen; drive in the sheep and let them stand till the feet are well saturated with the remedy. Then let them out and bring in another lot and treat them in the same way, and so on till all have passed through.

Bluestone dissolved in water makes a good dressing. Several kinds of sheep dip and other antiseptics are also used for this purpose. Arsenic and Stockholm tar are also good. Many kinds of foot-rot cure are on sale ready made up. Butyr of antimony diluted with water is good for very bad cases, but it is rather severe on sheep. It should only be used as a hand-dressing. I am aware that most farmers use a foot-rot trough instead of a pen for putting the sheep through in large numbers. The reason for which I prefer the pen is that the sheep's feet are more likely to become thoroughly saturated with the preparation if allowed to stand in it for a few moments than when they are permitted to run through.

As a permanent cure can hardly be expected from one dressing, infected sheep should be put through the liquid at least two or three times at intervals of a few days. On wet, low-lying lands many farmers find it necessary to put their flocks through at regular intervals, both as a cure for the infected and as a preventative for the remainder, for this evil is undoubtedly contagious. Foot-rot is more prevalent in very wet or very dry seasons. Sandy river beds or newly-ploughed ground have a good effect on bad feet.

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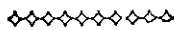
IN COUNTRY LANES.

O, country lanes, white-starred with bloom,
Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
And part before my eager feet—
Could I forever dwell with you,
Letting the old, mad world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often in the crowded street,
I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel once more your soft breeze soothe
My weary heart and tired brain.
Always above the city's din,
Above the clink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild bird's ringing note,
I catch the scent of a leaf-stirred mould.

Your grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
Your hawthorne drops her fragrant rain;
I am a child once more, and dream
That Heaven here hides, O flower-starred lane!

—FLORENCE JONES HADLEY.



A GENTLEMAN.

Let no boy think he can be a gentleman by the clothes he wears, by the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, and honorable. By being civil and courteous, and finally, above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.



AT MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION.

Two very common erroneous customs at Mass and Holy Communion were recently pointed out by Father William Thompson in a sermon preached at the Church of the Holy Ghost, Balham, England. They are (1) The practice of bowing down and covering the eyes at the Consecration and Elevation, and (2) Closing the eyes at the very moment the priest turns round with the ciborium and says: "Ecce Agnus Dei," and keeping them closed immediately before receiving the Sacred Host. According to Father Thompson, both those customs had grown up out of a false kind of reverence, and were plainly contrary to the mind of the Church. The object of the Elevation was, as the rubric in the Missal directs the priests, that the Blessed Sacrament should be shown to the people.

To correct the error referred to, Pius X. had granted an indulgence for looking up at each Elevation and saying, "My Lord and my God." A beautiful custom prevailed in the West of Ireland, where the whole congregation said as they looked up at the Sacred Species:

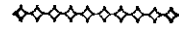
"A thousand welcomes, Lord."

The time to bow down was when the priest genuflected.

As regards the second point, it was plainly contrary, not only to the Church's intention, but also to ordinary commonsense, to look down and close the eyes when the priest said, "Behold the Lamb of God." The Church had granted an indulgence for looking at the Sacred Host immediately before reception. If the eyes were closed at all before reception, it should be at the "Domine non sum dignus."

It was, of course, important to observe the "custody of the eyes" very strictly at the time of Holy Communion, but to close them when about to receive, instead of gazing

at the Host, was incompatible with an attitude of adoration. To go to Holy Communion with the eyes shut might be advocated by some pious writers, but not by the Church. —Exchange.



EXAGGERATING TRIFLES.

You can always take a man's measure by the way in which little annoyances and petty exactions affect him. If he exaggerates them, talks a great deal about them, spends valuable time fussing over them, you know that he is not a big-souled man.

The habit of making a fuss over a little thing, of exaggerating the importance of what, to great characters, would be but a trifling annoyance, is not only indicative of smallness and narrowness of nature, but is also demoralising and weakening.

The really large man will not allow himself to be troubled by trifles. If he wants to go anywhere, he does not make a great ado because it rains, is hot, is muddy, or because he "does not feel like it." This would be too small, too picayune for the broad, large-minded character.

Some people are upset by the least obstructions thrown in their path. They "go all to pieces" over somebody's blunder—over a stenographer's mistake or a clerk's error. Large natures rise above such trifles.

Some men do splendidly when they have the encouragement of good business, the tonic of good times; but when business is dull and goods remain on the shelves unsold, or they have any little discord in their home, they are all upset. They are like children, they need to be encouraged all the time, for they cannot work under discouragement.

I have seen men lose their temper and waste energy swearing at a knot in a shoe-string, or something else just as insignificant. The foolish or ill-tempered have no range in their scale. Small, irritating things come to and "tag" us all; but the only way to conquer them is simply to smile and "pass them up." —Exchange.



CAN YOU TELL?

What is that which travels all the time and is all the time in the same place? The clock's pendulum.

What is it that stands on one leg and has its heart in its head? A cabbage.

Which can travel faster—a man with only one sack of flour on his back, or a man with two sacks on his back? The man with two sacks, because they are empty.

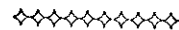
What is the most wonderful acrobatic feat? For a man to revolve in his mind.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier? One asking him to dinner and dessert.

What four letters would frighten a thief? O I C U (Oh I see you).

Why is an egg overdone like an egg underdone? Because it is hardly done.

What is that which works when it plays and plays when it works? A fountain.



THANKSGIVING.

I wish that I could capture all the charm
Of bounteous blossoms rare,
And gather all the loveliness of dells
With dazzling splendor fair.
I would that I might snatch the birdlings' songs
Which flood the morning air,
Or wrest the majesty of thundering oak
And grace of birches, where
A silver brook laps softly at their feet
In humble service there.
I'd like to catch the moonlight's golden glow
Aquivering, unaware
Of all its haunting softness through the night.
And then I'd boldly dare
To place them at Your Feet in gratitude—
A glad thanksgiving prayer.

—MARGARET L. CUNNINGHAM.

THE CONSTABLE'S JOB.

Few persons in Pine Top had ever seen a motor-car; and when a big car stopped for a few minutes in the isolated village, the curious inhabitants gazed at it with a mixture of fear and awe. The owner, who had entered the general store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark:—

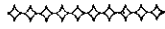
"I'll bet it's a man-killer."

"Sure," assented another.

"Look at the number on the back. That shows how many people it's run over. That's accordin' to law. Now, if that fellow was to run over anybody here in Pine Top, it would be our duty to telegraph that number—1344—to the next town."

"And what would they do?"

"Why, the constable would stop him and change his number to 1345."



HOMEWORK MADE EASY.

"Put down," said the little fellow, reading from a book, "ten pounds of sugar at sevenpence a pound, four pounds of coffee at two shillings a pound, two pounds of butter at two shillings a pound, and two cakes of soap at sixpence each."

"I've got them down," said the grocer, looking up from his pad.

"How much does it come to?" asked the lad.

The man ran up the column.

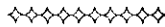
"Eighteen-and-tenpence," he announced. "Hurry up, son."

"And if I was to give you a pound note, how much change would I get?"

"One-and-twopence," said the grocer, impatiently.

"Come on, I'm in a hurry."

"Oh, I didn't want to buy them," said the boy, as he made for the door. "That's our arithmetic lesson for to-morrow, an' I couldn't work it."



SMILE-RAISERS.

He: "Do you know, Miss Dolly, I—er—'hem!—"

She: "Oh, fancy that! You ought to join our sewing class."



Mother (leaving Egyptian room in the British Museum): "What did you think of it, dear?"

Dorothy: "Well, it was all right, but I don't see why there were so many mummies and no daddies."



A man was reading a magazine when he looked up and remarked that the editor should be more explicit.

"What is wrong?" asked his friend.

"Well, there is a notice here that contributions must be written on one side of the paper, but it doesn't say which side."



A newly-rich Jew, buying a piano, was concerned over the size of the instrument.

He impressed upon the salesman that it must be full-sized; the largest, in fact, that they manufactured.

"It's for a young and growing girl," he explained, "and I don't want to have to buy her another in a year or two."



A doctor called upon an exceedingly cranky patient, and was surprised to find scarcely any improvement in his condition.

"Why," he said, "what's the matter? Did you follow my prescription?"

"Not I," replied the man. "If I had, I would have broken my neck, for I threw the prescription out of the window."

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/- (post free) from BAXTER'S PHARMACY, Theatre Buildings—TIMARU.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

New White Metal.

Following the discovery of a non-tarnishable silver comes the news of a white metal which resists both tarnish and corrosion, and has a remarkably deep and brilliant lustre when polished.

The day appears to have come when the chemist, by skilfully alloying his metals, can make them resist the ravages of impure air produced by modern industrial conditions. The new white metal, which, it is stated, can be produced at a price within everybody's reach, has good casting qualities and is both malleable and ductile.

While not entirely unaffected by the atmosphere, the alloy should lessen the work of the housewife when employed in cutlery, and it may have important uses in engineering.

Wonders of Insulin: A Canadian Doctor's Remarkable Discovery.

Ever since medical records began to be kept, there have been written interminable histories of one disease in particular, affecting most frequently the flower of the race, the treatment of which has baffled successive generations of medical men.

Pathetic and hopeless in the extreme were those cases of young people, mostly between twenty and thirty years of age, who found themselves losing weight, becoming weaker day by day, their skin becoming harsh and dry, their tongues either black or raw and glazed, their bodies tormented by carbuncles or crops of boils, their mouths parched with unquenchable thirst. Early death was their inevitable doom. Such was for centuries the course of diabetes.

Inspired by a determination to make an end of this apparently unlimited succession of human misery, a young Toronto doctor got to work on a faint clue to the cure of this devastating disease. He made the Physiological Laboratory of the University of Toronto, with its wealth of scientific equipment, his headquarters, following up the clue with that youthful zeal which, tempered with scientific caution, accomplishes great things.

But there were formidable technical difficulties to be overcome. It had long been known that the cause of the excess of sugar in the blood (the essential feature of diabetes) was failure on the part of the pancreas, a large abdominal gland, to produce a sugar-storing juice, which prevents the blood from being flooded with sugar. This failure was caused by destruction of the pancreatic cells which should produce this juice. The obvious thing to do then was to obtain the pancreatic juice of, say, a sheep and use that as a substitute.

The Toronto scientist attempted to prepare extracts of sugar-storing juice from the sweetbreads of sheep and other animals. These extracts had to be made from certain little groups of cells, known as "islands," in the sweetbreads. But unfortunately these extracts were always destroyed by the digestive juices produced by other portions of the sweetbread.

Nothing daunted, our determined discoverer found that the active extract of which he was in quest could be obtained from the sweetbreads of very young animals, before the cells had started producing the juices which had always previously destroyed it.

With this extract the doctor treated one patient after another, and was at last able to demonstrate that, given by injection after every meal containing sugar or starch, the sugar in the blood was reduced almost to normal, the other symptoms abated, and recovery was speeded up. He had robbed a dread disease of all its terrors!

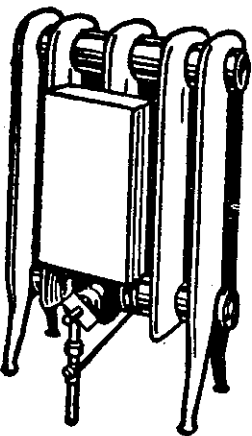
The technical difficulties of manufacturing this almost magical remedy on a large scale have now been overcome, and the product of entirely British manufacture is to-day available for distribution, and can be easily obtained by medical men.

Since, however, the remedy is a very potent one, and can be administered only by subcutaneous injection, considerable caution in its use is necessary, and control blood-sugar tests are desirable during the treatment.

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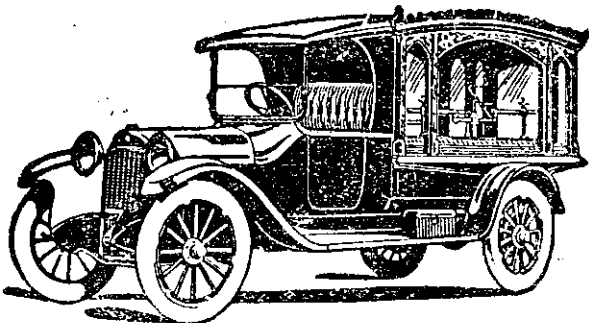
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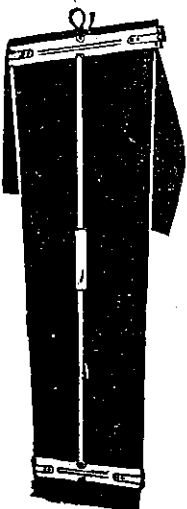
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