

AUCKLAND.

THE LATE MRS. ANNA M. BRADLEY.

THE late Mrs. Anna M. Bradley, whose loss we mourn, arrived in this Colony from Ireland in 1860, landing at Auckland, where she resided until the time of her death, on the 29th October, 1897.

She was a true and faithful daughter of the land of saints, loving God above all and her neighbour as herself. Her exemplary life—without ostentation—made her the beloved of all who knew her. Her thoughts were ever heavenward. She was a firm believer in religious education, and in the early days to encourage such, always offered some small prizes to the children attending the Catholic schools at examination time, such as prayer books, rosary beads, or medals for the good and dutiful. One of her little prizes—a prayer book—was awarded to a child, now a priest—Rev. Father Moloney—who appreciates that little prize, not for its intrinsic value, but for something far better.

She always advocated Catholic newspapers for children and for the grown-up, stating that no Catholic family should be without one, and declaring that fathers and mothers of families should insist on such being read. Her constant enquiry during her illness was asking if the TABLET had arrived yet.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, since their arrival amongst us, she praised and loved. The words of our Lord were ever upon her lips, "Blessed is the peace-maker," and she always acted up to them.

She died a happy death, fortified by the rites of holy Church, full of grace, going to her reward with resignation to the will of our Heavenly Father. We hope and believe she has found favour before God, and that her name is registered in heaven amongst the uncanonised saints of the Catholic Church to which dear Ireland has contributed so many.

The deceased lady was a sister of Mr. James Flynn, a gentleman well known in connection with the Hibernian Society in this Colony, and in every good work in relation to faith and fatherland. She leaves one son, Mr. James Bradley, an engineer, who holds an important office in a private firm in Wellington. The late Mrs. Bradley was well known at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where she devoutly attended for a number of years. Her loss is irreparable, especially to her devoted brother, with whom, during her life time, she had lived.—May her soul rest in peace.

GREYMOUTH.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

ON a recent Sunday Rev. Father Carew preached on the evil results following the irreligious and careless habits of some Catholic parents. The conduct of families is not to be wondered at when the example of such parents is considered. This carelessness of parents is to be seen in various ways. For instance, they subscribe to or allow the scurrilous *Bulletin* to be read in their homes, the *Refugee* is pondered over to learn the weights and pedigrees of the "favourites." In fact all sorts of light literature are encouraged to enter the home, but to subscribe one sixpence weekly to the TABLET, a paper which it is the bounden duty of every Catholic worthy of the name to support, perish the thought! Indeed the folly of some Catholic parents in this respect, passes comprehension. All who have travelled and have observed know perfectly well, what harm is being done to our Catholic youths by so-called light literature, and how important it is that families should have access to a good Catholic paper such as the TABLET now undoubtedly is. It is instructive and interesting and is moreover the able and only public defender of our religion. Were it not for the TABLET many bitter attacks on our religion, on our priests and nuns, many lies of history would pass unchallenged. How many Catholics outside, were it not for the TABLET, would have read the able replies of the Rev. Father Grogan to his hardened antagonist, Mr. Colenso? Parents need not wonder at the carelessness of their children in religious matters when, instead of encouraging, they exclude from their homes the very journal which for the reasons advanced it should be our special aim and duty to support.

Considering the wretched weather we are experiencing good progress is being made with the building of the new church at Ahaura. Mr. Eissenhardt being the architect is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be carried out in a substantial manner. This gentleman will have nothing to do with work of the cheap and nasty kind, but frames his designs so that the work when finished will be pleasing to the eye and will also stand the test of time. It speaks well for the estimation in which Father Servajan is held by all classes throughout the district that, in such a short space of time, he should be able to raise sufficient funds to enable him to accept a tender for the work. Few indeed could accomplish, at such short notice, what was considered to be at present a hopeless task. The popularity of the reverend gentleman was further proved by the large numbers who travelled to Ahaura to attend a concert there in aid of the church funds. The hall was packed, and the concert, which has been reported in your columns, was most enjoyable and was financially and otherwise the "record" concert of Ahaura. The success attending Father Servajan's efforts shows what can be accomplished by one earnest worker. During his seven years residence in this district, the reverend gentleman has worthily upheld the reputation long since gained by his countrymen, the valiant missionaries of France, as zealous, self-denying, and practical workers in the cause of Christianity.

The prayers of the congregation were asked last Sunday for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Fraser, a devout Catholic, who died recently, after a prolonged illness, and also for Mr. Dillon of the South Beach lately deceased.

A Mr. Allison, Church of England minister, has been holding a mission here at the local English Church. On last Sunday evening he delivered a discourse on "Evolution not being opposed to

Biblical teaching." According to the local papers the rev. gentleman told his hearers that all mankind were descended from monkeys and quoted freely from Darwin and the Bible to prove that the earth was peopled by a peculiar race prior to Adam's time and trotted out the old stock text of unbelievers *re* the mystery of the ancestry of Cain's wife. But we know that "the devil can cite Scripture for his own purpose." This is another and striking proof of the divisions existing amongst the churches that separated from the Catholic Church, the mother of Christianity. It is also a proof of the wisdom of the Catholic Church in discouraging private interpretation of the Scriptures. Here we have a minister of the Gospel publicly commending Darwin's work, a book that has done and is still doing so much to unsettle the minds of those who read it. Of course, according to the local papers Mr. Allison is a man of conspicuous ability, a paragon of learning. But it was ever thus. Let even a prominent Catholic deviate a point from the teachings of the Church or publicly dispute with the Church authorities and he is at once patted on the back by the Press of the world and hailed as a leading light of knowledge, a second Erasmus. All these attacks on and picking of holes in the Scriptures—and which in reality is a form of Atheism, which it is lamentable to see is so widely spreading, and is encouraged by the Press—are enjoyed by the knowing ones who now aver that the Scriptures are stale story books, out of date. What can be expected when their own ministers cast doubt on the genuineness of the Scriptures which they profess to teach. The existence of God at all will next be publicly doubted in so-called Christian churches by those professed teachers of Godliness who are so very learned. "But the poor Indian, with untutored mind, sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

PORT CHALMERS AND PROGRESS.

(Contributed.)

SINCE the arrival of Rev. Father McMullan to take charge of the parish of Port Chalmers a very marked advance has been made in matters ecclesiastical. Scarcely has he rested from the onerous work of pushing his art-union to a phenomenal success, when he takes in hand a concert which proves a pronounced hit. The 5th of November was selected by our modern Guy Fawkes to spring a mine upon the unsuspecting denizens of the Port in the shape of a very *recherché* musical treat. The plans were well laid, the advertisements inside and outside the printed programme being of a most taking character, with the result that when the clock struck the fated hour of eight the Forester's Hall was filled to its utmost capacity. There were twenty-two items on the programme, and, as encores were the order of the evening, that number came very near being doubled. Misses K. Moloney and Mary Parker opened the entertainment with Gantz's "Qui Vive," which was played in brilliant style. Miss K. Blaney sang in her sweet and captivating manner "Fiddle and I." Mr. H. McCormack recited "Eugene Aram's dream," a rather lengthy piece and a heavy tax on the memory. Mr. Eager was heard to advantage in "Come into the garden, Maud," his clear tenor notes resounding with fine effect through the hall. Miss Lucy Connor is making rapid strides as a vocalist and was well rewarded by the audience for her rendering of "The carnival," her encore number being the "Kerry dance." Mr. James Jago was in powerful form in the "Ship's fiddler." Mr. D. Taylor, an old Port resident, gave "Come back to Erin" in a manner that did full justice to that beautiful old favourite. The humorous element was supplied by Mr. John Deaker who created endless merriment by his grimaces and contortions in "The scientific man." "The miller of Sheen" was next given by Mr. W. F. Young, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the audience got a genuine treat, he being in first rate voice. Mr. P. Carolin did ample justice to "The low back car," and Mr. Fotherill scored in the old song "Jack Crawford." This was succeeded by a duet "The Gipsy Countess," by Miss K. Blaney and Mr. James Jago, in which the shyness of the gentleman was excusable under the circumstances. Miss Catherine Geerin gave "Our sailors on the sea" in a style which brought down the house, the applause would have been disconcerting to a less experienced amateur. Mr. Young again appeared in "Bill the bo'sun" and gave as an encore the perennially evergreen "Father O'Flynn." A violin solo by Miss Mary Blaney was very well received, after which Mr. Jago essayed "Off to Philadelphia," in that inimitable way he has of rendering Irish songs, which could not possibly give offence to non-Celtic auditors. As an encore number he did "J.J. Brown," this item being remarkable for a total absence of vulgar swagger and caddishness. Mr. Carolin sang "The star of Bethlehem" very effectively, and Miss K. Blaney delighted the house with her impassioned rendition of "Daddy." As an encore she gave the festive and merry "Arrah go on." Mr. John Deaker's "Water" was well dramatised, and the inevitable encore followed. The hour being late and the performers eager to get on the road home, Mr. Eager dropped his solo and joined in the final quartette with Misses Blaney and Connor and Mr. Jago, after which the Rev. Father McMullan, in stentorian tones, called a halt to the retreating audience, and in a very neat and judicious speech thanked them and the performers. Miss K. Moloney played the accompaniments during the evening.

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