

the Catholics were to be congratulated on their very fine system, he had not come to make a political speech, and if he wanted to speak on such a question he should like to have an hour or two. He would, therefore, pass this subject, simply saying he sympathised with them. The Catholics had in their system that which would give backbone to the Colonial system. He then spoke to the girls, pointing out that knowledge is the greatest thing in this world, being far before fame or reputation or wealth, either of which might be taken from them, whereas they would always carry knowledge with them, and it would be always available. He concluded by wishing them a merry Christmas, happy holidays, and a prosperous year.

His Worship then presented the prizes.

The Mayor said he was sure all who had received prizes would be grateful to those who had given them, and he was desired to thank all who had assisted in giving prizes. In another room was displayed a variety of handsome work, and he hoped many would make purchases of that made by the orphans for the good of the school.

The Very Rev Father Mahoney said that on behalf of the Lady Superior and himself he wished to thank the Mayor for presiding, and for the interest he had shown in their welfare, the good advice and sympathy he had given, and his words of respect to Father Garin. He also thanked Mr Maginnity and Mr Harkness, and he said all would unite in congratulating the Mayor on his having presided with so much ability on the occasion of his first official duty.

The proceedings were brought to a close by the girls singing the New Zealand anthem.

The exhibition of needle and fancy work, as well as of drawings, paintings, and penmanship executed by the pupils during the year was held in a large room, but which was all too small to enable visitors to properly inspect all that was to be seen. It was evident, however, that at all events the majority of the exhibits were particularly good, and wonder was expressed by many at the diversity, the quantity, and the excellence of the work generally. Some of the articles, both plain and fancy, were on sale, and we have authority for saying that the work will be on exhibition for a few days yet, so that the public will have an opportunity of inspection as well as of purchasing some very desirable things, and at the same time helping the orphans.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

On Thursday, 18th inst., the annual exhibition of plain and ornamental needlework was held in the Sacred Heart schoolroom, Wanganui, and very cheerful did the room appear to the many visitors who took advantage of the kindly welcome of the good Sisters to inspect and then admire the work of their apt pupils. It has been our happy privilege for some years past to mark the proficiency of the convent pupils in this fine art, but never have we been so struck by the talent displayed as on this occasion. It would be out of place to particularise any young lady's work as specially attractive when all the exhibits were so highly deserving of praise. We shall mention briefly the kinds of work. The fancy work, in the shape of rich mantle and bracket drapes, coseys, cushions, slippers, smoking caps and Berlin wool work, was a feature in itself, all the articles being of the highest class, both in colouring and design. The wool, bead, and braid work was beautifully finished. The drapes and brackets in macramé were excellent. Woman's sphere is certainly the home, and the pupils of the convent should be well fitted to fulfil the duty of making and repairing. The plain work was acknowledged by all to exceed the expectations of even the most exacting, and forced the visitors to admit the superiority of hand-work over that of any machine. Children's dresses, embroidered and braided, added an admirable variety to the numerous articles of underclothing which were, one and all, beautifully neat. Among the drawings were some finely-executed crayon specimens, the subjects being well-chosen. Special mention may, perhaps, be made of Miss McGovern's "Ecce Homo," which elicited the warmest commendation. In the evening St. Mary's Hall was crowded by an appreciative audience. An idea may be formed of the character of the musical part of the programme by the mention of such pieces as "Semiramide," overture to "Guy Mannering," Grand March, Morine's "Blue Bells." Four pianos and one harmonium were in use at the same time, and the performance of the many selections was quite brilliant. The crispness of touch and correctness of phrasing was specially admired. Nor were the pupils backward in the vocal art. Many of the songs rendered were touchingly and gracefully given, and all were remarkable for their delicacy and clearness of tone. That the audience thoroughly enjoyed the music was fairly proved by the hearty applause. The recitations were faultless in enunciation and expression. The play, "My Aunt's Heiress," was a very appropriate finish to an interesting programme.

The portrayal of the several characters was all that could be desired, many of the performers showing a marked talent for the histrionic art. Rev. Father Braxmeier, Professor of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, was present, and at the conclusion, Very Rev. Father Kirk, distributed the prizes, before doing which the Very Rev. Father expressed himself highly pleased with the result of the examinations which had occupied Mr. Lloyd, Mr. O'Rourke and himself more than a week. In St. Joseph's School there was a very noticeable improvement, as also in St. Mary's, with the exception of one class, the fourth, owing to the pupils being advanced rather soon. The Sacred Heart School was all that could be desired, in fact it always afforded him much pleasure to examine this school, the children showing an amount of knowledge far beyond that required in their respective classes.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

The annual distribution of prizes in connection with St. Patrick's School, Palmerston North, was a decided success. There was a large attendance of parents and children. There was a play after the concert by the children. Miss E. M. Hollis deserves the highest praise

for the success she has achieved in the examinations and entertainment.

The following is the programme:—Song, "The Morning Song," children; recitation, "When I am a Man," Masters Foley, Weight, and Kosinoski; recitation, "Beautiful Snow," Miss Mary Graney; song, "In Pride of May," children; recitation, "The Dying Cowboy," Miss Edith Rodgers; recitation, "The Visitor," Master L. Weight; recitation, "The Little Cook," Miss Annie Foley; song, "Say a kind word when you can," children; recitation, "The Well of St. Keyne," Miss Sarah Rogers; recitation, "Perseverance," Miss K. Graney; song, "The Mountain Song," children; recitation, "The Mouse and the Cuke," Misses Hodgson and Hickey; recitation, "Keeping His Word," Master John Foley; song, "The Reapers," children; play, "The Reverse of the Medal," characters—Isabella (daughter of the countess), Miss Mary Graney; Jane (shepherdess), Miss Sarah Rogers; Countess (mother of Isabella), Miss Jane Manson; Madams Morville (governess), Miss Annie Foley; Philippo (lady's maid), Miss Annie Hodgson; Ellen (the housemaid), Miss Katie Hodgson; Mother Alarum, Miss Maggie Hickey; distribution of prizes and crowning of the most amiable girl, selected by the children themselves, and rosette to be given to the most popular boy; conclusion, "Auld Lang Syne."

(Auckland Evening Star, December 16.)

The pupils attending St. Patrick's School, Panmure, underwent a searching examination yesterday, in the presence of Monsignor McDonald and a large number of parents and friends. The scholars numbered about 55, and it is satisfactory to know that they acquitted themselves in a manner which reflected very great credit on their teachers, Miss Honan (principal), and Miss A. Hogan (assistant). A number of valuable prizes were handed to them by the Monsignor, who accompanied each by a few encouraging words. At intervals several pretty choruses and recitations were pleasingly rendered—some neatly-written copybooks and maps were shown which were much praised by those present, and the occasion was not allowed to pass without the usual distribution of cakes, lollies, etc., to the very great delight of the youngsters. A well-worded address was read to Father Walter by Miss F. Fleming on behalf of the pupils, and in reply he thanked them very cordially for their feeling and grateful sentiments, and at the same time paid a well-merited compliment to the teachers for the large measure of success which attended their valued labours during the year now about to close. In conclusion he wished one and all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Bidding cheers were then given for Father Walter and the teachers.

THE BANSHEE'S WARNING: A STORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

(By JAMES MURPHY, Author of "The Forge of Cloughogue," "The Cross of Gencarrig, etc., etc.")

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

It was all over in a moment, and the detachment was broken irretrievably, and the men dead, dying, or fled.

Carrig Mordaunt's horse, but little under her control, had made a sudden burst when first the noises had come, and galloped uncontrollably away, and Mordaunt had galloped after to catch and lead him back. Hearing the sounds of strife, and marvelling what it was, he wheeled around, and drawing his sword rode back, to find that his command had been cut down. He found himself among a body of strange horsemen, one of whom with a deft stroke swept the sword from his grasp.

"Yield yourself up a prisoner," cried a horseman, apparently in command, riding up.

"What is the meaning of this? Who are you?" he cried in amazement, for the moment believing that some portion of his command had treacherously fallen on the other and slain them.

"It means that you have changed places with your prisoner. He is free, and you are the bondsman," said the leader; and on the moment looking around Colonel Mordaunt saw Maurice O'Connor in the saddle beside him, his hands untied and the bonds cut or loosened.

"More treachery," said the astonished officer. "It is only in ambushes like this that you achieve victory, O'Byrne," said he, haughtily; you dare not meet men in the open field."

"There is time enough for that, Mordaunt," said Colonel Hugh O'Byrne; Ireland is not won or lost yet."

"You will never win it by warfare of this kind."

"All is fair in love or war, good sir," said the Wicklow man. "But one thing you will never see us do in victory or defeat—you will never see us war on women or helpless children."

"We punish evil-doers, and shall always do so," said Mordaunt, unflinchingly.

"So do we—or at least we hope to," retorted O'Byrne. "But we are losing time here. Bind your prisoner, men, and bring him along. There are trees in Wicklow strong enough to hang the murderer of women and children on."

"Runaways from Drogheda—you can easily boast of your victory here."

"Nay man; we are but making fresh moves on the chess-board of war. As for you, you are only restoring us the pleasure you cheated us of at Drogheda—that of hanging you for cowardly and inhuman conduct. And, by the way, you here, too, Manus, the weaver? You aided and abetted him in his escape. You acted the part of traitor to the cause of Ireland—bind him, too, men, and bring him on. Be quick, the night is waning, and we are far too near dangerous ground."

The men dismounted from their horses as their leader spoke, preparing to put his orders into execution.

"I knew you were afraid to cross swords with your equals!" cried Mordaunt tauntingly. "You are brave only against small forces, or in ambushes, or facing helpless prisoners."