

when it was not too late, but had listened all unmoved. And what was he saying now in such a changed and tender voice. He was speaking of the love of God and of those who returned His love; of those who humbly and joyfully laid down their possessions at the Feet of their Saviour, making use of their wealth solely for God's glory—making use of their poverty also for His glory—souls rich with the riches of faith and love—the eternal, everlasting riches common to all mankind, the riches that can alone fill the treasuries of Heaven, that can alone satisfy the Heart of God. Give Me thy love, says our Divine Redeemer; thy love is all I require of thee; give Me thy heart.

Dimly, as in a dream, Miss Hardwick heard the voice of Father Carberry rising and falling; then all was still in the little church, but at her side stood an altar-boy with an alms' dish.

'I have nothing to give, child,' she cried hoarsely.

A radiant smile passed over the boy's angelic face. He was gone for a moment, then returned holding in his hand a gold coin to which was attached a small golden heart.

'You can give this, lady,' he said, offering it to her with a gracious gesture.

'Child, it isn't mine to give!'

'The Father gives it to you. You will only return what is his. You do not wish to keep your heart for yourself. Take it, lady.'

The little golden heart was pressed into her hand, and still as in a dream, she raised it to her lips and kissed the holy Name inscribed upon its glowing surface, then tremulously placed it in the alms' dish. Again the altar-boy smiled, and the candles were lit on the altar, and Benediction began. Christ Himself was blessing the kneeling people.

Miss Hardwick's head was bent very low. She had lost the opportunity of serving God with her uncle's money, but she would strive to make amends for her selfish wickedness. In her poverty she would turn to God, resign herself to His will, offer Him all that remained of her poor, mispent life. Burning tears rolled down her cheeks; she looked up; the people were singing the 'Adoremus.'

But suddenly the singing died away. Where was she? The whitewashed walls, the lighted altar, had disappeared. Where was she? Surely in her own room! Was it then all a dream? Miss Hardwick sat in bewildered thought—almost overpowered with amazement and awe.

'Have you been asleep, dear Eleanor?'

It was Gertrude who was speaking—Gertrude who was smiling down at her.

'Have I been asleep? I think so. Did Father Carberry preach?'

'He never preaches on Friday evening. We had the Rosary and Benediction.'

'To be sure. Gertrude, I particularly wish to see Father Carberry. It is disgraceful that nothing has been done for his church, and I want to talk to him about a new altar. Do you think he would like one of carved oak? Then the candlesticks you spoke of, and the Stations of the Cross for those terrible bare walls.'

'Have you been thinking of all this since I left you, Eleanor?' asked Gertrude, her soft eyes glowing with pleasure and surprise.

'Perhaps. And there is something else. I want to help those Bártons; I am sure they ought to be helped. Will you tell me again just what they need and I'll write out a cheque—'

Gertrude uttered an exclamation.

'How good you are—you make me feel perfectly happy, Eleanor.'

'I'm glad of that. I feel happy, too.'

'But won't you be ruined, darling?'

Miss Hardwick blushed.

'No, no. It will only mean giving up a few unnecessary luxuries. I believe my new sealskin coat will pay for everything. You see, Gertrude, I'm coming to see things more from your standpoint and Father Carberry's standpoint. I want to make a really good, wise use of my uncle's money. You must help me, child.'—*English Messenger.*

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GREYMOUTH

On the evening of February 12 the members of the Greymouth branch of the H.A.C.B. Society assembled in the St. Columba clubroom to do honor to Bro. T. P. O'Donnell, who has held the office of treasurer to the branch for thirty-four years, and who has been a member for over thirty-seven years. The programme for the evening consisted of a eucharist tournament, interspersed with songs and recitations.

After refreshments had been dispensed, Bro. T. P. Fogarty (president) addressed the meeting. He said they had met to do honor to the oldest living member of the society, and one who had done much in the past to maintain the society intact. The members owed Mr. O'Donnell a debt of gratitude for having kept the society going when it had to face great difficulties, and the members felt that they could not allow him to retire from the office of treasurer, which he had held so long, without tendering him their best wishes for long life and health to enjoy the remainder of his life, and to make him some slight acknowledgment in the shape of an illuminated address, in which they set out their great appreciation of his services to the branch. He believed he was correct in saying that Mr. O'Donnell was the oldest officer of the society in Australasia. He therefore had the greatest pleasure in handing Bro. O'Donnell the following address as a proof of the respect in which he was held by the members of the Greymouth branch:—

'Dear Bro. O'Donnell,—It is with feelings of great regret that we, the officers and members of St. Patrick's Branch No. 17 of the Hibernian Australian Catholic Benefit Society, accept your resignation of the office of treasurer which you have filled so worthily during the past thirty-four years. During that long period, as a fervent Catholic and a staunch advocate of Hibernianism, you have done much to tide this branch over the many difficulties encountered in the past and materially assisted to place it in the strong position it at present occupies. In expressing the appreciation and gratitude of members for the many and valuable services you have rendered to this branch during your term of office, we trust that God in His mercy may shower down His blessings upon you in this evening of your life, and that you may be spared many years to enjoy that rest from labors which you so richly deserve.—We remain, on behalf of the members: Patrick Deere, past president; Thos. P. Fogarty, president; W. Sullivan, vice-president; P. Smyth, warden; J. Sullivan, guardian; W. H. Duffy, secretary; P. Blanchfield, treasurer.'

Mr. O'Donnell, in acknowledging the address, thanked the members of the branch for their appreciation of his past services, and proceeded in a humorous way to give some reminiscences of the struggles of the earlier times to keep the branch going, showing that after making a good start in the early days the members had gradually drifted away until they nearly disappeared altogether. Having passed through a critical stage, they had again come out strong, and the branch was in a good financial position. He could look round now and say that there was not a single member alive who had been a member when he joined it, but one pleasing fact remained—that a majority of the members were young New Zealanders. He trusted that they would continue to prosper, and that his successor would enjoy the same confidence as the members had reposed in him and for as long as he had enjoyed it.

The President said they also desired to mark this occasion by presenting their secretary, who had recently taken to himself a wife from Dunedin, with a token of their respect for him, and to wish him and Mrs. Duffy long life and happiness. He handed Mr. Duffy a hanging lamp and a brass-mounted fender, both of which he hoped would be of use in their future home.

Mr. W. Duffy, in acknowledging the presents, thanked the president for his friendly remarks, and the members for their nice presents. He trusted that the branch would continue to prosper, and hoped before long to have a membership roll of two hundred.

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