

which had been so freely sent away to England. He had been deeply grieved to hear that Bishop Grimes had been an inmate of the hospital, but he prayed in all earnestness that the voyage which his Lordship was about to take would make him well again and that he would return to his people as strong as ever.

The formal ceremony of laying the stone was then completed, his Excellency declaring the stone 'well and truly laid,' amidst loud applause, and then the visitors were invited to inspect the hospital, and were entertained at afternoon tea.

MOUNT MAGDALA.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

Under the heading of 'A Woman's World,' the lady contributor of the 'Women's Column' in the *Star* writes as follows of the above great institute of charity:

I paid a visit this week to that very wonderful place, the Magdalen Home at Mount Magdala. The name is familiar enough to everyone in Christchurch, who reads of unruly girls being sent there or sees the vans of its steam laundry, but the place itself is a revelation to anyone seeing it for the first time. Continuing on the Lincoln road, you leave the suburbs and come into the farm country, and there you see a farm with noble buildings peeping over great groves of trees. A picturesque drive from the road brings you to a really beautiful scene—the buildings grouped round a very beautiful church in the midst of a garden that is ablaze with flowers. The extensive establishment is a woman's world, and as self-contained as the Sisters can make it, and they have the experience of establishments of their Order scattered all over the world to draw upon, doing the noble work of uplifting the fallen, succoring those in need of home and guidance, and guarding the penitent.

The farm is 'run' by the Sisters and the girls, and produces fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, and other farm and garden produce. They make their own bread, and their own boots and shoes, their own clothes, and so on.

The inmates consist of those who have been committed from the courts in various parts of the Dominion, from young girls to old women, of girls sent to them by parents because they had got beyond control, of orphans and children of parents who have met with misfortune or who desire them cared for for a time. These different sections are kept apart in their own dormitories and divisions and their work, and every care is taken that those who are older and not penitent will not have opportunity of corrupting others.

There are over 200 girls and women in the reformatory and 80 children in the orphanage.

The girls are to be seen all over the farm and garden, but the main hive of industry is the laundry. That is humming with machinery on the very best plans of that centre of steam laundry invention, Troy, in the United States. The machines are most ingenious and quite convert one to laundry machinery when you have seen them, for most people who do not know how perfect laundry machinery has become have a certain prejudice against it. Yet when you see how it works and the cleanliness and ingenuity of it all the prejudice vanishes.

In the laundry the rule of silence is observed for obvious reasons during working hours, as here different sections of the inmates come together. The laundry surrounds a great grass drying green, and when the weather permits the sun drying is done. When it does not, there is a great drying chamber, where the clothes are hung on sliding divisions and dried by hot air.

A noticeable thing about the place is the number of pets. There are birds everywhere belonging to the Sisters or the inmates. One old lady has a family of canaries, a regular village of them, and she knows every one of them; and there is among the pets a magpie, which is obviously on most friendly terms with its bright girl mistress.

The twittering of birds and the sight of grass, trees, and flowers is everywhere. The chapel is really beautiful, a perfect refuge of peace and devotion, and

a monument to the late Father Ginaty, who founded the institution, and practically died of work for it. His body lies buried before one of the altars, with a commemorative plate. What heart searchings and meditation and penitence the quiet and beautiful chapel has known! But it is the spiritual refuge of the inmates, and many an unruly soul has sought peace there.

All through the institution there are beautiful pictures and examples of art work. Many of these things are done there. The lace and art needlework that is made at the institution is simply exquisite, and would delight any woman's heart, and to some of the workers it is quite obviously a 'labor of love.' They take a genuine and very justifiable pride in its being seen and praised by the visitor. A bridal veil that I saw was simply lovely.

Altogether it is a wonderful institution, full of interest to anyone who has the welfare of their fellow-women at heart. The institution has many benefactors who contribute help towards the work and upkeep, which no one seeing it could fail to do. Just now its greatest need is a new dining room, and the ground is being laid out for this. The building will have a dormitory on the first floor, which additional accommodation is also necessary, and anyone who could help the good work of the Sisters can contribute their mite to this, for which funds are urgently needed.

OBITUARY

MR. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, OAMARU.

The remains of the late Mr. Thomas Cartwright, of Awamoa, Oamaru, were interred in the Oamaru Cemetery on Sunday afternoon, 21st inst. Mr. Cartwright, during his illness, was attended by Rev. Father Falconer and Rev. Father O'Connell, and he passed away fortified by all the consoling rites of the Church. The remains were taken to St. Patrick's Basilica, where they remained from early on Sunday morning until the afternoon. After the first Mass, Father O'Connell paid a high tribute to the life and character of the deceased, whom he characterised as an upright Christian, and a man of deep practical faith as expressed by his never-failing attendance at the Sunday Mass. His preparation for death was one of the most edifying the rev. preacher had ever witnessed, and his truly happy end must have been full of consolation for his sorrowing family in their irreparable loss of a fond parent and a devoted husband. At the second Mass Rev. Father Farthing made similar remarks. The funeral took place in the afternoon, the remains being followed by a very large concourse of people representative of all classes of the community, thus testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held by all who came in contact with him. The sympathy of all goes out to his sorrowing wife and two children, his brother, and relatives. The pall-bearers were Messrs. James Cartwright (brother of the deceased), H. J. Cartwright, Wellington, and G. A. Cartwright, Timaru (nephews), and A. McMullin (brother-in-law). The Requiem Mass at the Basilica was celebrated by Rev. Father Farthing, who also officiated at the funeral services at the church and graveside. The late Mr. Cartwright was born at Dromora, County Cavan, in 1858, and arrived at Port Chalmers in 1880, in the ship William Davie, whose chief officer was Captain Ramsay, now harbor master at Oamaru. Mr. Cartwright joined the Railway Department, and remained in the service for a number of years, afterwards going into business as a hotel-keeper. For the past eight years he had resided on his farm at Awamoa, and, though not taking an active part in municipal affairs, he had ever been prominent in matters concerning the welfare of St. Patrick's Church. At the conclusion of the second Mass, and again in the afternoon, the 'Dead March' from 'Saul' was played by Miss Lynch, of Timaru. Messages of sympathy were received from all parts of New Zealand—including one from Rev. Father Saunderson, Manaia (cousin of the deceased), and Rev. Fathers Woods and Falconer, of Invercargill and South Dunedin respectively.—R.I.P.