

My Lord of Wicklestein being ever charitable, at once drew rein and dismounting parted the bushes.

There he saw an aged woman supported by a child about six years of age.

She seemed to be suffering great agony, and as there was no house near by my lord lifted her to his horse and took her to the nearest hut, where he cared for her himself, while he sent his servant for a doctor, but she died before aid could reach her. Her malady was small-pox. That was the reason of my lord's absence.

He would be present as soon as all danger of infection was passed. Would they wait for him?

The answer from one and all was unanimous. Yes!

The rule regarding the quarantine of a person brought in contact with an infectious disease was not as strict as it is in these days, so it was not long before the Lord of Wicklestein was able to join them.

Once more the platform was erected. Once more the Count and his daughter were seated on it.

But this time only one name was read, one list of lordly possessions, and no need of bravery or valor.

Verily it was plain that he had no reason to expect the hand of the Countess. A deep silence fell on the people as the old Count arose.

Without speaking or making the speech that all were waiting to hear, he motioned to my lord to come up on to the platform, and taking his daughter's hand and that of the Count of Wicklestein, he joined the two together.

'My friends,' he said, turning to the people, the tears running down his withered cheeks, 'in the presence of you all I give my daughter to the Lord of Wicklestein, for by his deed, not of bravery, but of goodness of heart, has he shown himself to be a lord of generosity, a prince of charity, and worthy of being the husband of my beloved daughter, the Countess Hildegard Von Switzer. For he, who while on an errand of pleasure, stops to raise the suffering and the aged, is indeed worthy of all the honor that can be conferred on him by his fellow-men. Let us, now that we are all here together, celebrate their betrothal in royal and regal manner. My servants are yours, my house is yours—use them.' *—Michigan Catholic.*

Reefton

A few Sundays ago at Reefton (says the Grey-mouth *Argus*) the annual St. Patrick's Day breakfast was held, and very largely attended by representatives from all parts of that parish. The response to the Rev. Father Galerne's open invitation must have been very gratifying to him, and the good ladies who prepared such a generous spread and for so large a number, the table reaching from one end of the schoolroom to the other, and every seat was occupied. The Rev. Father Golden, of Auckland, presided, and congratulated the Rev. Father Galerne on his thoughtful way of celebrating St. Patrick's Day. In a very fine speech he commended the Catholics of the Reefton district, and congratulated the Rev. Father Galerne on the good work so much in evidence about his parish. The Rev. Father Galerne, previously speaking, welcomed the Rev. Father Golden to the district, and briefly thanked all for accepting his invitation. He also thanked the ladies. Mr A. M. Carroll, in a very able speech, supported the vote of thanks to the ladies. Songs were contributed, and the pleasant function concluded with the National Anthem.

The builder built a house of brick,
'Twas as sound as sound could be,
But the builder himself was out of repair,
And a ragged cough coughed he.
'Tis a wooden suit I'll be wearing soon,'
Said he, and his face was dour,
But he beat the old Reaper in just two hours
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the N.Z. TABLET by GHIMEL.)

LIFE.

'I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly.' St. John x., 10.

Our Lord was fond of expressing His whole purpose and object by means of some brief but pregnant phrase. In the hearing of the Pharisees He said it was 'for judgment' that He came into this world. Then He told Pilate that He came 'to bear witness to the truth.' Once more it is, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' or 'I am come that they may have life and have it more abundantly.' Get at the heart of Christ's teaching and life is nestling against that heart: life is the sweet epitome of the Gospel message.

(1). *Physical Life.*—A fresh supply of life comes to us every day, and in a large measure we can shape it as we choose—make it larger and fuller, keep it much the same, or let it dwindle away almost into nothingness. For our greatness and our responsibility consist in this, that we are able to determine what our end in life shall be. Each one is, to this extent, 'the captain of his soul and the master of his fate.' He may allow himself to be dominated by moods and circumstances, or to be swayed by the passions of his physical nature. In neither case does he rise to the level of manhood. Even nobler activities and pleasures fail to exhaust our capacities or satisfy our natures. These at best show life under the limitations of time, and

Life's inadequate to joy,
As the soul sees it.
A man can use but a man's joy
And he sees God's

So we cry out from the depths of our heart for life, fuller, deeper, more enduring; for the prospect of untroubled calm with fruitful activity, for the pledge of

'Some future state
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy.'

And thus we find a new meaning and a new power in the words: 'I am come that they may have life.'

(2). *Intellectual Life.*—A man begins to live when the noblest part of him is truly awake to the tremendous realities of life and death. The burning words of the Teacher of Mankind make us think and stand for Him or against Him: Is there anything more calculated to quicken the mental faculties and arouse intellectual enthusiasm than a consideration of those lofty and inspiring topics that were the theme of the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth?

(3). *The Moral Life* towers above the merely intellectual and emotional. Whatever homage we may pay to commanding genius, we feel and know deep down in our souls that the honest man, the man who can conquer and command himself in loyalty to justice and duty, who dares to do right whatever the consequences to himself, who seeks always to serve and help his fellows in whatever way he can, is a king amongst men. He has reached a higher and truer, richer and fuller life. He may have been one of those poor livers who do nothing more than 'consecrate dull deeds with undulled justice,' but, after all, this is the sum of life's purpose, and with the poet we hold

'Tis proved
To be heroic is an easier thing
Than to be just and good.'

Christ came to give moral life.

(4). *Spiritual Life.*—However perfect in itself the moral life may be, it can have its limitations. It may be bounded by time and pinned down to earth. It

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