

ing from God death that comes by way of the fulfilment of duty. So there is the secret spring of a heroism which is among the wonderful things of life, a heroism which will carry men through perils of all kinds, with nothing to gain from a worldly point of view, in calm and cool deliberate performance of the same sacred ministry which is their everyday occupation. In battle and in pestilence, in earthquake and in shipwreck, the marvellous readiness of priests to affront the worst perils is, after all, a state of mind for which their vocation has prepared them and taught them to regard as a matter of plain duty, for the highest of motives. Thus it is that

While all about them rise,
The crashing discords of a world's dismay,

the clergy of the Catholic Church make the gesture of heroes with perfect simplicity and naturalness.

*

On Wednesday, February 12, a numerous body of prelates, priests, and laics gathered together in St. Joseph's Church, Wellington, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice offered to God for the good estate of the souls of Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis, who had died in the performance of their duty during the recent epidemic. These three young Irishmen met death in the way in which any priest may at any time be called upon to meet it; and as, we trust and believe, through the grace of our Lord, any priest would meet it. They did a heroic thing, which to them was, after all, but a natural thing, for the reasons upon which we have briefly dwelt. They had, a few years before, left all things to follow Christ, and in leaving also the dear land of their birth, which all three loved with the deathless love of Irish patriots for their country, they had relinquished more than every priest is called upon to leave. Two of them for about eight years, the third for hardly so many months, devoted themselves to the care of the people to whom the will of their ecclesiastical superiors sent them: they had received a mission, or a sending, and the plague that swept over New Zealand found them doing their work as Catholic priests, faithfully, silently, patiently, just as their fellow-priests were doing theirs. Others who had labored long and borne the heat of the day were as ready as they, but it was the young priests, one of them but bending to the harvest, the other two as yet in the morning hours, whom the Master called away to receive their reward, for whom in His mysterious ways He prepared the crowns of martyr-priests. And so they arose and left behind this earthly life, as they had left behind the promise of the world a few years earlier when they knelt at the feet of the ordaining bishop and solemnly gave themselves to Christ and His people. For Christ and His mystical Body they died; and we, who are members of that Body too, have a title to share in their glory and a right to feel the legitimate pride which springs from the contemplation of hardships and duties nobly endured and performed; as also through that organic union we still remain their friends as we were during their mortal days, and have the obligations of friendship to compel us to remember them before the altar, praying that God may give them refreshment, light, and peace unending. They were His disciples; He gave Himself into their keeping as familiarly as He did in the days when other disciples were privileged to touch His wounds and when He took from their hands broiled fish and wild honeycomb by the side of the lake: He called them suddenly and they were ready—ready to prove by dying for their friends that they had the great love which makes men most like unto Him. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching. Amen, I say to you, that He will gird Himself and make them sit down to meat, and passing will minister unto them."

*

The archdiocese of Wellington has felt the loss of these three young priests sorely. The good Catholic people among whom they lived and for whom they

died will mourn long for them. We, whom the bonds of intimate friendship united to the two seniors, offer to all their friends, here in New Zealand, and to those others who will mourn most, beside the Shannon, under the shadow of the Kerry hills, and by the rivers of Leinster, our deepest sympathy; and hardly less are we impelled to offer them our congratulations, for the brave deaths of the three and the sure reward they have won are things to be thankful to God for. And here, with the words of the great Catholic poet, we say our *Ave atque Vale* and leave them, not forgotten, in their last earthly sleep:

*Love made the bed; they'll take no harm;
Let them sleep: let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
Till the eternal morning dawn;
Till the curtain will be drawn
And they wake into the light,
Whose Day shall never die in Night.*

IN MEMORIAM

Seldom was it our lot to assist at a more moving ceremony than the Requiem held at St. Joseph's, Wellington, for the dead priests. From all parts of the archdiocese the clergy came to pay this last tribute of respect and esteem to their deceased brethren, recognising the quiet heroism which inspired them, and eager to bear witness to it in this solemn manner. Forty-eight priests and the Archbishop were present. We were reminded by the sight of so many clerics, in soutanes and surplices, of the assemblies, held in the same church when all met together in synod, and of retreats in the same place, before the same altar, which we formerly attended in the company of two of the young priests for whom we came now to pray. And old scenes and old memories would come, recalling the friends whom we shall see not again on earth, and whom we hope to meet in heaven one day. It would be presumption on our part to allude to the exquisite taste of the sermon delivered by Archbishop O'Shea, who was visibly affected when he told us of the silent, devoted lives of the three whom the cruel trial of the epidemic found pure gold. Theirs, as his Grace said, was not the glamor of facing danger in the battlefield, where so many of their brother-priests so bravely faced it; the danger these men had to encounter was no less grave and even more likely to cause terror in the hearts of those who would pause to think of it at all. But Fathers Kinkead, Cronin, and Lewis did not weigh it nor think of it when the call came for them. The archdiocese feels their loss deeply; but we cannot help emphasising the Archbishop's thought that great as the loss was the gain was still greater. The example of these three must infallibly have a powerful effect on us all—on priests and people; and their sacrifice will surely bring untold blessings on their brethren in the ministry and on their flocks. Wellington, from a human point of view, was sorely stricken by the loss of the five priests who died recently; but was it not also greatly honored and largely blessed. God, with Whom are now the souls of His just, ordains all things to final good, and we who feel the loss of dear friends now bless His Holy Will.

NOTES

George Eliot

We were very glad to find a warm word of praise for George Eliot in a paper by so distinguished a Catholic writer as John Ayscough; for it has been the fashion among some Catholics to attribute to her writings the failing of her philosophy and her creed. It has been said that she knew her failings, and that she pleaded that her books would help to undo much of the harm due to her example; and it is no new thing to find a writer's personal convictions about religion or

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