

Harry Hiscocks played the "Dead March" from "Saul." His Lordship the Bishop officiated at the interment. The Marist Brothers are deeply grateful to the Sisters and staff of Lewisham Hospital, to the nurses at the Coronation Hospital, and to his Lordship the Bishop and clergy for their kind attentions to their confrere during his illness.—R.I.P.

A MYSTERIOUS SICK-CALL

The following remarkable story, which appeared in the *Sunday Express* recently, has been verified by a *Catholic Times* representative in London, though the names are withheld at the request of the individuals concerned. The events have considerably exercised the minds of Catholics in London:—

A Catholic lady, attended by a nurse, was lying seriously ill in a house a few days ago. During the night, observing her patient to be weakening, the nurse, knowing enough Catholic ritual to be aware that Extreme Unction should be administered, was anxious that a priest should be brought. But there was no available messenger in the house, and she herself could not leave her charge. In her perplexity she picked up a prayer book and began herself to read the prayers. It was then well past midnight, and as she read the door suddenly opened and in walked one of the Fathers from the Brompton Oratory, who was an old friend of the family.

"Thank Heaven you are here!" the nurse exclaimed, fervently. "But who told you to come?"

"You telephoned," said the priest.

"No," said the nurse. "I should have done if I could, but it was impossible."

"Well," said the Father, "I was telephoned for by someone, and came at once," and he proceeded to perform the solemn rites, remaining in the room until the end, which came in about two hours.

The next morning he sent for the priest who had been on telephone duty the night before—for in case of such emergencies as these there is always one in attendance.

"I am sorry," said the Father, "I was so abrupt with you last night when you called me. But I had been dreaming, and was barely awake."

"But I didn't call you last night," said the priest, who, it may be mentioned, is one of the most striking personalities in the Catholic Church to-day. "There was no ring last night at all."

"My dear K——," said the Father, "collect yourself. Do you mean seriously to tell me that you did not come into my room between twelve and one last night and say that Mrs. B—— was dying and I was wanted at once?"

"No."

"Do you honestly forget that I was a little brusque for the moment?"

"No. There was no call; I never left my room."

Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

April 10.

In the recent report of the installation of new stained-glass windows in St. Mary's Church, mention of those supplied by Messrs. Bradley Bros., of Christchurch, was inadvertently omitted. The following were executed by the Christchurch firm, the parentheses giving the inscriptions on the windows:—Sacred Heart (in reparation), St. Catherine (James and Mary Kealy), St. Thomas Aquinas (W. T. Ward and relations), St. Margaret Mary (Margaret Mary Hickey), St. Francis of Assisi (Brendan Quirk), and St. Joseph (R. Stewart and family). Messrs E. J. Dwyer and Co., of Sydney, also supplied one window (Our Lady of Lourdes) to the order of the Children of Mary.

THE FAIRY DANCE

See yon band of Fairy Pipers,
List the notes already stealing!
All the Fairies dance together,
Then dart off across the green
In and out among the bracken,
Circling round the iris flowers,
Adding music to the music
Of their band of Fairy Pipers
By their laughter's merry pealing
As they dance across the green.

Sparkling wands they wave above them,
And their feathers go a-nodding,
Like the nodding in the breezes
Of the sprays of meadow-sweet.
Faster, faster comes the music—
Faster, faster dance the Fairies,
Till one wonders how can music
Ever play to fairy feet;
Till one wonders how can dancing
Dance as fast as plays the music,
Dance in time to fairy piping.
See—Ah, no! ye cannot see them!

Mortal eyes must long have gazed on
Ocean spray in winter weather
Making clouds for clouds to rest on:
Learnt to read the rainbow's secret,
And the torrent's wondrous message:
Seen the lightning's angry flashing
Fall on sea, and plain, and mountain:
Long have watched the restless ocean
In its never-ending tossing,
And the angry tempests wrestling
Thro' the hills, and down the valleys;
Known the message of the snowflakes
When they signal in their falling;
Learnt to read the tender greeting
Of the Evening Star in summer,
Of the rising Moon at harvest,
And of Sunset on the ocean.
Mortal eyes must learn the meaning
Of these sights and signs and signals:
Know the Spirits of the Twilight,
That of Night-fall, and of Day-break,
And of Hail, and Rain, and Sunshine,
Ere they see the Fairies dancing
To the music of their pipers,
Till they wonder how can music
Ever play to fairy feet:
Ere they see the Fairies dancing
In the laughing silver moonlight
With their feath'ry plumes a-nodding
Like the sprays of meadow-sweet,
Till they wonder how can dancing
Dance as fast as plays the music,
Dance in time to fairy piping.

List!—Ah, no! ye cannot hear them!
Cannot hear the Fairies piping,
Piping 'neath the "Gentle Bushes,"
Cannot see the Fairies dancing,
Dancing in the silver moonlight,
Cannot see them?—Cannot hear them,
Dancing in their Fairy Circle.

AENGUS MACLIR, in *Studies*.

Mr. Philip Gibbs, the well-known war correspondent, lecturing in London, said that a number of wounded Catholic soldiers were lying on the field calling for water, but any man trying to give it to them was instantly shot. A priest volunteered, and the Germans lowered their rifles. After the next attack a colonel saw one of his men leading back an emaciated German draught horse. "What are you doing with that beast?" he cried out. "It's not a beast," was the answer; "it's a charger for Father Malone."