

to the patient; and many hard journeys he had had to make. As Mayor, he could assure Father Murphy of the appreciation in which he was held by the citizens. The public would miss for a time the well-known, erect figure with the kind and sympathetic countenance that daily walked their streets. As Father Murphy's medical adviser he was happy to know he was taking a holiday, because he knew the great strain was gradually undermining his system. He wished him a pleasant holiday, and furthermore that he would find his aged mother safe and well, and that he would return with renewed vigor. (Applause.)

Very Rev. Father Hunt said it was with mixed feelings that he rose to speak. On one hand it was sad to say good-bye to one he loved so well; but, on the other hand, he was glad to see so many present to honor one who so well deserved it. Speaking on his own behalf and that of his fellow priests, there was no one who stood so high in their esteem in the diocese as Father Murphy. The self-sacrifice of the guest had been mentioned, and he might say that self-sacrifice made the good priest, and without it his labors would be of very little value. He hoped that those around him would pray for Father Murphy that he might return in health and renewed vigor.

Father Hunt, on behalf of the priests of the diocese, presented Father Murphy with a cheque for £71, and in doing so conveyed to him their love and good wishes for a pleasant holiday.

Father Murphy, on rising to reply, was greeted with prolonged applause. He said that those present had honored him much more than he deserved. During the fourteen years he had spent among them he had received nothing but kindness. The chairman and vice-chairman had given him credit for building churches and the school, but he could have done very little if he did not have a faithful people at his back. He relied on their faith and their charity; and it was never in vain. From Catholics and non-Catholics alike throughout his wide parish he received the greatest kindness. He felt that the time had come when he must take a holiday. The first duty that devolved upon him was a sacred one, that of the dutiful son to his mother. And when his mother called on him he could not refuse, and therefore he made up his mind to hasten to her side. Dr. Trotter knew well the state of his health. He could not adequately express his gratitude to them who that day had left their businesses in distant parts of his wide parish by their faith to give him strength and courage to face the dangers of the sea and the journey, and present him with that which will, and more, relieve him of any anxiety. The friendship existing between himself and Father Hunt was a close one, and as time has gone on it has greatly increased. To their chairman and gentlemen of the parish who had so ably assisted him he extended his love and gratitude. Of Dr. Trotter and the hospital staff he could not say enough. The several matrons had always kept him in touch with the patients, and in fact had often made special effort on his behalf. Dr. Gordon he found always ready to assist him, and genuine friendship had sprung up between them. He hoped during his absence they would not fail in supporting the school and that they would continue to send their children regularly to school.

The toast of "The Member for Wallace" was proposed by Mr. John Griffin, sen., who mentioned the high esteem in which Mr. Thomson was held.

Mr. J. C. Thomson, M.P., in reply, said he had pleasure in joining with those present in honoring their worthy pastor. Father Murphy's parish was a very wide one, and covered almost half of his (the speaker's) electorate. Wherever he had gone he had heard nothing but good words of the guest. There was truly some attraction in Father Murphy, and it was his self-sacrifice that could attract so many around him that day. In kind words and kind thoughts he was leaving a monument behind him in the hearts of his people.

Father Murphy thanked Mr. Thomson for his expression of such kindly sentiments, and said he could

return the compliment. He had always found Mr. Thomson a hard-working man, most attentive to his duties, and he wished him many years of useful public life, and that he would reign long as the people's representative in Wallace. (Applause.)

The toast of "The Visitors" was replied to by Father Hunt, who said he was proud of the spirit of sacrifice shown by the good people around him, who had come to do honor to Father Murphy. Mr. A. E. Ward felt honored at being coupled with the toast and to assist at the function. He had known Father Murphy for some years, and could claim a personal friendship. He had always found him a thorough gentleman. He could join with everyone in wishing Father Murphy a pleasant holiday.

Mr. J. C. Thomson proposed the toast of "The Chairman," and eulogised the good qualities of Mr. McFeeley. He had risen by his efforts to C class, and from a small school of 13 pupils the attendance had risen to 95. He was sure to make a name for himself.

Mr. McFeeley briefly replied, thanking Mr. Thomson for his kind remarks.

Mr. McCann proposed the toast of "Mrs. Mooney and Staff," who had provided such an excellent luncheon. Father Murphy said Mrs. Mooney had been always a good worker in the Church.

The singing of the National Anthem brought a pleasant function to a close.

Many telegrams tendering good wishes were received, also apologies from Dr. Gordon, who was visiting Orepuki, and the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Administrator of the diocese, whose many duties withheld him from being present.

CHRISTCHURCH CELTIC CLUB.

At the meeting of the Christchurch Celtic Club, held on Tuesday evening, May 27, Father J. C. Murphy, B.A., delivered an interesting address descriptive of his recent visits to Ireland on the occasions of his being granted leave from duty as chaplain to the N.Z. Expeditionary Forces. In the course of his remarks Father Murphy referred to the growth of the national movement, not only in the South of Ireland, where practically the whole population is Sinn Fein, but also in the North, where the movement for the emancipation of Ireland is making rapid progress. The brutal methods of the authorities in their endeavors to enforce "law and order" were scathingly illustrated; and attention was drawn to the unsuccessful attempt by Lord French to suppress the Sinn Fein Party by ordering the arrest and imprisonment of the leaders on fictitious and ungrounded charges. The rev. lecturer remarked that the strength of the party was such that fresh leaders immediately stepped into position, and the movement continued to progress. The religious, social, and industrial conditions were alluded to, as was also Ireland's prospects under her own government. As illustrative of the growth of Irish sentiment in song, several of the latest compositions were rendered by Father Murphy and Miss M. G. O'Connor, Miss K. O'Connor playing the accompaniments.

The humble are truly the born rulers of men, for having won the victory over themselves they have learned to rule, and no one can ever accuse them of personal ends or unworthy motives. Single-minded, self-controlled, gentle, and always considerate, they win the world to their feet.

There's nothing like butter for bread,
There's nothing like leather for boots,
There's nothing for bullets like lead,
There's nothing grows timber like roots.
On foregone conclusions like these,
To argue is cussedness pure;
'Tis as certain for colds you'll find ease
In Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.