

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- 24, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
 „ 25, Monday.—The Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
 „ 26, Tuesday.—St. Stephen, First Martyr.
 „ 27, Wednesday.—St. John, Apostle.
 „ 28, Thursday.—The Holy Innocents.
 „ 29, Friday.—St. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 30, Saturday.—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Widow.

The Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

To-day the Church rejoices over the birthday of her Divine Founder—the Redeemer of mankind. The time appointed for the entrance of the Son of God into the world having arrived, Mary and Joseph were led by Divine Providence into Bethlehem. Failing to obtain admittance into the inns, they were compelled to take refuge in a grotto which served as a shelter for cattle. There Our Blessed Saviour was born to a life of poverty, humiliation, and suffering. He came to redeem the world, and to draw to Himself the affections of men, and, therefore, He presented Himself in the most amiable form that can be imagined—that of an innocent, helpless babe.

St. Stephen, First Martyr.

St. Stephen was one of the seven who were chosen to assist the Apostles in the daily distribution of alms, and who, by the imposition of the Apostles' hands, were raised to the Order of Deacons, and qualified to discharge some of the inferior duties of the sacerdotal office. By his zealous efforts for the propagation of the Gospel, he stirred up the hatred of some of the Jews, who stoned him to death. He thus had the honor of being the first among Christ's disciples to seal his faith with his blood.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE INFANT KING.

They leave the land of gems and gold,
 The shining portals of the East;
 For Him, the Woman's Seed foretold,
 They leave the revel and the feast.

To earth their sceptres they have cast,
 And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
 They track the lonely Syrian waste,
 They kneel before the Babe newborn.

O happy eyes, that saw Him first;
 O happy lips, that kissed his feet;
 Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst;
 With Eden's joy her pulses beat.

True kings are those who thus forsake
 Their kingdoms for the eternal King;
 Serpent, her foot is on thy neck;
 Herod, thou writh'st, but canst not sting.

He, He is King, and He alone,
 Who lifts that infant hand to bless;
 Who makes His Mother's knee His throne,
 Yet rules the starry wilderness.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

Christmas is the sweetest festival of the year, one of the two that all Christendom unites in keeping. The festival of the Resurrection—which is the other—is the festival of a redemption into another life. Christmas is the festival of renewal of this life, the feast of the Child Redeemer.

The Incarnation and Nativity of Christ show forth the glory of His Father Who is in Heaven. The Son of God came down into a sinful world to manifest to men the attributes of the Father, and, in a special way, to make them realise the marvels of Almighty Power, Wisdom, and Love.

The Storyteller

CHARLIE GREEN'S GHOST

Now, look here, Charlie, it's all nonsense for you to talk like that. Why, such a thing is impossible in my house,' and Sir Roger Bentley looked righteously indignant. 'I tell you what it is, my boy, you must have gone to sleep lying on your back, or ate too much supper last night, and bad dreams were the result. Ghosts? Ha! ha! ha! What do you think of that, you fellows?' Sir Roger winked slyly at half a dozen men who made up the party in the smoking-room. 'Here's dear old Charlie Green making the very serious statement that he saw a ghost in the blue room last night. Isn't that so, Charlie?' and the hand belonging to fourteen-stone of Sir Roger fell heartily on the small space allotted to Charlie for a back.

'Oh-er!' gasped Charlie Green. 'Yes. I—I did really see a ghost. It was awful,' and he squirmed his back into position again.

'Rot!' said two or three laconically, while the others tried hard to smother their laughter.

'What was it like, and what did it do?' said his host from the window in a muffled voice.

'Oh, don't ask me! I shall never get over it,' he moaned, 'and—it's coming again!'

'Coming again?' they all ejaculated. 'How do you know?'

'By w—what it said,' quivered the thin voice.

'It was striking three when a terrible bloodcurdling noise awoke me with a sudden start. It was like the noise a dog makes when it's listening to a German band, or the steam syren of a tug. I sat up in bed without knowing it, and there, standing by the bedside, was the most fiendish spectacle you ever saw. Its eyes were large, and shot fire, and its cruel-looking face shone with the light of another world—but, I say, what's the matter with Freddy Vane?' and Green broke off in his recital to look wonderingly at a young man wriggling about on a couch with his head buried in a cushion.

In a moment or two Vane stopped his contortions, and looked up with disordered hair and flushed face. 'It's all right, Charlie,' he muttered brokenly. 'Don't mind me. It was the gh-grapes; they've given me the stomach-ache. I ate some a little while ago,' and Freddy assumed what he thought to be an expression of pain, but in reality it looked as if one side of his face had been stricken with paralysis.

Sundry coughs and blowing of noses sounded in the room as Charles resumed his narrative of the night's experience.

'Yes, I was frightened into utter helplessness. I could feel my hair going all curly, and I fully expected to find it white with the fright this morning, and it will be!' he cried, with his face in his hands.

'Come, Charlie, be a man, and finish your tale,' said Bentley's strong authoritative voice. 'Why should a ghost want to haunt you? Now if it were that rascal Vane there with his six feet of mischief I could understand such a thing, and he would deserve all he got.'

Steadying his voice, Charlie continued: 'The Thing looked at me with its piercing eyes, and came closer. All the time something kept running up and down my back, then I tried to hold up my hand to ward off whatever was coming, but like every other limb my arm wouldn't work. I thought I was going mad, when the silence was broken by a deep voice. Pointing a long finger at me, which also seemed aglow with a mysterious light, It said slowly, "You think you can see through me, but you cannot; I can see through you, though," and it was quite right, too! It was not like the ghosts you read about—transparent, and all that—but apparently came from another district where they thicken them.'

A long roar of resounding laughter greeted Charles' last words, and thankful sighs of relief were breathed at an opportunity of relieving pent-up feelings. Charlie stared at the outburst, but had no suspicions.

'What else did your precious ghost say, Charlie?' asked Sir Roger, when the noise had died away.

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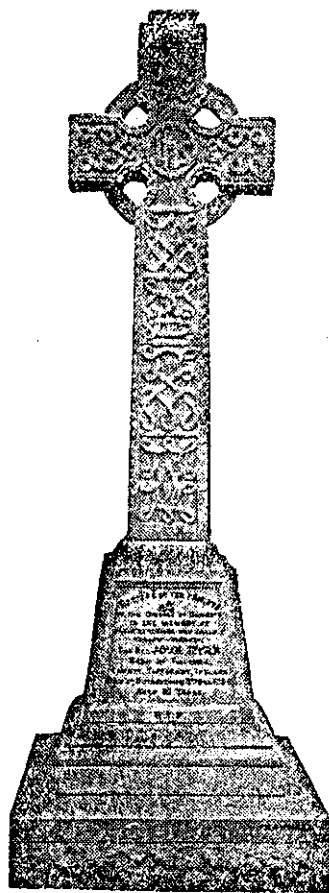
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'It—it said,' Green replied, his voice faltering again, "'I think I know who you are, and by to-morrow night I shall have made certain.'" And then it glided to the end of the bed and muttered, "He was only a little insignificant half-man just like this one. The wart is in the same place, too! Just on the bridge of the nose, and his glasses rested on it. How it annoyed me! Do you wear glasses?" it said, turning on me fiercely. "No, sir, thank you," I replied, as well as I could speak, "but I will if you like." "Do so at your peril. To-morrow night I shall come to warn you to prepare for your end, and the next night—you die!" He gave an empty sort of chuckle as though he were hungry, and holding up both his arms in the way you see in pictures, stalked from the room. I couldn't help thinking it strange, though, when I put my hand outside the bed-clothes some time after to get a little fresh air, that the ghost who's going to kill me to-morrow night had to lower one arm to open the door. I expected to see him walk through it. But it doesn't matter! poor Charlie declared hopelessly. "Nothing matters now. It will be Boxing Day, won't it, you chaps? And then I shall be boxed up," and he laughed mirthlessly at his own joke.

'Come, come, Green, my boy, surely you are not afraid of an alleged ghost. True,' said Sir Roger thoughtfully, 'some parts of this place do date back to the sixteenth century, and the blue room is one, but I tell you what I will do; put you in another room where Va—the ghost, I mean—cannot find you. Now, then, Vane,' he continued quickly to cover up his slip of the tongue, 'you must exchange with Charlie, and let him have a peaceful night to-night.'

'Certainly, Sir Roger,' Vane replied courteously, 'I shall be most happy to oblige you, and if Charlie thinks he will have a more restful night in my present room—a fit of coughing stopped him for a moment—he is quite welcome to it.'

'Thanks awfully, Vane,' said Charlie, relieved beyond measure. 'I certainly will accept your offer.'

'That's settled, then,' exclaimed Sir Roger Bentley. 'Now come and join the ladies. We mustn't keep Christmas all by ourselves.'

The next morning, Christmas Day, Charlie Green crawled into the breakfast-room and literally dropped into a chair without, as he thought, attracting attention. Covert glances, however, were shot in his direction by the men of the party, and sundry sly winks passed between them. Poor Green looked decidedly seedy, and the resigned expression which every now and then came over his face was extremely funny. He would throw up his eyes, and the corners of his mouth would droop, while a deep sigh would proceed from his half-open mouth.

'Good gracious, Mr. Green!' said a vivacious little lady sitting next to him, 'are you practising for a tableau? What a weird, uncanny character! How can you do it? But there, some men have such peculiar faces. They can do what they like with them.'

'Quite right, Mrs. Firth,' joined in Sir Roger jovially from the top of the table. 'With the aid of a little paint and things some men can make themselves look perfect demons,' and Bentley's eyes caught Vane's, who smiled broadly. 'While the ladies get ready for a canter across the Downs, we'll adjourn to the smoking-room,' said the master of the house after a short pause, beckoning Charlie to follow him.

'Now, then, Green, my boy, what sort of a night did you have?' asked Sir Roger cheerfully, after everyone had got their pipes or cigars going well.

'Awful! I thank you, Sir Roger. Simply awful! and the worst is to come,' said Charlie in a toneless voice.

'What!' shouted Bentley, 'do you mean to say that the same rascally ghost has dared to enter the sacred chamber where King George the something—I forgot which of the four it was—slept?'

Charlie nodded listlessly. It mattered little to him who had slept there. He hadn't. All he knew was that at one period of the night he had experienced the temperature of the arctic regions, while at another he was plunged into a Turkish bath of the hottest description, with periodical gusts of cold wind coming from somewhere.

'Confound him!' roared Sir Roger. 'To desecrate with his sulphurous presence the room reserved for distinguished visitors only. Where is he? I'll break every bone in his body!' and he spoke with such spirit, and glared so viciously, that Freddy Vane thought it prudent to shift his seat farther back.

'What did the ghost say this time?' one of the men interposed soothingly, to cool the air somewhat.

'Oh, he didn't say very much, but it was to the point. You can't help me, any of you. I have just got to die. In what way I don't know yet, but it will be in the small hours of to-morrow—Boxing Day—when you will all be dreaming of the jolly times you are going to have. Never mind. Enjoy yourselves. Life is still you—'

'Shut up, you maundering idiot!' cried Vane sharply. 'You don't suppose for a moment we are going to let a ghost roam from room to room in this fine old ancestral mansion—ahem—and polish people off without any rhyme or reason?'

'Ah! that's just it!' said Charlie, in a despondent voice. 'He has a reason. He said something last night about my great grandfather meeting him in mortal combat, and my old grand-dad, it appears, got in first blow.' Charlie spoke quite proudly as he added, 'You see, they fought with hatchets in those days, which they held with both hands, and so there wasn't any need for a second whack. Now, this ghost is trying to make out that our side took a mean advantage, and didn't swing the hatchet the regulation number of times. Had my great grand-dad done so, the ghost would have got home first, so I reckon Grandfather Green the Great was pretty cute in getting enough weigh on to kill his man under the regulation number of swings.' Charlie's voice soon resumed its former dull tones as he went on to say, 'Now I have got to die instead. Why he has chosen me I'm sure I don't know.' And the other members of the party also expressed their astonishment.

'But we sha'n't let him kill you, Charlie, my boy,' said Sir Roger, cheerily. 'This bloodthirsty ghost must not interfere with my guests like that, you know. I don't mind a quiet, reasonable chat and a talk over old times, now that it is Christmas-time. Ghosts, like everyone else, must have a little license at this time of the year, and all the while they are peaceable they are welcome to any pleasure they may derive these cold nights by walking about the passages and stairs in my house. But when it comes to talking of killing, then they must transfer their custom elsewhere.'

Sir Roger spoke in decisive tones, as if the matter was settled without any occasion for further discussion.

'B-but, Sir Roger, how are you going to stop him from committing the fatal deed?' asked Charlie, in desperation.

'Um-yes! There is that to be thought of, isn't there? Ah! I have it!' cried Sir Roger, jubilantly.

Charlie looked up eagerly, a faint ray of hope illuminating his mournful countenance.

'You shall have my room, and I will lock the door myself, and all the ghosts in existence—transparent or thick—won't be able to touch you there! That's a capital idea! The ghost will think I'm sleeping there, and won't dare to come near!'

Charlie looked dubious.

'Come along, all of you. The horses are ready and the ladies are waiting. A glorious scamper to the Bars on a crisp morning like this is the finest antidote on earth for mouldy ghosts, Charlie. Here we are, ladies! Mind the mistletoe, Mrs. Frith! Charlie Green here is a terror. What's that, Vane? No, I didn't say "in a terror." What do you mean, sir?'

After a long day of pleasure the time at length arrived for retiring—a time dreaded, indeed, by Charlie, despite his host's confident assurances. He felt very tired, but fully expected that his next sleep would be the long one from which there was no awakening.

Sir Roger saw him to his room, and looked under the bed and into every cupboard to assure Charlie that no one was hidden in any likely spot. Then, patting the dejected man gently on the back, he told him to cheer up and think no more of ghosts, but jump into bed and sleep soundly till the morning.

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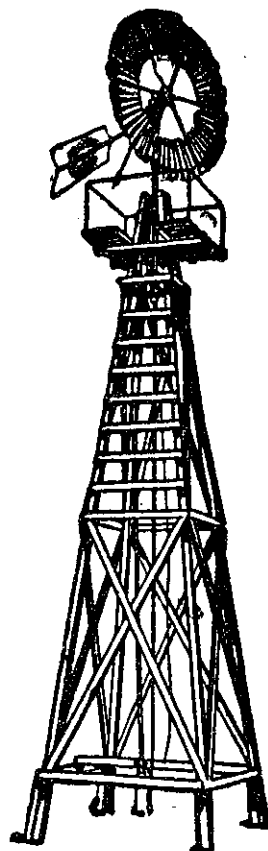
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'Thank you. I will try,' Charlie replied, trying to speak bravely and hide the quaver in his voice.

Sir Roger locked the door ostentatiously, and walked off whistling the tune of a comic song. In the bedroom where Charlie had slept the previous night, the other men were gathered, talking and laughing quietly amongst themselves. Presently their host joined them.

'Ha! ha! he laughed. 'What a poor little foolish fellow he is. How on earth he can be taken in so easily I can't conceive. Perhaps when he sees what a consummate ass he has been it may sharpen up his wits a bit. I don't wonder at his losing £800 by the time-honored confidence trick. Fancy believing in such things as ghosts, and not seeing through so palpably crude a disguise, for I must say you make up jolly badly, Freddy. Poor little Charlie. He'll hide his head under the sheets to-night for shame, not fright. But I do hope we'll make a man of him,' he concluded, earnestly.

The conversation was desultory, and turned on various topics until Sir Roger roused himself with a gigantic yawn, and said, mockingly, in a hollow voice: 'The bewitching hour of three is about to strike, and the death-dealing ghost starts forth on his quest for blood. Come on, Vane, you idiot. What's the matter? Bitten your tongue or got the toothache?'

'Neither,' replied Vane, shortly. 'Swallowed some paint.'

'Hard luck, old chap: mind you don't swallow the brush,' to which no answer was vouchsafed.

Creeping softly in their stockinged feet, the party of men, without any disturbance or noise, reached the room in which lay their victim.

Vane opened the door silently, and immediately blew his syren whistle. In a moment the doomed man, as he fully believed himself to be, was sitting bolt upright in bed. Beads of perspiration poured down his

face, and his breath came in quick gasps. He tried to speak, but no sound came, and he looked imploringly at his tormenter. Vane had no mind to prolong the agony of the poor wretch, and he decided to bring about the denouement as quickly as possible.

Speaking in the sepulchral tone he had adopted all through, he said: 'In two minutes the clock will strike thræe, and—er—it will then be three o'clock,' he added, forgetting what he had intended to say. 'I do not propose to kill you in cold blood, or warm for that matter, so I have brought these two revolvers, but you must not do as your great grandfather did. You must not shoot until I tell you to. Do you hear?'

'Y'es, sir, I heard. I won't shoot, really. You do it for me. Oh, dear! I do wish my back would leave off running about,' he moaned.

'Have you ever used a revolver?' the ghost demanded.

'Yes—no—I mean, I don't think so. But it doesn't matter, does it?'

Vane muttered a bad word beneath his breath, and next ordered the shaking man to jump out of bed. He then handed Charlie one of the weapons.

'Now,' said the ghost, 'we will stand on either side of your bed, and I will count ten. As soon as ten has left my mouth you are at liberty to fire—but I shall be first,' he added with a low chuckle. 'Are you ready?'

'One moment, please. I can't find the thing you pull to make it go off. Will you show me, Mr. —?'

Charlie asked, inquiringly.

'Mr. —?' repeated the ghost. 'Of course that reminds me. We have not exchanged names. My name is Green, and yours is —?'

'Mine is Green, too—Charlie Green.'

'What!' shrieked the ghost. 'Do you mean to tell me that your name isn't Kean, and that your great-grandfather Kean didn't kill me in unfair combat?'

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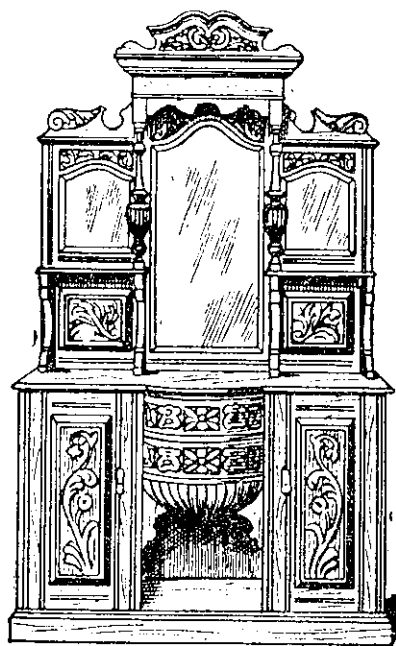
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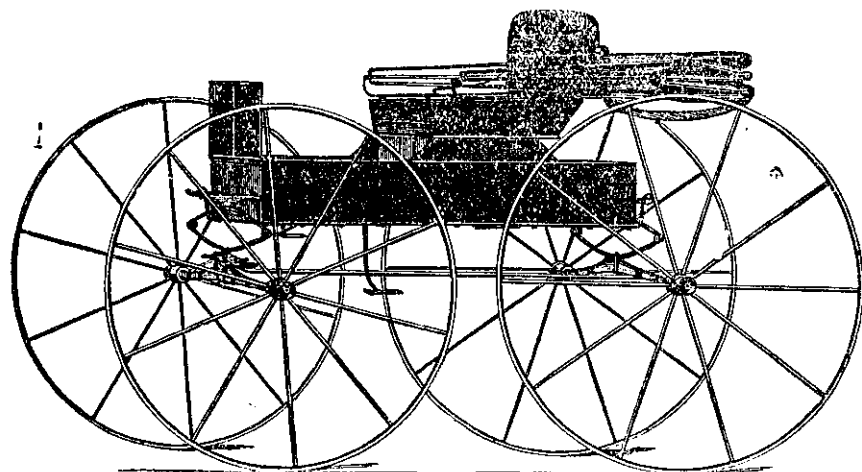
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'Certainly my name isn't Kean,' Charlie returned, growing bolder, 'and what my great-grandfather did when he was alive is no concern of mine. But,' as a bright idea struck him, 'I reckon you are my great-grandfather, or, at least, his ghost, and surely you would not kill the only surviving male member of the good old stock.'

One or two guffaws outside the door followed this piece of cool conceit, and Charlie looked round inquiringly.

'Kean and Green, they are very similar,' the ghost was saying to himself, 'If Green were Kean I should shoot him dead,' and he pointed the revolver at Charlie, who promptly ducked under the bed, 'but as Kean seems to be Green, he must be allowed to spout, or in another word, live.' Charles stood up.

'You have had a jolly narrow escape,' and to the happy man the phraseology and voice sounded strangely familiar. 'Let it be a lesson to you to —' but here the ghost gave vent to a very unghostly yawn, and seeing that Charlie was on the verge of discovery, he hastened matters by pointing to the door, and shouting, 'Look!'

Charlie turned his head in the direction indicated, only to be met with wild shouts of glee and laughter at his discomfiture from a crowd of men at the door. Looking back across the bed the bewildered man saw that the ghost had disappeared, and dare-devil Freddy Vane stood grinning broadly in its place.

For a moment Charlie felt like sinking to the floor, and sobbing his heart out for very shame, but a voice seemed to whisper, 'Be a man, and take it standing.' Charlie walked round the room without saying a word, and did the very best possible thing he could. He held out his hand to Vane, and shook it firmly. He then crossed to the door, and shook the hand of each one in turn. Then he spoke.

'I see now your object in this—what shall I call it—escapade,' he said slowly, with a determined ring

in his thin voice. 'It was not so much to frighten me as to show by its very transparent absurdity how simple and childish I am. How easily I can be taken in and deceived. You sought to bring home to me in a manner which I believe in my case was absolutely necessary, the deficits and weak points in the formation of my character. In short, you wanted to make a man of me. Gentlemen, I thank you. You tried a bold cure, and you have succeeded. Your object is attained. Good-night!'

'Three cheers for Charlie Green!' shouted Sir Roger in an outburst of joy, and the cheers rang forth from half-a-dozen lusty throats, quite regardless of the sleepers in the house.

Charlie merely bowed his acknowledgments, and from that day no reference was ever made by a member of that Christmas party to 'Charlie Green's Ghost.'

—*Catholic Weekly.*

THE TOY AND THE PROPHET

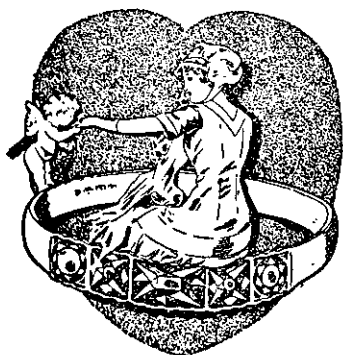
(Concluded from last week.)

'He picked her out of the mud this morning, while we were comin' up to the grounds,' said Grayson. 'He's always been that gentle with ones he likes. She's fed him often, an' always talks to him and pets him. Don't seem,' he added, reminiscently, 'as if Rajah was ever like some elephants—havin' tantrums and ugly spells. He's touchy to strangers though.'

'Well, I never!' grasped the keeper. 'Bless me, if I don't remember now a-seein' the girl feedin' him before, but I didn't know they was like that together.'

The child had scampered away. Grayson held out his hand, as he, too, turned to go.

'I'll get a bite to eat, I think, now,' he said gruffly. 'Maybe I won't see you again, Grenville. You're busy to-night, an' I'll be leavin' early in the mornin'. I shall try to make that little town north of



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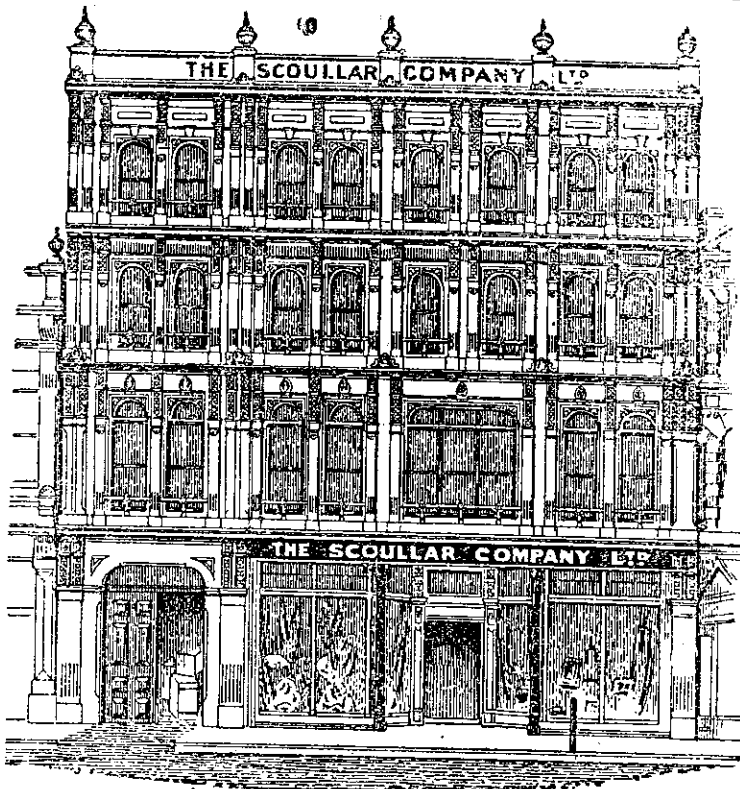
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here. Rajah an' I can get better accommodation there an' cheaper'n here. Good-bye.

'Good-bye. Good luck, too!'

Grenville averted his face hastily, after they had gripped hands, and crossed quickly back to the cages.

Over at the cook's waggon, Grayson got a swig or two, and walked on slowly out across the fields, beyond the canvases and towards the west. Every sensibility the man possessed, whatever its crudeness or narrowness or inefficiency, had awakened. With little realisation of how it had come about or what end it presaged, but with the bitter, unreasoning sense of the injustice of the moment, he faced the crisis—the great crisis—of his life.

The sun, a clean-cut globe of fire, was plunging out of sight behind the hills. Blue and gold painted the sky at the zenith. It was a scene, calm, tranquil, lapsing more and more rapidly into a direct antithesis of the turbulence of the morning.

Unexpectedly, as he stood there, came to him a dull suggestion of the incongruity of this peaceful closing of the day with the wild storm that had broken upon his own life. With the sun's coming up again, he would be an outcast, driven into exile from the world he loved; holding to the old life only through the desolate hope that Rajah might somewhere find another place, and so bring him back to the old, old fascination of the canvases.

There was no other way. The parks and permanent gardens in the cities he had abhorred always for their monotony, their insufferable sameness. In his eyes they stood for the very sloth of stagnancy. The thought of separation from Rajah hurt him, too, like a knife-thrust. And yet, with the elephant blind, helpless, unable adequately to be cared for in the clockwork regime of the circus—

A dull explosion, like a muffled shot, burst suddenly from the direction of the canvases at his back. He wheeled about instantly his eyes straining to discover

what had happened, his nostrils quivering with the acute misgiving that an animal feels in sudden fright.

For the merest fraction of a minute he saw nothing. Then, like a surging billow of fire, flames leaped up from one of the white tents. Their simultaneous outbreak from every part of the canvas told him all that he need know. The huge paraffin-tank for the stoves in the cook's quarters had exploded, scattering the burning oil far and near over the top and sides of the adjoining dressing-tent.

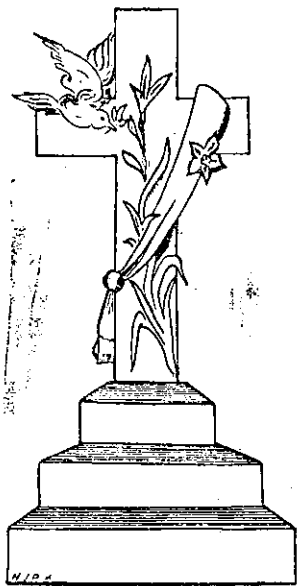
There was no time to hesitate or consider. Forgetting in that very instant all his outraged feelings, injustices which had been heaped upon him by the man whose property was blazing before his eyes, and driven only by that instinct which, on that other night, had whipped him back again and again to the wrecked menagerie-car, he dashed with the speed of regained youth straight towards the menagerie quarters.

He reached the tent, gasping. Hiccupless of everything save the big elephant, he bent down, and with fingers which in his blind haste fumbled clumsily with the rings, loosened the chain from the stake. Then, with a reckless leap, he landed on Rajah's startled head, and began urging him with a precipitate rush of words out of the tent.

Half-sitting, half-clinging to the mammoth ears of the animal, Grayson drove straight through the blur of shouting, frantically-gesticulating circus-hands—straight on towards the blazing canvas. The flames were shooting high in the air now; every second found them flaring up in new places.

'Good boy, Rajah—good old fellow! Shake it out! Shake it out!'

It was Grayson's voice, rising above the hiss and roar of the fire—cool, strong, imperious, yet intreating; commanding, yet never threatening. Man and elephant were abreast the fiery wall now, and Rajah's trunk, guided uncertainly by his half-sightless eyes, reached up obediently to the burning canvas.



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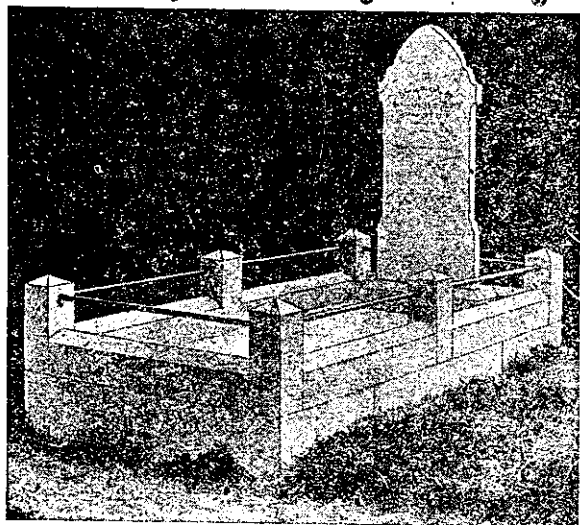
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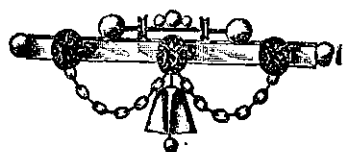
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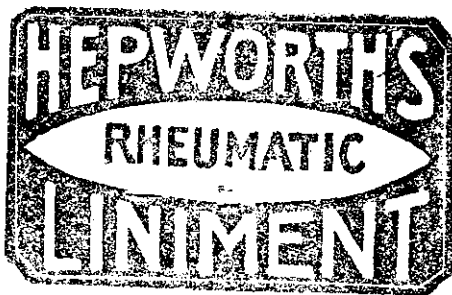
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The elephant had learned the trick many years before the head-on collision in the fog, when his 'act' in the arena was highly prized and paid for. It had been one of his feats to pull down with his trunk and shake out with rapid waving to and fro a series of lighted torches set in a frame at the side of the ring.

'Good old fellow! Shake it out! Shake it out!'

And Rajah, guided as much by the sound of the trainer's clear, assuring voice as by his own half-seeing eyes, strode, trumpeting, on, tearing at the burning side-wall canvas and ripping it asunder, yard by yard, to be crushed out under his stamping feet. Grayson's own clothing was smoking. His hair was burned off in spots, and great blisters were puffing up on his uncovered hands. His face was pressed for protection against the elephant's head. Still he clung desperately to his lofty seat.

It was over very quickly, after all. Rajah's huge, sweeping trunk had checked even the cunning currents of the scattered paraffin. The trainer lifted his head cautiously. The canvas smoked in ruins, smouldering ineffectually above and about him.

'All out, Rajah. All out!' he cried.

He tried to turn the elephant and drive him from the wrecked tent. But the animal had reared suddenly and lurched drunkenly backward, his trunk coiling about something rolled in a bundle of costumes on the ground. Grayson shouted at him, and used the sharp hook in his hand. At the same instant he saw, looking down, what was holding the big fellow back. It was the child of the manager, who had been asleep, evidently, in a corner of the tent when the fire began. Rajah's crushing foot had barely missed her.

As from a great distance, the trainer's pain-racked senses realised that Killeen's voice was crying out in torment:

'My God, men, my little girl's in that tent! Mary, my little girl! Let me through!'

Then Rajah, with the child in the coil of his burned trunk, and Grayson, like a blackened fiend clinging to his head, staggered out into the open air. In

the midst of the show-folk, man and animal stopped, and Grayson slid to the ground and ran forward to the little girl whom the elephant had deposited on the grass.

'She's dead! She's dead!' shrieked the frenzied Killeen, bending over the tiny figure of the child.

'She ain't dead—only her dress scorched a little! She ain't even hurt,' said Grayson savagely.

He had flung off his smoking coat, and with his red-welted hands began to fan her with his hat. Slowly her eyes opened, and she reached out her arms to her father, whimpering.

'Papa—papa!' she sobbed, clinging to his neck, and putting her face against his ashen one.

*

It was a little later, when the sputtering lights were burning in the big tent, that Grayson stood alone at the far end of the menagerie-quarters, bathing the great blisters on Rajah's trunk and body with a soft sponge soaked in sweet oil.

From on beyond came the blare of the bands, the shouting of the show-folk, and occasional, scattered applause. In the half-gloom of that part of the tent where Grayson and the elephant were the trainer toiled on steadily, oblivious of the carnival, dipping the sponge time after time in the pail of oil and washing gently the animal's wounds. Of the pain in his own hands he seemed to feel nothing.

'Grayson!'

At the low word the trainer turned slowly and looked up at the manager standing abruptly at his elbow.

'I came to say that—that I've changed my mind. I don't want you to leave the show.'

It was merely Killeen's clumsy manner of expressing his gratitude.

'The fact is, you and that elephant did a remarkable thing to-night in putting out that fire in the way you did—'

Grayson stopped him brusquely. 'I didn't have anything to do with it. It was Rajah—alone!'

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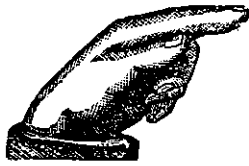
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The manager shrugged his shoulders. 'It amounts to the same thing,' he went on. 'You did it together, and it was well done. The damage was nothing to me compared with the life of—of little Mary. She was asleep in the dressing-tent, and if it hadn't been for you—'

Grayson wheeled upon him.

'It wasn't me that saved the child, Killeen. It was Rajah. God knows I've not much to thank you for. But if you'd kept your eyes open these past two years, you'd have seen what I did long ago—you'd have seen how Rajah loved your little girl.' Why, I've seen her time and time again feedin' him with bread an' laughin' to see him stow it away. She's talked to him an' petted him often. He loves her! That's what made him pick her out of the mud this mornin', an' that's what made him find her an' get her out of that burnin' tent when I was tryin', without knowin' it, to make him walk on the very spot where she was layin'. You can thank him for savin' her.'

Killeen stared at the trained with slow comprehension.

'I understand, Grayson,' he muttered. 'I'm sorry for my treatment of you two. I—you'll stay with us, of course?'

His vision, as he waited, was of a great spinning-top, which he had meant to augur their luck—Rajah's and his. Again he seemed to see the elephant's trunk sweeping up the toy before it had delivered its prophecy.

'Yes, we'll stay on,' he said slowly; and, bending down, carefully filled the sponge with the oil.

—Southern Cross.

That old enemy of the human race—consumption—still claims its victims, and in increasing numbers. A cold neglected—that is always the start—always. It seems inconceivable that persons who know perfectly well that a neglected cold will cause the sufferer to find a consumptive's grave persist in neglecting themselves. Don't let a cold get a start—stop it right at the beginning with TUSSICURA—a truly marvellous throat and lung tonic.

Masterton

(From our own correspondent.)

December 11.

The annual combined picnic of Catholic schools of the Masterton and Pahiatua districts will probably be held about the second week in January.

Very Rev. Dean McKenna, on behalf of St. Patrick's Church committee, has just completed the purchase of the property known as the Masterton Fishponds, comprising twelve acres of land and the building thereon. This property, which is situated right opposite St. Bride's Convent, has been used for many years by the Wellington Acclimatisation Society, and very few visitors to Masterton missed the opportunity of being shown over the hatcheries and ponds. The Very Rev. Dean is to be congratulated on his foresight in securing the property. I understand that the property will be used principally for the convent and school.

His Lordship Bishop Carroll, of Lismore, New South Wales, and Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran, of Sydney, paid a brief visit to Dean McKenna at Masterton, arriving on Saturday and leaving for Wellington on Monday. During their stay they motored through the South Wairarapa, and Bishop Carroll, who takes a keen interest in dairying, coming as he does from one of the biggest dairying centres in Australia, was delighted with the country he saw. Bishop Carroll comes from the same town in Ireland as Dean McKenna.

In Germany spiritual retreats are held for recruits or young soldiers. The idea was put forward in 1905 by Lieutenant-Colonel D. E. Hasse, who, during his long military career, had seen the great dangers to which young soldiers are exposed in the barracks unless they get a direct and special preparation for the new life and new conditions into which they are suddenly thrown. When it is borne in mind that there are every year from seventy to a hundred thousand young Catholic men who leave their homes to spend at least two years in the barracks, one easily understands the need of such a preparation.

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Tan Clocked and Embroidered Hose—1/3 pair
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Current Topics

The Elections

The final results of the elections were known at the close of last week; and the strength of the respective parties now is: Government, 34; Opposition, 36; Independent, 3; Labor, 4. By common consent the two main factors which have brought this reverse on the Ward Government were the giving of a Dreadnought to the Imperial Government without consulting Parliament, and the acceptance of a baronetcy by Sir Joseph Ward—and principally the latter factor. A similar action killed Sir Robert Stout as a politician; and there can be no doubt that, temporarily at least, Sir Joseph Ward's prestige as a leader is gone. The lesson has been a severe one, but it will be effective; and there will be no hankering for baronetcies among New Zealand politicians for many a long day to come. So far the Government have not announced what course they propose to take in the existing situation; but the indications are that Parliament will be called together at an early date, and the Government's chance of carrying on will be put to practical test in the new House. There are three Maori elections to be held this week, and if the Ministerial candidates are all successful this will give the Government a majority of one as against the Opposition. The only other feature of the elections that calls for comment is the gratifying rejection of quite a number of politicians of the 'wowsers' type. Young New Zealand is turning strongly against 'wowsers', and if the present state of feeling continues our political Chadbands are in for a bad time.

*

More important to us than the personnel or party leanings of the candidates returned is their attitude towards Catholic educational interests; and in this connection, as we have before taken occasion to remark, better work has been done at this election than for many years past. In our issue of November 16 appeared a list of questions for candidates from the gifted pen of his Lordship Bishop Cleary, whose tireless zeal and unceasing interest in this subject have already done so much to make the question a live one and hold out such assured promise of fruitful activity in the future. Regarding these questions, one of the ablest priests in Australia writes: 'These questions resume in a few words the whole Catholic attitude on the education question. They are beautifully put; in fact they are perfect; and they are most necessary even for Catholics themselves.' The substance of these questions was submitted to most of the candidates throughout the Dominion; and, considering that our action was in the nature of a preliminary and tentative effort, the response has been most encouraging. Candidates, generally, showed a decided disposition to be fair; and several of those who have been returned stood up unreservedly for our claims, speaking out boldly and decidedly from the platform. A most hopeful and gratifying feature of this election is the fact that some of the keenest and most active fighters on the education issue have been our young men. In Auckland, in particular, the young men threw themselves into the fighting line with a vim and enthusiasm that are beyond all praise. Where the interest and co-operation of the young men is obtained, the foundation for the future is securely laid; and the work of these sturdy young Gideonites of the north is a happy augury of good things to come. We heartily congratulate the Auckland Catholic young men on the progressive spirit and splendid example they have shown; and we hope their action will be an inspiration and an incentive to our young men generally to come boldly forward, and fight, as their fathers have fought, for the interests of their faith and Church.

The Assembly and 'Ne Temere'

A further letter on this subject from the Rev. R. Wood was published in Friday's *Otago Daily Times*; and the following reply thereto appeared in Wednesday's

issue: "Sir,—'Infamous and intolerant,' 'as ill-mannered as they are illogical,' 'flounders and splashes himself,' 'plunging into logical mud-holes,' 'boorish, futile, and ridiculous'—these are a few specimen flowers of speech culled from Mr. Wood's latest contribution to your columns. The letter—shot through and through as it is by such scurrility—is a weird exhibition for a Christian minister to make before the public; and his Church and people are to be commiserated. This coarse vituperation is interesting only for the evidence which it affords of the sore straits in which your correspondent finds himself. When a man—and a minister—loses his self-control to the extent to which Mr. Wood has done on this occasion, the display is a very palpable flag of distress."

*

'Your correspondent complains, in effect, that I have hit him in the wrong place. Finding that the statements made by himself and Dr. Gibb have fared very badly under examination, Mr. Wood now practically abandons these, and, making a strategic movement to the rear, elects to fall back upon the formal deliverance of the Assembly. The refutation of this, he says, is 'the task that lies before me.' It is unnecessary to point out to the thinking portion of your readers the absurdity of such a pretence. The shoe is on quite the other foot. The merest tyro in logic knows that in any discussion the burden of proof in respect to any statements made, lies upon the persons making the statements. Statements—even in an Assembly deliverance—are not to be taken as true merely because they are made; and until some proof is forth-coming, no onus, beyond that of calling for evidence and proof, is cast upon those who question such statements. The only 'proof' advanced in connection with the Assembly deliverance was that contained in the statements made by the two speakers on the occasion, and to these I rightly and logically directed my attention. For reasons which will hereafter be indicated, I think the Assembly might very well have refrained from interfering at all with the domestic legislation of another religious body. But if a statement had to be made, I frankly admit that, on the whole, the deliverance adopted, so far as its actual terms are concerned, was a temperate and moderate presentment of the Presbyterian point of view. There are one or two clauses in it to which I would, of course, take exception; but these are not of sufficient importance to have made a controversy worth while, and had the deliverance been unaccompanied by Messrs. Wood and Gibb's misstatements and misrepresentations regarding 'certain Canterbury priests,' 'Kaiser Wilhelm and his warriors,' 'conversion by coercion,' etc., it would have called forth no comment from me. Under examination, these misstatements—which were dealt with in my first letter and again summarised in my last—have broken completely down, and in respect to them Mr. Wood has not so much as attempted to 'make good.' With the only practical portion of the Assembly's deliverance I have already dealt. In it the Assembly called upon the Government for 'protection,' and 'exhorted their faithful people to avoid contracting mixed marriages.' I have sufficiently shown the absurdity—in the existing state of the law in New Zealand—of the first proposal, and Mr. Wood is now wisely silent on the point. With the Assembly's exhortation to their people to avoid mixed marriages, Catholics are in entire sympathy; and those ministers who are giving practical effect to this recommendation instead of dissipating their energy in gratuitous attacks on 'Rome,' are showing their real earnestness and sincerity in this matter. Your correspondent represents the Assembly deliverance as 'summing up the indignation of the Church and nation'—the nation, no less. As a matter of fact there is not a single expression of indignation in the whole deliverance. Here it is in full: 'The Assembly having considered the *Ne Temere* decree which has been promulgated in this Dominion in its historical setting and practical working, and while recognising the right of every branch of the Christian Church to formulate its own terms of communion and to exercise ecclesiastical discipline upon its members in accordance therewith, but inas-

much as the application of this decree in every case of a mixed marriage affects a party who is not under the jurisdiction of the Church of Rome, and traverses the law of the land and the law of all non-Roman Catholic Churches by declaring invalid a marriage duly solemnised according to those laws, and inasmuch as this decree has been so applied as to disturb the peace of families and break up homes and seriously affect the social standing of members of homes, the Assembly call upon the Government to devise some means for the protection of the social interests and the civil rights of all parties affected by this decree, and in view of the grave risks to domestic happiness and religious well-being involved in mixed marriages, they exhort their faithful people to avoid contracting marriages of that nature; and the Assembly further directs that a copy of this deliverance be sent by the clerk of Assembly to the Government through Sir Joseph Ward.' There are here no such epithets as 'infamous and intolerant,' 'cruelty, intolerance, and iniquity,' 'immorality and intolerance,' 'morally monstrous,' etc. These are the achievement only of the Rev. Robert Wood, and he is entitled to all the glory of them.'

*

'Your correspondent blunders very badly in his reference to the supposed attitude of the Catholic Church regarding marriage with a deceased wife's sister. While regarding such marriages as generally speaking undesirable, the Church has never taken the view that they are 'incestuous,' or objectionable on racial grounds, or that they are absolutely contrary to the 'law of God'; and in the two instances mentioned by your correspondent she was acting quite consistently with her general teaching and practice. It is not the 'deputy censor' but the Waikari theologian who has been asleep. He was evidently ignorant of the real Catholic attitude on the subject, so made a shot at it—and missed.'

*

'In inferentially admitting—as he is compelled to admit—the correctness of my history of Presbyterian legislation regarding marriage with a deceased wife's sister, Mr. Wood has thrown his whole case away, and for the rest of this controversy his gun is spiked. Let me briefly recapitulate the facts. The *Ne Temere* decree applies to almost the whole of Catholic Christendom, but, for special reasons, has not yet been promulgated in Germany, and in one or two smaller provinces of Europe. This variation—in what is, so far as *Ne Temere* is concerned, a mere disciplinary decree—Mr. Wood professed to regard as 'morally monstrous' and as 'making the law of God regarding marriage a matter of geography and climate.' As I pointed out in my last letter, the thing of which Mr. Wood falsely accused the Catholic Church is the very thing of which his own Church has been conspicuously guilty; and, as I showed, it was not necessary to go to 'Hungary and Slavonia,' or even to 'Berlin, Hamburg, and Potsdam,' for instances of such legislative variation, but only to the boundary of our own province of Otago. For over two centuries the law for Presbyterians regarding marriage with a deceased wife's sister was that contained in the *Westminster Confession of Faith* (Chap. xxiv., s. 4), which not only condemns such marriages as invalid, but adds—'nor can such incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man, or consent of parties, so as those persons may live together as man and wife.' This was no mere disciplinary regulation—such as *Ne Temere* is—but was expressly set forth as the unchanging law of God which no human authority could ever annul. It was adhered to with scrupulous fidelity; and from all I have heard and read ministers of the old school would have cut off their right hand rather than have part or lot in any such unions. It affected the 'social interests and civil rights' of others besides Presbyterians. Every non-Presbyterian—Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, etc.—who married a Presbyterian within the prohibited relationship was brought within its scope; and to the unhappy couple in such a case—whether married by Catholic priest or Methodist or Baptist minister—the Presbyterian Church said: 'You are not married at all and never can be; you are living not only in concubinage but in incest; your children are illegitimate; and it is not lawful—and never can be made

lawful by any consent between yourselves—that you should live together as man and wife.' Here is not mere incitement to wife desertion, but wife (or husband) desertion by compulsion. It is a much harder case than any which could arise under *Ne Temere*, for at least the latter offers the parties an easy opportunity of putting matters on a proper footing and of becoming man and wife. Yet that law was administered by Mr. Wood himself for several years; and this is the man who now denounces a much less drastic Catholic disciplinary regulation as 'infamous and intolerant,' and who loses his sleep at nights because of its 'immorality and intolerance' and of its 'cruelty, intolerance, and iniquity.' And this is not all. In 1883, as I mentioned in my last letter, the northern Presbyterian Church decided to abrogate the 'law of God' as stated in the *Westminster Confession*, and to do that which the *Confession* says no law of man ever can do, viz., to make marriage with a deceased wife's sister perfectly lawful and honorable. The boundary between the two Churches was the Waitaki River, so that by merely crossing to either side intending candidates for matrimony were in the happy position of being able to take their choice of whichever law best suited their convenience. The Rev. Mr. Wood was at this time associated with the Otago Church, administering the older and more rigorous law. But in 1890—that is, while the Otago Church still adhered to the *Confession of Faith* enactment—Mr. Wood was inducted to the pastorate of the Masterton Presbyterian Church. Thus by merely removing from Wyndham to Masterton, unions which a few days before he had had to condemn as invalid and 'incestuous' Mr. Wood was now in a position to freely celebrate as true and valid and honorable marriages. And, in face of all this, we now find him publicly expatiating on the iniquity of 'making the moral law of God regarding marriage a matter of geography and climate'! If Mr. Wood is so obtuse as not to realise the ludicrous light in which he places himself in this connection, it is satisfactory to reflect that your readers are not similarly afflicted. As mentioned in my last letter, the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland still adhere to 'the law of God regarding marriage' as set forth in the *Confession of Faith*, and the bearing of this fact on Mr. Wood's strictures regarding *Ne Temere* will be duly pointed out as occasion requires.'

*

'It is no part of my purpose in drawing attention to these matters to in any way reflect on the Presbyterian Church, either present or past. Her belief being what it was—and in Scotland still is—she could not have acted otherwise than as she did; and she is entitled to the respect always due to a Church which is loyal to its convictions. My object in referring to Presbyterian legislation regarding marriage is (1) to show the grotesque inconsistency of the Rev. Mr. Wood in declaiming against the Catholic Church for varying her marriage law when his own Church has been, and still is, in the same position; and (2) to bring out the fact that as the Presbyterian legislation to which I have referred was treated by other Churches as being for all practical purposes a matter for Presbyterians, so the *Ne Temere* decree, which expressly legislates only for Catholics, is purely a domestic matter in regard to which other churches have no claim, and should have no desire, to interfere. The marriage doctrine of the *Confession of Faith* not only incites to wife and husband desertion, but compels it; and it affects the 'social interests and civil rights' of all non-Presbyterians—including Catholics—who may by marriage bring themselves within its scope. There is not a single objection which has been, or can be, advanced against *Ne Temere* which does not apply with still greater force to the Westminster enactment; and this—in so far as Mr. Wood makes it necessary—it will be my duty to show. But neither the Catholic Church—nor, so far as I know, any other Church—has ever felt called upon to fulminate against it, or to attempt in any way to interfere with Presbyterian legislation. The right which she has conceded to others, the Church insistently claims for herself; and to-day it is only the hopelessly prejudiced and unthinking by whom that claim is denied.—I am, etc.,

EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.'

December 16.

THE NEW CARDINALS

SEVENTEEN PRELATES RAISED TO THE SACRED COLLEGE

At a Consistory held on November 27 the Holy Father created seventeen new Cardinals. The following is the list:—

England.—Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster.

United States.—Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston; Most Rev. Dr. Farley, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. Diomedo Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

Italy.—Monsignor Granito di Belmonte, formerly Nuncio in Vienna; Monsignor Bisleti, Papal Major-Domo; Monsignor Lugari, Assessor of the Holy Office; Monsignor Pompili, Secretary of the Congregation of Council.

Spain.—Monsignor Cos y Macho, Archbishop of Valladolid; Monsignor Antonio Vico, Apostolic Nuncio.

Austria.—Monsignor Bauer, Archbishop of Olmutz; Monsignor Nagl, Archbishop of Vienna.

France.—Monsignor Amette, Archbishop of Paris; Monsignor Dubillard, Archbishop of Chambéry; Monsignor de Cabrières, Archbishop of Montpellier.

Monastic Orders.—Father Louis Billot, Jesuit; Father van Rossum, Redemptorist.

The news of the French appointments was received with great gratification in Catholic circles in France, for since the separation of Church and State there had only been three representatives of that country in the College of Cardinals instead of the usual six or seven.

Cardinal Bourne.

Amongst the Catholics of this country there is to-day a universal feeling of joy at the glad news that has come from Rome, and of gratitude to the Holy Father for having selected his Grace Archbishop Bourne to be a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals and for raising the Right Rev. Dr. Ilsley and the Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside to the archiepiscopal dignity by converting Birmingham and Liverpool into Metropolitan Sees (says the *Catholic Times*). With the cordial congratulations which the three distinguished prelates are receiving is mingled a sense of deep satisfaction at this indication of the progress of the Church in England and Wales. As his Eminence Cardinal Logue declared at Sheffield, the Church here is gaining by degrees. Despite the difficulties which nowadays confront all who are engaged in the promotion of religious work it is advancing, and the steady advance is due to the fact that the leaders and guides are equal to the heavy duties imposed upon them by the sacred office. In the examples of his predecessors the new Cardinal-Archbishop has a noble heritage. The authority they held he has well preserved. The influence they handed down he has maintained and extended. Wiseman, as it were, brought the Church in England once more into the light of day. His extensive knowledge, his capacity for clear exposition, and his power of interesting all sorts of people drew general attention to the Catholic revival and gave an impetus to the movement for conversions, which was felt not only in the archdiocese of Westminster but throughout Great Britain. After he had laid down the pastoral staff it was taken up by Manning, a born leader of men. He not only fully appreciated the ecclesiastical requirements of the time, but saw how the sympathy of the multitudes might be won by espousing their cause and taking practical measures for the redress of their grievances. His generous efforts met with a cordial response from people of all classes, especially from the toilers. The fruit sown by Wiseman and Manning was carefully nurtured by Cardinal Vaughan, a tireless and self-sacrificing worker, whose earnestness impressed non-Catholics as well as Catholics. By his ability and energy Archbishop Bourne has proved that he follows worthily in the footsteps of the Cardinal-Archbishops who have preceded him in the See. In a period of stress and peril his educational policy has been safe and firm. Catholics have turned towards him with confidence and found that

confidence entirely justified. No one could be more unsparing of himself, and to his ceaseless and well-directed activity may be traced his success in such arduous undertakings as the completion and consecration of the Cathedral which Manning projected and Vaughan built. Never has an occasion or an emergency found him wanting, and when he was suddenly called upon to take a decisive course on the prohibition of the carrying of the Host in the Eucharistic procession his strength of character at once became apparent. The action of the Holy Father in raising him to the Sacred College will be warmly approved of alike by Catholics and non-Catholics.

Biographical sketches of Cardinals Bourne, Farley, and O'Connell appeared in our issue of November 9.

The Most Rev. Diomedo Falconio, Archbishop of Larissa and Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was born in Italy in 1842, and entered the Franciscan Order in 1860. On the completion of his studies, in 1865 he was sent as missionary to the United States, and was ordained priest in 1866 at Buffalo. He became professor of philosophy and vice president of St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N.Y., in 1868, and became a citizen of the United States in 1871. He returned to Italy in 1883, and was honored by important charges and missions, and became Archbishop of Acerenzia and Matera in 1895. He was Apostolic Delegate to Canada from 1899 to 1902, and has been Apostolic Delegate to the United States since September, 1902.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND

DIVISION OF THE PROVINCE OF WESTMINSTER.

Simultaneously with the announcement of the raising of the Archbishop of Westminster to the Cardinalate was received the official notification of the division of the Province of Westminster into three separate Provinces, and the consequent creation of two new Archbishops. The official announcement was as follows:—

'The Archbishop of Westminster has received communication of the Apostolic Letters whereby new ecclesiastical provinces are created at Birmingham and Liverpool, and the present Bishops of Birmingham and Liverpool are raised to the Archiepiscopal dignity. The Archbishop of Birmingham will have as Suffragans the Bishops of Clifton, Menevia, Newport, Plymouth, and Shrewsbury. The Suffragans of the Archbishop of Liverpool will be the Bishops of Hexham and Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Leeds, and Salford. The Archbishop of Westminster remains the Metropolitan of the Sees of Northampton, Nottingham, Portsmouth, and Southwark, and is granted precedence over all the other Archbishops and Bishops, with the right to convoke and preside at all meetings of the Hierarchy, to act as representative of the Episcopate in all official negotiations with the Government, and to the use of the Throne, Pallium, and Archiepiscopal Cross throughout the whole of England and Wales.'

A comparison of the statistics of the new provinces gives some idea of their relative strength. The figures which follow (says the *Catholic Weekly*) are based upon totals which appear in the current *Catholic Directory*:—Westminster—priests (secular and regular), 1607; churches and chapels, 618. Birmingham—priests (secular and regular), 829; churches and chapels, 455. Liverpool—priests (secular and regular), 1296; churches and chapels, 640.

Dr. Ilsley, who becomes the Birmingham Metropolitan, has been associated with religious life in the Midlands since his early years (says the *Catholic Times*.) He was born in the diocese over which he rules, and it has had the benefit of all his labors as a priest and a prelate. His predecessor, Dr. Ullathorne, confirmed him, gave him Minor Orders, ordained him priest, and officiated at his consecration as Bishop. It was Dr. Ilsley's success as a practical educationist that convinced Dr. Ullathorne of his fitness for the episcopal office. So admirably did Dr. Ilsley discharge his duties as

Turkey, Plum Pudding, and Cock o' the North Tea! Talk about a Merry Christmas!

"Hi, Jock! Don't forget the 'Hondai Lanka'; the camping out will be a fizzle without it!"

Rector of St. Bernard's Seminary, Olton, that when the Holy Father allowed the Bishop to present the name of a priest who might be appointed Coadjutor-Bishop he felt, as he stated on the occasion of the consecration, that a priest who had so completely realised the proper formation of a college and who had so efficiently presided over it was the man best suited to be his assistant in governing the diocese. Endowed with remarkable mental vigour, Dr. Ullathorne did much to build up the Church in the diocese. As was said of another prelate of the Midlands, Dr. Walsh, he reconnoitered prudently, foresaw correctly, and planned judiciously. Dr. Ilsley gave him strenuous aid, and when he succeeded him, not only strengthened the foundations he had laid, but conceived, matured, and carried through projects for religious development in many directions. Owing to his fostering care and the support he has received from his clergy and their flocks, Catholicity has prospered in the diocese, and the new arrangements made by the Holy See will undoubtedly tend to accelerate its growth.

The elevation of Liverpool to the status of a Metropolitan See has been expected for a considerable time. It is a great diocese, ruled by a Bishop peculiarly qualified to understand and satisfy the spiritual needs of the people. Dr. Whiteside was born amongst them, is thoroughly conversant with their habits and customs, is gifted with high administrative capacity, and has during his episcopate had the advantage of being in the best years of manhood, for he was only thirty-seven when appointed Bishop in 1894. The Right Rev. Dr. Bilborrow, late Bishop of Salford, whom he succeeded as President of St. Joseph's College, Upholland, said in the course of the sermon preached at his consecration: 'You will find him humble and patient, gentle but firm, accessible and impartial, honoring, rewarding, blessing true merit wherever it exists, without distinction of order or nation.' The preacher knew his character. These qualities have endeared the Bishop of Liverpool to all the members of his flock, and enabled him to achieve splendid results in working for the interests of the Church in the north. Visitors who have examined the Catholic institutions under his care have again and again expressed their admiration of the degree of perfection attained in the equipment of the diocese. Everything is complete and thorough in educational work—in the primary schools, in the Poor Law and Industrial schools, and in the colleges. With whole-hearted unanimity his people are always ready to follow the Bishop's lead, and it is not too much to say that when our schools were seriously threatened, one of the strongest factors in saving the situation was the power manifested in the immense Catholic demonstration within and around St. George's Hall, Liverpool, under the chairmanship of the Bishop. Not only by the Catholics of the diocese, but by a large number of non-Catholics in the North, the announcement of Dr. Whiteside's elevation is enthusiastically welcomed.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

December 16.

Mr. P. G. McEvedy, a brother of Dr. P. F. McEvedy, of Wellington, has gained an entrance scholarship in science at Guy's Hospital, London.

There was exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Anne's Church on last Sunday. In the evening the Rev. Father Monahan, one of the recently-ordained priests, preached his first sermon.

His Lordship Bishop Carroll, of Lismore, and the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran, of Sydney, are at present in Wellington, the guests of the Redemptorist Fathers at Mt. St. Gerard.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. M. J. McGahey, of Wadestown, a past president of the Sacred Heart (Thorndon) branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, on the death of his wife, which occurred on last Sunday evening.

The Marist Brothers of the South Island, Wanganui, Napier, and Wellington will commence their annual retreat at the Schoolhouse, Boulcott street, to-morrow. There will be about 32 Brothers present at the retreat, which will last for a week, and will be conducted by the Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R.

The St. Patrick's College Entrance Scholarships have been won by Clifford P. Bowler, of the Convent School, Inglewood, and Basil Howard, of the Sacred Heart School, Thorndon. These scholarships are worth £20 per annum, and are tenable for four years. They are offered annually for competition by Mr. Martin Kennedy.

The Marist Brothers' School, Thorndon, although only one year in existence, and laboring under difficulties owing to the school being temporarily in a hall, and with a teaching staff of only two, has secured the two scholarships given by the Sacred Heart College, Auckland, for competition by boys attending the Marist Brothers' schools in the Dominion. The successful competitors are Master Leslie Kelly (son of Mr. Kelly, of the Railway Department) and Master James Callaghan (son of Mr. J. W. Callaghan, of the Tramways Department and District Deputy of the H.A.C.B. Society). This is a record of which Brother Virgilius and his worthy assistant (Brother Irenaeus) can feel well proud.

There passed away at her residence, Waipukurau, on Saturday, December 9, another old pioneer in the person of Mrs. E. Cassie, in her seventieth year. Mrs. Cassie, with her husband, arrived at Lyttelton forty-four years ago, and after travelling about a while, settled on land at the Washdyke, near Timaru, where they followed farming pursuits until the death of her husband, about thirty years ago, after which she moved to Wellington with her family, and had resided here and at Hawke's Bay since. Mrs. Cassie is survived by one son and two daughters—Mr. A. Cassie (of the Railway Department), Mrs. G. Shanly (Waipawa), and Miss Cassie (Waipukurau).—R.I.P.

The quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society (Particular Council) was held at St. Patrick's Hall on last Sunday. Mr. Martin Kennedy, K.S.G., presided, and the Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., V.G., and Rev. Father Venning, S.M., were present. There was a representative attendance of the city conferences, and good reports were received from the country conferences. The society is progressing steadily, and doing a great deal of good work in the archdiocese. The quarterly meeting of the ladies' conference took place on last Wednesday, Mrs. Sullivan presiding, the Rev. Father Venning, S.M., being also present. Very interesting reports were read from the conferences of the circumscription, which disclosed very steady progress during the quarter.

Prior to the distribution of prizes at the Marist Brothers' School, Thorndon, on last Wednesday, the following excellent programme of vocal and instrumental items was presented by the pupils to a large attendance of parents and friends, among whom were the Rev. Fathers Hickson and Peoples:—Choruses by the boys, 'Welcome' and 'Erin the tear'; recitation, 'Nobody's child,' Master John Hawker; solo, 'Come back to Erin,' Master Allan Johnson (school medallist); piano solo, 'Sweet bye and bye,' Master Frank Hally; duet, 'In the dusk of the twilight,' Masters J. Thomas, G. Swan, G. Hill, A. Johnson, J. Coffey, and M. Keeney; solo, 'Ave Maria,' Master Joseph Thomas; recitation, 'When Pa begins to shave,' Master Fergus Reeves; comic song, 'Happy little Sam,' Master Vivian Ross; solo, 'The land of nod,' Master Michael Keeney; parliamentary discussion, Master J. Coffey (Government) and Master F. Chapman (Opposition); tableaux vivants, 'Tarcissus,' Masters R. Allen, C. O'Sullivan, F. Reeves, R. Ferris, and L. Kelly; choruses, 'O'Donnell Aboo' and 'God Save Ireland.' The boys did remarkably well, and their efforts were duly appreciated by the audience. Brothers Virgilius and Irenaeus are to be complimented on the successful results of their painstaking tuition. The 'parliamentary discussion' was a novel item, and evoked much amusement. Mr. E. J. Fitzgibbon, LL.B., was chairman.

Now for Christmas Presents!—You can't beat a 5lb or 10lb Box of genuine Hondai Lanka Tea!

If you want your Christmas dinner to be a success use Hondai Lanka Tea!

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

The Marist Brothers' Junior Cadets held a church parade on Sunday, December 10, at the 10.30 o'clock Mass at St. Mary's Church. The company, which was under the command of Sergt.-Major Routledge, of Wellington, and of Captain Bourke, mustered over fifty members.

The retreat given by the Rev. Father Ainsworth, S.M., of Eltham, to the local Society of the Children of Mary came to a conclusion on Friday, December 8, with the admission of fifty-four aspirants to the Society and a procession of Our Lady. The procession, which was large and impressive, took place in the presence of a very large congregation, and consisted of about 100 Children of Mary, and of 20 small children, who preceded the statue of Our Lady, carrying lilies in their hands. The Rev. Father Ainsworth preached the occasional sermon. In the sanctuary were present his Lordship Bishop Carroll, of Lismore, and Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran.

The first quarterly meeting of the second year of St. Mary's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, took place on Monday evening, 11th inst. There was an attendance of thirty-four members, including a number of the members of the Aramoho Conference. There were also present Rev. Father Holley and Rev. Father Moloney (spiritual director of the Conference). The meeting, which was the most successful held up to this time, was marked by the great enthusiasm shown by the brothers. Reports were received from the secretary, treasurer, librarian, from the Catholic Defence League and social sub-committees, from the Mosstown, Castlecliff, and Gonville Sunday school teachers, and from the Brothers visiting the hospital. A report of the work of the Aramoho Conference was read by the secretary, Bro. W. M. Luxford. The Rev. Father Holley addressed the Conference on the excellent work accomplished during the quarter, and especially on the devoted work of the Sunday school teachers. This latter branch of the Conference's work has shown a large expansion since it was first started, there being now five Sunday schools—Gonville, Mosstown, Castlecliff, Wanganui East, and Fordell, under the control of the two Conferences of St. Mary's, Wanganui, and of St. Joseph's, Aramoho.

Blenheim

(From our own correspondent.)

Mr. F. Hale, who has been choirmaster at St. Mary's Church for many years, is leaving for Gisborne this week to take up a position on the *Gisborne Times*. Mr. Hale has been intimately connected with nearly every musical organisation in Blenheim during the past twenty-five years, and especially in Catholic musical circles his services will be missed.

Pahiatua

Despite the boisterous and unpleasant weather on the evening of December 12, there was a large attendance at the Foresters' Hall to listen to a programme of items rendered by pupils of the Pahiatua Convent (says the local *Herald*). The entertainment was an excellent one, and was considerably in advance of what one expects from juvenile performers. Each item received hearty applause from the audience and several encores were demanded. The concert opened with an overture by Miss Eileen Burke, followed by a chorus, 'The flower bells,' by a number of little girls. Miss C. Sutherland, in a short and pithy address, welcomed the audience, and after a pianoforte duet had been played by the Misses A. O'Rourke and G. Kelly, a musical fairy play entitled 'The Spirit of the Bush' was staged. A number of school girls strolled into the wood in the hope of seeing the fairies. The latter appeared, and for some time an interesting and instructive conversation was carried on between the two parties. Several songs were sung, and Miss Thelma Sutherland (the fairy queen) sang two solos in a pleasing style. Members of the school party who took part in

the dialogue were the Misses O'Rourke, Sullivan, McDavitt, and Sutherland. A comic song entitled, 'I'll never make a gentleman of you, John,' by Master D. O'Rourke, received an imperative encore. The first part of the programme concluded with a dance, the 'Bolero,' which was well executed by the Misses Clegghorn, O'Rourke, Thomas, and Sutherland. The opening item of the second part was a vocal duet entitled 'The lily and the rose,' which was well rendered by the Misses Halliburton. Misses O'Meara, Cashin, and Sutherland (2) then danced the 'Gavotte,' and Master C. Chatwin followed with a pianoforte solo. The action song, 'My japloo baby,' by seven girls, was well received, while Miss F. O'Meara gave an excellent recitation. The next item, the Irish jig, danced by the Misses O'Rourke, Collins, Clegghorn, and O'Meara, received tumultuous applause, and the item had to be repeated. The following item, an action song entitled 'The coach and four,' in which some twenty boys and girls took part, also had to be repeated. The solo part was sung by Miss Thelma Sutherland. Miss E. Cotter (Dannevirke) danced 'The carnival,' and a mat-weaving exhibition by sixteen girls followed. Miss E. Cotter rendered the violin solo, 'Il Trovatore' in good style. The concluding item was a farce entitled 'The Doctor's Mistake,' the characters being taken by the following: Doctor Curem, Master J. Collins; attendants, D. O'Rourke and P. Moynahan; patients, T. Ryan and W. O'Brien. This was a very comical piece, and the boys did full justice to their respective parts.

Rev. Father McKenna thanked the audience for their courage in venturing out on such a stormy night and for their kindness in attending the function for a good cause. He also thanked the children for taking part, and the teachers who, by their untiring energy, had worked up a programme which had received applause throughout from the audience.

The proceeds will be devoted to the new convent building fund.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 18.

The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly, of Auckland, who had been a guest at the episcopal residence, went north last week.

A retreat for the Sisters of the Missions was commenced on last Saturday evening at the Convent, Ashburton, by Rev. Father Bartley, S.M., M.A., of St. Patrick's College.

His Lordship the Bishop and Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., were guests last week of Lord and Lady Islington at a garden party at 'Te Koraha,' the temporary vice-regal residence.

At the examination of Sixth Standard pupils of the Sisters of the Missions by Mr. Hardie, North Canterbury Board of Education inspector, of twenty-three pupils presented from the Sacred Heart school, nineteen gained proficiency, and four competency certificates. Six were presented from St. Joseph's parish school, all gaining proficiency certificates.

The Right Rev. Dr. Carroll, Bishop of Lismore, arrived in Christchurch accompanied by the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran, on last Tuesday morning by the Maori. With his Lordship the Bishop the distinguished visitors went to Timaru by the second express for the annual prize distribution at the Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Whilst guests at the episcopal residence, visits were made to Mount Magdala and Nazareth House, with each of which institutions they expressed themselves highly delighted. Bishop Carroll and Mgr. O'Haran went north on Wednesday evening, the former *en route* to his diocese, and the latter on a return to Rotorua.

At an executive committee meeting of the Christchurch Catholic Club on last Tuesday evening the president (Mr. R. Beveridge) presiding, a rough statement in connection with the recent successful banquet was presented, showing the result as eminently satisfactory. It was decided to admit free to the club boys leaving school until they attain the age of eighteen. Regret is

felt by the members that their esteemed president (Mr. Beveridge) who, since taking an active part in the affairs of the club and thereby gained much popularity, is about to leave for Australia. A musical evening is being arranged by the executive committee as a farewell to him. Members are reminded that the period for accepting subscriptions at the reduced rates terminates this month.

A quarterly general meeting of the conferences of the society of St. Vincent de Paul, under the circumscription of the Particular Council of Christchurch, was held on last Monday evening. A summary of the correspondence received and attended to since the previous quarterly meeting was given by the president. Reports were presented by the presidents of the various conferences showing energetic and satisfactory work. A special effort on behalf of the bazaar and art union, promoted in the interests of the social hall and meeting rooms' fund of St. Joseph's Conference (Mission to Catholic Seamen) at Lyttelton, to be held during the Christmas and New Year holidays, was asked of all members of the society. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm. (spiritual director), Rev. Father Hanrahan attended the meeting, and spoke briefly on the excellent efforts of the Brothers of the society and of the confraternity of Ladies of Charity in the special sphere of duties undertaken by them.

OPENING OF CHURCH AT NEW BRIGHTON

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

On the afternoon of last Sunday week, in the presence of a large gathering, the fine church, just erected at New Brighton, one of the popular seaside resorts of the citizens of Christchurch, was solemnly blessed, and dedicated in honor of the Immaculate Conception by his Lordship Bishop Grimes. Among the clergy in attendance were the Very Rev. Dean Hills, S.M., V.G., the Very Rev. Father Price, Administrator, the Rev. Fathers Barlow (Penrith, New South Wales), Hoare, S.M., and Dignan, S.M. (St. Mary's, Christchurch North), Graham, S.M., B.A., and Quinn, S.M. (St. Bede's College).

After the ceremony of blessing the new church his Lordship the Bishop, who preached the dedication sermon, prefaced his remarks by indicating the reasons that induced the late Dean Ginty to acquire so central and favorable a site for its erection. Although keenly realising the need of a church in that portion of St. Mary's wide parochial district, and sparing no effort in the accomplishment of this desire, the late Dean had not the privilege of being present at the laying of the foundation stone, and had passed to his eternal reward ere its construction was far advanced. This beautiful temple would, however, remain an enduring memorial of what was his last undertaking for the glory of God and the good of souls.

His Lordship delivered an eloquent discourse on the 'Divine Mission of the Catholic Church,' based on the first, second, and third verses of the 121st Psalm: 'I rejoiced at the things that were said to me. We shall go into the house of the Lord. Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem, which is built as a city, which is compact together.' In conclusion, his Lordship appealed to the congregation, which crowded the church to the doors (many more being obliged to remain outside), to contribute generously to the cost of the building, one generous subscriber having already given £500, nearly half the sum required.

The impressive ceremony was closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the Bishop presided, the music being provided by the choir of St. Mary's Church, with Mrs. Cronin at the organ.

The church, which is a handsome structure in red brick, with white stone facings and tiled roof, was designed and erected by Messrs. Luttrell Brothers at a cost of £1200. It is provided with seating and all internal furnishings and completed throughout, accommodation being provided for 200 persons. A collection realised £60, with further substantial promises.

With the Church of the Immaculate Conception there are now four churches in the extensive parish of St. Mary's, Christchurch North, in charge of the Marist Fathers. There are quite a number of Catholic residents at New Brighton and its vicinity, and now that facilities are so well provided for attendance at Mass it is anticipated that there will soon be a considerable permanent congregation.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

December 18.

Rev. Father Kerrane arrived from Ireland yesterday, coming from Sydney by the Maheno.

His Lordship the Bishop left on Saturday on a visitation of Pukekohe and the surrounding district. He is due back in Auckland on Tuesday evening. His Lordship had a busy time last week in distributing prizes at the various schools, including St. Mary's Convent, and the Sacred Heart Convent. On Thursday afternoon he attended the opening of the Town Hall.

The Town Hall was opened last Thursday afternoon with much eclat. It is a magnificent structure, and one which evokes pardonable civic pride. The organ, which cost nearly £7000, was the gift of Mr. Brett, of the Auckland Star, while the tower clock was given by Mr. Myers, M.P. Both are munificent gifts, for which the citizens are deeply grateful.

On last Tuesday evening Rev. Father Williams, of Waiuku, delivered a splendid address to the members of the Holy Family Confraternity on the subject of the 'Oxford or Tractarian Movement.' Above all the eminent controversialists who figured in this historic movement the lecturer singled out as the bright particular star, the late Cardinal Newman, his long-sustained battle in pursuit of the truth, to which his giant intellect and indomitable will were drawn by the kindly light, was eloquently portrayed. His great temporal sacrifices were told of, and finally his ardent and abiding loyalty to the See of Peter, together with his puissant and profound defence against all comers, who had the temerity to attack the ancient Church, and the effect of the tractarian movement on the Established Church at the time and up to the present day, were clearly demonstrated. At the conclusion of the lecture Rev. Father Holbrook voiced the opinion of all present, when he described it as an intellectual treat, the value of which historically would, he hoped, be treasured up and put to the very best use.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

It may be news to your readers to learn that at the Auckland competitions the pupils of the Marist Brothers' School did remarkably well. As there were three prizes and only two choirs were called for the final test in the primary school choirs' contest, and as one of them made a much poorer performance than in the preliminaries, the result of the final test produced an apparent paradox, as the choir placed second gained fewer points than the one which took third prize. The award was—Devonport School, 86, 1; Newton West, 78, 2; Marist Brothers, 83, 3. In the vocal solo (boys under 15)—10 entries—Master Horace Jew, who, now attends the Sacred Heart College, secured an easy win, while one of the present pupils (Henry Adeane) came fourth with 80 marks. For the recitation for boys (Standard IV., and under) there were 27 entries. In the competition Master Joseph Moodabe was just beaten for first place. The M.B.O.B. debating team gave a good account of themselves. Mr. S. Pritchard, of the musical branch, came out top in the bass solo, while Mr. F. Adeane secured first prize in the operatic tenor solo, and last, but not least, our champion, Mr. E. Casey, won both the impromptu and prepared speeches.

During the elections the women voters were sorely puzzled to decide between the merits of rival candidates, but there is a general consensus of opinion amongst all housewives that Hondai Lanka tea need fear no rival, and in a referendum would top the poll...

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

The following report of the annual meeting of the Irish Athletic Society of Southland, which is taken from the *Southland Times*, will be of interest to many subscribers:—The annual general meeting of members of the Irish Athletic Society of Southland was held in Rae-side's rooms and was attended by 30 subscribers, Mr. J. Mulvey presiding.

The annual report and balance-sheet, as already published, were adopted.

In moving the adoption of the above, the chairman said he had much pleasure in congratulating members on the result of the past season's operations. Considering the adverse circumstances under which the fixture had been held, heavy rain falling throughout, members were agreeably surprised to find that a profit of £51 3s 2d had resulted. The society commenced the season with a credit balance of £27 5s 6d, and this had now been increased to £78 8s 8d. He was pleased to point out that the receipts from membership tickets had shown a very decided increase, as £34 5s had resulted from this source, as against £16 10s during the previous season—this had to be credited to the endeavours of Mr. R. Waterston, in particular, and several other gentlemen in conjunction. In concluding Mr. Mulvey welcomed to the meeting Judge Gilfedder, who had acted as president for many years at a time when the society experienced many ups and downs, and spoke of the help the society had received at the last sports gathering from several directors of the Southland Caledonian Society.—The motion was seconded by Mr. McGoldrick.

Judge Gilfedder congratulated the meeting on the success of the Society during recent seasons and brought down the house by detailing in a humorous manner some of the trials and tribulations of its earliest years. Regarding the management of sports gatherings, he pointed out that his travels in other parts of the colony had impressed upon him the fact that the I.A.S. had nothing to learn in this respect from its contemporaries.

The election of office-bearers resulted as follows:—Patron, Sir J. G. Ward (re-elected); president, Mr. J. Mulvey (re-elected); vice-presidents—Messrs. J. Collins, Thomas McGrath (re-elected), and Judge Gilfedder; directors—T. Traynor, N. Grace, J. Ward, J. O'Brien, T. Cavanagh, J. McNamara, W. Hishon, P. J. Scully, J. Shepherd, T. McGrath, H. Walker, A. H. Fitzgerald, W. L. McGoldrick, C. Matheson, J. Collins, H. S. Searle, M. Brogan, F. Morton, R. S. Waterston, J. Collins, T. Pound, B. E. Murphy, R. J. Timpany, jun., H. Grace, B. Lynch; hon. secretary, Mr. B. E. Murphy (re-elected); hon. treasurer, Mr. J. Mulvey (re-elected); referee, Mr. J. Collins; superintendent, Mr. C. Matheson; deputy-superintendents, Messrs. Thomas McGrath, A. H. Fitzgerald, R. S. Waterston; handicappers, Messrs. J. Bell (running and jumping), G. Double (cycling), Messrs. J. Brey and James Tobin (stone and hammer), R. Wilson, Winton (quoits); judges—Messrs. Brey and Tobin (stone and hammer), H. Geddes (Highland dancing), Thomas McGrath and J. Kirwan (Irish dancing), R. Wilson (quoits); T. Reidy, J. Deegan (jumping); starter, 75 yards and Sheffield, Mr. B. Bain; other events, Mr. A. McGavock; timekeepers, Messrs. T. Roche, T. Rankin, and Arthur; auditors, Messrs. C. Matheson and F. Morton; programme committee, Messrs. Pound, McNamara, Morton, Matheson, J. Mulvey and Murphy; clerk of scales, Mr. J. McNamara.

A number of trophies were offered and accepted with thanks: Mr. Thomas Reidy (Five Rivers Estate) a gold medal for man putting up the best performance in the high jump event; Mr. H. Walker, gold medal, awarded to Irish jig.

It was decided to hold the annual sports on Wednesday, March 20.

A vote of thanks to the chairman closed the meeting.

On Sunday afternoon the Hibernian Band, attracted a very large crowd to their promenade concert in the No. 2 Gardens. A very enjoyable programme of

music was rendered, and a substantial collection was made in aid of the contest fund.

On Friday, the 15th inst., the members of the local branch of the Hibernian Society entertained their lady friends at a social evening. The early part of the evening was devoted to a euchre tournament, after which an excellent musical programme was proceeded with. At the supper interval, Bro. J. Scully (president) made a suitable speech and urged the ladies to do their share in advancing the membership of the society. During the next winter season it is intended to hold several such gatherings.

CATHOLIC CLUBS

MARIST OLD BOYS AND CATHOLIC CLUB, WELLINGTON.

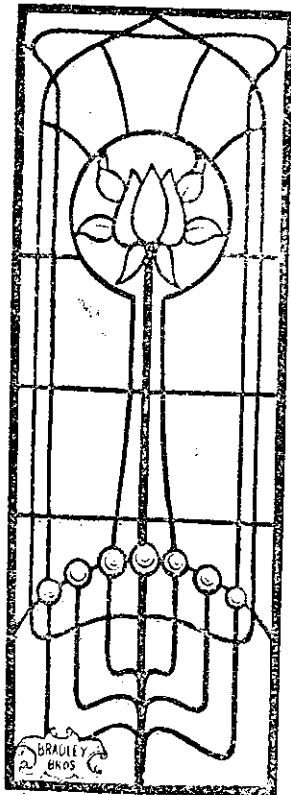
Members of the Wellington Catholic Club and the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association foregathered in the old school premises in Boulcott street, on Wednesday evening, December 13, and spent a very pleasant hour or two in renewing old associations. Mr. J. McGowan (president of the club) occupied the chair, and among those present were the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (Provincial), Rev. Father Venning, S.M., and Brother Justin, head of the Marist Brothers' teaching staff in Wellington. Apologies for unavoidable absence were received from his Grace Archbishop Redwood, Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., V.G., Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., Adm., Mr. Martin Kennedy, K.S.G., and others.

The toast of 'Our Alma Mater' was proposed by Mr. C. Gamble who paid a high tribute to the work done by the Brothers in the years that the Old Boys remember with gratitude and appreciate fully in the present. More particularly he referred to 'the grand old man of Catholic education,' Brother Mark, mention of whose name evoked an outburst of cheers.

In replying Brother Justin, who met with a cordial reception, said it gave the Brothers pleasure to watch the careers of the boys after leaving school, and looking round Wellington, he said that the school had done its share in providing good citizens for Wellington. During the past year the Brothers had ceased teaching in Boulcott street, and started work in Tasman street, where the numbers had been quite up to expectations, although over seventy boys had been left behind at Thorndon. At the recent examinations thirty boys had been presented from the Sixth Standard and twenty-seven had gained their proficiency certificates. The school had also done well in the field of sport—in cricket, for instance, eight matches had been played and eight had been won. On behalf of the teaching staff, he expressed the highest appreciation of the kindly feelings shown by Old Boys to their Alma Mater.

The toast of 'Catholic Education' was proposed by Mr. S. J. Moran, who remarked that the record of the past in this respect incited them on to further efforts. They knew that the Catholics had to support the State schools, to which they did not go, and they had also to support a greater burden, the schools to which they did go.

Very Rev. Dean Regnault, in replying, said it seemed to him that Catholic people were the only ones who appreciated education sufficiently to put their hands in their pockets and to pay for it. They had often been told that the Catholics were the friends of ignorance and the enemies of enlightenment and education, and yet they day by day paid for their education and made sacrifices for it. The other toasts honored were 'The Pope and the King,' proposed by the chairman; 'Wellington Catholic Club,' proposed by Mr. B. Guise, and responded to by Mr. Thomas; 'Kindred Societies,' proposed by Mr. H. McKeown; responded to by Rev. Father Venning (St. Vincent de Paul Society), Mr. J. W. Callaghan (Hibernian Society), and Mr. E. B. L. Reade (Newtown Catholic Club). Musical items were contributed by Messrs. E. B. L. Reade, W. B. Keany, C. McErlean, M. O'Kane, W. Hueston, F. Eller, C. Gamble, and P. J. McGovern. Mr. E. Reade presided at the piano.



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A SPLENDID RECORD.

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L.D.S. Business College,
 Salt Lake City,
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 Gentlemen,—I have been in Europe for three years, and have just returned. A number of people have applied to me for the Remedy, so please send me some blank forms. Some years ago I placed a great many orders for Trench's Remedy, and out of twelve people for whom I got the medicine ELEVEN HAVE BEEN CURED. I consider that a splendid record!

Mr. Armond F. Rundquist, whose unsolicited testimonial appears in your pamphlet, is one of the parties, and he mentions another.

I labored with Mr. Rundquist a long time before I could get him to send for Trench's Remedy. He said he had spent a great deal of money in medicine without having received any benefit. Finally he decided to send for a half-package of the specific, with the result that he has never had a return of the fits since he took the first dose. He recommended it to a family by the name of Olsen, in the southern part of Salt Lake City, in which a child had from 25 to 40 spells each night. When I last saw the father of the child he told me that the little one was almost completely cured. A short time ago I got some of the medicine for a gentleman named Owen, of this city. I saw his brother a few days ago, and he told me that Mr. Owen has not had an attack since he commenced taking the Remedy, and that he has greatly improved in health.

I wish to say before closing this letter that I am not an agent for Trench's Remedy, or for any other medicine or thing. I write in praise of the specific because of the inestimable blessing it has been to so many of my friends.

You may use my letter in any way you desire.

Very truly yours,

WM. A. MORTON,

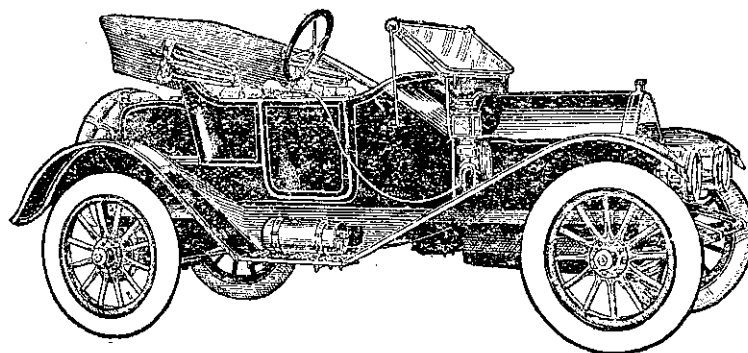
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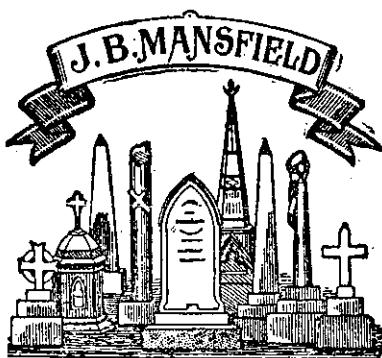
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NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1911.

The following Alterations in and Additions to the Ordinary Train Service will be made:—

SATURDAY, 23rd DECEMBER.

An Extra Express train for Oamaru will leave Dunedin at 12.35 p.m., Seacliff 1.49 p.m., Palmerston 2.35 p.m., Hampden 3.11 p.m., arriving Oamaru 4.3 p.m. Will stop at Waitati, Seacliff, Waikouaiti, Palmerston, Hillgrove, Hampden, Herbert, Maheno, and at Port Chalmers Upper to pick up passengers for stations at which train stops.

Extra Express trains for Dunedin will leave Oamaru at 2.13 p.m. and 4.35 p.m., Palmerston 3.55 p.m., and 6.16 p.m., Dunedin arrive 6.0 p.m. and 8.20 p.m. Will stop at Maheno, Herbert, Hampden, Hillgrove, Palmerston, Waikouaiti, Seacliff, Waitati; also at Port Chalmers Upper to set down passengers only.

Holiday Excursion Tickets from Dunedin and stations North thereof to Oamaru and intermediate stations will NOT be available by the UP Mail Train leaving Dunedin at 8.0 a.m.

Holiday Excursion Tickets from Oamaru and stations South thereof to Dunedin and intermediate stations will NOT be available by the DOWN Express and DOWN Mail Trains arriving Dunedin at 4.0 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.

The train usually leaving Dunedin for Oamaru at 3.18 p.m. will not leave until 3.35 p.m.

The train usually leaving Port Chalmers for Dunedin at 3.50 p.m. will not leave until 4.5 p.m. Will NOT connect with Express for Invercargill.

The train usually leaving Dunedin for Palmerston at 4.30 p.m. will not leave until 5.27 p.m.

Dunedin-Clinton.—The Down Mail Train leaving Dunedin at 8.25 a.m. will take only those passengers holding tickets to stations on the Tapanui Branch, Waimea-Kingston line, and stations Maitara and South thereof.

An Extra Express train for Gore will leave Dunedin at 8.45 a.m., Mosgiel 9.20 a.m., Allanton 9.33 a.m., Henley 9.54 a.m., Waiholā 10.10 a.m., Milburn 10.22 a.m., Milton 10.35 a.m., Stirling 11.5 a.m., Bal-

clutha 11.20 a.m., Clinton arrive 12.10 p.m., depart 12.40 p.m., Gore arrive 1.43 p.m. This train connects with Lawrence and Catlins River Branch trains. Will stop at Caversham and Mosgiel to pick up passengers, and at Allanton, Henley, Titri, Waiholā, Milburn, Milton, Stirling, Balclutha, Waiwera, Clinton, Wai-pahi, and Pukerau to pick up or set down passengers. Does NOT connect with Tapanui Branch and Gore-Kingston trains.

Train for Balclutha will leave Dunedin at 6.15 p.m., connecting with trains for Lawrence and Catlins River Branches.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND TUESDAY, 22nd, 23rd, and 26th DECEMBER.

Holiday Excursion Tickets from Dunedin and stations South thereof to Houipapa and Intermediate Stations (including Branches), will NOT be available by Down Mail train leaving Dunedin at 8.25 a.m.

Holiday Excursion Tickets from Houipapa and stations North thereof (including Branches) to Dunedin and intermediate stations will NOT be available by Up Mail Train arriving Dunedin at 7.5 p.m.

Extra Express Train for Balclutha will leave Dunedin at 8.45 a.m., Mosgiel 9.20 a.m., Waiholā 10.10 a.m., Milton 10.35 a.m., Stirling 11.5 a.m., arriving Balclutha 11.12 a.m. This train connects with Lawrence and Catlins River Branch trains, and will stop at Caversham and Mosgiel to pick up passengers, and at Allanton, Henley, Titri, Waiholā, Milburn, Milton and Stirling to pick up or set down passengers.

An Extra Express Train will leave Balclutha at 4.0 p.m., Stirling 4.7 p.m., Milton 4.42 p.m., Waiholā 5.2 p.m., arriving Dunedin 6.12 p.m. This train connects with trains from Catlins River and Lawrence Branches (will Not connect with train from Lawrence Branch on Tuesday), and with train for Outram. Will stop at Stirling, Milton, Milburn, Waiholā, Titri, Henley, Mosgiel, and Caversham to pick up or set down passengers.

MONDAY, 25th DECEMBER.

All trains between Oamaru and Clinton will be suspended with the following exceptions:—

DUNEDIN-OAMARU.—The 8.16 a.m. Dunedin to Oamaru and the 2.35 p.m. Oamaru to Dunedin.

PORT CHALMERS BRANCH.—Trains will leave Dunedin for Port Chalmers at 9.20 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 4.5 p.m., 8.25 p.m., and 10.30 p.m., returning from Port Chalmers at 10.10 a.m., 3.23 p.m., 5.2 p.m., 9.20 p.m., and 11.15 p.m.

DUNEDIN-CLINTON.—The 9.5 a.m. Dunedin to Clinton, the 6.10 a.m. Clinton to Dunedin, the 2.35 p.m. Clinton to Balclutha, and the 4.25 p.m. Balclutha to Dunedin.

DUNEDIN-MOSGIEL.—Trains for Caversham, Mosgiel, and intermediate stations leave Dunedin at 9.5 a.m. and 8.20 p.m. Trains leave Mosgiel for Dunedin and intermediate stations at 9.52 a.m., 7.23 p.m., and 9.10 p.m.

OTAGO CENTRAL BRANCH.—The 7.45 a.m. Dunedin to Clyde and the 8.50 a.m. Clyde to Dunedin.

LAWRENCE BRANCH.—The 6.25 a.m. Lawrence to Milton and the 10.5 a.m. Milton to Lawrence.

CATLINS RIVER BRANCH.—Train will leave Balclutha for Houipapa at 10.40 a.m., returning, leaving Houipapa at 1.30 p.m.

The Christchurch-Dunedin-Invercargill Mail and Express Trains will run as usual.

TUESDAY, 26th DECEMBER.

An Extra Express Train will leave Dunedin for Palmerston at 9.25 a.m., stopping at Waitati, Seacliff, Puketeraki, and Waikouaiti. Will also stop at Port Chalmers Upper to pick up passengers for stations at which it is timed to stop.

An Extra Express Train will leave Palmerston for Dunedin at 5.40 p.m., stopping at Waikouaiti, Puketeraki, Seacliff, Waitati, and Pukeranu: will also stop at Port Chalmers Upper to set down passengers.

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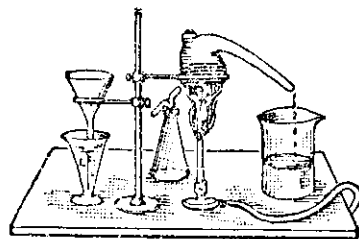
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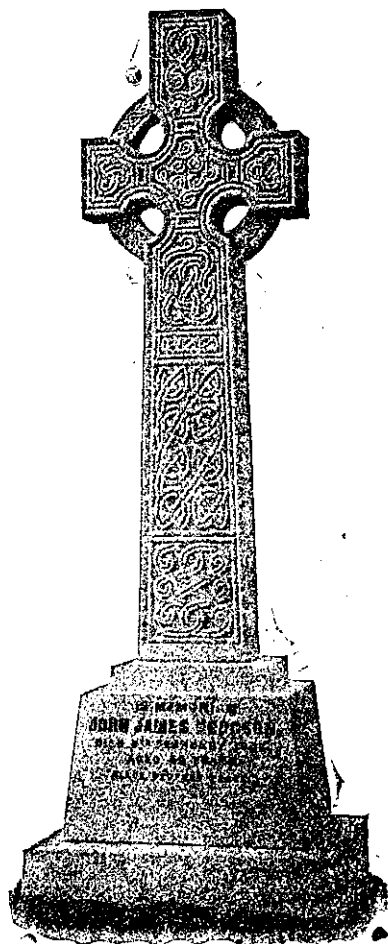
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Return Trains stopping at intermediate stations will leave Palmerston at 4.15 p.m. and 6.5 p.m.

Train will leave Dunedin for Mosgiel at 11.20 p.m.

Train will leave Outram for Mosgiel at 6.40 p.m., returning, leaving Mosgiel at 7.35 p.m., connecting at Mosgiel with trains to and from Dunedin.

RACES AT WINGATUI.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, 26TH AND 27TH DECEMBER.

The Train usually leaving Dunedin for Palmerston at 4.30 p.m. will not leave until 7.42 p.m.

Trains will leave Dunedin for Wingatui Racecourse at 11.10 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 11.45 a.m., and 12.15 p.m. The 11.30 a.m., 11.45 a.m., and 12.15 p.m. trains will Not stop at intermediate stations.

Trains will leave Wingatui Racecourse for Dunedin at 4.45 p.m., 5.30 p.m., and 5.45 p.m. The 4.45 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. trains will Not stop at intermediate stations.

Trains will leave Wingatui for Dunedin at 5.2 p.m. and 6.25 p.m.

The Train usually leaving Mosgiel for Dunedin at 5.16 p.m. will leave at 5.10 p.m. on Tuesday, and 5.31 p.m. on Wednesday, Wingatui 5.51, Dunedin arrive 6.26 p.m.

The Train usually leaving Mosgiel for Dunedin at 6.10 p.m. will Not leave until 6.20 p.m.

SPECIAL NIGHT TRAINS.

Dunedin-Christchurch.

SATURDAYS, 23rd and 30th December.—Dunedin depart 10.45 p.m., Oamaru 2.27 a.m., Christchurch arrive 8.15 a.m. Sunday.

TUESDAYS, 26th December and 2nd January.—Dunedin depart 9.0 p.m., Oamaru 12.42 a.m., Christchurch arrive 6.30 a.m. Wednesday.

Christchurch—Dunedin.

SATURDAYS, 23rd and 30th December.—Christchurch depart 10.35 p.m., Oamaru 3.57 a.m., Dunedin arrive 7.55 a.m. Sunday.

TUESDAYS, 26th December and 2nd January.—Christchurch depart 9.20 p.m., Oamaru 2.42 a.m., Dunedin arrive 6.40 a.m. Wednesday.

Dunedin-Oamaru.

SATURDAYS, 23rd and 30th December.—Dunedin depart 11.0 p.m., Oamaru arrive 4.12 a.m. Sunday.

Dunedin-Invercargill.

SATURDAYS, 23rd and 30th December.—Dunedin depart 11.10 p.m., Milton 12.50 a.m., Balclutha 1.40 a.m., Invercargill arrive 5.45 a.m. Sunday.

TUESDAYS, 26th December and 2nd January.—Dunedin depart 10.0 p.m., Milton 11.40 p.m., Balclutha 12.30 a.m., Invercargill arrive 4.35 a.m. Wednesday.

Invercargill-Dunedin

SATURDAYS, 23rd and 30th December.—Invercargill depart 11.20 p.m., Balclutha 3.30 a.m., Milton 4.20 a.m., Dunedin arrive 5.55 a.m. Sundays.

TUESDAYS, 26th December and 2nd January.—Invercargill depart 10.20 p.m., Balclutha 2.35 a.m., Milton 3.25 a.m., Dunedin arrive 5.0 a.m. Wednesdays.

GOODS and LIVE STOCK TRAFFIC will be suspended on 25th and 26th December and on 1st and 2nd January.

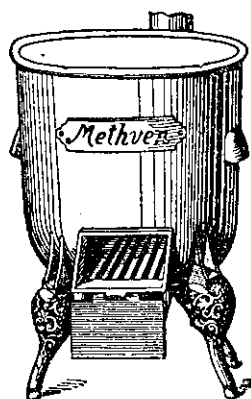
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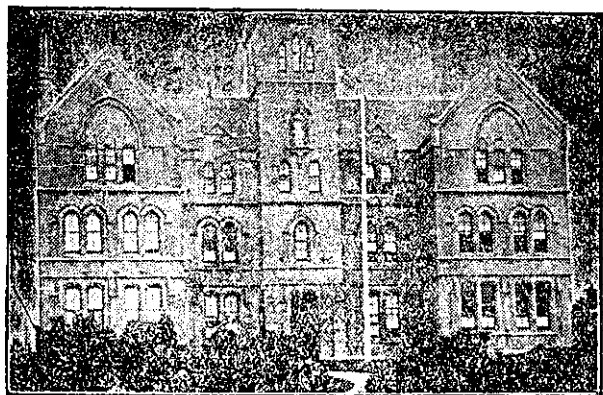
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The course of studies is arranged to enable students who enter the College to prepare for Matriculation and the various Examinations for Degrees at the University.

For further particulars apply to

THE RECTOR.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART TIMARU.

The Annual Spiritual RETREAT for LADIES will begin at 5 p.m. on TUESDAY, January 2, 1912, and end on Saturday, January 6, at noon.

The Retreat will be preached by
THE REV. FATHER FOSTER, S.J.

By applying to the Rev. Mother Superior, ladies wishing to make the Retreat can board at the Convent during the week.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART ISLAND BAY, WELLINGTON.

A RETREAT FOR LADIES will be preached by Rev. Father Edward Sydes, S.J., to open on the evening of Monday, January 8, and to close on Friday morning, January 12.

Ladies who wish to attend it may reside at the Convent during that time. No special invitation is required.

Particulars may be obtained by applying to the Mother Superior.

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MARRIAGE

HICKEY—MULQUEEN.—On November 28, 1911, at St. Columba's Church, Balfour, by Rev. Father Keenan, Michael John Hickey, of Wyndham, eldest son of Mr. T. Hickey, of Waikaia, to Catherine Josephine, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Mulqueen, of 'Green Lawn,' Balfour.

DEATH

NOLAN.—On December 17, 1911, at his residence, 7 Cannington road, Maori Hill, Patrick, beloved husband of Hannah Nolan; aged 70 years. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

McNULTY.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Annie, dearly beloved daughter of Margaret McNulty, Cromwell, who departed this life on 22nd December, 1910.—R.I.P.

Pure as the snowflake ere it falls and takes the stains of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth,
God ope'd for thee, His arms wide, and took thee to
His fond embrace,
And, darling, tho' we mourn for thee we bless Him for this grace.

Inserted by her loving mother, brothers, and sisters.

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1911.

IV. THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM



Our last article on this subject we outlined some of the more important Catholic principles relating to the social question, as set forth in the great Encyclical of Leo XIII. We have given emphasis and prominence to these principles because they are the indispensable pre-requisite to successful social effort—because they furnish the foundation and the constructive lines on which alone sound and stable social reform can be established. The form in which practical application is given to these principles will necessarily vary with the varying social, industrial, and economic conditions of different countries; and we propose in this concluding article to give a few representative illustrations of the way in which Catholic principles are being worked out, merely premising that the work here described is only a fraction of that which is being actually accomplished and a mere instalment of that which will yet be achieved as the Catholic social sense becomes more and more developed. From considerations of space, we will be compelled to omit all historical or introductory explanation relating to the institutions of the different countries, and confine ourselves to a bare statement of facts.

*

There is, perhaps, no country in which Catholic social effort and organisation has covered so wide a field and accomplished such remarkable results as in Germany. The modern social movement in that country was inaugurated prior to the issue of the Encyclical on Labor, but it was then, and is now, carried out on strict Catholic principles. It may be said to have begun in 1847 when Father Kolping started Catholic workmen's societies (*Gesellenvereine*) for mutual relief, advancement, and instruction. Each *Gesellenverein*, with a priest at its head and a managing committee of six workmen, had its own club, a hospice, and an inn, where members who were travelling, or strangers, were sure of finding protection and accommodation. The importance of developing these societies was at once realised; and their wide diffusion was due almost entirely to the efforts of ecclesiastics, such as Herr Schings, Herr Kronenberg, Vicar of Aix-la-Chapelle; Herr Laaf, Vicar of Essen; Herr E. Klein, the Domcapitular of Paderborn; and, most of all, Abbé Arnold Bongartz. The statutes of the societies underwent successive modifications; but from the first it was laid down as one of the prime objects that the workmen thus united should, above all, and with all their might, avoid being taken 'in tow by capital,' (*im Schlepptau des Kapitals*). When Fr. Kolping died in 1865, there were 400 of these societies; in 1892, there were 800; and to-day there are 3291, with a total membership of 439,749. From 1864 the Catholic labor movement in Germany was led by the great Baron von Ketteler, Archbishop of Mayence, 'the presursor of Leo XIII.' His epoch-

making work, *The Labor Question and Christianity*, published in 1864, was an uncompromising defence of the laboring classes, against unrestricted competition, pretended freedom of contract, the law of supply and demand, and the 'slave market of modern Europe.' Under his leadership were established Catholic associations for production, Catholic savings and credit associations, Catholic associations of factory girls, and widespread Catholic social associations, into which members of the middle class and employers are also admitted, and the object of which is to discuss and study the social question from the Christian point of view. In these associations, the priests address the workmen at least once a week, on the rights of labor, and the social question. The workmen take part in the discussions, and in this manner the priest is brought into close and sympathetic touch with the wants, tendencies, and aspirations of the working-classes. As part of this movement, Abbé Schings of Aix-la-Chapelle founded a labor newspaper, and established a learned Catholic school of social science, represented now by Canon Hitze, Count Losewitz, Meyer, Ratzinger, and many others. Ketteler at first relied entirely upon voluntary effort in his social work, but latterly he came to see that in order to give stability to corporative labor organisations legislative support from the State was necessary; and this view is now generally adopted, being favored by no less an authority than the great Jesuit, Fr. Lehmkühl.

*

But perhaps the most impressive feature of Catholic social effort in Germany is the way in which, under the influence of the spirit of Catholic Christianity, German employers have co-operated with their workmen in organising and laboring for the common weal. As an outcome of the widespread organisation promoted by the clergy among Catholic German laborers, an association of Catholic employers was formed, with Abbé Hitze as secretary-general. The work which has been, and is being, done by this organisation can not be better indicated than in the words of the statute setting forth the formal objects of the association. The association, 'proceeding from the conviction that an efficacious struggle against the numerous evils connected with the great manufactory system, and the dangers which, in consequence of these, threaten civilised society, is only possible on the ground of Christianity, and setting aside all political questions, proposes to co-operate for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes.' According to the second article of its statute the association seeks to attain this end by 'supporting the religious, moral, and material interests of the laboring-class, and especially:—' 1. By aiding all efforts to raise the standard of education and of Christian life (encouraging good conduct in the factory hands, allowing them to rest from work on Sundays, organising and extending, under ecclesiastic direction, associations of working men and women, supplying them with good reading, etc.). 2. By endeavouring to procure greater cordiality in the relations between employers and workmen (interesting the former in the family conditions of the latter, etc.). 3. By improving workmen's dwellings (cheap and healthy dwellings, moderate rents, etc.). 4. By providing for the education, instruction, and recreation of the working-class (infant schools, institutions for imparting elementary and technical knowledge, for teaching domestic economy and needlework to women and girls, associations for recreation, etc.). 5. By founding, with the co-operation of the workmen themselves, economic institutions for their advantage (funds for the relief of the sick, saving banks, funds for relief and for advancing money, funds for the relief of the aged, widow's funds, courts of arbitration, the first necessities of life furnished at low cost, war against usury, etc.). 6. By attending to the hygiene of the working people and their families (proper ventilation of workshops, etc., bathing establishments, supervision of midwives, prohibition of work being over-protracted, limitation of working hours for women and children, etc.). 7. By founding institutions for assuring the life and health of the workmen (precautions to ensure safety, proper insurance of work-

men in case of accidents). The association has a paper of its own—the *Arbeiterwohl*—and Claude Jannet, in his work on *State Socialism*, declares that this organisation forms one of the great forces of the Catholics in Germany. It is certainly a rare and striking thing to see a great body of employers patronising institutions and supporting legislative measures which are expressly designed to benefit the workers. In connection with the association there has been formed a vast agricultural league (*Bauern-Vereine*), which has established a bank of credit on landed property (*Landschaft*) which advances money to settlers on much the same lines as our New Zealand department, co-operative stores, and co-operative distributing agencies; and which is using every weapon which sagacity and devotion can devise for the protection of the rural population against the economic bondage of the capitalistic system. Every year the delegates of the various associations meet in congress, and out of the Catholic congresses of Germany has grown the Centre Party, the 'impregnable centre' and controlling influence in German politics. From the beginning until now labor has been the main plank in the Centre platform; and all the modern labor legislation of Germany has been initiated or helped through by the Catholic Centre Party.

*

When, therefore, we are asked what Catholics who condemn Socialism have to offer in its place, we may point with some effectiveness to what has been done in Catholic Germany. The magnificent organisation of the workers, and the systems of co-operative credit and co-operative production in vogue have tended (1) to obviate strikes; (2) to stimulate the workman to industry and carefulness; (3) to improve his moral, social, and political character; (4) to provide employment for him independently of the will of the middle-man; and (5) to give him the middle-man's share of the profits. While Socialist leaders have been dreaming and theorising, Catholic social reformers have been doing. Compare ultra-Socialism with co-operation, unlimited state-help with judicious self-help, Lassalle with Kolping, Karl Marx with Ketteler. The comparison—between practical action and mere visionary dreaming—recalls the old Corn Law rhyme:

'What is a communist? One who hath yearnings

For equal division of unequal earnings.

Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing

To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.'

Although there is not the same completeness of organisation amongst the Catholics of France as exists in Germany, yet France's contribution to the solution of the social problem is of notable interest, and is every year, by reason of the prominence given to study and to careful and comprehensive research, becoming more and more valuable. Catholic social effort in France is carried on chiefly by the following organisations. (1) *Bureau des cercles Catholiques d'ouvriers* (Catholic Workmen's Clubs) founded after the war in 1870 by the Count de Mun, one of the most brilliant orators in the French Chamber or in the world. The workmen associated to the *Cercles*, besides receiving assistance in case of sickness or accident, are furnished with diplomas, which serve them as valuable letters of recommendation to Catholic employers of labor. Moreover, the committees generally see to providing them with work. The practical programme of the organisation is very much on the lines of that of the Catholic social party in Germany. The law of 21st March, 1884, by which Trade Councils were instituted in France, was the work of Count de Mun and his followers. (2) *Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française* (Catholic Association), founded in 1886 by Count de Mun and half a dozen young men. In 1909, the association united in one group nearly 100,000 young men, students, peasants, and employees of various kinds, and had 2400 groups in the provinces. The members lay great stress on the need of social study. They have formed an immense number of 'study circles,' little groups of about a dozen young men who set themselves to investigate and discuss the various social questions of the day under the guidance of some experienced priest or layman. The association has devoted much of its

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attention to the foundation of co-operative societies, popular libraries, labor bureaus, workmen's gardens, and the like all over the country. (3) *Le Sillon* (the furrow), the well-known and highly original association founded in 1894 by M. Marc Sangnier, which has become a focus of social, popular, and democratic action. The members proclaim and propagate, with great enthusiasm, the two-fold idea that democracy is the type of social organisation which tends to the highest development of conscience and of civic responsibility in the individual, and that this organisation needs Christianity for its realisation. In this, as in the last mentioned association, the cell of the organism consists in the 'study circle.' (4) *Action Liberale*, led by M. Piou, is a political party which has also a social side, and which is meeting with very great success. It writes, it lectures, and it organises. It comprises more than 200,000 adherents, and in the Chamber elected in 1906 there were 77 deputies belonging to this association. (5) Lastly, there is *L'Action Populaire*, the united effort of a number of distinguished Catholic publicists and sociologists to encourage and promote all healthy forms of associations among all classes of workers. It has published an important collection of brochures and tracts which forms a perfect reference library for those who wish to study social Catholicism, and an invaluable source of information for those who wish to become active workers in the movement.

*

Belgium is one of the most Catholic, as it is one of the most prosperous and progressive countries in the world; and its advanced legislation is now fairly well known. We give a brief list, compiled a few years ago by Father Van Der Heyden, of the work done in the interests of the laboring classes by the Catholic party since they assumed the reins of power. According to this, the Catholic party 'exempted all working men's homes from taxation, so that 52 per cent. of Belgian homes pay no personal taxes whatsoever. It passed a Bill pensioning aged workers, and at the present writing—one year after the passage of the said Bill—177,000 old men and women enjoy the benefit of this pension. It reduced to one-fifth of a cent per mile the railroad fares of working men going to or coming from their work, whilst any other citizen pays one cent per mile in third class coaches, and almost three cents per mile in first class. It cut down by one-half, where working men are the interested parties, the legal expenses attendant upon the sale or transfer of property. It empowered the State to make loans at an interest of 2½ per cent., with every facility for payment of capital and interest, to help working men in securing their own homes. Eighteen thousand working men have in this way become proprietors of their own homes in the last thirteen years, and the Government has 9,000,000 dol. standing out now on these homes—an immense sum, considering the size of the country. It must be added that if the Government loans at 2½ per cent., where a working man wishes to buy or build a home for himself, it pays him 3 per cent. for the money he leaves with it at the postal savings bank.' We have only to add that, in relation to what is known more particularly as the social problem, Catholic reformers in Belgium have devoted themselves chiefly to the advocacy and application of the principle of co-operation in industries hitherto carried on by individual capital. A society of the 'Aumoniers du Travail' (labor chaplains) has been founded by the priests under the Abbé Pottier for the specific object of studying social problems in their practical aspect, and of sharing as far as possible the actual conditions of existence amongst the working classes. The Abbé Mellaerts has devoted himself to the task of organising the Belgian peasants and, adapting the principles of co-operation to their lot, has founded co-operative creameries, co-operative productive societies, co-operative supply associations, village banks, etc. Co-operative societies, societies of Catholic employers, societies of Catholic workmen, Catholic associations, are to be found in every town and in every village; and these have all been linked up into one vast and powerful labor federation under the title of the 'Belgian Democratic League.'

Work of this order—the same in spirit and in kind, if not always so impressive in extent—is being done in other Continental countries. In England and America, too, the leaven is working; and on every hand Catholic priests, press, and laymen, are making determined efforts to cultivate and develop the 'social sense.' A constant and characteristic feature is the guiding influence and fostering interest of the Church in the whole social movement—emphasising, as she has always done, the fact that the social question is to be solved not so much by economic, as by moral and religious forces. The Church, like her Divine Founder, 'has compassion on the multitude.' She loves her working man; and to-day, as ever, shows herself as the good Samaritan to wounded humanity. She does not, as Mr. Chesterton aptly says, 'assert that she has got better people than are to be found elsewhere, but that such as they are she has got them.' 'I do not say,' he continues, 'that freethinkers are bound to be scoundrels; I say they are not bound to be anything. I do not say that the Catholic lamb of mercy is more white, or woolly, or energetic, than many evolutionist lambs. I say it is in the ark. And I say that the evolutionist lambs are being drowned visibly before my eyes. I am looking ahead, I am thinking how all this chaotic morality will turn out. I know what is safe. If the Church exists ten million years hence, amid alien costumes, and incredible architecture, I know that it will still put the oppression of the poor among the four sins crying to heaven for vengeance.'

Notes

Greetings

Best wishes to our readers for the choicest blessings of Christmastide, and for fullest measure of happiness and prosperity in the coming year.

Anglicans and the Sacramental Wine Question

Further evidence is to hand to show that if at any time there should be any trouble in regard to the importation of fermented wine for sacramental purposes Anglicans will join hands with Catholics in unyielding opposition to such an invasion of Christian rights. We have already quoted the Acting-Primate's declaration on the subject; and, in addition, the following notice was read at St. Peter's Anglican Church, Willis street, Wellington, the other Sunday:—'The Rev. R. B. Hammond, who is a priest of the Church of England, is reported to have said that before long "the Churches will not use alcohol for sacramental purposes (as indeed my own Church does not now)." In view of the disquiet which has been caused by these words, I am glad to be able to state that the Bishop of Christchurch, Acting-Primate of the Church of New Zealand, has forwarded to the Press Association an explicit denial of the truth of these words, so far as they can be said to refer to the Church of England. I might here say that the Church follows our Lord's command, and uses, and orders the use of, ordinary fermented wine at the Holy Communion. Without the use of such wine the Holy Communion could not be celebrated, as our Lord gave it to us, and according to the rites of the Anglican Church, to use unfermented wine in opposition to our Lord's command would be presumption and a mockery.'

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Very Rev. Dean Smyth, S.M., who had been on a visit to Dunedin, left for the north on Thursday of last week.

Rev. Father Liston, Rector of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, preached an impressive discourse on the 'Dignity of the Priesthood' at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday evening.

Miss Minnie Paton, L.A.B., A.T.C.L., who has been appointed music teacher at the Wanganui College, is a pupil of St. Dominic's College, Dunedin. This young lady received her entire musical education from

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the Dominican Nuns. Applications for this appointment were received from all parts of the Dominion.

On Sunday at the 9 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral, his Lordship the Bishop ordained to the priesthood the Rev. W. Skinner, who had been raised to the diaconate at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on the previous Sunday. His Lordship was assisted by the Rev. Father Liston, Rector of Holy Cross College, and there were also present in the sanctuary, Rev. Fathers Coffey, Adm., Corcoran, Scanlan, and Collins (Lawrence). At the conclusion of the Mass nearly the whole of the large congregation, including many relatives of the Rev. Father Skinner, approached the altar rails to receive his blessing. On Monday morning Father Skinner, who has been ordained for the diocese of Auckland, celebrated his first Mass in the Sacred Heart Church, North-east Valley.

At the Sacred Heart Schoolroom, North-east Valley, on Tuesday evening, Mr. Lemon, organist of the Sacred Heart Church, was entertained at a social gathering, and presented with a Morris chair and a silver-mounted umbrella, in recognition of his services to the choir during the past seven years. The presentation was made by the Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., who spoke in eulogistic terms regarding Mr. Lemon's services. Mr. Lemon in replying thanked the donors for their handsome gifts, and expressed his pleasure at being able to assist the choir in any way. During the evening the following programme was contributed:—Songs, Mesdames Flynn and Lemon, Misses K. Carter, M. Mellick, and A. Heffernan; vocal duet, Misses K. Carter and M. Mellick; piano duet, Misses N. and L. Lynch; piano solo, Miss C. Mellick; recitation, Miss M. Lemon. The accompaniments were capably played by Miss W. McTague.

A successful two-days' sale of work was held by St. Mary's congregation, Milton, on Friday and Saturday for the purpose of clearing off the balance of the debt on the church property. The opening ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Howard, who complimented the stallholders on the excellent display of useful and ornamental goods in the various stalls. The following is a list of stalls and stallholders:—Needlework and works of art, Mesdames J. B. Scanlan and Keogh; pot plants and flower stall, Mrs. J. Moroney; refreshments, Mrs. J. Curran and Miss Coneys; Christmas tree, senior girls of the school. A musical programme was given each evening. At the beginning of the year (says the *Bruce Herald*) there was a parish debt of about £140, which it was decided to wipe off before Christmas, and for that purpose a number of social gatherings were held during the winter. The amount netted from these and the proceeds from the sale of work and art union (£50), have been sufficient to accomplish the desired object, so that now the parish debt is a thing of the past.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF OTAGO.

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Full particulars given in Programme, which can be obtained at the Society's Office, 91a Princes street, Dunedin.

W. E. C. REID, *Secretary*.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

December 16.

A meeting was held last Monday evening in St. Patrick's Hall for the purpose of starting a branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. There was a fair attendance, and after an expression of opinion from several of those present, it was decided to establish the Conference, and to meet every Monday night.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondence for our issue of January 4 should reach this office not later than Saturday morning, December 30.

DECLARATION OF RESULT OF POLL FOR THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF CHALMERS.

I, GEORGE GALLOWAY CHISHOLM, Returning Officer for the Electoral District of CHALMERS, do Hereby DECLARE the Result of the Poll taken on the 14th day of December, 1911, for the election of a Member of Parliament for the said District to be as follows:—

CLARK, EDWARD HENRY	3029
JOHNSON, JOHN THOMAS	2703

Total number of valid votes polled	...	5732
Number of votes rejected as informal	...	9

I therefore DECLARE the said EDWARD HENRY CLARK to be elected.

Dated at Port Chalmers, this 19th day of December, 1911.

G. G. CHISHOLM,
Returning Officer.

ELECTION NOTICE.

DECLARATION OF RESULT OF POLL OF SECOND BALLOT FOR THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF DUNEDIN NORTH.

I, DAVID LARNACH, Returning Officer for the Electoral District of DUNEDIN NORTH, do Hereby DECLARE the Result of the Poll taken on the 14th day of December, 1911, for the Election of a Member of Parliament for the said District to be as follows:—

DOUGLAS, ROBERT RUTHERFORD	...	3423
THOMSON, GEORGE MALCOLM	...	4181

Total number of valid votes polled	...	7604
Number of votes rejected as informal	...	13

I therefore Declare the said GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON to be elected.

Dated at Dunedin, this 19th day of December, 1911.

DAVID LARNACH,
Returning Officer.

DECLARATION OF RESULT OF POLL FOR THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF DUNEDIN WEST.

I, ROBERT PERCY WARD, Returning Officer for the Electoral District of DUNEDIN WEST, do Hereby DECLARE the Result of the Poll taken on the 14th day of December, 1911, for the election of a Member of Parliament for the said District to be as follows:—

BEDFORD, HARRY DODGSHUN	...	3822
MILLAR, JOHN ANDREW	...	4461

Total number of valid votes polled	...	8283
Number of votes rejected as informal	...	19

I therefore Declare the said JOHN ANDREW MILLAR to be elected.

Dated at Dunedin, this 19th day of December, 1911.

R. P. WARD,
Returning Officer.

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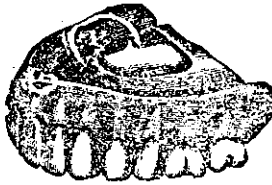
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Irish News

CLARE—How the Minority is treated

In a letter to a Clare contemporary, Mr. H. B. Harris, J.P., a Protestant gentleman well known throughout the county, reverts to the expressions used by certain Protestant politicians of alleged intolerance displayed towards them at a recent meeting. The writer states that he has lived for fifty years in a county where the Protestants number two out of every hundred. As chairman of the Miltown-Malbay parish committee he was elected through the courtesy of the Catholic clergy and laity; when in Ennis he was elected vice-chairman of the Urban Council; he was also appointed a member of the committee of management of the Asylum, of which the Most Rev. Dr. McDermott was chairman; as a Poor Law Guardian the utmost respect was paid to him, and in no case did the question of religion disturb the harmony of these meetings. In business and social life he had been always treated with the utmost respect and consideration, and he reciprocated the best feelings of his Catholic countrymen, who had always manifested their confidence in him. In conclusion, he adds:—'I am quite certain were these Protestants who complain of intolerance to identify themselves more intimately with the people than they do, and stoop to conquer the prejudices of race and class distinction, Ireland, and especially this county, would be the better for it.'

CORK—Magnificent Specimen of Irish Lace

A Court train of Irish lace, which has been made at the Presentation Convent, Youghal, was despatched on October 27 to London. It is the Coronation gift of the ladies of Belfast to the Queen. It is of the finest needlepoint, and has taken fifty workers six months to complete. It is four yards long, and nearly two yards wide at the bottom, tapering up to the width of the shoulders at the top. The thread that was used was so fine as to be scarcely visible in the workers' hands. It is the most magnificent piece of lace of the kind ever made at Youghal, or in any other lace centre in the country, in modern times. The Irish trade mark has been very cleverly worked, as well as the name and date, 'Youghal, 1911,' in the lower left-hand corner, and the design of roses and fuchsias is very beautiful.

DUBLIN—The Bogey of Confiscation

Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, in replying to the vote of thanks accorded to him at the laying of the foundation stone of a new church at Ringsend, said he did not know if any of them had chanced to meet with a statement made by a Protestant dignitary with regard to St. Patrick's Cathedral. 'It was,' said his Grace, 'made by one who was for a number of years worthily associated with it as its Dean, and who has recently been appointed to the Protestant Bishopric of Ossory. The statement to which I refer was made in the course of

a somewhat lengthy reference to the subject of Home Rule in the address delivered by the worthy Bishop when presiding over the first meeting of the Protestant Synod of his diocese held since his appointment to the See. "No Roman Catholic Cathedral," said the speaker, "has been built in Dublin; the chief church of that communion is designated the Pro-Cathedral." In other words, our designs upon St. Patrick's are in no way concealed; they are all but openly avowed; we have not built a Cathedral, and as to our church in Marlborough street, we call it, not a Cathedral, but a Pro-Cathedral. What else can all this mean but that we have our eye upon a Cathedral in Dublin ready built, and that we mean to seize it on the very first opportunity? I may safely defy anyone to put any other construction on those words. Now I must confess my amazement that at this time of day any man of education, and of knowledge of the world in general, and of Dublin in particular, can be found to entertain apprehensions so manifestly groundless as these.'

KILDARE—Maynooth and the Irish Language

Irish Bishops and priests and Catholic educational institutions of Ireland are often blamed for not doing more for the restoration of the Irish language. On this subject Cardinal Logue said recently: 'I think I can assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is more done for the revival of Irish in Maynooth College than is done in any other part of the country. There is very little boasting here in the College about what is being done for the revival of the Irish language, but I think that any person who looks to the results of these examinations will find that, silently as you are working here, you are doing a great work for the revival of the Irish language.'

LIMERICK—Undesirable Publications

His Excellency Lord Aberdeen, writing to the secretary of the National Vigilance Association in London, says he would like to mention that a strike of the most praiseworthy sort has been instituted in Limerick. That historic old city had been troubled for some time past by the importation of objectionable papers from Great Britain, but the inhabitants had now rallied for the protection of their homes. A vigilance committee of citizens had been formed, and twenty-two newsagents in the city pledged themselves to sell no copies of the undesirable publications. The newsboys, too, had been organised, and promised that they would sell none of the objectionable prints. It was also recorded that one courageous woman (presumably a news-agent) returned unopened fifty dozen copies of a certain Sunday newspaper—a most honorable deed.

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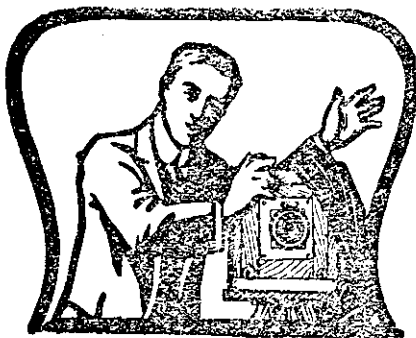
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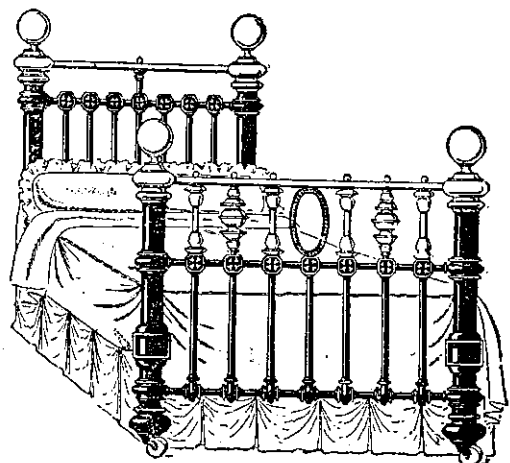
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ST. DOMINIC'S COLLEGE, DUNEDIN

The year's studies at St. Dominic's College, Dunedin, were brought to a conclusion with the distribution of prizes in the Study Hall, on the 14th inst. His Lordship Bishop Verdon presided, and several of the clergy were present. At intervals, the following programme was given in finished style:—Violins, 'Intermezzo'; piano solo, 'Nocturne,' Miss M. Dennehy; vocal solo, 'A perfect day,' Miss Kathleen Carter; piano solo, 'L'Espegle,' Miss Madge Collins; vocal solo, 'Through love to light,' Miss Esquilant; chorus, 'River song,' students.

The college report was as follows:—

We are pleased to record that during the past year the work in St. Dominic's College has been particularly satisfactory, both on account of the industry of the students and the success they have achieved. The trophy for Christian doctrine and Gospel has been again won by the pupils of St. Dominic's College. In secular studies, the Oxford students secured six senior passes, four of them being Associate of Arts. The junior and preliminary grades were also well represented in the number of passes secured. The pupils of the Civil Service and Matriculation classes have been attentive and earnest. The successes of the School of Music are as follow:—Thirty-four candidates, twelve of whom took honors—seven in the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, and five in the Trinity College—including one Licentiate, three Associates, and one Certificated Teacher. In the art studio excellent work in painting and the various branches of drawing has been produced. The domestic arts have received special attention. A fresh impetus to the practical knowledge of cookery has been given by the lessons of the Australian expert, Mrs. Glennen, whose services we were fortunate to secure, and whose comments were very gratifying on the keenness, smartness, and admirable tone of the New Zealand girl with whom, for the first time, she was brought in contact at St. Dominic's College. In spite of the pressure of the many examinations and numerous branches of study, the pupils have found time for a little practical work in housekeeping, dressmaking, needlework, and the study of domestic economy in general. The attendance of the day pupils has been good: three have secured the medals awarded for cent. per cent. marks, and several others have been within half a mark of the prize for regular attendance. The conduct of the pupils both resident and extern has been marked by docility, industry, and earnestness. In the case of the elder girls especially, we have been pleased to observe high aims and steady advancement.

At the conclusion his Lordship the Bishop delivered a graceful address, in the course of which he expressed his pleasure at being in their midst on this occasion, and congratulated the pupils on the success they had achieved. They enjoyed considerable advantages. The regulations and arrangements of the Oxford system worked very satisfactorily, and it was evident from the school report that the pupils had profited by them with energy and success. The distinctions and honors won in music continued year after year, and various examiners never failed in congratulations. The various accomplishments would bring sunshine to their homes and contribute to the happiness of others. They had attended specially to the studies that would prepare them for the battle of life. In the vacation, as in the future, let them keep in touch with the advantages they had enjoyed, and be careful not to follow the example of the world. The two great dangers of the present day were inordinate love of pleasure and selfishness. Important and sacred duties were neglected; the thought of God was forgotten, the future life was forgotten; self-gratification was made the end of life. The children should put in practice the lessons they had received, and remember the bright example given them by their teachers, the holy and devoted nuns, who were to them models of self-denial, unselfishness, and every virtue. The children should not fail to remember what had been so clearly put before them by precept and example—'What will it profit a man to

gain the whole world and lose his soul.' His Lordship then wished the children a very happy vacation.

Studies will be resumed on the first Monday in February.

PRIZE LIST.

Preparatory School, Kindergarten.

Grade 11.—Catechism, M. Finlayson; good conduct, M. Brown; politeness, D. King; spelling, M. Finlayson; reading and recitation, V. Gillies; drawing and composition, C. Clark; neatness and word-building, E. Phelan; arithmetic, M. Brown; sewing and order, K. Muldowney; recitation, D. King; arithmetic and singing, K. O'Reilly; spelling and reading, M. O'Meara; French and attendance, P. McKeown; general improvement, and music, N. Millar; music, C. Clarke.

Grade I.—Catechism, A. McGrath, K. Hickey; reading and writing, A. McGrath; number and singing, M. Major; arithmetic and drawing, G. Shiel; spelling and reading, K. Hickey; general improvement, I. Goldsmid; writing, paper-cutting, and folding, N. White; number and recitation, H. Brown; music, G. Shiel.

A.—Catechism, N. Hartstone; recitation, J. O'Neill; reading and singing, M. Galvin; writing, N. Hartstone; embroidery, I. Cahill; mat weaving, E. Woods; brush work, J. O'Neill; improvement in reading, R. Sutherland; picture stories, C. Rogers; drawing, D. McKewen; number, G. Clarke; spelling, B. O'Reilly; writing and reading, D. Galvin; drill and number, L. Walker.

B.—Bead threading, J. Galvin; gifts, L. Pavelteich; brick laying, J. Rowe.

Junior School.

Grade III.—Religious knowledge, M. Laffey, A. McKeefrey, M. McDowell, A. Vallis; attendance (silver medal), M. McDowell; reading and French, A. McKeefrey; needlework, L. Ferguson; general improvement, E. Ritchie; geography, B. Waldron; arithmetic, history and nature study, A. Vallis; politeness, L. Ferguson.

Grade IV.—Religious knowledge, E. Thompson; English and French, E. Thompson; reading, recitation and French, T. Millar; application and writing, M. Laffey; general improvement, O. Collie; order, neatness and reading, E. Smith; arithmetic, N. Baxter, E. Smith; calisthenics and deportment, K. Greenslade; drawing and needlework, N. Baxter 1, F. Gillies 2; good conduct (silver medal), E. Thompson.

Grade V.—Arithmetic, B. Collins; English, F. Blythe.

Grade VI.—Medallist, M. Sullivan; Gospel, M. Gillies and M. Sullivan 1, N. McMahon 2; Christian Doctrine (special), V. Gawne; penmanship, N. McMahon 1, M. Mulholland 2; composition, H. Toomey; French, C. Dunne; arithmetic, B. Spain; geography, K. Bell; history, V. Gawne; freehand drawing, L. Bunbury; neat exercises, M. Lennon; application, B. McDougall; general improvement, A. Cabral and T. Ropata.

Preliminary Oxford.

Medallist, J. Corcoran 1, M. Ford 2; composition, J. Salmon; literature, M. O'Brien; French, S. McCready 1, S. Clifford 2; arithmetic, J. Corcoran; euclid, M. Ford 1, E. Corcoran 2; Latin, M. Ford 1, J. Wilson 2; application, R. Murphy.

Junior Oxford.

Class medallist, K. Lynch 1, L. Horan 2; literature, K. Lynch; composition, M. O'Donnell 1, N. Rings 2; reading, F. Cantwell; New Testament, S. McQuillan 1, F. Cantwell 2, A. Caldwell 3; mathematics, R. Holt 1, D. Ross 2; geography, S. Clifford 1, J. Sonntag 2; history, K. Lynch 1, A. Woodhouse 2; Latin, S. McQuillan 1, A. Woodhouse 2, D. Sweeney 3; French, A. Gillies 1, D. Ross 2; hygiene, S. McQuillan; penmanship, D. Ross, N. Rings; book-keeping, S. McQuillan; general improvement, D. Sweeney; drawing, J. Sonntag 1, G. Gillies 2.

Senior Grade.

Dux and Assoc. in Arts (Oxford), R. Wakelin; Assoc. in Arts (Oxford), J. Duhig, M. Nolan, M. Lane; class medallist, L. Banks; New Testament, R. Wakelin 1, J. Duhig 2; English composition, R. Wake-

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lin 1, E. O'Neill 2, V. Hannan 3; literature, J. Duhig 1, L. Moloney 2; English grammar, L. Banks 1, A. Gillies 2; French grammar and composition medallist, L. Moloney 1, L. Banks 2; mathematics, E. Paton 1, M. Smith 2; geography and history, L. Moloney 1, M. Lane 2; history, M. Nolan; physiology, M. Smith 1, A. Moritzson 2; book-keeping, R. Wakelin; drawing, M. Nolan 1, A. Moritzson 2.

General Prizes.

Needlework, N. Gillies 1, E. Schoen 2; calisthenics and deportment, L. Moloney; politeness, M. Nolan, M. Smith, M. Collins, D. Ross, J. Sonntag, A. Caldwell; painting (medallist), M. Lane; domestic arts—cooking, A. Gillies; dressmaking, N. Gillies; darning, etc., E. O'Neill; house duties, B. McDougall 1, F. Gillies and N. Baxter 2; attendance, L. Banks, D. Ross, M. Lennon; religious knowledge (senior), K. Lynch, (junior) M. Ford; good conduct, M. Collins.

School of Music.

Primary Grade.—Royal Academy (distinction), T. Millar (silver medal), A. McKeefry (silver medal).

Elementary Grade.—Distinction, D. Ross, silver medal.

Lower Grade.—Distinction, F. Fitzgerald (silver medal) and M. Mulholland (prize).

Higher Division.—K. Bell (prize), C. Millar (prize).

Intermediate Grade.—T. College (honors, violin), V. Hannan (silver medal). Harmony (honors), M. Dennehy, Z. Venning. Royal Academy, N. Rings (prize).

Advanced Grade.—Violin, Z. Venning; improvement in music, J. Collie. Trinity College, harmony (honors), E. Paton. Royal Academy (honors), E. Paton (prize). Improvement in music, Maggie Walls.

Higher Examinations.—Trinity College (honors), M. Dennehy, A.T.C.L., M. Collins, A.T.C.L. (gold medals).

Art of Teaching.—V. Barker.

The wreath for unselfishness and amiability by the votes of the majority of the students was awarded to Miss Maggie Walls.

St. Joseph's Primary School, Dunedin

Vacation was announced on Tuesday morning, December 12, at the distribution of prizes at which the Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided. After a short musical programme that afforded ample evidence of careful training, the prizes were distributed, a special feature being the various gifts of Santa Claus to the infant boys and girls, whose interest and appreciation caused considerable amusement.

Rev. Father Coffey gave a short and telling speech, expressing his satisfaction at the result of the year's work, and pointing out to the children the duty of gratitude to their devoted teachers, the Dominican Nuns.

The school will resume work on the first Monday in February.

The following is the prize-list:—

Standard I.—Class prize, L. Deehan, M. Boyd; reading, F. Devine; arithmetic, H. Salmon; spelling, M. Lauren; good conduct, K. Maloney; Catechism (infants), D. Piper.

Standard II.—Class prize, F. Riddell; arithmetic, B. Culling; reading, W. Jenkins, J. Mansoor; writing, M. McKellar.

Standard III.—Class prize, R. Gustafson and R. Wilson 1, K. Airey 2; arithmetic, T. Corcoran; application, N. McDonnell.

Standard IV.—Class prize, A. O'Brien; reading, V. McKenzie; general knowledge and drawing, M. Crichton; arithmetic, G. Cole.

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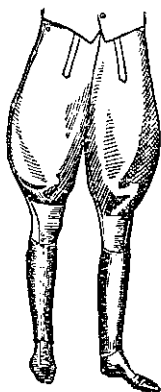
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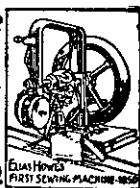
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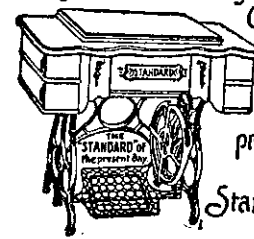
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Standard V.—Class prize, M. O'Neill; arithmetic, M. Vaughan; reading and recitation, T. Devine; drawing, M. Tansey; composition, W. Salmon.

Standard VI.—Class prize, L. Sheehy; writing and arithmetic, D. Orange; catechism (senior division), N. Gray (silver medal).

The Dominican Nuns desire to tender heartiest thanks to their kind friends who so liberally presented prizes.

ST. PHILOMENA'S COLLEGE, SOUTH DUNEDIN

As a fitting finale to the year's scholastic work an excellent variety and dramatic entertainment was given in St. Patrick's Hall, South Dunedin, on Thursday evening, and attracted a large audience. Rev. Father Delany presided, and Rev. Father D. O'Neill was also present. These displays by the students of St. Philomena's have established their own reputation, and the parents, who naturally look for something out of the beaten track, were not disappointed on this occasion. As in previous years, the young ladies manifested their ability to provide a musical treat complete in every detail. The stage was handsomely and tastefully arranged, and the costumes of the performers striking and picturesque. The introductory overture was played by Misses May Lemon, Daisy Hall, Anstis, Dunford, Monaghan, and McCormack. This was followed by the chorus 'Harvest moon,' in which eighty nicely trained voices blended perfectly. The pretty intricate movements of the dance 'Graziella' were faultlessly gone through by Misses Carter, Dyer, Curtin, Burk, McMahon, Rodgers, Hamill, Rodgers, and Fahey. Miss Daisy Hall's beautiful pure soprano was heard in 'The green isle of Erin.' This little lady, the winner of many coveted distinctions, was in excellent voice, and gave a tasteful and sympathetic rendering of the soul-stirring Irish song. In response to an imperative encore she sang with deep feeling a sweet little song, 'Myspea,' in the Irish language. A very fine orchestral selection was played by—(1st violins), Misses Doris Anstis, J. Lemon, Mary Monaghan, Florence English, Ruby Gray, M. McCormack, and M. Rodgers; (2nd violins), Misses A. English, Sadie Langford, V. McDonald, and A. McTavish; (cello), Miss May Lemon; (guitar), Miss McAuley; (mandolin and piano), Misses Nellie Langford and Jessie Lemon. Another splendid chorus was given by the students and generously applauded. Misses P. Hargreaves, Eileen Murphy, M. O'Kane, T. Dunford, E. Moloney, and Florence English played their duet, a fantastic composition, with plenty of vigor and dash. Miss Daisy Hall rendered Jensen's difficult 'Murmuring breezes' very artistically, and was enthusiastically recalled and bowed her acknowledgments. A sparkling trio was meritoriously played by Misses Walsh, Amy Dyer, Ima Dawson, May Jones, K. McDevitt, Carter, Rodgers, McDonald, and Mona Anstis. The college orchestra's second number, 'Memories of Erin,' was a fantasia on national airs, introducing a series of delightful contrasts, each of which was a separate study and treated not only with taste but with a knowledge of the original. 'Floral valsette,' a dainty action song by thirty Kindergarten tots, who revealed keen intelligence and admirable earnestness, was warmly applauded. A courtly dance, 'Gavotte lyrique,' was gracefully done by Misses Maher, Kaveney, Reid, McDevitt, Dunford, Noonan, Hayes, Langford, Dawson, McDonald, Gray, Anstis, Moloney, O'Kane, Walsh, and McTavish. A pianoforte duet, played by little Misses Meade, Curtin, Reid, McMahon, Burke, and Noonan in a manner that reflected credit on themselves and their patient instructresses, brought the first part of the concert to a close. 'King Rene's Daughter,' a lyric drama in one act, from the Danish of Henrik Herz, by the Hon. Edward Phipps, filled the second part of the programme. The young ladies showed a fine conception of the spirit of the piece, and acted with intelligence and vivacity. Where all did remarkably well according to their opportunities, it may seem invidious to mention a few, but Misses Molly Brennan, Vera Marlow, Kitty Langford, and Daisy Hall deserve more than a passing word of praise—a more faithful

portrayal of the characters assigned them could scarcely have been given. A bright final chorus brought a charming and refined entertainment to a close.

Rev. Father Delany, in a few appropriate words, complimented the students on the excellence of their entertainment. The evening's performance was an eloquent testimony to the thoroughness of the training they are receiving from the Sisters of Mercy. On behalf of the nuns he thanked the audience for their attendance.

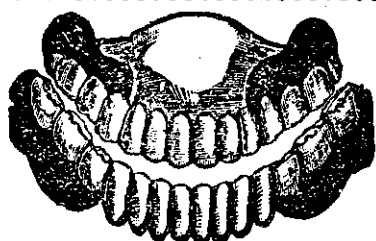
Exhibition of Work.

In response to the invitation of the Sisters of Mercy a large number of parents and friends visited the class hall, where, as in former years, the work executed in the studio and needlework classes was exhibited. Fancy work of every imaginable description, unique and original in design, testified to the skill and rapidity with which the girls must have worked to produce a display which it would be hard to surpass. The oil, water, and Poonah paintings, the drawings in color and in black and white, reflected credit on the youthful artists. Talent was shown by the majority, and in some cases it was very marked. The Kindergarten work was the centre of much attraction, and the visitors were unstinted in their praise of the efficient tuition the children are receiving.

Distribution of Prizes.

The distribution of prizes took place on Friday, the function being of a semi-private character. His Lordship Bishop Verdon presided, and presented the prizes. A short but choice programme was gone through, each item being pleasingly rendered. Rev. Father Delany read the annual report, which was as follows:—

The records for the current year show that continuous progress has been made, and a high standard of excellence maintained in all departments of the college. We have regarded the moral training of the students as our first duty and devoted constant attention to Christian doctrine and religious instruction. It is pleasing to record that the general conduct of the students has been eminently gratifying, and that they have applied themselves to their work with energy and earnestness. The candidates presented for the practical and theoretical examinations of Trinity College and the Royal Academy of Music acquitted themselves well and gained a high percentage of marks. Besides the success achieved in these examinations, three students took prizes for vocal and instrumental music at the Christchurch and Dunedin Competitions. This year the seniors again competed in the Navy League's historical essay examinations and carried off seven first prizes. Towards the end of August the senior and middle grades were examined by the Education Board's Inspectors, whose excellent report was a fair indication of the work done, and proved that the girls were carefully grounded in the elements of a solid, well-balanced general education without which they would be incapable of profiting by the senior work. In the higher classes much energy, time, and attention have been devoted to the classical languages, literature, history, as well as to the mathematical and scientific studies; in a word, to all those branches of a liberal education universally admitted to be most powerful in developing the mental faculties, in imparting culture and refinement, and forming the taste. Kindergarten methods were applied with marked success in the preparatory school, where the little ones were led along the lines best suited to develop their originality, individuality, character, and gifts. They have been taught how to use their hands, ears, and eyes, to become self-helpful, and to find in all Gods beautiful gifts to man never-ending sources of interest and delight. All branches of drawing and painting received adequate attention, and many clever and attractive studies in nature and landscape painting were executed in the studio. Much elaborate and beautiful art work and creditable specimens of plain sewing were done in the needlework department. The physical development of the students has not been neglected. This branch of their educational training, whilst so essential, was fortunately very spontaneous, and needed in order to make it perfect, little more than time and opportunity.



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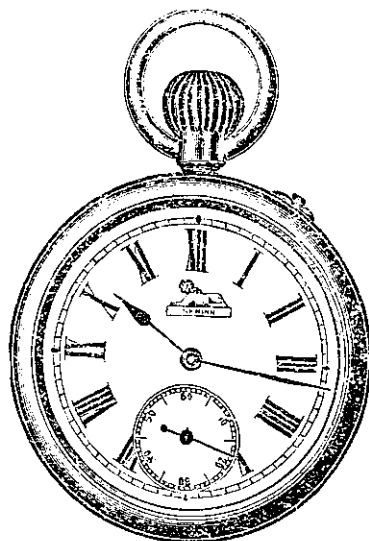
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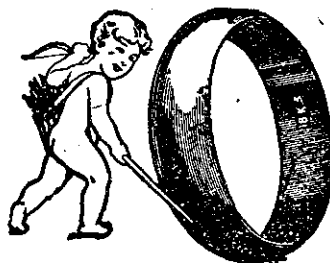
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Amongst the seniors tennis and hockey were the most popular forms of physical recreation.

His Lordship the Bishop delivered a brief exhortation to the students. He congratulated them on the success of the year's work and on the enjoyable performance to which he had listened with very great pleasure. He had heard of the beautiful concert they had given the previous evening, and was sorry indeed that he had not been able to be present, nothing would have given him greater pleasure. In this admirably conducted college they had glorious opportunities—within its walls they are being educated in a truly Catholic atmosphere where their faith is strengthened and the seeds of Christian virtue and enlightenment are sown. In after life they would be faithful to the instructions of the good Sisters. Their course of secular studies embraces every branch of useful learning; they are receiving a good sound education, as good as any in the Dominion. He wished them every success in the future. When they passed away from the care of the Sisters and began the battle of life they should not forget that earth is not our resting place; we are here only to prepare for heaven, our lasting home. When temptation presses upon them they should recall the words: 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?' In conclusion his Lordship wished one and all a right good vacation, enjoying the fresh air and amusements their parents will provide for them and attending to their religious duties and the good advice they have received. He hoped they would return strengthened in body and ready to work with even greater success.

Prize List.

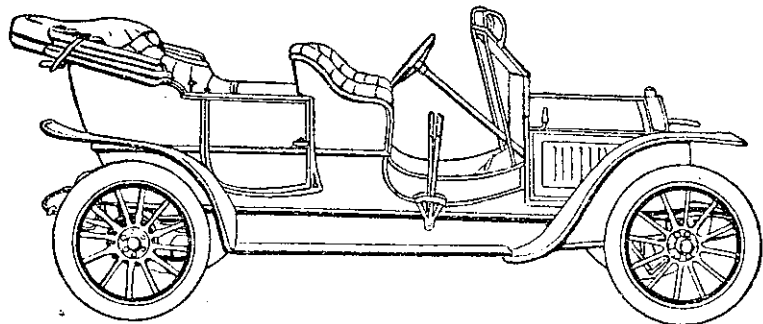
Post-Matriculation Class.—Dux (gold medal), Kitty Langford; Christian doctrine and advanced Latin, Kitty Langford; senior essay, Kitty Langford.

Matriculation Class.—Euclid and trigonometry (gold medal), May Lemon; English literature and composition (gold medal), Mary McAuley; algebra and shorthand (gold medal), Alix Anstis; Latin, May Lemon; human physiology (gold medal), Josephine Nolan; type-writing and violin (gold medal), Doris Anstis.

Civil Service Class.—Application to studies (silver medal), May O'Brien; next in merit, M. McCormack; English and oil painting (silver medal), W. Kaveney; arithmetic, Mary Monaghan; next in merit, Ruru Carter; theoretical music (silver medal), Priscilla Hargreaves; elementary Latin, Sadie Langford; vocal music (gold medal), Daisy Hall; freehand drawing, Lena Maher; next in merit, M. McCormack; English grammar and geometry (silver medal), Ruru Carter; junior mathematics (silver medal), Eileen Moloney; geography and botany (silver medal), M. McCormack; next in merit, W. Kaveney; drawing in light and shade, Mabel Hayes; pastel painting, P. Hargreaves; improvement in music, Eileen Murphy; English history, Mary Monaghan; next in merit, Sadie Langford; general improvement, Nellie Langford.

Navy League Essay Examination.—Senior 1st prize, Kitty Langford; junior 1st prizes, Alix Anstis, Winnie Kaveney, Josephine Nolan, Mary Monaghan, Sadie Langford, and Mary McCormack.

Senior Division, Class A.—Religious knowledge (silver medal), Tessie Dunford; art needlework (silver medal), Florence English; model drawing, Annie McTavish; next in merit, F. English; elementary science, Maggie Walsh; spelling and dictation, Kathleen Hayes; arithmetic, Maggie Doocey; freehand drawing, Vida McDonald; next in merit, F. English; penmanship, Mona Anstis; reading, Tessie, Dunford; theory, Florence English, Mona Anstis, and R. Gray; English grammar and memory work, Kathleen Moloney; callis-



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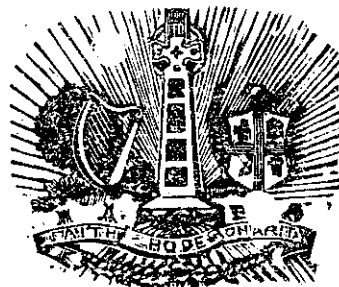


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thenics, F. English, V. McDonald, and K. Moloney; music, Ruby Gray; next in merit, M. Walsh, Mona Anstis; class singing, Tessie Dunford.

Senior Division, Class B.—General excellence in class work, Kathleen McDevitt; Bible history, Ima Dawson; next in merit, May Jones; arithmetic, Annie English; English history, May Jones; next in merit, M. O'Kane; geography, Muriel Carter; next in merit, Eileen Hamill; handwork, Mona Kerr; next in merit, Annie English; crayon drawing, Mary O'Kane; elocution and reading, Eileen Hamill; diligence, May Jones; application to studies, Annie Reid; freehand drawing, Violet McMaster; English composition, Cecilia Fahey; next in merit, M. Carter; mapping, Mary O'Kane; Mount Mellick work, Annie English; reading, Ima Dawson; amiability, Katie Gallagher.

Intermediate Class.—Composition, Agnes Moloney; next in merit, May Curtin; elocution, Amy Dyer; geography and nature study, Marie McMahon; spelling and dictation, Amy Dyer; freehand drawing, Eileen Hanna; English composition, Kathleen Burk; writing and neatness, Cecilia Noonan; arithmetic, Agnes Moloney; next in merit, M. McMahon and C. Noonan; class singing, Kathleen Burk; home studies and order, May Curtin; elementary studies and order, May Curtin; elementary science and needlework, C. Noonan; handwork and exercises, Marie McMahon.

Junior School.

Arithmetic, Leonore Murphy; next in merit, M. Rodgers; Christian doctrine, May Daniel; grammar, Brigie Meade; recitation and 2nd grammar, Rongomai Carter; politeness and fancy work, Monica Rodgers; exemplary conduct, Brenda Marlow; handwork and comprehension, Eileen Curtin; improvement in reading, Emily Roche; geography and observations, Raymond Marlow; repetition and drill, Wilfred McDowall; general improvement, Gordon Pearson; spelling, May Daniel; tables, L. Murphy; mental arithmetic, Raymond Marlow; attention and diligence, Brigie Meade; memory drawing, Eileen Curtin and R. Carter.

Kindergarten School.

Grade A.—Writing, Mary Bradley; home studies, Nellie Francis; good conduct, Lettie Meade; reading, Rosie Bradley; arithmetic, Francis Roche; drawing, Willie Curtin; piano, Mary Bradley; spelling, N. Francis; tables, L. Meade; coloring, W. Curtin.

Grade B.—Reading, Maisie Harrison; sewing, Violet Jones; reading, Molly Francis; writing, Eileen Jones; recitation, Silvia Daniel; coloring, Kitty Dyer; number, Lily White; freehand drawing and singing, J. Kennelly; politeness, Maisie Harrison; punctuality, Violet Jones; memory work and nature study, Molly Francis; catechism and embroidery, Kitty Dyer; mental arithmetic, J. Kennelly; tables, Lily White; attention in class, Maisie Harrison; handwork, Eileen Jones.

Grade C.—Bible stories, Rita Brown; sentence building and gifts, Daisy Deegan; sight reading and B.B. drawing, Kitty McCrossan; nature study and mat weaving, Ella Smith; crayon work and neatness, Hilda Hamill; word building and designing, Ella Kennelly; writing and order, Gretta Green; catechism and regular attendance, Molly Tylee; drill and exercises, Frank Haig; good conduct, Ruby Clent; coloring and observations, Peter Lemon; block building and paper work, Leonard Pearson; pricking, Ernest Roche; tablets, Te Rangi Carter; stick laying, Hughie Murray.

School of Music.

Theoretical music (gold medal), Doris Anstis, P. Hargreaves, M. Fahey, Josephine Nolan,

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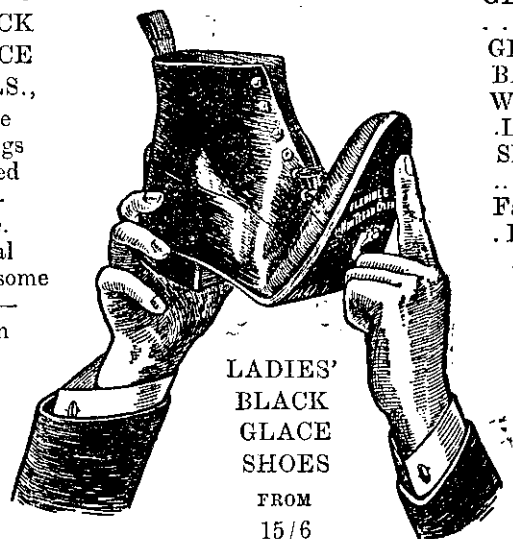
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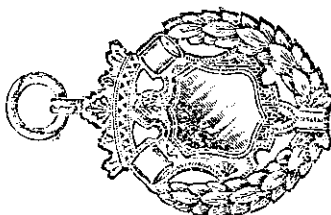
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Practical Music.—Associated Board and Royal Academy of Music (violin), J. Lemon, Doris Anstis, Alan Potter.

Trinity College.—Pianoforte, S. Dunbar, Doris Anstis, Priscilla Hargreaves, M. Fahey, E. Anderson, Amy Dyer, Ruby Gray, Mona Anstis; violin, Ruby Gray; singing (gold medal), Daisy Hall; success in competitions, Daisy Hall (vocal), Maggie Walsh and Alan Potter (violin).

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL, DUNEDIN

The annual entertainment by the pupils of the Christian Brothers' School took place in His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a crowded audience, including Very Rev. Dean Smyth, S.M. (Mount St. Mary's Scholasticate, Napier), Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., and several of the local clergy. The entertainment was in every way worthy of the reputation which the school enjoys, and reflected much credit both on teachers and pupils. If the annual entertainment provided by the pupils of a school is to be a guide to the educational standard of that school, then all who were present in His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday night could not come to any other decision than that the Christian Brothers in Dunedin are maintaining the traditions of their Order as highly successful educationists. The programme was a varied and interesting one, and was arranged so as to illustrate the superior and comprehensive course of studies pursued in the school. The proceedings opened with an overture, 'Shamrocks,' by an efficient orchestra, under the conductorship of Brother Cusack. Then followed a delightful little comedy in which the troubles, disappointments, and misadventures of a would-be genius, Tristram Fickle, were portrayed to the evident amusement of the audience. The title role was very ably filled by Mr. T. P. Laffey, and Mr. P. J. Keligher made a decided success of the character of Fairfax Fickle (the indulgent father), his make-up and acting being far above the average. Masters T. De Largey (the family lawyer), J. Walsh (valet), V. Shiel (barber), and J. Newman (gardener) also did well in their respective parts. The performance, which gave evidence of careful rehearsal, went with a swing from start to finish, and created great amusement. Next came a very pretty two-part song, 'Angelus,' by a number of the pupils, which was warmly applauded. The final item in the first part of the programme was a spectacular one, 'Massed drill,' in which over one hundred boys of the junior classes, in military uniforms, took part. This was a most interesting item, and no doubt many in the audience wondered how it was possible for these boys to perform such a number of intricate evolutions without a single mistake. The clever performance of the miniature soldiers was watched with the keenest interest, and was honored with frequent and enthusiastic applause. Great credit is due to the instructor for the efficient manner in which he trained the boys. A couple of songs, 'Unfurl the flag' and 'I'm a soldier,' were given towards the close of the evolutions by the boys. The second part opened with another item by the orchestra, after which followed a Shakespearian dialogue, the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. Mr. T. P. Laffey, as the former, excelled himself, his delineation of the character being almost faultless. Mr. P. J. Keligher took the part of Cassius with considerable success. A recitation, 'Absalom,' was given by Master S. Geerin, whose distinct enunciation and dramatic abilities earned hearty applause. A very popular item, which was encored, was the 'Highland fling' by Masters C. and D. McKenzie, with bagpipe music by Mr. J. Higgins. The Indian club-swinging of the gymnastic class, and the gymnastic display by the senior and junior pupils, were splendidly performed, and bore testimony to the high standard of physical training which obtains at the school. Mr. Laffey has reason to be proud of the splendid athletic display made by his pupils. The

balance of the programme consisted of a choral number made up of the bracketed items, 'Va Pensiero' (Verdi) and 'Dal tuo stellato soglio' (Rossini), by the pupils; a part song, 'The long day closes,' by ex-pupils; a finale, 'O Signore' (Verdi), followed by 'God Save the King' (Elgar). Brother Cusack conducted during the evening, and Miss C. Hughes played the accompaniments in a very able manner.

Owing to the length of the programme it was decided to postpone the distribution of prizes, which were given out on Thursday morning at the school, and at which Rev. Father Coffey presided in the unavoidable absence of his Lordship the Bishop.

The following was the annual report prepared by Rev. Brother Brady, and printed in the programme:—

I have great pleasure in presenting my Annual Report for the current year. The attendance with very few exceptions has been very satisfactory. The number entered on the roll for the year was 327. Though a large part of the solid work done in the various classes must of necessity escape the observation of the public eye, still, throughout the year many opportunities have been afforded the citizens of Dunedin of judging as to whether the system of education imparted at the school is a success or otherwise. If we turn to the Public Examinations, we have every reason to be highly pleased with the results. We entered pupils for the University and Higher and Junior Public Examinations. Ten pupils passed the Junior Civil Service, four being on the credit list, one of them (Master E. Walmsley) heading the list of male candidates, besides taking second place in the Dominion. This is indeed a creditable performance, when we consider that the examination is competitive. Master Walmsley's many friends will be pleased to know that at present he is studying practical surveying at Wanganui, with the view of taking out his A.M.I.C.E. We wish him every success. Two pupils passed Matriculation, and one pupil Solicitor's General Knowledge, whilst two pupils passed Senior Civil Service. In an Essay Competition, open to all boys and girls in Australia and New Zealand, Master Ambrose Burke, of this school, was successful in winning the gold medal presented by the proprietors of a well known Sydney paper for his essay on "Sir Thomas More." All these results go to show that in open competition our pupils take a prominent part. During the year a heavy call was made on the school to supply boys for the various Government Departments and merchants' offices in the city. It is not, therefore, surprising to note that during the year a larger proportion of boys from the higher classes left school than in any previous year.

Turning to athletics, we find the school still holding a premier place in this important branch of school-life. In football we entered four teams for the competition, and met with great success. In the Senior Grade our A team were premiers, winning 11 out of 12 matches with 58 goals to their credit and 3 against. They were also winners of the Five-a-side Tournament. In the B grade section, our second team was third in the premiership, as well as winners of the Five-a-side medals. In the D section, our third team was third in the flag competition out of 11 teams. In the cricket field our school team won the senior premiership for the eighth year in succession. During last season they had an unbeaten record, winning every match. During the year two fine Cadet Corps, each 80 strong, were formed at the school, and, under the direction of Sergeant Bishop, great progress has been made. In the gymnasium, under the capable management of Mr. T. P. Laffey, the boys received a fine course of instruction each week.

As regards the religious instruction of the boys no efforts have been spared. During the year they had a Spiritual Retreat of a week's duration. Over 100 boys received the Sacrament of Confirmation, while large numbers were prepared for the Sacraments. Our thanks are especially due in this respect to the priests of the Cathedral.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Old Boys' Association for the inauguration of a Scholarship Fund, as well as the many friends of the

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school for their cordial support during my stay in Dunedin.

The Dux of the School for the current year is Master Athol Clements.

I take this opportunity of wishing the parents and friends of the school a merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

The school re-opens February 6th, 1912.

Prize List.

Athol Clements, dux of school, most popular boy, English history; F. De Largey, Latin, mathematics, senior English; M. Lawless, Latin, mathematics, French; E. Fitzgibbon, French, arithmetic, drawing; S. Geerin, geography, elocution, Latin; L. Walsh, second Civil Service Class and English; H. Carter, mathematics, French, Irish history essay; V. Sheehy, essay and French; I. O'Connor, essay and special improvement; M. Rings, English, and penmanship; L. Shiel, magnetism, electricity, and geography; C. Hastings, French, geography, essay, elocution, first in senior Irish history; C. Cromar, geometry and algebra; P. Keligher, elocution and English; J. McCarthy, shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping; W. Heffernan, first in commercial class and typewriting.

Sub-Civil Service.—J. Newman, gold medal; S. Marlow, algebra, second aggregate; H. O'Neill, French and arithmetic; V. Shiel, geography and English history; Arch. McCaughan, English; Alex. McCaughan, French, English; W. Kennedy, English and algebra; J. Dyer, French and arithmetic; T. O'Brien, arithmetic and French; J. O'Brien, general improvement; L. Dillon, algebra and geography; V. Crowther, general improvement; L. Marlow, arithmetic and English.

Junior handball, H. O'Neill; senior club-swinging, J. Newman; senior gymnastics, J. Newman.

Standard VI.—G. Thompson 1, Jas. Fenton 2, Thos. Hally 3, A. Tarleton 4, Eugene Pollock 5, P. Treahy 6, G. Banks 7, A. Carter 8, Chas. Tylee 9, W. Callery 10; Christian doctrine, G. Thompson; Irish history, J. Fenton 1, A. Carter 2; English grammar, F. Brown; reading and geography, C. Dawson; drawing, W. Dawson; English history and geography, J. Walsh.

Standard V.—Chas. Wood 1, Ivor Clements 2, A. Yule 3, W. Carolin 4, E. O'Reilly 5, Jas. Dunne 6, Jas. Lennon 7, W. Gleeson 8; English composition and spelling, Jas. Airy 1, John Horan 2; geography, Jas. McCleary; English history, John Twomey; freehand drawing, M. Kennelly; reading, W. Pimley; general improvement, A. Plunkett.

Standard IV.—S. Spain 1, C. Rogan 2, L. Cantwell 3.

Standard III.—T. O'Meara 1, C. Collins and F. Wilson 2, F. Rodgers 3.

Standard II.—L. Walsh 1, A. Pacey 2, G. Laffey 3.

Standard I.—M. Wakelin 1, J. Thompson 2, J. McLroy 3.

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According to the figures of the Rev. Father Hughes, lecturer for the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, one-third of the 300,000 Indians in the United States are Catholics, one-third Protestants, and the other third pagans. The Catholics have a large number of churches, chapels, and schools devoted to the Indians. In the missionary field are 165 priests, 400 Sisters, 75 Brothers, and about 100 native Indian catechists. The catechists act as prayer leaders in the absence of the priest. Where the Indians are extensively engaged in farming, and are widely separated, boarding schools are conducted for the benefit of their children. The Indians themselves support 12 of these schools, leaving 51 to be kept up by the charity of the white Catholics of the United States.

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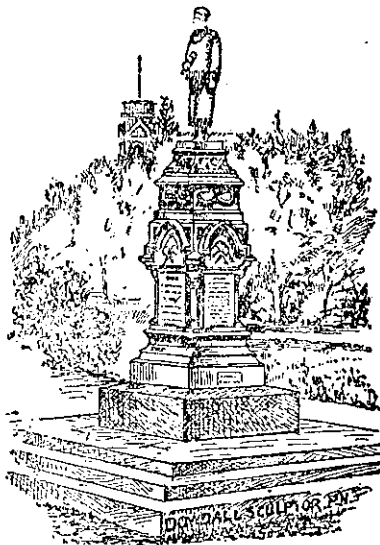
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HICKEY—MULQUEEN.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Columba's Church, Balfour, on November 28, when Miss Catherine Josephine Mulqueen, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Mulqueen, of 'Green Lawn,' Balfour, was united in the bonds of Matrimony to Mr. Michael John Hickey, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Hickey, of Waikaia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Keenan, of Riversdale, and the church was nicely decorated by the lady friends of the bride, who was given away by her father. The bride wore a costume of cream silk trimmed with silk lace and insertion, and the usual wreath and veil. She also wore a beautifully jewelled gold necklet, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid, Miss Mary Mulqueen (sister of the bride), was dressed in cream silk with a large picture hat, trimmed with heliotrope feathers and silk, and she wore a gold brooch, the gift of the bride-

groom. Mr. Thomas Hickey, jun., was best man. The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a gold Albert. After the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to 'Green Lawn,' the residence of the bride's father, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of. The Rev. Father Keenan presided, and proposed the toast of the bride and bridegroom. The other customary toasts on such occasions were also duly honored. The popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Hickey was evidenced by the large number of handsome and useful presents they received, which included a number of cheques. In the afternoon the young couple left for Dunedin, where the honeymoon was spent.

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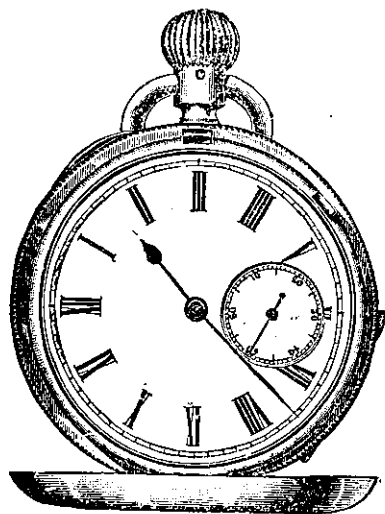
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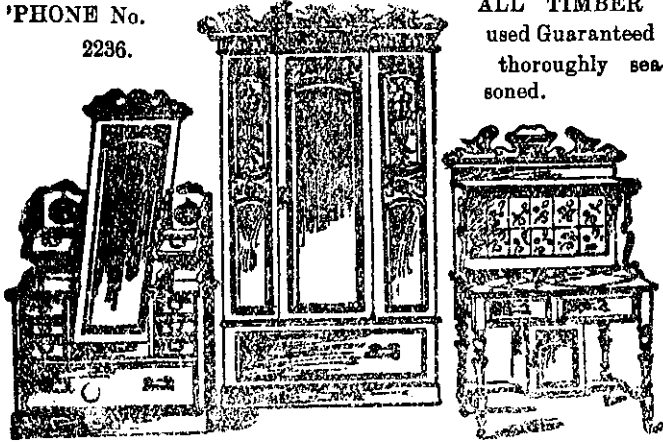
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The Family Circle

W'EN C'RISMUS COMES

Ain't got no stockin' big enough for C'rismus—tried 'em all,
Hung one up by the chimney-piece, an' nuther on the wall;
But grandma says that ain't the way, fer Santa Claus prefers
To jest have one big stockin', an' so she'll lend me hers!

Fer I want two drums
W'en C'rismus comes,
An' a bran new slate fer doin' sums;
An' firecrackers and rockets, too,
An' a horn that's most as tall as you—

That's what I want fer C'rismus!

I'm jest so good the whole day long 'at grandma says 'at she

Is 'fraid some angel come along an' fly away with me;
I go to bed at 9 o'clock, I'm up w'en daylight stirs;
An' ain't no boy—so mother says—'at's half as good as hers!

Fer I want two drums
W'en C'rismus comes,
An' a bran new slate fer doin' sums;
An' I want a sled
That's painted red,
An' a six-blade knife, like his pa gave Ned,

That's what I want fer C'rismus!

POLLY SANDERS' HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Polly Sanders sat on the floor buttoning her shoes and talking to Mary Jane at the same time. Mary Jane was a big rag dollie which Santa Claus had left at her door one year ago. They were the very best of friends, and as Polly had no little brothers nor sisters she told all her troubles to Mary Jane.

'Sit still, Mary Jane,' said Polly, 'and listen to what I am saying. To-morrow will be Christmas Day, and I have so much to do! You know to-day all the fine ladies go shopping to buy presents for their friends. To-morrow they have turkeys and ice cream, pumpkin pies, plum pudding, and oh! such a fine time.'

'Don't cry, Janie,' said Polly; 'if I sell all my flowers to-day, I'm going to buy some goodies, and we'll have a jolly time to-morrow. Sh—sh—you must not tell anyone. I'm going to buy something for mother. Something real nice—and you, Missie, shall have a buggy. Now don't you feel real happy?'

Mary Jane looked puzzled. 'Why, Janie,' said Polly, 'I don't believe you know much about Christmas, seeing you're only one year old. Be quiet and I will tell you what mother told to me:—

'Many many years ago, there was born in the stable of Bethlehem a little Infant King. He was just as poor as we are, Janie, and still He was a king. The shepherds who were minding their flocks came over to see the little Christ Child, and the sheep came, too, and stood around the manger and tried to keep him warm. Three rich kings travelled oh, so far, Janie, just to see this new-born King, and they brought precious gifts to Him. Ever since that time, on the twenty-fifth of December, we celebrate Christ's birthday. On that day we remember the poor children and try to make them happy.

'We are very poor and we can't give much away, but mother says no one is so poor that he cannot help some one poorer.'

'Polly!' called Mrs. Sanders from the front room. Polly laid Mary Jane on the floor and hastened to her mother's room. Polly's mother had been ill for six long months, and the little girl had gone out every day selling flowers in order to pay the rent and keep the wolf from the door. Her father died when she was a wee baby, and the little one had known nothing but poverty during the ten years of her existence.

While her mother was strong, she worked day and night to give her child as many comforts as possible, but now she was too weak to work and Polly must do her part. She rearranged her mother's pillows, smoothed out the bed clothes and tidied up the room. She went about like a little sunbeam, scattering sunshine everywhere.

'It's Christmas Eve, mother,' said Polly. 'I may be a little late coming home. Shopping to do, you know.'

'Christmas Eve,' said Mrs. Sanders with a sigh. 'So it is, Polly.'

'Do you think St. Nicholas will be around to-night?' asked the little girl.

'I shouldn't wonder,' said her mother, forcing a smile. Somehow she seemed to have a doubt about Santa's visit to the humble little cottage in a secluded section of the city.

'I guess he calls on both rich and poor,' said Polly. 'Don't you think so, mother?' For an answer Mrs. Sanders gave Polly a long, loving kiss and blessed her little girl as she started out into the cold world with a basket of freshly-cut flowers under her arm.

Polly walked quickly along until she came to the wide street where all the shop windows were full of Christmas toys. Every now and then she peeped into a window to see some wonderful new toy. 'What a beautiful buggy,' thought Polly. 'I do wish I could buy it for Mary Jane. Poor dollie, I don't believe she ever had a ride in all her life. And those nice woolly slippers, those are just the things for mother. I'd like that little fur coat for myself.' A minute later she repented. 'No, I don't want anything for myself,' she said. 'At Christmas time we must make other people happy. I'll sell my flowers. I'll buy presents for mother and Janie. I'll not look in another window, for it seems as though I want everything I see. Mother says it's best not to wish for things we can't have, and I won't.'

True to her word the little flower girl hurried on, looking neither to right nor to the left until she reached her accustomed place on the corner of a crowded street where she stood waiting for purchasers.

It was a gay and happy throng that passed along, and laughing voices filled the air. Polly knew they would buy her flowers and counted out in her mind just how much she would receive. But alas! She was to be disappointed. One by one they passed her by. Men with long fur coats and collars turned up to keep out the chill air, whistled merrily and went their way. Ladies laden with bundles, laughing and talking of the pleasant time to come, hurried along. Polly held out the violets, and timidly asked them to buy a bunch, but no one saw the pathetic little figure. They were too busy thinking of themselves and their loved ones.

'What's the matter?' thought Polly. 'No one looks my way. What if I shouldn't sell my flowers! Mary Jane couldn't have the buggy and I couldn't get the slippers for mothers.' A great big tear rolled down her cheek, and another and another, and little Polly hid her head in her lap and sobbed as though her little heart would break. 'I only wanted to make mother happy,' she cried, 'and now I can't.' All her little plans were spoiled. Her flowers would not sell. Suddenly she heard footsteps on the pavement. She looked up. 'Flowers?' asked Polly. 'No time,' said a rough voice, as he passed along with the crowd of pleasure-seekers. After a while the talking and laughing ceased, and Polly noticed that the streets were being deserted. The shopping was over, and the people were all hurrying home. 'I haven't sold a flower,' said Polly to herself. 'No goodies to-morrow, Mary Jane.' She wrapped her shawl around her and started for home. All at once she remembered her mother telling her when things went wrong, to pray.

Polly knelt down on the cold earth, and looking up into the blue sky, asked the little Infant King to help her sell her flowers. 'Please whisper into some one's ear to buy them,' she prayed, 'and I will be oh, so good!'

Mrs. Brown and Bessie, coming home from a day's shopping, passed the little figure, but did not notice her, so busy were they, thinking of the big warm fire-side which awaited them. Bessie dropped a package,

and turning round to pick it up, saw little Polly kneeling in the middle of the street, her basket of violets by her side. It was a strange sight, one that little Bessie, who all her life had been used to every luxury, had never witnessed. She stood spellbound. 'Hurry, Bessie,' said Mrs. Brown, 'we are late as it is, and papa will be waiting.' Bessie did not move. She seemed rooted to the spot. A little impatiently the mother called again, but still Bessie did not stir. 'Come here mother, quickly,' she cried. 'Look over in the street and see that poor little flower girl. Please let me run over and speak to her.'

Mrs. Brown looked, and sure enough, saw the tiny figure. Her motherly heart was moved to pity; she took little Bessie by the hand and hurried over to the child. Polly had not yet finished her earnest prayer, and did not notice their approach. Mrs. Brown lifted the little one tenderly and said, 'Why, my dear, what are you doing out so late on Christmas Eve?' 'Oh,' said Polly, 'please buy my violets, I haven't sold any to-day, and I do so want to sell them.' Bessie whispered something in her mother's ear. 'Well,' said Mrs. Brown, 'you may do so if you wish, but you cannot have your doll.' Bessie thought a moment. She thought of the big wax doll in the Emporium window, the doll with golden curls and real eyelashes. She felt in her pocket for the little purse which contained just money enough to buy it. She gave one long look at the ragged little creature in the roadside, and at once decided what to do. She would go without the wax doll and make other people happy. She handed the money to Polly, at the same time throwing her arms around her neck and kissing her over and over again.

Tears of happiness rolled down the cheeks of the little flower girl. She clapped her hands and cried, 'Now Mary Jane can have the buggy and mother the fine woollen slippers.'

'Who is Mary Jane?' asked Bessie.

'My old rag doll,' said Polly. 'She and mother are all I have in the world. You don't know how much I love them.'

Then Polly told Mrs. Brown about her poor sick mother and how she had worked to try to make her happy. The kind lady took off her own warm coat and wrapped it around the shivering little girl. Then taking one hand and Bessie the other they hurried along until they came to the big department store. Mrs. Brown bought the buggy and the slippers, also a little fur coat and cap for Polly. Bessie stood looking in the glass case at the wax dollie with the golden curls and real eyelashes. Her mother guessed what was in her little girl's mind and asked, 'Are you sorry, dear?' Bessie looked at smiling little Polly and no longer wished for the doll. 'No, mother,' she said. 'I never was happier before.'

Mrs. Brown and Bessie left Polly at her door, promising to come to see her soon. The little girl opened the door and a glad surprise awaited her. Her mother was sitting in the big arm chair. A cosy fire was burning, and the cupboard was full of goodies. A turkey's head peeped out of a basket, lying under the table. Mary Jane sat smiling in a corner. 'Mother,' said Polly, jumping around with delight. 'Has Santa Claus come so soon?' 'Yes, Polly,' said her mother, 'he came while you were on duty.' Polly did not know the kind ladies from the church had paid her home a visit and filled the cupboard with Christmas cheer before leaving.

Polly unbuttoned her mother's shoes and put on the nice warm slippers. 'I met Santa too,' said Polly, 'and he gave me these for you.' Mary Jane was put in the buggy and taken for a ride through all the rooms. The little fur cap and coat were next taken out. This was too much for Mrs. Saunders. She asked Polly what old St. Nicholas looked like.

Polly told the story of Mrs. Brown and Bessie, and that night, before going to bed, Polly and her mother thanked the Infant King for His goodness to them that Christmas Eve.

That night Bessie Brown dreamt about the little flower girl and the next morning the wax dollie with the long golden curls and real eyelashes was lying under

the Christmas tree. Santa Claus had come down the chimney and rewarded her for her kindness to Polly, the little flower girl.—Monitor.

CHRISTMAS EVE

A wee little girl was ensconced comfortably in a big leather chair by the grate listening gravely as her father read Dicken's *Christmas Carol*. Her great brown eyes were open so wide that you could almost see the liquid depths of them, and on her face was a rapt expression of wonderment.

She scarcely stirred as her parent proceeded with the reading, the fitful firelight lighting up her sweet face in a rosy glow, to conceal it again in the shadow, for father's reading lamp was hanging low over his book and its rays failed to reach the child in the big arm chair, as she listened attentively to the beautiful story of the great master of sentiment.

As she sat enthralled the child was given a new point of view. She had always been prettily clothed, well cared for and protected from the rigors of life. She knew neither hunger nor a great desire for things that sustain and shelter—and now this story of the grasping Scrooge and the pitiful Tiny Tim was making a lasting impression upon her heretofore buoyant heart. When father had finished reading, the child sat quietly, an expression of bewilderment upon her face. Thinking her asleep, the parent turned on a light that flooded the room, and asked:

'Don't you think that a sweet story, my dear?'

'Y-yes,' hesitated the child. 'Yes, father.'

Then she sank once more into deep thought.

'I think you are sleepy, dear,' said father. 'Shall we go to bed now?'

'Not just yet, father, please.'

For a few moments the child continued to sit quietly by the fire. The miniature clock on the mantel ticked loudly in the quiet room. Then the little girl slipped softly from the great chair, and, going to her father, said:

'Papa, are there really and truly people like that in the world—who don't have what they want to eat or wear, and who suffer like Tiny Tim?'

'Why, yes, my dear,' replied the parent in some surprise, 'I am afraid there are folks like that even now.'

Again the child was silent. The father waited. Finally she asked:

'Papa, what did mamma pay for my new coat?'

'Oh, I don't know, dear. About 20 dollars, I guess.'

'Could she take it back, papa, and give the money to somebody that needed it like that?'

It was now the father's time to be silent. After a time he said, gently, gathering his baby-child to his breast:

'We'll see what we can do about it, dear. Perhaps not just in that way, you know, but some way that will be just as nice for the children.'

And the little girl put her arms about her parent's neck and said, softly:

'Oh, thank you, papa! And now may I go to bed?'

MINCE PIES OF EARLY YEARS

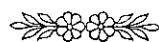
Mince pies were popular for Christmas feasts as early as 1596, although they were then known as mutton pies. Later, instead of using mutton as the chief condiment for this dainty morsel neat's tongues were substituted, the remaining ingredients being much the same as those to be found in modern recipes. They were also known as shred and Christmas pies. Early in the sixteenth century writers of the time tell us mince pies were baked in coffin shapes, with overhanging crusts intended to represent the creche or manger where the Christ-child lay; but there is reason to doubt this explanation, as all the old cookery books style the crust of the pie, 'the coffin.'

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The Doctor's CHRISTMAS GIFT.



The Chicago Limited was pulling out of the Grand Central Station in New York as Dr. Henry Van Valkenberg submitted his ticket to the gateman. He dashed through, pushing that indignant official to one side, and made a leap for the railing of the last car of the train. It was wet and slippery and maddeningly elusive, but he caught it and clung to it valiantly, his legs actively seeking a resting place on the snow-covered steps of the platform. Even as he hung there, offering to his fellow-travellers this inspiring illustration of athletic prowess and the strenuous life, he was painfully conscious that the position was not a dignified one for a stout gentleman of sixty with an exalted position in the scientific world. He pictured to himself the happy smiles of those who were looking on, and he realised that his conception of their hearty enjoyment had not been exaggerated when he glanced back at them after a friendly brakeman had dragged him 'on board.' Dr. Van Valkenberg smiled a little ruefully as he thanked the man and rubbed the aching surface of his hand, which not even his thick kid glove had protected. Then he pulled himself together, picked up the books and newspapers he had dropped, and which the bystanders had enthusiastically hurled after him, sought his haven in the sleeping car. When he reached his section he stood for a moment, with his back to the passengers, to put some of his belongings in the rack above his head. As he was trying to arrange them properly he heard a voice behind him.

'Oh, were you hurt?' it said. 'I was so afraid you were going to fall.'

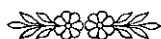
Dr. Van Valkenberg, who was a tall man, turned and looked down from his great height. At his feet stood a baby; at least she seemed a baby to him, although she was very dignified and wholly self-possessed and fully four years old. She was looking up at him with dark brown eyes, which wore an absurdly anxious expression. In that instant of quick observation he noticed that her wraps had been removed and that she wore a white dress and had yellow curls, among which, on one side of her head, a small black bow lay somberly.

She was so delicious in her almost maternal solicitude that he smiled irrepressibly, though he answered with the ceremoniousness she seemed to expect.

'Why, no, thank you,' he said. 'I am not hurt. Didn't you see the kind man help me on to the car?'

There was a subdued titter from the other passengers over this touching admission of helplessness, but the human atom below drew a long, audible sigh of relief.

A Christmas Greeting.



'A merry Christmas morning
To each and every one!
The rose has kissed the dawning
And the gold is in the sun.

And may the Christmas splendour
A joyous greeting bear,
Of love that's true and tender
And faith that's sweet and fair.'

'I'm very glad,' she said, with dignity. 'I was afraid he hurt you.' She turned as she spoke and toddled into the section opposite his, where a plain but kindly-faced elderly woman was sitting. She lifted her charge to the seat beside her, and the child rose to her knees, pressed her pink face against the window-pane and looked out at the snow that was falling heavily.

Dr. Van Valkenberg settled back in his seat and tried to read his newspaper, but for some reason the slight incident in which he and the little girl had figured moved him strangely. It had been a long time since any one had looked at him like that. He was not a person who aroused sympathy. He conscientiously endeavoured to follow the President's latest oracular utterances on the trust problem, but his eyes turned often to the curly head at the opposite window. They were well-trained, observant eyes, and they read the woman as not the mother, but a paid attendant—a trained nurse, probably, with fifteen years of admirable, cold, scientific service behind her. Why was she with the child, he wondered.

It was Christmas—not the time for a baby girl to be travelling. Then his glance fell again on the black bow among the yellow curls and on the white dress with its black shoulder knots, and the explanation came to him. An orphan, of course, on her way West to a new home, in charge of the matter-of-fact nurse who was dozing comfortably in the corner of her seat.

neighbor turned from the gloom without to the gloom within, and made an impulsive movement toward the drowsy woman opposite her. The nurse did not stir, and the little girl sat silent, her brown eyes shining in the half-light and her dimpled hands folded in her lap. The physician leaned across the aisle.

'Won't you come over and visit me?' he asked. 'I am lonely, and I have no one to take care of me.'

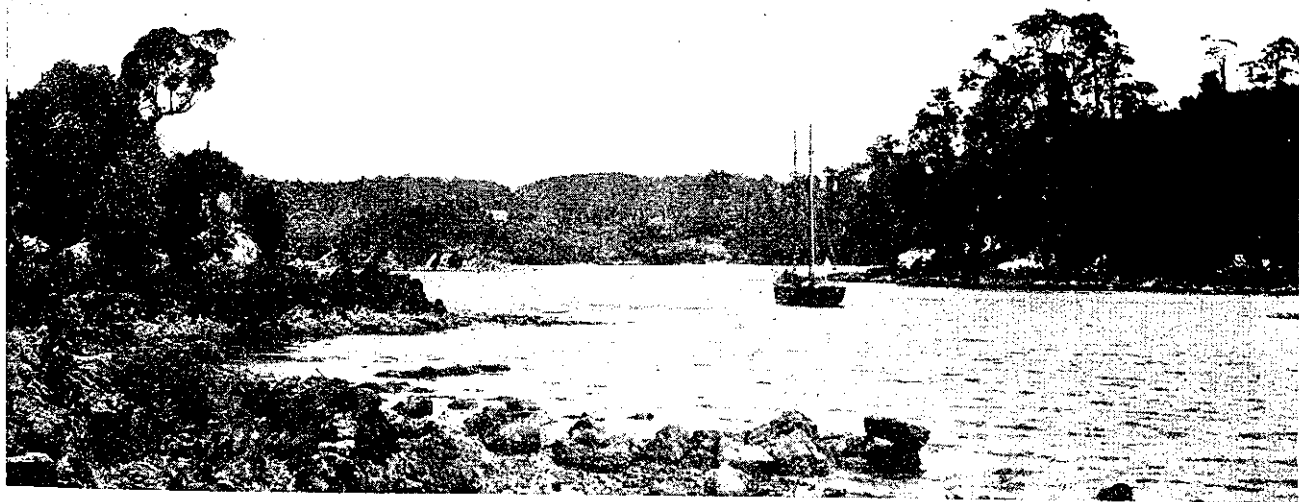
She slid off the seat at once, with great alacrity.

'I'd like to,' she said, 'but I must ask Nana. I must always ask Nana now,' she added, with dutiful emphasis, 'fore I do anything.'

She laid her hand on the gloved fingers of the nurse as she spoke, and the woman opened her eyes, shot a quick glance at the man and nodded. She had not been asleep. Dr. Van Valkenberg rose and lifted his visitor to the seat beside him, where her short legs stuck out in uncompromising rigidity, and her tiny hands returned demurely to their former position in her lap. She took up the conversation where it had been interrupted.

'I can take care of you,' she said, brightly. 'I taked care of mamma a great deal, and I gave her her med'cine.'

He replied by placing a cushion behind her back and forming a resting place for her feet by building an imposing pyramid, of which his dressing-case was the base. Then he turned to her.



VIEW OF BRAGG BEACH, STEWART ISLAND.

To whom was she going? Perhaps to grandparents, where she would be spoiled and wholly happy; or quite possibly to more distant relatives, where she might find a grudging welcome. Dear little embryo woman, with her sympathetic heart already attuned to the world's gamut of pain. She should have been dancing under a Christmas tree or hanging up her tiny stocking in the warm chimney corner of some cosy nursery. The heart of the man swelled at the thought, and he recognised the sensation with a feeling of surprised annoyance. What was all this to him, to an old bachelor who knew nothing of children except their infantile ailments, and who had supposed that he cared for them as little as he understood them? Still, it was Christmas. His mind swung back to that. He himself had rebelled at the unwelcome prospect of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in a sleeping car—he without even nephews and nieces to lighten the gloom of his lonely house. The warm human sympathy of the man and the sweet traditions of his youth rose in protest against this spectacle of a lonely child travelling through the night toward some distant home which she had never seen, and where coldness, even neglect, might be wholly wrong in his theory of the journey, and he called himself a fool. Still, the teasing interest and an elusive but equally teasing memory held his thoughts.

Darkness was falling, but the porter had not begun to light the lamps, and heavy shadows were rising from the corners of the car. Dr. Van Valkenberg's little

'Very well,' he said, 'if you really are going to take care of me I must know your name. You see,' he explained, 'I might need you in the night to get me a glass of water or something. Just think, how disappointing it would be if I should call you by the wrong name and some other little girl came!'

She laughed.

'You say funny things,' she said contentedly. 'But there isn't any other little girl in the car. I looked soon as I came in, 'cos I wanted one to play with. I like little girls. I like little boys, too,' she added, with innocent expansiveness.

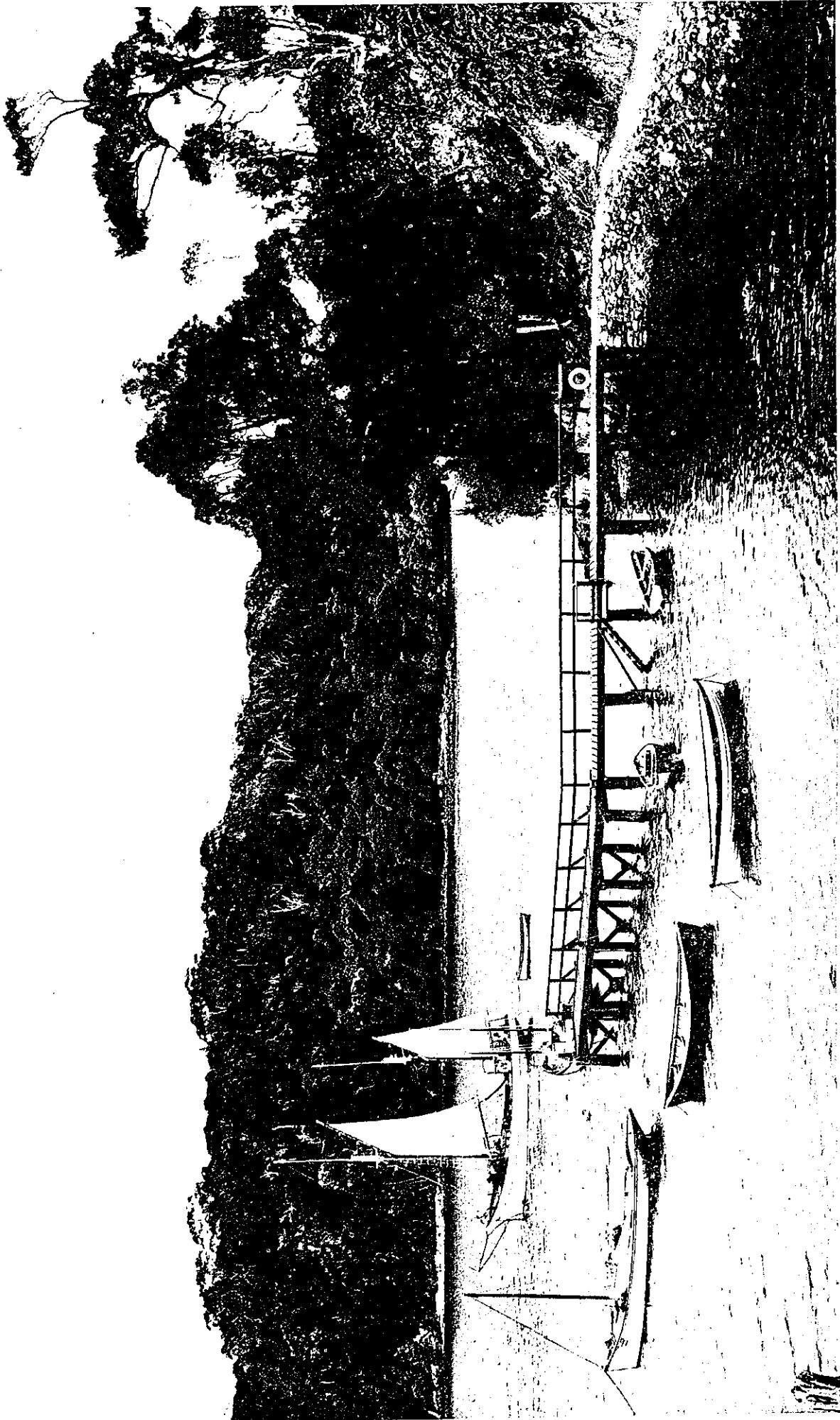
'Then we'll play I'm a little boy. You'd never believe it, but I used to be. You haven't told me your name,' he reminded her.

'Hope,' she said promptly. 'Do you think it is a nice name?' She made the inquiry with an anxious interest which seemed to promise immediate change if the name displeased him. He reassured her.

'I think Hope is the nicest name a little girl could have, except one,' he said. 'The nicest little girl I ever knew was named Katherine. She grew to be a nice big girl, too—and has little girls of her own now, no doubt, he added, half to himself.

'Were you a little boy when she was a little girl?' asked his visitor, with flattering interest.

'Oh, no; I was a big man, just as I am now. Her father was my friend, and she lived in a white house with an old garden where there were all kinds of flowers. She used to play there when she was a tiny



GOLDEN BAY, STEWART ISLAND.

baby, just big enough to crawl along the paths. Later she learned to walk there, and then the gardener had to follow her to see that she didn't pick all the flowers. I used to carry her around and hold her high up so she could pull the apples and pears off the trees. When she grew larger I gave her a horse and taught her to ride. She seemed like my very own little girl. But by and by she grew up and became a young lady, and—well, she went away from me, and I never had another little girl.'

He had begun the story to interest the child. He found, as he went on, that it still interested him.

'Did she go to heaven?' asked the little girl, softly.

'Oh, dear, no,' answered the doctor, with brisk cheerfulness.

'Then why didn't she keep on being your little girl always?' was the next leading question.

The doctor hesitated a moment. He was making the discovery that, after many years, old wounds can reopen and throb. No one had ever been brave enough to broach to him the subject of this single love affair, which he was now discussing, he told himself, like a garrulous old woman. He was anxious to direct the conversation into other channels, but there was a certain compelling demand in the brown eyes upturned to his.

But p'r'aps he'll have something waiting for me when I get to Cousin Gertie's,' she added, with sweet hopefulness.

'Nana is always right,' said the doctor oracularly, 'and of course you must do exactly as she says. But I heard that Santa Claus was going to get on the train to-night at Buffalo, and I believe,' he added, slowly and impressively, 'that if he found a pair of small black stockings hanging from that section he'd fill them.'

Her eyes sparkled.

'Then I'll ask Nana,' she said. 'An' if she says I may hang them, I will. But one,' she added conscientiously, 'has a teeny, weeny hole in the toe. Do you think he would mind that?'

He reassured her on this point and turned to the nurse, who was now wide awake and absorbed in a novel. The car was brilliantly lighted, and the passengers were beginning to respond to the first dinner call.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I've taken a great fancy to your little charge, and I want your help to carry out a plan of mine. I have suggested to Hope that she hang up her stockings to-night. I have every reason to believe that Santa Claus will get on this train at Buffalo. In fact,' he added, smiling, 'I mean to telegraph him.'



FOOTBRIDGE, GISBORNE.

'Well, you see,' he explained, 'other boys liked her, too. And when she became a young lady other men liked her. So finally one of them took her away from me.'

He uttered the last words wearily, and the sensitive atom at his side seemed to understand why. Her little hand slipped into his.

'Why didn't you ask her to please stay with you?' she persisted, pityingly.

'I did,' he told her. 'But, you see, she liked the other man better.'

'Oh-h-h.' The word came out long-drawn and breathless. I don't see how she possibly could.'

There was such sorrow for the victim and scorn for the offender in the tone that, combined with the none too subtle compliment, it was too much for Dr. Van Valkenberg's self-control. He threw back his gray head and burst into an almost boyish shout of laughter, which effectually cleared the atmosphere of sentimental memories. He suddenly realised, too, that he had not been giving the child the cheerful holiday evening he had intended.

'Where are you going to hang up your stockings to-night?' he asked. A shade fell over her sensitive face.

'I can't hang them up,' she answered soberly. 'Santa Claus doesn't travel on trains, Nanna says.'

The nurse hesitated a moment. He drew his card-case from his pocket and handed her one of the bits of pasteboard it contained.

'I have no evil designs,' he added carefully. 'If you are a New Yorker, you may possibly know who I am.'

The woman's face lit up as she read the name. She turned toward him impulsively, with a very pleasant smile.

'Indeed I do, doctor,' she said. 'Who does not? Dr. Abbey sent for you last week,' she added, 'for a consultation over the last case I had—this child's mother. But you were out of town. We were all so disappointed. It seems strange that we should meet you now.'

'Patient died?' asked the physician, with professional brevity.

'Yes, doctor.'

He rose from his seat.

'Now that you have my credentials,' he said cordially, 'I want you and Hope to dine with me. You will, won't you?'

The upholstered cheerfulness of the dining car found favor in the sight of Hope. She conducted herself, however, with her usual dignity, broken only occasionally as the prospective visit of Santa Claus crossed her mind. Her dinner, superintended by an

eminent physician and a trained nurse, was naturally a simple and severely hygienic one, but here, too, her admirable training was evident. She ate cheerfully her bowl of bread and milk, and wasted no longing glances on the plum pudding.

Later, in the feverish excitement of hanging up her stockings, going to bed and peeping through the curtains to catch Santa Claus, a little of her extraordinary repose of manner deserted her; but she fell asleep at last with great reluctance.

When the curtains round her berth had ceased trembling a most unusual procession wended its silent way toward Dr. Van Valkenberg's section. In some occult manner the news had gone from one end to the other of the 'Special' that a little girl in Section 9, car Floradora, had hung up her stockings for Santa Claus. The hearts of fathers, mothers, and doting uncles responded at once. Dressing cases were unlocked, great valises were opened, mysterious bundles were unwrapped, and from all these sources came gifts of surprising fitness. Small daughters and nieces sleeping

with the scantiness of her own, induced that young lady to retire from observation for a short time and emerge clothed for general society. Even during this brief retreat in the dressing-room the passengers heard her breathless voice, high-pitched in her excitement, chattering incessantly to the responsive Nana.

Throughout the day the snow still fell, and the outside world seemed far away and dreamlike to Dr. Van Valkenberg. The real things were this train, cutting its way through the snow, and this little child, growing deeper into his heart with each moment that passed. The situation was unique, but easy enough to understand, he told himself. He had merely gone back twenty-five years to that other child, whom he had petted in infancy and loved and lost in womanhood. He had been very lonely—how lonely he had only recently begun to realise, and he was becoming an old man whose life lay behind him. Now an idea, fantastic perhaps, but persistent, haunted him. He crossed the aisle suddenly and sat down beside the nurse, leaving Hope singing her doll to sleep in his section.



SCENE AT TUPURUPURU, MASTERTON.

in Western cities might well have turned restlessly in their beds had they seen the presents designed for them drop into a pair of tiny stockings and pile up on the floor below these.

A succession of long-drawn, ecstatic breaths and happy gurgles awoke the passengers on car Floradora at an unseemly hour on Christmas morning, and a small white figure, clad informally in a single garment, danced up and down the aisle, dragging carts and woolly lambs behind it. Occasionally there was the squeak of a talking doll, and always there was the patter of small feet and the exquisite music of a child's voice, punctuated by the exquisite music of a child's laughter. Dawn was just approaching, and the lamps, still burning, flared pale in the gray light. But in the length of that car there was no soul so base as to long for silence and the pillow. Crabbed old faces looked out between the curtains and smiled: eyes long unused to tears felt a sudden, strange moisture. Dr. Van Valkenberg had risen almost as early as Hope, and possibly the immaculate freshness of his attire, compared

There was something almost diffident in his manner as he spoke.

'Will you tell me all you know about the child?' he asked. 'She interests me greatly and appeals to me very strongly, probably because she's so much like some one I used to know.'

The nurse closed her book and looked at him curiously. She had heard much of him, but nothing would explain this interest in a strange child. He himself could not have explained it. He knew only that he felt it, powerfully and compellingly.

'Her name is Hope Armitage,' she said quietly. 'Her mother, who has just died, was a widow—Mrs. Katharine Armitage. They were poor and Mrs. Armitage seemed to have no relations. She had saved a little, enough to pay most of her expenses at the hospital, and—' She hesitated a moment, and then went on: 'I am telling you everything very frankly, because you are you, but it was done quietly enough. We all loved the woman. She was very unusual and patient and charming. All the nurses who had had

anything to do with her cried when she died. We felt that she might have been saved if she had come in time, but she was worked out. She had earned her living by sewing after her husband's death, three years ago, and she kept at it day and night. She hadn't much constitution to begin with, and none when she came to us. She was so sweet, so brave, yet so desperately miserable over leaving her little girl alone in the world—'

Dr. Van Valkenberg sat silent. It was true, then. This was Katherine's child. Had he not known it? Could he have failed to know it whenever or wherever they had met? He had not known of the death of Armitage, nor of the subsequent poverty of his widow, but he had known Katherine's baby, he now told himself, the moment he saw her.

'Well,' the nurse resumed, 'after she died we raised a small fund to buy some clothes for Hope and take her to Chicago to her new home. Mrs. Armitage has a cousin there who has agreed to take her in. None of the relatives came to the funeral. There are not many of them, and the Chicago people haven't much money, I fancy. They offered to send Hope's fare, or even to come for her if it was absolutely necessary, but they seemed very much relieved when we wrote that I would bring her out.'

Dr. Van Valkenberg did not speak at once. He was hardly surprised. Life was full of extraordinary

plea like the one he had made the mother. This time he felt that he knew the answer.

'Hope,' he said gently, 'once, long ago, I asked a little girl to come and live with me, and she would not come. Now I want to ask you to come and stay with me always, and be my own little girl, and let me take care of you and make you happy. Will you come?'

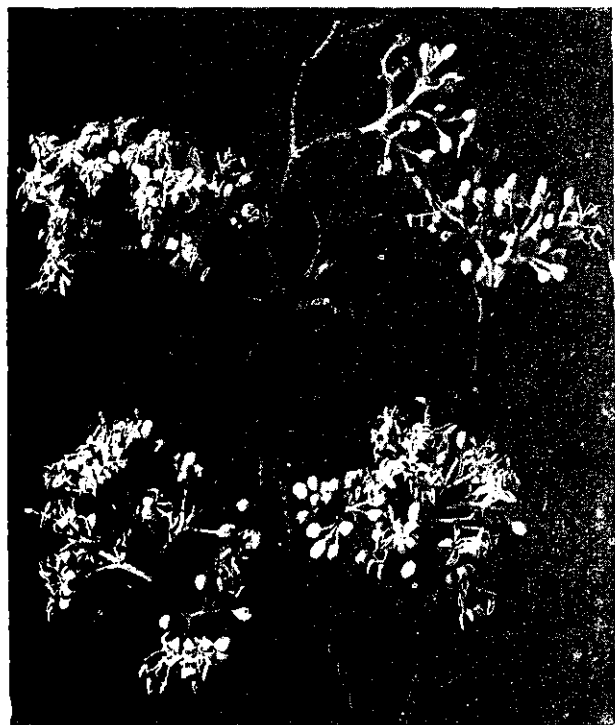
The radiance of June sunshine broke out upon her face and shone in the brown eyes upturned to his. How well he knew that look! Hope did not turn toward Nana, and that significant omission touched him deeply. She seemed to feel that here was a question she alone must decide. She drew a long breath as she looked up at him.

'Really, truly?' she asked. Then, as he nodded without speaking, she saw something in his face that was new to her. It was nothing to frighten a little girl, for it was very sweet and tender, but for one second she thought her new friend was going to cry. She put both arms around his neck and replied softly, with the exquisite maternal cadences her voice had taken on in her first words to him when he entered the car:

'I'll be your own little girl, and I'll take care of you, too. You know you said I could.'

Dr. Van Valkenberg turned to the nurse.

'I shall go with you to her cousin's from the train,' he announced. 'I'm ready to give them all the proofs they need that I'm a suitable guardian for the child, but,' he added with a touch of boyishness



NATIVE HOUHERE IN FLOWER.

situations, and his profession had brought him face to face with many of them. Nevertheless, a deep solemnity filled him, and a strange peace settled over him. He turned to the nurse with something of this in his face and voice.

'I want her,' he said briefly. 'Her mother and father were old friends of mine, and this thing looks like fate. Will they give her to me—these Chicago people—do you think?'

Tears filled the woman's eyes.

'Indeed they will,' she said, 'and gladly. There was'—she hesitated—'there was even some talk of sending her to an institution before they finally decided to take her. Dear little Hope, how happy she will be with you!'

He left her and went back to the seat where Hope sat, crooning to the doll. Sitting down, he gathered them both up in his arms, and a thrill shot through him as he looked at the yellow curls resting against his breast. Her child—her little, helpless baby—now his child to love and care for. He was not a religious man, nevertheless a prayer rose spontaneously in his heart. But there was a plea to be made—a second



NATIVE ORCHID.

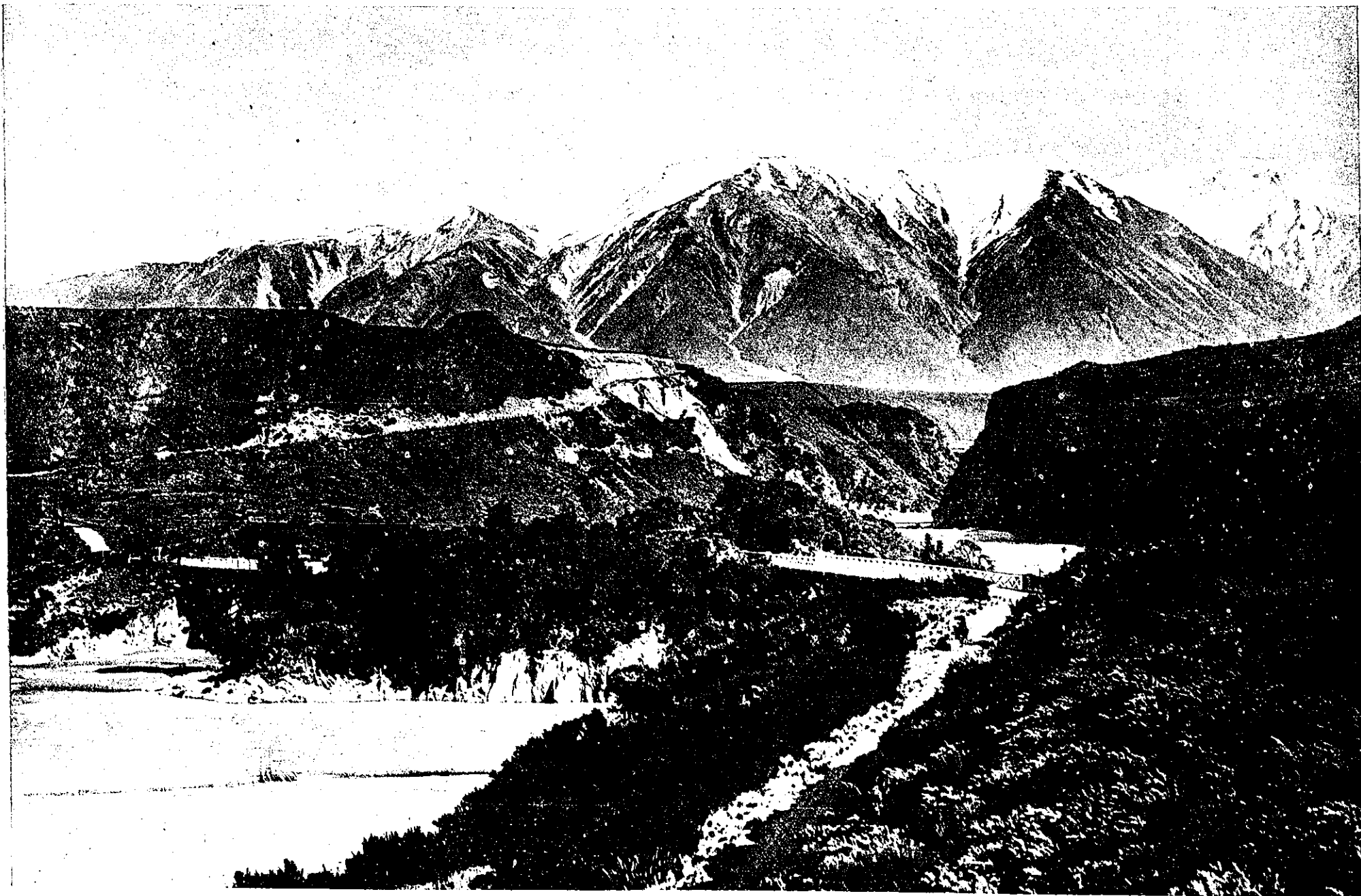
that had never left him, 'I want this matter settled now.'

The long train pounded its way into the station at Chicago, and the nurse hurriedly put on Hope's coat and gloves and fastened the ribbons of her hood under her chin. Dr. Van Valkenberg summoned a porter.

'Take care of these things,' he said, indicating both sets of possessions with a sweep of the arm. 'I shall have my hands full with my little daughter.'

He gathered her into his arms as he spoke, and she nestled against his broad chest with a child's unconscious satisfaction in the strength and firmness of his clasp. The lights of the great station were twinkling in the early dusk as he stepped off the train, and the place was noisy with the greetings exchanged between the passengers and their waiting friends.

'Merry Christmas,' 'Merry Christmas,' sounded on every side. Everybody was absorbed and excited, yet there were few who did not find time to turn a last look on a singularly attractive little child held above the crowd in the arms of a tall man. She was laughing triumphantly as he bore her through the throng, and his heart was in his eyes as he smiled back at her.—*Sacred Heart Review.*



RAKAIA GORGE.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Time plucked the Dream Incarnate, Lord, from Thee
Which blossomed in the flesh in Galilee,
God reigned supreme from Virgin Mother's knee,
The blessed fruit of rapt eternity.

O'er gloried paths by unborn millions trod
Through centuries of service, day by day,
From joy to joy, from sorrow e'en to God
The Child shall lead them o'er the hallowed way.

The Infant King, His banner white unfurled,
Leads forth to life the myriad-hearted van.
O Christmas Dawn, bright morning of the world,
The birthday of the liberty of man.

REV. H. B. TIERNEY.

THE CHRISTMAS PEARL

I.

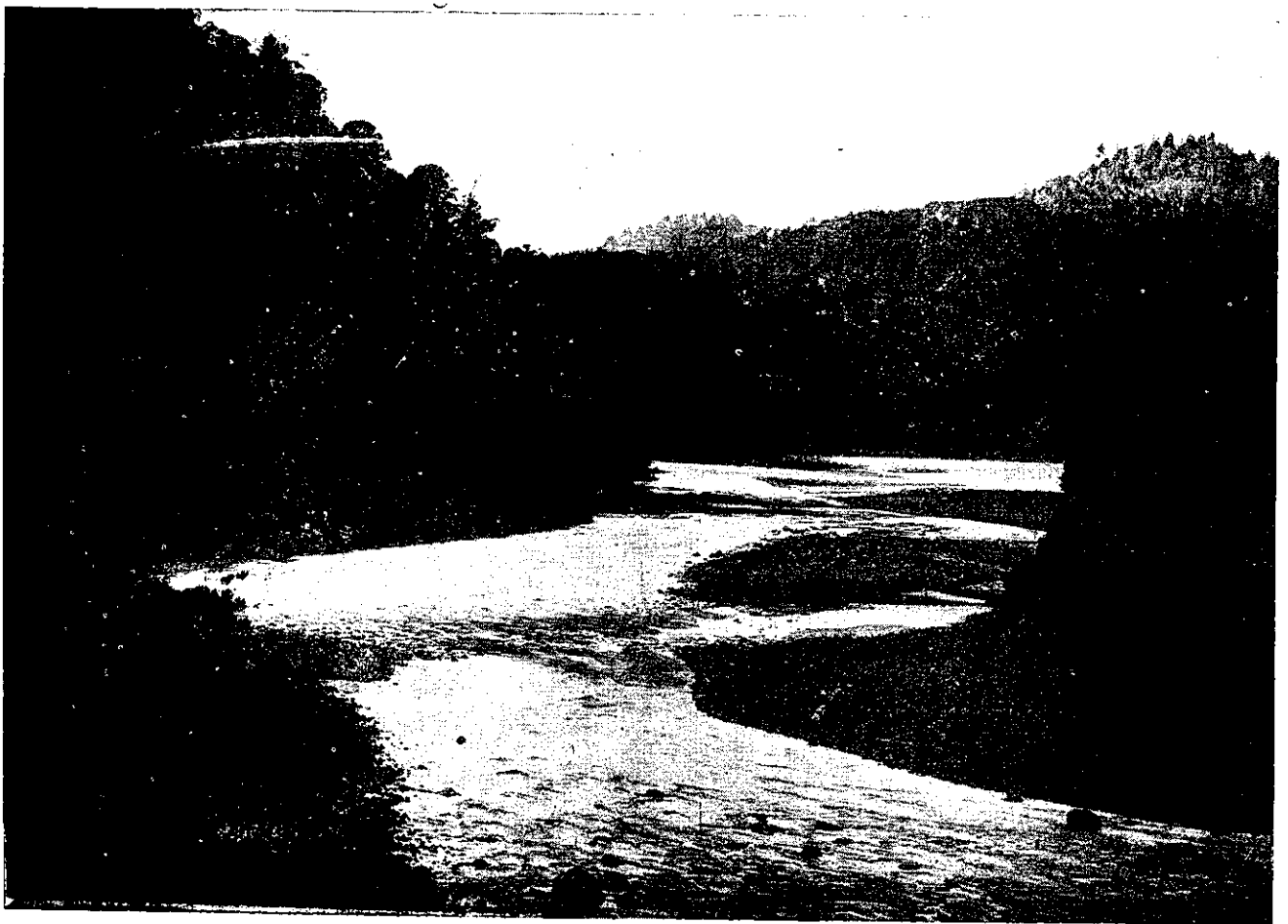
The old priest had finished his short address at the children's afternoon instruction. The morrow would be Christmas when the Infant Jesus came down to earth to be with us for all time. Looking at the many little faces turned toward him, the white-haired priest's

every Christmas we give presents to each other. So remember to love Him with all your hearts, and if you are troubled or sorrowful now is the time to ask the dear Christ Child for all the blessings you wish for.'

There was a rustling throughout the vast edifice as the old priest turned to the altar, and in another moment, clear and sweet, the children's voices re-echoed in a Christmas hymn. Then Benediction was given, and presently the hundreds of children were pouring out on Sixth Avenue, whence they dispersed in every direction.

A little girl who had been hidden behind a pillar near the door was among the last to leave. Outside the church she paused, looking up and down the busy street. There was the rumble of elevated trains overhead, the cry of street peddlers, and the laughter of the moving throng of belated Christmas shoppers; but among the active, pulsating life surrounding her, the child stood uncertain and solitary. It was real Christmas weather, intensely cold, with snow piled up in the streets and white flakes coming down. A heavy bank of clouds in the west presaged more snow before the Christmas morn would break over the city.

The little girl was poorly but warmly dressed, and tight in one hand she held a quarter that a kind woman on the Island had given her that morning. Her mother had died on the Island a few days previous,



WANGANUI RIVER.

concluding words were solemn and impressive: some fleeting thought of the grain of mustard seed floated across his mind. In another hour all these eager tumultuous little hearts would be scattered abroad in homes where Christmas trees and Christmas cheer would be dominant; should he not then speak the word in season about the zeal significance of this holy time? The Christian Christmas meant more than the giving and receiving of presents.

His rich, musical voice, with just a slight tremor of age in its tones, was heard in the farthest corner of the building as he spoke.

'And remember, my dear children, that this little Christ Child is the Pearl of great price. You must seek and find Him, this Pearl; and having found Him, hold Him fast and love Him. He was the first gift of God to man, and it is because of this that

and had been buried in the pauper's cemetery; at 11 o'clock she had left the Island, in charge of a city official, to be placed in a state asylum. That was over four hours ago. Dreading being placed in an asylum, her heart aching for her mother, the child had made use of a golden opportunity and slipped away from the city employee when he had stopped to speak to a friend.

In the crowd near the ferry it had been easy to get lost to sight. A moment later she was walking toward the west, and by the time the two men were through with their conversation she was several blocks away. At Sixth Avenue she boarded a car, swept on by a crowd of merry children, and with them she had left the car near Washington Square, and had entered St. Joseph's Church, attracted thereto by the children entering its doors from up and down the avenue. In

the crowd on the car the conductor had passed her by, or thought she was too small to call for a fare, so the precious quarter was still in her hand.

She had never before been in a church nor had she the least idea what the old priest was talking about; but one thing seemed clear. To-morrow would be a special day for children, and somewhere there was a pearl of great price, a little baby called Jesus, who could give her anything she wanted. Perhaps if she found Him He would give her back her mother.

The wind whistled sharply around the corner cutting her little face like a knife. What had he said, that old man, with the gentle voice? Oh, yes, seek and find Him. She would never find this wonderful

closing, then turning, she trotted up Sixteenth Street in the direction of Fifth Avenue. A few steps further on she paused again. It was getting dark now, and for the first time the child was seized with fear—whither in that great city should she go? A laughing voice made itself heard.

'Run home now, Etta, child, and I will come in a few moments.'

She turned and saw a stout, motherly woman watching a little girl across the street until she entered a house opposite. Then the woman ascended some steps, opened a door and disappeared. After a moment's hesitation the child followed. The door opened on a wide vestibule paved with marble, and at the south



GIANT TOTARA TREE, PEEL FOREST.

pearl by standing still in the street, so she began moving northwards.

Then nature asserted itself in pangs of hunger. The child had eaten nothing since seven that morning, and now it was nearly four. Entering a bakery, she laid her precious quarter on the counter, and asked for several buns from a tempting pile spread out before her. In another moment she was on the street again, a paper bag in one hand and a bun in the other, her change for safe keeping in the bag with the buns. She proceeded on her way, munching a bun as she went along. Four buns had been disposed of when she reached Sixteenth Street. She stood for a moment on the corner, looking up at the bank that was just

end were a few more steps and three wide doors. Quickly the little girl ascended the steps, and pushing open one of the doors, entered

Within all was dim, mysterious beauty. There was no light anywhere save for a red lamp that burned before a white marble altar that gleamed in the dusk, and a soft white haze of light at a point at the extreme south-west end of the building. The child glanced around timidly. This was like the place where she had heard the old priest talk, only it was almost empty. A few shadowy forms seemed to be scattered here and there, but all was quiet, and it was warm, and sheltered from the bitter weather without. Since she did not know where else to go, she would stay here. She crept

into one of the pews near the wall, and presently the warmth began to have its influence on the tired little limbs. Almost unconsciously the child stretched herself out on the wooden bench on which she had been sitting, the brown eyes closed, the muscles relaxed. She was fast asleep. No one saw her, and, tired out with her long day, she slept soundly till nearly six o'clock.

II.

'Let us talk this over dispassionately, Henry. We will never get on together. Therefore I suggest as the end of all this that we get a divorce.'

'Our Church doesn't allow that, Annie.'

She gave an impatient movement with her foot that almost became a stamp, 'You are a constant irritation, always reminding me of duty, duty. Well, if not a divorce, then a separation.'

'And what about Margaret?'

'Margaret will stay with me. It is my right as her mother. You can see her at stated times. She will be well cared for, and I shall devote myself to her education.'

'And her home, Annie, what of it? Did you see how happy the child was to-day? She is brimful of Christmas, full of plans of how she is going to surprise us both. Can't we adjust this miserable business for her sake, and not add another to the hundreds of broken homes all over the land?'

'No, no. I am at the end of my patience. I know what everyone will say. They will throw up their hands at a convent-bred girl doing what I am going to do, but I don't care. You can live at your club, and I will go abroad with Margaret to spend a few years in Paris till people have stopped talking.'

The man arose. 'Very well,' he said; 'but remember this is Christmas Eve. For forty-eight hours I stipulate that things go on as usual. I will not have my little Pearl made miserable on Christmas day. And the child will feel it, Annie. She is sensitive and wise beyond her years.'

The beautiful woman opposite him also arose, and presently she swept from the room. Descending the stairs she entered her carriage and was soon whirling toward Broadway for some last shopping. It was nearly six o'clock when she returned, her husband meanwhile having also gone out.

A little child with golden hair and deep blue eyes—a child with a purity of beauty that suited her nickname of Pearl—had heard all the conversation between her father and mother. She was in the next room, sitting between the window and some heavy curtains, with her dolls.

What did it mean? Mamma was very angry, and her beloved father was unhappy, and worst of all she was to leave her home and go to some place called Paris. She remembered that Amelie, her nurse, came from Paris, and it was very far away—across the ocean.

Dropping her dolls the little girl looked out on the street where snowflakes were beginning to fall, and where the dusk was descending. Then her eye travelled down the street to where she could just see the massive granite walls of St. Francis Xavier's. An inspiration seized her. She would go down to the Crib. The Infant Jesus would listen when she told Him that she did not want to go to Paris.

Amelie had gone down to the basement sitting-room to have some tea with a friend who had come in, so the coast was clear. Quickly the child put on her coat and bonnet, tying the strings as well as she could. Then she slipped downstairs and was out of the house and running down the street without having been discovered.

With Monsieur and Madame both out, the butler made himself agreeable to the French nurse and her friend. It was not until six o'clock brought the mistress of the house home, that Amelie, taking a hasty farewell of her caller, hurried up the back stairs to rejoin her young charge.

III.

The Angelus bell sounded just as the last penitent left the confessional. Father F—— waited a moment, then coming out of the box, he glanced around the apparently empty church, walked up the aisle and disappeared through a side door leading to the college. In another moment the sexton issued from the north door leading to Fifteenth Street, hurried across the wide aisle and disappeared outside the front door, which he closed and locked behind him. He would go home for supper; then he back about 7.30 to open the church again for evening confessions: after that would come the midnight Mass. As the massive door closed behind him the Angelus ceased ringing. Was it some re-echo of the chimes, or the subtle subconscious sense of being alone that awoke the child who for over an hour had slept so soundly, undiscovered, in her corner of the transept?

She was wide awake now, gazing around the vast shadowy spaces in fear. Where was she? Yes, she remembered now. It was dark in her corner, let her move forward to that soft radiance of light quite far from her, and yet so near that she would not have



TREE FERNS, STEWART ISLAND.

to cross the shadowy aisles. In another moment she was standing before the most wonderful thing she had even seen. With a flash of illuminating memory she recalled all that the old priest had said of the little Jesus who came down to earth, Mother, and St. Joseph, his foster-father, of the cattle that warmed Him with their breath, and the shepherds, who, leaving their flocks on the plains, had come to see Him. There it all was and it was beautiful beyond anything of which she could have dreamed. She did not know that she was looking at one of the finest representations of the Christmas Crib to be seen in the country. The figures were so nearly life size, and the setting of the stable, manger, and figures so artistically carried out that it might have been a picture by an old master that claimed the child's attention. Her eye wandered to the star overhead, which shone soft and brilliant above the manger. So this was the Divine Child of the Crib, and lay in a manger, of His Virgin Pearl of great price that the old priest had bidden her seek. Well, she had found Him, and now surely He would give her a home and a mother.

'Little girl, who are you?'

She turned suddenly. Before her stood another angelic vision—a little girl like herself, and perhaps nearly the same age, a child with lovely, rumpled golden curls. She was dressed in dark velvet coat, trimmed with beautiful soft fur. In one hand she held a bonnet that was dangling on the marble floor, by its strings.

'My name's Margaret.'

'How funny, so is mine—and my other name is Walsh; what is yours?'

'I don't know.'

'Perhaps you've forgotten. Your mother can tell you. I ask mine if I don't know things, or else I ask Amelie.'

At this the little girl in the brown woollen dress which matched her brown eyes and rough brown coat, sat down on the step that bordered the sanctuary rail, and began to weep.

The fair-haired Margaret dropped her bonnet and threw her arms around the forlorn little stranger. 'Don't cry, little girl. What is the matter?'

A moment later she had found the precious paper bag and, sitting close together, the children divided the contents. Between mouthfuls the little apostle, who had already found out that her companion was not a Catholic, explained all about the Crib and the blessed Christ Child, and that the figures she saw were not real people, though they did look like it.

And then the child of poverty told about her mother, and again the tears welled into her brown eyes. They had lived, she said, for a long time somewhere in the city, she didn't know where. But her mother sewed all the time, and often she was hungry. Then one day they went to a place called the Island, where her mother was a scrubwoman in a big house with many rooms, until suddenly she was taken sick and died. She knew she had no father or brothers or sisters, or anyone in the world belonging to her, for she had heard the woman on the Island say so.

By and by the brown eyes and the blue began to get heavy with sleep, and then suddenly Margaret



LAKE TE ANAU.

'I—I—have no home—and—no—mother.'

The tender heart of Margaret Walsh responded to the need.

'I have a home, and it's big enough for two of us. You shall come home with me and be my sister. I always wanted a sister.'

Brown-eyed Margaret stopped weeping to smile. 'Really?'

'Yes, really. My papa is kind and good, and mother lets me have what I want if I don't bother. We will go home now, and to-morrow we will have a lovely Christmas tree.'

Hand in hand the children made their way to the front door, only to find it was locked. Margaret Walsh understood. 'The sexton has gone home,' she said, but he'll come back in a little while. We'll just have to wait. Let us go back to the Crib.'

'The what?'

'Why, the Crib. Don't you know what that is? No? Well, I will tell you, but I'm getting awfully hungry.'

Brown-eyed Margaret suddenly remembered. 'Oh!' she said, 'I have some buns. I left them in the place where I went to sleep, but I can find them.'

Walsh glanced at the Crib and clapped her little hands softly.

'Let us go in there,' she said. 'See, Margaret, there is a lot of hay, and it is nice and warm. Let us get behind the Crib and cover all up with the hay, and we will be near the Christ Child. Then when the door is opened again we will go home.'

Softly the children stepped into the sanctuary. The light of the star shone on the fair head and the dark one, and almost it seemed that the Child in the manger smiled on the little faces that paused for a moment to gaze on Him lovingly.

Ten minutes later, two sleepy, tired little bambini were snuggled close together under the hay, and presently they were both sound asleep. The great door of the church was opened and crowds formed in line near the confessionals for over an hour. Then again the church was deserted as midnight drew near—the Holy Night that would usher in the Prince of Peace—and still the children slept, the deep dreamless sleep of blessed childhood.

IV.

'Mon Dieu, Madame, I cannot find Mademoiselle Marguerite. I have searched the house from top to

bottom, but she is gone, vanished. Perhaps Monsieur le Pere came and took her out.'

'He would not do that without telling you, Amelie. Look again. The child may have fallen asleep somewhere. Look behind the window curtains, it is her favorite place to go with her doll.'

But Amelie was fast becoming nervous and unstrung. 'Ciel, Madame! I have examined every window, every corner, and Rogers has been looking also. Mademoiselle Marguerite is not in this house.'

In spite of herself the pretty young mother blanched with fear, and fear made her angry.

'Ring the bell for Rogers, Amelie; your carelessness has been unpardonable. If Margaret is lost it will cost you dear.'

The butler, who seemed to be within earshot, appeared immediately, but he could throw no light on the subject. Again the house was searched from top to bottom, all the maids and the footmen joining in the search. It developed that Margaret's coat and bonnet had also disappeared, proving conclusively that she had gone out. Inquiry at surrounding houses presently brought out the fact that at about five o'clock their next-door neighbor, in passing the house on her way to Fifth Avenue, had seen and spoken to the child, who had just come out. Supposing that the nurse was to follow, Mrs. S—— had hurried on, to attend to her Christmas shopping.

Amelie had become hysterical, and the now thoroughly frightened mother convinced that her child had been kidnapped, turned for help and comfort to the parlor maid, a young girl whose reserve and quiet had hitherto rather irritated her. It was this girl, Mary, who suggested telephoning to Mr. Walsh.

'Call him up at once,' said the distracted mother, and in half an hour he was at the house. In another half an hour a force of detectives and police were on the scene, and every police station in the city had been notified. Henry Walsh's words were few before hurrying away, but the look on his face cut his wife like a knife. Left alone again she clung to the maid, and another miserable hour dragged on.

At nine o'clock it seemed to Annie Walsh as if she had lived an eternity. Unable to sit still, she paced the room, and then suddenly she broke down. Her cry of despair was the cry of Rachel who would not be comforted. Careless, indifferent, worldly, was she not still a mother?

The maid drew near, her own eyes full of tears. 'We can pray, Madame,' she said simply. And then, side by side, mistress and maid, forgetting the differences in rank, prayed for the lost child. Then the maid arose.

'You are worn out, Madame. You must have a cup of tea. I will get it, and be back in a moment.'

She was gone, and the mother was left alone. Back and forth she paced. Was not conscience smiting her, regret knocking at her heart?

Who was to blame for all the trouble of the past few years? She, she only. Her husband had been good, patient, and kind. She had been spoiled, exacting, careless of her religious duties, selfish about everything that did not concern herself. Viewed in the light of her present agony and self-abasement, the whole question of her relations with her husband was threshed out—and resolved itself into the fact that she had made no allowance for the cardinal principle that the married state, even the most ideal, calls for some forbearance on each side. And because she had not fulfilled her share she had been ready to wreck their home and separate her child from its father.

Afterward, in the years that followed, Annie Walsh carried with her as long as she lived a deep inner conviction that half the divorces in the world could be prevented if husband and wife practised the mutual forbearance and patience that their relation calls for.

Presently her restless walk up and down the room brought her to a door that opened into the sitting-room at the back. Involuntarily she passed from one room to the other and, turning on the electric light, stood

silently looking at the magnificent Christmas tree that Amelie, with true artistic taste, had dressed that morning. The scent of the evergreen branches in the cool room revived her. How beautiful the tree was with its wax Christ Child fastened to the topmost branch. On every side presents for the household were piled on tables and chairs. That this was a Catholic household, in spite of trouble and worldliness, was demonstrated by a creche which Amelie had arranged on a separate table, right under a picture of the Madonna. Involuntarily the mother lit the candles in front of the crib, and in another moment she was on her knees before the Divine Child, imploring the safe return of her own little one. 'I will be a better mother,' she said. 'Mother of Christ, pray for me. You who lost and found your only Son.'

So soundly did the children sleep that not even the soft undertone at the altar, and the rustle among the congregation, at the Midnight Mass, woke them. It was a young Jesuit Father who, coming to the creche for a last glance before retiring for a few hours' sleep, saw to his astonishment a small foot, followed by a black stockinged leg, suddenly appear from the depths of a pile of hay behind the Crib. He called another priest, and the two Fathers were presently gazing down at the sleeping children. The news of the lost child had reached them, and the church had been searched soon after nine o'clock, but to no purpose.

Very gently the sleeping bambini were awakened. In ten minutes, well wrapped up, they were carried through the wintry streets to the Walsh home, a block away. Five minutes earlier Henry Walsh had come home from a fruitless quest, to be greeted by a wife who seered the reincarnation of the woman he had wooed and won ten years ago.

There was a ring at the bell as the two stood in the hall. Before the butler could appear, the door was opened by the father. There was a flash of light on a golden head, as the long black cloak loaned by a good Jesuit Father, fell from the little one's shoulders, and father, mother, and child, were all locked in one embrace.

'Oh mother, dear, were you frightened? I went to church to pray for you at the Crib and got locked in, and then I went to sleep. But never mind. I have found a new sister, and I want her to live with me for ever and ever.'

How everyone talked, and how gently and lovingly the forlorn little stranger was welcomed to the reunited home!

'She shall live here and be our child, if you say so, Annie,' said Henry Walsh, and the mother, with happy tears in her eyes, assented. Had not the Christ Child and the Blessed Mother heard her prayers, and could she do less than adopt this child?

Four happy hearts assisted at Mass the next morning, and perhaps the happiest was the child who had found her Pearl of Great Price, the thrice-blessed little Margaret Mary.—*The Magnificat.*

HAIL FULL OF GRACE

Hail, virgin mother of a King—
Whose throne thou art;
Chaste daughter of thy Son divine,
Whose Sacred Heart

It's precious life-blood drew from thee,
Hail, full of grace!
Hail, mother of the Lord,
Who is with thee,

Plant courage in this heart of mine,
O pray for me;
God's angels' word I bring to thee,
Hail, full of grace!

REV H. B. TIERNEY.

ROGER JAMESON'S MOTHER

'I am perfectly willing to be just—only too willing,' said the girl.

'Yes,' said Roger, 'I understand all that. Justice is a mighty cold substitute sometimes, for—'

'Go on, please,' in a dangerously quiet tone.

'For—or, for other things!' he concluded lamely. 'That is all I can say, Adele. You know just what I mean.'

'You cannot expect me to throw myself against a blind wall of positive, unreasonable, unsurmountable dislike! Roger, I didn't ask you to fall in love with me.'

'No, dear, you didn't.'

'I never sought you—you sought me. I never showed the slightest preference—until—well, until—'

'Yes,' smiling at her. She frowned.

'I mean this, Roger. Until the whole thing was laid before me.'

'And then—' with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. But her head went up with a dignity that was discouraging.

such a pleasant time of the year to begin being happy. Our next Christmas—why, our next Christmas we shall spend together.'

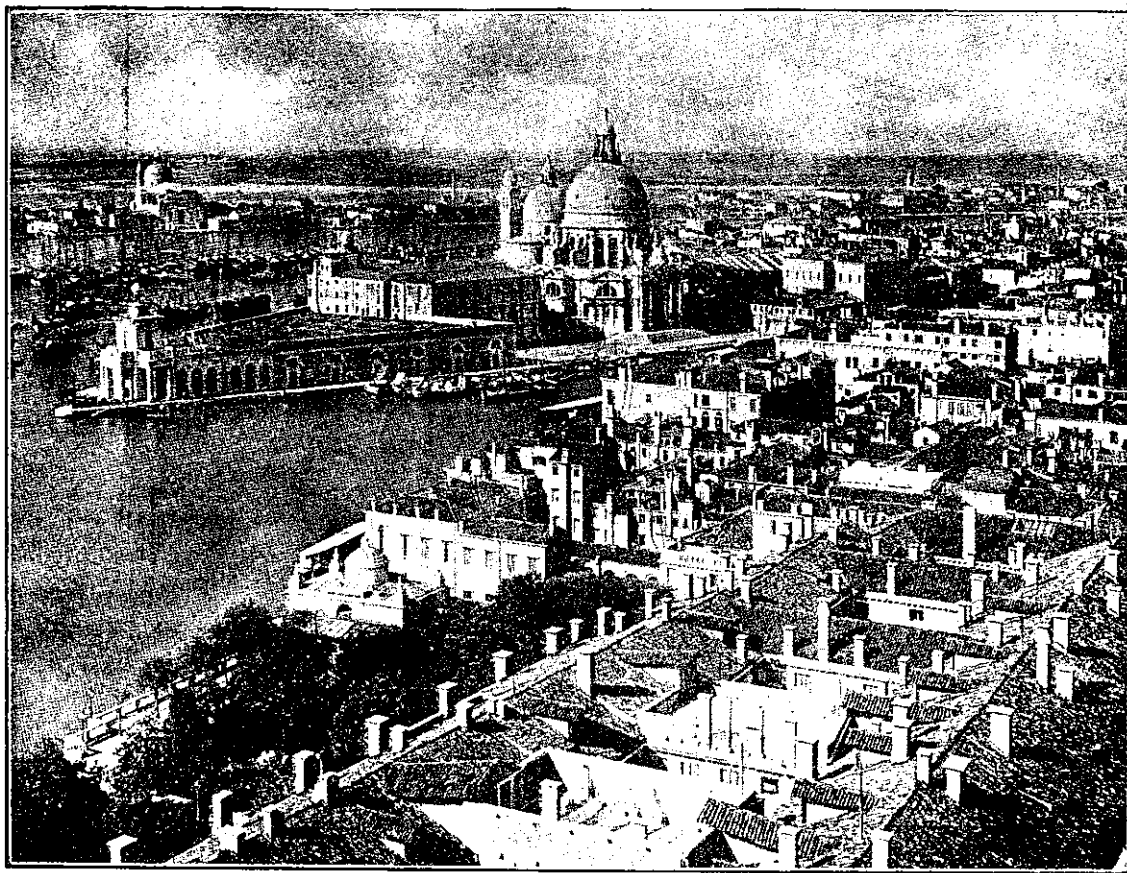
The girl lifted her shoulders with the impatient gesture he knew so well.

'Her dislike of me is unaccountable,' she said hotly, fighting the gentleness in his voice. 'Just unaccountable. I think I am as good as you are. I *don't* imagine you are bending from any lofty height to me!' scornfully. 'This is not a case of King Cophetua and the beggar maid, Roger!'

'Oh, don't talk like that, Adele! It grates on my nerves. For heaven's sake, help me to keep a rein on my temper, since yours has run away with you.'

Adele threw her head back and her face grew white. But she said nothing. The man was plainly hurt. The girl did not dare to open her lips, for the hot anger that quivered through every vein. At last, with the change of attitude that is so characteristic of a woman, she leaned toward him.

'Let us talk of something more interesting,' she said. 'We have had enough unpleasantness now—and I don't want to quarrel. Don't let us quarrel, Roger. And—it is nearly time you went home.'



VIEW OF VENICE.

'And then—I considered it. Which I am still doing,' looking at him coldly. 'Which—I—am—still doing. Tell your mother that, Roger.'

'No, Adele, I won't tell her that because I don't believe it, and I will not listen to you saying it. Come now, you know you love me.'

'Um-m-m.'

'You know we are going to be married.'

'Maybe we are, since the ways of fate are strange. I *know* nothing.'

'You are delightfully clear.'

'A talent which I share with my sex in general.'

Silence. Adele smoothed her handkerchief across her knee, and Roger, for want of something better to do, watched her. Also, for want of something better to say, continued after a few moments:

'You know that we—you and I—intend to marry.'

'Well if we do—at some distant day—'

'In the very near future, Adele.'

The girl did not care to argue. But her face was thoughtful.

'The least little exercise of tact, darling—and you are so tactful,' he said in a gentle tone. 'It is the hardest thing in the world not to see you friends—you two whom I love best. And the Christmas season is

'Can't we come to some different arrangement before we drop it?' he asked. 'Adele, I do want you to meet her—I want her to meet you. Let me call for you to-morrow evening. You need stay but a few minutes.'

Adele straightened up.

'No,' she said, and her face was hard as iron. 'I am surprised that you ask it. It is her place to come here. I shall not go. I shall not seek to force myself on any one. I am unwelcome. She does not want me. She has said so. She has said . . . actually wondered what her boy could see in me. Oh, I heard. She has not been any too careful—or perhaps she meant me to hear! Let it go, let it go. I can assure you she is not essential to my happiness.'

'But she is my mother,' said Roger Jameson.

'Oh, yes,' said Adele. 'You won't, by any possible chance, let me forget—that.' She looked at her watch. 'It is late. She will be wondering what has detained you. Go home, Roger.'

He rose to his feet.

'Adele, I cannot understand you in this biting mood—it is so unlike you. I am coming for you to-morrow evening.'

'Do not,' she said, 'I shall not be at home. I have another engagement.'

'You had no other engagement ten minutes ago.'

'I have just made one—with myself. Good-night.'

'Good-night, dear,' he said. Then he looked at her with a deprecating smile. 'I am coming for you to-morrow evening.'

'I am sorry; I shall not be at home.'

'To me?'

'Or to any one.'

Silence. Roger Jameson sighed.

'When can I see you again?'

She was in a thoroughly aggravating mood.

'Oh, let us leave that to fate. Soon, perhaps.'

She gave him the tips of her fingers, her whole attitude forbidding. 'Good night.'

'Adele, do you think I can leave you in this way? You're angry.'

'Please go home.'

'You are unjust and unfair to me,' hotly.

'Yes,' said Adele, waxing cold as he waxed warm.

'I agree to that—I am unjust and unfair to you. Now go home.'

A better girl than Adele would have been hard to find, but she had none of the brilliant attainments or great beauty which Roger Jameson's mother expected in Roger Jameson's wife.

The mother thought her one boy the perfection of manliness. Adele Annesley, being self-willed, pretty, and independent, having, as a general rule, calm judgment and good common sense, recognised the fact that Roger was a young man of sterling worth, not too clever, but still above the average mentally. She saw the faults his mother could not see, as well as the virtues which mother-love expanded into heroic size. She resolved, with the high aim that is a good girl's when the good man she loves asks her to share his life with him, that she would help him to conquer his failings and to live up to his ideals. But she reckoned without Roger Jameson's mother, and a certain unsuspected vein of hardness in her own character.

At first when she discovered that the mother did not approve of her, she was bitterly hurt. But that disapproval—based as it was on a dislike for what she termed the girl's 'haughty manner,' 'her air of condescension,' 'her general touch-me-not attitude,' was so utterly without foundation that the bitterness gave



ST. PETER'S, ROME.

'Don't Adele.'

She tapped the floor with her foot—his hurt tone placating her. He stood looking at her a few moments, not understanding that behind that averted face, with its mute indifference, there was a warmth of feeling which was striving, in spite of her repression, to come to the surface. If he had pleaded again they would have parted in friendly fashion. But the hopelessness of this hour-long argument sent him suddenly into a rage with the girl he loved, with himself, with the world in general. He yielded to it, turning on his heel abruptly.

'Good-night,' he said.

The next moment the door banged after him. Adele Annesley listened to his footsteps—short, angry, determined steps—until they died away. Then, with moist eyes, she went back to the arm-chair she had vacated and sat down before the glowing grate fire.

It was an old story—a common one. The only child, a boy—his doting mother—and the girl he loved.

way to anger. Had Roger been wise and allowed the matter to drop, things would have adjusted themselves. But he knew his mother well. Hasty of judgment she might be, but so tender and sympathetic! And he desired to bring her and Adele to the point of better acquaintanceship—Adele, who had never known a mother's love.

He could appreciate, in his man's one-ideaed way, what a comfort it would be to his mother to have such a daughter, and what a blessing it would be to Adele to know his mother as she really was. He saw the good points in each, and the very thought of 'choosing'—hateful word!—between the two, fairly maddened him.

So that was the state of things, and that was how matters stood on the night that he left the girl he loved with something like despair in his heart. Everything looked so easy, so plain and easy, if the two so dear to him would but regard each other in the right light. He

was of a sunny, jovial disposition, naturally, with a fund of good humor, and could meet many disagreeable things without being affected by them. But this was a vital question. His intimacy with the girl he loved, his eagerness to identify himself with her every thought and sentiment, brought him into contact with an obstinacy that surprised him. She was gentle of disposition, he knew, with a gentleness far removed from weakness. His mother was lovable and gentle, also, but she frowned when he mentioned Adele's name.

For the week following the quarrel Adele was miserable. Roger did not call the next day, or any of the six days afterward. The girl passed through all the stages of anger, rage, expectation, anxiety, and surprise, and had gradually settled into a dull, cold indifference that was worse than any. She tied up the Christmas gift she had purchased for her lover and threw it on her dressing-table, where it would remain, she vowed, until she heard from him.

It was an unpleasant mood in which to spend the Christmas season. Adele was fighting the question with herself as she knelt after Mass on Christmas morning. Roger had chosen to stay away a whole week

The girl went back to the church and dropped into one of the end pews, bowing her head over her clasped hands. Roger's mother, whom he loved so well, was dying! The poor, poor soul! Oh, why had he not sent for her! Surely she knew she would go to him if he but sent her word. And he had not sent her word! He had kept her in ignorance; he had not told her. Strangers could know of it, but not the girl he claimed to love.

Once again her pride rose up in arms—but the thought of the day, and of Roger—her Roger, for whom she cared so much—restrained and conquered her. With a little prayer for pardon and courage on her lips she rose from her knees and turned her steps, not toward her home, but toward Roger Jameson's. Her face was white, and her resolution almost failed her when she reached it. But she had a certain fine spirit of her own, and she called all her will-power to her aid as she mounted the stoop and rang the bell.

She scarcely recognised the man who opened the door to her, so had Roger Jameson changed in a week of worry and anxiety. For a moment he stared at her. Then she entered and closed the door behind her,



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

without explanation. Why should she seek him? Or try to become friends? If he did not care, why should she? Perhaps he had told his mother of their quarrel and she had advised him to neglect her for a while. Perhaps it would be—well, perhaps just as well if she closed the matter at once and sent him back his ring!

Adele checked this train of thought, remembering where she was, and rose from her knees. Her face was quite pale, and she was actually unhappy as she walked down the aisle behind two young ladies whom she knew and who knew her. As she passed them in the vestibule a name stayed her steps.

'It will be a sad Christmas for poor Roger Jameson,' said one.

'Oh, have you heard? How is she?'

'They had little hope last night. It seems such a pity! To lose one's mother on Christmas Day!'

The girl shivered. Adele, standing still suddenly, shivered also.

This was the reason why Roger had not come. His mother was dying! His mother!

and they stood looking at each other. Adele put out her hand with a little cry.

'Roger,' she said, 'oh, my poor Roger!'

The tenderness and pity in her voice, the love on her face, nearly unmanned him. He put his arm about her silently, and she touched his cheek with a comforting hand.

'Who is here with you?' she asked.

'There is a nurse in charge. She looked at him reproachfully.

'And you did not send for me—you did not let me know.'

'I thought you would hear and come. And then, when the days went by, I thought you would not come. She was sick when I got home that night, and I had to insist on medical attendance. Since then I have scarcely stirred out of her sight. There is a fighting chance, the doctor says, but we are to expect a bad turn at any time to-day.'

Adele's eyes filled.

'Oh!' she said impetuously. 'If only I had been more yielding. She would surely have grown to care for me. Roger—please—may I see her?'

'It will not hurt her,' he answered.

'Roger, Roger! Why did you not send for me?'

She could think of nothing else to say, so great was her self-reproach, her self-blame. When they reached the bedroom door, she stopped him.

'Let me go in alone,' she said. 'She is conscious?'

'Oh, yes; she has never lost consciousness.'

'Then I will go in, Roger—just for a few minutes, dear.'

He stood aside to let her pass. Adele, in the softened light of the room, could barely make out the features of the woman lying on the pillow. But the woman recognised her and was watching her as she drew near with hesitating steps. At the foot of the bed the girl paused, not knowing if she slept.

'Well?' asked Roger Jameson's mother, in a hollow tone. 'What do you want?'

Adele could not answer—the sharp question embarrassed her. Then, obeying a sudden impulse, she moved around and fell on her knees at the bedside. There was a timid, pleading expression on her sweet face and her eyes were humid.

'I have come to wish you a merry Christmas,' she said slowly. 'I did not hear of your illness until this morning—at Mass—and I came at once. Please, please, be friends with me,' she went on, her breath catching in a little sob. 'I am so sorry you are ill, so truly sorry. Try to believe me and be friends with me.'

Mrs. Jameson, who had resigned herself into the hands of her Maker, preparing, at the doctor's verdict, which she insisted on hearing, to give up all hope of recovery, felt new invigoration run through her tired body. This was not the haughty, self-assured young woman who would estrange her boy from her, the proud girl who would set her aside, close her out of Roger's life forever. This was a little childish creature, with tear-filled eyes and soft red lips supplicating her favor. She looked at her, and an affection as strange as it was sudden seemed to spring up in her bosom.

'You see,' went on Adele, in a tender, humble tone, 'I've never had a mother, and I'm so ignorant, and I've made Roger so miserable. I love Roger dearly, and if you will but love me, too, for his sake, I shall be so happy—'

Mrs. Jameson raised her hand slowly and held it out to her.

'Poor little child! I've been a wicked woman, dear. I thought you cold-hearted and indifferent, and I could not bear to see Roger drift away from me altogether. I am older than you. I should have had more sense.'

'No, no, no!' said Adele fervently. 'Oh, no! Only say that you forgive me.'

'Where is Roger? Call him.'

The young man entered almost as she said the words, and a glad light sprang to his tired face when he saw his mother's arm about his sweetheart's shoulders.

'Here's your little girl,' said the mother, looking up at him, 'come to wish me a merry Christmas. Be good to her, Roger.'

'I am sorry I was so harsh,' said Adele, 'and I have asked your mother to pardon me. And you,' with a sweet smile into the old, worn countenance, 'you are not going away from us—now.'

Mrs. Jameson smiled faintly.

'Perhaps not,' she said. 'I should like to live a little while—if only to see you both married.'

'I am sure you will,' declared Adele, in her hopeful young voice. 'Roger, do you remember what you said to me a week ago—Christmas is such a good time to begin being happy in? Roger, let the three of us begin to be happy now.'

For answer he raised the hand nearest him to his lips. The unrest and disquiet had left his mother's face.

'The three of us,' she repeated, 'from now on—the three of us. God willing, we shall not be separated yet. A merry Christmas, daughter.'

'A merry Christmas, mother!' said Adele, and kissed her.—*Benziger's Magazine.*

G.



R.

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