

and Miss M. Burke. Hoop-la: Mr. W. Eddy. Toy and variety stall (general parishioners): Mesdames S. Barrett, M. J. Thompson, W. Barrie, A. L. Harrington, McCarthy, Crossan, and Misses C. Campbell, J. Joyce, and Mr. A. L. Harrington. Work stall, Mesdames T. Jeard, M. Heaphy, J. Percasky, J. Phillips, J. Mee, J. Highstead, Marriot, E. Horrell, and Misses Fass, C. O'Connor, and Heaphy (3). The New Brighton Municipal Band was in attendance during the evening. The fete was continued on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

His Lordship the Bishop leaves for Hokitika on January 7 to take part in the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of Mother M. St. Clare.

The Marist Brothers of Christchurch and Greymouth left for Auckland to take part in their annual Retreat, which commences in Auckland on December 26.

Special devotions will be held in all the churches of the diocese on Christmas Eve to mark the inauguration of the Holy Year celebrations, which commence in Rome at the same time.

The proceeds of the sale of work held in the Hibernian Hall in aid of school funds, resulted in the handsome sum of £772 being netted. Great credit is due to the stallholders and the committee for the great success achieved.

Miss Delia Griffin, a parishioner of the Cathedral, passed away on Wednesday.—R.I.P.

TIMARU

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 18.

Miss Margaret Sullivan, who was awarded the gold medal for the L.T.C.L. practical examinations held by the Trinity College, was also the only candidate in Timaru to gain the L.A.B. (performers') certificate at the recent practical examination by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, London. Miss Sullivan has only recently attained her seventeenth year, and has been taught by Miss Dennehy.

A large class-room (similar to one built a year ago) is being erected at the north-west corner of the girls' school, Craigie Avenue, and will be ready for occupation in two months.

The Very Rev. Father O'Reilly, Provincial of the Marist Order in New Zealand, has been on a visit to Timaru recently.

The Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., has been away for a week to the North Island.

Rev. Father Buckley, S.M., of St. Bede's College, Christchurch, spent a week in Timaru.

The annual parish picnic was held at Victoria Park, Temuka, on the 13th inst., in beautiful weather. About 600 persons were present at the popular Domain, and spent a most enjoyable time. A splendid programme of sports, including swimming and diving events, was arranged for the children, besides games of bowls, cricket, tennis and croquet for the adults. The committee is to be congratulated upon the complete arrangements made for the entertainment of the gathering. Fathers Barra, Ginisty, and Buckley, also Mr. Gunnion, Mayor of Temuka, were present during the afternoon and took a lively interest in the proceedings. The large party entrained at 7 o'clock and arrived home at 7.30, thoroughly satisfied with the most successful outing.

A Press Association message from Auckland says: Two scholarships of £60 each tenable for three years at the Sacred Heart College, Auckland, were awarded to R. J. Cuddon-Large, of St. Thomas's Academy, Oamaru, and M. Smith, Marist Brothers, Newtown, Wellington, first and second respectively. Master Rupert Cuddon-Large, who is a son of Mr. R. J. Cuddon-Large, Timaru, has succeeded in winning one of the two scholarships offered by the Sacred Heart College, Auckland, topping this examination for New Zealand. This is the third success recorded by this promising boy in scholarship examinations this year, he having won the St. Patrick's College scholarship, and also gained a place in St. Bede's scholarship examination. He was dux of St. Thomas's Academy, Oamaru, two years in succession, and is not quite thirteen years of age.

the dowdiness of the faithful evergreens. "Look at yourselves in the mirror," said one young oak. "You are a disgrace to the Drive. I never saw anything so frowsy in all my life. See how fresh I look. Take notice, too, of the shape of my leaf, nothing plain about that. You will see young ladies from the School of Art taking away a leaf now and again to draw it in their sketch-books."

The evergreens may be taunted ever so much, but they will remain where they are and what they are. They regard themselves as children of the soil. "*J'y suis et J'y reste*" is their shibboleth. How those natives cling together! Union is strength. Even parasites are welcomed and, while getting support from the native trees, give them their support in return. If a breeze is blowing, you will see them all dancing together. The Drive vibrates like the floor of a dancing hall. Their hands are joined together, as if the primeval Scotch Fathers of the city showed them how to swing arms as in the final verse of "Auld Lang Syne."

The gorse pushes up her yellow head among her green comrades of the bush. Or, is it the broom? The broom comes, but the gorse doth loiter. The gorse, like the boor making way for the gentleman, permits the broom to enter first. To the farmer, gorse is a revolutionary always rising in rebellion and rebellion easily spreads; but to the Queen's Drive, Gorse (with capital G) is a shrub with golden flower which harmonises with the dark green of native bush and the resplendent green of the lordly oak.

To appreciate our terrestrial paradise, one must go afoot. The cars which profane its sacred precincts punish their occupants by giving them a swift, kaleidoscopic glance instead of a series of distinct, clear-cut views. The smell of petrol goes badly with the fragrance of the hawthorn, but the motorist himself while escaping the punishment of the first is deprived of the benefit of the second. The passer-by gets the mixture, but does not relish it. Hence, his gentle malediction on the top of the taxi. A paltry revenge comes to him, however, when the staccato sound of the heavy wheels tells him of pot-holes, the punishment inflicted upon this car aptly fitting the crime of an earlier hole-digger.

For things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things.—St. Gregory.

OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSION, INDIA.

Rev. Father Westropp desires to thank all who have so generously supported him during the past year. He is very grateful for all donations of money, stamps, books, etc., and assures the donors that they will be remembered by him in the Christmas Masses.

Father Westropp, in thanking all who have remembered him in the past year, hopes his generous supporters will not, during the coming year, forget one who is urgently in need of help.

All donations will be gratefully received by
BERT GALLIEN—N.Z. Agent—N.E. Valley

Coming Down the Hill

(By PEDESTRIAN for the N.Z. Tablet.)

As I am often accused of being a blind admirer of our hills, I cannot expect to be believed when I say that a walk around the Queen's Drive in late October is a walk in a terrestrial paradise. If my opponents pushed me too vehemently, I should fall back upon my English dictionary which informs me and them that "paradise" is derived from a Greek word meaning "garden." I have no wish, however, to take refuge in mere etymology: I repeat that, in a higher sense than that intended by the ancient Greeks, the Queen's Drive is simply a paradise.

It is one capacious aviary. The thrush stands out on the edge of the bough, like a soprano on the dais in the organ gallery, and trills his song above the muffled sound of footsteps or the almost deadening sound of sacrilegious motor cars. The blackbird

screens himself behind the leaves like the bashful debutante behind the quivering pages of her song-book. Away in the shady dell the bell-bird stabs the listening air with his few but heavenly notes. If the tui gave more attention to the "attack," we should pronounce his flute-like music to be as seductive as the pipes of Pan or the lyre of Orpheus.

According to text books, there are many shades of green. If the authors were to visit the Drive in advanced spring, they would double the number in a later edition. The evergreens look rather faded, indeed, but that is because they have had no holiday. They have stood at their post, like Casablanca, when all but they had fled. The oaks and their companions, robing themselves in the freshest fashion of green, laugh at

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