

"I'll tell you why I wish so much to find her. You know that I grew up in this parish. We lived in a small, shabby house on West Dodridge Street. My father died when I was only a year old, and my mother had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. When I was thirteen or fourteen I began to long to become a priest, but I knew mother could not possibly pay my way. I did not say a word to her, but I spoke to dear old Father Kennedy, and he promised to do what he could for me.

"One day, when I had almost finished the eighth grade, and knew that the next year I must go to work unless some way could be found to send me through high school and to the seminary—one day, Father Kennedy took me aside and told me that a lady in the parish wished to support a boy while he made his studies—to pay his tuition fees for his books, clothing, everything."

"'May I be the boy, Father?' I promise that I'd do my best," I begged.

"'I'll speak to your mother about it,' he said; and he did; and very soon everything had been arranged just as I had hardly dared to hope.

"The money was given to Father Kennedy, and he sent to the rector what was needed for my school fees, and to me, enough for clothes and incidental expenses. I did not know the name of my benefactress, and Father Kennedy was pledged never to reveal it. When I was within two years of ordination he died, and I lived through a very miserable month during which I did not know what provisions could be made for me, but some weeks before my half yearly tuition was due, an envelope was left for me at the door of the college, which contained all the money I should need for the remainder of the year.

"The same thing happened in June. Wasn't it thoughtful of her to send it then, so I could know throughout the summer that there need be no worry about being able to return? I questioned the lay-brother at the door, but all he could tell me was that a woman had left the letter, and would not come inside, even to see the new chapel. I told him that if she ever came again I must see her; and I reminded him several times as the next mid-year approached; but one afternoon he came to me, shamefaced, and gave me the last I ever received, or needed, of these envelopes. It was a cold windy, snowy day, but he had not been able to persuade the woman to come in. He had coaxed her to wait until he called me, but she had literally run away at the mere suggestion.

"I heard from her once more: on the day of my ordination. She sent me a chalice. Since then there has not been one word, and that was fifteen years ago. Do you wonder that I want to find her? And this Mass of Thanksgiving that she wants me to say—I am quite certain, from what she hinted, it is because I persevered, and was ordained, and am here to give this mission."

Father Prendegast was interested now, and almost as eager as Father Murphy to trace the generous old woman. "We must find her before you go; but I can think of no way except for you to keep watch for

her whenever you are about the church. You would know her again, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, unquestionably; but the chance seems slight, and I am so eager."

Father Murphy decided to say his benefactress's Mass the next morning, and to put off another until the following week, and he said it with unusual fervor and consolation. Afterward, as he knelt on a prie-Dieu in the sanctuary to make his thanksgiving, he glanced instinctively toward the pew in which the woman had knelt the afternoon before. It happened to be directly before the altar at which he had offered his Mass. An old woman was in it then; but he could not be certain it was she, for her head was bent forward, so that it rested on the back of the seat before her, and her face was entirely hidden.

After most of the worshippers had left the church he went to her, and touched her on the shoulder to attract her attention. She had not moved since he first noticed her, and even now she did not stir. He took her hand in his, and found it cold, unnaturally cold.

She had slipped away to heaven while his Mass was being said.

Father Prendegast was summoned hastily, and as soon as he saw her he exclaimed, "It's poor old Mrs. Meara! Surely, she

went straight to God, for a better soul never lived, nor a kindlier, nor a merrier!"

A moment later, catching sight of Father Murphy's agitated face, he exclaimed,

"So she was your friend! I am not greatly surprised, although—What you must have cost her in sacrifices! She made her living by scrubbing in one of the big office buildings down town. She has worked from 10 to 6 every night for forty-three years. She could not rest, in her old age, because she had never saved a dollar; so she told me herself, not more than two or three weeks ago."

Half an hour later, when the two priests were at the breakfast table, Father Prendegast said to Father Murphy, "Her husband died many, many years ago—not very long after they were married. She had one child, a boy, who lived to be twelve years of age. She told me about him more than once, always explaining that she was certain he would have been a priest had he lived. But God was good to her. I have heard from other sources that he was a rascal, a really bad boy; besides being too dull and too lazy to have made his studies. So—well, God always knows best! Her second son turned out well, and, God be praised, she lived to see it."—*The Sign*.

Opening of New Church at Havelock South

(From our Blenheim correspondent.)

During the small hours of the night of New Year's Eve, 1923-1924 the church at Havelock South, an old wooden one, was totally destroyed by fire. It was an old building, but still quite fit for its purpose, and was an interesting link with the past, dating back many years into the past history of the Pelorus district. Years ago it was moved from another site to where it stood until its destruction by fire. On Sunday, December 21, the Catholics of the Pelorus district met for the happy purpose of seeing the solemn opening of their new church by his Grace Archbishop Redwood. The erection of the new building was seriously handicapped by months of persistent wet weather, but the contractors, Messrs. Bythell and Co., of Blenheim, worked hard against heavy odds, and thus enabled the church to be opened on the date fixed, although interior fittings in the sacristies, etc., could not be completed. After almost a week of wet weather, which boded ill for the coming function, the day turned out most propitious; calm, not lacking in sunshine, and yet not too hot. The opening was fixed for 11 a.m., and from an early hour a fleet of cars began to make their way out from Blenheim to Havelock. In addition to the ordinary Havelock congregation, a large number of non-Catholics were present, there being barely standing room by the time the ceremonies commenced. This was no doubt due, in part at least, to the presence and active participation of his Grace Archbishop Redwood, senior Bishop of the Catholic world to-day, whose well-known and venerable figure added solemnity to the function.

Punctually to the moment, his Grace began the blessing of the exterior walls of the church; after which he opened the door with a gold key presented by Messrs. Bythell and

Co. He then proceeded with the blessing of the interior of the sacred edifice, the structure of which is unusually pleasing for a country church, being built of red brick, in the Gothic style. The timbered vaulting of the roof is light and graceful, and gives plenty of ventilation. The altar is particularly handsome, being built of polished rimu, which showed up to great advantage the brass crucifix and candlesticks which are part of the furnishings of the church.

When the ceremony of dedication was finished, Mass commenced, the celebrant being the Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M.; his Grace the Archbishop being present in the sanctuary. There were also present the Rev. Father Gilbert, S.M., Rector of St. Patrick's College, and his associate, the Rev. Father Kingan, S.M. The music of the Mass was rendered by members of St. Mary's Choir, Blenheim, who were accompanied on a small organ kindly lent by Mr. Smith. Others who made the trip from Blenheim were the Rev. Father Henry, S.M., a large contingent of altar boys, members of the Regimental Band, and a good many of the general public.

Very Rev. Dean Holley addressed the congregation after the Gospel, recalling to their minds the unusual and very gratifying circumstances under which this new church of the Sacred Heart was opened, circumstances which his Grace the Archbishop afterwards spoke of as unique in the long history of his episcopate. Owing to the munificent gift of the late Mr. Fitzpatrick, the church was erected and opened absolutely free of debt, at no cost to the congregation. The sum of money apportioned to this purpose under Mr. Fitzpatrick's will had so materially accumulated in the course of years, that there had been no difficulty in building a church

Boyes' Di-Jestol

The Magic Digestive Powder. Re-vitalises the digestive system, and cures Indigestion, Gastritis, Flatulency, etc. PRICE 3/- (postage paid) CHEMIST

F. EDWARDS
HAMILTON