

article, or anything resembling it except an ink-eraser, I accept without hesitation Joe's considered judgment.

When I adroitly brought back Joe's thoughts to the cemetery, he spoke fluently on the long life granted to the early settlers. But then, he said, "the later settlers are just as long-lived. Visitors remark upon the number of aged people in New Zealand, some of them caustically saying," he added, "that you are not wanted here if you have not a long beard and are not at least seventy years of age." He laughed heartily over the harmless pleasantry and said that it was an exaggeration, of course, but that there was an element of truth in it.

On his own initiative he dealt with the poetic warning on the obelisk. Gosse or Saintsbury could not have discussed the "poetry" more critically. "Stop, traveller, stop ere you go by," he went on whimsically. "You see you cannot very well stop while you are passing by, etc., etc." I laughed again and again, but it was more at his violent change of attitude than at the poetry or its new-born critic.

It is undeniable that a merry evening often makes a sad morning. In Joe's case, however, a sad afternoon was going to make a merry night. As I was returning home, the words of the song came into my head, "and my heart was overflowing with a sweet content." I found myself keeping step to it, for it turned out to be a tune suitable to an individual walking by himself and, indeed, it might be recommended to a regiment on the march. Had I been a Boy Scout, I could have felt satisfied that I had done the one good act enjoined as a daily duty upon the members of that union by its constitution. I am convinced now that I should have kept my act of kindness from the knowledge of others. Instead of doing so, I told it to a pious old man who was on his way to Evening Devotions, seeking for his approval of my cleverly conceived stratagem. He listened to my humorous story with evident dissatisfaction, especially when I emphasised the impropriety of people making promises to do uncalled-for acts of penance and by their mortification causing more inconvenience to others than to themselves. The pious man's comment was not calculated to foster my vanity. "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish," he briefly but pointedly remarked. "I think it's going to rain," was my inconsequent rejoinder, and I marched along while the words and air of the song kept time with my step as accurately as the movement of the metronome.

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# Diamond Jubilee of Mother M. St. Clare

CELEBRATIONS AT HOKITIKA.

OCCASIONAL DISCOURSE BY BISHOP BRODIE.

In connection with the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in honor of Rev. Mother M. St. Clare, held at Hokitika on the 7th inst., his Lordship Bishop Brodie (says the *Grey River Argus*) delivered an impressive sermon on the religious state, the benefits to civilisation and religion which have followed from it, and complimented the venerable Foundress upon the great work which she had been the means of accomplishing in the cause of education on the West Coast, the influence of which had been extended to Canterbury in the flourishing schools directed by the Sisters.

Bishop Brodie, speaking from the text, "And opening their treasures, they offered gold, frankincense and myrrh," (Matthew), alluded to the feast of the Epiphany and the visit of the Magi from the East to Bethlehem, whither they had been guided by a heavenly star, and where they offered the greatest gifts in those days. It was a feast appropriate to the solemnity of the day, the diamond jubilee of a Sister of Mercy, when they thought of a religious being guided to the sanctuary of God by guidance equally as effective as that of the Magi, the divine inspiration. The religious asked: "I am leaving all to follow Thee—what shall come in return?" The answer was, "Amen, amen, I say unto you, who leave all to follow Me, you shall have one hundred fold and shall have life everlasting." The gifts of the Eastern kings were not to be compared with the offerings of a religious—poverty, chastity, and obedience. They were commemorating the 60th anniversary of Mother Mary Clare's utterance of the vows repeated year after year, and they offered gratitude to God for this record. First the day would recall memories for the jubilarian of her childhood, of the day when in the presence of the Bishop of her native diocese, she offered her life to God, and of the day when, listening to a call from a far distant country whence the late revered Dean Martin called for a community of teaching religious, she left her native and beloved homeland in charge of nine other Sisters, to travel 13,000 miles, after bidding an eternal farewell to all her dear ones. It was the greatest of sacrifices. Memories would come, too, of their arrival upon this warm-hearted but rugged and difficult West Coast, so very different 47 years ago from what it was now. The blessed work since then done for souls in the land of her adoption would come also as a memory of pleasure and consolation. What was the offering that had been made? Looking around the diocese, they saw one hundred Sisters, very many convents and schools, and 1500 children whose education was the work of Sisters who had radiated from the convent of St. Columbkille at Hokitika founded by Mother Mary Clare. What was the reward? The sacrifices were rewarded in seeing so many Catholic women living lives according to the traditions of God's teaching, and the

manifold other good results of the Sisters' activity. The day was one of inspiration, prompting them to wonder on God's wonderful ways, and His promise "Behold, I am with you all days!" What was that presence? They knew of His grace and ever-ready guidance. One form of inspiration was to consecrate one's life to religion. There was the promise of one hundred fold reward, but the history of the Church showed some other fount of inspiration—that coming from the foot of the cross, where stood the Mother of God, who also had heard Simeon's words, "Behold, thy child is set for the fall and the rise of many, a sign that shall be contradicted, thy soul shall be pierced with a sword of sorrow in order that the hearts of many may be revealed." The sinless mother suffered with her son for the salvation of souls, and she inspired others to do likewise. That day's celebration would encourage the Sisters in their work; it was a day of generous encouragement. Since the war the world was menaced by many spiritual dangers, the prospect being one to terrify, recalling the fears in war time of Divine retribution, but the war had passed, and God's promise of help was there to inspire them in saving the world from a harvest of vice and dissipation; to save the souls now unguided. They would not lose heart. The same faith as in early Christian days remained, as instanced by Ireland's faith surviving ages of persecution. They could not think the cause of faith lost when they thought of all the priests and religious working for souls. He praised them for their grand work, and prayed that vocations to follow in their footsteps might multiply. He extended heartfelt congratulations to the venerable jubilarian, whose life gave them courage to believe that a world faced with so great dangers would be happily extricated. He prayed for God's blessing on the convent community, for their consolation and for their inspiration to persevere. Their reward was one of a hundred fold, and a reward of life everlasting.

A.P.A.

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