

grily. He spoke of her work among neglected, poor children and their love for her, in and out of lessons time, because as they said she was "such fun"; of her work in poor homes, helpful, practical, always cheerful; and her visits to the hospital, where her coming was to many a ray of sunshine in their prison of pain.

"Yet during all this, Marjorie knew she had only a short time to live," said the priest quietly.

Though the state of her health was well known, it had come as a shock to the family, but Marjorie herself was ready. There had been only a few days of acute suffering, then she had died in perfect resignation, and perfect joy.

The hopelessness had gone out of the young man's eyes when the priest ended. "I think I can bear to look at her face now," he said gravely. "I could not before. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly," Father Grey answered, and he followed him into the hall. But he paused there to speak to Herbert's aunt, just descending the stairs, so the young man passed into the presence of the dead alone.

When the shock of the first wild anguished look had swept over and beyond him, he saw that her face had changed very little, but that little had meant the absence of the throbbing, exulting thing, which was her life. A beautiful face, but dead; and therefore to be most deeply revered.

A footstep sounded near, and Herbert's aunt stood beside him, to take a last look at the girl who had been dear to them both. The tears were streaming down her cheeks as she turned to go, but she bravely wiped them away. "I know the child is happy," she said to Father Grey, who still waited at the door. "We are always so busy comforting the sorrowful with the hope of Heaven—we forgot, it is in reality, the home of joy. Marjorie will not be strange there."

"No"—the priest's voice was gentle, yet again it held a touch of reserve, "indeed Marjorie will not be strange there."

It was Mrs. Moore who had laid the lilies and roses so lavishly on the dead girl's coffin, and Herbert would keep violets blooming on her grave but it would be this priest, who would hold most often—tenderly, compassionately, the rosemary of her memory, in his prayer.

The others had gone now and it was his turn to stand beside the casket. His had been the eyes to watch the last faint flutter of life fade from that countenance; his the hand to hold the cross before her dying glance—and press it to her lips; his the voice that bade her cling to its hope and promise without fear. His the voice in life as well as in death; and always there had been a cross, but always a patient, unfaltering clinging to it; yet the life message of this soul had been joy to those who knew it best.

Musingly the silver-haired priest looked down at the golden-haired girl.

"In peace at last, my child," and only this old priest realised something of the battle the girl had waged against suffering, selfishness, disease—he only knew that in life, but not in death, she had struggled with the Giant Despair.—*The Magnificat*.

The Southern Cross

IRISHMEN AT THE ANTIPODES.

LECTURE BY FATHER JAMES O'NEILL (WAIKIWI).



VERY REV. JAMES O'NEILL,
Pastor of Waikiwi, Southland.

At the Irish Club on Friday night (says the *Munster News* for December 10) a singularly interesting lecture dealing with the Irish at the Antipodes was delivered by the Rev. James O'Neill, a Limerick priest now home on holidays from New Zealand.

Mr. J. J. Johnson, president, presided, and there was a large attendance of members and their friends.

The chairman, introducing the lecturer, said:—

As this is Father O'Neill's first formal visit to the Irish Club, may I on behalf of the members and friends extend to him a very hearty and sincere welcome? (Applause.) In introducing Father O'Neill here to-night I am not introducing him as a stranger. Most of you had the pleasure of meeting him before now and those of us who have not have certainly heard about him and know him to be a sterling soggarth aroon, who, having chosen for the land of his adoption far away New Zealand, has not forgotten the land of his birth, and if I may paraphrase the words of the poet "he pants

back again to the place from whence at first he flew." Father O'Neill has come here to-night to give a lecture which I am sure will be listened to by all of us with pleasure.

Father O'Neill, who was warmly received, said:—

The first intimation of the existence of this club which I received was during a pleasant fortnight I spent in Kilkee, that most charming of summer resorts. In passing, I would like to add my meed of praise to the unique attractions of that popular Clare watering place, to those of numberless visitors from not only all Ireland but from many countries far away. Incidentally, I might mention that I recently picked up in my journey through the country a book entitled *Two Months in Kilkee*, printed in 1836, written by a lady named Knott, and who, I hope, if she were a young lady making the best use of her time, was rewarded by the tying of the matrimonial knot, thus emerging from her happy holiday a beau-Knott. I shall be happy to let the members have a glance at this interesting production