

treat. Several visiting priests have been with us the past few Sundays. Rev. Father Lagan, who was stationed here a couple of years ago, and who is now at Omapo, Opoiki, celebrated Mass a couple of Sundays ago.

## PALMERSTON NORTH NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 27.

There are quite a number of Catholics in the hospital at the present time. Mr. Conney, Mr. Michael Hurley, and Mr. Morgan O'Brien, jun., being amongst the patients.

Auckland recently said good-bye to Mrs. Gordon Hillyer. Auckland's loss is Palmerston's gain, and Mrs. Hillyer has joined our choir. It's glad we are to have her.

The members of the church committee are busy folk now preparing for the opening of the church. Palmerston is blessed with good strong "church pillars"; and they're burning the midnight oil these days or nights.

"What comfortable-looking seats! quite arm-chair looking!" said a parishioner to his reverence last week, as two long seats for our new church arrived per motor lorry. "Comfortable, did you say?" was the reply. "Wait until I go into the pulpit and get one of my long fits; that will be the test." But the parishioner is convinced that even in the case of a long fit the seats will emerge victorious.

Our St. Patrick's Night entertainment this year, as last, will take the form of a euchre and dance. This function will be the "thin end of the wedge" for euchres will be held fortnightly thereafter. The social committee has brightened up its harness and slipped it on again. After last year's strenuous campaign one would have thought that the members had had enough hard work to last them a lifetime. When they went into retirement at the close of the year their attitude was: "Ready to come up if called upon." One admires their pluck and wishes them success. Praise and good wishes are all very well; but it's co-operation and shillings that count.

On Wednesday night ladies big and ladies little gathered at the presbytery for a meeting. It wasn't open to the press; but things like this floated out through the keyhole: "Stalls, side-shows, when and where shall we hold it? and for what length of time?" and so on. One would have to be very dense not to catch the drift of the conversation. So those ladies (aided and abetted by the clergy of the parish) have caught that awful disease "bazaaritis"; and you may be sure they'll leave no stone unturned until they have infested every man, woman, and child with the microbe. There's no dodging the business; it isn't the slightest bit of good to talk about "precautions" and "preventives"; because this complaint "gets" one in the pocket and not in the spine. Another bazaar—hard work, unpleasant work, worry, sacrifices many and varied—for what? For the new church of which each one speaks so glowingly! If our appreciation is not in word only, but in deed and in truth, we'll be amongst the bazaar workers from now on.

## OAMARU NOTES

(From our own Correspondent.)

February 26.

St. Patrick's concert, which is a feature of the celebrations in honor of Ireland's patron saint in Oamaru, has been postponed to a later date, the infantile paralysis epidemic being responsible.

There is a rumor abroad that a very capable vocalist, Miss MacDonald, of Temuka, may be able to include Oamaru among the places favored by her, always provided the St. Patrick's concert takes place prior to her departure for Sydney.

Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, C.M. (St. John's College, Sydney), accompanied by his Lordship Dr. Whyte, paid a visit to North Otago last week. Dr. O'Reilly entrained at Oamaru for the North, on his homeward journey.

Rev. Brother Nunan, from the head-house of the Christian Brothers in Ireland, accompanied by Brother Murphy, of Dunedin, have been sampling the bracing atmosphere of North Otago. Bro. Nunan, who is visiting the branches of his Order throughout the world, is, I understand, greatly impressed with Oamaru—from the climatic viewpoint, no less than by its picturesque situation and surroundings. As there is some talk of the Brothers establishing a college in Otago, Oamaruvians are hoping that the many advantages of their town will commend themselves to the authorities.

There was a big congregation at Mass on Ash Wednesday for the distribution of the ashes. Quite a large number, too, approached the Holy Table.

Mrs. Lynch, of Oamaru, to whose generosity is due the pretty church at Richmond, was motored out to Mass there on the 15th by a local gentleman. Though Mrs. Lynch

frequently was in the church, she had never attended Mass there before.

The absence of Stations of the Cross at Richmond church is rather noticeable, but I understand the same generous benefactor has in contemplation the adornment of the walls of the church by a set of Stations.

Recent visitors to the town were: Father O'Regan, of Maitland, New South Wales; Father Vincent Kelly, of Wellington; and Father Fallon, also of Wellington.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

**ANXIOUS.**—St. Cajetan, the son of wealthy parents in the north of Italy, was remarkable for his charity to the poor. On the death of his parents he expended a great part of his patrimony in the establishment of hospitals and pious associations for the relief of the sick and the indigent; the remainder he divided between the poor and those of his relations who were in straitened circumstances. In conjunction with Archbishop Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV, he founded the religious Congregation of Theatines. He died in 1517, worn out by labors and austerities.

**A LISTENER** writes complaining of the unseemly noises made by many of the congregation—coughing, shuffling, etc.—at the time when the priest is about to or is actually engaged giving out the notices, with the result that if one asked another coming from Mass what the priest said about "so-and-so," the invariable answer would be, "I don't know, I didn't catch it." He suggests that a preliminary request be made for silence, as was done with lasting beneficial effect by a priest of his acquaintance.

# The Church in New Zealand

THE "FAR SOUTH" OF WESTLAND.

## A Brave and Faithful Pioneer

Among the early settlers of Westland and pioneers of the rugged "Far South" of the province, few, if any, can show a record to surpass that of Mrs. Margaret McKenzie, whose death at the ripe old age of 89 years is recorded in this week's issue of the *Tablet*.

In Co. Tyrone, Ireland, in 1836, was born Margaret McKenna, the heroine of our narrative. Arriving in New Zealand in 1866, and marrying two years later, the pursuits and achievements of her long life form a veritable romance of colonisation. After her marriage to the late Mr. Daniel McKenzie (who predeceased her five years ago), the devoted couple lived at Hokitika for seven years. They then, with their three children, removed down the coast to Jackson's Bay, where a new settlement had been started. There, their second son was born, he being the first white child born in Jackson's Bay.

After two years, they again moved farther south to another new settlement at Martin's Bay, where they bought land and started cattle farming. A few other settlers were there at that time, but gradually all left except the McKenzies. One more son was born in Martin's Bay, which made a family

of five—three sons and two daughters—all of whom are still alive.

It says much for the bravery and endurance of Mrs. McKenzie that she lived and reared her family where it was impossible to have had medical attention should such have been required. When they first went to Martin's Bay, a steamer called monthly with mails and provisions. That service gradually diminished as settlers left till, for many years past, the Government steamer only calls there once a year. After living a life of complete loneliness for over nine years, being away only once during that time to have her youngest son baptised, in 1886, Mrs. McKenzie walked 70 miles to Wakatipu to perform her Easter duty. She was accompanied by her husband who had gone over the track several times before, but it must have been a very trying journey for a woman of fifty years of age. In those days there was no proper track: just a blazed trail in the midst of dense forest which was very difficult to get through. There were no huts on the way, travellers had to carry a tent in addition to provisions required, and set up camp on the approach of evening. The tracing of the path was so difficult, and so

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