

or dinner from a hundred items on a menu card, at a very reasonable price.

Our Christmas Masses.

When the shades of night had fallen we wandered along Maiden Lane and interviewed

faith, and they always have charity and loyalty, one for another.

The weather on Christmas Day was clear and cold. The streets were practically deserted. Consequently it was an admirable

which there was a maximum of words and a minimum of message. And after Mass we had a good look round the vast building, which has made hardly notable progress during the past fifteen years.

Some of the side-chapels are finished, and here and there a blaze of gold and mosaic gives promise of what the interior will one day be—perhaps a hundred years hence. At present it is sombre and cold, and we doubt if it can ever be made beautiful. I send you some pictures of it, and if the *Tablet* publishes them you can judge for yourselves.

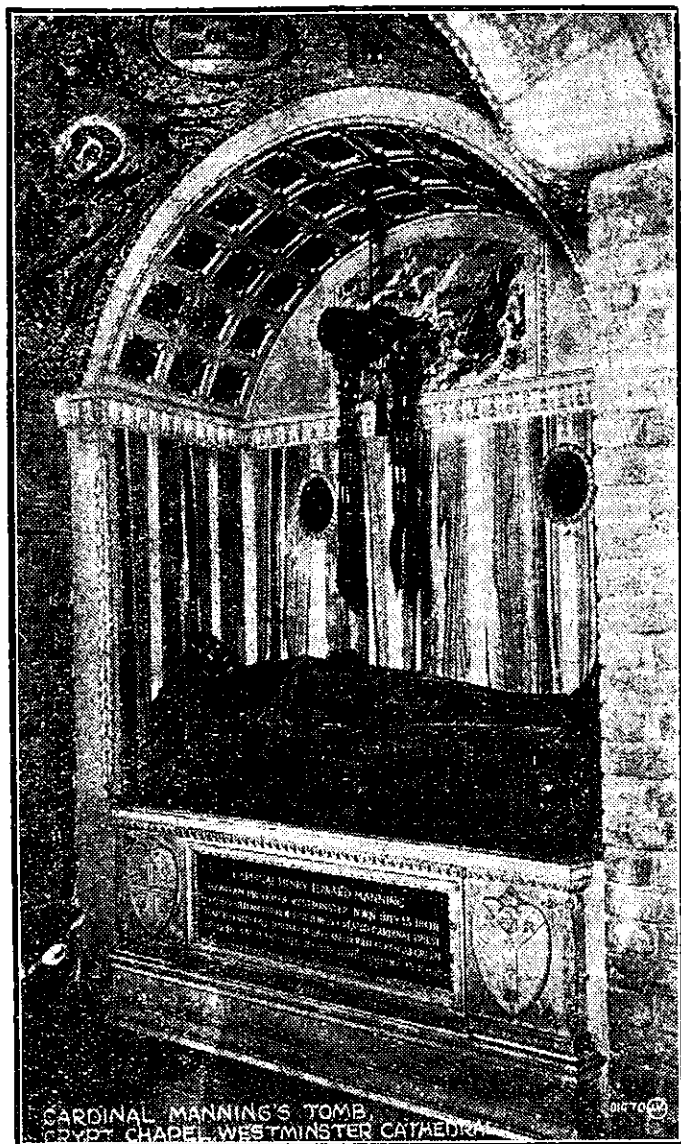
We had our Christmas dinner in one of the popular restaurants. There were literally thousands of people there, and they seemed to come and go all day. The habit has taken hold on London, and now many families go to a restaurant or hotel instead of eating their turkey and plum-pudding at home. I suppose home-life is going here as it has gone in New Zealand. But from what I can see and hear England has not yet reached the degradation of our cabaret dances with their attendant motor cars for the convenience of couples who have to sit out and drink, as the recent Hawke's Bay Anglican Synod complained.

Off to Italy on Monday and hoping to get there by New Year's Day. *Beannacht De orrer go léir.*

OBITUARY

MOTHER MARY TERESA O'FLYNN, ST. BRIDE'S CONVENT, MASTERTON.

Deep regret will be felt by the many friends of the Brigidine Nuns throughout Australia and New Zealand on learning of the death of Mother Mary Teresa O'Flynn, which occurred at St. Bride's Convent on Saturday, January 31, after a long illness. Mother M. Teresa, who had entered her 56th year, was born at Youghal, Co. Cork, Ireland. In 1891 she entered the head house of the Brigidine Order at Tullow, Co. Carlow, Ireland, and after her profession in 1894, went to Australia, where she worked till 1898. Deceased was one of the first six nuns who came to St. Bride's Convent, Masterton, when it was founded 26 years ago. After seven years she was recalled to Australia, returning to Masterton only three years ago. At different times she was superior of Brigidine convents in Cooma, N.S.W., and Randwick, Sydney. Of a most kindly nature, Mother M. Teresa was universally loved, and her loss will be greatly felt by the Catholic community of Masterton. From Sunday morning till Tuesday morning several private Masses were said for the repose of the soul of M. M. Teresa. Her obsequies took place in St. Patrick's Church at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna presiding. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. R. Moran, with Rev. R. Hegarty as deacon, and Rev. P. Fallon as subdeacon. Ven Archdeacon Devoy (Island Bay, Wellington), Rev. Fathers Walshe (Lower Hutt), O'Regan (Sydney, N.S.W.), Clancy (Napier), Harnett (Taihape), Cashman (Pahiatua), Lenihan (Newtown), Klimeck (Upper Hutt), and Griffin (Johnsonville) were also present. The Sisters of St. Bride's Convent, visiting nuns, and a large number of the local congregation at-



CARDINAL MANNING'S TOMB, CRYPT CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

the good Irish *sagart* who has charge of the little church at the end of that lively little street. And thus it was that several of the Christmas Masses in the old church were said next day by the travellers from New Zealand.

Of course you know that Maiden Lane's hostels are largely frequented by the theatrical and artistic world. Now and then a special Retreat for these people is held in the church, and, mind you, it is invariably well attended. There are good people and bad people in every walk of life, and under their gay exterior many of the Bohemians have hearts of gold. They often have the

opportunity for a good walk round London. So we rambled off down the Strand, past Trafalgar Square, through Leicester Square, among some of the French and Italian streets, back to Piccadilly Circus, down Regent Street, across the Mall, over St. James's Park, round the Parliament Houses and the Abbey, along Victoria Street as far as Ashley Gardens, where we turned into

Westminster Cathedral,

just as the Cardinal was concluding Pontifical High Mass.

We waited for a low Mass which began at noon. We heard a rather prosy sermon in

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