

received valuable presents, including a dinner set from the Railway staff at Bluff, and a tea set from the bride's fellow-employees. Prior to the wedding, Mrs. R. Tutty entertained Miss Egau, when a number of her friends presented her with useful kitchen articles. The bride was the recipient of a

presentation from the Children of Mary of the local church, of which society she was a valued member, and she was also entertained at an "afternoon" by the St Patrick's Tennis Club, when she was presented with a Doulton salad bowl and biscuit barrel mounted in silver.

The Story of St. Patrick

"You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go and should bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain."—St. John xv. 16.

These words from St. John's Gospel were addressed by Our Lord to His Apostles who were to go forth and announce to the world the glad tidings of salvation. They may be regarded as spoken, also, to those great missionary saints who were sent by God to convert pagan nations, and, in particular, they may be applied to St. Patrick, who was chosen to preach the Gospel in Ireland, and who brought forth abundant fruit by making the inhabitants of that land followers of Christ: that fruit has, in a wonderful way, remained and increased till the present day, and will, with the Divine blessing, remain till the end of the world.

* * *

Patrick when a boy was taken prisoner in war, and was sold as a slave in the north of Ireland. The task given him was to keep sheep or swine in a mountainous region. He knew and loved God, and during the years of his captivity he did not murmur against his hard lot, but sought day by day to please his Creator more and more. Being much alone, he learned to walk in God's presence and to pray to Him continually in the solitude of his heart; and by means of that sweet communion with the Lord Whom he loved, he conquered temptations to impatience and discouragement, shunned sin, and advanced rapidly in virtue and sanctity. At last he escaped from Ireland and landed in France, where, as he wished to become a priest, Divine Providence enabled him to pursue his studies and obtain ordination. One day—he tells us the fact in his "Confession"—he had a vision in which an angel appeared and handed him a letter in which he saw the words, "The Voice of the Irish," and while he was reading it, he thought he heard the voice of people living near the western sea calling to him and saying: "Holy youth, come and walk again amongst us." And he adds, "The Lord many years after granted unto them according to their desire." For in that very region—the wood of Foelut in the west—he converted many to the faith of Christ. He felt that God wished him to preach the Gospel in the land where he had been a captive and had learned to speak the Celtic tongue. Accordingly, after long years of preparation for that dangerous and difficult work, he was consecrated bishop, and the holy Pope Celestine commissioned him to carry the tidings of Redemption to that beautiful western island.

* * *

Accompanied by some priests, he landed in the north-east of Ireland, and made there several converts; but he knew it would be

best to get the King's approval of his mission, and for that purpose, he went to Tara, where a great assembly was just then being held by the monarch. It was a national custom that no fire was allowed in the province during this assembly until the King's bonfire was lighted. During Holy Week Patrick arrived within sight of Tara, and he kindled the fire which is required during the ceremonies of that sacred time, the last days of Lent. King Laghaire was very angry, and determined to put Patrick to death. The pagan priests, called Druids, exhorted him to destroy the new religion; otherwise it would spread through the whole island. Yet when, by the king's command, Patrick was brought before him, he was so impressed by the bearing and preaching of the saint, that he not only forgave him, but, in addition, he allowed him to make converts of all who wished to accept the Christian faith. Though he was not himself converted, his queen and many nobles of his court became fervent Christians.

* * *

The Saint travelled everywhere throughout the island, and the land, which he found given up to the errors of paganism, he beheld before his death converted to Christ. Towards the close of his life he fasted and prayed during Lent on Mount Cruachan, which looks on the western sea. There he prayed that the Irish should never lose the faith. He was attacked by demons, but he put them to flight, and Victor, the angel that guarded him, brought him the message that Ireland should be faithful to Christ even till the Day of Judgment. He said:—

"Thy nation shall not walk
Accordant with the Gentiles of this world,
But as a race elect sustain the Crown,
Or bear the Cross . . .

—until the Day of Doom."

* * *

And soon after—when St. Patrick was dead—the Catholic faith grew like a mighty tree that with its protecting branches overshadowed the whole land; and everywhere throughout the island there arose churches and monasteries and convents and schools until Ireland became known among the peoples that filled the earth as the "Island of Saints and Scholars." When that golden age passed away, dark and evil days came, and the children of St. Patrick were asked by wicked men to deny and renounce the Catholic religion. But in spite of keenest suffering, "in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword," they clung to the faith and were faithful to it even unto death. And so we, too, my dearest, must be resolved to be ever true Catholics, and to honor our religion by leading virtuous lives in obedience to God's Commandments and the precepts of the Church. All this we are bound to do, because the blood of saints and martyrs flows

in our veins, and we must by a blameless life do honor to that glorious blood.—M. J. WATSON, S.J., in *Pearls From Holy Scripture for Little Ones*.

A REFRESHING TRIP

One cannot be said to have seen New Zealand if one has not been to the glorious Otago Lakes. It is not possible, of course, for everyone who takes a holiday to linger for weeks about the Lakes, enjoying the natural beauties and attractions of this superb holiday resort, but if one only went there in order to return through Central Otago by motor one would feel that life held many things worth while. Just imagine we are running along the western shore of Lake Wanaka, past the incomparable Glendhu Bay, fording the Matatapu and Matukituki Rivers right to the foot of Mount Aspiring. It is a district to linger in, but the car speeds across the grain-growing flats of Hawea, and we snatch a glimpse of the blue waters of the lake of that name as the road slips behind us on the way to Luggate, Queensbury, and Lowburn. Now we follow the mighty Clutha River on to Cromwell where meet the waters of the Clutha and the Kawarau. Cromwell is a quiet little town now, but there was a day when Cromwell and its Otago neighbors lured thousands of seekers for El Dorado, possessed with the waking dream of giant fortunes easily made. But we must reflect as we go, for Central Otago claims us now. Spring, summer, and autumn the trip from here is one of surpassing beauty, for this is one of the principal fruit-growing districts of the Dominion. Mile after mile of orchards change their brilliant garb with the seasons from a maze of gorgeous colored blossoms to rich, rosy, luscious fruit and the tender, exquisite tint of autumn leaves. Clyde and Alexandra pass in quick review, and as we cross the river the discarded machinery and heaps of tailings which we see recall the great dredging boom and remind us of the things that were. We are still thinking of the golden buckets, and golden falls, and innumerable other golden things which are now but a memory as we slip through Fruitlands and into Roxburgh. Here, in this pleasant little orchard town nestling among the hills, we halt for lunch. Then on again in the early afternoon winding in and out among green, undulating hills, through Miller's Flat, and then a delightful run alongside the pretty reaches of the Clutha River. Soon we are in Lawrence, another busy little town, interesting too for its wealth of mining reminiscences; then on to Waitahuna, where the river again recalls those strenuous and adventurous gold-mining days. Manuka Gorge is a beautiful spot, rugged and unspoiled by the fortune seeker. The road now opens on to the Tokomairiro Plain, across which lies Milton and the rich Taieri Plain, dotted with well-cultivated farms. In a trice we are in Dunedin, and as we listen to the familiar sounds of city streets we ask ourselves if Fairyland is not a real place after all. If any of our readers wish to make this delightful trip we advise them to make enquiries from the White Star Motor Services, whose announcement appears in the front page of this issue of the *Tablet*. —Advt.

Joseph Howard



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