

from a body racked with pain wherein not even their unceasing care could keep the vital flame.

Even as Mt. Eden once poured forth from its crater's torn and jagged lips its volcanic flame so do consecrated hearts to-day in the "Mater" just below that still yawning volcanic pit burn with charity that is of Our Lord and of Him alone.

The First Quarter of a Century.

Twenty-five years ago two Sisters with the ink still damp upon their Australian certificates were at the "Mater's" opening. They still are there, rejoicing in its growth and hopeful of great things yet to be. Around these Sisters are yet others, Irish, English, Scottish, New Zealanders, and Australians and with them are a brave efficient band of lay nurses. Two of the lay nurses have been at the "Mater" for many years. It pains the Sisters that for their training the lay assistants must, in order to qualify as registered nurses, leave the hospital for three years and work in public hospitals in New Zealand or, at the price of exile, study in Catholic hospitals in Australia.

On the 12th of December, in the grounds of the "Mater" and in those of "Kiwi" adjoining a garden fete is to be held. The Sisters had not wished for a great event, but their friends—clerical and lay, Catholic and otherwise—are working hard to make it a great success. The knowledge of the brave, unselfish work of the Sisters of Mercy in building up with poor initial resources, the Mater Misericordiae Hospital must stifle all pettiness, all carping criticism and engender in the heart of everyone something of the flame of charity and sacrifice that blazed in the heart of the valiant woman, Mother Mary Ignatius Prendergast, when she set her hand to the building of the pioneer Catholic hospital in the Dominion and crowned it with the name and fame of Mercy.

The Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Auckland

SILVER JUBILEE, NOVEMBER, 1925.

On Eden's heights, above the city's roar,
Girt all about by hill and forest green,
Yet tow'ring tall as do the hearts that soar
Beyond mere time, with calm majestic mien,
Sweet Mercy on its brow, and love and peace
That are of God enshrined within its walls
Stands out the haven for the sick, surcease
From pain its aim, when pall of suffering falls.

Five lustra has the "Mater" seen speed by
Since, firm in high resolve, unchecked by storms,
A woman's heart, strong urged by pain's sharp cry,
Brave made by Charity, the puny norms
Of earthly guile contemned, set high this home,
From Celtic souls what deeds of splendor spring!
Her soldier saint her courage showed: The loam
Of earth, bedewed with Grace, such brave deeds bring!

Throughout the fleeting years, without the beat

Of drum, with soundless instancy, as pass
In tranquil majesty before the Seat

Of God the mighty spheres, as in the Mass
The Christ Himself appears, unto the sick
As to Our Lord Himself has come health's balm

With charity, not self, its urge, the quick
To strength renewed, with cease to death's alarm.

The dawn of greater things now breaks; for wide

With far-flung arms in Mary Mother's name

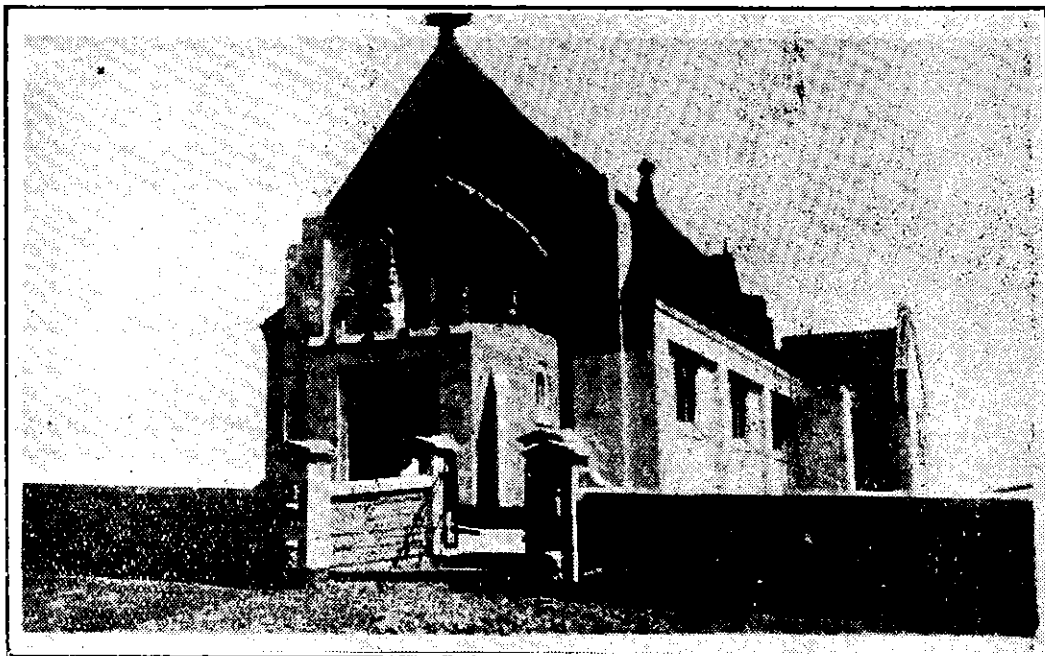
The "Mater" reaches out the flowing tide
Of stricken poor to hold for Mercy's fame
In Christ's dear name. We "Ave" call for past

Well spent, for resolutions brave; then, leal

To Christ and His dear ones unto the last
We set our hands to make a vision real.

—J. A. ECCLETON.

Auckland,
December 3, 1925.



NEW CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL, PALMERSTON.

Solemnly Blessed and Opened by His Lordship Bishop Whyte on Sunday, November 29.



REV. T. S. KAVANAGH, PASTOR OF PALMERSTON.

R. H. Todd

LADIES' and GENTS' TAILOR



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