

## THE LEAGUE OF PRAYER

We do not need an English poet to tell us that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. We know from our Faith the power of prayer, and we know that Christ Himself has told us to ask, to seek, and to knock, even with importunity, until our prayer is granted. There are, indeed, some things that it would be unwise to pray for, and when we pray for such things God will give us some good gift instead of what, in our ignorance, we thought He ought to give us. But there are other things which are lawful and commendable objects of prayer, and among them are Peace, Charity, and the Welfare of Religion.

It was a happy inspiration for the good Sisters of Mercy to inaugurate a Crusade of Prayer for Ireland, whereby we are all invited to assist a weak, oppressed people in obtaining relief in their sufferings and in securing for themselves the rights denied them by cruel tyranny. We are invited to pray for Peace for Ireland, for Charity between her people and her oppressors, and for the restoration of order and well-being in that little island which has done, and still does, such magnificent apostolic work for the cause of religion.

What nobler Crusade can you imagine? What higher objects can you pray for? And you *can* pray. You may not be able to help Ireland in any other way: but you can *pray* for her, no matter who you are, or where you are, or what your circumstances.

If you do not love Ireland we trust that you love Justice and Religion. Pray for these with us and leave it to God to decide what is just as regards Ireland.

If you do love Ireland, here is your work waiting for you. By the tears of the Irish mothers, by the piteous cries of the Irish children, by the memory of the murdered Irish priests, by the blood and sufferings of the brave Irish soldiers, join the Crusade of Prayer, and get others to join it with you, so that from every Catholic home in New Zealand a great cry may ascend to the Throne of God on behalf of dear Ireland, good Ireland, the oldest and purest of the Nations, the truest to Christ and the most like Him in her sorrows.

As He arose in glory after His Passion, Ireland will arise too. A new day will break for her, and once again she will become, as she was in the past, the torch of learning and the lamp of religion.

Do you want to have a share in that glory? If you do, join at once in the Crusade of Prayer for Ireland.

—J.K.

### AR SON DE AGUS AR SON EIREANN!

(For the Honor of God and the Glory of Ireland)

### LEAGUE OF SYMPATHY AND CRUSADE OF PRAYER FOR IRELAND.

Object.—To beg of God through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and St. Patrick that He would mercifully grant the speedy restoration of peace to Ireland and give to the Irish people the full enjoyment of those rights and liberties which are their inalienable rights as a Nation.

For this intention:—(1) To offer Mass and Holy Communion. (2) To recite the Rosary daily.

A Prayer for Ireland.—O Most Sacred and Most loving Heart of Jesus, to Whom the Irish nation is solemnly dedicated, preserve that nation in Faith, in Purity, and in Charity. Through all its trials, its sorrows, and its persecutions in the past it remained faithful to the teachings of its great Apostle St. Patrick. May the former glory of its apostolic faith again appear. May the present generation see its persecution happily ended, its rights restored. May the zeal of its holy priesthood increase; the honor of its sons and the purity of its daughters remain unsullied. May its attachment to the See of Peter never diminish. May it daily render greater honor and glory to Thee,

O Sacred Heart, to Whom every true Irish heart is, and will ever be, most devotedly attached. Amen.

God save Ireland, and bless her bishops, priests, and religious, her leaders, her friends, and her people at home and abroad.

O Holy Mary, Queen of Heaven and Queen of Ireland, intercede for the Irish people.

N.B.—Names of those who join the Crusade of Prayer to be sent to—

Convent of Mercy,  
South Dunedin.

Imprimatur:

\* JAMES WHYTE,

Bishop of Dunedin.

### Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

March 21.

A novena in honor of St. Patrick concluded on the 16th inst. at the Sacred Heart Church. Large numbers attended each evening, when prayers were offered for the peace, happiness, and prosperity of Ireland.

The members of St. John's Tennis Club met on the courts lately to make a presentation to Rev. Father Moloney, vice-president. The president (Mr. J. G. Venning) in a brief speech referred to the practical interest Father Moloney evinced in the welfare of the club, and then asked Rev. Father Hurley (patron) to make the presentation of a fountain pen, suitably inscribed, as a slight token of the esteem in which the departing priest is held by the members of the club. Mr. G. Virtue (secretary) endorsed the remarks of the patron and president. Father Moloney feelingly thanked the speakers for their kind remarks, and also the members for their useful present.

The members of the Sacred Heart Choir recently made a presentation of an umbrella to Father Moloney, in recognition of the valuable assistance rendered to the choir during the past two years.

The cricket season terminated on St. Patrick's Day, when the Timaru Club defeated the Celtic Club for the senior championship. The Celtic junior team easily won the championship in their competition.

The football season commences on Easter Saturday, when the Zingari-Richmond Club (Dunedin) visit Timaru to play a match against the Celtic senior fifteen.

The Celtic Football Club has arranged to enter three teams for the competitions to be held in South Canterbury, and the members have been in active training during the past few weeks. All supporters and well-wishers earnestly hope the Celtic teams will have a successful season.

A few boys from the Marist Brothers' School visited Christchurch to take part in the sports last Saturday. Master E. Fitzgerald secured second place in the 100 yards championship, being beaten by O'Loughlin, the boy who beat Fitzgerald last year.

### MEMORIES.

(From the German.)

Ah, dear white hands! how oft I saw you sewing  
Something for me.

Ah, sad grey eyes! how oft I saw you glowing  
With love for me.

How oft I fell asleep and left you kneeling,  
Praying for me.

Now o'er your tomb the night winds softly stealing  
Mourn you with me.

—J.K.

There can be no dreamer worthy of the name  
whose dreams do not incessantly converge to action.  
This is as true as that there can be no faith without works.