

WEDDING BELLS

MURPHY—RYAN.

The wedding was solemnised on July 12, at the Sacred Heart Church, Timaru, by Rev. Father Kimbell, S.M., of James, eldest son of Mrs. Murphy and the late Mr. Denis Murphy, Fairlie, and Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, Harper Street, Timaru. The bride was attired in a frock of ivory crepe-de-Chine with panels of accordeon-pleated georgette, and hat of cream georgette trimmed with wreaths of pink rosebuds. She was attended as bridesmaid by Miss Frances Murphy (sister of the bridegroom), who wore a frock of cream velvet, and a lemon-colored hat. Mr. Owen Kirk, of Otaio, was best man. The wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of the bride's parents. Rev. Father Kimbell presided, and the customary toasts were honored. The newly-wedded couple subsequently left by the express train for the north, the bride wearing a navy costume with hat to match.

TANSEY—FORD.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at the Catholic Cathedral, Christchurch, on Wednesday, August 3, by the Rev. T. Hanrahan when Miss Agnes Ford (Christchurch) was married to Mr. Cyril Tansey, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Tansey (Christchurch). The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. J. Ford, of Oamaru, wore a dainty frock of ivory crepe de chine and georgette. A beautiful hand embroidered veil was held in place by a circlet of orange blossoms; she carried a shower bouquet and was attended by Miss Tansey, sister of the bridegroom, who wore a charming frock of pale lemon crepe de chine and georgette and a transparent oyster straw hat, trimmed with flowers, and Miss Street, cousin of the bride, who wore a pretty frock of heliotrope crepe de chine and georgette with hat to match. Mr. T. Tansey attended as best man, and Mr. A. Tansey as groomsman. As the bride entered the church, Miss Ward played the "Bridal March," and during the Nuptial Mass Mr. Roberts gave an exquisite rendering of "Ave Maria." As the bridal party left the church the "Wedding March" was again played. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. Tansey at the Excelsior Hotel, where over sixty guests sat down to breakfast, during which Miss M. Donalds orchestra played selections. Mrs. Tansey received her guests in a beautiful gown of navy blue cloth, embossed in navy silk. With this was worn a stylish hat of pillar-box red and navy veil and skunk furs. Many beautiful and valuable presents were received including several cheques. Amongst those present were Mesdames T. Lynch, J. J. Ardagh (Timaru), O'Toole (Geraldine), W. Ford Malthus (Palmerston North), O'Shea (Mount Hay, Fairlie), Street, King, Storey, P. A. Ardagh, McQuilkin (Ashburton), H. Woodham, J. J. Ardagh, jr., Hanna, Cotter; Misses Kelly (Timaru), Morkano (2), Lowick, M. Ardagh, Street (2), Codling (2); Rev. Fathers Hanrahan, Graham, Kerley, Seymour, Price, A. Cullen, McCarthy, Bartley; Doctors Morkane and Ardagh; Messrs. Woodham, Cotter, J. J. Ardagh, J. J. Ardagh jr., Jackson, Street, Blackaby, Helsdon, Storey, Carpenter, Holt, Roberts, McQuilkin, McLaughlin, Whitlow, Hall, O'Shea, and Lynch. Later Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Tansey left by Ferry boat on a tour of the North Island, Mrs. Tansey wearing a smart navy braided costume and a pretty toque to match, also a fur coat.

Westport

The following are the results of this year's examinations in connection with St. Mary's College:—Class B (2 subjects), Mary McAuley; Class C (full pass), Nora Doyle; Class C (4 subjects), Josephine Armstrong; Class C (3 subjects), Mary O'Brien; Class C (2 subjects), Julia O'Sullivan; Class D (full pass), Julia O'Sullivan; Class D (partial pass), Mary O'Brien; Class D (3 groups), Mary Organ; Public Service (June): Margaret Allan, Kathleen McMahon, Agnes Lee, Carrie Martin, Winnie O'Neill.

The following are the results of the midwinter commercial examinations in connection with the National Business College Sydney:—Bookkeeping diploma.—3 candi-

dates; advanced, 1; intermediate, 2; elementary, 8; junior, 2. Shorthand speed (80 words per minute)—2 candidates; advanced, 1; elementary, 5; junior, 2.

SAINT JULIET.

I am Saint Juliet, and I pray
You all some soft petition say—
All maids who love, all wives who bear
Beneath their glossy coils of hair
Dreams of the child that shall be born
Some windy eve or stormy morn
With bitter tears and crying strong,
To lift the worn world's cross along.

I am Saint Juliet, and I was
A maid that danced on orchard grass,
That plucked of full delight the flower
When Tarsus was a place of power.
My shoe-strings were of twisted gold,
And wolf-skins kept me from the cold;
About my throat great pearls I wound.
The world so sweet a world I found
That everywhere was holy ground.

I am Saint Juliet. Clad in green
And gold, I went one festal e'en,
And raised my eyes, and saw my love,
And all the bliss and pain thereof.
My lover took me by the hands:
He was a soldier without lands.
He had no gold, he had no gear,
But he was beautiful and dear.
I laid my love beneath his feet,
That he might take or trample it.

My lover's God for mine I took;
I made his soul my missal-book.
He wedded me, and then we fled:
Our heads were prized and coveted.
We loved each other half a year
With love that did abolish fear,
Although men from our hiding-place
Drew us and forced us to retrace
Our steps to Tarsus as to death:
So well we loved who died for faith.

Given to lions my lover died;
I might not perish by his side;
But, when my little son was born,
They brought me out one golden morn
(My twenty years had been so sweet!)
They bowed my head; they lagged my feet;
But my beloved leaned (I knew)
From heaven to see his wife keep true.
And so I went out like a bride,
With guards before and guards beside.
A yellow veil upon my hair
I wore, as brides are wont to wear.

I had not thought that they would make
My babe a martyr for Christ's sake;
But him upon my breast they slew,
Ere my first dying breath I drew.
I think I did not greatly fear
The beasts, my lover was so near—
So near the God he perished for;
But when I saw the opening door
Of Heaven, it looked so grand a place
That, as I died, I hid my face.

Oh, it is all so long ago.
I have forgotten every throe
That shook my body; for I am
Safe with the father of my lamb.
Only when mothers pray to me,
My days on earth I seem to see;
And one old sorrow hastens back,
The death of little Cyriac,
My baby. There you who know
The two best things that women know,
The glory of your lover's kiss,
The joyous pain that bearing is,
Pray God to keep us in His rest,
Till every heart beats in His breast.

NORAH CHESON, in the *Dublin Review*.

There are myriads of little men who do know and see all they long after, but that is because their longings are so shut in by valleys and their horizons so narrow and materialistic; but the larger dreams, the greater aspirations, the more desirable ideals, are only seen as Moses saw them from Pisgah afar off over the Canaan.