

Obituary

MRS. MARY JOSEPHINE HARRIS, WAIMATE.

There passed away on the 4th inst., at Waimate, in the person of Mrs. Mary Josephine Harris (*nee* Fahey), a lady who was formerly well known in Dunedin. The late Mrs. Harris was born in Co. Galway, Ireland. She came to New Zealand in 1891, and for some years managed the Gridiron Hotel, Dunedin. She married in 1902 the late Mr. A. Harris (for many years foreman printer of the *N.Z. Tablet*). They shortly afterwards took over the Empire Hotel at Waimate, and became well and favorably known to the people of that town and district. When, in 1911, her husband died, the late Mrs. Harris retired from business, and devoted her life solely to the welfare of her children. Deceased, although of a retiring disposition, was loved and esteemed by all who knew her. She was a devout Catholic, and, attended in her last illness by Rev. Father Peoples, she died fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. Her nephew (Rev. F. Marlow) officiated at the interment. A son and two daughters are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

MR. THOMAS FLANNERY, POOLBURN.

On Tuesday, May 8, there passed away at Poolburn, in the person of Mr. Thomas Flannery, one of the oldest and most respected settlers of Central Otago. Attracted by the glowing accounts of the New Zealand goldfields, the late Mr. Flannery, who was a native of Co. Sligo, left Ireland in 1865, and after a long and tedious voyage landed at Dunedin. In common with many others of the new arrivals, he quickly made his way to the German Hill diggings, then in full swing. After following the gold rushes of Otago, West Coast, and Coromandel with varying success, he returned to Tinkers, now known as Matakau, and was one of the small party who brought in the Undaunted water race. It is a lasting monument to the courage and perseverance of those sturdy pioneers that they accomplished a work of this magnitude without the aid of engineers, Government grants, or any of the latter-day appliances. After a few years of successful mining at Tinkers he took up land at Poolburn, and had farmed successfully there ever since. Throughout his life he was a staunch, practical Catholic, and was a familiar figure at the Ophir church, where he served Mass for about 40 years. He was also a strong supporter of the *Tablet*, and used to boast that he had never missed a copy since the first issue. Any movement in aid of the Irish cause always appealed to him. The funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in the district, evidenced the great respect in which deceased was held. The burial took place at Omakau, Rev. Father O'Dea, assisted by Father Fenton, officiating. Three sons of deceased served in the Great War, two of whom made the supreme sacrifice. The late Mr. Flannery is survived by his brother (Mr. B. Flannery, of Ophir), his widow, two sons and five daughters, to whom sincere sympathy is extended in their sad loss.—R.I.P.

MR. JEREMIAH HURLEY, WELLINGTON.

It is with regret (writes our Wellington correspondent) that I have to record the death of another of our most esteemed and staunch pioneer Catholics in the person of Mr. Jeremiah Hurley, which occurred at his residence, Brougham Street, on Thursday, the 17th inst. The deceased, who had a varied and interesting career, was born in Tralee, Ireland, and arrived in this country as a young man some sixty years ago. Being a teacher by profession he was master of the Catholic boys' school in Wellington before the advent of the Marist Brothers. On the school being handed over to the Brothers Mr. Hurley entered the Government teaching service, being stationed at Kaiwarra and subsequently at the Hutt, where he remained until his retirement. He then took up farming in the Otaki district, and was for a period of 25 years returning officer and registrar of electors for the Otaki electoral district. He removed to Wellington in his declining years. The late Mr. Hurley was Wellington's first correspondent to the *Tablet*, and also the first Wellington subscriber. He continued

taking the paper throughout his life. The late Mr. Hurley was also one of the foundation members of the local St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, occupying the position of secretary during the first years of its existence. He was also a Justice of the Peace. The deceased was a patriotic Irishman, and rendered valuable assistance to the cause of his native country which he loved. A pious Catholic and a man of integrity and honor, he was esteemed and respected by all classes of the community. He leaves a family of one son and five daughters to mourn the loss of a loving father. The son is Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., of Timaru, and two daughters are also serving God in religion as Sisters of the Order of St. Joseph. The other daughters are Mrs. Robertson, and the Misses Hurley. Mrs. M. J. Lynch, of Paraparaumu, is a sister of the deceased. Mrs. Hurley and a daughter (Mrs. Perry) died some years ago. The funeral (in deference to the wish of the deceased) was a private one. Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., celebrated Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Church (Buckle Street, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea and all the local clergy being present. The remains were interred at Karori Cemetery, Father Hurley officiating at the graveside. The deceased was attended in his last moments by Rev. Father Cullen, Adm., and had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments half an hour before he breathed his last.—R.I.P.

The Church and the Penitent

"Most significant and thought-compelling" is what the editor of the *American Church Monthly*, an Anglican magazine, terms the following "parable" from Andre Maurois's *Les Silences du Colonel Brumle*:—

"O'Grady, you are an Irishman, tell me why the Catholic chaplains have more prestige than ours." "Padre," said the doctor, "listen to a parable; it is your turn. A gentleman had killed a man. He was not suspected, but remorse caused him to wander abroad. One day, as he passed an Anglican church, it seemed to him that he must share his burdensome secret, and he asked the vicar to hear his confession. The vicar was a well-educated man, a former student of Eton and Oxford. Enchanted at the rare opportunity, he cried eagerly: 'Certainly, open your heart, you can speak to me as a father.' The other began: 'I have committed murder.' The vicar jumped up. 'You tell me that! Wretched murderer! I am not sure that it is not my duty to take you to the nearest police station. At any rate, it is my duty as a gentleman not to keep you a minute more under my roof!' The man went his way. Some kilometres further he saw a Catholic church. A last hope caused him to enter, and he knelt behind some old women who were waiting near a confessional. When his turn came he saw in the shadow a priest praying, head on hands. 'My father,' said he, 'I am not a Catholic, but I would like to confess to you.' 'I am listening, my son.' 'Father, I have committed murder.' He waited for the effect. The priest said gently: 'How often, my son?'"

The Doctor's little parable shows as well as could an hour's learned exposition the Church's attitude toward the sinner. Her high mission is to hallow her children and lead them to Heaven by changing sinners into penitents. So her confessors, though they have, of course, been trained always to act in the sacred tribunal like skilful physicians, prudent counsellors, and just judges, fully realise that they must be, above all else, kind and patient fathers. They have learned from the example of the Good Shepherd Himself that every lawful means should be used to keep the sinner from going away unrepentant and unabsolved. Therefore, the confessor never seems to be surprised or scandalised at anything he hears, and with a hundred holy artifices encourages faltering penitents to cleanse their bosoms thoroughly from the perilous stuff that is ruining their son's health. Encompassed with infirmity himself, he can feel for those who have been vanquished for a time in the never-ending battle they must wage with Satan, the world and the flesh. So he bends down, tenderly helps his penitents to rise, pours into their wounds oil and wine, and starts them forward again, heartened and rejoicing, on their way to heaven.

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