

"Here's yer letter I brought," she said, ungraciously. The hand was strange. "I wonder who could have written this," he mused aloud.

Mrs. MacDonald, shawl on and bonnet in process of adjustment, was held by curiosity.

"Nae hand that ever I saw before," she said. "Anither complaint, I dare say."

He sighed, and ran his thumb under the flap of the envelope.

Then he turned red and white, and gasped.

"It's—it's a twenty-dollar bank note."

"Is it real?" exclaimed the canny Scotchwoman.

He held it to the light. "Yes—the Bank of Nova Scotia," he said, slowly. "And a letter with it." He began to read.

"Father Rovier,—Mrs. MacDonald has told me of all the good work you do in your parish—how you have gone on year after year in the midst of sickening ingratitude, asking nothing for yourself, helping every living creature, even to the cows and horses and stray dogs, and travelling miles in the dead of night to the ailing. She says those of your people who are not too mean are too poor to pay you anything, and that you are wearing your heart out on them, and are fagged and discouraged. Here is \$20. It is a first instalment. I will send you more. This is not for your church, it is for you."

The priest gazed at Mrs. MacDonald, and his lip trembled. "Who sent it? Do you know her?"

"Yes, I ken the lady."

"What is her name?"

"She told me I shouldna tell. She is an American. She comes frae Boston. She was passin' through. She bought a rag-carpet frae me, and told me where to send it. But she made me promise I wouldna tell. An' it's not a Papish priest that would make me perjure myself."

Father Rovier was silent a moment. "All my life I have had three kinds of letters," he said, slowly. "Complaints, and business of the church, and then this. This is the only one of its kind that I ever had. Never in the thirty-seven years was a gift like this made to me for myself. Now I can get a doctor for old Pere Chabanel, who has the cancer."

He dropped on his knees at the table, and with his head on his arm was silent in prayer for his unknown benefactress. The flies droned in and out of the window. Mrs. MacDonald came over presently and touched him on the shoulder.

"When ye get through speakin' to God, there's one word I wish to say."

He looked up. "What is it, my good Mrs. MacDonald?"

"Papist or not," she declared, fiercely, "I'll cook for ye forever and a day. And I'll take nae pay for it."

"Forever and a day?" he repeated. "That is a long, long time, Mrs. MacDonald. I shall be dead by the end of that time. And then, my good woman, I will ask if you please that you bury this letter with me. I wonder who she was. I wonder. But God sends His angels un-awares."

Somewhere between laughter and tears, Mrs. MacDonald was talking to herself as she waddled along the half-mile of red-clay road to her home.

"It was a shame to deceive the gude old mon," she told herself. "But he wouldna ha' ta'en it otherwise frae ane sae puir as me. 'Twas a wonderfu fine letter the school inspector wrote fer me. Lord forgie me the lie I told! It was worth while, my sayin' I came frae Boston, jist to see Father Rovier's face!"

### Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

June 25.

There was a good attendance at St. Patrick's Hall on the 18th inst. to witness a debate between the Catholic Club and the Hibernian Society. Rev. Father Hurley (patron of the club) and Rev. Father O'Ferrall (president) were among those present. "That the introduction of machinery has done more harm than good" was the subject debated. Messrs. P. Cronin and G. Flett spoke in the affirmative for the club, and Messrs. H. Travis and J. O'Leary defended. Several members of the respective bodies took part in the discussion, which proved very interesting and instructive, and resulted in a win for the Hibernians by a narrow majority. The president imparted much useful information concerning debates, and a very enjoyable meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman.

Large numbers approached the Holy Table at the early Masses in the Sacred Heart Church last Sunday, and after last Mass there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a most edifying sight to see a constant stream of worshippers at the church during the Exposition. At the devotions in the evening the Rosary and Litany were recited, after which Father O'Ferrall preached on the Sacred Heart to a very large congregation. A procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the church, all the sodalities taking part, whilst the choir and congregation sang suitable hymns. The sanctuary was very tastefully decorated for the occasion.

## Dunedin Boys for Christian Brothers' Training College, Strathfield



Front Row, Left to Right—E. Fraser, J. O'Malley, P. Ryan.  
Second Row—Rev. Brother Hanrahan, F. Smith, J. Lynch, Rev. Brother Bowler,  
F. Smith T. Rowland, W. Hauke.  
Third Row—N. Bradley, J. O'Neill, G. Mills, W. McCrossan.

Above is shown a photo of twelve boys who recently left the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, to enter the Juniorate of the Order in Strathfield, New South Wales. The photo was taken immediately after their arrival. Letters received by the parents of the boys contain glowing accounts of their new home. One of the boys describes

things as "stunner." The local Brothers have been informed by the Brother in charge of the Juniorate that the Dunedin boys are behaving themselves excellently and showing every promise of becoming exemplary members of the congregation.