

Drawing.—Frechand—Prize, John Cousins, hon. mention, J. O'Reilly, S. Cronin.
 Mapping—Prize, John O'Reilly; hon. mention, W. Fitzpatrick, Waiker, P. Drumm.
 Special Prize for General Proficiency.—Senior division, second class; C. Diamond.
 Dux of school—Silver medal (gift of Dr. Murphy): W. Fitzpatrick.

Seniorscholarship, value £10, gift of Most Rev. Dr. Moran—awarded to W. Fitzpatrick, who received 90½ per cent. of total possible number of marks; J. O'Reilly received 90½ per cent; C. Meenan 88 per cent; T. Meade, 79 per cent; J. Ahern and R. Norman, each 78½ per cent; J. Scanlan and E. Hayes, each 72 per cent; and John McCormick, 70 per cent. of the total possible number of marks.

Junior Scholarship, value £5, gift of Mr. F. Meenan—awarded to J. O'Connor, who obtained 84 per cent. of total possible number of marks; C. Diamond gained 81 per cent.; J. Cousins, 75 per cent. P. Keogh, 74 per cent.; S. Cronin, 72 per cent.; and John Pledger 71 per cent of the total possible number of marks.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT

Granted in the following subjects for 70 per cent. and over of total possible marks at examination for Senior Scholarship:—

Christian Doctrines—J. O'Reilly, W. Fitzpatrick, E. Walker, E. Hayes, J. Ahern, A. Sullivan, T. Meade, T. Hally, C. Meenan, T. McCormick, T. Scanlan, W. Cassels, R. Norman, F. Hall.

Arithmetic.—W. Fitzpatrick, J. Ahern, E. Hayes, W. Cassels, C. Meenan, J. O'Reilly, T. Meade.

English Grammar.—R. Norman, C. Meenan, W. Fitzpatrick, J. O'Reilly, T. Scanlan, T. Meade, A. Sullivan.

Bookkeeping.—C. Meenan, T. Ahern, T. O'Reilly, J. Scanlan, T. McCormick, W. Fitzpatrick, E. Hayes.

Geometry.—C. Meenan, R. Norman, T. O'Reilly, J. Ahern, T. McCormick, A. Sullivan.

English Composition.—W. Fitzpatrick, C. Meenan, J. Scanlan, T. Meade, R. Norman, J. O'Reilly, E. Hayes, A. Sullivan, F. Walker, T. Ahern, T. Hally.

History.—T. Scanlan, W. Fitzpatrick, T. Ahern, T. Meade, C. Meenan, J. Hally, A. Sullivan, T. McCormick.

JUNIOR ROOM.

Class I.—Prize for General Improvement: W. McDonald.

Class II.—Prize for Reading and Arithmetic: S. Darragh.

Class III.—Prize for Home Lessons: W. O'Brien. Prize for Reading: John Beasley.

Class IV.—Prize for Home Lessons: F. O'Driscoll. Prize for Reading: John Geerin.

ENGLISH LAND WRONGS.

THE following letter from Sir George Bowyer has appeared in the London Times:—

"Lord R. Churchill has assented to the proposition that the laws regarding land require amendment; and he said very truly that no persons were more interested than landowners in rendering sales, mortgages, and all dealings with land as cheap and easy as possible. But what is the amendment required? None but ignorant or dishonest men say that the prohibition of entail and settlements would in the slightest degree benefit agriculture or cheapen dealings with land. Entails and settlements do not interfere with the due management of landed property. A great landowner and statesman lately said to me, 'My settlement allows me to do everything with my estates, except to rob my wife and children.'

"The reform truly required is to abolish trustees, trust estates, outstanding terms, mortgages by conveyance of the land subject to an equity of redemption, and trusts to secure jointures and provisions for young children. These things are unknown to the laws of other countries. They are the cause of the difficulties, complications of title, and the costliness of English conveyancing. People should be allowed to deal with their own business and interests without the intervention of trustees. Limitations should be direct to the persons entitled and interested, and not to strangers in trust for them, and no one ought to be asked to undertake the useless, onerous, troublesome and dangerous duties of a trustee.

"Under the present practice and law of conveyancing there are two titles to land—the legal estate and the equitable estate. Both these estates have to be traced in an abstract of title. Sometimes the title cannot be completed without obtaining a conveyance of the legal estate by a trustee, or the executor and administrator of a trustee, or the executor of an executor, or the administrator of an executor; and the person in whom this mythical, mystical estate is vested may be on the Continent, or in India, or a distant colony, or his whereabouts may be unknown. But he must be got to assign to another trustee. Strange complications occur. I remember a case where a settlement was made on a marriage which did not take place. The man was afterwards about to be married to another woman; but he was advised that he could not make a settlement, because the land was vested in the trustees of the former settlement. So, when the greatest noble and landed proprietor marries, his land is taken from him and vested in trustees, as if he were a lunatic, or an idiot, or a bankrupt. He cannot bring an ejectment unless by means of a trustee, because he has only an equity. I could mention a settlement by which terms for 500 years are vested in trustees merely for the purpose of securing a widow's jointure and raising certain sums for the children of the settler. All these things are profitable to no one but the legal profession, and they render a registry of deeds impossible, for it cannot exist without unity and simplicity of titles.

"This was clearly shown in the Committee of the House of Commons on Registration and Land Transfer, of which I was a member in the last Parliament. That committee decided against registration of title and in favour of the registration of deeds. A very able Scotch lawyer, Mr. Brodie, of the Registry Office, Edinburgh, explained the admirable system of registration of deeds which exists

in Scotland. For cheapness, simplicity, and usefulness it cannot be surpassed. But Mr. Brodie's evidence shows that it could not exist without the unity and simplicity of Scotch titles. The distinction between the legal and equitable estates, trusts, equities of redemption, and all the complications above referred to, render it impossible here without a thorough reform."

Hoet's Corner.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

LONG years ago, in an Italian town,
 Our Saviour's picture hung there in a church.—
 It was a picture by a master's hand;
 The greatest work of one who ranked for great.
 The world's Creator had been painted there,
 As when he lay a babe within the cave;
 Kings offered frankincense, and myrrh, and gold,
 And in the outer air their star was seen,
 The King of Kings appeared a wondrous child;
 A light unearthly shone there through his face,
 His ears seemed lent to choirs from earth removed,
 In depth all mysteries his eyes contained,
 The shrine was rich with offerings and gifts,
 Treasures increased while ages passed away;
 But, all beyond, this picture priceless seemed.
 From foreign lands the rich and noble came,
 To worship genius, in that work, and art.
 More humble worshippers the country round
 Sent daily up to worship God; and there
 Was found as well the picture's devotee—
 A peasant man of poor and lowly mien,
 One all unskilled in genius or in art,
 But most devout to that unfathomed face.
 There as he knelt and prayed his eyes overflowed,
 And the proud stranger, wond'ring or amused,
 Would pause to mark th'unheeding worshipper.
 But in his heart the peasant pleaded thus:
 "O God, my God! 'tis not presumption, no,
 'Tis not presumption vaunts in Thy dread face
 The features of my child, if there they be,
 E'en as the painter painted them, while yet
 My child was with me, and I owned no grave.
 But if in all Thy works most beautiful,
 Thee do we see, and so to love Thee learn.
 In that Thy work to me most beautiful,
 My little child, I learned to love Thee best.
 And here through him, still do I love Thee best,
 And bear my load submissive to Thy will."
 Thus prayed the peasant, coming day by day,
 Before the picture, where art's cunning hand
 That took his child for model had engraved
 The infinite, revealed in those sweet traits.
 And so the years went by, and so the man
 (Grew old and bowed, and waited for his death,
 And loving more the picture every year.
 But then there came a day when the whole land
 Was filled with soldiers and the din of war.
 The towns were pillaged and the churches stripped,
 The priceless works of art were carried off,
 To grace rich palaces beyond the Alps,
 In Paris made a while earth's capital.
 This picture too was stolen, and in the Louvre,
 Set up a wonder to the wond'ring world.
 How fare! the countryman? A second time,
 It seemed, his child had died; a second time,
 Heav'n's minister had left his side. No more
 Through love and beauty communed he with God.
 The earth grew dark, for Heav'n seemed further off,
 And then he said, "My time is nearly spent,
 Or if I live, or if I die, who cares?
 Nor do I care, but as it pleases God.
 I'll, therefore, journey to that foreign town,
 And see my darling ere I die once more,
 And read the lesson written on that face,
 I know not how or what—my darling's face,
 Yet not his face, but something great and good
 To lift the heart and soul above the earth,
 And bring them near to Heav'n." Thus went he forth
 On foot and slow; and as he climbed the Alps
 The snow came down and wrapped him in his shroud.
 'Twas Christmas-time; alike in death and life
 The Infant Saviour marked him as His own.

* * * * *
 But though for us no cunning hand has traced
 With traits beloved, the Saviour's gracious face,
 His face in every infant let us see
 And love our God, and reverence the child.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, a French lady, who has for some years past lived in a villa where she had earned for herself on the western side of the Mount of Olives, has gone to England to seek among the Catholic ladies for those who will join her in making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to pray at the tomb of our Saviour for the conversion of all Atheists and all sinners who have fallen away from the faith in every country. The princess, while on the Mount of Olives, lived in complete solitude, doing good among the poor of Jerusalem, and helping to send their children to school.