

The beautifully-decorated edifice was thronged with a devout congregation, mostly parents and friends of the intending communicants. Holy Mass, which began at 9.30. a.m., was celebrated by His Lordship, Bishop Grimes, assisted by the Vicar-General, the Very Rev Father Cummings; the choir rendering sweet music and hymns the while. After the Gospel His Lordship addressed the children, and in beautiful language, pictured in graphic and soul-stirring terms their happiness and privilege, their duties, resolutions, and sentiments on this happy morn.

That nothing might be left undone for the children's happiness even their temporal wants were thought of, for the good ladies of the Altar Society had a breakfast prepared in the Brothers' school. Here, after Mass and thanksgiving, the children were led, and the large tables, plentifully and temptingly furnished with all that could appease the appetite, were soon lightened of their pleasant burdens. His Lordship opened and terminated the proceedings with "grace," and during the breakfast seemed quite happy among the little ones. At three o'clock the tables were replenished, and, under the presidency of the Vicar-General and Father Bell, the children enjoyed another pleasant half-hour among the dainties. Father Cummings presented each child with a large First Communion card, as a souvenir of the happy day. He then tendered a well-deserved meed of praise to the ladies who had so devotedly and generously contributed to the children's happiness.

In the evening the church was again thronged to over-crowding to witness the impressive act of "Renovation of Baptismal vows." The eloquent words of the Bishop once more rang through the cathedral aisles, as he told in burning language of the import of this closing action of the eventful day, and raised his warning voice against the foes that those young Christian heroes, now made strong with the strength of God Himself, had to meet with, fight against, and conquer in their march through life. In speaking of the dangers of contamination by corrupt and libertine literature, His Lordship paid a tribute of grateful recognition to the morality of the local Press, whose pages might be always read without quaim of conscience by even the most religious and delicate mind. After the sermon the children, each with a lighted candle, marched in procession to the baptismal font, where the worthy Vicar-General received their sworn allegiance to the Church and Christ, and their utter renunciation of Satan with his works and pomps. The procession now wended its way to the Communion rails where the renovation was made anew, and the happy children knelt for the Benediction.

The eleven o'clock Mass was said by the Very Rev Vicar-General, who also preached a very instructive sermon. The choir, which was strengthened by Miss Rose Blaney and Miss Freda Marsden, rendered Farmer's Mass in B most effectively. During the day the churchyard presented a lively appearance from the number of persons signing the petition for presentation to both Houses of Parliament, praying for Government inspection for Catholic schools.

A W E R A.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the rough weather we had on Easter Sunday the attendance at both Masses was very good.

At the late Mass, celebrated by Rev Father O'Connor, the choir under the conductorship of Professor Higham rendered Haydn's 1st Mass in B Flat in a most efficient manner. The soloists being Mesdames Flynn and Whitaker, sopranos; Misses N. and K. Flynn, contraltos; Messrs Gilman and Bachelor, tenors; and Messrs Higham and Russell, basses.

A feature of this Mass is the "Et Incarnatus Est," the solo in which was beautifully sung by Mrs Flynn, as also was the trio by Mesdames Flynn and Whitaker and Miss Nellie Flynn. The "Crucifixus," a trio for the male voices was sung by Messrs Gilman, Russell, and Higham, who did it full justice.

As an Offertory the beautiful "Haec Dies" was rendered by the full choir, and the Hallelujah chorus from the "Messiah" terminated the morning service.

In the evening the usual Psalms were sung for Vespers, after which Very Rev Father Mulvihill delivered a very eloquent sermon, his text being, "He is risen, He is not here."

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed the sermon, the "O Salutaris" and Li any which were rendered being composed by Professor Higham. The "O Salutaris" is a beautiful composition, the first verse being a solo for the soprano, and the second verse chorus. The solo was vocalised by Mrs Whitaker in a very creditable manner. The Litany consists of solos and chorus alternately and is quite deserving of the same praise as the "O Salutaris." The solos were taken by Messrs Flynn and Whitaker and Messrs Gilman and Bachelor. Mr Higham is to be congratulated on both his compositions, and the members of the choir on their good fortune in having such a talented conductor. The "Tantum Ergo" which was sung is a duet for soprano and contralto, and was composed by the organist, Miss Flynn; it is most devotional, and was sung with great feeling by Mrs Flynn and Miss Nellie Flynn. The duties of organist were fulfilled by Miss Flynn in her usual able manner.

After Vespers the choir were invited to the Presbytery by the Very Rev Father Mulvihill, who, on behalf of the members of the choir, presented the conductor, Professor Higham, with a handsome baton, in recognition of his very valuable services. The baton is ebony mounted in silver and bears the inscription, "Presented to Professor Higham, by the members of St Joseph's choir, Hawera, Easter, 1895."

IRISH NATIONAL FEDERATION, WELLINGTON.

By the last 'Frisco mail the following letter, containing draft for £50 has been forwarded to Mr Justin M'Carthy, M.P., from the Wellington Branch of the Irish National Federation:—"Dear Sir,—We have the honour of forwarding you another draft of £50 for the Parliamentary Fund. £47 17s 9d of this amount form the net proceeds of the Hibernian Society's grand concert held here on the 18th March in commemoration of our national festival. The patriotic and unselfish action of the society in this matter is, we consider, praiseworthy, and, we are sure, will be fully appreciated by your committee.—We are, dear Sir, faithfully yours, E. Carrigan, J. Driscoll, P. M. Twomey, vice-presidents; M. Bohan, treasurer; M. F. Healy, hon. sec."

N A P O L E O N.

(New York Freeman's Journal.)

CARDINAL NEWMAN refers to Napoleon the Great as "a miracle of nature." General Wolseley, the head of the English army, gives it as his opinion that Napoleon was "the greatest of all the human works of God."

The extraordinary revival in everything Napoleonic at the present time goes far to support the utterances of these two eminent men. Literature, painting, sculpture, the drama and all the arts are enlisted in his glorification. The magazines, not only in France, but in England and America as well, are full of Napoleon. If Washington and all the heroes of the Revolution, with all the great Americans from then till now were rolled into one personality, probably no greater interest could be aroused by such a personality, even here in the United States, than this Napoleonic revival conjures up.

This Napoleonic revival certainly cannot be said to have its source in French politics. There never was a time when the Republic in France was so firmly established, and those who seem determined not to reconcile themselves to the republican form are the Bourbons on the one hand and the Socialists on the other. Besides, as we say, the enthusiasm is not confined to France or to Frenchmen.

There is no way of explaining it at all, unless the magic of the name of this wonderful personality itself will account for it.

Napoleon, from the pictures with which the popular eye is familiar, impresses the popular imagination as a mighty military captain distinctly. Such he was, indeed. He was, it may be said, the incarnation of the military genius. He burned all the books and was a law unto himself. But Napoleon was far more than a great soldier. He was the greatest statesman of his time in all the world; and his Code Napoleon, in which he reformed and simplified the laws of France, lifts him to an exalted place among the world's jurists. By faculties that may be said to be peculiar to himself, this prodigy intuitively seemed to comprehend everything that was brought before his penetrating mind.

Only a universal genius could have conceived his amazing projects; only a will superhuman in its grasp and force could have so impressed the children of men. All the world stood in awe of him. With a stroke of his hand he changed the maps of nations; and, with or without a sceptre, he appeared to all eyes crowned with a glory and robed in the majesty of an innate power that made him, undisputed, king of kings.

Great men are conscious of their greatness without conceit. Napoleon, who understood his own possibilities, could form accurate estimates of the great men who had preceded him in history, and he used to make comparisons between them and himself. But there was One—One only, in all the world present or past—with Whom he never dared to measure himself. That was He to Whom was given a Name above every name—Jesus Christ our Lord.

Napoleon's time was largely tainted with unbelief; but in that unbelief Napoleon himself never shared. Napoleon could do impious things—just as a theologian can commit a sin; but whatever may be said of some of his acts, his mind could never yield to infidelity. "I know men," he said, "and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds may see some resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, the conquerors, and the gods of other religions. The resemblance does not exist. I see in Lycurgus, Numa, Confucius and Mahomet merely legislators. I make out resemblances, weaknesses, and errors, which assimilate them to myself and humanity. But it is different with Christ. Between Him and anything of this world there is no possible term of comparison. Yes, our existence (the existence of great men) has shone with all the splendour of the crown and sovereignty. But reverses have come, the gold is effaced little by little. The rain of misfortunes and outrages with which we are deluged every day carries away the last particle. We are only lead, gentlemen, and soon we shall be but dust. Such is the destiny of great men; such is the dear destiny of the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my profound misery and the eternal reign of Christ, proclaimed, worshipped, beloved, adored, living throughout the whole universe!"