

The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy presided at the half-yearly meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association, held on Tuesday evening. The report showed that the old boys of the school were taking a very keen interest in the work of the Association, and congratulated members on the flourishing condition of the finances as shown in the balance sheet. Mention was also made of the valuable assistance rendered the Association by Mr J. Kays as chairman of the Literary and Debating Society. The election of officers for the half year resulted as follows:—President, Ven. Archdeacon Devoy (re-elected); vice-presidents, the Rev. Fathers Lewis, O'Shea, Moloney, Goggan, Messrs. J. J. Devine, M. Kennedy, J. Curran, J. O'Meara, and Dra. Grace and Mackin; hon. sec., Mr. H. McKeown (re-elected); hon. treasurer, Mr. F. McDonald (re-elected); committee, Messrs. O'Brien, Gibbs, Collins, Gamble, Guthrie, Gallagher, McKenzie, Blewman, and McGovern; auditors, Messrs. A. Nidd and Weybourne (re-elected); librarian, Mr. C. Collins.

The Slattery's commenced business here on Tuesday in the Exchange Hall. Efforts on their behalf were made to engage the Opera House, but the directors absolutely declined to have any dealing with them. I have been informed by a gentleman whose duty compelled him to attend the lectures that the audiences consist of just the class of people whom he expected to meet. I am sorry to have to say that the proportion of women to men attending is about four to one. No comment on, nor even mention of, the lectures has been made in the columns of the local papers, while among the advertisements Slattery's notice of his meetings is overshadowed by one concerning Father Cleary's pamphlets. The coldness of their reception and the fact that so far no minister of any denomination has openly taken them up have no doubt tempted Slattery to make his usual controversial challenge to the Catholic clergy of Wellington. By the way, he doesn't offer to give the clergy half of the takings for the night. As the attendance of a priest at his lectures would ensure a full house, it is not likely our local clergy are going to assist him in that way. It is worthy of note that Messrs. Whitaker Brothers' first parcel of Father Cleary's pamphlets was cleared out in record time.

The following are the marks of the successful candidates from the local convent at the Trinity College Musical Examinations in theory and practice held here in October last:—

Theory.—Senior Honours: Mary Waldegrave 65. Senior Pass: Alice McDonald 78, Annie Quinn 77, Mary Butler 76, Daisy Reilly 68, Cecilia Sullivan 61. Intermediate Honours: Mary McKenny 75, Ethel Crombie 68, Alice McDonald 60. Intermediate Pass: Muriel Waldegrave 89, Mary Monaghan 79, Constance Reilly 78, Jessamine Evatt 74, Isabel O'Galligan 67, Irene Pearce 73, Winifred Richardson 66. Junior Honours: Serena Butt 94, Annie Jenkins 88, Mabel Murray 86, Bessie Flynn 86, Lita Truman 85, Lily White 79, Theresa O'Connor 79, Eva Evans 67, Constance M. Loskey 62. Junior Pass: Michtilde Evans 96, Kate Connell 93, Ethel Falconer 92, Mary McEwen 92, Olive Blake 91, Norah Dwyer 89, Eileen Truman 88, Emily Whitaker 87, Bessie Flynn 86, Bessie Gamble 82, Hessie Whitaker 82, Eveline Collins 81, Edith Waddy 81, Annie Twohill 79, Elsie Watson 79, Marion Gaultier 79, Mary Redmond 77, Winnifred Clayden 76, Gladys Philp 67.

Practice.—Pianoforte Playing.—Senior Division: Dora Maudsley 65 (winner of Mr Begg's gold medal).

Intermediate Division: Mary Butler 68, Constance Reilly 61, Irene Pearce 64.

Junior Honours: Constance M. Loskey 81, Irene Webb 81, Junior Pass: Teresa Rowe 72.

Preparatory Division: Maud Parker 90 (especially commended), Eanie Martin 67.

Solo Singing.—Senior Division: Kate Connell 96 (winner of Mr Brookes's gold medal).

Intermediate Division: Vincent Meredith 82, Bessie Flynn 77.

## DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent)

February 19.

Rev. Mother Provincial and Rev. Mother St. Philomena, of the Sisters of the Missions, returned on Friday from their visit to Kaikoura.

The High School attached to the Monastery of the Sacred Heart, Barbadoes street, has reopened with a very satisfactory increase of pupils and boarders.

The Sisters of the Missions have been successful in passing Misses Margaret and Mary Cassidy and Katie Pichen in the recent shorthand examination and obtaining Pitman's certificates.

His Lordship the Bishop commenced a mission on Sunday at Loburn, in the northern district. During his stay contributions will be received in aid of the Cathedral building fund.

Comprised in the Third Contingent which left on Saturday for South Africa are six Catholic troopers. During the encampment at the Addington Show Grounds frequent visits were made by the Rev. Father Marnane.

The Very Rev. Father Corcoran, of Morpeth, in the Maitland diocese, and the Rev. Father MacMillan are at present guests at the episcopal residence, and celebrated the early Masses at the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday.

The departure of the Third Contingent of New Zealand Rough Riders to the seat of war in South Africa was a memorable occasion so far as Christchurch was concerned. Never in the history of the province has such an enormous crowd been seen in the city as on Saturday last, and the excitement was intense. At Hagley Park valedictory speeches were made by the Mayor, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, and the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes. His Lordship spoke as follows:—Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Soldiers of the Empire.—This grand demonstration forcibly reminds me of an event which took place long centuries ago; an event which stands out strikingly in the history of the past as that of to-day will stand out in the history of the future. A cry once arose from the far-

away East, and was borne to the several countries of Europe. It told them how that land, wherein the light of truth first shone—that land made more than venerable by the footprints of the Messiah—was about to fall into the hands of the Mussulmen, the bitterest foes of true civilisation. That cry re-echoed through castle and cot. It was heard by prince and peasant, high and low, rich and poor, by the noblest and the best in every land. But nowhere was it more enthusiastically responded to than in the British Isles, the land of the brave and the free (applause). That cry became the historical 'God wills it! God wills it!' was taken up by hosts of our forefathers. Bidding farewell to home and family and friends and country—farewell to all that is nearest and dearest on earth—they enrolled themselves beneath the standard of the cross. With 'God wills it' on their lips, courage and trust in their breasts, they were followed to the shores of Old England by anxious parents and relations, and by thousands of admiring friends and acquaintances, who, with a cordial God speed, saw them fearlessly set out to encounter countless perils on sea and on land. Many never reached the Holy City. They were doomed to leave their bones to bleach on the banks of the Mediterranean, but in sight thereof. Yet they died rejoicing that they had obeyed the call of duty. Their more fortunate companions in arms entered the battle-field, whereon they fought and bled, gladly giving up their lives for God and for right. Whatever be thought of the origin and final result of these historical wars—that civilisation is indebted to them for blessings innumerable, none can deny (applause). A few months ago a cry reached us from the distant shores of Europe. It told us how the liberty and the right of those bound to us by the ties of flesh and blood or the bonds of common brotherhood, had been trampled under foot. It told us how a threat of defiance had been hurled in the face of our Mother Country! This by a tyrannical oligarchy, the foe of all true civilisation or progress. That cry told us how the gauntlet had been thrown down by a race reckless of truth, unfaithful to the most solemn promises. A race described as one subject to alternate fits of lethargic sloth and wild animal-like courage—a race as narrow-minded, prejudiced and fanatical as it is full of craft and cunning. That cry was taken up by everyone beneath the Southern Cross. But nowhere did it find a more sympathetic response than in the hearts of our young New Zealanders. Like the Crusaders of old, it was taken up by a first, then a second, and now by a third contingent, made up of the noblest and the best in this fair land (cheers). With a 'God wills it! God wills it!' they answered in deed and in word. 'We, too, will it.' We, too, are willing, aye, eager to go to the rescue of our down-trodden brothers or kinsfolk. Is it not right and meet that we should be gathered together in our thousands to-day to bid our dear modern Crusaders a hearty God speed. Is it not right that we, in our thousands, should gather together to congratulate that noble band on the splendid lesson they are giving the whole world? Have we not reason to be proud and grateful to witness an outburst of loyalty and patriotism which receives its culmination in the 'send-off' of this day? I repeat, an outburst, not merely spasmodic or sentimental, but an enduring outburst of practical loyal patriotism unparalleled in the annals of any nation, ancient or modern! For, where or when before, was so cheering a sight displayed as that of every colony, even the remotest, rallying round their Sovereign and Mother Country in the hour of her own or her children's distress? Others may marvel thereat. For us there is no room for surprise. From the descendants of a noble race we look for deeds worthy of their noble sires. Ye men of this Canterbury Contingent like those who have gone before you—you, too, are worthy sons of a valiant race. You will be worthy of their name and their fame. Whatever be the accident of your birth—be it Briton, or Saxon, or Celt—does not British blood flow in your veins? Are you not ready to shed that blood for your Queen and Mother Country, whence you directly and indirectly receive it? (Cheers.) We feel that with men like you the honour of our common country and of our Queen is in safe keeping. Brave-hearted New Zealand Rough Riders, we envy you your solemn sacred charge. Compelled by circumstances beyond our control to remain behind, we will accompany you in spirit, in heart, and desire. Our ardent aspirations and most fervent prayers will follow you, too (Applause.) Before concluding I would crave your indulgence to utter a word of warning. It would seem that grave mistakes have been made; others no less grave may recur. You may have reason to deplore fresh reverses or appalling disasters, but never harbour or encourage a spirit of criticism against legitimate authority. Blind obedience is a soldier's duty, the sole pledge and assurance of success. No matter the present or the future reverses, British valour must ultimately triumph and be victorious. Never be downcast or disheartened. To lose courage or be dismayed is neither British nor brave. The memory of your deeds, together with that of this day, will long be enshrined in our hearts. They will be handed down to posterity and be treasured by those who come after us. Brave men and true, go forth to defend the outraged rights of your own kith and kin. Go forth, strong in the strength of your calling, and may the God of armies guard, guide and defend you. May He make you victorious and bring you back safe to the homes and hearts of those who, with the deepest, holiest emotion, bid you God speed. Farewell, once more, with mingled feelings of admiration, trustful anxiety. Farewell! or rather *ans adieu; mais au revoir!* (Cheers.)

(Diocesan News continued on page 30.)

*Lyttelton Times* says:—"Gawne and Co., the manufacturers, of George street, Dunedin, send us a sample of their Worcestershire Sauce, made like Lea and Perrin's—'from the receipt of a country nobleman,' who must have been a fastidious feeder, and Gawne and Co. must have got the same receipt, as their sauce is indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's. People who like a relish with their meats—and what man does not—should be grateful to that anonymous country nobleman for spending his time in experimenting to such good purpose.—"