

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF OTAGO.

ANNUAL GATHERING,

JANUARY 1 and 2, 1903,
SOCIETY'S GROUNDS, KENSINGTON.
£475 GIVEN IN PRIZES.

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|--|-----|-----|-----|------|----|---|
| Running and Walking | ... | ... | ... | £195 | 0 | 0 |
| Bagpipe Music | ... | ... | ... | 19 | 10 | 0 |
| Dancing | ... | ... | ... | 47 | 10 | 0 |
| Wrestling | ... | ... | ... | 75 | 0 | 0 |
| Cycling | ... | ... | ... | 75 | 0 | 0 |
| Hammer, Caber, and Ball | ... | ... | ... | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Vaulting with Pole | ... | ... | ... | 14 | 0 | 0 |
| Wood-chopping Competition (second day) | ... | ... | ... | 22 | 0 | 0 |
| Quitting | ... | ... | ... | 8 | 10 | 0 |

FOR DETAILS SEE PROGRAMME.

Entries for Running and Walking Close at the Society's Office 27 Rattray street, at 8 p.m., on SATURDAY, 13th December; Cycling, on FRIDAY, 26th December, at 5 p.m.; for all other events on FRIDAY, 26th December, at 8 p.m.

Entry Money for Dunedin and Caledonian Handicaps, 3s 6d each distance; all events with prize-money exceeding £6 for first prize, 3s 6d; Wrestling, 3s 6d; for all other events, 2s 6d; Youths' Races 1s.

Programmes can be obtained from the directors, or at the Society's Office, 27 Rattray street.

Side Shows of every description will be on the ground, and all the fun of a Scottish Fair.

WILLIAM REID, Secretary,
27 Rattray street.

MARRIAGE.

LANDER-KAVANAGH.—On November 27, at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, by Rev. Father Tymon, John, third son of Thomas Lander of Charleston, to Miss Bride, eldest daughter of the late Edward Kavanagh, of Christchurch, and niece of Roger Mulrooney, of Palmerston North.



'To promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.'
LEO XIII. to the N.Z. TABLET.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1902.

THE GRANDEST OLD MAN.

HIGH winds blow in high places. It is the misfortune—sometimes the privilege—of those in exalted station to be buffeted from one or other or every point of the compass. The august Prisoner of the Vatican has had his share of all this. But in one respect he may be said, of all living notabilities, to stand alone: in the number of times that he has been killed 'fatally dead' by the pens of rhapsodist journalists, his grave neatly dug, and his successor appointed (sometimes by himself!) to preside for a time over the destinies of the Universal Church. Time and again has the slattern, slipshod, garrulous old dame Rumor placed the death-rattle in his throat or announced his heart stilled for ever. The lead in this papicide enterprise is taken by a newspaper in Vienna and another in London that are much addicted to the discovery or creation of sensational news to tickle the appetites of their readers. But the Pope serenely refuses to die; and it is generally discovered that, at the moment when he is declared to be safely and properly dead, he is found to be, so to speak, voluminously alive and engaged in receiving pilgrims, or in active and eager conference with members of his Curia on the affairs of the Universal Church.

LEO XIII. has touched the patriarchal age of 63, and the jubilee year of his long and brilliant pontificate. In the ordinary course of human things, his span of life must be short. But age does not always count by the number of years that a man has breathed atmospheric air. There is

a great deal in the saying of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES that it is better to be 70 years young than to be 40 years old. BERANGER had all the ills of old age at 50. BYRON died old before he had reached the mathematical period known as the middle of life. SWIFT (as he himself had anticipated) withered at the top at a time when many other men are in the full enjoyment of their mental and bodily faculties. Lord BROUGHAM became decrepid at a comparatively early age, and his once brilliant light went out like the flame of a smoky tallow candle. But age is not all decay. Some writer has said of it that, while it shakes Athena's tower, it spares grey Marathon. GLADSTONE's age, for instance, after 80 years had passed over him, was still 'a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.' The years have robbed LEO's limbs of the hardy, mountaineer suppleness that he brought as an inheritance from his native Volscian hills; but his towering mind is still wonderfully alert and vigorous and young.

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We saw the Grand Old Man of the Vatican only a few weeks before these lines meet the eyes of our readers. It was on the occasion of the recent Irish pilgrimage to the holy places of the Eternal City. It was eighteen years since, in our student days, we had last seen and conversed with the great old Pontiff. SHELLEY speaks despairingly of the havoc that the burden of years works in the body, the mind, and the finer feelings of the old. At any rate, at 93, one is not generally surprised to find the body that of a rather well-preserved mummy, the intellectual faculties partially chloroformed, the heart shrivelled. But with LEO XIII. it is not so. His once erect and active frame is bent; he carries a staff; and his step, though still wonderfully active for a man of his years, has naturally lost the easy springiness that we admired in it in the days when he still was 'seventy years young.' In some respects time has dealt gently with the aged Pontiff. In the venerable face there is still the strange transparent whiteness of old—curiously suggestive of the delicate diaphanous Irish ware known as Belleek porcelain—and the path of the grey-blue veins is well-marked and clear on cheek and temple and on his thin and bony hands. But in two decades the aged face has not greatly changed. The wrinkles have spared it more than the added years would warrant, and the brown eyes have still the quick, keen glance that first met ours two-and-twenty years ago. And they are eyes that appear to look into your inmost soul, and beam with a tenderer light than in the days of his greater vigor.

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A correspondent has, in our columns, described the singing voice of Pope LEO as one of the things that creates unbounded surprise in the mind of the hearer. And so it is. The Pontiff's voice is full, powerful, and resonant to quite an astonishing degree, when one considers the number of years that have had each its rasp-stroke at the lungs and vocal cords of the venerable old man. We remarked a certain tremor in it that was new to us, who had seen him and heard him at both public and private audiences many a time and oft between 1880 and 1884. But there appeared to be no sensible diminution of its old vibrant strength and penetrant, yet mellow, quality. With all his tall pyramid of years, LEO XIII. is still a busy man. He is never weary of audiences, ever interested in every detail of the work of the various Congregations that compose his Curia, getting to the root of every question, ever interested in and keeping abreast of the great social and political movements of the day, and, in the intervals that younger and stronger men would devote to rest, inditing sweet poems in the old tongue of Latium, of which he is so consummate a master, or composing the encyclicals that come so frequently from his pen. LEO stands far on the outer verge of life, but nothing that is human is foreign to the mind and sympathies of the Pope of the rosary, the Pope of the laborer and the poor, the Pope-arbiter, the Pope of peace and good will among men, the Pope who wrote with such loving affection to the children who are not of his fold. Such a ruler among men is never decrepid—he is ever and ever a living force. BUYLE O'REILLY couches this idea in happy phrase in one of his poems:—

Who waits and sympathises with the pettiest life,
And loves all things, and reaches up to God
With thanks and blessing—he alone is living.

RIDE "ANGLO SPECIAL" CYCLES.