

was appointed for his feast. Saint Stanislaus, pray for us.

Prayer to be Said Often.

May my soul die the death of the just and may my last end be like unto theirs.

Hymn.

Oh! who will give me wings,
Wings like a dove,
To fly beyond earth's bounds
To those blest regions, where shall cease
All storm and stress, and where increase
Of joy abounds,

And endless peace?

O! who will give me wings?

Oh! who will give me wings,
Wings like a dove,
That I may swiftly fly
From night and death to life and day,
To bliss that passeth not away?
Sweetly to die,

And rest for aye?

Oh! who will give me wings?

—M. J. WATSON, S.J.

FOR THE FALLEN IN THE WAR

A Solemn Requiem Mass (writes our Wanganui correspondent) was celebrated on Thursday in St. Mary's Church for the repose of the souls of those who have fallen during the war, especially William Griffiths, John O'Keefe, Ernest Murphy, Owen Roberts, and Harry Broome, of the Wanganui district. There was a crowded congregation, including many of other religious persuasions. The Very Rev. Dean Holley was celebrant, Rev. Father Vibaud deacon, and Rev. Father Ginisty subdeacon. The male members of the choir sang Gregorian music appropriate to the occasion, and the whole congregation stood while Mr. Kearsley, the organist, played the 'Dead March' from 'Saul' in memory of the fallen.

Addressing the congregation, the Very Rev. Dean Holley expressed the sympathy all felt with the parents, relatives, and friends of the fallen, and admiration at the heroism of our troops. The solemn occasion reminded us of the duties we owed at the present time, duties of patriotism and endurance. Patriotism, always a sacred thing, was a positive law for the Christian. It consisted in the sinking and sacrificing of all personal interests for the one great interest—the service of the State. The mystery of the suffering that was necessarily involved in this was hidden from us, as was also that of the Divine Providence in allowing the war to take place. War for the sole purpose of war was a sinful thing, and was only justified when it became the necessary means of securing the inestimable blessings of peace with honor. Out of the evil of war, however, much good has followed, and this was shown by the evidence all around us of people in their distress turning to Almighty God, even those who had been long unaccustomed to prayer. The war also possibly brought home to us that we had a great deal to atone for, through neglect of God and the duties of religion, non-observance and desecration of Sunday, neglect of spiritual things, disregard of the laws of marriage and of modesty, infringement of nature's laws, and many other sins. We could in truth, even as a nation, say we had been guilty of much that called for atonement, but we had an efficacious means of atonement. It was our duty to thank all those who, in the spirit of patriotism, were offering themselves to defend us in this crisis. Going, as they were, to defend others who, by reason of position, calling, class, or sex were unable to bear an active part in maintaining the unity of the Empire these men were in a sense, the saviours of their people. Our duty, then, was to pray for the fallen, to pray for those fighting, and to pray for the 17,000 men who had gone from New Zealand, and also for the many more who were making ready for the fight for the success of our arms, and for the eternal welfare of their souls.

GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

THE PLEASURES OF GARDENING.

A beautiful, well-stocked garden has a most elevating influence on the mind. All—rich and poor, learned and unlearned—admire and appreciate nature's gifts to man in the collection and variety of the many flowers and plants, which are placed at his disposal for the beautifying of his home. Every encouragement should be given to the poor man to imitate his rich neighbor in this direction. If the poor man is trained to love and admire the beauties of nature, he will have as much pleasure in his well-stocked little section as the rich man will have in his acres. In fact, the poor man has a better opportunity of enjoying his little plot, as he has the pleasure of doing his own work, and can take all the credit for his handiwork. The rich man can pay for his work, and therefore cannot take any credit for his labor. Man from the earliest ages has taken an interest in flowers; for nature has distributed them all over the universe. Even the savage adorns his brow with flowers and foliage from his native forest, and, as he progresses in civilisation, his admiration of the beauties of his surroundings increases. Flowers must have been created solely for man's pleasure, as no other being is capable of enjoying and admiring their beauties. Even the child in its mother's arms is capable of admiring the beauties of a flower, and will make an attempt to possess it. A man who is a student of nature gets unlimited pleasure in the study of, and in observing the habits of cultivated and wild flowers.

There is a language in flowers. Our pious forefathers used to associate their favorite flower with their every-day life, dedicating it to their patron saint or other favorite person. Thus the crocus was dedicated to St. Valentine, as it usually flowered about the middle of February. A species of daisy flowers about the time of the Feast of St. Margaret. In France it is called la Marguerite. The crown imperial (a species of fritillaria) flowers about the date of the Feast of St. Edward, King of the West Saxons. A flower named cardamine, on account of the whiteness of its bloom, is called our Lady's flower, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The scarlet lychnis, a flower with a long stem, called the candlestick flower, was supposed to be lighted for St. John the Baptist. The white lily expands about the time of the Annunciation, and, being a pure white flower, is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. St. Joseph is represented often with this flower; it is also called St. Joseph's lily. Here in New Zealand it is called Christmas lily, as it blooms about the end of December. The passion flower is supposed to be in bloom on May 3 (the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross). Our forefathers saw in the formation of the leaf, in the anthers and sepals of the flowers, emblems of the Crucifixion of our Lord. Then there are our Lady's slipper (cypripedium) and the marigold (a crown of gold, hence the name). Then, again, we have the foxglove, popularly named our Lady's fingers. There are numbers of other flowers with legends, but this is sufficient to show how our forefathers interwove the names of the pure white flowers with the life of our Lady. White flowers also represent joy and happiness, and sometimes grief and sorrow. We give the happy bride a white bouquet, and a wreath of orange blossoms on her marriage day, and then, when death and mourning take possession of the once joyous and happy home, we cover the coffin of the dead one with wreaths and crosses of white flowers. Again, we plant the graves with pure white flowers as a tribute to the loved one, who sleeps there.

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