

The professor of literature stood in the front of the room and gazed calmly and benignly round. He cleared his throat two or three times. The students fidgeted in their seats.

'My young friends,' he began, 'I have listened with interest to the reading of your excellent compositions. From among them I have chosen one that to me seems fullest of meaning and strongest and best in literary style. The words are simple, practical, and well chosen—words that fully and forcibly express the thought of the writer. Above all, this composition in its sincerity has made, I am sure, a strong appeal to the heart of everyone who has heard it. It gives me the greatest pleasure to present the medal to Miss Sarah Jane Folsom, who wrote "Mother."'

Sarah's face paled and she grasped the seat for support. Suddenly the color came back into her cheeks and her lips parted in a glad smile. As if in a dream she walked to the front of the room, where the famous professor of literature pinned the gold medal to her blouse. When she came back to her seat she saw Tom looking at her proudly. Tom was proud of her!

Sarah never knew how she reached home. Like a whirlwind she rushed up to her mother's room, threw herself on her knees by the chair in which her mother was sitting, and pinned the medal to her waist.

'Congratulations, mother dear!' she cried. 'See what you have won!'

'Why, Sarah! What do you mean?'

Sarah's words fairly tumbled over each other as she told her mother about the composition she had written.

'Don't you see,' she said, 'that I never, never could have written that composition and won that medal if it hadn't been for you? When I was trying to think of a great person to write about, I suddenly thought, "Who can be greater than my own mother? Think of all she does for us and everyone!" I couldn't write fast enough to get down all I knew. I tell you what, it's one thing to read about great people in books, but it's quite another thing to live right in the house with one, and to love her and have her love you.'

A FRIEND OF IRELAND

'Apropos of Scotch-Irishmen,' writes a correspondent of the *Sacred Heart Review*, 'you have said more than once that "there ain't no sich animal," and I agree with you in the sense the hyphenated word is ordinarily used. But there was one Scotchman who came to Ireland, and who became more Irish than the Irish. This was Mr. Drummond, Under-Secretary for Ireland from 1835 to 1840. It would have been fortunate for Ireland, and England, too, if all the officials which the step-sister nation (I say this rather than "mother country") sent to Ireland had been like Drummond. He reversed the practice of his predecessors, and showed an example that few of his successors followed. He gave fair play to Catholics (then a timid and oppressed people), curbed the intolerance of bigots, and told the landlords that "property had its duties as well as its rights"—a piece of information, by the way, that some trade-lords of our own country do not yet seem to have added to their stock of ideas. He did many things for the betterment of Ireland that I cannot enumerate here, and just before he died in 1840 after a short illness he said: "I wish to be buried in Ireland, the country of my adoption, a country which I love, which I have faithfully served, and for which I believe I have sacrificed my life." Doesn't he deserve to be called a real Scotch-Irishman?'

Our friend (who has Scotch as well as Irish blood in his veins) deserves that we agree with him (remarks the *Review*). He might have added that the Irish (than whom, as Sir John Davies asserted three centuries ago, 'no people under the sun love equal and indifferent justice better than they do') appreciated the straightforward dealing of Drummond. We are told that the Irish peasant, so long accustomed to seeing an enemy at Dublin Castle, regarded him with something like

affectionate awe. His sculptured figure stands in the Dublin City Hall, with those of Lucas and Grattan and O'Connell. 'And surely it would have been well for the good name of England,' says D'Alton, the historian, using almost the same words as our correspondent, 'had she sent across the Channel many other administrators like this great and just man, who was once a blessing to Ireland and a glory and an honor to his own beloved Scotland.'

CATHOLIC FEDERATION

WELLINGTON DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The monthly meeting of the executive committee was held at St. Patrick's Hall, Boulcott street, on Wednesday, February 16. Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., presided, and the following members were present:—Major Halpin, Messrs. J. Duggan, B. Ellis, R. Sievers, J. A. Corry, A. Cassie, and the secretary (Mr. W. F. Johnson). An apology was received from Mr. M. Walsh. The general secretary forwarded a letter received from the Blenheim branch, asking for a visit of the organiser to that district. It was resolved that, as the whole question of organising is under consideration by the Dominion Council, the matter be held over until its decision is known. The secretary reported that the whole of the business of the diocesan council had been finished, and the reports had been sent out direct from the printing office to the branches. The treasurer (Mr. Ellis) reported that the receipts for the month of January from all sources were £48, and that the credit balance at the bank was satisfactory. Messrs. Duggan and Sievers reported that the Women's Hostel had amply justified its existence. During the holidays its accommodation had been taxed to the utmost, and the number of permanent boarders was very satisfactory. The finances of the board were in a sound condition. The most urgent need at the present time was that of a piano, and with the object of raising a special fund for the purchase of a suitable one it had been decided to hold a series of entertainments, the first taking the form of a euchre party, to be held in the first week of March. Mr. Cassie gave notice of motion as follows—'That steps be taken to arrange for the billeting and entertaining of delegates to the annual meeting of the diocesan council.'

Hokitika.

(From our own correspondent.)

February 12.

Another of our old pioneers in the person of Mr. James Lynch, died in the Westland Hospital on February 5, after a very short illness. The deceased, who was 73 years of age, was very well known all over the district. Messrs. M. Lynch (Greymouth), and James Lynch (Christchurch) are sons of the deceased, and Mrs. T. Crowe (Nelson), Mrs. Condrick (Korirua), and Miss M. Lynch are daughters.—R.I.P.

The death of an old and esteemed resident of Rimu, Mrs. Margaret Stephens, took place on February 9, at the Westland Hospital. The deceased, who was 80 years of age, leaves one daughter (Mrs E. W. Duffey, of Feilding) and four sons (Messrs. Thomas, William, and Herbert, of Rimu, and John, who resides at Denniston). Her husband pre-deceased her fourteen years ago. The deceased was a native of County Kerry, and came out to the Dominion in the early days.—R.I.P.

The death of a member of the congregation, in the person of Mr. Edward Cooper, took place on February 9. The late Mr. Cooper was a native of England, and was an old resident of Hokitika.—R.I.P.

At the by-election to fill a vacancy in the Borough Council, Mr. S. W. Richardson, a member of St. Mary's Club, was elected to the position.

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