

inmost heart of his country. He was a patriot-priest, that richest gift of God to the fatherland. Father McMenamín looked upon his fatherland through the eyes of a priest—I will say through the eyes of a Catholic,—and his heart became enraptured with the beauty of high and exalted patriotism. He found no inharmonious jarring between the blending voices of his little country and the great universal Church that were ever calling him. The tender cords that bound his heart to God entwined themselves around his mother earth, on whose rich bosom his body grew; the ears that were so swift to hear the whispering voice of religion were attuned to catch the music that so grandly surges on his native shore; the arms that so often stretched themselves up to God in supplication for himself and you were fondly lifted to these hills that clustered round his birth; and his one undivided, indivisible soul was ever a faithful sentinel of religion and patriotism, offspring of one and the same God. Patriotism is no mere political sentiment; it is part of the divine virtue of charity, which clearly defines the rule of loving—first our God, next our fatherland, and then our family. Beholding in the varied beauty of his native land as it were the fringe of the garment of God, that must be touched only in love if virtue is to flow from it, Father McMenamín was inspired himself, and labored to inspire those under his charge with high ideals of patriotism, and because of this he merited the grace of laying down his life while performing towards one of his boys a most sacred duty of his high and holy calling.

Will these boys ever forget him? Will the people of this country ever forget him? Will you, his devoted flock, ever forget him? No, unless all alike become belepered with slime of foul ingratitude. Lift up, then, your hearts in prayer for him to-day, and every day of your lives. He may still need those prayers. His dignity and his opportunities were great, but his responsibilities were tremendous too, even the angels veil their faces before the great High Priest. But, I beg of you, be ever careful to remember this: Your best prayer to God for him will be the leading of the holy lives to which he exhorted you by his words and his example. Without this all else is vain. Show your love for him "not in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth." And you, working men of Petone, whom he held so faithfully in his heart, walk in his footsteps, consecrate yourselves to Christ in the measure of your opportunities as he did in the measure of His. Bondage to Christ will not increase your servitude, but make you free men indeed. The music of the world is the heavy sound of footsore men; but that which breathes its spirit through religion has its inspiration from the Holy Grail whose quest gives solace to the clean of heart.

We have come, thank God, to the end of sixteenth century civilisation, and we see the poison of its chief fruit in its artificial division of men, putting the idle rich on one side, and over against these the toiling masses of the poor whose sweat and tears preserve the smiling beauty of the land. Too long has that civilisation lasted; too long that fictitious, false division. We rejoice to see their death throes; and in the dawning of a better hope we recall your gaze to the Holy Catholic Church which has set the Workman of Nazareth upon its altars, and has consecrated for the toilers the charter of his freedom.

Hold fast by Holy Church if you would hold fast by freedom; love her Holy Mass; refresh your souls in her life-giving Sacraments; and be swift to hear the exalted doctrines of which she is the herald, and which will lead you at the end of toil to rest and refreshment within the eternal gates.

It was a grand inspiration to vow a church in memory of your beloved pastor. Let its graceful proportions bear faithful relation to his worth and valor; and let men of every social grade unite in a common effort to thus keep green the memory of a great gift from God—a patriot-priest. Eternal rest grant unto him O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him, and may he rest in peace.

There was a crowded congregation, who listened with rapt attention to Dean Power's discourse. Mrs. McMenamín, mother; William McMenamín, brother (Feilding); Mrs. Dunphy (Ashhurst), Mrs. Dunne (Paraparaumu), sisters, occupied front seats in the church. The representative gathering of priests and people who filled the church was a clear proof that the memory of Father McMenamín's noble life and heroic death is still green in their minds. Father McMenamín will long be remembered also by thousands of New Zealand's sons and daughters who have suffered by the war. Many a mother will bless his memory for his kindnesses to her boy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MATTY.—We will be glad to hear from you after the war. At present we have no room for short stories.

CITIZEN OF CHRISTCHURCH.—We will publish letter later on.

J. O. T. (Napier).—We appreciate your paper, but at present we have not space for it.

SINN FEIN LECTURE.—As we have already published a long lecture on the subject we regret that we cannot find room for yours.

L. McG. (Auckland).—Letter very interesting. We would like to know if the *Observer* published it.

E. L. (Otago University).—(1) We recommend Dineen's Dictionaries and Henry's Irish Grammar; (2) The Irish equivalent is Eoghan; (3) pronounced as if written "eeown."

INQUIRER.—(1) We do not know how Kitchener voted; (2) Queen Ena was not a novice; (3) We have no knowledge of any book on the subject.

M. A. R.—Sinn Fein is pronounced "Shin Fayne."

Would the Napier correspondent who is interested in St. John of the Cross please send her address, as it has been mislaid.

DESOLATA

She came with daring foot from out green roads,
And passing fleetly drew the eyes of men,
Within her arms a fragrant torch of broom
Leapt to a living flame, a golden fire.
And as she passed one murmured "She is rich,
Her gold is brighter than the kowhai's keel"
Another whispered softly "She draws love
Fiercer than rata buds or wild gorse flame."
And all agreed her heart must bloom in joy
And riot like the blossoms at her breast,
But she, she read their thought and stepping proud
She reared her small head higher than
Wild autumn petals blown along the wind,
Yet knew the one thing sought her was denied
And she must walk alone through all the years.

E.D.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Correspondence should be addressed "To the Editor." Many delays have occurred through correspondents addressing their communications to the editor personally.

It is still necessary to point out that the editor accepts no responsibility for business communications addressed to him. He has nothing to do with the management.

LADIES!

A new style of dressing the hair is quite in order, but the purchase of a delicious appetiser, like MILITARY PICKLE is sound judgment. Sold by all grocers. Buy it now.