

corn is stacked already, and then it is so dry! What a wonderful stillness there is among the hills in September! . . . Dublin ought to be pretty hot now, with the asphalt soft and springy under one's feet. I miss the National Library a good bit, but one can't have everything. And here I have my own people, and the sun, and the birds, and such landscape-pictures every day as make little of the best of painting."

"Thank God for the Sunbeams"

Father Matt published the above letter in the *Irish Monthly*, and another Ulster poet, "Magdalen Rock," wrote the following verses after reading it:

Thank God for the happy sunbeams
Yellowing glen and brae,
Thank God for the light and sweetness
Of the September day,
When yet your eyes had vision
On earth God's things to view,
Although in dreams Elysian
Your spirit heav'nward flew.
Thank God for the heart He gave you,
Tender and pure and bold,
For the sufferings that cleansed it
As fire does rough, red gold.
Thank God your words can reach us,
Though years away have flown,
Brave lessons still to teach us,
White Rose of green Tyrone.

Katharine Tynan's Tribute

Dora Sigerson, who went to join Rose in Heaven the other day, and Katharine Tynan, now Mrs. Hinkson, were dear friends of Rose Kavanagh in the old days in Dublin when all three were learning to write beautiful verses. Here is a pen-picture in which Katharine puts Rose before our eyes in all the winsome charm of her personality: "She always looked far stronger than her state warranted—tall and handsome, with a dear fresh Irish beauty that delighted one. It was the most honest face in the world, with brave grey eyes, and a country brownness over the clear tints, as if it loved the sun and the breezes. I used to call her the White Rose. I remember that her fine forehead was white under the beautiful brown hair that rippled off it nobly. There was scarcely ever a face and form that expressed more truly the fair soul within. Once an old peasant in the street with a registered letter to post and very uncertain of ways and means, and very distrustful of city folk, caught her by the arm as she passed the portico of the Post Office. 'You've got a good face,' he said, 'and maybe you'll tell me what to do with this.' An instinctive judgment which it was not difficult to make in her case. With her indeed it was—

'A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face.'

Her Poems

Of her poems Yeats says: "Rose Kavanagh has left but a little bundle of songs and stories: the mere May blossoming of a young inspiration whose great promise was robbed of its fulfilment by an early death. Readers of future Irish anthologies of Irish verse will know the name of Kavanagh from 'Lough Bray,' and 'Saint Michan's Churchyard,' but they will not know the merry genial personality that produced them. . . . In 'The Northern Blackwater' Miss Kavanagh seems to me to have reached a delicacy of thought that reminds one of Kipling at his best. The last verse begins finely with—

'Once in the May-time your carols so sweet
Found out my heart in the midst of the street'

and ends with a note of that tender sadness so very near to all that she has written. Was it the shadow

of the tomb? . . . Her poems are full of most delicate expressions and tender music. . . . I often found myself repeating these lines from her 'Lough Bray'—

'The amber ripples sang all day,
'And singing spilled their crowns of white
Upon the beach, in thin, pale spray
That streaked the sober sand with light.'

"To Anne"

We close this notice of Rose Kavanagh with a few stanzas of a poem addressed to her sister in New Zealand, and with our thanks to that sister for sending us the little book which recalled to our memory one of the fairest and best of the daughters of our mother, Erin—

In the white waves of moonlight thy footsteps I trace,
In the green breezy broom know thy sweet subtle grace;
Every flower in the bud and each leaf on the tree
Blows and glows with a glory they have borrowed from thee—

Every tassel of dew on the roses I tend—
Every fair hope and blessing high heaven doth send—
Every triumph of right over might, over wrong,
Wears the charm of thy smile—takes the ring of thy song.

As of old thou canst mould all my life—not its part—
As I sleep with my face to the land where thou art;
And my hot heart leaps up from its dreaming to seek,
But in vain, for the touch of thy soft vanished cheek.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

In accordance with the Motu Proprio of his Holiness the Pope Masses were celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Saturday (Feast of SS. Peter and Paul) at 6.30, 7, and 8 o'clock, for the speedy return of charity and concord among the warring nations. There were large congregations on each occasion, and very many approached the Holy Table.

The ladies' hockey match, University v. St. Joseph's, played last Saturday, was won by St. Joseph's by 4 goals to nil. The ground was heavy, and marred what otherwise would have been a very interesting game. No score had been registered at half-time, but during the second spell St. Joseph's asserted themselves. Goals were scored by Misses J. Murray (2) and A. Holt (2).

The Christian Brothers' School teams were victorious in practically every match on last Saturday. The A Grade team won by default from Normal. In the B Grade the Greens drew with High Street. F. Cotter and P. Trail each scored a goal. In the C Grade the Greens' C team defeated Mornington A by 5 goals to nil. The scorers were: D. Sullivan (3), L. Roughan (1), and F. Toomey (1). The Greens' D team held a picnic at the expense of High Street C, scoring 14 goals to nil. The goal-kickers were: B. Roughan (4), M. Wakelin (3), C. Wynne (3), J. Arnold (2), and C. Woodhouse (1). The E team defeated Normal B by 2 goals to nil. C. Hanrahan scored both goals.

At the Oval on last Saturday, in the Association football match, Christian Brothers managed to give the leading team, Southern, a fright. With a less capable goalkeeper than Scott to push the ball round the upright on one occasion in the second spell the score might very well have been 3 all instead of 3-2 in favor of Southern. Mr. McCallum was referee. The ground was very slippery, and consistent play was out of the question. The scoring was confined to the first spell, and the five goals were distributed over only two men, Mason getting three for Southern and Roughan two for Christian Brothers. Christian Brothers were the aggressors in the second half, and at one stage forced six corners in succession. They, however, failed to find the net, the game ending—Southern 3 goals, Christian Brothers 2 goals.