

Miss Mary Lee, in religion Sister M. Jarlath (lay Sister) The Very Rev. James Coffey, Administrator of the Diocese, officiated, the Very Rev. James Liston, Rector of Holy Cross College, being assistant priest. Fathers Morkane, Kavanagh, and Foley were also present. The ceremony was a private one, the only visitors, beyond the assisting clergy, being the Rev. Brothers Higgins and Fanning.

#### MUSICAL SUCCESSES.

The following candidates were successful in the annual practical examinations of the Associated Board held by Mr. Howard Hadley at St. Dominic's Priory on December 4:—Licentiates, 3; performer's diploma (piano), 1; performer's diploma (singing), 2. Local centre: Advanced grade—Honors, 1; passes (piano 1, violin 1), 2. Intermediate grade—Honors, 1; pass, 1. School Examinations: Higher division, 1; lower division, 1; elementary, 3; primary, 4.

The following are the results of the practical examinations in connection with Trinity College of Music, London, held last month at St. Dominic's Priory:—Licentiate (complete, singing), 1; associates, (practical work only, piano), 3; senior honors, 3; senior passes, 3; intermediate—honors 1, pass 1; junior—honors 1, passes 2; preparatory—honors 2, pass 1; first steps—pass 1.

#### THE LITTLE PRINCE'S PRAYER

As the little prince was being undressed for bed he was quiet and thoughtful. He knew that it was Christmas Eve, the night of nights in the year. Still, his heart was not so very light as he hung up his stocking beside the chimney, where Santa Claus would surely see it.

He was a sweet-natured little boy. His governess often looked at him with a feeling of sadness at the thought that when he was grown up he would doubtless be like his ancestors. Already he was being trained in the role he would be expected to play. In his evening prayer his innocent lips had called down the anger of High Heaven on the enemies of his country, whose names he scarcely knew. At all times he was being taught to be a soldier. He wore a uniform that would almost fit a doll, and he was the head of a regiment. All these things would surely leave their impress upon him.

As he was being tucked in his little white bed he said—

"Will Santa Claus come this year just the same as he used to? Are you sure he will come to-night, nurse?"

"Yes," replied the governess, "he will come if you go to sleep. He doesn't like to have anybody see him."

"I'll go to sleep right away, then."

As he spoke he shut his eyes tight, and his nurse stole quietly out of the room.

The little prince did not go to sleep, however. Thoughts came trooping through his mind, making sleep impossible. He thought of his grandfather, who once was so gay, but whom he rarely saw now; and of his father, who was never at home.

He had heard talk of war and of people being killed, but he realised nothing of what it meant. He knew only that the good count who had given him his pony had been killed. His pony was gone, too; and they told him he could not have another on account of the war.

"Were all the ponies killed in the war?" he had asked.

"No, but they could not bring them into the country because of the enemy," he had been told.

He now thought of all such things, instead of trying to go to sleep. Then he began making a little prayer to Santa Claus—a prayer that he did not want anybody to hear. He whispered—

"Dear Santa Claus,—I want to tell you what to bring me for Christmas, because I'm afraid you don't know. Please don't bring me any more cannon nor bullets nor tin soldiers nor Zeppelins. I have the ones you brought last year, and I have played with them so much I am tired of them. I would like a little farm, with a maid making butter, and lots of cows and sheep. And I would like a talking machine that plays some tunes besides war songs. I want a little automobile, with people in it dressed like the ones I see on the street, and not like soldiers. I am so tired of soldiers! Bring a few other things, dear Santa Claus; but nothing like the things I have had. I don't like any of them any more. I hope you won't be angry with me, and that you won't forget the farm and the cows and sheep."

After saying this prayer the little prince sighed contentedly, cuddled down, and was soon fast asleep.—*Ave Maria.*

#### CHRIST IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The central fact of the Catholic religion is that Christ abides with us. He is really present on our altars, in our tabernacles, in our hearts. He is indeed Emmanuel—God with us.

The presence of Christ is the strength of the Catholic Church. It is the mysterious force that is felt, even by strangers, within our churches. It gives us the peace, the courage, the confidence, the security that develop the calm assurance that our Church will come safe out of every trial and will last until time shall be no more.

Christ is in the Mass and in the Eucharist. He still loves to be with the children of men. He promised to remain among us until the end of the world, and He is here.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE

#### LADIES' ANNUAL RETREAT, TIMARU

Owing to the prevailing epidemic it has been deemed prudent not to hold the Ladies' Retreat in January, 1919. It is postponed till later on in the year.

#### DOMINICAN CONVENT, TESCHEMAKERS

In consequence of the prevailing sickness the Dominican Nuns have been obliged to cancel all arrangements made for the January Retreat, 1919.

#### THIS CHRISTMAS

Do not forget

The Many Little Children

At the

CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE,  
SOUTH DUNEDIN.

#### SUNNY ST. CLAIR, DUNEDIN.

#### THE METROPOLE HOTEL

Situated on Marine Parade and Beach. Beautiful Safe Bathing and Surfing. Municipal Cold and Hot Salt-water Baths. First-class Accommodation. Special Terms to Permanent Boarders and Families. Afternoon Teas and Hot Water. Electric Light. Hot and Cold Showers. Phone 1362.

Mrs. MAURICE PURTON, Proprietress.

FOR SALE.—CHRISTCHURCH, City and Suburban Residential Properties, including fine Modern 8-rd. Bungalow; tiled r., electric l.; situation, Bealey Avenue (near St. Mary's).—J. MEAGHER & CO., Land Agents, 155 Cashel St., Christchurch,