

FLOWERS.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

Will you come with me into my garden,
To revel with me and my flowers,
In the sweet-scented sunshine to squander
The richest, most precious of hours?
We shall stroll on the path that is bordered
By holyhox soldiers in red,
Who stand sentinel still in their greenness,
When all their red blood has been shed.

Say, now, what do you think of that border
Of pansies with faces as bright
As the colleens whose souls are illumined
With eyes like the blue stars of night?
And, see, yonder the bees are all striving
The mignonette's honey to steal,
And go flying off home with the pollen
To serve for their afternoon meal.

Do you care just a little for dahlias,
Which many so proudly despise?
Then just look at that pink and white beauty
And scorn most assuredly dies.
Did you say that you thought asters stupid?
Yet look at each great, staring eye
That is solemnly watching my roses
That climb up so gaily and high.

Ah! there's no one who could scorn the roses,
There's yellow, and pale pink, and red,
And they climb or grow low on their bushes
While softly their fragrance is spread;
The strange pleasure they give oft seems painful—
My soul seems not free to inhale
The sweet beauty that's breathed by the roses,
Dear wonder-buds, gentle and frail.

I must show you my bed of carnations,
Dark reds are my favorites, too;
How they're matched by their snap-dragon neighbors,
That well-nigh out-vie them in hue.
I have planted geranium climbers,
Pink, crimson, and purest of white,
Round the wall of my little dominion,
My arbor of sunshine and light.

There are some flowers I love more than others,
'Tis they whose soft perfume, divine,
Like the voice of a soul steals to meet me,
And whisper soft greeting to mine;
While the others remind me of people
Whose loveliness charmeth the eye,
But the casket when opened is empty—
No soul-jewel wilt therein descry.

—ANGELA HASTINGS.

Let us avoid that vanity which, seeking to be
praised, tends to attract the attention of creatures.
Nothing is more opposed to the spirit of Jesus Christ.—
Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.

My moving has been splendidly done. Quite a
treat to see things so excellently handled. Yes, I got
the New Zealand Express Co., Ltd., to move me.
They are masters at the business, and so very careful.
They served me well, and I am confident you will get a
service that will delight you too. Offices in all towns.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

March 24.

Father D. P. Buckley, of Dunedin, is at present on
a visit to Timaru.

On Sunday, March 16, in anticipation of the feast
of Ireland's patron saint, the members of the Hiber-
nian Society approached the Holy Table in a body, an
exceptionally large number being present.

Father Bartley, S.M., M.A., who has come to
replace Father Herbert, S.M., preached in the Sacred
Heart Basilica on Sunday evening. Father Bartley
has recently returned from France, where he was
attached as chaplain to the New Zealand Division,
and he gave an interesting account of his experiences
there, and of the marvellous devotion of our New Zea-
land Catholic soldiers to their holy faith.

On Thursday evening, March 20, at the invitation
of the Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., a number of
Catholic soldiers resident in the parish of Timaru as-
sembled in the girls' school hall, Craigie Avenue. The
evening, which took the form of an "At Home," was
given as a welcome home to the men who have lately
returned from the Front. Addresses of welcome and
of appreciation of duty done were given by the Very
Rev. host and by Mr. J. Maling (Mayor of Timaru),
Mr. T. J. O'Connor returning thanks on behalf of the
returned soldiers. A most enjoyable evening was
passed with progressive eulchre, musical items, etc.

On Tuesday evening, 18th inst., a splendid Irish
national concert was given in celebration of the Feast
of St. Patrick. For many years St. Patrick's concert has
been among the finest entertainments of its kind to be
presented to a Timaru audience, and this year's per-
formance was well up to the usual standard. Those
contributing items were Mrs. P. Rule (who was also
associated with Mr G. H. Andrews in a couple of delight-
ful duets), Miss Agnes Cunningham, A.T.C.I., L.A.B.,
Miss Paula Scherek (violinist), Mr. Watters (Oamaru),
and Mr. G. H. Andrews, all of whom had to respond to
repeated recalls. Another thoroughly enjoyable item
was an Irish jig by Miss Gwen Ritchie. Some excel-
lent music was rendered by a local orchestra, under
the direction of Mr. T. J. O'Connor. Mrs. N. D.
Mangos acted as accompanist throughout the evening.
At the close of the performance Very Rev. Dean Tub-
man, in thanking all who had contributed to the suc-
cess of the evening, paid a graceful tribute to the zeal
and energy of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Mangos, who each
year spare no pains in organising these concerts and
in carrying them to a successful issue.

The generosity, the native bravery, the innate
fidelity, the enthusiastic love of whatever is great and
noble—those splendid characteristics of the Irish mind
remain as the imperishable relics of our country's former
greatness—of that illustrious period, when she was the
light and the glory of barbarous Europe—when the
nations around sought for instruction and example in
her numerous seminaries—and when the civilisation
and religion of all Europe were preserved in her alone.
—Daniel O'Connell.

LADIES!

A new style of dressing the hair is quite in order,
but the purchase of a delicious appetiser, like MILI-
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grocers. Buy it now.

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