

For the last time the old warrior drew himself up from his clotted couch:

"Torna, what is the wild music that reaches my ear from every hill in Ireland? I know well the red music that plays men into battle and the white music that sings to us feasting, but this is neither one or the other."

"It is the bells that the friends of Jesus are ringing throughout the land." . . . The Druid sobbed—"They are ringing them against the death of the Druids."

How the Monks Lived at Lough Derg

From the story of "The Vision of Dabhecc" we quote the following beautiful picture of the labors of the early Irish monks:—

"There was a band of young men who made their way over the mountains to join the rule. Though they found it hard enough to the body, it seemed sweet to the soul. But their number increased and no little strength and prosperity was added to them. The younger brethren built huts of strongly woven twigs, and laid out an apple-garden and a herb-garden. Above all the work of their hands was the great chapel of timber wood. They had raised every beam by their own labor, and they had filled it with the untiring song of their lips. Day by day, like the bee folk in the heather, they followed out their chosen rule, and kept their lives sweet with activity. Some had turned to the digging of the soil, and planted seeds and herbs, till they won to themselves the wisdom of plants and the healing of leaves.

"Others betook themselves to writing on parchments and painting the Gospels with colors they had picked off the rocks. In those days the making of books was long and troublesome, even to the wearing of men's lives. First, there were designs to be pencilled by the best craftsmen in the monastery. And then others would sit day by day over one smooth page spreading the little rivers of red and yellow through and round the lettering, little rivers that wound about the pages, with bright purple banks curling and folding in and out, yet never breaking over the line or letting a purple soul drop into the yellow stream.

"It was on the initial of Christ that they lavished the whole wealth of their brushes. Round the Sacred Letter with an unbroken exactitude they twined the glorious bordery, line upon line, curve out of curve, wreath into wreath. They gathered into one page the colors of the sky and the beauty of the earth, the burnished mail of dragons, and the slender shapes of mountain grass. If men wonder to-day at the love and endurance that wrought such books to perfection, it is because they do not understand the mind of the writers who would have deemed their whole lives too short, and the very blue of heaven and the red of their own blood unworthy stuff to emblazon the name of the Eternal.

"In aftertime these same books with their metal coverings were found as far apart as the plains of Italy and the white flocs of Iceland. A strange and lovely witness to those same children of Patrick, who mingle their sleep in the vineyards of the south and in the ice-beds of the north."

A Dark Page

There was one dark page in the annals of Lough Derg. Here it is:—

"Upon an ill day was sin done in the island of the cave itself. It happened in this wise. There was a certain Crusader, Ugolino, who, with his humble squire, had fought valiantly against the hateful Saladin. In time the squire became the bosom friend of his master, but the latter was no little displeased when he learned that his sister, Madeleine, had turned eyes of love upon him. In the bitter end their love continued, and Ugolino, rather than let his proud blood mingle with any of lowlier stock, slew his own sister. Filled with anguish of remorse he fled out of his own country to the ends of the world. As he had won glory

in the east he now turned for his penance to the west. By land and sea and fen he made his way to the islands that lay in the setting sun. Yet one followed him by every path and journey, his once faithful squire, bearing in his bosom a dagger still stained with Madeleine's blood. . . . When he reached Derg the avenger was upon him, and missed slaying him at the ferry but by a minute's breath. . . . The next day Ugolino was praying on the stone beds at sunset, crying for peace even at the price of his own blood. His prayer was heard. Quick as a hawk a figure passed aside from a passing train of pilgrims and buried a dagger to the hilt in his shoulders. Then it leapt into the shadowy water and disappeared for ever."

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

A Novena, preparatory to the Feast of Pentecost, was commenced in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Friday last, and will conclude on next Sunday evening.

A social (euchre and musical), which is being promoted by the Christian Brothers' Cricket Club, will be given on next Tuesday evening, in St. Joseph's Hall.

The stall holders and their assistants at the recent sale of work and fete held in aid of the funds of the Sacred Heart School, North-East Valley, are to be entertained at a social on next Wednesday evening, June 11, in the schoolroom there.

The Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Superior of the Fathers of St. Joseph's Missionary Society in the Auckland diocese, who is at present in the diocese of Dunedin, in the interests of the Maori missions, will address the congregation of St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday next.

The authorities of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin, are anxious to get suitable homes in Otago and Southland families for boys. Foster-parents who will undertake the care of such boys will be paid the Government allowance of 10s per week towards their support.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral after the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, and many of the congregation attended in adoration during the afternoon. In the evening, after Compline, and sermon preached by the Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, there was the usual procession and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The ordinary monthly meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation was held in St. Joseph's Hall after devotions on last Sunday evening. The Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, presided. The secretary (Mr. E. Sandys) was instructed to arrange for the annual meeting of the branch, Sunday evening, July 6, being the date decided upon.

The Very Rev. Father P. Murphy (pastor of Riverton) passed through Dunedin at the beginning of the week, en route to Auckland, to join the Niagara, which is timed to leave the northern port on June 10. Father Murphy, who is on a trip to the Home Country, was farewelled on Thursday last by his parishioners and friends at Riverton, particulars of which event will be given in our next issue.

Playing on Thursday of last week, the Christian Brothers' B football team defeated High School C by 5 goals to nil. Last Saturday four of the Brothers' teams were successful. The A team won by default from Technical B. In the B grade the "Greens" easily defeated High School B, scoring 9 goals to nil. L. Roughan scored 8 goals and B. Roughan 1. The "Greens" D team defeated Kaikorai A by 3 goals to nil. In the D grade the Christian Brothers' School's youngest team—the E's—defeated Mornington B by 2 goals to nil. This team shows great combination.