

successful sale of work was held last week in the college, by the Sisters and their past pupils, when a return of over £100 rewarded the efforts of this energetic band of workers. The principal prize was a firescreen, the lucky number (110) being held by Miss Dormer, Oamaru. The nuns wish to thank the local clergy, friends, and ex-pupils for contributing to the success of the fête.

BOOK NOTICES

The Yarns of a Country Attorney, by Louis J. Walsh. (Gill and Son, Dublin.)

Some months ago we introduced to our readers a fine Irish novel by Mr. Louis Walsh, and we hope it has found its way into their hands by this. We have just read *The Yarns of a Country Attorney* and we can recommend this book as heartily as we did the last. In the stories in this volume the author has given us a rare treat. The book is a real picture of rural and village life in the black North of Ireland. The hard, grasping spirit of the Ulster Presbyterians, the insane hatred of Catholics, the grim bargaining, the fierce love of litigation are all portrayed in sketches and stories of intense vividness. Mr. Walsh's characters are alive. An Irishman feels that they are people whom he has always known. And for those who do not know Ireland the book will bring an illumination on the nature and ideals of the sour-faced Ulsterites. Mr. Walsh sees the humorous side of their lives and makes the reader see it. The circumvention of Andy McKay who "nivar lost a case I should have won, barrin' the time I was dismissed at Newton over the clargy's cow, and when Gilmore decreed me about the praeties," is well told. The auctioneer's efforts to sell a bad farm by hinting that the Catholic bidder wanted it for a convent, or maybe for the Pope is a revelation of the fun that can be got out of even a thing so sordid as Orange bigotry. There are 11 sketches in the volume and all are good.

Crofton's Daughter, by J. Leckie Herbertson. (Methuen and Co., London.)

Crofton's Daughter is the story of the trials of a young girl who was brought up under the influence of a Bohemian father, until after his death a maternal uncle takes her to live with him among people of orthodox views and conventional habits. The character of the orphan girl is well drawn and the psychological interest of the story is maintained at a high level. The book reveals literary powers of no mean order and makes an entertaining novel.

State Purchase of the Liquor Trade, by J. Rowntree and A. Sherwell. (Allen and Unwin, London; 1s net.)

We thank the secretary of the Temperance Legislation League for his courtesy in sending us this useful pamphlet. Its object is expressed in the following words: "Granted it be impossible literally to make men sober by Act of Parliament, it is not impossible to throw the force of law and social arrangements upon the side of sobriety, and by a proper control of the traffic to restrict the inducements to insobriety without unduly or improperly interfering with the legitimate liberty of the individual." The pamphlet is a sound argument shewing that this can be done.

Missionary Hymns. Words by Evelyn L. Thomas; music by Annie D. Scott. (London C.T.S.; 1s 3d net.)

We cannot find any improvement on the old hymns in this collection.

The Miraculous Birth, by Herbert E. Hall, M.A. (London C.T.S.; 3d.)

Ephpheta. The annual publication of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Waratah, is always interesting to those who appreciate the great work of charity done by the Dominican Sisters in New South Wales. May it remind all who receive it to help accord-

ing to their means in making life happier for the afflicted children who will never hear the birds singing and never see a sunset or sunrise.

PUHOI HONORS DEPARTING PRIEST

When it became known (writes a correspondent) that Father M. J. O'Doherty was severing his connection with the parish, the parishioners asked him to visit them in the near future, and all were pleased on learning that the 23rd ultimo was the date chosen. On the appointed day, Father O'Doherty was met at the railway station by representatives of the committee formed from among members of the congregation, and conveyed by motor to Puhoi. The town hall, nicely decorated for the occasion, was well filled in the evening, when the people assembled to wish farewell to their departing priest. The guest of the evening and members of the committee were grouped on the stage. Mr. John Schollum, who presided, after some appropriate remarks asked Father O'Doherty's acceptance of a bulky, well-filled purse. Mr. B. Remiger, after reading an address expressive of the people's sentiments towards their pastor, paid an eloquent tribute to his good work in their spiritual interests. After the secretary (Mr. W. J. Schollum) and Mr. Martin Gleeson had spoken in appreciation of their late parish priest, Father Lynch congratulated Father O'Doherty on having won the esteem and good wishes of all his parishioners during the two years of his pastorate, and added that success in the past was a guarantee of greater success in the new fields of the Lord's vineyard, to which he carries the best wishes of all the people of Puhoi. In reply, Father O'Doherty sincerely thanked all the members of his late flock for past favors to him, for their co-operation in every undertaking in the parish, for their address and complimentary speeches, and for their substantial monetary gift. He promised in return to ever remember the generous people of Puhoi in his prayers, and would always entertain best wishes for their success. Refreshments, supplied by the ladies of the congregation, were then partaken of, and card games and other socialities completed a successful function.

THE EXILE.

How honey-sweet the words upon his tongue,
My Country!

More sweet than music made or ditties sung,
Her soft winds and her leaping seas are his,
And the love-songs of many coppices;
Her dusk and dews and all her hurrying streams,
Her greenness he has known in lonely dreams;
His are her mountains and her valleys full
Of rain and silver and the shadows cool
Of clouds upon her grasses. Oh, he is wild
But to come homé, to be again her child!

How poignant and how sweet but to say o'er
My People!

And he wanders and may come no more.
Oh, he and they at the same breast were nurst,
On the same face their eyes were opened first,
The same delicious world of rain and sun
Ripened their years: he is not all alone.
They keep like memories of her grief and pride,
Of her heroic sons who lived and died;
They will remember to their latest breath,
And she who gave them life nurse them in death.

*In quiet woods on quiet eves he'll hear
Her heart beat and her living pulses stir,
And on the hills where wander the wild deer.*

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *Studies*.

Verily we do not like our crosses if they are not of gold, enamelled, and adorned with precious stones.—St. Francis de Sales.