

PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Having been brought from Spain on board a Spanish warship, the body of the Comtesse de Paris, covered with the French flag, was interred at Weybridge, England, recently, in the vault which contains the body of her husband, the late Comte de Paris. French flags embellished the church, in which Requiem Mass was celebrated prior to the burial rite in the mausoleum. The principal mourners included ex-King Manuel (grandson) and Queen Augusta Victoria, the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, Duc de Guise, and the Duc de Vendome. Prince Albert, accompanied by Major Greig, represented King George and Queen Mary. Queen Alexandra and Princess Beatrice were also represented, as were the Danish, Spanish, and Italian Ministers.

The happiest man in London, says the *London Tablet*, is surely a great tenor, a sudden tenor, successful beyond the dreams of aspirants, acclaimed on the first night of a memorable London opera season, with a King and with Queens "giving him their hands." Neither Great Britain nor Ireland produces tenors often, whereas in Tuscany "man" and "tenor" are almost convertible terms, and Mr. Burke was born of Irish parents at Leigh, where he was educated at St. Joseph's School. He is a fine musician as well as the owner of a wonderful voice, and to the Jesuit Fathers, as a pupil in their school at Leigh, he owes an early knowledge of the heavenly art. They were, he tells a *Daily Chronicle* interviewer, "extremely fine musicians. I can never be grateful enough for what they taught me." He confesses the nervousness of his first great night at Covent Garden. The audience perceived this, but when did nervousness, or any other sign of modesty, do otherwise than add to the sympathies of an English audience? The *Manchester Guardian* welcomes him as "certainly one of the finest tenor singers ever born in this island," who, with experience, will "rank with the other two or three best singers of our time. . . . Rarely has a first appearance been equally successful."

The death occurred at Lewisham (Sydney) Private Hospital on Friday morning, July 11, of Lady Parkes, widow of the late Sir Henry Parkes, at the age of 46 years (says the *Catholic Press*). She had been ailing for some time, and had been under the care of the Little Company of Mary for two months. Lieut. Cobden Parkes, one of her step-sons, who has been on active service, is now returning on the transport *Themistocles*. Two other step-sons are Messrs. Sidney and Henry Parkes. Lady Parkes' youngest step-daughter is the wife of Mr. E. J. Evans, of the court reporting staff. Lady Parkes was married to Sir Henry about 24½ years ago, and had latterly resided at Randwick. A Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father J. O'Gorman (Adm., St. Mary's Cathedral) on Saturday morning, July 12. The funeral left the Cathedral for Rookwood Cemetery, and was largely attended. Mr. C. F. Burtitt, F.R.H.S., represented the Historical Society, but there was a notable absence of Sir Henry Parkes' old political associates, and the Holman Government was not represented at the Mass or at the funeral. Such is fame. Lady Parkes devoted her life to the care and education of Sir Henry's second family, and they looked to her as a mother, and as such were tenderly devoted to her. They are all in good positions, and with the exception of the youngest, Cobden, who is a bachelor, were all married in the Catholic Church. The late Lady Parkes was a big-hearted woman, with great natural ability.

When the death of Father G. A. Robinson was recently announced the deepest regret was felt throughout Australia (says the *Catholic Press*). Father Robinson had been for many years parish priest of Camberwell, near Melbourne; but he was known everywhere, and his popularity and influence were without bounds. On the morning of the day of his demise Father Robinson, who had not been well for a few days, was seized with an attack of cerebral hemorrhage, and death en-

sued shortly before midnight. The *Melbourne Age* pays a tribute to his memory. "By the death of George Augustus Robinson," it says, "there is removed one of the most popular personalities in the Catholic priesthood in this country. 'Father Robinson' was known from one end of this continent to the other, and his fame as a churchman, musician, wit, organiser, and friend to 'all sorts and conditions of men' spread during his life to America and Europe. A man of wide reading and knowledge; a friend of the arts, and a keen student of human nature, he moved for years in this community as a privileged personality. Men who had no love for his Church liked him as a man, and smiled with pleasure when they met him in many walks of life. Musicians and artists treated him as of 'the elect,' and his wonderful management of the early stages of Miss Amy Castle's career secured for him a special place in Australian musical history. In the eastern suburbs he was every man's friend; and none remain to think an unkind thought of him." Father Robinson's crowning work is the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Camberwell, on which he spent over £30,000. It was opened last October, in the presence of 100,000 people, a gem of architecture, and one of the most beautiful churches in the world. It is on a commanding site in Camberwell, and a massive gilded statue of Our Lady of Victories on the dome is a conspicuous object for many miles around. With one exception, the Hierarchy of Australia were present at the dedication ceremony, and the Pope, through Cardinal Gasparri, sent his Apostolic Blessing. Father Robinson's appeal to the people of Australia for subscriptions to the church was readily responded to, and he was able to open it free of debt. It will stand as an enduring monument of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

August 14.

We are having ideal spring weather, the long nights have been topped and tailed and the days are full of sunshine. True we get an occasional reminder that winter is not so very far behind, but on the whole there is a feeling of approaching summer. Christmas will be here before we know where we are.

Owing to the persistent rumors of "no gas" after this or that date, for three Sundays we had Vespers, Benediction, and procession even once, in the afternoon instead of at night. Afternoon devotions are being held at Aramoho, but in town arrangements are as usual.

With regard to our lighting, cooking, heating, power and every other sort of gas, we are still in the throes of suspense. A boat full of coal lies out at the port, but it is taboed and cannot be unloaded. The Borough Council is helpless, everyone else is about the same, and it would seem that a finger laid on the Inga's coal will cause as much havoc as did the memorable shot at Serajevo. Butter, too, is an unknown quantity, and only to-day a Job's comforter assured us that the bakers are giving up breadmaking, as it does not pay. Undoubtedly we shall be reduced (or elevated) to locusts and wild honey.

The Sisters are in possession of the new town convent and are busy getting the place ship-shape for the opening ceremony on Sunday. The large house will take some furnishing however simply it be done, and there are whispers in the air of something gigantic in carnivals one of these days.

Returned lately from overseas Sergt. E. Wood, M.M., only son of Mrs. M. Wood, Purnell Street; also Sergt. C. T. McCarthy, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McCarthy. Both soldiers are looking well.

Chaplain-Father Gilbert spent a day or two here this week, but has gone on again.

Miss Gwen Corliss, who has been seriously ill in hospital, is out and about again. Her many friends are pleased to see that she has recovered so well from her illness.

Corporal V. Haydon, Wellington, just home from active service, spent a few days of last week in Wanganui, but has now gone south.

Listen to the spirit of God, the spirit of truth and holiness, which deigns to speak to you by the mouth and examples of Jesus.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

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