

## SACRED HEART COLLEGE, AUCKLAND

## ANNUAL BOXING TOURNAMENT.

The annual boxing tournament in connection with the Sacred Heart College gymnastic competition was commenced at the college yesterday (says the *N.Z. Herald* of October 2). There was a very large attendance of friends of the pupils. Mr. F. Burns was referee, and Mr. Mick Foley timekeeper. The contests were cleanly fought, and some very even bouts were witnessed. Leyden, in the fly-weight competition, gave an exceptionally fine exhibition, the referee remarking that the lad was the finest boxer for his weight he had seen. Hickey, also a junior, showed great promise, but was outclassed by O'Brien, who is his senior in years. Molloy and Moroney gave skilful displays. The results are:—Fly-weight, 6st and under: Brunt beat Beugaser, McCabe beat Quirk, Leyden beat Keenan. Mid-gut, 7st and under: Walsh beat Vangeoni, Hooper drew with B. White, D. O'Sullivan beat J. McCarthy, Howell beat S. O'Brien, Fogarty beat Kennedy, Gilman beat Slesinger, Barrell drew with J. Piper, McLeod beat Russell. Bantam, 8st 4lb and under: R. O'Connor beat D. Neil, T. Molloy beat J. Fox, Donovan beat Hailes, F. O'Brien beat Hickey. Feather-weight, 9st and under: B. White beat Greener, P. Lawson beat L. Cotter, Goldfinch beat Nightingale. Light-weight: Moroney beat Clarke.

The contests were continued on the following evening, at the college gymnasium. Some excellent matches resulted. The bout between Len Rae and R. Stewart, in the welter-weight class, was especially good, the contest being the best of the evening. Moroney and Quinn were splendidly matched, the referee declaring the fight a draw. Altogether there were 22 contests. The results were:—

First Round (continued). Bantam-weight: W. Butler beat E. Badeley, T. Butler beat F. Cotter, Roache drew with Montgomery, A. Scanlon beat Golding, R. P. Fleming beat M. Smythe. Feather-weight: H. Martin drew with T. Lanigan. Light-weight: M. O'Connor beat J. Quirke, C. O'Regan beat O'Farrell, L. Brooks beat T. Lawson, Quinn beat Collins, L. Cotter beat Herring. Welter-weight: F. Reid drew with J. Reynolds, L. Rae beat R. Stewart. Middle-weight: W. Fleming beat G. Flood.

Second Round.—Midgut: E. White beat D. Duffy, J. Hooper beat D. O'Sullivan, T. Walsh beat Powell, McLeod drew with Barrell, Gilman beat Piper. Bantam-weight: T. Molloy beat Roache, F. O'Brien beat Donovan, T. Butler beat Scanlon, B. Jones drew with R. P. Fleming. Feather-weight: L. Cotter beat H. Martin, G. Goldfinch beat T. Lanigan. Light-weight: L. Brooks beat C. O'Regan, J. Moroney drew with Quinn. Welter-weight: Brooks drew with Reynolds.

Third Round.—Midgut: Fogarty beat E. White, T. Walsh beat J. Hooper. Bantam-weight: T. Molloy beat Jones, R. O'Connor beat R. P. Fleming, T. Butler drew with F. O'Brien.

The semi-finals and finals were decided on Friday evening, October 3. There was a large attendance, and some excellent contests resulted. The best bout of the evening was between V. O'Shea and V. Cooke, for the heavy-weight championship. The competitors had to box an extra round before the referee could decide the winner. In the middle-weights W. Fleming and D. Hart gave a good exhibition, and in the fly-weights Leyden and McCabe were splendidly matched. Details are:—

Semi-finals.—Fly-weight: Leyden beat Brunt. Welter-weight: L. Rae beat E. Reid. Light-weight: Quinn beat Brooks, and Cotter beat Moroney. Midgut: Gilman beat Barrell. Bantam: F. O'Brien beat T. Molloy, and T. Butler beat R. O'Connor.

Finals.—Fly-weight: McCabe beat Leyden. Midgut: Fogarty beat Gilman. Bantam-weight: O'Brien beat Butler. Feather-weight: Cotter beat Goldfinch. Light-weight: Cotter beat Quinn. Welter-weight: Rae beat Reynolds. Middle-weight: Hart beat Fleming. Heavy-weight: Cooke beat O'Shea.

There were in all 71 bouts.

If I could only see that I was not created alone, but as a unit in a gigantic family, how much more charity would I carry in my heart! Here, though, is the crux. To get away from self is as difficult as to get away from a shadow while remaining in the broad sunshine.

Some critics are vicious; some are gentle. All have their uses. They all make us stop and think. If there were no critics in the world there would be little, if any, progress; and very much sin.—Mgr. Francis C. Kelley.

We love very much that somebody thinks of us. Very well, our Lord does not cease to do so, and He expects from us only a look, a desire. Let us not frustrate His wishes!—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

## THE IRISH REPUBLIC

## AN ELOQUENT PLEA BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[Archbishop Edward J. Hanna made an eloquent plea for the freedom and independence of Ireland in his address to the great crowd which gathered in St. Mary's Church, prior to the first session of the National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He recited, too, the debt America owes to Ireland, and assured the great crowd that the people of the United States are, in the great majority, in sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish Republicans.]

"To-day there can be no gathering of the children of the Gael that is not fraught with interest. To-day there can be no gathering of the children of the Gael which does not touch every man who believes in the spirit of the new era, who admires an ordered freedom, who has confidence in power. That Ireland has suffered injuries the world knows to-day as it never knew before, and the story of Britain's rule in Ireland is written daily, in letters of fire, on the pages of the great journals of every land. It is a story of persecution for conscience sake, a story of heartless cruelty, a story of violence and plunder, a story of avarice and greed, a story of blundering stupidity and misgovernment, a story of an alliance kept up by force of arms, a story of union without constitutional right or law, a story of a struggle for autonomy which, when finally obtained, was rendered null by craven fear of a petty minority; in a word, a story of an attempt to annihilate an immortal spirit of liberty and nationality which belongs, as a rightful inheritance, to a noble, high-minded people. Sympathy for such a cause will always come from the American people, who will ever recognise, as God-given, the right of sovereignty in such a nation.

"But America owes unto those of Irish lineage a debt she can never repay, and America will not be unmindful of her obligation. In every struggle which has been ours, for independence, for freedom, for union, for the inalienable rights of men, the children of Ireland have held aloft America's starry banner, and their blood has bedewed every battlefield, from Concord and Lexington to the shambles of the Argonne. Verily, with us have they maintained the proud title of the fighting race. But, they have brought to our democracy from old Erin qualities of mind and of heart that have given a new life, a new meaning to our civilisation; for the true democrat believes in man's sovereign dignity; the true democrat believes that every man is his brother; the true democrat hopes, as no other man can hope, because he trusts not simply in man's power for the righteous fulfilment of his destiny, but recognising God above, believes that He will give the needed strength, and the needed light; the true democrat is ever willing to sacrifice his petty, private interests for the weal of the larger group. From Ireland, Patrick's children brought faith in man's dignity, a brotherhood that has made them at home in every land 'neath the sun, a hope in the future of man's accomplishment never daunted, a trust in God and in prayer, and a spirit of sacrifice for principle that stands out across the Irish ages as only short of miraculous. Who can tell what these elements mean in a civilisation dedicated to democracy? But there has been a higher contribution from Erin's sons to our nation's life—the contribution that has come directly from their religious belief. The history of national life, since the advent of Christianity, bears witness to the fact that permanent greatness demands a belief in an all-wise, all-powerful God, whose kindly providence cares for the least things of earth; demands a belief in submission to God's behest."

## OLDEST MUSIC.

The oldest music of the world is the chant of the church—the chant which she uplifts week after week, year after year, century after century, in every clime and nation, amid white men, black men, red men, bronze men, yellow men, under arctic darkness and under the equatorial blaze, in metropolis and in hamlet, in narrow shrine and in vast basilica. It is in the self-same strain that the eager young priest in French Canada, the bearded missionary in Tibet, and the silver-haired Pontiff in Rome must all aliko chant "Sursum Corda" and "Vere Dignum" and "Pater Noster." . . . Yet, while the chant is the oldest of surviving music it is also the youngest. It is old not in the sense that Gothic armor and Roman coins and Egyptian urns are old. It is old, like the sea and the mountains and the stars and the sun and the moon. It is old without being old-fashioned. It is old in nothing but years, for its heart is a fountain of beautiful and eternal youth.