

his life—though for that Gus always took credit himself as he recounted how he had told the Union men 'it was the gardener.' Nor could Gus hear that young master as, there under the shade of the great tree, he reminded the girl who sat with him of the gallant custom of an earlier day when, if a hero saved the life of a lady fair, he was rewarded in most generous wise. And now since here was a reverse case, a heroine had saved the life of a poor helpless knight—didn't it seem but right, said Charleton very persuasively, that the heroine should—should—

'Should pay the penalty?' supplied Angela, as two pairs of very happy eyes looked into each other.

'Exactly!' laughed the rescued, as in the rescuer's eyes he read her willingness to 'pay the penalty of heroism!'

—Benziger's Magazine.

THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN GINATY

PANEGRIC BY HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRIMES

His Lordship Bishop Grimes presided at the Month's Mind of the late Very Rev. Dean Ginaty, S.M., V.G., in St. Mary's Church, Christchurch, and preached the panegyric, based on the following text:— 'Who thinkest thou is a faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath appointed over his family to give them meat in season? Blessed is that servant, whom when his Lord shall come He shall find so doing. Amen I say to you. He shall place him over all His goods' (Matt. xxiv., 45-47). A deep and wide-spread sorrow (said his Lordship) still hangs like a pall over this city and diocese, and over the whole Dominion. A great bereavement—awful in its unexpectedness—has draped this sanctuary in mourning. The pitiless hand of death has suddenly laid low the shepherd of the flock, the benefactor of Christchurch and of all New Zealand. The fatal blow has fallen on a mighty chief of Israel, one of the Lord's anointed. You all knew him as a 'faithful and wise servant whom his Lord had appointed over his family to give them meat in season.' You knew him as a kind and enlightened director, a father to many an orphan, a true friend of sinners, the comforter and consoler of thousands of poor and afflicted. You know that he was called from this life suddenly to give an account of his stewardship. You grieve to know that that voice so often heard in this sanctuary is now hushed in the silence of death, that those consecrated hands so often uplifted in prayer and supplication and blessing are now cold and motionless as his once loving heart this day.

No sooner was the sad news of his death flashed through the Dominion than sympathetic messages poured in from all parts. Seldom or never was testimony more unanimous or more feelingly rendered than that to the virtue and the worth and the many noble services of Dean Ginaty, formerly parish priest of the whole city of Christchurch, the founder of Mount Magdala, and Vicar-General of our diocese. The press had the kindest references to him. All recognised that he was truly 'a faithful and wise servant,' who after a long and laborious and fruitful life, as one of our local journals beautifully put it, 'laid down his burden to take up his reward.' His remains were borne from this sacred edifice to the Cathedral which he loved and served so well. The Cathedral was thronged not only by those of his own faith, but many a non-Catholic gathered around the altar and the funereal bier, to pay a last tribute of respect to his sterling worth. As soon as he heard the sad news, our illustrious Metropolitan hastened to our midst, and spoke in eloquent terms of the life and character of the venerable Dean. A mighty multitude swelled the mournful procession as it wended its way from the Cathedral to the little graveyard at Mount Magdala. There the scene was pathetic in the extreme, as the little orphans, the 'children,' and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd saw the coffin containing the mortal remains of their pastor, their father, and their friend lowered to the ground, then on all sides was heard a

wail of distress, an outburst of grief amid the tears that streamed from every eye.

What had the dear departed done thus to win universal love and admiration? In what was he great to claim so much homage? The words which I have chosen for my text give the answer. Placed over the family of the Lord, he, by the faithful discharge of his duties, proved himself 'a faithful and wise servant,' breaking to the people the Bread of Life, giving to all their measure of food in due season. Having persevered through a long life in this wisdom and fidelity, when his Master came to call him, He found him occupied in the work entrusted to him; and have we not the warrant of Holy Writ declaring 'that servant is blessed whom, when his Lord shall come, He shall find so doing'? To-day we are assembled together to celebrate his Month's Mind at the foot of the altar where he last officiated on Whit Sunday. But why should I address you this moment? Was his life unknown to you? Was not his name a household word among you all, the name of a holy priest, a devoted Father and friend? What can I say to add to his memory, or so delineate his character as to fill you with anything like a truthful appreciation of his worth and works? All that I can do is to give an outline of his life, or rather of his way of living, so that when hereafter you speak of him to your children or your children's children, they may know why you hold him in so great love and reverence; and that we, his brethren in the sanctuary, may treasure the recollection of a priest whose virtues shed a lustre on our ministry, and whose example puts before us what a faithful priest should be. I had invited others to speak to you on this mournful occasion but they begged to decline, alleging among other reasons that his Bishop knew him longer than any other in New Zealand; assuredly none other held him in greater esteem.

Laurence Mary Ginaty was born on November 14, 1835, in the village of Dromiskin, situated a few miles from the town of Dundalk, in County Louth, Ireland. His parents were well-to-do farmers, known throughout the country for their piety and the conscientious fulfilling of their religious and civic duties. From his earliest years young Laurence was remarkable for his lively faith and his fondness for study. Even when very young his ambition was to become a priest and a missionary. The venerable Dean of Dundalk, Dr. Kieran, who was afterwards raised to the See of St. Patrick as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, was to our youth a model of all that a priest should be. As a priest he was a man of austere virtue, well known for his manly eloquence and fierce denunciation of vice. I have often heard the dear departed speak with the greatest admiration of this his prototype, whom he thought, at least in his youth, every priest should take as a model. Looking upon himself as so far below this his ideal, and though a cousin of his own, the late illustrious Bishop Conroy was rapidly advancing to the highest posts of the hierarchy, Laurence was afraid to enter the lists of the sanctuary, and for a few years he spent some time in business with a widowed relative whose affairs he managed, though he had hardly reached his twentieth year. Even then everybody looked upon him as a model young man, approaching the Sacraments every week and oftener, he was an assiduous member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and the only recreation he allowed himself was to visit the poor and the sick—a work of charity which he always loved. In the year 1860 (or 1861) Dean Kieran, on the recommendation of the late eminent Cardinal Wiseman, invited the Fathers of the Society of Mary to make a foundation in the city of Dundalk. There in 1861 they opened a college, now one of the most flourishing in Ireland. Through the venerable Dean, Laurence Mary Ginaty soon came to know and appreciate the lives of the Marist Fathers, and he sought and obtained admission into their Order. He was then about 24 or 25 years of age. With a more than average acquaintance with mathematics, he possessed a fair knowledge of English and general literature, and for several years he worked night and day to master the classical, philosophical, and theological studies necessary for the priesthood. Like the Apostle of the