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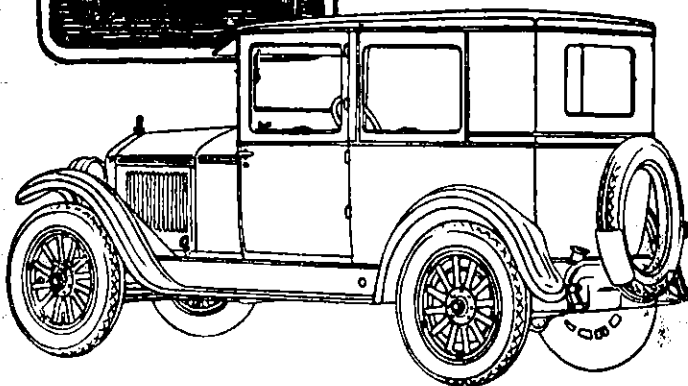
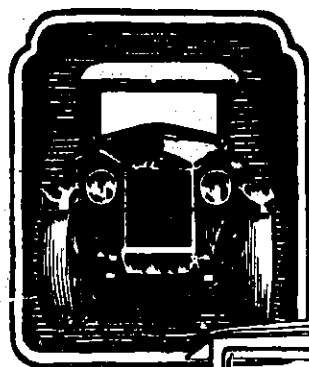
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- „ 28, Mon.—Feast of the Holy Innocents.
- „ 29, Tues.—St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr.
- „ 30, Wed.—Within the Octave of the Nativity.
- „ 31, Thurs.—St. Sylvester, Pope.
- Jan. 1, Frid.—Circumcision of Our Lord. Holiday of Obligation.
- „ 2, Sat.—Octave of St. Stephen. St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.

St. John was the brother of St. James the Greater, and is mentioned in the Gospels as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." He was one of those faithful few who stood by the Cross, and it was to him our dying Saviour recommended the care of His Mother. After the Ascension, St. John remained chiefly in Jerusalem, though he sometimes took long and arduous journeys for the purpose of spreading the knowledge of the doctrines and sufferings of Christ. The closing years of his life were spent at Ephesus, where he died about the year 101.

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**THE NATIVITY.**

What was it those three Kings beheld  
 Who journeyed from afar?  
 It was a rudely builded shed,  
 But 'neath a lovely star.  
 And did they find Him Whom they sought,  
 These servants undismayed?  
 Aye, entering they found the Christ  
 Within a manger laid.  
 Now what brought they, those pilgrims grave,  
 Unto the Infant King?  
 Each gently by the pallet placed  
 A princely offering.  
 Thus gold and frankincense and myrrh,  
 The rarest gifts of earth,  
 With faith and hope and love divine,  
 Surround the Saviour's birth.  
 But we who have no golden crown,  
 No balm or incense sweet—  
 What can we bring to Bethlehem  
 The Holy One to greet?  
 Oh, bring to Him your contrite hearts,  
 And humbly kneel and pray,  
 And they will shine as kingly gifts  
 Of rich and bright array.

—MARY A. CONWAY.

**The Storyteller**

**For the Old Land**  
**A TALE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.**  
 (By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.)

**CHAPTER VII.**

Mr. O'Keeffe's Horse Disappears Mysteriously—Sammy Sloane Pay a Second Visit to the Shrubbery and Pulls a Nosegay this Time—He Warns His Son Against Allowing Himself to be Influenced by Personal Feeling in the Discharge of his Professional Duties, and Hopes that Murty Magrath will not Hear of what Occurred.

"What's the matter with Joe?" Father Feehan asked a few minutes afterwards.

"I sent him to the forge with my horse," Mr. O'Keeffe replied. "This collared head is capital, Mrs. Slattery—no one can equal you at a collared head—but I'll try a leg of that fowl; it looks so tempting. Your fowl are the plumpest and the tenderest and the best cooked I can meet anywhere. And my friend, the Hon. Horatio Mulligan, made the same remark to me last night. We must put him in for the county, and no mistake, at the next election. The sherry, thank you, Mrs. Slattery. By the way, Father Clancy does not seem to be at all a warm supporter of the Honorable Horatio. But we must bring him round before the general election."

A scowl suddenly darkened the hard and ruddy and—during Mr. O'Keeffe's previous remarks—radiant face of the housekeeper, who proceeded to remove the tray, while Mr. O'Keeffe filiped a little bread-crumble from his vest, displaying his ring and white hand to the best advantage.

"What is the matter with Joe?" the priest, who was standing at the window, again asked.

"He thought I had the key of the gate, whatever put it into his head," replied the housekeeper, standing with the tray between her hands in the doorway, which she pretty well filled up, so that Mr. O'Keeffe went near sending the glasses and decanter flying about the hall in endeavoring to pass her. He had caught a glimpse of Joe Cooney through the window, looking wildly about him, and, with some vague fears for his new saddle, Mr. O'Keeffe hurried out to question Joe as to what had happened. That something very extraordinary must have happened was evident enough from Joe's bewildered and frightened stare.

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed Joe, "unless the ground swallowed him, I don't know what must have become of him."

"What do you mean?" Mr. O'Keeffe asked angrily through his clenched white teeth, while the delicate pink and white of his smooth face flushed crimson.

"The gate was locked, sir," Joe Cooney replied—too much amazed to notice his questioner's anger; "and I hung the saddle on the gate while I was running up for the key. An' when I came back in two minutes after I hadn't tale or tidens of him."

Mr. O'Keeffe hurried to the avenue gate which, to his surprise, was locked. But on casting his eyes upon the ground he caught

sight of the key, which seemed to have accidentally dropped from the lock.

Joe Cooney picked up the key and opened the gate, with a vague notion that the horse might be outside on the road.

"Did you try the stable and the kitchen garden?" inquired Father Feehan, who had come out on learning that the horse had disappeared.

"I tried every hole and corner, sir," returned Joe, whose amazement showed no symptoms of subsiding.

Father Clancy rode slowly through the open gate, upon his grey mare, with that satirical twinkle in his eye, of which Mr. Robert O'Keeffe stood a little in dread.

"What's the matter?" the curate asked, tightening the rein, and tapping his toe with his hazel switch, looking as if he knew beforehand what the reply would be, which Mr. O'Keeffe seemed in no hurry to give.

"This bosthoon," he answered angrily at last, "he's let my horse break away, and does not know where he is."

"Oh, he's quite safe," returned the curate.

"Where?" Mr. Robert O'Keeffe asked in surprise.

"In the Pound," Father Clancy replied, with his dry laugh. "At least I think so, for I saw Sammy Sloane leading him up Croobeen-lane."

It was pale Mr. Robert O'Keeffe turned now; and, if it were not for the presence of the two priests, that clenched white hand would in all likelihood have come into contact (unless parried) with Joe Cooney's visage, which looked rueful and penitent enough at the moment to submit to any amount of ill-usage with resignation.

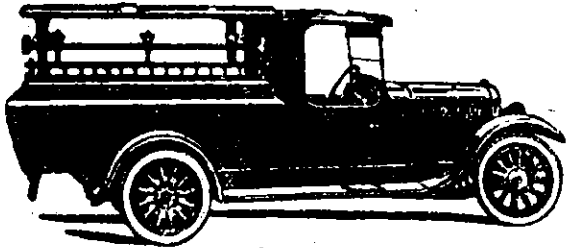
"Why do you allow such a thing to happen?" Father Feehan asked, with a displeased look, but in a tone that could only be heard by his nephew himself. "I spoke to you about that before."

"I knew he had one or two decrees for small amounts," was the reply. "But I never thought the fellow would seize my horse. 'Tis very vexatious just now; for I suppose it will spread about like wild-fire."

"The sooner you settle about it the better, then," suggested Father Feehan. "Go down to Mr. Armstrong and tell him I'll feel obliged if he would come up for a few minutes," said Mr. O'Keeffe, turning to Joe Cooney, who seemed to be plucking up spirit, as he reflected that Sammy Sloane could have seized the horse just as easily at the forge.

"He's gone to fish, sir," exclaimed Joe Cooney, suddenly, after having gone some yards beyond the gate. "I saw him in the morning with his basket on his shoulder talking to Rody Flynn."

"Well, tell Rody to come up to me," said Mr. O'Keeffe, sharply. Joe started off again; but again paused, with his eyes upon the



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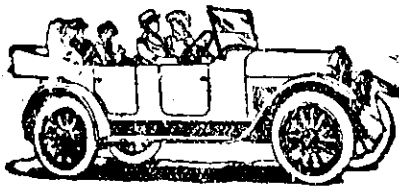
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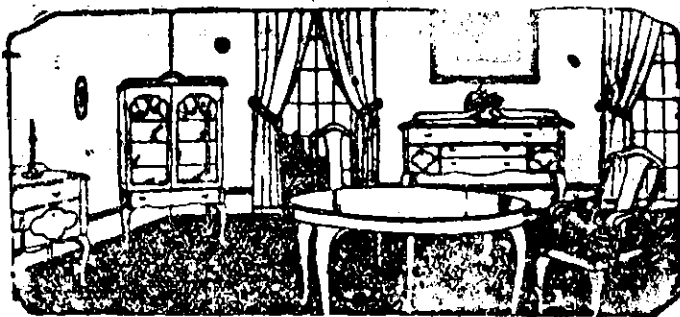
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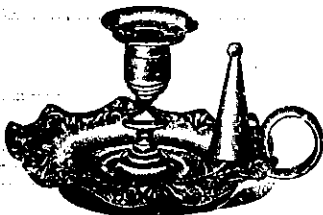
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ground—looking very serious for a moment, and then smiling and blushing with a sheepishly guilty expression of countenance.

"I'll run up for the winkers. There's a buckle loose in them," said Joe, glancing irresolutely towards his master, as if he feared Mr. O'Keefe might offer some objection to the delay. Instead of returning through the avenue, Joe Cooney went to the trouble of climbing over the wall at the corner of the garden, with the harness winkers hanging upon his arm, and a magnificent bunch of lilac in his left hand, which he held while passing by the gate, so that the gentlemen in the avenue might not see it. It may as well be confessed at once, that the harness winkers was a mere pretence, and the bunch of lilac the real cause of his turning back, when he got the order to go for Rody Flynn, as the best substitute for Mr. Ambrose Armstrong.

Joe walked hurriedly, till he came within a few yards of the cooper's cottage-like thatched house, but dropped into a slow, careless lounge, as he passed the little red wooden gate of the yard, in which Mr. Cormack's car (covered on the outside according to the weather), was put up on Sunday during the Mass, and turned, as if something at the opposite side of the street had suddenly attracted his attention, on coming to the window with the white curtain and the scarlet geranium.

"God save all here!" said Joe Cooney, laying his hand on the half-door, and looking like a young man who was weary of a world in which he could find nothing to interest him.

"God save you kindly, Joe!" was the cheery response, accompanied by a look suggestive of complete unconsciousness of care or trouble. "Have you any news?"

"Not a word," Joe replied, "except that Mr. Robert wants you in a great hurry. Sammy Sloane. Oh! be the hokey," he broke off, "spake av the ould boy an' he'll appear." And Joe turned round and stared at the podgy little bailiff, who was hurrying up the street, trying to walk as fast as his short, stumpy legs would allow, but breaking into intermittent trots, in spite of himself, cocking up the toes of his thick half-boots, as if he wanted to exhibit the nails in the soles, and looking very flushed and excited. On catching a glimpse of the bunch of lilac, Mr. Sloane stopped suddenly, and approaching Joe Cooney, took the liberty of laying his hand upon Joe's arm, and stopping down, inhaled the odor of the blossoms, as if he found the temptation quite irresistible.

"They're charming," said Mr. Sloane. "I wish I had a bunch like that to bring home to my wife. Where did you get them, Joe?" And Sammy Sloane looked coaxingly, but at the same time suspiciously, into the, at that moment, rather glum and surprised face of the "priest's boy."

"I noticed that fine lilac tree in Father Feehan's shrubbery. Was it from that you pulled them, Joe?" And Sammy Sloane put his nose to the lilacs again, keeping his left eye fixed upon Joe Cooney's face, who replied gruffly enough that it was from the tree in the shrubbery he got them.

"Good morning," said the little bailiff,

looking reassured, but still suspicious, into Joe Cooney's freckled countenance, and resuming his alternating trotting and walking up the street, taking off his hat and wiping the perspiration from his forehead as he approached the priest's gate, and muttering to himself, "Joe has not found them, I think."

"He's after puttin' Mr. Roberts horse into the Pound," said Joe, resuming the conversation with the cooper.

Rody Flynn raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders; but, from the twinkle of his black eye and the smile that lit up his chubby face, it was plain that Rody was rather amused than otherwise by the intelligence.

"He's takin' after the father and the grandfather," said Rody laughing. "The bailiffs were always huntin' 'em. But I thought young Robert was too 'cute to let himself be exposed. Times are different now from what they used to be. I remember when 'tis proud a man 'ud be to have a writ or a decree out against him. But that's all changed; I'm surprised at young Robert."

"That reminds me," Joe Cooney remarked, putting his hand into his coat-pocket, "that I picked up these papers when I was pullin' the laylac. Be the hokey!" he continued, as he unfolded them, "as sure as you're born they're Whereases. Yes, they're to-wits, and no mistake," Joe went on, "an' Mr. Robert's name wud five round O's to the two uv 'em."

Rody Flynn laughed till he could scarcely find breath to call out, "Julia, bring me my hat an' coat."

"Good mornin', Joe," said pretty Julia Flynn, with a laugh in the corner of her eye as she glanced at the flowers, while handing the coat and hat to her father.

Joe's only reply to the salutation was presenting the bunch of lilac as if he were taking aim at her with a pistol.

"Oh, thank you, Joe; they are beautiful. I'll put them in water and they'll keep fresh for ever so long."

"Give me the decrees," said Rody Flynn, "an' let us go down to the Pound first. 'Tis a capital joke if Sammy is caught." And Rody, thrusting his hands into the side pockets of his coat, walked down the street and over the bridge with a lightness in step and a roll in his gait which made Julia remark that her father was getting young again.

The horse was not in the Pound. Jacky, the cobbler, was holding him in the lane, for which service Jacky had got one penny from Sammy Sloane, and was promised another.

"Take him away," said Rody Flynn.

"Might I bring him to the forge?" Joe Cooney asked.

"Yes," Rody answered, "an' I'll go up and see what's to be done. If there be any talk at the forge say it was all a mistake, an' don't give them any more information."

"You forgot to put in the horse," said Rody Flynn laughing, on meeting Mr. Sloane in the priest's avenue, smelling a bunch of lilac, and seemingly lost in admiration of its beauty, and fragrance. The bailiff started and let the blossoms fall from his hand.

"Come up to the house," Rody continued, "and let us see what can be done."

The matter was settled more satisfactorily than Mr. Sloane expected; for Father Feehan, almost to the chagrin of his nephew, who wished to have revenge, insisted on paying the two debts in full.

But Sammy Sloane was very sad for all that. He said to his wife as he sat gloomily by his well-swept hearth that night, that he was afraid he'd soon die. "It was the first real mistake I have ever made in my business," continued Mr. Sloane, gloomily. "I hope Murty Magrath won't hear of it. I was never able to do the clever things that Murty did; but I was always correct. I deserved it, though; for I was influenced by personal feeling. I blamed Father Feehan for having the Liberal candidate resign; and that's what made me think of seizing his nephew's horse."

"Never allow personal feeling to influence you, William," Mr. Sloane went on, addressing his young son who was polishing the grilled mutton bone his father had had for supper. "Always do your duty without being influenced by personal feeling. I'd be dead when you were nine months old, with a bullet through my eyebrow, if I allowed myself to be carried away by personal feelings."

"How was that?" young William asked, taking the bone from across his mouth, and looking earnestly at his respected parent.

"I'll tell you another time," Mr. Sloane replied. "Poor Paddy Fitzsimons got the bullet through the eyebrow instead of me—and all because he allowed himself to be influenced by personal feeling. The mistake of this morning—losing them decrees—will be a warning to me all the days of my life."

"And won't you get anything for the election, Samuel?" his wife asked.

"Yes, I have a claim," Mr. Sloane replied. "I got information for them that may be useful another time. The Carlton Club always acts liberally, and I know Mr. Perrington won't forget me."

"And didn't you employ Jim Dhew to make the fence round the garden?" said Mrs. Sloane.

"Yes, I wanted to have him in my hands; though I knew he wouldn't do anything against the priest."

"And what good would he be for you, then?" Mrs. Sloane asked in surprise.

"Oh, he might be useful up to a certain point, and it would be something to keep him quiet. 'Tis a great disappointment altogether," continued Sammy Sloane mournfully. "We'll have to go back to England. This country is getting wus and wus, and unless there's a stir soon in the ejection business 'twill be difficult to make both ends meet. God be with the time when Cloonavrona was fifty pounds a year to me, sure money." And Mr. Sloane sighed and dropped his chin upon his chest.

"Here, take your beer," said his wife. "Where's the use in fretting?"

"That's true," he replied, blowing the froth from his mug. "But," he added, after taking a draught, "I hope Murty Magrath won't hear what a fool I made of myself. He'd turn me into ridicule at the Sessions. But I'm not such a dull fellow as Murty thinks."

(To be continued.)

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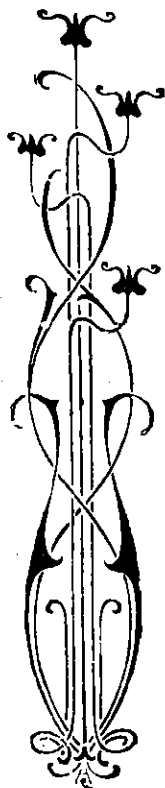
**Napier**



# CHRISTMAS IN NEW ZEALAND

(By EILEEN DUGGAN, for the N.Z. Tablet.)

One would like to have read in Katherine Mansfield an account of a New Zealand Christmas. It is in atmosphere that she excels, not in plot. Butler has given us in *Erewhon* the desolation, the cold awe of our mountains, and particularly, that numbness, that loss of individuality, that one feels when one is alone among them. Butler writes of New Zealand as it was. Katherine Mansfield writes of it as it is, with a fidelity to detail that is almost startling. It is portraiture, rather than literature, but it is fine painting. When one can get past her husband's incessant eulogies one loves Katherine Mansfield. She was a New Zealander in a far country. She might have written of Sussex or Surrey. She chose to write of Aotea Roa. And it was a wise choice. Who can forget her description of the Picton boat? No one who ever crossed the straits can fail to shudder at her account of the crossing. It was true of her day one supposes. It is certainly true of to-day. One smells the sea in it, and that strange sickly tang that clings to ships that carry passengers. Even the rubber mat is there. Then there is her description of the beach road with the flock of sheep upon it in the hot hour of the morning. That is New Zealand, a New Zealand road, a New Zealand sky,



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fierce and blue, a New Zealand dog, wilful and shaggy. That dog almost lolls a red tongue at us. It is as vivid as that. She saw keener for being away from us. Memory held up a clearer glass than sight. It would be hard to read those things in a strange country. It is to the docks one would turn to see the ships that would go by Pencarrow.

Christmas in the Country.

Christmas is for all a time of memories. It is odd that mortals never realise at the time that they are happy. It is when they look back that they know it, only when they look back, and just as in our journey the land we leave behind grows dimmer, sweeter, bluer, the hours we leave behind grow richer too. Is it the distance that makes those Christmases of childhood seem less flurried and more gracious than the Christmases of now? There were fewer pleasures in the country, but the simple pleasures are the best. There are no pictures in the country places, and the child is forced to invent its own joys. It turns to the creek, with its eels, the lagoon with its tadpoles, the trees with their cones, their berries, and their nests. Many a good game of hockey is played in the winter with manuka sticks, crooked roots wrenched from the bush, and the balls, very often, are the round small cones from the fir trees. In summer there were the long days by the water, with the fierce bitter smell of the wild parsley and the fennel, and the cool, sharp scent of the willow-weed as you trod it under foot. And the dragonflies, as bright as mica with their thin wings flashing as they flew! You kept away from them. Demoiselles, the French call them delicately. "Horsetingers," said Young New Zealand with a timorous eye upon their slender keels. They were always thick on the river at Christmas, the dragonflies, blue, and dreamy, and light.

The Countryside.

The countryside was deep in summer. The fruit was golden. One young apricot-tree with small bright fruit never cheated the countryfolk at Christmas. It ripened first of the year. And the cherries went before it, and with it, the wild red sour cherries, dripping juice where the birds had torn them, and the great black ones after that were veiled from the birds. And in the fields there was a white glimmer, the glimmer of corn that grows heavy for the reaping. In the small gardens, and every house in the country has its garden, there would be beanflowers climbing up the wall at the back, red flowers and white flowers, by great currant bushes with berries deeply streaked with black and with red. The skin off the black berries always looked tough and thick, but the skin on the red berries was clear as a pane. Lower down sometimes there were strawberries half hidden in green leaves, and sometimes too there would be a mulberry tree with its long berries glowing like old wine. In the flower gardens there was usually a walk of tall lilies. They grow them in lines down the garden paths there, and they stand up straight as high as one's shoulder with the little bees creeping out of them covered with gold. When I forget

thee, O Jerusalem! says the psalmist. When we forget thee, Aotea Roa!

There were poppies in those gardens, full-lipped and blowing red. The passion fruit with its crossed flower crept up along the fence and hung there till it was itself a flowery wall. And the sun beat down on the lilies till the very air became liliated. Nothing brings up the Christmas sense more sharply than the scent of those tall lilies.

The bushlands were cool always. The sun never got his way there, and the bees were quiet too. Only the smell of fern and of moist earth, the smell of earth, that never changes, and is the freshest scent of all, rose up there. The glossy myrtle and the rangiora and the snowberry bushes were as green as if the sun had no power over them. It was cool in the bush at noon.

The Preparations.

But when the week of Christmas comes there is little time for dreaming in gardens or by the river or among the rangiora in the bushlands. Every child is kept running by its elders. There are constant errands to the little village store for raisins and for spices. There are peas to be shelled in the cool kitchens, or cream to be brought in from the dairy. The little hands are kept busy, but it is a time of great expectations and murmurings are few. Sometimes a child is allowed to assist in the rites. Shredding raisins has a certain sacredness in connection with Christmas, and the child who has never cleaned currants or sliced peel has missed something out of life. An injustice has been done it, a wrong that should be righted, for the child has a sense for great mysteries and an instinct for service, particularly associated service. No child loves to work alone. Childhood makes its own guilds. Even the boys entered into those mysteries of preparation, sometimes in the kitchen, sometimes in the yards. Huckleberry Finns are still to be seen whitewashing long fences for the Christmas hour when mankind feels that soul, body, raiment, lodging, all should be cleaned and scoured against the coming of a Child. What is whiter than a child? Hence the sweeping, the scouring within and the whitewashing without. And the eggs are brought in from the paddocks; a lamb is killed for the feast. In the city these things come from shop counters. In the country they come straight from the fields. There is mint in its stalks from the garden, the green tender tops of the mint, cool lettuce, and sun-rounded fruit. What a day for the kitchens in the country!

Small Town Christmases.

We all know the Christmas in the city. The shop windows are as bright almost as a country garden, and down the hot streets a sea wind blows from the south. The shoppers hasten, and hasten. So much to do, and so small the time! Will it ever be done? Is it all remembered? Anything, anything to get out of the throng! But the small town Christmas is a different affair. The children and the mothers go to town in the daytime. For them it is an event of the year. It is a time of meetings. You meet your friends in town on Christmas Eve in

the provinces. The children meet and compare the toys that their savings have yielded them. The money that they earned for going for the cows, for gathering the eggs, for stringing birds' eggs, for cutting cocksfoot, is poured out now, recklessly, royally. The mother that used skim milk all the year is buying the biggest doll in the shop for her small one. It is truly a time of heedlessness. The sun beats down, the arms are burdened, but the feet do not drag, and the eyes do not tire of gazing.

All along the white sleepy roads with their hem of poplars and bluegums go the cars and the carts and the waggons. The country is going to town. And home they return at the sunset or in the long dewy twilight, laden and glad.

That is childhood's day, but youth goes forth at night into the small streets where the roofs are not too high to hide the Christmas stars.

And at the End.

However long we live, we who were born of the country, can we forget those Christmases of childhood? Advent will bring us always a hot scent of the heavy stalks of lilies, a shimmer of dragonflies' wings, a vista of country roads, white with dust winding into the blue distance where lay the magic town, and above all a heightening of the heart, a strange heightening that made the world seem almost too good in the sun, a sense of waiting for a better thing than even all the fruits and all meats piled on the board. It was that heightening of the heart that troubled shepherds on the hills above the town of Bethlehem.

NOEL.

On a winter's night long time ago  
*(The bells ring loud and the bells ring low),*  
 When high howled wind, and down fell snow  
*(Carillon, Carilla).*  
 Saint Joseph he and Notre Dame,  
 Riding on an ass, full weary came  
 From Nazareth into Bethlehem.  
 And the small child Jesus smile on you.

And Bethlehem inn they stood before  
*(The bells ring less and the bells ring more),*  
 The landlord bade them begone from his door  
*(Carillon, Carilla).*  
 "Poor folk" (says he) "must lie where they may,  
 For the Duke of Jewry comes this way,  
 With all his train on a Christmas Day."  
 And the small child Jesus smile on you.

Poor folk that may my carol hear  
*(The bells ring single and the bells ring clear).*  
 See! God's one child had hardest cheer!  
*(Carillon, Carilla).*  
 Men grown hard on a Christmas morn;  
 The dumb beast by and a babe forlorn.  
 It was very, very cold when our Lord was born.  
 And the small child Jesus smile on you.  
 —From Verses by H. BALLOU.

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## Santa Claus

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

He's had his bath—his prayers are said,  
And while I tuck him into bed  
He prattles on in rapt delight:  
"Dad, Santa Claus will come to-night,  
To bring me all the toys I want to buy;  
And Dad! I've been a good boy—haven't I?"

And then he talks of ships and trains,  
Guns, motor cars and aeroplanes;  
And lots of other "bosker" toys  
That Father Christmas has for boys.  
He rattles down the list without a pause,  
And finishes with—"Dad! who's Santa  
Claus?"

And there he beats me!—so I say:  
"Oh, Santa Claus lives far away,  
And travels round this night each year,  
With sacks of toys (when they're not dear)."  
And then another on to me he pops:  
"Say, Dad! how does he climb our chimney  
tops?"

Then I invent a scheme or two  
To show what Santa Claus can do;  
And how the chimneys shift about  
To let him in and let him out  
When he has filled the stockings on the  
line—  
"Say, Dad! how does he know which stockin's  
mine?"

And so he trips me up again!  
Of course, it's easy to explain  
That Santa Claus knows everything:  
Which boys are good and what to bring;  
And that he has a prize above the rest  
For that good boy who loves his mother  
best.

And triumph gleams in his wide eyes  
As he says, "Dad! I'll get that prize,  
For I love Mummy best of all!"  
(And that makes Dad feel rather small);  
Then asks: "What time will Santa Claus be  
here?  
And why is Christmas only once a year?"

And then, as simple as I can,  
I tell how Santa Claus began;  
How long ago, first Christmas morn,  
In Bethlehem, a King was born  
Who loved the little children so on earth  
That Santa Claus comes on His day of  
birth.

He listens, quiet and dreamy-eyed,  
To my poor tale of Christmastide:  
Of how God sent the brightest Star  
To guide the wise men from afar;  
And he's so silent that I take a peep—  
And, sure enough, he's fallen fast asleep!

He'll dream to-night of Christmas joys  
Up in the Fairyland of toys.  
Maybe he'll hear the Angels sing  
Their *Gloria* unto the King;  
And when he wakens in the morn he'll find  
That Santa Claus has left a sack behind!

—HAROLD GALLAGHER.

Nelson.

## Three Christmas Trees

(By JOHN AYSCOUGH, in the London Month.)

Christmas Eve, and the night falling. For two days the same sharp wind had blown out of the east across the great central plain of Europe, with a bitter black frost in its mouth. Now the snow was falling, but sparsely, barely sufficient to whiten the house tops: but enough to keep all indoors who had no business to call them out into the long, narrow street—of Mariahilf, a small bleak townlet fifteen miles eastward of P—.

By the fire, in a wooden elbow-chair, sat Friedrich Günther—of a once great name, but of modest condition. His hair was grizzled but not white: a year ago it had been still almost black. The lines in his gray face were deep now, and the once genial mouth was set in what had become a chronic puckering of lips seldom opened without necessity, for sorrow had taken the man sternly, as it takes some gently—breaking down frozen tempers. Perhaps this bowed head had been held over-proudly till the weight of grief struck it down.

An elderly woman, evidently his wife, was pretending to have some occupation at the window, which had a long sill broad enough to support certain dull plants (which looked as if they had never flowered and never intended to flower), but in reality the woman was doing nothing, only peering through the screen of mouldy greenery out into the desolate street. From the window she could see, while the fading dusk lasted, a good way—as far as "Hans Schaun's corner," where Schaun's shop stood, a shop which had no speciality of stock-in-trade, but displayed in its window any articles Schaun could afford to procure and his neighbors could (as he calculated) afford to buy. Half the space in his window was taken up now by tiny fir-trees—for poor as the neighbors were they must even in war-time, have each their Christmas Tree: very small trees with very little on them.

Among the tiny fir-trees were small boxes of colored tapers—short and lean—red, blue, and yellow: and there was one box of tinsel balls, not all gold, but some rose-colored with tinsel stripes or stars, some white, also gold-starred. Also among the little trees there was a little crib, of brightly-painted, embossed cartridge-paper. It could fold up and was esteemed by Frau Schaun a miracle of art. She liked it none the less that the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and the shepherds were clearly Germans—one of the shepherds remarkably like Anton Hess the wheelwright round the corner. Frau Günther up the street had been Maria Hess, and was Anton's sister, but older than him, and since her marriage—twenty years ago—much better off than any of the Hesses.

"Is there," Friedrich called out from his place by the hearth, "any sense in making thyself cold there? Do we have a fire to warm the chimney?"

His wife sighed meekly.

"Thou knowest why I look out by the window," she said. "When he went away

I promised to look out every evening at night-falling—let me set a candle in the window. We can afford it, especially just to-night; Christabend."

"What is the use of putting it? What is the use of looking out?"

Her husband objected. It had come to that with him that he asked concerning everything "What is the use of it?"

He let her alone and went on with his dreary musing. The fire at least was not dreary, it could warm his feet, if it could not keep his heart from freezing.

"Fritz," Maria said with a timid hardness over her shoulder, "when the other children came, long ago, after our Fritzchen, you did not welcome them. You were afraid they were going to be too many and would prevent you getting rich as soon as you wished. . . ."

Her husband frowned but let her go on, pretending not to listen at all. He bent forward and stirred the logs so that they made a brighter blaze, till all the homely room was filled with light: Maria saw how the bright light shone upon the long window and thought "it will do instead of the candle."

"You grumbled as they came," she went on, braving the frowning face that cast a huge shadow on the white wall; "you thought of nothing but the spending they would cost. And even when they died you did not care much. You only thought 'there will be more for Frizchen.' You only cared for him, because he was the eldest—as if you were a Count of the Holy Empire all taken up with your heir, who was to carry on your fine name—a corn-factor's heir. . . ."

At last Friedrich interrupted harshly.

"My heir though: heir of the last of our branch of the Günthers—and, but you know nothing of what it is to hold a great name. It is no use expecting you to understand. How should Johann Hess's daughter understand!"

"Johann Hess loved all his children: not the eldest only. There were twelve of us. And he was poor, but he never thought one of them was one too many. He found bread for all and never cared if the eldest should be poorer because there were eleven brothers and sisters to love him."

The poor man groaned.

"And you think I didn't love my lad—my first-born, the only one left to me!"

It was a very bitter cry of protest and it dried up the reproaches his wife—with a pent-up silence of many years burst and broken at last—had been raining on him.

"Ah, dear God!" she cried weeping, "but you loved him: he had it all, all the love that should have been divided among all. And yet—yet you grudge a candle for him, and ask 'What use?'"

"Well, what use is it? Can a candle in the window give welcome to one who can never come home? Can he see it from his grave, if he has any grave? It only makes it worse—pretending to have hope when

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there is no hope. I would burn the house down to make a bonfire to light him up the street if he could be there. You know where he is, dead in that French place."

The man's words were harsh and pitiless, but the voice, that had grown in a few months an old voice, was very anguished. He was become like a poor agonised death-stricken hound that will bite at itself and everyone in its torture.

"But Fritz," Maria pleaded, "the priest who wrote did not say he was dead."

"He said he had found the boy, among eleven others, in a room at a school used as a hospital, mortally wounded. He said he had given him the Last Sacraments, and praised his religion and devotion. When he went back next morning he had no hope of finding him alive, and he found him gone. The dead it seemed were taken at once to the mortuary and buried quickly. It was a French priest who lived near by the school who buried them."

"But," urged Maria, "the priest who wrote never saw him dead. He did not bury him, though he buried some that very day on which he looked for him and did not find him."

"He saw a list of the dead—English, French, and German—who were to be buried that day, and our Fritzchen's name was among them."

The agonised father was in terror of listening to delusive hope.

His wife went away again from his side, and crossed the room to where a crucifix stood, between carved wooden figures of Christ's bereaved Mother and St. John, and from under the pedestal of the cross took a letter and brought it over to the fire. By its light she read the often-read letter over again.

It was directed to the Archbishop of P., and was written in English. It bore date of October 18, 1914 and said:  
My Lord Archbishop,

I may not say whence this is written. We may not give the place of writing on any letter we write even to our nearest relations. I write this to Your Grace instead of to the parents of a poor lad I assisted during his last moments yesterday afternoon, because I think it certain a letter addressed to one in your high station sure to arrive, and also because I can venture to write in English to Your Grace, and I can scarcely write in German at all. I was able long ago, but have forgotten. I cannot talk much German either, but can understand it still if spoken slowly. Yesterday at dusk I visited one of the several hospitals in this town for the wounded. This one is really a school used as a hospital. In one of the class-rooms I found eleven poor fellows of your nation all brought in from the battlefield mortally wounded. Four were Catholics, and all four made their confession, and received Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum. All were very devout, and full of religion. But I was touched most of all by the devotion of a big lad of nineteen (he looked older) who talked to me also after he had fulfilled his religious duties about his home and his parents with most tender love and regret. It was harrowing. He yearned so terribly for his home and them, and suffered so much more for

their bereavement than from his own wounds and pain. I was a long time with him, but at last he slept, through exhaustion, and I went away. Next morning I went back, but found his place empty—as were the ten other places. Ten were dead—one little lad had become sufficiently better to be removed to train-head for transference to another hospital. He had told me his name—Karl Fuick. Where my poor fellow had lain was his prayer-book, and in it was his name, Friedrich Günther, son of Friedrich Günther, of Marienhilf, near P—. He, with the other nine who had died since I was there yesterday—two English, four French, and three Germans—were all buried by a very charitable French priest who lives next to that school used as a hospital. That priest talked German perfectly, and was as kind to any poor wounded Germans as if they had been of his own nation. I did not think at once of writing through Your Grace to let the poor parents know how Christian an end their son made. I fear it will be more difficult to send their son's prayer-book as well as a letter, but I will ask, and do so if it is possible.

Begging Your Grace's Blessing,

I am, most respectfully,

Your servant,

HENRY MASTERS.

Military Chaplain.

Attached to the English letter was a German translation, but the poor mother and father fingered most the original paper traced by a hand that had given the last holy Unction to their boy.

"It is certain," Friedrich sobbed; "it is hopeless. When we cheat ourselves with false hope we lose him again each time the hope breaks down."

"We break down," the mother persisted, "not the hope."

"It is cruel to say that. It is cheating one over again. It is as you have been hinting—preaching rather. I grumbled because God sent us children I had not wanted, thinking them too many, thinking they would prevent me leaving Fritzchen rich. So God has stolen away the one I wanted to keep."

"How can God steal—who owns everything? That is a wicked word, and I was wicked to say what I did. God would not let a lad be killed to spite his father. God loved the boy more than we did."

"Not more than I did—speak for yourself," the father gruffly retorted.

Maria shuddered.

"Fritz," she asked, "have you ever asked God to send him home?"

"No. What use to ask the impossible! We shall go to him: he will come no more to us. Did David get his son back?"

"Did David ask? He said what you have just said. I ask every day, and all day long. I should ask if I had seen him killed."

This time it was the father who shuddered. His wife's indomitable faith frightened him.

"What is being killed to God?" the poor woman cried aloud. "Is one way of being dead beyond His power, and another not? Lazarus was as much dead as if he had been killed in battle. Jesus knew when he died, and went to bring him back. The Jews laughed at Him. 'Our friend sleepeth,' Jesus said, 'and I go to waken him out of

sleep.' Has He forgotten how to raise the dead because He has raised Himself from death. Fritz, my beloved bridegroom, ask Him! Kneel down and ask Him. And get up and go and light the candle in the window. It will lighten him home even if they put him into the ground—that foreign ground. Ask, ask, ask! Don't let God think you agree to his being dead."

"What is the use of asking the impossible!" groaned the wretched father.

"Impossible! For you, for me, for any of us; but how impossible for Christ who raised Himself out of His own grave? Kneel down and ask Him."

"She grows crazy," thought Friedrich; and to quieten her he knelt down and asked.

Outside the gloomy air was filling with the noise of the Christmas bells. They chimed a regular tune, the air of the anthem,

"For unto us a Son is given."

The snow fell thicker and faster now. If any passengers had been abroad their clothing would have been thick with soft whiteness. There was only one in all the street. He looked, in the wan light of Schaun's window, outside which he stood, like a snow man, such as the children make. Around his neck and face a thick comforter was wrapped, up to his eyes. That also was half snow-covered.

Pushing the shop-door open he went in and said gruffly:

"A Christmas tree, please. The biggest you have."

"Ah, we have no really big ones this year. Everyone is too poor: what money they can spare they spend on comforts to send to their sons and husbands at the war. We have but these little ones."

"Then I will take these three," said the stranger. "And all these candles and these pretty decorations."

So large an order much impressed Frau Schaun: the stranger must be rich.

"No presents?" she inquired, wondering what to offer.

"Only one."

"For three trees!"

"Yes, only one. It will be enough. I have it."

His pockets were certainly bulgy. Frau Schaun stared at them, wondering what they might hold.

"But only one present," she objected, "for three trees."

"Yes, only one. They won't complain."

The stranger's voice suddenly changed—it had been cheery, almost mischievous. It took on a certain note of uncertainty and dread.

"Are all well in the village," asked the stranger.

"All well. No! How could that be? With Frau Scheuch bedridden, and Mattheus Hienz half doubled with rheumatism! Plenty of illness. A hard season and not too much fuel or food. Certainly not all well."

"None dead though—since, since the summer?"

"Many families in mourning: for so many killed at the war. But none dead in the town, since Ferdinand Schreiner died in July. It was to be expected at his age—who can be surprised when one of ninety dies?"

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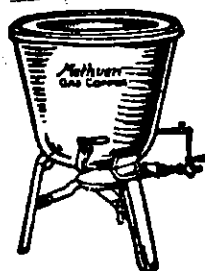
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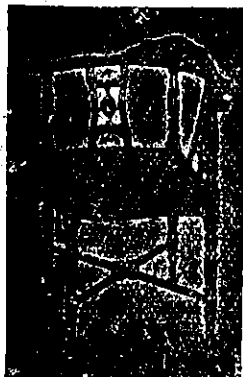
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The stranger took his three little trees in his arms and stuffed into his pockets the boxes of candles and baubles. Then saying "Thank you, and good Christabend, Frau Schaun," he went out into the thick snow.

His big feet made hardly any sound on the muffled pavements any more than if he had been walking on carpet.

"Frau Schaun," thought that lady; "he knows what my name is. What's his, I wonder."

"Hans," she called out, "come out here." Hans, in the stuffy little parlor (more like a counting house, that smelt like warm second-hand clothing) was seasonably employed in compiling Christmas bills, partly by the aid of a well-thumbed scales-book, and partly by sheer force of imagination and bold surmise.

"Why?" queried Mr. Schaun, not eager to quit the cosy airlessness of the parlor for the draughty shop.

"Because I want thee to come and look at a man who," she concluded with alluring hyperbole, "has just bought all the shop."

Thus seduced Schaun lumbered up and joined his wife.

"Where is he?" he demanded with a disappointed glance round the remaining stock, which was much less reduced than he had been led to hope.

"There: look at him. Do we know him? He called me Frau Schaun."

"Customers don't generally call thee Lisa. I don't know him. He's like no one I know except the pump."

Earlier in the week Schaun had swathed the pump in far from "tailor-made" habiliments of straw. Meanwhile the man like the pump was passing up the street. A broad street of houses so low as to make it look broader than it was.

Friedrich Günther risen from his knees, was, as an act of reparation for his previous refusal, setting three candles among the plants in his window. By the time the stranger had reached Günther's house the candles were well alight. "One for each tree," he told himself. She hasn't forgotten her promise," he added with a sharp realization of the many, many times she must have lighted her candle with a quickening sense of its inutility. But perhaps not. He did not know any definite bad news of him had come home.

He drew near the window and peered in—how well he knew that room!

The elder Fritz had drawn back from the window and was standing by the table in the middle of the floor.

"There, I have done what thou didst ask," he muttered, turning to his wife, behind whose back all the bright light of the fire was shining.

"Yes, dear man: I thank thee," she was saying. Then, with sudden start more like terror than joy or hope, she gasped out

"Herr Je'!"

That exclamation, so often used profanely enough came from her lips as something midway between a prayer and a cry of ineffable terrified aspiration. Her eyelids closed—she was afraid to go on looking.

"What is it?" Friedrich demanded, sharply

turning from her to glance whither she had been staring.

Above the plants, a face was almost pressed against the window-panes. Above the face was a snow-piled cap.

"No!" shouted Friedrich. "It cannot be! Dear God, it is and to mock." Maria's eyes opened again: her lips were trembling exceedingly. Her face was ghastly white—almost gray. She fell forward in a heap at her husband's feet: she had never fainted in her life before and it seemed to her and to him like death. But it was the best thing, I daresay, she could have done.

When her consciousness returned it was not her husband only who was leaning over her, with a small cup of potato-brandy in his hand. Fritzchen, the young Fritzchen, was supporting her head, and chafing her forehead, her hands with the brandy. A big puddle of melted snow from his clothing lay all around them both. Three little fir-trees stood round it, as if it had been a little lake in a little forest: little tapers of various colors kept dropping from one of his pockets. "Are they good for swooned persons?" the elder Fritz inquired as one of them plumped down on his wife's nose. It was the only joke he had ever attempted since the second year of his marriage—the attempt proved how over-wrought he must be.

His son was stooping down in a fruitless effort to kiss his mother without shaking snow all over her.

"That is," the lad answered, succeeding.

It gave him a queer feeling when, later on, he read the English priest's letter about his own Christian end.

"Eh," he said, "how I remember that afternoon! I thought I was dying: I was sure of it. I hadn't much consciousness when I saw him come in picking his way across the floor that was covered with us—there were no beds and we lay in our stretchers as they had brought us. All were badly wounded, but only eleven of us in my state. It felt very cold—we hadn't eaten since before the battle: though they had covered us with plenty of blankets. I didn't notice that he was a priest, for he was not wearing the cassock. But presently I heard him reading Latin—over the little fellow lying next me: a boy almost, with a funny face and very black hair. The priest was giving him Extreme Unction: I heard the lad say 'My feet also,' and saw him straining to get his boots off. Then the priest gave him the Blessed Sacrament and I said 'I am a Catholic, too,' and he turned round to me. 'I can't talk German,' he said, in what he evidently thought was German; 'but,' he said, 'I can understand enough to hear your Confession—I think.' So I made my Confession; then he asked if I had any prayer-book—we all had one. And he read the prayers for the dying out of it, and the long words nearly killed him. He gave a sort of gasp when he saw one coming: and tumbled over it, as if he had been tumbling over a chair in the dark. All the same he did his best, and he was like a father in that strange place. He stayed a long time, and when he left me, said he would come

back in the morning—that was after he had given me the Blessed Sacrament and read all the prayers. I said I should be dead before morning. One of his tears fell on my face and I know he was kind, though English. He went away as if he wanted to stop—only he saw I was scarcely conscious. I had had to hold on to myself to do it all. He told me I had better sleep, but I said 'When I do it will be for ever.' I had told him about you, and how my mother would at that hour be lighting the candle in our window for me to see if I came home—it was then I felt his tear on my cheek—I liked it because it was hot, and everything else was so cold. He said God's Mother would pray for mine—her Son had come back to her. Yours, Mutterchen, would never, I knew, come back to her. I suppose I was asleep when he went away: I knew no more till early in the morning. I saw the little dark fellow by his side, dead, with his eyes open, and a sort of laugh on his lips. He was holding my prayer-book—he had told me before that he had lost his. A sergeant was taking down the name and regiment written at the beginning of it, and I tried to explain that was my name and my book: but I could not: the man could not understand me—of course he did not understand German, and I couldn't speak at all clearly or move either of my hands to make a sign. Presently they carried out the little black-headed lad, and I knew where he was going. They carried me away too, but only to another place where there were doctors—I hadn't seen them since before the priest came on the afternoon before. One seemed to think it was no use doing anything more, but the others insisted and they did an operation. I recovered in another place, and felt much better—in less horrible pain, and able to breathe, and they gave me hot soup with brandy in it, I think, and I felt better still. Presently—I don't know how long after, for I was always falling asleep, I recovered again and I was in an ambulance, and it took me (and some others) to a hospital train. We went to England—they (our own people) had said that was England, and that we couldn't go to London because it had been destroyed. I was terribly ill for some time, and had another operation. The doctors were kind and so were the nurses, though some of the nurses looked as if they did not like us—us Germans I mean. One patient in a bed next mine had been a waiter and he could talk a little German—such German! I asked him to write a letter for me, but he said he couldn't do that—German prisoners' letters must go through the Commanding Officer. I don't think he could write a German letter, and my hands were bound up in splints till long after that. At last when I could write I made a letter, and I threw it out of a window in the wash-place. I didn't know what else to do, and just hoped someone would pick it up and post it. Perhaps someone did, but they had regulations like ours about letters, and a letter to Germany would not have much chance of going through—at all events, not for a long time. You may get it still. I was wounded on the 18th of October early in the morning. On the 8th of December a lady came who talked

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good German: she said her son was a prisoner here in Germany and had been badly treated. But she spoke most kindly—though I think she was a foolish person. Perhaps, she said, if she had pity on me, it would cause those where her son was to be kinder to him. I told her I had thrown my letter out of that window. 'If it had been yourself,' she said, 'some kind person might have helped you.' 'It was at four o'clock in the afternoon,' I told her, and she said 'To-morrow afternoon?' as if she was a fool, for I had told her it was two weeks ago. After she had gone I thought it over, and wondered how any rich, educated lady could be so silly.

"God bless her for ever, and send her son safe back to her," said Maria.

"Yes, Mutterchen! I wakened up in the night and thought 'Who was the fool she or I.' Next afternoon before four o'clock I went into the wash-place, where a dandy English soldier was cleaning his teeth—I almost laughed. But when he had finished and there was no one else there I went where my letter had gone. It was not easy, for the window was very little and opened outward—slantways to let the air in from the top. However I did get out, and found myself in the park—that hospital was a rich gentleman's house. There were little trees standing about, and it was so nearly dark they looked almost like people. I stood behind one and saw a motor-car coming.

"It stopped near my tree and a lady called out of the window: 'John, I think I have dropped my muff—while I was showing my pass to the sentry at the gate. Would you go and see?' It was my lady, my fool as I had thought her.

"John went back as she told him—and did not return for five minutes. She had dropped the muff—on purpose, though not where she had been speaking to the sentry. She had dropped it out of the window.

"Meanwhile she had opened the door for me and told me to cower down on the floor at her feet, and a big fur-rug of hers she had stretched over me from her knees to the seat opposite. She thanked the man for finding the muff, and her hand shook as she received it from him. I thought she was talking silly again when she said 'John, do I look pale? I feel pale. I feel as if I should like to be sick. Do you think I am going to faint?' John couldn't see whether she was pale or not. It was too dark in the car. But he said 'Yes, my lady. Sadly pale. P'raps your ladyship had better go home.' She generally stayed a long time in the hospital, and I expect he preferred to go home. 'Very well, it may be best,' she said, as if unwillingly. So we turned round and went to her home, a sort of castle on the edge of a town. She kept me there, hidden, for some days. Then a pass came for her, from a great Minister, to go to Holland, where she pretended her own poor son had been sent from here. I travelled with her as her footman, dressed in her livery. She pretended I had been shell-shocked and could hardly speak. We got to Holland—after which it was not so hard, but still hard enough. She had to tell many lies, and used to cry afterwards. But she told them—saying that her son was at Düs-

seldorff and if she could get there would she be allowed to see him. At Düsseldorf I asked her to let me go and see the Commandant, and she gave me her card—a Countess she was, though there was no coronet on the card. I told the Commandant all she had done, and he came to see her and promised he would do all he could for her son, and he began by going himself to see the Commandant of the prison-camp where her son was: and he brought the son back with him—that Commandant likes Countesses I am sure, even English ones. So she didn't go back to England alone, but her son only had to wear the footman's clothes for a day—till they got to The Hague. So after all her lie about seeing her son at Düsseldorf came true, and her first lie to the Minister about his being in Holland."

"God wasn't much angry with her lies," said Maria, "that sees itself."

"So," Fritzen concluded, "here I am, with three Christmas trees and plenty of tapers but no presents. Frau Schaun thought me crazy to buy so many trees and so many candles, but no presents. I said one was enough and it was ready. Here it is." And the big lad thumped himself for explanation. Though he had bought so many tapers his mother took the three candles from the window and fastened one to each tree.

"Listen," she said, "to the bells chiming." "For unto us a Son is given," chimed the bells.

Another Scripture text came reproachfully into old Fritz's mind.

"For my son was dead and is alive."

'Twas he, not his son, who had wandered far, and eaten the swine's husks of doubt and misbelief.

"Why," asked Fritzen, "don't you use all the tapers I bought?" There were dozens and she had only fixed six of them to each tree. "It is enough," she whispered softly. "One for each of your brothers and sisters, who are keeping their Christabend with the Christ Child Himself."

## BOOK NOTICES

*The Path of Prayer*, by Vincent McNabb, O.P. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. 1/- net.

Father McNabb explains that this little book is made up of extracts from the diary of his friend, Sir Laurence Shipley. It is the story, told in delightful language, of how a man stricken with a terrible disease kept growing nearer to God as death approached. It is a beautiful little book.

*The Counsel Assigned*, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Angus and Robertson, Sydney. Price 2/6 net.

This artistically published volume contains an enchanting story about Abraham Lincoln. Its restraint and its delicacy of diction make it a little classic.

*Irish Tales of Love and Beauty*, by Josephine Ransom. Stockwell, London. 3/-.

The author understands the importance of the ancient legends of a people, and she has felt the charm and the poetry of the folklore of the Gael. These stories of Maeve and Etain and Macha and Brigid are beautiful, and we ought to be thankful for them in these days of worthless novels.

*Sing Ye Wisely*, by Gregorius. From Pellegrini, Sydney. Post free 2/6.

The object of this book is to show our Catholic people how they may "sing wisely" in accordance with the spirit of the Church and the instructions of the Holy See. In simple language that appeals to all the reader is taught how to reverence and love the grand traditional music of the Church and to appreciate its superiority over modern music. The book is at once a practical manual and a vindication of Gregorian Chant. It has been warmly received by the authorities, and it ought to be widely read by Catholics.

*Saint Madeleine Sophie*, by Maud Monahan. Longmans. Price (paper) 2/6, (cloth) 3/6.

This opportune life of the foundress of the great teaching Order of the Sacred Heart Sisters is an inspiring and edifying book. It shows us how God chose the humble daughter of a French vine-dresser to be His instrument in building up a barrier against the dangerous tendencies of secular education, which is the radical cause of the chaos and unbelief of the present age. There is a preface by Cardinal Bourne.

*Christ in His Brethren*. By Raoul Plus, S.J. Translated by Irene Hernaman. Burns, Oates, Washbourne. Price 6/-.

A volume like this comes appropriately at a time when, in accordance with the wishes of the Pope, we ought all be striving for the restoration of the peace of Christ among men. The learned Jesuit deals with the great laws of unity, charity, and solidarity which govern our common life in Christ. And, having laid the foundations, he proceeds to point out the means by which the reign of Christ may be brought about. These illuminating chapters on The Exterior Apostolate, the Apostolate of Prayer, and the Apostolate of Suffering, are full of inspiring thoughts for all zealous Catholics.

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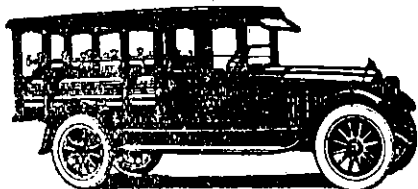
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Lo! the heav'nly host rejoices  
'Mid a flood of radiant light;  
And the shepherds gaze in wonder  
As they hear the angels sing:  
"Glory, glory in the highest,  
Glory to our new-born King."

And the Maiden Mother holy  
Bids them to her Babe draw near,  
For she knows the poor and lowly  
To His Heart Divine are dear;  
And they gather round the manger,  
And their hearts with glad accord  
Offer Him their loyal homage  
And proclaim Him Christ the Lord.

As the shepherds hear the story  
Of Emmanuel's wondrous birth,  
Quick they haste to pay their homage  
To the King of Heav'n and Earth;  
All at Bethlehem's manger kneeling,  
By the light of faith they see  
God's own Son, His pow'r concealing,  
In the direst poverty.

Come, then, Christians, let us gather  
With the shepherds and adore;  
Let us give Him our devotion  
And our love for evermore,  
For the Son of God, our Saviour,  
Asks us only for our love,  
And the Child Divine shall lead us  
To our home in heav'n above.

**Chorus.**

Let the heav'ns and earth adore  
Christ the Lord, for He is King for ever-  
more.

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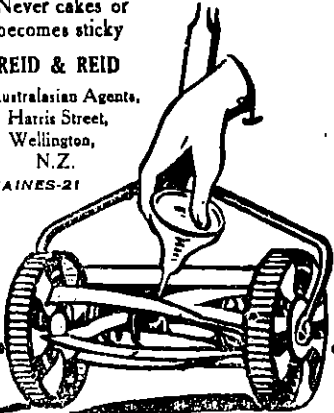
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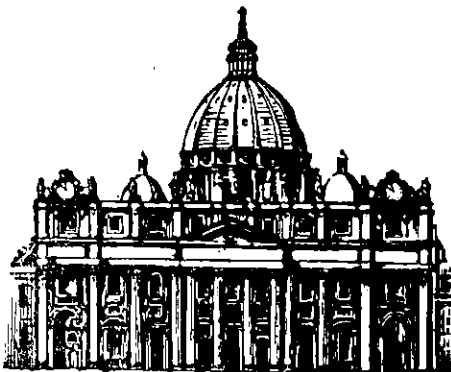
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# The Church in New Zealand

SOME HISTORICAL NOTES.

## Historic Kororareka



BISHOP POMPALLIER'S HOUSE AT RUSSELL, BAY OF ISLANDS,  
as it appears to-day

A North Auckland correspondent writes:— Spending a week-end at Russell, I took the opportunity of visiting the residence of the late Bishop Pompallier. The building is a double story one containing about 16 rooms. The house is in a surprisingly good state of repair, but the grounds have a neglected appearance. The house is the second oldest in New Zealand—the oldest, I understand, is at Keri Keri. The Bishop's house was the only one not destroyed at Russell during the Maori War. The house was evidently built to withstand a siege as the walls are thirty inches thick throughout. Our correspondent was informed by the present owner and occupant of the historic residence that it is for sale. Such an interesting and valuable memorial of by-gone days should surely be acquired and preserved.

## Central Otago in the Early Days

Writing under date November 14, from Ranfurly, to the Editor of the *Tablet*, Mr. P. Bleach says:—

As I take a great interest in reading the articles about the "Early history of the Church in New Zealand," appearing in the *Tablet* from time to time, I would be pleased if any of your readers can inform me when the first little tin church was built in the Hogburn, and who was the priest in charge at the time. I think it was built between 1866 and 1869. For I well remember Father Norris (whose name is mentioned in the last issue of the *Tablet*) being in the Hogburn in 1870 and in meeting his Lordship Bishop Moran at the chapel door on his first visit to that part of the diocese on the 9th March, 1871. I am fairly well conversant with matters appertaining to the Church since that time. It will be news to many of your

readers to learn that during Father Norris's administration there was a society in existence called "The Catholic Young Men's Society"—the members used to teach catechism in their turn every Sunday afternoon. They had a very good lending library of suitable books. How many country churches have got a library at the present day? There was also a good choir, as the music for the Bishop's Mass was selections taken from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," very well rendered and which would be no mean performance for country choirs at the present day.

In consideration for your valuable space I must conclude by hoping that some reader will be able to give the information asked for and thereby give me an opportunity for writing another article on some future occasion.

## HOME OF COMPASSION

ISLAND BAY, WELLINGTON.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, was fittingly celebrated at the Home of Compassion, Island Bay; Father Joyce, S.M., celebrated a Missa Cantata at 9 o'clock. The children's choir sang sweetly the "Missa de Angelis." At 2 o'clock there was a procession of the Sisters and children to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. Appropriate hymns were sung and the rosary recited to and from the grotto. At 3 o'clock his Grace Archbishop Redwood arrived to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to about 15 children of the Home, among whom were some incurables who were Confirmed lying in their wheel chairs. His Grace reminded the children that on December 8, 71 years ago, he left New Zealand to study for the priesthood, and asked them

to pray for him in thanksgiving to God for the many graces he had received. The ceremony ended with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and so concluded a happy feast day for the community and inmates of the Home.

## WEDDING BELLS

HANLEY—MILLS.

A quiet but very pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on October 27, when Caroline Lily, only daughter of Mrs. M. Williams and the late Mr. George Mills, of Queensberry, Otago Central, was married to Albert Edward, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hanley, of Hastings Street, Kaikorai. The Rev. Father Tylee officiated and celebrated Nuptial Mass. Mr. Vallis presided at the organ. The bride, who was led to the altar by Mr. G. Small, wore a dainty frock of ivory broche Africane. A gathered apron front was attached to the low waistline and finished at the left side with a cluster of silver leaves. A narrow stole of the material falling from a tiny cluster of silver leaves on the left shoulder, down behind the left arm, was caught at the waist and hung in a wide end at the bottom of the apron front. A beautifully hand-embroidered tulle veil was mounted on a pearl-trimmed coronet finished at the sides with tiny sprays of orange blossom. The bride carried a bouquet of deep cream roses, white sweet peas and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaids were Misses N. Ryan and J. Barclay. The former wore a pretty frock (apricot crepe-de-Chine trimmed with small pearl buttons) with white hat, and carried a lavender bouquet with lavender streamers. The latter wore a simple frock (ivory crepe-de-Chine trimmed with lace), and a pale blue hat. She carried a bouquet of blue and white flowers with blue streamers. A little flower girl, Daphne Small, was daintily frocked in ivory crepe-de-Chine, piped with deep pink and trimmed around the waist with tiny pink rosettes and streamers. Her hat of pink georgette was trimmed with a small cluster of blue roses and she carried a basket of white flowers with pink streamers. The bridegroom was attended by his cousin, Mr. J. F. McCluskey. A reception was held at Kroon's Hall, Moray Place. The Rev. Father Tylee presided, and the usual toasts were duly honored. Later, the newly-wedded couple left for the north, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride looked neat in a navy twill costume with hat to match. The young couple were the recipients of many useful and costly presents, including several cheques.

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## Current Topics

### The Eucharistic Congress of 1928

A cable from the Archbishop of Sydney to the Bishop of Dunedin announces the important news that the Eucharistic Congress will be held in Sydney in 1928. This singular honor to Australasia will be appreciated by all our readers, and it cannot but promote the cause of Catholicity under the Southern Cross. We all remember what an inspiring effect the jubilee celebrations in Wellington had, and how impressed non-Catholics were with the magnificent procession and other displays of religious devotion. The Eucharistic Congresses have all been events of world-wide importance, and they are the most splendid manifestations of Faith known in our day. The last Congress was held at Amsterdam; the next will be held in Chicago in June; and then in due course will come the celebration in Sydney, at the beginning of the year 1928.

### The New Cardinals

Four new Cardinals have been created. One is the Archbishop of Armagh, now Patrick Cardinal O'Donnell; a second is the Nuncio to Paris, now Cardinal Cerretti, who is well-known in Australasia, where he was Apostolic Delegate for three years. The daily papers announce that the third was the Secretary of State, which is of course absurd, considering that that office is always held by a Cardinal, and the present occupant has worn the red hat for many years. The Henri Gasparre in question is not the Secretary of State, whose name is not Henri (or Enrico) but Peter. The new Cardinal was Nuncio to Brazil and titular archbishop of Sebaste. He resided in Rio Janeiro. The fourth name is that of Cardinal Alexander Verde, Secretary to the Congregation of Rites, Protonotary Apostolic, and a distinguished official of the Curia. His learning and zeal have now been rewarded by the highest distinction the Pope can confer on any ecclesiastic.

### The Terrible Turk

The recent deportation of 8000 Assyro-Chaldaeans into the interior of Turkey was carried out with the usual atrocities for which the Turk is notorious. Villages were sacked, men, women and children were murdered, and the whole proceedings were attended with sickening bloodshed. Old men who could not march fast enough were slain; women were stoned to death; girls were violated; children were flung down ravines; more than two hundred Christian girls were either ravished or sold for harems. The Patriarch of the Syro-Chaldaeans Christians protested against this inhuman conduct. These poor people helped the Allies during the war but now, with their usual gratitude, the Allies are leaving them at the mercy of the cruel savages who but for the Versailles statesmen would have been driven out of Europe. The kindness shown by these gentlemen to their former enemies, the Turks, is one of the mysteries which still remain unsolved.

### Orange Police

The cables announce that 2500 policemen in the North East of Ireland have refused to disband as a whole-time armed force. They have taken possession of five barracks in Belfast, and at other stations they have locked out their superior officers. An ultimatum has been sent to Sir James Craig to the effect that the rebels want £200 a man, cash down, duty free, and no parley about it. They refuse to surrender the barracks and arms until the Government pays them. The cable continues to inform us that nobody takes the strike seriously, and, in the next breath, goes on to say that the Government is offering terms, which are, two months leave on full pay, amounting to £30 a man. It is too bad that this little incident should occur to disturb Sir James Craig in his career of persecution and penalisation of Catholics. But it is a long lane that has no turning. Even the Protestant papers are joining Mr. Devlin in protesting against the nefarious boycott of Catholics in the Wee State.

### France in Danger

A cable announces that the *Matin* gives prominence to an article calling for the formation of a committee of public safety to steer France through her present crisis. It declares that the moment has arrived for a sacred union to save the country. Evidently the lessons of the war have been lost on the Frenchmen. No sooner was victory secure than the public allowed the very people who were found incapable of carrying on the war to come again into power. Persecutions of Catholics began in the same old way; and the climax of absurdity was reached when a man denounced as a traitor was recalled to govern. It is all on a par with the brutal policy which sowed lasting seeds of enmity in Germany by quartering the black troops in Rheinland. A Mussolini is badly needed in France.

### Ancient Remains

Scientists are puzzled by the discovery of ancient remains in Arizona. Swords, a cross, Hebrew inscriptions, and other objects have been unearthed during the course of excavations near Tuscon. It is said that, at their face value, they mean that Romans and Jews must have been in America in the period from about 760 to 900 B.C. Many experts regard the relics as genuine but others hesitate. Among the discoveries are a seven-branch candlestick and what look like Masonic emblems. Skilled archaeologists are mystified all the more because some of the objects were embedded in stone through apparently natural processes.

### An Old Tradition

Dr. Howley, Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, spent much time in the study of ancient Norwegian sagas, in hopes of finding some light on the past history of America. He discovered that there was a tradition concerning the arrival of travellers, many

centuries before the time of Columbus, and from the evidence he believed that the voyagers were Christians, and not unlikely monks. The sagas tell that they landed, carrying a strange ensign, singing a strange chant, and dressed in a strange manner. On the other side of the Atlantic, in Ireland, there is also an old tradition that in one of his voyages St. Brendan reached America, or the western land afterwards named America. Fitting the two traditions together, the strange ensign would be the standard of the Cross, the chant the Latin hymns, and the attire the habits of the monks. Whatever about the truth of these accounts, they would certainly provide a useful theory for the explanation of the mystery now baffling the discoverers of the Roman relics at Tuscon in Arizona.

### Ulster Alarmed

Belfast has found out that her trade with the United States is suffering seriously. The slump has affected the export of mineral waters, tobacco, and linen. And the figures are down to the extent of about £1,000,000 for the past year. The decay of business is felt all over the North-East. Derry has lost much business and its port is almost deserted. Newry is also suffering. Dublin opinion blames partition for a good deal of the trouble, and there are many Protestant business men in Ulster who agree. For one thing, the boycott of the linen trade by the Irish in the United States still continues, or has never been counteracted. Cutting off Derry from Donegal has driven her best customer elsewhere to market, and the Catholics are leaving Newry. The argument of pounds, shillings, and pence is appealing to the Orangemen whom neither justice nor charity could move what time they indulged in pogroms which even the Turks could not surpass in bloodthirsty cruelty.

### Eloquent Figures

The Council of Federal Churches admits that the statements of Prohibitionists must be taken with a grain of salt. Even some of their tales have not the merit of being *ben trovati*. It was amusing to hear several visitors to America assure their hearers that Prohibition was a wonderful success and that all the stories about the increase of crime and intoxication were all nonsense. The *Irish News*, September 12, quotes some startling statistics compiled by Senator Bruce, of Maryland, an independent American statesman, who has been examining the records of the Courts in Post-Prohibition days. The figures are indisputably authentic—compiled from the records of the Department of Justice, the proceedings of the Courts, and the official Police Returns of cities. From the Senator's compilation it appears that "The Arrests for Violation of the National Prohibition Act Made by Federal Prohibition Officers Since the Effective Date of that Act" (1920) were:—

1920 (5 months) .....	10,548
1921 .....	34,175
1922 .....	42,223
1923 .....	66,936
1924 .....	68,161

Defiance of the Law is proceeding on steadily progressive lines. Prohibition was enforced during only five months of 1920. Senator Bruce presents a Table of "Arrests for Drunkenness in the National Capital and Leading City in each State" during the five years, 1920-24 inclusive. It is enough to reproduce the figures for representative cities for the years 1920 and 1924:—

	1920.	1924.
Washington (D.C.)	5,415	10,354
Baltimore	1,785	6,029
New Orleans	2,399	12,788
Louisville	1,016	4,748
Boston (Mass.)	21,800	39,536
New York	5,936	13,980
Buffalo	7,421	11,135
Philadelphia	14,313	55,766
Chicago	32,352	86,072
Omaha	2,640	4,480
Los Angeles	3,357	10,660
San Francisco	1,814	7,953

**Dress and Crime**

Non-Catholics sometimes sneer at the strict regulations made by Catholic authorities to safeguard modesty and to secure proper reverence for the Blessed Eucharist in those who approach the Altar. Now comes an endorsement from Dr. Lichtenstein, prison doctor at the Tombs. In an interview published in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* he frankly says that the immodest dresses of girls and women of the present day have brought many a man to gaol. Having spoken of the victims of the drug-habit, he continued:

"Women, too, have a good deal to do with crime, some of them unconsciously. In forty per cent. of the cases in which Tombs prisoners are involved there is a woman in the case. They, to a large extent, are responsible for the prevailing crime among the younger element, and it is on the increase.

"The so-called crimes of passion are increasing alarmingly and will continue to be so, in my opinion, until the principal cause is eliminated. This, it seems to me, is the present style of dress, which, to say the least, is immodest. Rolled stockings and similar styles have a direct bearing upon crime incitation, no matter how innocent the wearer may be.

"Mere boys fall in love with girls these days. They go out together, to cabarets and dances. The boys must have money. Man would commit crime for love before anything else. When his emotions are aroused he can't control himself. He goes out to get money to buy presents for his girl in much the same spirit that primitive man, or even the lower animals, did.

"If you want to see the extent in which women are involved, take a look at the visitors who call at the Tombs on visiting day. Most of them are feminine—young girls, beautiful girls. And they're not relatives."

**Class Hatred Growing in England**

A message published recently in an American exchange informs us that during the first weeks of autumn there was a notable revival of the old class hatred, which people began to think was dying a slow death. The bung-

ling and incompetence of the Tory Government is blamed, and there are fears that there will be serious trouble before the winter is over. It is anticipated that the most engrossing task of the Cabinet will be the undoing of the mischief done by stupid anti-Socialists and bellicose Tories whose preparations for strike-breaking threw down the gauntlet to Labor. When coal miners recently forced their demands for better wages and working conditions to the point of crisis, steps were taken to form local organisations to prevent complete stoppage of public utilities. From a small beginning, this movement has grown into something resembling Fascism in Italy. It has received Government support, or at least the blessing of Home Secretary Sir W. Joynson Hicks, and, with amazing speed, has swept across the country, changing from a mere protective measure into a vast organisation with the character of a national constabulary.

The Socialists have joined hands with the Communists in condemning the movement, which has given Communism a new lease on life. To Ramsay MacDonald's polite warning against stirring class antipathies, leaders of the Fascist movement declare they have just as much right to organise against strikes as laboring elements have to cause stoppage of public services.

**The Church in Lithuania**

Of the new Catholic country, Lithuania, one does not hear a great deal. Hence the remarks made by Father A. Smulkstys, a member of the Parliament and Chairman of the Christian Democratic Party, who recently spoke at the Lithuanian Catholic Convention in America, ought to be of general interest to our readers. In the *Bombay Examiner* October 3, he is reported as saying:

"It was on February 15, 1918, that Lithuania won her independence. The president is Alexander Hulginski, a fervent Catholic and a highly intelligent and progressive statesman. We believe too, in the rights of the minority, for, although the Catholics form 90 per cent. of the population, we allow the remaining 10 per cent. non-Catholic citizens to retain 49 per cent. of the seats in the Seimas, or parliament.

"The proximity of Lithuania to Russia and its danger of indoctrination from the Bolshevik propaganda was discounted by Father Smulkstys, who declared that practically every citizen is a small property holder, that the distribution of wealth is fairly even, and that the average citizen could only lose by changing his lot. 'Most of our people own little farms and houses,' he said, 'Economically, peasant proprietorship has proved one of the greatest assets to stable government.'

"Religious teaching in the schools is compulsory in Lithuania. Most of the classes are taught by priests, although a number of intelligent laymen are being trained for this work. Father Smulkstys declared that as soon as adequate higher education institutions are provided, he intends to lead the fight in the Seimas for compulsory education: So far lack of facilities for training teachers has been an obstacle.

"Similarly, few laymen were available for

political life, but there are now several hundred Catholic laymen being trained for political leadership, and 'as soon as these are properly fitted, the clergy will retire from public life.'"

**The Failure of Malthus**

Few things better illustrate the general gullability and stupidity of the public than the falsification of the theory of Malthus, which for a long time in England was almost regarded as beyond question. Professor Jefferson, in the *Geographical Review*, discusses the so-called "law" of Malthus, concerning the geometrical progression of the increase of population, and the arithmetical progression of increase of food.

He denies both the geometry and the arithmetic. Next to the universality of the growth of population he finds the most striking tendency to be a slowing down of the rate of growth in the larger countries. In the United States between 1800 and 1820 the annual increase in population was 4.08 per cent. Between 1900 and 1910 it was 2.10 per cent., and that included immigration. In the United Kingdom the annual rate during this same period has fallen from 1.56 to .91. In Germany the rate rose from 1.15 in 1820 to 1.56 in 1895-1900, but had declined to 1.41 per cent. in 1906-10. Malthus predicted a doubling of the population of the United States every 25 years. This held true up to 1890. But we are now 34 years away from 1890 and still 13,000,000 short of another doubling. The United States census for 1860 estimated our 1900 population at 100,000,000. Actually it was 77,000,000. Finland has doubled her population successively in 49, 58, and 62 years; England in 45 and 55 years; Argentina in 21 and 21; but the present growth indicates a doubling in 50 years. Malthus predicted for England of 1898 a population of 412,000,000. Actually England and Wales in that year had 32,000,000 people.

"Over-estimating the growth of population," says the *Bombay Examiner*, "Malthus greatly under-estimated the growth of food, according to Professor Jefferson. The Englishman of 1798 could not foresee the conquest of the world by steam and the opening up of vast new food areas. Ironically enough, the check to population which he foresaw as supplied by hunger is really being supplied by abundance, by an increased standard of living. Those classes to whom the day's food is a standing problem are increasing much more rapidly than those which take no concern for to-morrow's bread. 'The falling off comes almost exclusively from those to whom hunger is unknown. It is a complete reversal of Malthus's doctrine.'"

[CARD.]

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(Lead Kindly Light)

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# Among the Lepers

(By E. DUGGAN.)

In their quaint French habits of black and bright blue two little Sisters have come to our country from the island of Makogai. They are here on a health trip, ordered away for a short rest from their great toils. They have brought with them many photographs and New Zealand has taken a keen interest in their coming. Before their arrival in Wellington reporters interviewed Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., of the Mission House. Dean Regnault is the chaplain of the Third Order of Mary here and these are Marist Nuns.

They are from Switzerland and from France. From those far countries they have come to a little island called Makogai to tend the lepers. Everyone has heard of Damien and Molokai. Makogai is another Molokai in the south. It is under the British Government. Our own Government in courteous recognition of an heroic Order has granted passes to these—our guests.

They have brought photographs of Makogai and of their work. Those photographs are the most pitiful things in the world. Sores, warps, decay, dirt, stench, these are their daily life. One sees lepers in all stages of decay. Some have mere stumps for limbs. Some have a limb cut off. The Sisters assist at these operations and give the anaesthetic.

"Have you many Europeans?" a listener asked them. "We have all nationalities. We have Hindoos, Chinese, Europeans, and Fijians."

"And what language do you speak?" "We speak English, French, Hindustanee, and Fijian, and sometimes a salad of them all."

Concerning their own deeds they are reticent, but one gets the general nature of the work. Their organisation is so good that the visiting American Doctors who had seen similar leper settlements all over the world declared that Makogai is one of the best of its kind in the world. One of the Sisters rides each morning round the island on her errands of mercy.

"Are they grateful and happy?" one asked them. "They are very happy—but grateful? they just do not think about it—they take it for granted. But they are so happy altogether that they do not wish to leave. One man was told that he was discharged and that the Government boat was coming to take him away, and he hid in the bush till it was gone. He felt his own township could not forget that he had been a leper, and in Makogai, no one could reproach him with that."

"They are very happy," one of them went on. "You see they have their own ducks and fowls and they trade among themselves. They have picnics and they love the cinema. They are not troublesome to manage, except as regards cleanliness. They find it hard to be clean, and it is very hard to make them try to be clean."

They spoke a little of the lepers from Quail Island, in whom the New Zealand Health Department here takes still a kindly inter-

est. There is one white man amongst them, and he bears his cross with the greatest fortitude. He is now almost blind and is a bad case.

They are a township in themselves, a township of the lost and the unclean. The Sisters still use the old word to express it. They speak of a man untouched by the disease as a "clean" man.

They spoke a little, on being questioned, of the chances of infection. They made no secret of the fact that the disease is one to be feared. "The more one sees of it the less one would like to catch it. Father Nicouleau? Yes, he sang the *Magnificat* when he learned he had it. He felt his work was among the lepers and he did not want to leave them when he was old."

"And you have all nationalities and denominations?"

"Yes. We have a great many Wesleyans. Their clergyman visits them. The friends and relations come at times and give the patients gifts."

One of the photos they brought showed the little chapel with its garden of blowing lilies. "Eucharist lilies. They grow on the island."

There are flowers everywhere, thank God, even in tainted air.

But the next picture was not so pleasing. It was a dilapidated looking little resthouse where the Sisters who are on leave from their dreadful duties go to rest. They have to take a month's leave. The most ardent could not stand unbroken service.

Only two at present can retire at a time, so small, so poor is that rest-house. The lepers are housed well in their compounds, but the nuns, their helpers, have but this old house for rest.

They have a sure faith that New Zealand will help them to build a rest-house for their sick or weary nuns. There are wide hearts in this country that will not read these things unmoved. Leprosy is not a mere story out of the Bible. It is a living plague. And these, in their serried ranks, are the simple soldiers of a valiant host who fight it in the name of pity. Rev. Mother of the Sisters of Mercy, Hill Street, Wellington, and Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Marist Mission House, Thorndon, Wellington, will receive donations on their behalf. In such a cause there is no need to beg. Everyone with a coin to spare or many coins will realise that it is a privilege to be able to help in this work of love and pity.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

READER.—The proverb is an ancient Latin tag:

*Audi, cerne, tace, si vis vivere in pace.*

Literally it means: Keep your ears and eyes open and your mouth shut, if you want to live in peace. Good advice it is too. Here is another old line which might have been written of Prohibition America: *Furtivus potus plenus dulcedine totus.*

Vulgarly, Sly grog touches the spot.

CURIOS.—The long German words are compounds, as for example *Wahlverwandschaften*, which means elective affinities. Greek also gives similar long compounds. *Orthophoitopsukophantodikaitalaiporos* used to be a well-known crux in our school days. English does not do badly with words such as, *anticonstitutionistically*, *antidisestablishmentarianism*. And if you go into scientific terminology even hydraulic brakes will not pull you up in a hundred feet. For instance: *Unhypersymmetriocantiparallelepipedicalisationalographically*. Space forbids us mentioning another word.

INQUIRER.—There are two golden rules if you want to avoid colds. We are assured that both are infallible and invaluable. The first says: Wear no hat; wear light clothes, take a cold shower every day, and if the water is frozen break it and rub yourself down with a lump of ice; keep all your windows open, and do not let the rain keep you indoors. The other rule is: Keep warm; wear flannel or woollens next the skin; keep your head well covered; avoid draughts. If you want to be on the safe side try and observe both at the same time.

WAGER.—You are wrong we are sorry to say. Orion is not called after an Irishman named O'Ryan. The original was a famous hunter who was placed among the stars after Diana had killed him by shooting him with an arrow. He made love to her and she shot him by mistake. Probably she was aiming at somebody in another direction when she hit him. Your friend is right and wrong. There was a man called Arion, but he was a poet not a heretic. The heretical gentleman was named Arius.

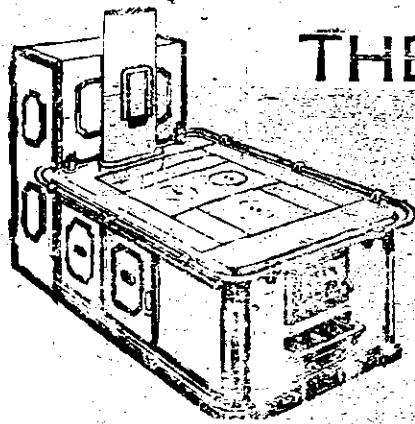
AOTEA ROA.—When a secret is known to a person through consultation, as between a doctor and a client, for example, it must be kept. The natural law obliges persons who obtain such knowledge not to reveal it, even if asked in a law court. Hence, a doctor, a parish priest, a lawyer, ought to refuse to reveal secrets entrusted to them in virtue of their office. As to the second question, a person is bound under pain of sin not to open or read another person's letter. By the natural law a letter belongs to the person who sends it until it has actually been delivered to the person to whom it was addressed. Vide *Bucceroni*, Vol. I, p. 578.

## To Tennis Players

We beg to direct the special attention of all tennis enthusiasts to Messrs. Briscoe and Co's advertisement on page 57.

We ask our readers to patronise our advertisers, and when buying to mention that they have seen the advertisement in the *Tablet*.

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### Sweet Christmas Bells

Sweet Christmas bells! ye seem to say:

*"Christus natus hodie!"*

Christ is born for us to-day;

*"Ez Maria Virgine!"*

Ah! yes, within a manger bleak

Is born the Saviour of our race,

And shepherds haste the Child to seek,

And gaze upon His beauteous Face!

Humility 'tis makes them wise;

No problems deep do they propound;

The guiding Star before their eyes

Doth lead them where the Babe is found!

Dear Holy Child-like to these men

Make us to simple be, and kind;

Our hearts and minds make humble: then

Misleading lights can never blind!

Sweet Christmas bells! ye seem to say:

*"Christus natus hodie!"*

Christ is born for us to-day;

*"Ez Maria Virgine!"*



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His wife became worried about him—one day she bought a set of books at a book-shop, and, on coming home, placed one of them so that her husband would come across it by accident.

That night, it was all she could do to get him to bed! From then, the change was miraculous! Everyone with whom he came in contact remarked on his new buoyancy of spirits.

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# Our Colleges and Schools

## ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE BREAK-UP.

(From our Wellington correspondent.)

There is always a great crowd for the last night of the year at St. Patrick's. The one under notice was no exception to the rule. From every point of view the function was a great success. The programme opened with scenes from "The Rivals." These were most excellently done. One could scarcely believe that the performers were school boys, so vivid, so realistic was the acting of the various roles. The cast and their coach are to be congratulated.

After the performance of the play the rector of the college, Rev. Father Gilbert, S.M., M.A., in a fine address stated that this was the forty-first anniversary of the college. He stressed the connection of his Grace Archbishop Redwood with St. Patrick's and expressed the pleasure of the staff and the boys at his presence there that evening. The roll was almost double that of a few years ago, and of that number on the roll there was not one boy that they would wish away. That is the test of any school's tone. He welcomed Mr. Ames, Head of Wellesley College, and made reference to the amicable relationships existing between St. Patrick's and the other secondary colleges. It may be remarked by way of parenthesis that never was that spirit of friendliness keener or kinder than to-day. He mentioned the achievements of the college in scholastics and sport in this year which will always be known as the "Short Year."

He made feeling reference to the death of Rev. Father More O'Ferrall and the departure of the sports master, Rev. Father Kane, who is now on the missions.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood, a venerable figure, was greeted with loud applause. He congratulated the staff and the pupils on the excellence of the rector's report. He mentioned his own love for the college and his early memories of it. He congratulated the boys on receiving within the precincts of St. Patrick's a complete education—and outfit not only of learning, but of holiness, an equipment, alas, too much needed in a materialistic age.

The prize list is as follows:—

### Scholarships.

A special continuation scholarship of £16, for one year: Arthur Kitching.

The St. Patrick's College Scholarship, tenable for three years (£66 per annum): Halver Holst (Wanganui).

The "Kennedy" Scholarship, tenable for two years (£40 per annum): Thomas Doyle (Wairoa, H.B.).

The "O'Leary" Scholarship, tenable for three years (£35 per annum); open to Catholic boys of Marlborough Province: Athol Reid (Blenheim).

### Free Places.

Day Boy Scholarships (tenable for two years): Albert Rose (£16, for two years), James Murphy (£16 for two years), James McDonald (£12 for two years), John White-

ford (£12 for two years), Neil McGurk (£12 for two years), Harold Murphy (£12 for two years), Eugene Lewis (Dwyer Memorial—£9 9s), Daniel Fouhy (£8 8s), Alen Ward (£8 8s).

A special scholarship of £13 per year for two years has been awarded to John O'Driscoll by the St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernians.

### Prizes.

Good conduct.—Senior (gold medal presented by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, S.M.): Flynn. Junior (gold medal presented by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, S.M.): Sullivan. Lay boys (gold medal presented by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M.): Anderson. Diligence (gold medal presented by the Very Rev. N. O'Reilly, S.M., B.A.): J. Jeffries. Dux (gold medal presented by the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, S.M., B.A.): V. McSherry. "The John and Margaret Galaher Cup," for oratory: Gilbert.

### Form Prizes.

Form VI.—General excellence: C. McSherry. Christian doctrine: Stevenson; next in merit, M. Bourke, Flynn. English Essay (Keogh Memorial): M. Bourke; next in merit, McSherry, Stevenson. English literature (Watters Memorial): M. Bourke; next in merit, Robinson, McSherry. Latin (Bowden Memorial): B. McSherry; next in merit, Robinson, M. Bourke. French (Hills Memorial): B. McSherry; next in merit, Anderson, Stevenson. Mathematics: Buchanan; next in merit, Robinson, V. McSherry.

Form V.—General excellence: Buchanan; next in merit, Kitching, Standish. Christian doctrine: Uniacke; next in merit, McGrath, Malfroy. English essay: Cameron; next in merit, Kitching, Buchanan. English: Kitching; next in merit, Buchanan, Standish. History: M. O'Connor; next in merit, Buchanan, R. O'Gorman. Geography: J. Jeffries; next in merit, J. Connor, Cunningham. Latin: Kitching; next in merit, Goodson, Standish. French: Buchanan; next in merit, J. Connor, Standish. Mathematics: R. Leech; next in merit, Standish, E. O'Connor. Science: R. Leech; next in merit, Buchanan, Standish.

Form IVa.—General excellence: Mulcahy; next in merit, Smith, McBride. Christian doctrine: Mulcahy; next in merit, Sullivan, Smith. English essay: F. Phillips; next in merit, Mulcahy, McBride. English: McBride; next in merit, Smith, Mulcahy. History and geography: Sullivan; next in merit, Wall Phillips. Latin: Mulcahy, P. Ryan. Science: Mulcahy; next in merit, Smith, McBride. Mathematics: Smith; next in merit, Mulcahy, Kalaugher.

Form IVb.—General excellence: Hishon; next in merit, Harper, O'Hanlon. Christian doctrine: Demuth; next in merit, Wright, Harper. English: Gallagher; next in merit, O'Hanlon, Harper. History and geography: Harper; next in merit, O'Hanlon, Hishon. Latin: Hishon; next in merit, Wright, Rogers. French: Gallagher; next in merit, O'Hanlon, McGuinness. Mathematics:

O'Hanlon; next in merit, Hishon, Demuth. Science: P. O'Connor; next in merit, Demuth, Wright.

Form IIIa.—General excellence: J. J. Hogan; next in merit, B. O'Brien, Keane. Christian doctrine: Locke; next in merit, Keane, Ellis. English essay: Locke; next in merit, Ellis, Jones. English: B. O'Brien; next in merit, Keane, Locke. History and geography: J. J. Hogan; next in merit, B. O'Brien, Locke. Latin: J. J. Hogan; next in merit, Ellis, Fitzgerald. French: Ellis; next in merit, Jones, J. J. Hogan. Mathematics: Keane; next in merit J. J. Hogan, Fitzgerald. Science: Devlin; next in merit, J. J. Hogan, B. O'Brien.

Form IIIb.—General excellence: Hilton; next in merit, Baillie, J. McCarthy. Christian doctrine: Hilton; next in merit, Baillie, B. O'Brien. English essay: K. Maher; next in merit, Benburn, Gasquoine. English: R. O'Brien; next in merit, Hilton, Gasquoine. History and geography: Baillie; next in merit, Hilton, J. McCarthy. French: Baillie; next in merit, Hilton, J. McCarthy. Mathematics: Gasquoine; next in merit, J. McCarthy. Astin. Science: R. O'Brien; next in merit, Gasquoine, Kennedy.

Primary Division.—Christian doctrine: Palmer; next in merit, Alward, Dwyer. English: P. O'Brien; next in merit, Dwyer, Major. Reading and Writing: P. Toroa; next in merit, Hodge, Alward. History and geography: P. O'Brien; next in merit, Hodge, Alward. Arithmetic: P. O'Brien; next in merit, Major, Walker. Science: P. O'Brien; next in merit, Alward, Hodge.

Commercial Class.—Senior: Doherty; next in merit, Cunningham, Clayton. Junior: Astin; next in merit, L. O'Gorman, Scott.

Debating.—Senior: Gilbert. Intermediate: Power. Junior: Keane.

Prizes for four mentions in class work: Alward, J. McCarthy, Standish.

Certificates of proficiency: Freeth, Gasquoine, Hodge, R. O'Brien. Competency: Dwyer, Toroa.

Higher leaving certificate: Anderson, M. Bourke, McSherry, Flynn, Robinson.

### Board of Honor.

Boarders: Barry, S. Bourke, Cheeseman, Cope, Cullinane, Cook, Doherty, Drew, Flynn, Freeth, Harper, J. Jeffries, Keane, J. Keating, Locke, M. Maher, V. McSherry, McBride, Phillips, Robinson, Spillane, Stevenson, Sullivan, Toroa, Uniacke, Wall, Weybourne, Walsh. Day boys: Anderson, Baillie, M. Bourke, Buchanan, Clayton, Devlin, Fitzgerald, Ellis, Gasquoine, Gibbs, Gill, Hickson, Hilton, J. J. Hogan, R. Leech, McGrath, Molloy Mulcahy E. O'Connor, M. O'Connor, B. O'Brien, R. O'Brien, Patrick, Rafter, F. Ryan, P. Ryan, Scott, R. Simpson, Smith, Turkington, Wakem, Welphy, Wilson, C. Gibbs W. Keating, Major.

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# Diocesan News

Archdiocese of Wellington  
(From our own Correspondent.)

December 18.

The Catholic schools throughout the city are to be congratulated on their proficiency results. In one and all the same thing has to be recorded—no failures. Some of the classes, particularly in the cases of the Brothers' schools, Tasman Street and Thorndon, are very large. An outside observer, acquainted with school work elsewhere, examining the homework exercises of a Brothers' pupil, exclaimed in admiration at their contents. The work is carefully, almost meticulously done. Nor are the convents below this standard of excellence. One of the largest and oldest schools in the city has not had a failure in the Proficiency examination for years. Work done for love always scores because a blessing is on it.

The Buckle Street and Dufferin Street Schools have each held break-up concerts. The items in each case were excellent, the children showing careful training. There was a large attendance of parents and friends in both instances, and all thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment. The school reports in both cases were most praiseworthy.

Among those returning from Europe this week was Mr. Kavanagh. He passed through Wellington and gave interesting accounts to his friends of his travels.

Buckle Street is having its usual Christmas Tree. The Christmas Tree brings memories of Father O'Donnell, who used to delight in giving the children this treat.

The Commercial Travellers' Association presented Rev. Mother Aubert with a cheque for seventy pounds. This association is one of the most charitable of organisations in its Christmas activities. A deputation of about fifteen members were present in person to hand over the gift to the aged Lady Bountiful of the Poor.

On the 14th inst. a concert was given, through the instrumentality of Mr. F. X. Dickenson, to the patients at the Ewart Hospital. Misses Eileen and Mollie Kelly and Jean Coker sang and the latter also recited. Messrs. W. A. B., and A. Conroy sang. Mr. A. B. Conroy also played the cello, and Mr. Dickenson the violin, while Mrs. F. X. Dickenson made a very efficient accompanist. The nurses subsequently very hospitably entertained the party to supper; at the same time expressing their appreciation of the concert.

## ORDINATION CEREMONY.

Meance holds its ordinations in the most beautiful time of the year when the grounds are full of sunshine and flowers. This year his Grace Archbishop Redwood conferred on three aspirants the dignity of the priesthood. Those ordained were Rev. Father Minehan (Carterton), Rev. Father Bell (Dunedin), and Rev. Father Dynan (N.S.W.). The relatives of the newly-ordained priests were entertained afterwards by the Seminary staff, and in the afternoon Rev. Father Minehan, assisted by his two colleagues, gave Benediction. One hundred and six students have received ordination at Meance, and

over eighty of these are Colonial born. Their novitiate is set in pleasant places, and

## Reefton

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 17.

A very successful social was held in the parish hall on Thursday, December 10, to celebrate the opening of the Sacred Heart library, when a pleasant and enjoyable evening's amusement was provided, the greater part of the time being occupied in card playing interspersed by musical items, songs being rendered by Mrs. Berti, Misses Rivers and McKenzie, and a pianoforte solo by Miss M. Carroll. During the evening the Rev. Father Ginisty explained the position of the newly established library, and thanked the members of the sodality of the Sacred Heart for the generous support they had accorded him, and stressed the benefit of having suitable reading material for the parishioners. He then called upon Rev. Father Herring to declare the library open. Father Herring congratulated Father Ginisty and the members of the archconfraternity upon their successful undertaking, as it was due to their untiring energy that the parish now possessed an up-to-date library, and he exhorted all present to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining good, clean reading material, as well as educational. He had much pleasure in declaring the library open.

Rev. Brother Leonard, of Greymouth, has been spending a few days in Reefton.

## Diocese of Auckland

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 17.

On Sunday last, at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Epsom, some 40 little children received their First Holy Communion. The Rev. Father O'Byrne celebrated Mass and gave Communion, as well as instructing the little ones on the importance of the occasion. The children were afterwards entertained to breakfast at the school by the Sisters of the parish. In the evening the children attended Benediction; members of the first branch of the Children of Mary Sodality were consecrated, and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the faithful joined, took place in the church.

It is pleasing to announce that the Rev. Dr. Buxton has been appointed administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He received the congratulations of many friends. The Rev. Father Bradley whom he succeeds has been transferred to take charge of the Remuera parish, as successor to the Rev. Father Doyle, whose health has been so indifferent.

The representatives of the various parishes met at St. Patrick's presbytery on the 10th inst. to discuss matters in regard to the forthcoming bazaar. It was decided to hold a carnival in the Town Hall, during May-June of next year, to be known as the Catholic Schools' Queen Carnival. The drive is to raise funds to make possible the establishment of two additional Catholic schools to relieve the congested state of the present accommodation at Vermont Street as well as liquidate its indebtedness. The whole of the

parishes of Auckland—city and suburbs—will be engaged in the campaign. Six candidates will be chosen to compete for the honor of queen (St. Patrick's, St. Benedict's, Grey Lynn, and Sacred Heart parishes will have one representative each; Parnell, Remuera, Epsom, and Onehunga (combined) one; Dominion Road, Mt. Albert, and Avondale (combined) one. An art union will also be held in connection with the carnival. Already the matter is arousing considerable interest among the parishes. The management committee consists of Archdeacon Holbrook, Rev. Dr. Buxton, and Messrs. R. A. Keenan and J. Butler.

Last Sunday his Lordship Bishop Cleary blessed and consecrated the new church at Arapuni, in the presence of a large congregation. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Van Dyk, assisted by Father Spiering (deacon), and Father Alink (subdeacon), the master of ceremonies being Father Zanna, of Pukeatua. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers generously donated by Mrs. Handman. The Bishop preached an eloquent sermon, and the choir, which came all the way from Rotorua, sang impressively under the baton of Mr. Hampson. The sum of £37 was collected in the church, leaving a debt of £80 yet to be liquidated. After Mass 85 guests sat down to a repast in the Arapuni Hall provided by the social committee. The Bishop received a cordial welcome at the hands of both clergy and laity. The Rev. Father Spiering thanked all those who so generously assisted the movement. Warm appreciation was also tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Darby who donated the section on which the church stands.

## MATER MISERICORDIAE HOSPITAL

### A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL GARDEN FETE

Glorious weather prevailed for the garden fete arranged in connection with the silver jubilee celebrations of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. The function was held in the grounds of "Kiwi", the residence adjoining the hospital that was acquired from the Dignan estate to provide additional hospital accommodation.

Magnificent support was accorded the Sisters by all classes of the community, and the crowded attendance bore eloquent testimony to the popularity of the institution and the success of the function. From the commencement of the fete to its close the grounds were packed, and a large portion of the residence was set apart for stalls of every description, controlled by a band of energetic workers who attracted and executed phenomenal business throughout the day. As a further means of interesting the guests, the girls from the various convents provided very exciting basket-ball contests, and Walter Smith's jazz band, in conjunction with St. Mary's orchestra, enlivened the proceedings by many appropriate musical selections. The function in every way was a great success, and it is most gratifying to announce that the handsome sum of £1000 was raised for the object.

In opening the fete and introducing Mr. William Wallace, chairman of the Auckland Hospital Board, his Lordship Dr. Linton stated that in the 25 years of its existence

the "Mater" had gained a wonderful reputation throughout the Dominion. They were all proud of this house of mercy, and the work done which was of the highest efficiency. There were at present 80 beds in the Hospital, and the Sisters were hoping to increase the number to 100. He tendered the thanks of the Sisters for the assistance they had been given and for the large attendance.

Mr. Wallace stated that it was a pleasant duty to assist in the silver jubilee of an institution that was so well-known throughout the Dominion. The work of the Hospital had only been limited by the lack of space, and since its inception in 1900 it had been faithfully carried on, and the public of Auckland had every right to be proud of it. No creed was recognised, and if that was ever exemplified it was during the terrible epidemic of 1918 when invaluable assistance was rendered by these angels of mercy at the Vermont Street temporary hospital. Their work there was sufficient to endear them to all. This was the first opportunity of publicly thanking them for the work they had done, and it was a debt of gratitude the Board owed to Bishop Cleary and his staff. He congratulated the Mother Superior upon attaining to the silver jubilee. The Hospital was in need of 100 beds, and in his opinion it was up to the people of Auckland to see that they were provided. It was proposed to erect a new five storey structure costing £40,000, which would accommodate 70 more patients, and provide another operating theatre. He hoped that the result of the garden fete would set the Sisters on the way to acquire the money needed. In conclusion, Mr. Wallace mentioned that the "Mater" was one of the few institutions that had been recognised as up to the standard of the American College of Surgeons.

Mr. J. A. Lee, M.P., for Auckland East, was an interested spectator during the afternoon.

**Diocese of Christchurch**  
(From our own Correspondent.)

December 19.

The second offertory collection for the schools of the Cathedral parish is being well maintained, the amount now in hand being in the vicinity of £1300. The Brothers' new school is rapidly nearing its completion and will be an imposing structure. Mr. P. O'Connell (secretary) and church committee express their appreciation of the generous response attending their work, and the parishioners are realising the ease with which "big appeal methods" may be beneficially dispensed with.

In connection with the annual sports meeting conducted for the boys of St. Joseph's Home, Middleton, preliminary arrangements are now afoot. A committee consisting of Messrs. T. E. Bronahan, P. Ryan, F. Smyth, J. Power, T. Fitzgerald, T. P. Fogarty, and C. Baker met at the grounds on Sunday last and decided on Saturday, January 23, as being a suitable date.

The Beckenham portion of the Cathedral parish is fortunate in its altar society—a real live organisation that has accomplished great things for the Church in the matter

of altar linens, vestments, and furnishings for the sanctuary. Mrs. McAlion is an energetic secretary. At a meeting held on Sunday last Rev. Father Lordan expressed his appreciation of the society's efforts. During the summer months the Sunday Mass will be at 8 o'clock.

**CHILDREN OF MARY**  
**CATHEDRAL BRANCH,**  
**CHRISTCHURCH.**

On Sunday, December 6, a most successful Retreat, conducted by Rev. Father Glover, of the Redemptorist Order, for the Children of Mary of the Cathedral parish, was brought to a close in the chapel of the Sisters of Notre Dame des Missions. Throughout the Retreat beautiful singing was rendered by the convent boarders' choir.

The annual re-union of the members of the Sodality was held at the convent on Sunday, December 6, when a dainty tea was prepared by the Sisters. The chaplain (Rev. Father Lordan) presided, visiting clergy being Rev. Fathers Glover and Timoney. Occasion was taken by the president (Miss Kathleen Kiely) to thank the chaplain, the directress and her assistant for the interest they had taken in the sodality during the year, and to present them with small tokens of appreciation from the sodalists. Musical items rendered by various members of the sodality were greatly enjoyed by all.

**Addington**

(From our own correspondent.)

December 19.

The many friends of Mr. E. O'Sullivan, jun., who is at present an inmate of Lewisham Hospital, will be pleased to learn he is now on the road to recovery after his very serious illness.

The Children of Mary are holding their annual picnic at Diamond Harbor on Boxing Day. This opportunity affords a splendid day's outing, and a cordial invitation is extended to all parishioners to come along and help to make the picnic a success. The picnic train leaves Christchurch railway station at 9.30 a.m. and other trains at frequent intervals.

**Timaru**

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 16.

The annual school picnic was held at Victoria Park, Temuka, on the 12th inst., when about 350 children and 100 adults travelled by a special train. The cost of fares, meals, and prizes for the school children were defrayed by collections from the parishioners. A splendid programme of events was carried through, and as the day was fine the outing was greatly enjoyed. The energetic committee, with Mr. J. T. Brady as chairman and Mr. D. Cosgrove, secretary, carried out their duties in a very satisfactory manner.

The school girls' annual concert was, as usual, an excellent entertainment, and the Hall was crowded by an appreciative audience. The choruses and part songs were given with good expression and tone, and a most pleasing feature in the singing, as well as in the dramatic items, was the splendid elocution. The greatest credit is due to the teachers and scholars for the finished and pleasing performance.

To meet the demands of the growing congregation of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Timaru, the authorities of the church have recently purchased a block of land in the north end of the borough, at the junction of White and Selwyn Streets, on which they intend next year to build a church and school-room.

The passes in the written examination in rudiments of music, conducted in November by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, are as follows:—Miss M. Baikie, Miss M. E. Evans, and Miss M. Oed (teacher, Miss G. Spring).

A beautiful window depicting the coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, has been placed above Our Lady's altar in the Church of the Sacred Heart, in memory of the late Very Reverend Dean Tubman, S.M. Another artistic window, showing the Crucifixion of Our Divine Lord, is to be placed above St. Joseph's altar, in memory of the late Michael O'Meehan.

**Invercargill Debating Society**

MR. J. P. WARD FAREWELLED.

(From our own correspondent.)

The members of the Marist Old Boys' Debating Society met at the residence of the president (Mr. Davis) on Monday last, to say farewell to one of their most prominent and popular members—Mr. J. P. Ward, of the local Justice department—who has left Invercargill to take up a position in Dunedin.

Rev. Fathers Martin and Marlow were amongst those present and both spoke very highly of the guest of the evening whom, they said, represented all that was good in Catholic manhood. Other speakers were Rev. Brother Virgilius, Messrs. A. Davis, M. Miller, M. O'Neill, and Mr. Ward's successor, Mr. Pollock, of Dunedin.

Mr. Ward replied in a very eloquent speech, and exhorted the members to continue the good work of the Debating Society. He expressed the great pleasure it had given him to be connected with the society, which had been instrumental in giving him many valuable friends in Invercargill.

The function was a most enjoyable one and concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Davis for their hospitality.

**HIBERNIAN SOCIETY**

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, PORT CHALMERS

The quarterly meeting of St. Mary's branch (No. 536) of the H.A.C.B. Society, Port Chalmers, was held on Tuesday, the 15th inst., in the Convent School; Bro. F. Duncan presiding over a fair attendance of members. The usual routine business was transacted, accounts passed for payment, contributions received, and the report of the half-yearly District meeting presented. Nominations were taken for office-bearers for the ensuing term.

The members of the branch, accompanied by the members of St. Joseph's (ladies) branch (No. 7) made their quarterly Communion on Sunday, the 20th inst., at the nine o'clock Mass in St. Mary's Church, when a large number of members of both branches approached the Holy Table.

# Christmas Poems

## THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When the first Christmas presents came, the  
straw where Christ was rolled  
Smelt sweeter than their frankincense, burnt  
brighter than their gold,  
And a wise man said "We will not give; the  
thanks would be but cold."

"Nay," said the next, "To all new gifts, to  
this gift or another,  
Bends the high gratitude of God, even as  
He now, my brother,  
Who had a Father for all time, yet thanks  
Him for a mother.

"Yet scarce for Him this yellow stone or  
prickly smells and sparse,  
Who holds the gold heart of the sun that fed  
these timber bars,  
Nor any scentless lily lives for One that  
smells the stars."

Then spoke the third of the Wise Men; the  
wisest of the three:  
"We may not with the widest lives enlarge  
His liberty,  
Whose wings are wider than the world. It  
is not He, but we.

"We say not He has more to gain, but we  
have more to lose.  
Less gold shall go astray, we say, less gold,  
if thus we choose,  
Go to make harlots of the Greeks and huck-  
sters of the Jews.

"Less clouds before colossal feet redden in  
the underlight,  
To the blind gods of Babylon, less incense  
burn to-night,  
To the high beats of Babylon, whose mouths  
make mock of right."

Babe of the thousand birthdays, we that are  
young yet grey,  
White with the centuries, still can find no  
better thing to say,  
We that with sects and whims and wars  
have wasted Christmas Day.

Light Thou Thy censor to Thyself, for all  
our fires are dim,  
Stamp Thou Thine image on our coin, for  
Caesar's face grows dim,  
And a dumb devil of pride and greed has  
taken hold of him.

We bring Thee back great Christendom,  
churches, and towns, and towers,  
And if our hands are glad, O God, to cast  
them down like flowers,  
'Tis not that they enrich Thy hands, but they  
are saved from ours.

—CHESTERTON.

## THE NATIVITY.

The thatch on the roof was golden,  
Though dusty the straw was and old,  
The wind had a peal as of trumpets,  
Though blowing and barren and cold,  
The mother's hair was a glory,  
Though loosened and torn,  
For under the eaves in the gloaming  
A Child was born.

And the rafters of toil are still gilded  
With the dawn of the star of the heart;  
And the wise men draw near in the twilight,  
Who are weary of learning and art,  
And the face of the tyrant is darkened,  
His spirit is torn,  
For a new King is enthroned; yea, the stern-  
est,  
A Child is born.

And the mother still joys for the whispered  
First stir of unspeakable things,  
Still feels that high moment unfurling  
Red glory of Gabriel's wings.  
Still the Babe of an hour is a master  
Whom angels adorn,  
Emmanuel, prophet, anointed,  
A Child is born.

—CHESTERTON.

新

## BETHLEHEM.

In a manger old and worn,  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Jesus Christ our Lord was born.  
Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me!

Eastern Kings are on their way  
To the town of Bethlehem;  
Shepherds run ere break of day  
At His feet their vows to pay  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Where a God Incarnate lay.  
Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me!

Christian souls, with one accord  
Come to Holy Bethlehem;  
Meet Him at His Holy Board;  
Praise the Saviour, praise the Lord,—  
In the town of Bethlehem.  
Who on us His glory poured!  
Would I had been there to see  
In the town of Bethlehem;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me!

—R. H. BENSON.

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The world His cradle is;  
The stars His worshippers;  
His "place on earth," the mother's kiss  
On lips new pressed to hers.

For she alone to Him  
In perfect light appears,  
The one horizon never dim  
With penitential tears.

—FATHER TABB.

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My God the Baby is  
That rests on my knee.  
Into those eyes of His  
I gaze mine own to see,  
And He looks up to meet in mine  
Reflected all the love Divine..

A Maid my mother is:  
And I a sireless Son.  
No other deed like this  
Has Love eternal done—  
To make her motherhood for Me  
The mirror of Divinity.

—FATHER TABB.

新

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The hope and glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid:  
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept  
the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be,  
Once duly welcomed and adored,  
How should I part with Thee?  
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou  
wilt grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place.

Still as the day comes round  
For Thee to be revealed,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,  
Abiding in the field.  
All through the wintry heaven and chill  
night air,  
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their  
prayer.

—KEBLE.

新

Art thou a child of tears,  
Cradled in care and woe?  
And seems it hard thy vernal year  
Few vernal joys can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth  
Sad on thy lonely heart,  
From all the hopes and charms of earth  
Untimely called to part?

Look here and hold thy peace;  
The Giver of all good  
E'en from the womb takes no release  
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love,  
First sow in holy fear;  
So life a winter's morn may prove  
To a bright endless year.

—KEBLE.

Simson's  
OUTFITTERS

GIFTS  
For  
MEN & BOYS.

LARGEST SELECTION, LATEST STYLES  
BEST VALUES

Feilding



**FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE**

Leader—The Incarnation. Sub-Leader—A Good Resolution, p. 33. Notes—The First Christmas; No Room; The Shepherds, p. 34. Topics, pp. 22-23. Christmas in New Zealand, p. 7. Three Christmas Trees, p. 11. The Church in N.Z., p. 21. Among the Lepers, p. 25. St. Patrick's College: Prize Distribution, p. 29. Christmas Poetry, p. 32. Faith of Our Fathers (by Mgr. Power), p. 51.

**MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII TO THE "N.Z. TABLET."**

*Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promoveri per vias Veritatis et Pacis.*

LEO XIII, P.M.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1925.

**THE INCARNATION**

IN one of his sermons Bossuet tells us that the Son of God has loved man with an all-embracing love. He has loved him as a father; He has loved him as a saviour; as a friend, a brother, a spouse; and His love holds all these different titles in order that we may learn that the love through which He came to die for us on the Cross was a perfect love. It is as strong as the love of a saviour; as cordial as the love of a brother; as true as the love of a friend; as ardent as the love of a spouse. It was through the force of this love that the world was created and that each of us came into existence. But the gift of existence did not exhaust His love for us. God is as magnificent in His presents as He is rich in goodness. He wished to mark His love for man by a gift, and no gift would satisfy Him but that of Himself. That is the theology of the Incarnation: God so-loved the world that He gave us His Only Begotten Son to be our Redeemer. The love of God was the cause of creation; it was also the cause of the Incarnation of the Word and of our Redemption.

\* \* \*

The Incarnation is a mystery. The lowering of the Divine Dignity which it implies can hardly be conceived. This humbling of the Godhead confounds our poor human reason. We could only understand it by understanding the infinite love which inspired it. "God so loved the world." There is the wonderful explanation of these wonderful effects. Jesus Christ became man; heaven and earth meet in Him; the shame of the Cross is blended with His glory. And the only reason for it all is His love. Even on earth, among weak men and women, love spurs souls to incredible efforts. The love of glory inspires untold deeds of heroism; the love of riches causes even the poorest types of manhood to run incredible risks; the love for father, mother, wife or friend has transformed our dust and raised it to the stars. Dangers do not count, nor toil nor hardship, nor hunger nor obloquy; love can overcome them all: *Amor omnia vincit*. Love is stronger than Death. If, then, men and women, in all their lowli-

ness and weakness, can achieve the impossible when stimulated by love, what cannot God Himself do? Hence, when we ponder on the clear, luminous words: *God so loved the world*, we know we have the key to all the mysteries of grace. In the light of that love; what lessons the Crib at which we shall kneel during the coming season contains for us! We can hear across the centuries the glad song of the angels; we can rejoice with the shepherds that "a Child is born to us and a Son given to us"—to us, for us, of our race, for our race, born a Saviour and a Redeemer, to raise the fallen by lifting up humanity and making it a sharer in Divinity. Let us go to Bethlehem, and adore the Infant who has made us all brothers in Himself, welding princes and peasants into one great family, and making them all equal in His sight.

\* \* \*

Choosing poverty rather than riches, He was born in a stable, because there was no room for Joseph and Mary in the inn. Humility and self-denial were, after love, the first lessons He taught us; and we have not learned them yet, although nearly two thousand years have flown. He poured Himself out, emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant: how the vivid inspired words reiterate that lesson of humility which the world needs so much! Before that Babe in the manger the angels of Heaven were present in adoration: *Natum videte Regem angelorum. venite adoremus*—"Lo, the King of angels, come let us adore Him!" And again, *Propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelo*—"for us men and our salvation He came down from heaven." He is there for us, and it is our duty to come to Him and to lay our hearts at His feet, as the Kings laid their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh when the star led them to Him before He was very many days old. Christmas is His birthday, and we can make Him no offering more acceptable than that of ourselves. For it was in order to reign in our hearts, and to draw us to Him that He became man and was born of the Virgin Mary. Love is the key to it all.

\* \* \*

*Peace on earth to men of good will.* That was the burden of the song of the angels whose music filled the starry night around the cave in which He lay. He comes as the Prince of Peace—of that perfect peace which He alone can give. Peace was His message at birth; and peace was His final gift to His followers. As it was in the days of the disciples, so it has always been. They that have learned of Him to be meek and humble and pure and loving abide always in His peace: the peace with Him and with oneself which the world can neither give nor take away. It is guaranteed to men of good will; and to them only. When all men, or the majority of men, have been brought to love and adore Him, and to learn the lessons He teaches from the Crib, we may hope for universal peace. But as long as mankind rejects Him and follows its own idols there can never be peace. Worship of Mammon, pride, ambition, jealousy, filled the world with slaughter for five weary years. The scourge of war does not seem to have taught the nations as a whole the lesson they all needed. To-day, as of old, they think they can ignore

God and build a temple of peace in which He has no altar. But until statesmen and people alike go to Bethlehem and learn true wisdom there they will build on sand and their dreams will remain empty things devoid of reality. In that stable on the first Christmas night was written the charter of human brotherhood whereby the rights and dignities of every man whom Christ ennobled by sharing our nature were forever established. By virtue of that charter the world can obtain peace for ever whenever it will learn the simple lessons which the Child taught us all:

*Almighty God to all mankind on Christmas Day, said He:*

*"I rent you from the old red hills, and, rending, made you free.*

*There was charter; there was challenge; in a blast of breath I gave:*

*You can be all things other; you cannot be a slave."*

**A GOOD RESOLUTION**

Begin the New Year by ordering the *Tablet* for twelve months for a neighbor who is not a subscriber. You cannot spend a pound better; its results will be spread over the year; it will bring Catholic news, and Irish news, and news of the whole world, and spiritual reading to his home for fifty-two Sundays. We are engaged in the Apostolate of the Press and we want all the help we can get. Therefore, make a New Year's gift of the *Tablet* to at least one friend. Many Popes, more bishops than one could count in five minutes, missionaries and all sorts of good judges proclaim that a Catholic newspaper in every Catholic home is a powerful influence for good. Therefore, if you want to do good in your neighborhood spread the *Tablet* among your friends.

We could say a great deal about what trouble we take to make the *Tablet* all that it ought to be. But fortunately we have the testimony of the very best judges and we prefer to let them tell you what they think of New Zealand's Catholic weekly paper. First, two years ago we had a letter of special commendation from the Pope, giving his blessing to all the members of the staff and to all our readers. After the Pope come bishops, of whom we quote one: an Australian prelate, born and bred under the Southern Cross. He says that the *New Zealand Tablet* is the best Catholic paper he knows; and that the editor is conscious of his duty and does it. A distinguished Irish prelate writes to us: "To me it is a great pleasure to go through the *Tablet* now." Mr. William O'Brien says: "The *Tablet* is a high-class magazine." Mr. T. P. Gill: "I have some qualifications to judge, and I think the *New Zealand Tablet* is the best all-round Catholic paper I have come across." This, from a man who has been editor of reviews and magazines of the first class on both sides of the Atlantic, is enough to make even an editor blush. But there is a last word which is even higher praise. Writing to us thirteen months ago, a priest in the North Island said: "Some people forget, but I do not, that you stood all alone for Ireland when no other paper in this country defended her." So, you see, we are not asking you to take and spread the *Tablet* on our own word. Like the Ford car we seem to have got there.

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# NOTES

## The First Christmas

Mary and Joseph were refused lodging in the inns. They sought shelter in a stable. There, in a manger from which an ox and an ass had fed shortly before, Jesus was born. The Prince of Peace had no cradle of gold. His mother had no silken swaddling clothes in which to wrap him. He was born in poverty to teach millions in later ages that wealth is a poor thing and that poverty may be the richest thing on earth. We make a crib every year in order to commemorate the Birth of Jesus Christ; but how few of us make of it a message of comfort and courage! In Catholic lands children are brought to the Crib, and it is one of the most interesting things in Rome during Christmas week to hear the little ones recite their artless addresses to the Divine Child, in the church of Ara Coeli. Christmas is the festival of the poor, but it is also the children's feast. Already, from the manger, He says: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." From the manger, too, He warns us all that unless we become like those little ones we shall not be His friends hereafter. Therefore, at Yuletide, it is right to cultivate the old simplicities, to cherish the spirit of hilarity, and loving-kindness, and benevolence towards all men; it is right to rejoice and be glad, and to give freely, just as children will give before they have learned to set their hearts on earthly treasures. The halo and romance of Christmas, the holly and ivy hung in the hall, the cheery exchange of good wishes which are the spontaneous expression of good will, are all in keeping with the childlike spirit which the Crib teaches us.

## No Room

In His mother's womb, almost at the moment He was born, Jesus was rejected by men. His own received Him not; He came to save them; but they had no room for Him. Thus began that series of rejections which lasted all His life, and is perpetuated every day in the lives of the men and women who in every clime succeeded those who refused to receive Him on that Christmas Eve. It is a pitiful and a moving thing to contemplate how Mary and Joseph had to turn their backs on the town, face the cold night in the anxiety that was then on them, and at length find shelter in a cave which was warmed somewhat by the breath of an ox and an ass. Even the animals were kinder than men! It is well to think on the pity of it when we visit the Crib in our parish church. And it is better to think of how often we have rejected Him and refused Him shelter in the hostel of our hearts. Surely, there have been times when we felt angry with the hard-hearted people who drove Him away that night. But we ought not to forget to feel angry with ourselves who have likewise driven Him away as really and as cruelly as they did. Pleasure, social engagements, money-making have filled our hearts and kept Him out. He has knocked and knocked

in vain. There was no room for Him. He had to turn away just as Mary and Joseph did on the night of His birth. The Crib ought to teach us that it is a mistake to set much store on comfort or riches; the thought of His rejection ought to teach us how terrible it is when we allow business and amusement to make us reject Him.

## The Shepherds

"There were shepherds in the country, dwelling out in the fields, and keeping the night watches over their flocks. And, lo! an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round them; and they were sorely afraid. And the angel said to them: 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people, for there is born to you to-day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.' . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

*Glory to God in the highest  
And on earth peace to men of good will."*

The first revelation of the Nativity was made to the shepherds, not to kings or statesmen or capitalists. He was born in poverty and humility, and He wished that His first adorers should be poor and humble. Already He was preaching that divine lesson:

*Learn of Me because I am meek and humble  
of heart!*

Surely that was an effective reprobation of the world's standard of values! He was teaching all of us who were to be born in later ages how to value things. But nothing in its setting can take from the dignity and majesty of that birth. He was the King. The angels came down from Heaven to adore Him. The air was full of their songs of joy. Poor in outward seeming, but noble in the true sense of the word, the shepherds were His courtiers. They were simple people; they were free from guile and double-dealing; they received the message of the angel gladly: like children they came and knelt before the Child who was God. Like children we too must go to find Him.

In the field and with their flocks abiding,  
They lay on the dewy ground;  
And glimmering under the starlight  
The sheep lay white around.  
When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er  
them,  
And, lo! from the heavens above,  
An angel leaned from the glory  
And sang his song of love:

"To you in the city of David,  
A Saviour is born to-day!"  
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones  
Flashed forth to join the lay!  
O never hath sweeter message  
Thrilled home to the souls of men,  
And the heavens themselves had never heard  
A gladder choir till then.

"The figures of the shepherds," says Father Faber, "have grown to look so natural to us in our thought-pictures of Bethlehem that it almost seems now as if they were indispensable from it and inseparable from the mystery. What a beautiful congruity there is between the part they play and their occupation! The very contrasts are congruities. Heaven opens and reveals itself to earth, making itself but one side of the choir to sing the office of the Nativity, while earth is to be the other; and earth's answer to the open heavens is the pastoral gentleness of those simple-minded watchmen. She sets her shepherds to match the heavenly singers, and counts their simplicity her most harmonious response to angelical intelligence. Truly earth was wise in this her deed, and teaches her sons philosophy. It was congruous too that simplicity should be the first worship that simplicity sent into the stable of Bethlehem. For what is the grace of simplicity but a permanent childhood of the soul, fixed there by a special operation of the Holy Ghost, and therefore a fitting worship for the Holy Child Himself. Their infant-like heavenly-mindedness suited His infantile condition, as well as it suited the purity of the heavenly hosts that were singing in the upper air. Beautiful figures! on whom God's light rested for a moment and then all was dark again! They were not mere shapes of light, golden imaginings, ideal forms, that filled in the Divine Artist's picture. They were living souls, tender yet not faultless men, with inequalities in the monotony of their human lot that often lowered them in temper and in repining to the level of those around them."

Such were the shepherds; such, too, were the men whom He later called to leave their nets beside the lake and follow Him. Note that all of them—both shepherds and apostles—came quickly. There was no bargaining, no excuse, no reluctance to leave anything or anybody. They came at His word, as children come at their father's. And, when all was over, they went away glorifying God. Like children let us also approach Christmas, and from it let us face the new year glorifying God.

## IRISH HISTORY

Two papers have been sent to the Editor (instead of to the examiners). As they had neither the name of the school nor the names of the candidates as means of identification the Editor would be pleased to know these particulars immediately.

## ARCHDEACON DEVROY

Archdeacon Devroy, who has been ailing for some time past, went down to the Lewis-Ham Hospital, Christchurch, a fortnight ago for treatment. We are pleased to hear that he has returned to Island Bay much improved in health, owing to the care and attention of the devoted Sisters of that grand institution.

Charity is the bond of brotherhood, the foundation of peace, the link and strength of unity: it is greater than both hope and faith.—St Cyprian.

## DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

His Lordship the Bishop was on Episcopal Visitation in the parish of Wrey's Bush over the week-end.

The annual "Peter's Pence" collection was taken up at St. Joseph's Cathedral and suburban churches of the parish on Sunday.

That visitors to the great exhibition are now arriving in large numbers is indicated by the noticeable augmentation of the congregations at the Cathedral and other churches of the city and suburbs.

The customary recital of sacred music will be given by St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir on Christmas Day. The Holy Rosary will be recited at 7 p.m., followed, after the recital, by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Christian Brothers desire to thank the following for generous donations to the prize fund of their school:—Rev. Father Hally, Messrs. C. Lee, D. Beard, J. Smith, W. H. Cole, W. Miles, D. Fogarty, A. Dunne, and W. Scoullar, Mesdames Clark, Airey, Hussey, and Miss Gáwne.

On Tuesday morning, 15th inst., his Lordship the Bishop, assisted by Rev. E. H. Rooney, performed a reception ceremony at the Convent of Mercy, South Dunedin. The young lady who received the holy habit was Miss Katherine Phelan (in religion, Sister Mary Baptist).

At the conclusion of their last meeting the members of St. Joseph's Cathedral branch of the Children of Mary Sodality, presented their spiritual director (Rev. Father Monaghan) with a useful gift in appreciation of his devoted services during the year.

At a meeting of the promoters of the concert recently given in aid of St. Joseph's Convent, Port Chalmers, a satisfactory sum was shown to have been realised. The members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir, who gave their services on the occasion, defrayed their own travelling expenses, thus materially helping in the successful results.

The Masses on Christmas Day at St. Joseph's Cathedral will commence at 6 a.m. There will be Pontifical High Mass at 11 o'clock; the choir rendering the music of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," together with the "Adeste Fideles" at the offertory and other psalms and motets appropriate to the Feast of the Nativity. Masses will be celebrated at the suburban churches on Christmas Day as follows:—North-east Valley, 7, 8, and 9.30; Kaikorai, 7.30; Mornington, 9 o'clock.

## MONSIGNOR COFFEY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Board of Trustees of the Monsignor Coffey Memorial Scholarships have awarded scholarships, tenable for one year, to Edward Albertson (St. Joseph's Convent, Port Chalmers), Elizabeth Millar (Sisters of Mercy, Mornington), Catherine Bourke (Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin), Molly McCarthy (St. Joseph's School, Dunedin), and Anthony Byrne (Dominican Nuns, North-east Valley, Dunedin).

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## OBITUARY

## MRS. MARIA TARLETON, DUNEDIN.

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Mrs. Maria Tarleton, who passed away at her residence, 375 Rattray Street, Dunedin, on Saturday, the 12th inst., after an illness extending over a period of twelve months. The deceased lady was a native of Co. Galway, Ireland, and visited her native land three years ago. She was of a very charitable and retiring disposition, and will be missed by a large circle of friends. Rev. Father McMahon attended the deceased in her last illness, and she died fortified by the sacred rites of her holy religion. Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral on Monday, the 14th inst., at 7 a.m., the funeral taking place at 10.30, her remains being laid to rest beside those of her late husband. Father McMahon, assisted by Father Hally, officiated at the graveside. The late Mrs. Tarleton is survived by two sons and four daughters, two sons being killed in the late war. To the relatives of deceased heartfelt sympathy is extended in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

## THE LATE MRS. JACKSON

## TRIBUTE BY HOSPITAL BOARD.

Tributes to the work of the late Mrs. M. A. Jackson were paid at the meeting of the Otago Hospital Board last week.

The Chairman (Mr. W. E. S. Knight) moved—"That the Otago Hospital Board places on record the great loss sustained by the death of Mrs. Margaret Ann Jackson, who had been a member of the board since 1912, and previously a member of the Ladies' Benevolent Advisory Committee. The services of Mrs. Jackson will be greatly missed, not only by this board, but by the many philanthropic institutions with which she was connected." The chairman said that perhaps Mrs. Jackson was better known as a social worker than as a member of the Hospital Board. She was a woman with very great sympathetic tendencies, and her work in the interests of the poor, the needy, and the downfallen was much appreciated by all who knew her. She spared neither time nor trouble in tending the wants of those requiring assistance. Mrs. Jackson gave the board very great assistance in regard to cases of relief. She was at times thought to be over-sympathetic, but when one considered her kind motive one could readily forgive her.

"A woman with a big and generous heart" was how Mr. Morgan spoke of the late Mrs. Jackson in seconding the motion. She had, he said, worked hard and honestly for the fallen, and much of what she had done was not known to the public.

The motion was carried in silence, members standing.

St. Philomena's College, South Dunedin  
ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Prior to the break-up for the Christmas vacation, the students of St. Philomena's College, South Dunedin, gave their annual entertainment in St. Patrick's School hall, on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., before a crowded audience. His Lordship Bishop Whyte was present, accompanied by Rev.

Fathers Delany, Rooney, and Hally. Before the curtain was raised, two bright little pupils of the college approached the Bishop, one greeting his Lordship in a perfectly spoken address, while the other made the students' offering of a spiritual bouquet—quite a charming introduction to what proved a highly interesting and enjoyable entertainment. The curtain rose to tier above tier of junior and senior pupils, who gave in fine style the chorus "Queen of the Night." A pianoforte trio, "Musarenritt," was faultlessly played on two pianos by Misses Phyllis Smith, Sheila Campbell, Catherine Forde, Aroha Allan, Annie Deegan, and Kathleen Whelan; as was the duet "Bout-en-Train" by Misses Kathleen Whelan, Aroha Allan, Gladys and Phyllis Smith. The chorus "Kathleen Ny Houlahan" sung in Gaelic by the college choir was a particularly fine number, and proved the wide range of tuition exercised by the Sisters of Mercy, of St. Philomena's. This was followed by an action song each by the boys and girls of the junior classes in quaint attire—both well done and much enjoyed. The students and their teachers deserve the highest praise for their artistic results. In the part singing and full chorus work the blend of voices and perfect unison were outstanding features. The second part of the programme was of an entirely different nature, and consisted of a drama in 5 acts entitled the "Shepherdess of Lourdes, or the Blind Princess." No fewer than 22 performers were engaged in this production; the dressing and stage effects showing that, in every detail, no effort was spared to give a realistic representation of a moving episode of Catholic life. As "Bernadette" Miss Patricia Burke gave a wonderfully effective portrayal of the shepherdess of Lourdes. Her part throughout was an exacting one, and in voice and action her performance left nothing to be desired. As "Rosabella the Blind Princess" Miss D. O'Sullivan's acting was of a high order. Much could also be said of the other principals did space permit. All did remarkably well and fully deserved the appreciation shown by the audience of their talent. Evidently much time and hard study had been devoted to the work of the drama and the utmost credit is due to the young ladies on the conspicuous success they attained. Piano-forte selections were played between the various acts by Misses Kathleen Whelan and Aroha Allan. At the termination of the performance his Lordship the Bishop complimented the Sisters and students on the splendid entertainment they had provided, and, on behalf of the audience thanked them for the enjoyment so generously afforded. The present was but an example of the tuition given by the Sisters of Mercy, and year by year the same high standard had been maintained. In conclusion his Lordship wished the Sisters and pupils all the blessings of a holy Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year. The chorus "Good Night" was sung by the college choir as the final item.

## ADDRESS WANTED

Would Person posting money in Dunedin to Tablet Office (envelope bearing post-mark November 23) kindly forward name and address.

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Mrs C. W., 5 Thornton Rd., Cashmere, 8/1/26; J. J. K., 69 Guinness St., Greymth, 15/9/26; F. M., Stafford, 30/4/26; E. N., Granity, 30/3/26; J. C., Ward, 30/10/26; D. C., Craigleith, Rolleston St., Timaru, 30/9/26; M. D., Lyalldale, St. Andrews, 30/10/26; W. D., Parsonage Rd., Waimate, 15/11/25; Mr. B., Tua Marina, 23/10/26; S. K., 41 Tasman St., Nelson, 30/9/25; Mrs N. De L., Sewell St., Hokitika, 8/5/26; T. J. M., Granity, 30/9/25; Mrs J. D., Ward St., Runanga, 15/4/26; J. L., Esplanade, Westport, 30/9/26; C. B., Ma Waro, 15/10/26; Mrs. J. S., The Forks, South Westland, 8/2/26; H. B., jun., Kotinga, Takaka, 30/10/26; D. K., St. Andrews, 8/11/26; M. O'R., Albury, 30/9/26; J. J. R., Scargill Hill, Cant., 23/5/26; Mrs E.L., Picton, 30/10/26; T. Bros., Eves Valley, Waimea W., 23/10/26; Mrs A. G., 33 London St., Lyttelton, 15/5/26; R. J. C. L., Grassmere St., Timaru, 15/10/26; H. J. O'N., Cashmere Rd., Halswell, 15/11/26; P. M., Queen St., Westport, 23/7/26; P.A., Main Rd., Rakaia, 30/11/26; Mrs McE., 24 Sherbourne St., St. Albans, 8/3/27; Miss M. R., Hamama P.O., Takaka, 30/9/26; J. S., Park St., Hokitika, 8/11/26; Presbytery, Manchester St., Chch., 23/11/26; P. J. P., Matainui, 30/11/26; Mrs. M. L., Whiteleigh Av., Addington, 23/6/26; J. S., Oxford Ter., Chch., 23/12/26; E. J. P. W., 286 Fitzgerald Av., Chch., 23/12/26; D. O'C., 54 Factory Rd., Sockburn, 30/9/26; Mrs. E. P. A., 2 Smiths Rd., Sockburn, 30/9/26; Mrs McG., Plunket St., Spreydon, 30/9/25; C. W., 88 Lincoln Rd., Spreydon, 30/12/25; M. O'D., Lawrence St., Chch., 23/10/25; H. McK., 77 Harmen St., Addington, 15/11/26; T.C., 159 Barbadoes St., Chch., 30/9/26; W. M., 21 Grafton St., Chch., 15/2/26; J. M., 59 Bealey St., St. Albans, 15/1/26; T. C., Sheldon St., Woolston, 15/4/26.

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# A Page for Little People

Conducted by  
ANNE



My very own dear Little People,—

Did you get my URGENT TELEGRAM last week, I do hope you did for the most wonderful thing happened, and the only way I could let you know anything had happened, was to WIRE you. Listen while I explain.

The other day, while I was busy about my work, the dearest wee bird ever, came chirp-chirp-chirping round me, and it whispered a wonderful secret. What do you think has happened in Christmas Land, I'm sure you'd never guess in a hundred years?—FATHER CHRISTMAS is in trouble! He is very short of Fairies to help him with his Stocking Parcels because so many of his Fairies have grown up this year. And he asked the birds if they could tell him how ever he was going to manage. Away flew this dear little messenger to find out if "Anne's" Little People would like the day in Christmas-Land, for a change. There was no time to send word asking how many would like to come, so I just said YES for all of us, and we must be quite ready at Peep of Day on Christmas Eve Morning. Get into your warm wollies and pull your snug hats right down round your ears, because Father Christmas is sending his biggest Reindeer Sleigh, with six big Deer harnessed into it, for us. You can't think how very fast, those Deer will travel, as I asked if we might take time to call round at the Lighthouses to pick up our Little People there, also over at Chatham and in Australia, and the wee bird said "Sure." Some of you may read this just a few hours before it will be time to get ready, but mind you are *all* ready at your gates, listening for the Jingle Bells as the Reindeer come hurrying along.

Anne.

## CHRISTMAS EVE AT PEEP OF DAY.

Dear Little People, are you ready, and did you lie listening all night for the Jingle Bells? And did you hear the Birds waking up, calling to each other with their beautiful voices? Isn't this a wonderful Sleigh, all made of white and silver fluff which looks like real snow but isn't half as cold? And have you ever seen real Christmas Reindeer before, with their pretty brown bodies and eyes, and their outspread horns? Jump in then, and let's get away before the dear Grown-Ups miss us, I know they're wondering how they're going to get through all their important business to-day and get our meals ready as well. When we're safely out of sight, our little Bird is going to tell them where we've gone for the day and won't they be surprised? Isn't this Christmas Sleigh just the thing for Little People—it stretches and makes room for everyone, but never looks any bigger or takes up any more room? See how many are tucked into it already, think of all the towns and villages, houses and streets we've been to and have picked up Little People there. We've done all the far away Little People and all the near ones, and now we're on our way through the Clouds to Father Christmas and Christmas Land. Did you feel a little bump then? I think that was a puncture in one of the tyres, will some of the big boys hop out and see if they can patch the hole with a bit of cloud! That's right, now we're off again,

can you see those big White and Silver Gates right at the end of this road? Those are the Gates of Christmas Land we'll be there in a couple of minutes now. Here we are, the Deer are slowing down, fancy them bringing us safely like this without a Driver. Be very very careful now, sit quiet and keep close to each other, there's a nasty little bit of road just before we go through the gates, and I don't want to have any of you bumped off when we have come so far safely. This bit here is called "The Fall of the Inquisitive," and only those who are special friends of Father Christmas can get over it safely. Others always make the great mistake of looking all round them to see what they can see, instead of sitting quietly and cuddling up tight together, and **THEY ARE ALWAYS BUMPED OUT TO LET THEM GET A BETTER VIEW!** Careful now (Bump! Bump! Bump!) MY! But that was a bad bit (Bump! Bump!) this is the last bump (Bump!) Are we all here, we haven't lost anyone have we? That's all right then, away we go up to the door of Father Christmas's Happy Home. Mind you are all as good as little Angels—never mind how bad you can be sometimes on earth—or you'll find yourselves wrapped up into a parcel and put into someone's stocking! That would be a nice finish wouldn't it, especially if you were given to some of those dreadful Little People who sit down and smash up their toys the first day they have them? Anyhow, don't for any sake let such a thing happen to us, or I shall feel inclined to curl up and die of shame, right away from home and friends! We'll get into line now, the very Littlest Little People right in front, then the next size, then the next and so on, right up to the biggest. The door is wide open, let us go in nicely and follow this sign which says, "THIS WAY TO THE PACKING ROOM." Will the Little Person in front please knock, just loudly enough for Father Christmas to hear.

(The Littlest Person knocks, Rat-Tat-Tat—and steps are heard coming to the door. The door is opened, and dear old Father Christmas himself, says):

"Hullo! Hullo! Welcome every one of you, how pleased I am that my clever little bird thought of you dear Little People. He was most anxious for you to come, because he said he had been wanting to give ever so many of you a TREAT for a long time. It appears, "Anne's" Little People are always kind to Grown-Ups, Beasts, and Birds! You should just have seen the joy of those Reindeer when I asked them to bring you up here to-day. They were in such a hurry, they went off without any breakfast! So, it's no wonder Father Christmas is pleased to see you, when his dear friends love you so much! Come along then quickly, and while you get your hats and coats off I'll get some Sunbeam Squash for you to drink and a big slice each of Christmas-Land loaf. I hope you'll all like it—the loaf I mean—it's the only thing we ever eat up here. Just hang your coats on those Star Stalks over there and—(Brrrr, Brrrr, Brrrr.)

"Please will someone answer that telephone, or it'll wake the Man in the Moon

who is trying to have forty winks so as to be fresh and bright for to-night."

One of the Little People answers the telephone and says Father Christmas is wanted. The message is VERY PRIVATE, and Father Christmas hurries over to a big GOLDEN BOOK and writes something down on the page. Then he goes away to get something for the Little People to eat and drink. Soon he is back again bringing the most wonderful looking ORANGE you ever saw—it's a bit like an Orange and a bit like the Sun—and the very Biggest BROWN LOAF that the Christmas-Land Baker could make. He goes over to a little cupboard and brings out of it, dear little Glasses that look like Silver Bells, and Plates that must surely have been made out of Blue Sky. Also a Bread Saw which is so sharp that it could cut Dreams, and he says—

"Please sit down Little People, at least will the Littlest Little Ones sit, and will the Bigger and Biggest Little People wait on the others. While you're having your Twinkle Lunch, I'll just have a last look to see if there are plenty of Toys and Other Things for everyone, and also plenty of paper and string. Don't hurry too much, you'll find that the Christmas Land food is no trouble to eat, and it swallows itself! Come right through into the next Room when you're ready, and I'll give you exactly FIVE MINUTES to be ready!"

The Little People disappeared the Sunbeam Squash and Christmas-Land Loaf, and indeed it took them only about four minutes and a half. So, they thought they would like to wash the glasses and plates, and the big bread saw, and put them away in the cupboard. But would you believe it Dears, those Silver Bell glasses and Made-of-Sky plates, took to their heels, washed and dried themselves—just as the Little People do—and put themselves into the cupboard. Then they blew kisses to the Little People, and called out gleefully to the Bread Saw which had been picking up the few crumbs which no one can help, to come and finish the story he had been telling them about the Can't-Cut-Butter Knife, he met one Christmas when Father Christmas bought it to try and cut Holly Berries! Of course, it took quite half a minute for the Little People to Believe Their Eyes, and then they went in to the Next Room. What a wonderful Room it was. I could never, never, tell you one half the things they saw there. And I think the very best way for you to imagine what it might have been like, is to shut your eyes tight, think hard, think of everybody you love, and think of everything you would like Father Christmas to bring them. Think too of the things that make them happy for Christmas Day. Think of the Little People who have no dear Grown-Ups and of the dear Grown-Ups who have no Little People, and try to think what would make *them* very happy on Christmas Day. And when you've thought of all of these, just open your eyes, think you're in Christmas Land, and you'll see EVERYTHING anyone has ever thought of since the World began!

Well, that's what the Little People saw, and Father Christmas who was watching

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DUNEDIN

## MARRIAGES

**MILLS.**—On Tuesday, October 27, 1925, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by the Rev. Father Tylee, Albert Edward, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hanley, 5 Hastings Street, Kaihōra, to Caroline Lily, only daughter of Mrs. M. Williams and the late Mr. G. Mills, of Queensberry, Otago Central.

**KAY-HEALEY.**—On November 9, 1925, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by the Rev. Father Monaghan, David Leonard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Kay, Mātaura, to Rosina Catherine, third daughter of Mrs. Healey and the late Mr. P. Healey, Dunedin.

## DEATHS

**BRAGG.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William Bragg, who died at Invercargill, December 2, 1925.—R.I.P.

**MAHAR.**—On December 13, 1925, Terese, youngest daughter of J. and E. J. Mahar, who died at their residence, 105 Young Street, New Plymouth; aged 5 years.

**McPHEE.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Johana, relict of Neil McPhee, who died at her residence, Awamoko, on December 14, 1925.—R.I.P.

**SISSON.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine, beloved wife of Frederick Sisson, of Turakina, who died at Wanganui Hospital, on December 3, 1925; aged 65 years.—R.I.P.

**TARLETON.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maria Tarleton, relict of Christopher Tarleton, who died at her residence, 375 Rattray Street, Dunedin, on December 12, 1925; aged 68 years.—May God have mercy on her soul.

## IN MEMORIAM

**KELLY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick James Kelly, who died on December 25, 1924.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife and children.

**McRANDLE.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of William McRandle, dearly beloved husband of Catherine McRandle, who died at his residence, Enfield, on December 27, 1923.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

**PRENDERGAST.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Johanna Prendergast, who died at Invercargill, on Christmas Day, 1919.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

# William H. Cole

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**SILVER.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Albert Silver, beloved husband of Rose Ann Silver, who died on December 21, 1920.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

**TODD.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Richard H. Todd, who died at Ravensbourne, on December 22, 1922.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

## WANTED

**WANTED.**—A young man who will be visiting Dunedin for ten days in February wishes to board with a Catholic family. Apply—"L. M.," c/o Tablet Office.

**WANTED** for South Island First-class **HOUSEKEEPER** for two gentlemen; also **MAN** to milk cow and tend garden, etc.; must be prepared to submit references; good home; would suit married couple or father and daughter; combined wages, £3 10s. Apply—"South Island," c/o Tablet Office.

**WANTED.**—**HOUSEKEEPER** for Catholic Presbytery, Riverton. Apply—Rev. Father Buckley, Riverton.

**ADDRESS WANTED.**—"Miss Peters, Fernbridge"—address insufficient for Post Office.

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## St. Patrick's Dominican Convent

## TESCHEMAKERS.

A **SPIRITUAL RETREAT** for Ladies, conducted by Very Rev. Prior Doyle, O.P., commencing January 2 and continuing to January 7, 1926.

Intending Retreatants are requested to apply early to the Mother Superior.

## Retreats for Laymen

(Under the direction of the Marist Missioners).

**ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE**, Wellington: January 15 to January 18.

**VILLA MARIA**, Wanganui: January 21 to January 25.

**SACRED HEART, COLLEGE**, Auckland: January 22 to January 25.

Early application to the respective Rectors should be made to ensure accommodation. Enquiries other than entries should be addressed to the Marist Missioners, 27 Golders Hill, Wellington.

## Summer Retreats

The Summer Retreats at the three New Zealand Convents of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will be held at the following dates:—

**AUCKLAND** (Victoria Avenue, Remuera)—Saturday, January 2, 1926, to Wednesday, January 6. Director: Rev. Leo Murphy, S.J.

**WELLINGTON** (Island Bay)—Friday, January 8, to Wednesday, January 13. Director: Rev. Henry Johnston, S.J.

**TIMARU** (Craigie Avenue)—Saturday, January 2, to Thursday, January 7. Director: Rev. Henry Johnston, S.J.

Intending retreatants should apply as soon as possible to the Reverend Mother Superior of the above-named Convents.

## Holy Cross College, Mosgiel

A **RETREAT FOR LAYMEN** will begin on Friday Evening (8 p.m.), January 29, 1926, and end on Tuesday Morning, February 2. The Retreat will be conducted by the Very Rev. Father Hanigan, C.S.S.R., of Perth, West Australia.

The Retreat is not a spiritual luxury; it is not for the leisured or the professional classes only; it is for all: it is for you.

If you cannot get three days off, then arrange for two full days. Failing that, come from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning.

Applications to be made to the Rector of Holy Cross College.

## St. Patrick's College

WELLINGTON.

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their astonished eyes nearly popping out of their heads, said, "Yes, dear Little People, you can understand now what a fix I was in, when you see what has to be sorted and packed before tea-time to-night. And that's what you're going to help me to do. I've arranged all the REQUESTS sent to me from Earth, into Lists—twenty-four of them to match the Letters of the Alphabet. I only made twenty-four instead of twenty-six, because X, Y, and Z can go together into one List. Now, what I would like you to do, is to take up your places in front of the List which is the Letter Initial of your name. Not your Christian name, but your surname, because that will make a better division. You'll find the Lists in the Third Room, where I've hung them on to COMET TAILS, so that they would be safe. By the way, did you know that's what Comet's Tails are for? On those Lists you'll see what each parcel is to contain, but you WILL NOT FIND THERE THE NAME OF ANY PERSON, because that is a Christmas-Land Secret, known only to me. I think if the Biggest Little People will make up the parcels they will be made as safely as if I made them myself. Then, if they will ask the Middle Size Little People to bring the different things to them for the parcels, the Littlest Little People can bring the finished parcels to me and help me pack them into my SACKS. That will give everyone something to do, and "Anne" can check the parcels off as each one is done. But I want you all to be most careful, or else someone who asked for an Electric Train will find a Tin Whistle in his stocking. I know you won't make any mistakes. Please get ready now, and see how well you can do this most wonderfully important work. We won't chat while we work, or we'll make mistakes. Indeed, we won't have time to talk, there's so much to be done. I'm going over to my Desk now, and we'll start right-away."

What a busy room that was for the next few hours, and how those Little People worked—the A's, the B's, the C's and all the other Letters of the Alphabet. The Tiny Tots were kept busy running with the finished parcels, and Father Christmas had to stop several times to wipe his forehead. They worked on WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD until 5 o'clock, the Christmas-Land whistle was just blowing when the M's finished their last parcel. There are always more M's than any other letter, in names, and at the finish everyone had to help with this mighty long list which was a terrible length. It took Father Christmas a minute or two longer to tie up his Sacks and put them out on the porch for the Reindeer to pick up on their horns and load into the Sleigh, and while that was being done Father Christmas told the Little People to get themselves ready for home.

"I'm going to take you home myself," he said, "we'll put all these Sacks into the big Trailer, and there'll be plenty of room for you all with me. Before we start we're all going to have a cup of steaming hot Star Dust Coffee and another slice of Christmas Land Loaf, and this time you won't stop to wash the cups and saucers will you?" I was watching through the Peep Chink when you wanted to wash the Glasses, and I did laugh, although I loved you for

being tidy. I'll get the Coffee now."

Father Christmas went away to make the Coffee and seemed only gone one wink of time, when he was back again.

"Here you are Little People, these are my very best cups, I don't believe anyone but fairies have drunk out of them till this very night. I call them my "Angels' Whisper" cups, because, when I'm very tired, the dear little cups, which I always use for my coffee, whisper "Rest" to me. I believe, your dear Grown-up Mothers, say about the same thing of their Cups of Tea. But they think it's the Tea that refreshes them! Drink then, and eat your slice, we'll be off in a few minutes."

The Little People drank their Star Dust Coffee, and ate their slice of Brown Bread. They put their cups down on the table, only to see the funny little things twirling themselves away to the corner of the room where they washed themselves, dried themselves till they shone, and then twirled off into the cupboard. Then a Horn Blast was heard, and the Little People hurrying out, saw Father Christmas already in his place with the Trailer tied on to his Sleigh.

"Climb in Little People, and, on second thoughts I have decided to ask the Boys if they'll be good enough to ride in the Trailer with the Gifts. We'll have to travel so fast that I'm half afraid some of the Sacks may bump off, and what a disappointment that would be, wouldn't it?"

Before Father Christmas had finished speaking, all the Boys lined up beside the Trailer, and you should have seen his happy face. "That's the way, Boys. Never shirk a rough trip if you can be helpful by taking it. You make me wish I could ride with you. Now, we're off. If you don't grow up altogether, we may have another Christmas eve in Christmas Land, packing parcels."

What a fine ride they had back to Homeland. It was even more fun than in the morning because the Stars were beginning to twinkle, and The Man in the Moon was smiling. About half way, Father Christmas changed over to the Trailer, saying, he must really go and be a Boy for a little while again. On they sped, never thinking what was in store for them when they finished their trip back to Earth. Once they saw a very bright light, a big lot of lights in fact. "What's that, Father Christmas" they asked? "That's the Dunedin Exhibition" Father Christmas answered. "A number of you will be going there during the holidays. Will you tell all about it afterwards, and I'll give a Prize to the one who has taken most notice of that wonderful place?" The Little People promised they would, but ever so many said they would not be going to the Exhibition.

"Very well," said Father Christmas, "I think we'll get round that trouble quite nicely. I think we'll have a choice of two subjects for our next Competition. We'll have a Garden Competition for those who do not go to the Exhibition, and the Garden may be REAL or IMAGINERY, but it must be what is known as a COTTAGE GARDEN. I'll explain to Anne just what I mean and she'll tell you next week all about it. That will be something for you to think about. And now, Little People, I'm going

to let you help me deliver all these parcels.

What do you think of that, isn't it a great surprise? This would never have happened if you hadn't been such wonderfully helpful Little People. Indeed, I don't know what I would have done without you. Father Christmas would have disappointed thousands of Little People." And the tears rolled down his poor old face, and right into his long white whiskers.

"But, first of all," said Father Christmas, "we'll go make a Visit to the Holy Crib of Nazareth, in the church. The Grown-Ups are going to Midnight Mass presently, but they don't have Little People at Midnight Mass because, of course, someone has to be left to go to the other Masses on Christmas Day!"

And Father Christmas, followed by "Anne" and all the Little People, went quietly into the church, which was all dark excepting for the bright Star shining above the Crib. Kneeling before the Crib, and gathering the Little People round him, Father Christmas spoke to the dear Little Infant Jesus. "Sweet Little Lord of the World," he said. "I who bring so many gifts to the people of this Earth, have nothing beautiful enough in any of my sacks to offer Thee. Not one thing among all those things which are valued for their Beauty, their Brightness, and their Usefulness, can I lay at thy Feet. But dear Little Infant, I can and do offer to Thee, these Little People, who are more precious than anything else on Earth. Take them dear Jesus, love them and help them, for they love Thee very much. Not as the great Saints have loved Thee and suffered for Thee perhaps, but just as little children, with little children's goodness and badness, with little children's happiness and sorrow, do they love Thee, Sweet Baby of the Crib. Some of them have already offered Thee their hearts, and the rest will do so here in the quiet of the Crib. Help our sick Little People who cannot be with us this Christmas Eve, our little Paula about whom we have just heard. And help too all our dear Grown-Ups who have taught us about Thee and done so much for us. Good-bye dear Little Jesus, as long as they leave Thee here in the Crib we'll visit Thee often and tell Thee how much we want to please Thee. And then Father Christmas put a silver sixpence into the Offering Box beside the Crib, because that is for the poor. Quietly they all went out of the church, and in a second were gone, and the fun started. All of us who were there know what happened, but as Father Christmas made us promise not to tell anyone we can't speak about it. But when we remember that joyous night we have to laugh out loud. The Grown-Ups stop and look at us, wondering what can be the matter, but they'll never guess where we went, what we saw, and what we did on that Christmas Eve. But the most wonderful thing of all was that, although we didn't see Father Christmas filling our own stockings, they were CHOKKER BLOKKER FULL when we got home. How he got away from us, and when, we will never know. But we though we had watched him every minute of the time! We weren't a bit tired when we went Home and to bed, and yet, we had never worked so hard before!

Good-bye Dears, till next week,

ANNE.

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### The Babe of Bethlehem

We come adoring, as of yore  
The Wise Men came, and ever more,  
As time rolls on, a greater throng  
Shall join the angels' joyous song;  
For unto us this day is born—  
In lowly manger most forlorn—

Of sinless Mary, full of grace,  
The sweetest babe of radiant face  
This sad, old world e'er looked upon,  
For He was God and man in one,  
The Prince of Peace, the Light, the Way  
And hope of all for aye and aye.

—WILLIAM C. CAMPBELL.

### Wanganui Notes

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 17.

The unexpected death on last Friday evening, of Mrs. Wilfrid Redwood, was a great shock to all who knew her, although we knew that Mrs. Redwood had been in delicate health for quite a long time past. On Friday word came through of the death of Mr. Redwood's mother, at Kaikoura, and, early that evening, Mr. Redwood hurried into town to attend to a matter of urgency. Returning in about half an hour, he found Mrs. Redwood lying dead on the floor of the sitting-room. Doctor and priest were very quickly on the spot, but, it is thought, that death must have been instantaneous. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. Redwood, to Miss Duff, and other members of the family, to whom the dear departed had always been so devoted. Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of her soul on Monday morning, and was largely attended, after which the funeral took place at St. Mary's cemetery.—R.I.P.

Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was specially observed at St. Mary's by the reception of a big batch of Children of Mary, and a procession of the Blessed Virgin.

At Aramoho, too, they celebrated the occasion. When Rev. Father Kimbell announced at Aramoho that the senior boarders of the convent would give a sacred concert on Sunday night, the good news travelled very quickly, with the result that St. Joseph's was more than crowded on last Sunday night. The musical talent of the convent girls is something out of the ordinary; but this concert surpassed all expectations, and will long be remembered by the Aramoho people as an entertainment, delightful as it was instructive. The evening commenced with the recitation of the Rosary after which came the concert. Rev. Father Kimbell presided at the organ. The programme comprised a beautiful collection of Latin and English hymns and motets, notably, "Adoro te Devote," "Ave Verum," "O Salutaris," "Tantum Ergo," "All in a Stable Cold and Bare," "O Turn to Jesus," "Ave Maria," "O Maiden, O Mother," "There is a Land of Peace and Love." Four of the girls rendered very sweetly Gounod's "Ave Maria." After the concert came Benediction, the congregation joining in the singing of the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo," the girls giving the finishing touch with a beautiful "Adoremus." All present sang the hymn, "O Mother Blest," which concluded the evening's devotions. In honor of the occasion, the electric light was switched on for the first time, and proved a great success. The lighting is installed on the most approved lines, the effect being very satisfactory indeed.

Congratulations to Master Halvor Holst, son of Mr. O. Holst, of Wanganui, and a pupil of the Marist Brothers' School, who has made the double success of winning St. Patrick's College Scholarship, and the Sacred Heart boys' also. Master Halvor was thirteen last month, is a good worker, and is trying, evidently, to keep the pace set by his sister Astrid, who won a Federation Scholarship some years ago, and took it out at the Sacred Heart Convent here.

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# Our Sports Summary

## CRICKET IN CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In junior grade cricket Marist beat Kaiapoi by 5 wickets—McDonnell (28), G. Blazey (21), H. Blazey (13), being the most successful bats.

The 3rd A team defeated St. Albans by

manifested at the meeting nothing will be left undone to ensure a big success for the coming athletic carnival. It is proposed to hold it on March 13—day and night sessions. The various committees are already at work, Mr. T. P. O'Rourke being general chairman of committees.

Marist v. Main—Main were all out for 64. Marist 120 for 7 wickets. Sullivan 58 (not out), Roper 25, Thomas 18. Won by 3 wickets and 56 runs.

Marist v. South—Marist made the poor score of 77. O'Leary 18, Richardson 14, Roper 11. South put on 69. At one stage South were 53 for 4 wickets. The remaining 6 wickets fell for 16. Won by 8 runs.

Marist v. High—This was the final of the competition. Both Marist and High had won all matches to date. The championship de-

## ST. CANICE'S SCHOOL, WESTPORT

WINNERS OF VINCENT COX SHIELD 1924-25—BULLER SCHOOLS' BOXING TOURNAMENT.



Back Row—Mr. G. Pringle (Treasurer), L. Menzies, C. Woodhouse, L. Comerford, G. Phibbs, Mr. F. O'Gorman (President). Middle Row—J. McGrath, C. Walsh, V. Raynor, N. McElwee, J. Higgins. Front Row—B. Thorpy, J. Higgins, O. Prince.

135 runs. Marist in their innings scored 177—N. Gillespie being responsible for 41, Roach 37, and Heslip 31.

Marists 6th grade were beaten by Cathedral Grammar School, as were also the 7th grade by Boys' High School A.

## ST. PATRICK'S SPORTS' ASSOCIATION, CHRISTCHURCH.

St. Patrick's Sports' Association recently met in the Hibernian Hall for the purpose of arranging its annual sports meeting. About 30 members attended; Mr. B. J. McKenna presiding. Judging from the enthusiasm

## SCHOOLS' CRICKET IN TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The inter-Schools' Cricket Competition was concluded last week. The Marist boys had a very successful season, finally winning the championship. The results are as follows:—

Marist v. Waimaitaitai—Waimaitaitai batted first and were dismissed for 30 runs. Marist replied with 70 for 5 wickets. Thomas 26 (not out), Quinn 18 (n.o.). Won by 5 wickets and 40 runs.

Marist v. West—Marist out on 266 for 6 wickets, and then declared. Sullivan 100 (not out), Thomas 82, Quinn 36, O'Leary 18. West declined to bat. Won.

pendent on the result of this game. High went to the wickets first. They were batting too carefully and keen fielding kept the runs down. After 40 minutes play, the score was 29 for 9 wickets. High began to hit and when the last wicket fell the score had crept to 53. Marist started badly losing 1 for 1. Quinn and O'Connor now settled down, playing good cricket. When Quinn was caught behind the wickets the score was 33 for 2. The remaining runs were obtained for the loss of another wicket—3 for 58. O'Connor 28 (not out), Thomas 10 (not out), Sullivan 9, Quinn 8. Won by 7 wickets. The Marist boys thus won the championship for 1925.

S. M. Richardson

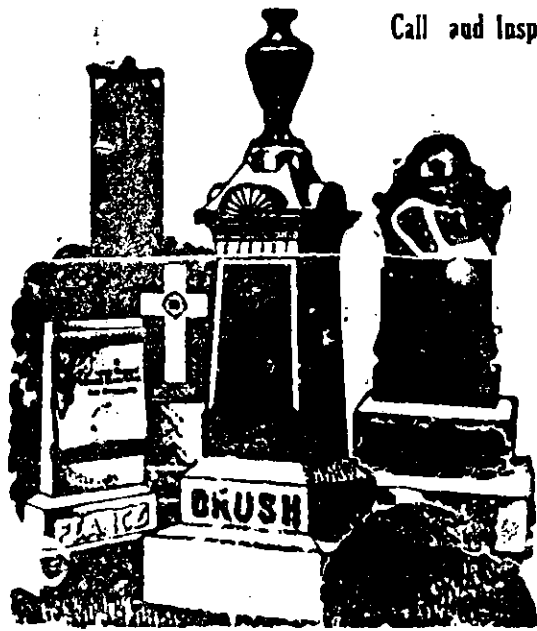
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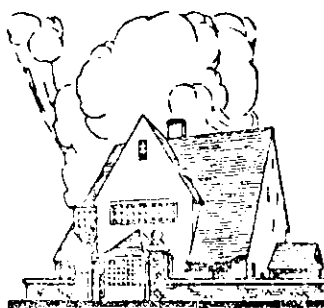


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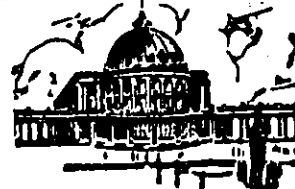
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# Here and There

Several religious met their death in the course of the fighting in Syria when the Druses, Moslem rebels, attacked French troops and laid siege to a French detachment in the citadel of Soueida.

Sir John O. O'Connell, K.C.S.G., LL.D., M.A., J.P., has received the Benedictine habit at Downside Abbey. Six other novices were clothed at the same time. His name in religion is Brother Jerome.

Cardinal Bonzano, former Apostolic Delegate to the United States, has been appointed Cardinal Protector of the Sisters of the Third Order St. Dominic, forming a congregation of the Holy Name of Jesus in California.

Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, narrowly escaped serious injury when his limousine was in collision with a trolley car at Melrose, a suburb of Philadelphia. Rev. Dr. Gerald O'Hara, his secretary, suffered a broken hand. The Cardinal was bruised and shaken up. The chauffeur was not injured.

"Winters are going to be cold again and summers hot," announced Abbe Moreux, the famous astronomer-priest, from his look-out station at Bourges recently. He spoke on the day time changed. This official recognition of the arrival of autumn put an end to one of the most fantastic summers ever known in Europe.

One of the audiences which touched the heart of the Pope most deeply during the past few weeks was that in which he received the second Holy Year pilgrimage from Scandinavia. A peculiar characteristic of this pilgrimage was that it not only included some Protestants—as had the first Scandinavian pilgrimage—but that the Protestants were in an overwhelming majority.

The Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite Masons, Southern Jurisdiction, has been in session at Washington, D.C., and thereat arranged a programme of coming activities. Some of the latter are of prime importance to the Catholics of the country, who must concern themselves with the declarations of purpose made by the Masonic section indicated.

In other words, our Masonic brethren within this circle unanimously decided to undertake at once an intensive campaign to compel the attendance of all children at the public schools. That was one of the declarations. The other was a generous endorsement of the National Education Association bill for the creation of a Federal department of education.

According to an announcement by Mgr. C. J. Quille, general secretary of the Twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress, King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain and King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium will attend the ceremonies of the congress.

To prepare for a residence of these royal visitors and the dozen Cardinals from Rome, as well as Cardinals O'Connell, Dougherty, and Hayes of the United States and a million other visitors, a special meeting of the housing committee and members of the Chicago Association of Commerce was held on October 29 at the Congress Hotel, at which time final arrangements with the leading hotels of Chicago will be made to reserve appropriate suites for the distinguished visitors.

The total number of Catholic priests throughout the world distributed among 300,000,000 Catholics out of a total world population of 1,700,000,000 is 312,000.

Of this number, two-thirds are assigned for regular priestly duties in Europe, leaving but one-third for all ministrations outside of Europe, including the missions.

The distribution for the several mission countries is as follows:—

	Catholic	Heathen
Africa has one priest for every 400	82,000	
Oceanica has 1 priest for every 300	110,000	
Japan has one priest for every 880	220,000	
China has one priest for every 800	180,000	
India has one priest for every 860	100,000	

## Retreat for Men, Wanganui

A Retreat for men will be held at the Villa, commencing on Thursday, January 21, 1926, at 7.30 p.m., and end on Monday morning, January 25, 1926—three days.

Retreat will be conducted by the Rev. T. G. McCarthy, S.M., Marist Missioner.

Those who intend making the Retreat should apply early to the Secretary Retreat Committee:

M. J. DOWLING,  
252 Victoria Avenue, City.  
Hon. Secretary.

## St. Patrick's Dominican Convent

### TESCHEMAKERS.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT for Ladies, conducted by Very Rev. Prior Doyle, O.P., will commence on January 2, 1926.

Intending Retreatants are requested to apply early to the Mother Superior.

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# Irish News

GENERAL.—GERMANS IN DUBLIN.—DAIL EIREANN'S PROGRAMME.—  
DUBLIN BROADCASTING STATION.—THE SHANNON TROUBLE.

The death is announced of Canon Fortune, P.P., Taghmon. Deceased was a well-known Wexford priest.

Canon Ryan, P.P., Dolphin's Barn, has died at Bournemouth. Deceased was the author of a learned work on the Gospels for the Sundays.

The mortality among Dublin priests is remarkable, Canon Ryan is the third member of the Chapter to die within one month.

Mr. Vincent O'Brien has just been appointed to the control of the Irish Free State's first musical broadcasting station. Readers will remember that he toured New Zealand with John MacCormack about thirteen years ago.

On his retirement, Sir Thomas Maloney, the last Irish Chief Justice, was presented by the members of the legal profession with a portrait of himself in oils by Sir William Orpen. Sir Thomas is an old Christian Brothers' boy.

The Pope presented President Cosgrave with a valuable medal, on the occasion of his visit to Rome. To Mrs. Cosgrave he gave a beautiful beads. The Irish President had also a long interview with Mussolini.

Great interest was taken in Ireland in the cordial reception accorded to the Irish pilgrims. The Pope's words of welcome were particularly affectionate and his speech aroused great enthusiasm among the pilgrims.

A grand reception was given in the old Irish College, by Monsignor Hagan. There were half a dozen cardinals and many Roman prelates there to meet President Cosgrave and the pilgrims.

The number of medical students in Trinity College this year is 35. This is the lowest number on the roll since 1892.

Mr. Good, T.D., declared that while in Dublin a bricklayer received 9½d an hour, in 1914, to-day he is paid at the rate of 1/10 an hour. This is higher wages than that given in Glasgow or Liverpool. He urged an inquiry into the prohibitive cost of building in Dublin at present.

While the dispute over the Shannon scheme still drags along, the Limerick unemployed are growing tired of it, and already 150 men are at work on sections of the scheme. These unskilled laborers are making substantial progress and may accomplish the task before the organised workers are aware of it. The contractors are satisfied that they can go ahead with the plans regardless of what the Unions will do.

Mr. Dempsey, Free State representative in Paris, recently returned to France after a visit to Ireland. He is actively promoting increase of direct trade between Ireland and France. He reports that during his visit he formed the impression that politically, industrially, and otherwise, the Free State was perhaps the most stable country in Europe to-day.

Archbishop Mannix received the freedom of the city of Dublin from the suppressed corporation. Referring to the gatherings in

his honor in various parts of Ireland in which he was accorded a civic reception, he remarked that these functions were not helped on by the Government or by the clergy, but they seemed to him to come from all parties. He was not allowed to enter the Six Counties, and some towns in the South refused to give him a civic welcome.

For some weeks past the number of Germans in Dublin has become noticeably greater. They are now to be met frequently on the streets, generally in groups of three or four. All of them are not, of course, Siemen's workers. Some are engaged on the Marino building scheme, and in addition there are representatives of various firms encouraged to seek business in the Free State by the success of their compatriots.

When the members of Dail Eireann re-assemble after their long holiday, they will enter upon a session that promises to be more lively than any yet held. No authoritative statement has yet been made in regard to the Ministry's legislative programme, and a matter of particular curiosity is the attitude the Government will adopt towards the report of the Liquor Commission. Labor will open the campaign by an onslaught on the department of Industry and Commerce, because of the Shannon trouble. When that issue has been cleared the unemployment problem will be kept in the foreground until some satisfactory assurance is extracted from the Ministry. The Farmers, on their part, will take an early opportunity of asking that the air be cleared in respect of the Government's agricultural policy, whether it is to be one of subsidised tillage or not.

Then there are all sorts of lively subjects to come before the legislature either in the shape of legislative proposals or otherwise. In addition to the Liquor Commission's report there will be the vexed question of the medical register; the complaints about the staffing of the civil service; the report of the Boundary Commission (the mystery regarding the publication of which grows deeper every day); the Compulsory School-attendance Bill, and a great deal of other such controversial topics.

After a period of inactivity, during which all other countries were allowed to outstrip us in the development of wireless, preparations for the opening of the Dublin broadcasting station are now being rushed with feverish haste. The transmitting station is to be in McKee barracks, formerly the Marlborough Barracks, beside the Civic Guard depot in the Phoenix Park. The whole undertaking is to be under the control of the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, though against his will, for it will be remembered that Mr. Walsh was strongly opposed to such an arrangement. It is understood the service will be inaugurated in six or seven weeks'

time, when an address by Mr. Cosgrave will probably be broadcast. Wireless enthusiasts are not very optimistic, for they naturally assume that our resources will not enable the Free State to engage such talented artistes as Great Britain can afford. On the other hand Irish Irelanders are satisfied that under Mr. Walsh's control the service will be genuinely national in tone and outlook.

Some aspects of the present Shannon dispute are worrying the taxpayer, and have yet to be made clear. First of all, it is asked, did Siemens calculate their contract prices on the wages they have offered, and how did they arrive at the wage figures? Secondly, what is the amount of the contract for the scheme? Thirdly, if a settlement of the wages dispute involves an increase in the cost of the enterprise will that increase fall upon the taxpayer or upon the German firm? To answer these questions it is well to bear in mind that the exact terms of the contract with Siemens have never been made public. Mr. McGilligan emphasised in the Dail and Senate that the entire scheme involved a maximum outlay of £5,200,000. Beyond that figure little is definite. One gathered from the Minister's speeches that the method of procedure is this: Siemens tender for the work, giving in detail their charge for each particular portion of it. These figures are binding upon Siemens, and are a maximum, but not a minimum, because the Government reserved the right, if it could get any particular portion of the work done at a smaller figure by another firm, to hand that particular part over to the other firm.

But there is one important exception to this arrangement. In regard to the civil constructional work—presumably the railway extensions, the drainage, and the embankment—Mr. McGilligan admitted that the estimates might vary by 10 per cent. This is the part of the work that has caused the present dispute and it therefore seems certain that any increase in the cost will fall upon the Irish taxpayer. With regard to the wages, Mr. McGilligan several times in the Dail and Senate clearly stated that he and his Department took responsibility for advising Siemens in that particular. The whole subject it is understood, is to be raised in the Dail by the Labor Party, when some further light may be thrown upon the position.

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# Town and Country News

## Camaru Notes

(From our own correspondent.)

December 13.

At the Waitaki High School swimming sports Foss Shanahan, an ex-pupil of the Catholic School, won the junior championship.

At the examination in music, conducted under the auspices of the Associated Board by Mr. Tidmarsh, a pupil of Miss M. Cartwright, L.T.C.L. (David Murray) obtained a pass in the primary division.

Two very old members of the congregation have retired from their positions recently in order to crown their youth of labor with an age of ease.

Mr. James Meehan, a very old and faithful employee of the Oamaru Borough Council, severed his connection with that body. He received a warm tribute from the Council accompanied by three months' pay. Mr. Peter Murray, as well known at the Basilica as he is in the local Railway Service, also retired. He has the best wishes of his friends for a long and pleasant retirement.

Oamaru streets are witnessing quite a procession of motor cars passing through the town on the way to the Exhibition. Tradespeople are picking up a few odds and ends of business as a result of Dunedin's enterprise, for the parties usually made a halt here to view the sights. Visitors who have seen the great show are loud in their praise of its many attractions and magnitude.

The Catholic Men's Club held another of their enjoyable and profitable gatherings on the 5th. It took the form of a mock banquet. The various speeches made evidenced the value of such clubs in giving confidence to men to expound their views in public.

A very old parishioner, Mr. Michael Donovan, died recently: aged 82. He had spent nearly all his life in Oamaru, and was very much respected.—R.I.P.

## Upper Hutt Notes

(From a correspondent.)

December 14.

Our bazaar was brought to a close on the evening of Tuesday, the 8th inst., when the art union was drawn. The net proceeds of bazaar and art union amounted to over £500—a marvellous achievement for such a small parish. Our local ladies are incomparable workers. On the occasion of the drawing, the Maori entertainers from Petone gave their services by presenting a delightful programme of music. Mr. Stan Brice and his Petone team, winners of the tug-o'-war competition, very generously donated their prize of £10 to the funds. Throughout the bazaar Mr. Brice was most helpful with his advice and practical assistance.

Last Sunday was a red-letter day in our little church—

"A simple thing of knotted pine  
And corrugated tin;  
But still, to those who read, a sign,  
A fortress on the furthest line  
Against the march of sin."

—"John O'Brien."

At the first Mass fifty little children, arrayed in white, made their First Holy Communion. It was a most impressive spectacle, and the reverence and devotion of the little ones reflected great credit on our worthy priest and the devoted Sisters of Mercy. After the second Mass the devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration commenced. The altar was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the evening the Rev. Father John Kelly (Newtown) preached a most eloquent and devotional sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. On the following evening the sermon was preached by Father Hegarty, who had travelled all the way from Carterton. At the two Masses each morning, and at the evening devotions the church was crowded.

Sir Joseph Ward, looking fit after his recent strenuous campaign, has returned to his summer residence at Heretaunga.

Dame Rumor reports that Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy-Reid have purchased a residence in the parish.

Our zealous and esteemed parish priest, Father Vincent Kelly, is about to take a well-earned holiday in Australia immediately after New Year. He is to be present at the reception of his sister in one of the convents in the archdiocese of Melbourne. Father Kelly has not been on an extended holiday since his arrival in New Zealand—towards the end of the war period. He is a most devoted pastor, always insisting on carrying out his priestly duties, even when almost prostrated with sickness. The first years of his ministry were spent as a pioneer priest in the roadless King Country, where he endured untold hardships. During his absence we shall miss his cheery word and his scholarly and eloquent sermons. We all wish him a pleasant voyage, a delightful holiday, and a safe return.

## Obituary

MRS. CATHERINE SISSON, TURAKINA.

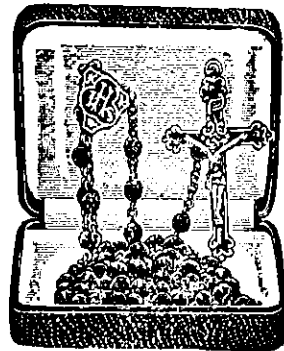
Intense regret was felt when it became known that Mrs. Sisson, of Turakina, had passed away. The deceased, with her mother (Mrs. Collins) and sisters, arrived in New Zealand about forty years ago from Ireland. Throughout the Wanganui district they were all highly esteemed and respected for their exemplary piety and generosity. At her death-bed the deceased had the edification of being surrounded by Rev. Mother Gertrude (sister) and Sister Liguori, Sacred Heart Convent, Wanganui), Mrs. Cochrane (daughter), her husband, and her brother (John).—R.I.P.

MR. DANIEL O'MEARA, RANGIORA.

An old and highly respected resident of Rangiora, in the person of Mr. Daniel O'Meara, died suddenly at his residence, George Street, on November 10. The deceased was one of the pioneers, having arrived in New Zealand by the sailing vessel Star of China in August, 1875. For a number of years he had a farm on the Oxford Road, Rangiora, but had lived a retired life for the past ten years. He is survived

by a widow and four daughters—Mrs. M. Burke (Manakau), Mrs. Steve Ryan (Riccarton), and the Misses Freda and Katip O'Meara. His only son (Michael) died of pneumonia in Featherston Camp during the war.—R.I.P.

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Henry I. Westropp.

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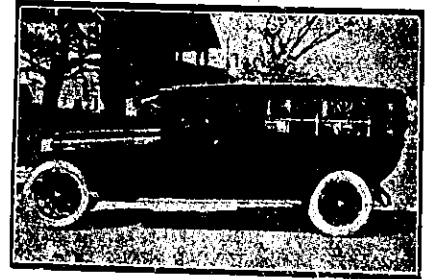
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## BEATH'S, CHRISTCHURCH

# FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

(By the RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR POWER, V.F., for the N.Z. Tablet.)

## (24) THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS THE OTHER MARKS.

### THE MARK OF HOLINESS.

The Catholic Church is the one, unbroken Church of Christ that has come down to us from Apostolic times; therefore, she is holy in her Founder. Nothing could be holier than her purpose, which is the sanctification of the souls of her children. The means which she uses in carrying out this purpose are holy. Holy are the sacraments with which Christ dowered her, and which she has preserved in all their purity. These she has at all times defended and protected, it is by means of these she produces holiness in her people. History attests her struggles in the days of her infancy with lustful kings and a licentious soldiery, how she overcame them all, and gained her greatest victory by turning many of them into saints. In the view of history she has been the constant upholder of a high morality, never swerving from her path, defying alike both bribes and threats. The world still admires and wonders at her high moral standards. Indeed, a chief complaint of the world is that those standards are in their essence above the powers of human nature. But she will never lower them, for she has forces within herself to raise her children above nature. To each several child of hers, her constant cry is "*ascende superius*," higher still! History marks the sound principle upon which all her sanctity is based, that faith without good works is dead. History declares that it was she who taught the purity of marriage and the sacredness of the home; that it was she who gave birth to the virgin-bands that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goes, that it was she who produced the priesthood that has girdled the earth with the Holy Mass.

And what history attests for the early and succeeding ages, the current news in the daily press witnesses to in this adulterous and sinful generation. Who stands by the fount of the race to-day? Who is the defender of marriage? Who confronts tyranny in high places, and in defence of marriage braves imprisonment and fine? Who has Christian schools to mould her youth to sanctity? Who but the Holy Catholic Church alone? No wonder she should have saints, no wonder she alone should be the mother of saints, no wonder that those outside her fold, when they would honor sanctity realised in holy lives, must come to her to borrow the names of her heroes, the athletes of Christ! She alone has been able to produce and hold up to the admiring gaze of the world men and women and children who have been eminent for holiness in all ages. Thus she manifests herself to the world as the unspotted Bride of Christ, the Blessed Vision of Peace, the Holy Mount of Sion.

The names of her saints are "sweet as honey in every mouth, and as music at a banquet of wine." In their lives they show the beauty of the life of Jesus, and make it easy for us who love them to walk in the way of perfection. They make us ashamed of our sloth and stimulate us to better things. They

keep the power of Jesus Christ still with us to strengthen human life, and foster in us the love of God. They are the light of the world and the salt of the earth. They teach us that holiness does not depend on circumstances of place, of birth, or education, but, under God's grace, on our own individual will fortified by prayer, discipline, and the Sacraments. Their head-roll has the names of men and women from every walk and condition of life. Kings and queens, soldiers, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, domestic servants, peasants, slaves, beggars, are found in the court of the King of Kings, taking precedence by the degree of holiness they had attained. Some of them wrought the conversion of nations. Some of them cultivated desert wastes, unhealthy swamps, rugged heights, and taught the principles of agriculture to barbaric men, whom they later made the civilised fathers of many of our present European races. Some guided the Church through great trials, some set the world ablaze with intellectual light, some devoted themselves to the poor, to the slave, to the outcast, to the incurable and to the else deserted dead. Some saved the people from the tyranny of cruel oppressors. But the litany would be unending. They were all children during life of the Catholic Church. It is she who trained and matured them, who inspired, directed, and supported them, and finally, setting the aureole of sanctity on their brows, raised them to her altars. The Catholic Church has the mark of sanctity: she is holy in her Founder, in her great purpose, in the holy means she uses to carry out this purpose, and in the number of her children who have been eminent for holiness in every age.

### SHE HAS THE THIRD MARK OF CATHOLICITY.

The Catholic Church teaches all the doctrines of Christ. She makes no distinction between "fundamentals and non-fundamentals." She claims and exercises the right to go everywhere and teach all men. This is Catholicity, and she, therefore, is Catholic. She was Catholic even when she was a small body, a mere mustard seed in Jerusalem, she had a capacity for growing, and expanding, and filling the whole earth. She was not a century old before she had passed the limits of the great Roman empire and converted barbarous peoples; and in each succeeding century since, her power of expansion and her actual fruitfulness are the wonder of those outside her fold. In her the name Catholic and the thing Catholicity are in harmony. Such is the claim of Cardinal Newman: "Christianity is not a matter of opinion, it has a bodily occupation in the world. It is one continuous fact or thing. Where is this thing in this age which in the first age was the Catholic Church? The answer is undeniable: the Church called Catholic now is that very same thing, in

hereditary descent, in organisation, in principles, in external relations which was called the Catholic Church then. The name and the thing have ever gone together."

Her growth may be traced in historical works from the days of Pentecost to post-Apostolic days, through the centuries immediately following, through the time of the dispersion of the Roman empire, through the middle ages, and the sixteenth century and the centuries since. It may be all read in the glowing pages of Mr. Belloc's *Europe and the Faith*, or in the writings of other reputable historians.

That Catholicity is necessary for the due performance of the Church's work, Cardinal Newman illustrates by the victory of St. Thomas of Canterbury over Henry II. "Of course: a branch Church, with the Catholic dogma and with saints, cannot be; but supposing the English Church had been such at the time of that contest, it would, humanly speaking, have inevitably been shattered to pieces, or else its saints got rid of, its Erastianising bishops made its masters, and, ultimately, its dogma corrupted, and the times of Henry VIII anticipated; this would have been but for its intercommunion with the rest of Christendom and the supremacy of Rome.

Indeed, who could ever entertain such a dream as that a circumscribed religious society, with the awfulness of a divine origin, the sacredness of immemorial custom, or the prestige of many successes, while standing on its own ground, and simply subject in its constituent members to the civil power, should be able to assert ecclesiastical claims which are to impede the free action of that same sovereign power, and to insult its majesty?—a native hierarchy, growing out of its very soil, challenging it, standing breast to breast against it, breathing defiance into its very face, striking at it, full and straight—why, as men are constituted, such a nuisance as they would call it would be intolerable. The rigid, unelastic wooden contrivance would be shattered into bits by the very recoil and jar of the first blow it was rash enough to venture.

But matters would not go so far; the blandishments, the alliances, the bribes, the strong arm of the world, would bring it to its senses, and humble it in its own sight ere it had opportunity to be so valiant. The world would simply overmaster the presumptuous claimant to divine authority, and would use for its own purposes the slave whom it had dishonored. It would set her to sweep its courts, or keep the line of its triumphant march, who had thought to reign among the stars of heaven."

Thomas of Canterbury won because he had the Universal Church with him; but modern English religion has fallen into the sad state described by the Cardinal because it is not one thing with Catholicism.

### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS APOSTOLIC

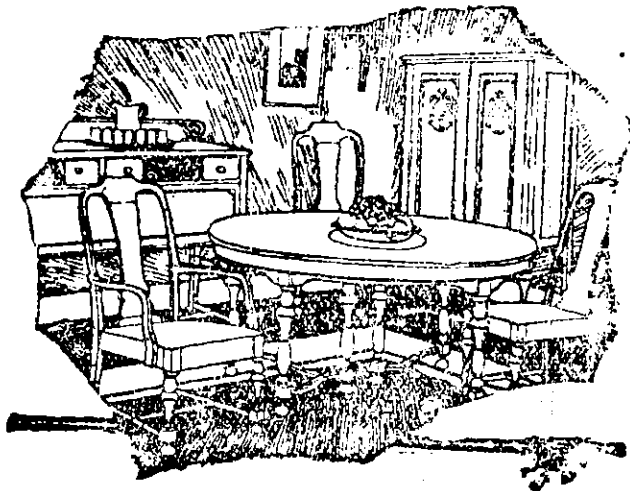
From the Apostles she clearly traces her unbroken descent: the Pope succeeds St. Peter, and the bishops in union with him are the legitimate successors of the Apostles, who themselves were bound to Peter in unbreakable bonds. The parent trunk remains while

Maurice Coughlan

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the sectaries are wrenched and broken branches. History gives the birthdays of the founders of the sects; it also marks the unbroken lines of the Popes from Peter to Pius. The Professions of Faith, the liturgies, the writings of the Fathers, the decrees of Councils, all attest the unbroken continuity of Catholic teaching; and our opponents attest the same, seeing in it a reproach. But truth is always one, in the twentieth century as in the first. She alone has been able to preserve

its unity inviolate, who shows that her authority to teach is derived from the Apostles themselves. "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday," writes Macaulay, "when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. . . (The Catholic Church) saw the commencements of all governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and feels no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of

them all. She was respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

### Unto Us a Son is Given

Given, not lent,  
And not withdrawn—once sent,  
This Infant of mankind, this One,  
Is still the little welcome Son.

Even as the cold  
Keen winter grows not old,  
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,  
And spring in the familiar green.

New every year,  
New-born and newly dear,  
He comes with tidings and a song,  
The ages long, the ages long;

Sudden as sweet  
Come the expected feet.  
All joy is young, and new all art,  
And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

—ALICE MEYNELL.



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# Catholic World

The white population of the British Empire is only 60,000,000 persons, while the number of its native race subjects is 400,000,000.

The proportion of sons who read and write in India is seven times as high as that of the daughters.

Jewellery, watches and diamond studded decorations received from various European monarchs, of a total intrinsic value of approximately \$50,000 were stolen from the apartment of Domingo Merry del Val, brother of Cardinal Merry del Val, and of Don Alfonso Merry del Val, Spanish Ambassador to England.

While the celebration of Founder's Day was being closed at the University of Notre Dame, fire destroyed one of the great buildings on the campus which marked a definite stage in the growth of the university since its founding in 1842.

"There wouldn't be empty Protestant pews if Protestants confined themselves to inculcating lofty ideals in the mind of youth and ceased to concern themselves with other denominations," said Supreme Court Justice John MacCrate in the course of an address on "True Values," recently, delivered in the Goodsell Memorial M. E. Church.

A touching story of the Holy Year as a time of mercy and forgiveness lately reached London from Malta, famed for its heroic Catholic history. In commemoration of the Holy Year, says the dispatch, the governor of Malta has exercised the royal prerogative of mercy to grant amnesty to a group of inmates of the Corradino Civil prison.

Miss Alice Toomey, of New Bedford, U.S.A. attributes the cure of an injured foot, after eight and a half years of suffering, to the intercession of St. Teresa, the "Little Flower." Physicians have now certified that the foot is normal, although previous to a novena to St. Teresa the sufferer had consulted 23 doctors and still was forced to make her visits to the church with the aid of a cane.

For the first time in its history, the Vatican has called an American priest to Rome for assignment to a post in the office of the papal secretary of state. The action is taken as a recognition of the rapid growth and development of the Catholic Church in America, which makes it desirable that an American priest be available in the office of the cardinal secretary of state. The Rev. Francis J. Spellman, D.D., of the staff of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, was selected for the position. He will depart shortly for Rome to take up his new duties.

Canon Courbe, eminent preacher, pastor of the Church of Saint Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, and one of the most popular priests in Paris has just died. Canon Courbe had a record which, while not without precedent among the clergy, was, nevertheless, sufficiently rare. He was the father of twelve children. Entering Saint Sulpice at the age of 17, he left the seminary before ordination, married and had a large family. Three of his sons entered holy orders. Becoming a widow-

er at the age of 47, the father re-entered Saint Sulpice and after his ordination a few years later, became pastor of Saint Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, the parish of the University of Paris.

The deplorable condition of housing, and the decline in the religious influence and social conscience of the clergy of the English Established Church in the villages, are subjects of some astonishing revelations by the anonymous author of *England's Green and Pleasant Land*, which contains a series of articles written for the *Nation* in the Cobbett vein, though there is neither the range nor the power in the book of the famous *Rural Rides*. Supplementing his own accusation of the slothfulness and lack of social zeal among the clergy, the author said he has spoken with two County Council officials who are continually travelling about. One of them is reported to have said: "There are 470 parsons in the villages of this county; I do not believe that more than fifty or sixty are up to their job." The verdict of the other man was—"Very many below any reasonable standard, incapable, or don't trouble." On this showing, the Archbishop of Canterbury's vigorous remonstrance addressed to the clergy of his communion was by no means premature.

From Paris we learn that Archbishop Ireland is the subject of a character study in a volume just published by the French writer, Madame Claude d'Haboville, entitled *The Great Figures of the Contemporary Church*. M. Raoul Narsy, the critic, reviewing the book for the *Bulletin des Amities Catholiques Francaises*, said:

"In a very happy manner Madame d'Haboville has defined the particular merits of the eminent Archbishop of St. Paul, his gifts as a born chief and leader of men, his prescience of new conditions of apostolate and Catholic expansion. She has done this without falling into the panegyric, without overlooking the fact that the ardor, and even the temerities, of Archbishop Ireland at times called for justified reserve, but she has compiled sufficient concordant testimony to lead us to conclude with her that this virile spirit, this great bishop, was never behind the times in a single piece of advice a single day or by a single idea."

Commenting favorably upon the security pact negotiated by the Allied and German delegates at Locarno, the *Osservatore Romano* calls attention to the fact that the spirit animating this pact is the same spirit of arbitration and pacific settlement of international disputes advocated by Pope Benedict XV in his famous peace message of 1917 and by Pope Pius XI in his letter dealing with the Reparations question.

When Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, received the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, he expressed satisfaction at the conclusion of an agreement at Locarno.



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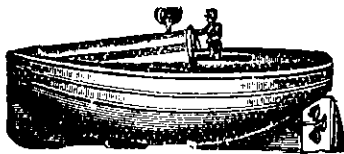
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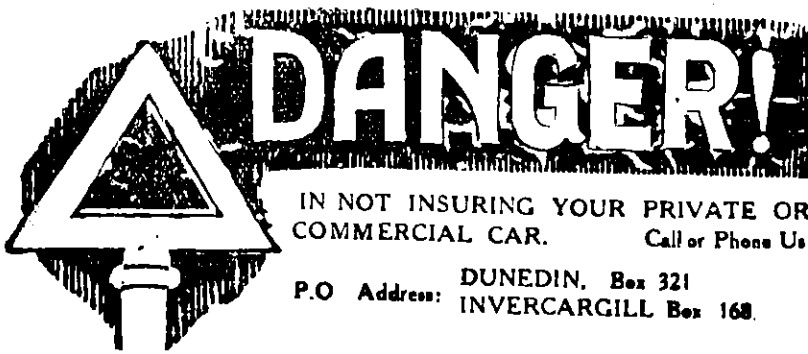


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# The Christmas Message

Easter Day is the dogmatic festival of all Christianity, as it is of historic Christianity, that is Catholicism. On that day the truth shines out that the Catholic Church is divine, for Jesus is God. This appeals to the mind, hence we may call Easter the intellectual or spiritual feast day of the Church. The foundation of the Christian religion is love. Even when the absurdities which Christian Science, Theosophy, Buddhism, and Spiritualism have wrapped around phases of Christianity are torn aside, we can see passing glimpses of the universal love, even in them. Love of God, love of God's image that shines in the veriest tramp or scoundrel or blackguard, is not that the religion of the Master, while the whole Church's ministrations are but the golden means to this golden end?

Like other Marthas, we forget in the unceasing turmoil of worldly care and changing thought that one thing is as necessary to-day as it was in the days when Magdala was consecrated by the footsteps of the Master. Love! Without this, Faith and hope are as nothing. Did not the great preacher of dogmatic Faith himself say, though inspired by the spirit of love, that "there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three, but of these the greatest is charity"? On this are built the Law and Prophets of the Sion of old, and in this is built, too, the new Jerusalem, which is the Church of the Saints.

Love in all its great and comprehensive plenitude is the sermon that is preached to us by the Infant Babe of Bethlehem. To love the little children, the poor, maimed and disfigured atoms of humanity that throng the streets and slums of the city for His sake—is not this the first echo of Bethlehem's canticle?

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright.

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night.

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,

When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day!

### The Basic Creed.

The Divine Child has indeed given us the example of love, a grander, a more beautiful, than which has never appeared in

all the epics of human mortality. From the straw-covered manger, clothed with the swaddling clothes of infancy, and the still meaner vesture of our poor humanity, the Divine Child speaks to us to-day, if we can only listen. Old sores to be forgotten, old quarrels to be buried in oblivion, old friendships to be renewed and confirmed, charity to be bestowed on the poor and the halt and the children, good measure and heaping over, kindness and good-will to be shown to all men, irrespective of language, race, and creed, and to hold peace with God and ourselves.

This is the basic creed of Catholicism, the mystic song that first resounded on Christmas night, and which impregnates with its divine harmony the soul of the Catholic Church to-day:

And so the Word had breath, and wrought

With human hands the creed of creeds,  
In loveliness of perfect deeds

More strong that all poetic thought,  
Which he may read that binds the sheaf,

Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
And those wild eyes that watch the waves  
In roarings round the coral reef.

### The Birthday of God the Son.

Christmas Day was, and is, for the Catholic Church, the birthday of Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, Virgin of Nazareth, the Son of God, as also the Son of man, the Supernal Word, proceeding from the Father and the Holy Ghost, Who with the Father and the Spirit is consubstantial and conglorified. To Whom be praise and glory in all ages forever. Amen.

Christmas for the Catholic Church does not mean the birth of a mere prophet like Moses or Elijah, who labored for the glory of God and the deliverance of His people from an earthly exile, or some temporary human tyranny; neither does it mean the birth of a hero who, in spite of divine attributes such as are ascribed to the poets of old, or to the wise law-givers like Confucius or Buddha, or the mysterious Hermes, who was but a mortal after all. Neither does it mean the memorial of a religious Founder Who may have recapitulated in his person or morality the concentrated wisdom of the ages of the past and who called himself, and was called by his followers, the Son of God because He did God's work among

the children of men! No! Christmas Day means that the Eternal God Who is the Principle of Life immutable in Heaven, condescended to be born of Mary of Nazareth by the mysterious over-shadowing of the Holy Ghost, and to appear and to be in reality a child among the children of men.

Supernal Word proceeding from  
The Eternal Father breast,  
And in the end of ages come  
To aid the world distressed.

So sings Holy Mother Church in her Advent Matins. The Blessed Trinity by which we mean the Three Persons in one God, is the apex of all mysteries in Revelation, but next to this wondrous manifestation of God within the God-head is the external revelation of God in the mystery of the Incarnation, which, beginning on March 25, was completed on that first Christmas night when Mary held her first-born in her virgin arms.

In the Humble Stable of Bethlehem.

In the humble Stable of Bethlehem, the glory of the undivided Godhead was revealed by that mysterious union of the two natures in the Babe that reclined in Mary's arms.

Blow bugles of Battle and marches of Peace,  
East, West, North, and South let the long warfare cease;

Sing the song of great joy that angels began,  
Sing the glory of God and of good-will to man.

Christmas, then, is a time of solemn religious joy to all mankind. We sing in union with the angels' voices which echoed around

the stable of Bethlehem:

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so,

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time

And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow.

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## Christmas in Rome

In no other city, perhaps, is Christmas so specially emphasised as it is in Rome. Just as at home, the Christmas shopping makes itself a definite part of the festal time for days before the feast itself, but when the Vigil of Christmas actually comes, one is apt to see in Rome the religious aspect of things rather than their social aspect.

From 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Christmas Eve the shops are closing, and generally all business is suspended about 6 o'clock. The cabarets and night dens, which are generally beginning business about 10 o'clock in the evening, apparently do no business on this night of nights.

As one hurries through the streets one notices the unusual emptiness till about 11.30, when the people are seen going to one or other of the many midnight Masses that are being celebrated in the various parishes. Those Masses are very remarkable for the numbers of people who receive Holy Communion. Since the war a new feature has been the number of men who go to Communion. However, there is one striking feature that those of us from home miss Christmas after Christmas, namely, the "Adeste Fideles." I do not know whether or not the singing of this beautiful hymn at Christmastide is distinctively Irish, but I do know that nowhere have I heard it sung as part and parcel of the Christmas Night Mass as I have heard it in Ireland.

In Bavaria I have heard the lovely strains of the "Stille Nacht," and in other countries even the "Adeste Fideles": but, except for the Bavarian hymn, no other chant seems to fill the place of our own "Adeste Fideles." Certainly, in Rome there is nothing like it. And in many years' residence here it is the one thing that I always seem to miss most during the Midnight Mass.

However, one is well compensated by the warm devotion of the crowded congregations in the various churches. Sometimes the priest who sings the High Mass stays at the altar and says his three Masses right through.

In almost every such case that I know of the majority of the congregation remains in church for the extra two Masses. Of course, everywhere the singing at the Mass is something that we seldom hear at home, for the *Scholae Cantorum*, as they are called, are well trained, and are all very keen on their work.

### In the Colleges.

In the colleges the night is a night of long ecclesiastical ceremonies, but the Christmas relaxation comes on the afternoon and evening of Christmas Day, when concerts and impromptu entertainments of all sorts are permitted to the students.

Christmas Day is regarded among the Romans as a day of special augury, and there is a popular saying that the babe is specially blest who is born on that day, and that he will ever protect the nearest seven houses to the house in which he was born.

The whole week is regarded here as a holiday week, but it has lost something of its old-time splendor. It is not so many centuries ago since it was known as the Week of Remission, because it was not obligatory to pay debts during the Christmas octave.

But modern commercialism has killed that happy spirit. Even now, however, the holiday spirit continues, and all Rome is *en fete* up to January 2, when the new year's work seriously begins. The children, however, run the feasting beyond the Befana, as the Feast of the Epiphany is called, and every old Roman student can vividly recall the noises of the children's horns and bugles that usher in the Feast of the Three Wise Men.

— Brooklyn Tablet.

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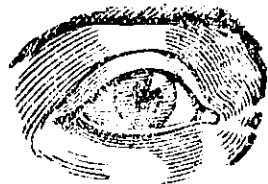
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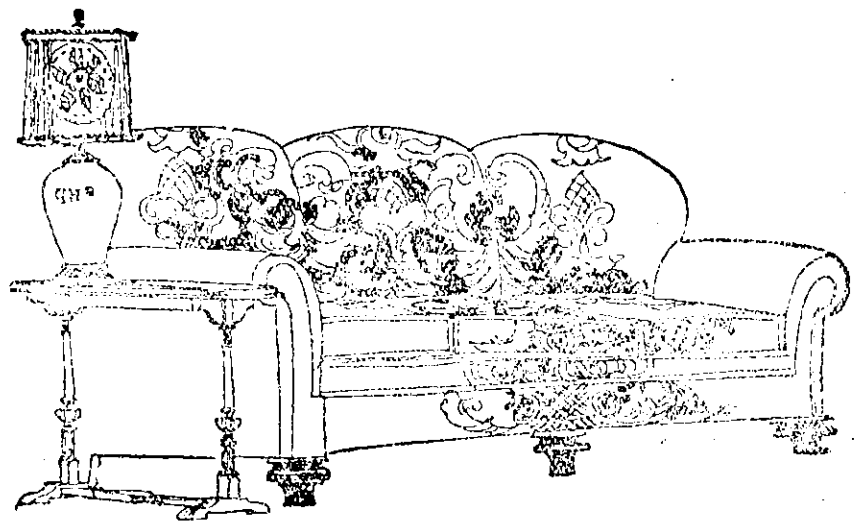
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The night Our Lady came.  
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And Jesus Christ has given him  
A glory round his head.  
So let the gate swing open  
However poor the yard,  
Lest wear people visit you  
And find their passage barred.  
Unlatch the door at midnight  
And let your lantern's glow  
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet  
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler  
(He is in heaven to-night)  
He held Our Lady's bridle  
And helped her to alight;  
He spread clean straw before her  
Whereon she might lie down,  
And Jesus Christ has given him  
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening  
And let your gate swing wide,  
Let all who ask for shelter  
Come speedily inside.  
What if your yard be narrow?  
What if your house be small?  
There is a Guest coming  
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler  
Who knelt on Christmas morn  
Beside the radiant manger  
Wherein his Lord was born.  
His heart was full of laughter,  
His soul was full of bliss  
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,  
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening  
And keep no stranger out,  
Take from your soul's great portal  
The barrier of doubt.  
To humble folk and weary  
Give hearty welcoming,  
Your breast shall be to-morrow  
The cradle of a King.

Yes dearest Babe those tiny Hands  
That play with Mary's hair,  
The weight of this mighty world  
This very moment bear.

—JOYCE KILMER.

## OUR BLESSED LADY.

In the corner of a dark hut, with a dim light beside him, sat a bearded publican.

"Why do people travel if they can't pay their toll?" he growled, and again he went over the tirade he had earlier in the day let loose against the paupers who had passed that way.

"It's been quite a good day," he declared in a wheezy chuckle, as he turned the money over in his hand, "but it could have been better, far better!"

This and like scenes were those witnessed by the angels as they looked down on Bethlehem the first Christmas Eve. Hardly a heart was found that was not steeped in sin. The whole world was buried in a cloud of darkness that knew neither love nor fidelity. Vice was the only virtue; self-satisfaction the only

good; Satan everywhere held undisputed sway as lord and master.

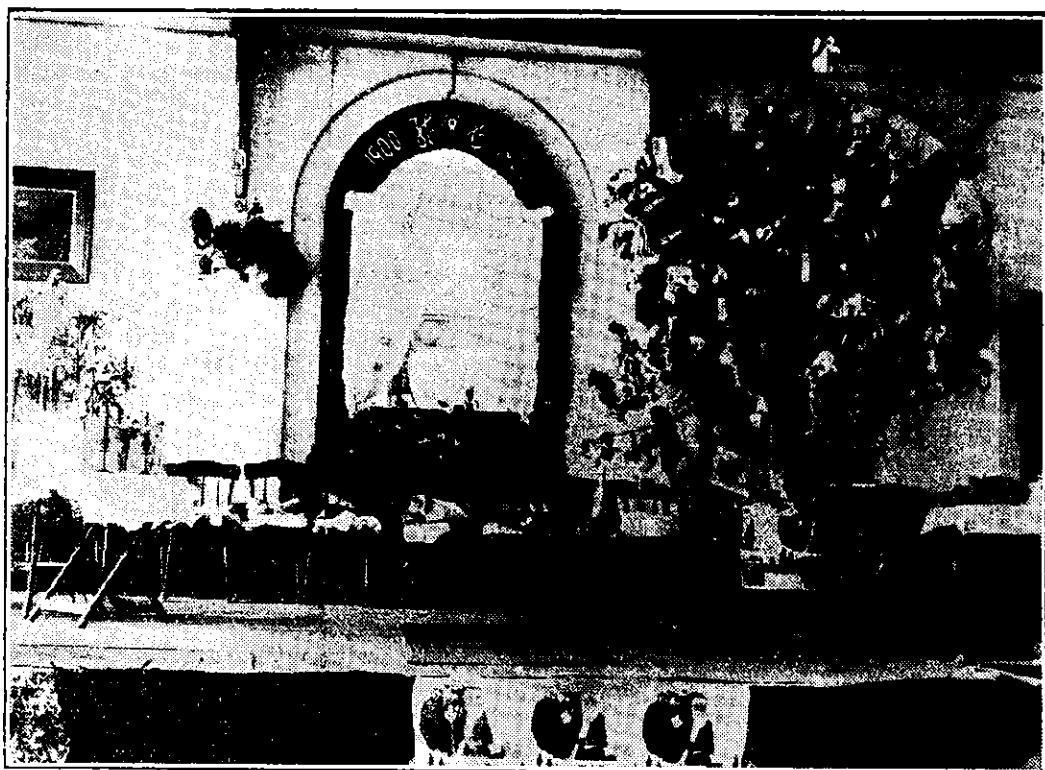
It was surely a sad sight to behold, this sinful world of ours. Not the spot that one would have chosen for the God of purity and love to take up His abode. Yet the angels rejoiced as they awaited the birth of the Redeemer, for they saw that one heart at least could welcome their King. The world was corrupt, indeed, but the Heart of Jesus was to be adored by one human heart that was pure and loving—the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Mary's whole life had been one long act of love for God. Her spotless purity had given her an insight into His secrets never at-

mer sin; their great love for the Master appears all the brighter when compared with their past infidelity.

So will it be with us if we make our lives what they are meant to be. When the Infant Jesus comes to us He will be welcomed as He should be welcomed by servants of His Sacred Heart. He has no need of our gold and silver and all that they may buy; He cares not for the noisy feasting with which worldlings celebrate His coming; what He desires of us is a pure heart inflamed with a generous love, a heart that is the closest possible imitation of the Immaculate Heart of His Virgin Mother; one, like hers, perfectly united to His own, that unquenchable furnace which burns with love for men.

—Joseph Fallon, S.J., in the *Canadian Messenger*.



"MOTHERS' PARTY" CHRISTMAS TREE AND DISPLAY OF WORK  
AT ST. JOSEPH'S HALL, DUNEDIN.

—Photo by Miss Ritchie.

tained by philosopher or theologian. To know God is to love Him, and so her love surpassed that of the greatest of saints, even of the angels themselves. The first great servant of the Sacred Heart possessed in a pre-eminent degree the distinctive mark of this devotion—a deep-rooted, fervent love.

When our Blessed Mother took her newborn Babe into her arms and pressed Him to her bosom, no words were needed to express the love that was in her heart. She loved Him as her God and she loved Him as her own flesh and blood. She was His forever, only His, and He was her very own.

During this Jubilee year, as the angels look down from on high, will they find in us some semblance to our model, Mary? As servants of the Sacred Heart does our purity resemble the purity of this first great servant? Is our love an imitation of that which she manifested in the stable at Bethlehem?

Unlike Mary we have been stained by sin, and the fervor of our love has cooled, but true repentance will set matters right again. The zeal of Peter, who had denied Our Lord, and the love of Mary Magdalen, who had given public scandal, are made to stand out clearly against the background of their for-

## TO BETHLEHEM.

Out of the shade that covered the land,  
Out of the reaches of the night,  
A star broke over the lonely sand,  
Marking a path to the new-born Light:  
A star that gazed on a wondrous birth,  
And shone like a royal diadem,  
Leading the great and the Kings of the earth  
Over the hills to Bethlehem.

Above Judæan field and hill,  
Beyond the City's streets and strife,  
Burst forth the music of good-will,  
A song that was joy and peace and life:  
Calling the poor and the lowly-born,  
Calling the shepherds and urging them  
To haste, with feet of love, that morn  
Over the hills to Bethlehem.

Out from the battle of the day  
And from the night of dread and fear,  
From woe of sin and sorrow's way  
They are ever calling us, calling clear,  
To the place where perfect love began:  
Calling us all to follow them  
To the Son of Man and the God of Man  
Over the hills to Bethlehem.

—REV. THOMAS F. BURKE, C.S.P., in the  
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# A Christmas Offering

(By RUTH C. NICOLLS, in the *Far East*.)

Mrs. O'Malley laid the beautiful little figure of the Christ-Child upon its bed of straw, and rose to her feet with a tired, happy sigh. She had spent the afternoon decorating the church for the morrow's feast of Christmas, leaving to the last the sweetest part of her labor of love—the arranging of the Crib. Now, all was finished; holly boughs with glistening leaves and warm-red berries; sprays of rich, trailing ivy; white and delicately-tinted chrysanthemums, had been carried by basketsful from her gardens; her own deft fingers had done the rest, and the little village church looked very "Christmassy."

The parish was poor enough if judged by the world's standards, but it was rich in the Faith of the scattered flock, who took it as a matter of course to tramp miles over hilly roads for Mass on Sundays and holidays. "Didn't our dear Lord walk a more weary way for me, with the cross on His blessed shoulders," had been the reply of an old man bent with rheumatism, to whom a kindly foreign motorist had given a "lift" one bleak Sunday, venturing, at the same time, an energetic remonstrance against anyone undertaking a three-mile walk to church and back when age and failing strength were to be reckoned with.

Well did Mrs. O'Malley know the Faith of her co-parishioners, and she loved to picture their joy next day at sight of the perfectly arranged Crib. She had lived in the big house at the end of the village street during her short married life, and she clung to the familiar surroundings when her beloved husband, the studious, clever doctor, died fifteen years ago, leaving her to fill his place so far as possible to Diarmuid, their little baby boy, and to the poor who had loved "the Doctor" well. She had done her part nobly; Diarmuid loved her as a good Irish son loves his good Irish mother; and the poor spoke of her in their prayers.

The short walk home was a happy one for Diarmuid's mother; her boy was to reach home from college in time for dinner, and she lived in glad anticipation, every day of this Christmas vacation. After the long vacation of the approaching summer, he would begin his medical studies, and mother and son had woven together many a day-dream for the future.

A few hours later Mrs. O'Malley knelt in her room; Christmas morning was very near now, but the Christmas joy that filled her heart all day was gone. Diarmuid had come home, and she had sent a silent prayer of happy thanksgiving speeding to Heaven as she gave her son the mother-welcome his heart had been longing for. He looked such a boyish picture of his father, she thought during dinner, and yet, *was* he quite so boyish-looking after all? There was a new seriousness in his expression, a new ring in

his voice—in some strange way, unexplained to her then, she felt that he was no longer the care-free boy who had returned to college but a few months previously after the happiest of summer holidays. As they talked together before the library fire, she learned the reason of the change. Diarmuid had heard the voice of Christ pleading for laborers in His desolate Chinese vineyard, and he now turned to his mother for help to make his sacrifice.

"I've *tried* not to believe it, mother, astore," said the boy, his eyes fixed on the glowing Christmas logs. "I've told myself again and again that it's just a passing attack of enthusiasm, for the thought only came after one of our fellows had been telling us of his brother who had given up a splendid career as a barrister to become a missionary priest; but, deep down in my heart, I know it's real, and that God wants me as a priest in China. Mother! it's awfully hard; we had planned so differently, you and I, and you have only me in the world. But you've always told me God must come first—won't you help me to put Him first now, mother? I don't know how I can go through with it if you don't help me!"

The boy's voice was shaky as he threw himself on his knees beside the mother who had always been his best comrade, who had always taught him that "God must come first."

She comforted him without saying anything very definite—her own soul felt dazed under the unexpected blow—promising that they would have a big talk on the morrow, and Diarmuid had gone to his room, his heart aching for the pain he had read under his mother's words of sympathy and love, yet clinging to the conviction that just because she *was* "mother" she would understand and help him.

And "mother" knelt in her room through hour after hour of that Christmas Eve night, fighting out her battle alone before God. Could He not choose some other mother's son for His far-off mission-field? True, it was greater—ah! she knew it well!—to give one soul to God than to heal many stricken bodies, but a Catholic doctor's work had a glory and a sanctity all its own, and she had only Diarmuid in all the world to live for! So the hours passed on unheeded, and the Angel of Sleep folded his wings about the weary mother as she knelt.

Suddenly she found herself before the Crib in the church; the night was bitterly cold, and the figures—but no! they were "figures" no longer. On the straw lay the Christ-Child Himself; beside Him, in an ecstasy of adoration and love, knelt Mary, His Mother, and St. Joseph watched over them as he had watched over them in Bethlehem. In humble adoration, Diarmuid's mother prostrated herself before the Divine Infant, and when

she rose to her knees, she saw that Mary had lifted her Son from the straw, and was gazing down upon the beautiful Baby Face with a look of inexpressible love. Then she spoke: "O, Christ, my God! be it done to me according to Thy word. Jesus, my Treasure, my little Child! I offer Thee to Thy Eternal Father for the souls of men. Thy will be done!"

As the sweet voice ceased, the vision faded, but Diarmuid's mother understood as never before what that first Christmas night must have meant to the Mother of God. Having witnessed Mary's sacrifice for souls, how could she refuse to make her own? How could she grudge Diarmuid where Mary had given Jesus?

In the sunlight of a radiant Christmas morning, mother and son met. The boy looked up anxiously as he heard her enter the room; he was finding his own battle hard to fight—would "mother" fail him now for the first time? But her greeting reassured him. "A Happy Christmas, Diarmuid, avic machree!" she exclaimed, holding out her hands to him; then, she added bravely, "Let us start a little early for Mass, astore; I want to offer you to God and His Blessed Mother at the Crib, and then, we will help each other to put God first."

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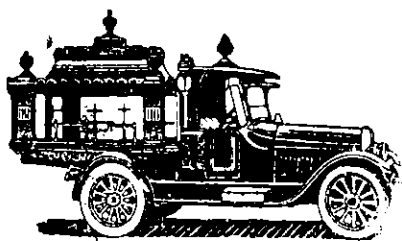
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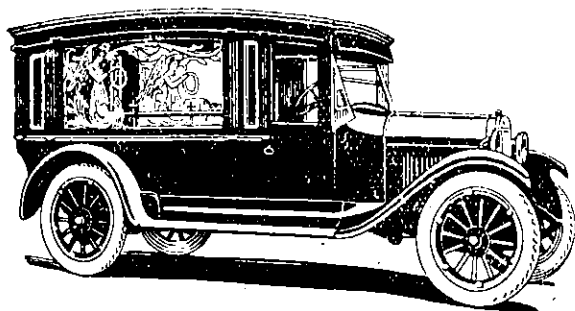
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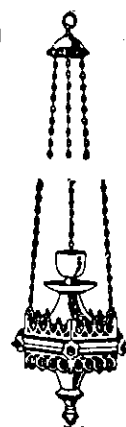
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