

one who knows; she has ridden her hunts and not merely seen them. If you have ever known what Irish hunting is you will find all the elements of it in her tales. She describes vividly the meet, with the horses growing restless on a cold morning, the dogs pushing steadily among the bracken, the watchful Whip posted in his corner, the voice of the Master, now encouraging the hounds, now raised in no polite remonstrance with a blunderer, the stealing away of the little red fox, and the welcome call of "Gone away," followed by the sound of the horn and the stampede of eager riders and big-jumping steeds settling down on their line. We know the mishaps she describes and the good humor with which falls are taken and horses mounted again. There is the fence ahead, as blind still as it was in midsummer, and only a few seconds to pick your place and then ride unflinchingly for it; there is the exaltation of a perfect take-off and a perfect landing; the luck of recovery after a scramble across a rotten bank; the fast going and the soaring flight, as, hard held, the horse leaps a stream; the big double that tests more than anything else a hunter's manners and a rider's hands; and the awkward topping and faulty changing and slovenly landing that all happen in a twinkling of an eye if the horse is a novice or the rider heavy-handed. You are with her men and women as they jog along to the meet in the early sunshine and as they ride home after the end of the day, weary and sore perhaps, but ready to swear that there is no joy like that of the foxhunter's. And, if you agree with them at all, we guarantee that in the novels of this mighty huntress you will find rest and recreation and pleasure for many an idle hour.

The Irish Horse

Many a page has been dedicated to the Irish horse, and too much cannot be said in praise of his good qualities. Of course there are horses and horses; but the one we mean is the strong, clean-limbed, short-backed, deep-chested, varmint-headed animal that takes to "lepping" as a duck to water. The knowledge and the cunning even a green one will often display must be hereditary. We have known a three-year-old, out for his first sight of the hounds, to jump, not artistically but safely, where a second or third season English hunter following after the novice would flounder badly. In all sorts of unexpected situations—and the unexpected is the spice of an Irish hunt—the Irish horse will extricate himself cleverly as a rule. If he does make a *faux pas*, ten to one the fault is the rider's and not the horse's. The first lesson an Irish boy has to learn is to ride as if there were no reins and to jump as if the reins were made of silk. The light hand is essential when crossing a bank, and any undue interference with the bit may bring about a disaster. A pull when rising may spoil the clean landing on the face of the bank, a floundering and a plucking at the bridle on the bank may puzzle the horse when he is changing and bring horse and rider into the next field with more force and feeling than they enjoy. Going down one may pull as much as one pleases, and the same may be said of jumping water, which must be taken fast if fairly broad. In the gallop, too, the light hand makes all the difference by the end of a long day; and it is a marvel how some men will nurse and husband a horse, keeping a good place without apparent hard riding, and finishing fresh among a crowd of lathered, blowing steeds. One is born to it as to most things. The hand on the reins, the hand on the tiller of a racing yacht, like the hand on the strings of a violin, is a gift that comes naturally to some and may never be acquired by others, try as they will. So it is that some men always will wonder why a horse will bucket and twist and wriggle when they mount, while the same horse will stand quietly and jog away peacefully with another man. As the Cockney said when the reproving bishop asked him where he learned to swear, "It's an art, Guv'nor; you haven't a hope of learning it."

Thirty-two new poisons were discovered by the recent munitions activities in the United States.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

The Christian Brothers' School and other schools of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish are to reopen on Monday next, March 1. With reference to the former, boarders are reminded by notification in this week's issue of the *Tablet* to be in residence on February 28.

In continuation of the missions now being conducted by the Marist Missionary Fathers in the diocese of Dunedin, on last Sunday Rev. Fathers Ainsworth and O'Leary commenced a mission at Wrey's Bush, and Rev. Father McCarthy at Winton, which will be continued till March 7 and March 14, respectively. Next Sunday (February 29) Rev. Father Eccleton will open a mission at Waikiwi, to be continued in the parish till March 21. A mission will also be opened at Invercargill next Sunday by Rev. Fathers Herring and Herbert, and continued in the parish till March 21.

The Queen Carnival in aid of the Christian Brothers' new residence building fund, now in the final week of its season, is continuing with unabated interest to large gatherings nightly. Several novelties in the way of entertainment have been introduced latterly, and a tug-of-war, in which some eight or more teams are contesting, is supplying an additional attraction during these last nights of the carnival. The position of the queen candidates at time of writing is:—Miss Brennan (refreshment stall), 1; Miss Noonan (Children of Mary, South Dunedin), 2; Miss Hart (Old Boys), 3; Miss Marlow (Hibernian), 4; Miss Bunbury (North Dunedin), 5; Miss Harris (Children of Mary, Dunedin), 6; Miss Coughlan (Ladies' Club), 7; Miss McKenzie (Mornington), 8.

Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

February 16.

Greymouth has of late been favored with visits of the clergy from various parts of the Dominion.

Rev. Father Silk, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, lectured here recently on Rome and Ireland to an appreciative audience. The scenes of Ireland with which his lecture was illustrated, no doubt brought to the minds of many present, memories of long ago.

Addressing the congregation of St. Patrick's, at both Mass and evening devotions, recently, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Administrator of the Cathedral, Christchurch, explained the aims and objects of the Catholic Federation, and pointed out the paramount duty of every Catholic to enrol. It should hardly be necessary for the clergy to have to dwell on this subject. The trifling subscription fee is surely not sufficient to deter Catholics from assisting in the laudable work of founding scholarships and other useful pursuits in the interests of their Holy Faith.

Rev. Father McGrath, S.M., who is replacing Father Campbell, S.M., in Greymouth, has arrived, and entered upon his duties.

Tenders are at last invited for the erection in brick of the new boys' school as a memorial to the late Dean Carew.

It would appear as if Greymouth is on the point of a property boom. It is to be hoped that the values now put on property will be of a more permanent nature than has been the experience of past booms.

Farm lands, town sections, and properties of all kinds are changing hands with extraordinary rapidity. The sentiments that formerly bound people to their old homes have disappeared, and homes that formerly had hallowed associations are now disposed of with as little compunction as would be felt in disposing of cattle or sheep.

Mrs. Hudd, an old and highly-esteemed resident of Greymouth, recently passed peacefully away at her residence, Alexander Street. The deceased was born in Ennistymon, Co. Clare, Ireland, 81 years ago, and had resided in Greymouth for the past 50 years. The deceased, who will be remembered by many for her kindly and charitable disposition, leaves a family of five—Mrs. O. Eeden (Omoto), Mrs. J. Thompson (Greymouth), Mrs. L. Chanman (Cobden), and Messrs. H. Hudd (Greymouth) and G. Hudd (Moana). Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of deceased was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church by Father McGrath, and the large attendance at the funeral testified to the respect in which the deceased was held. Rev. Father Aubry officiated at the interment.—R.I.P.

Politeness is a sort of moss which surrounds the asperities of our character and prevents them from wounding anyone. This moss must never be torn off, even in fighting with rough, rude men.—Vinet.