

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

May 6.

Since my last many wonderful things have happened, which although not of a strictly religious nature, were very momentous and affected us all.

While we were making frantic preparations for the Prince's visit and experiencing the glad feeling of nearness when we learned that he was actually in the country, in stalked that hideous Strike. What a nightmare, and how it disorganised everything in a few hours. In Wanganui we were almost coal-less, flourless, and— By the way, we quite understood that the South Island (or "New Zealand" as some southerners call it) was not on strike, but we haven't got our last week's *Tablets* yet. Anyhow, the trouble only lasted a few days, and, apart from the sermon, the very nicest thing we heard on last Sunday was the shrilling of the engines and the rumbling of the trains as they hurried along to make up for lost time, and by Monday morning everything was in running order, the Prince due in Wanganui in the afternoon.

His Royal Highness has been, and he spent his few hours with us to our entire satisfaction. The whole place turned out, Cook's Garden being fuller of people than anyone has ever seen it, even a lone seagull putting in its appearance at the right moment. The morning had been more or less stormy, and, as usual on these sort of days, the seagulls were overhead well inland from the sea. With the sunshine they all dispersed except this one, which seemed to have a notion to fly over the Gardens, and just as the Prince was driving across the oval the beautiful white bird circled above his chair. Spreading out its broad white wings, round it went twice, and then flew away. Apart from the general interest attaching to the visit, there were many little personal items of special interest to us, and the Prince is so gracious, so absolutely without swank or frill, that we quite lost our hearts to him.

One very interesting ceremony was the presentation of medals to a batch of returned soldiers. Among these was Sergeant W. M. Roache (Military Medal), son of Mr. J. Roache, of Brunswick, and nephew of Lieut.-Colonel Roache, of Wellington. Also Private C. L. Morgan (Military Medal), son of Mrs. Morgan, Dublin Street. There was a Military Medal, too, for the late Sergeant F. Cormack, well known in Wanganui, this being received on his behalf by his sister, Miss Cormack.

On the platform alongside the Prince there was a fine display of municipal, educational, and religious bodies (and their wives). Very Rev. Father O'Connell represented us, and kept our end up very nicely.

Nursing Sisters who served with the soldiers overseas were presented to the Prince, among these being Matron McKenny, of the public hospital, and Sister Lee, of the hospital, daughter of Mrs. Lee, of our congregation.

Maori war veterans were on parade, among these being Mr. Jas. Farrell, one of our pioneers, and a very well-known figure among us. Mr. Farrell, by the way, was in the Guard of Honor at the late King Edward's marriage.

Our school children took their places among the others in the flag-waving and cheering, and some of the senior boys were in the Guard of Honor and other important places.

Old friends congratulate Commissioner O'Donovan on the great and responsible mission entrusted to him. Arranging details for the Royal visit would not come easy to most of us, and his Excellency the Governor-General showed his usual good judgment in placing his confidence in one so thoroughly deserving of it.

I think that is about all, unless your readers would like to hear something more about the souvenirs taken by the guests at the big feast. There were something like 2000 people invited to the supper, and I believe as many more came without invitation, and everything was on a lavish scale. Next morning's count revealed a shortage of 40 dozen glasses, as many cups and saucers, lots of napery, silver, and no end of things. The wanted column contains pitiful appeals for the return of hats (Stetsons generally), coats, and umbrellas. We live in a wonderful age.

I am very sorry to have to record the death of Mr. Thos. Meehan, after quite a short illness, he being taken ill suddenly a week ago. Mr. Meehan was well known here, having lived here all his life, and was of a very quiet and retiring disposition. His death while still in his prime has come as a great shock to all, who join in sympathy with Mrs. Meehan and the family of three daughters and two sons. The eldest son, Mr. M. Meehan, is just now an inmate of the Hanner Sanatorium.—R.I.P.

The burial of the late Rotohiko Pauro and his wife

Mureanna took place at Jerusalem on the last Sunday in April. Rotohiko's death was not unexpected, as he had been ailing for some time, and from the very beginning of his illness he set about preparing to meet his God. Mureanna seemed to have a premonition of her last end, for although not seriously ill she requested the Sacraments. As she was unable to climb the hill to the church, Holy Communion was brought to her where. When the Sisters were preparing her room, Mureanna asked them to spread some rare and beautiful mats across the doorway and over the muddy path for the King of Heaven. Can we doubt that she is receiving the reward of her faith now? Mureanna rallied again and went to Wanganui with the Maoris on her way to Rotorua, but was taken ill again and died. Rotohiko was not told of his wife's death, but he passed away 12 hours later. Rotohiko was instructed when a boy by the Rev. Father Lampila, of revered memory, and never probably till the Last Day will it be known how many souls that saintly man was instrumental in saving. Mureanna was a sister of the late Mrs. Gregor McGregor.—R.I.P.

Anzac Day, one of processions and a big united service, was also a special day with us. At Mass, Very Rev. Father O'Connell gave us a fine sermon on loyalty to the living, and spoke also of the dear departed. He invited the returned soldiers to come along to a sermon for themselves, in the evening, and they came in large numbers, quite filling the bottom of the church. Next day, Monday, the Marist Brothers' boys had a special session of history and geography as affected by the war. That was in the morning, and the afternoon was given over to addresses by some of the Old Boys, Messrs. Corliss, Smithies, and O'Neill, who have served overseas. After this came some prayers for the dead, cheers for the returned men and their parents, and a verse of "God Save the King."

D E S I R E S.

Hid in the wooded country,
Away from the dinnng roar,
I'd like a little cottage white,
With a little green half-door;

With shutters green and slanting roof,
There linen white I'd spin,
And at my work be looking out,
And flowers be looking in.

The thrush that builds in the green hedgerow
His Vesper-song would sing,
Arbutus trail along the wood,
With all the buds of Spring.

I'd like to see the rain come down,
And the silent snow to fall;
Then go in glad array to see
The Maker of it all.

—ANGELA M. KELLY, in America.

AN OLD CATHOLIC ESTATE: MEMORIES OF THE STUARTS.

The old Scottish Catholic estate of Terregles, in Dumfriesshire, which is shortly to come into the market, has historical associations of surpassing interest. Terregles House sheltered the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, after the shattering of her hopes in the disastrous Battle of Langside, and it was during her stay there that she made the decision to throw herself on the "protection" of her arch-enemy, Elizabeth, against the advice of her trusted friend and supporter, Lord Herries. A century and a-half later, Terregles was the home of William, the fifth Earl of Nithsdale, whose valiant and beautiful wife, by her devotion and courage, succeeded in releasing him from the Tower of London on the very eve of the day fixed for his execution. The Earl had been sentenced for his part in the Jacobite Rising of 1715, and after his escape from the Tower, passed safely over to France. Terregles and the Nithsdale estates passed in 1776 to the Lady Winefred Maxwell, granddaughter of this remarkable pair, and to her marriage with William Haggerston, Constable of Everingham Park, the present family traces its descent.

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