

being much admired. The Sacred Host was borne in procession by his Lordship the Bishop, and a number of the clergy were present. There were also representatives of the various convents, and Marist Brothers, about 40 altar boys from the Cathedral, in charge of Rev. Brother Phelan and the sacristan (Mr. Frank Geoghegan), and some 250 visitors. These, with the inmates and Sisters of the Good Shepherd, formed an impressive procession, which was rendered more devotional by the singing of the institution's choir.

Tenuka

(From our own correspondent.)

November 29.

The closing meeting of the social committee was held recently, when the balance sheet, presented by the secretary, showed that the 13 socials held during the winter months, realised the splendid total of £103 9s 11, which, after deducting expenses (£15) left a credit balance of £88 9s 11d. The debt on the hall has now been liquidated and about £45 given to the parish funds. The Rev. chairman (Father Hoare, S.M.), congratulated the committee on the success of their efforts, and made special mention of the good work done by the ladies' committee, who had charge of the refreshments.

The pupils of the Kerrytown School, assisted by outside friends, gave a most enjoyable concert in the school-room on Thursday evening, November 25. The building was crowded, and practically the whole school contributed to the programme, which, as a test of elocution and music for the children, showed that they have profited from the work of the teachers. The first portion of the entertainment, consisting of varied and most acceptable items, was brightly given by the pupils of the school. The second part was contributed by visiting artists, well rendered songs being given by Miss Tausey and Miss Surine and the Rev. Father Moloney. A musical monochrome, clever and sparkling, was given by Mr. H. Carson, whose accompaniment was tastefully played by Miss P. Geaney. An orchestra, led by Mr. K. Mara, and consisting of the Misses Donnelly (2), Murphy (2), and Mr. Latimer, played with vigor and artistry two much-enjoyed selections. The committee were fortunate in securing the services of a conjurer and Eastern mystery artist of exceptional ability, who voluntarily forewent his usual fee to help the school. He certainly mystified his audience, and kept them for some 20 minutes in high good humor. Of the children's items no repeats were allowed, but the visiting artists had all to respond. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Lynch.

Hokitika

(From our own correspondent.)

November 26.

With regret the death is recorded of Mr. F. A. Hatch, who passed away last week in the Christchurch Sanatorium. The late Mr. Hatch, upon returning to New Zealand after serving in the war, went into the sanatorium to recuperate, and his sudden death came as a great shock to his relatives. Deepest sympathy is extended to his wife, mother, and other relatives. R.I.P.

Mrs. Shaffery, another local parishioner, also died during the week. Mrs. Shaffery was an old and very faithful parishioner, and will be greatly missed. R.I.P.

I had the great pleasure on Thursday evening last of attending the annual concert of the local convent school prior to the Christmas vacation. The concert was undoubtedly one of the best ever given in Hokitika, the combined displays being exceptionally brilliant and well-organised. The performers, and also the Sisters, deserve to be heartily congratulated on the excellence of the entertainment.

Mr. W. Jeffries, one of our most enthusiastic parishioners, and a valued member of the church committee, was elected as a councillor at the recent county elections. Congratulations are due to Mr. Jeffries, and it is confidently felt that he will acquit himself honorably in his new position.

Rev. Father Eekelen, Marist Missioner, in a much improved state of health, left a few days ago for Christchurch and Dunedin.

The attention of our readers is directed to an advertisement in this issue, announcing a grand art union of a unique collection of original masterpieces in oil and water-color paintings. The proceeds of the art union are in aid of the Catholic schools, Mahora North, in the parochial district of Hastings, Hawke's Bay. Tickets are now in circulation, and, in view of the valuable prizes offered, should command a ready sale.

OBITUARY

REVEREND EDWARD DUFFY, PATEA.

Yesterday (November 26), I was deeply grieved when a wire came to tell me of the death of Father Edward Duffy, parish priest of Patea. During the years that I lived in Taranaki I came to know Father Duffy very intimately, and since then, whenever possible, I never lost an opportunity of visiting him when in the North Island. He was a fine type of Irish *sagart*; a charitable, zealous, large-hearted priest; he was as gentle as a woman, and pain long endured had taught him many lessons such as are only learned by patient sufferers on earth; what he did suffer, and for how many years, only his friends know; for it never dimmed his brightness and never clouded his geniality or quenched the light of his brilliant wit. He died in the prime of life: I should say he was about 44 years of age. For at least 10 years he had been in precarious health, and had undergone many and serious operations. His probation is now ended, and he has gone home leaving us who knew him well poorer for a friend in a world where friends are few. I don't think there was a more lovable priest in New Zealand than Edward Duffy; and there certainly are but few for whose loss at least one priest could feel so sorry. I know that his fellow-workers in Wellington will pray for him; I know that his faithful people in Patea will remember him; and I trust the editor of the *Tablet* may ask all his readers to unite with him in praying for "refreshment, light, and peace" for his deceased friend.—R.I.P.

—J. K.

THE "BLACK AND TAN."

(A Street Ballad which may be sung at P.P.Ass. gatherings).

I am an English Black and Tan by the name of Johnnie Raw.

The light of day my blooming eyes in London town first saw, And now two years I have campaigned in Ireland's lovely isle.

Where I have never touched a thing that I did not defile.

I fought and killed a rebel man—he was ninety years of age—

And once I bayoneted a kid in righteous British rage;

I burned homes and looted shops and stole gewgaws and chains.

And naked men I flogged with glee and laughed to see their pains.

Archbishop Walsh, he is a man both delicate and old,

Into his house I broke one night with other Britons bold.

I won my spurs in Jones's Road the day that we mowed down

Fearned men and children weak who came from Dublin town.

Lord French he is a good old sport and Greenwood is the same;

We robbed and slaughtered Irishmen and never got no blame.

And Bonar Law, he is a toff, Lloyd George an all right bloke,

They never growl when Irish towns go up in fire and smoke.

When dry you break into a pub and fill yourself with gin,

When drunk you fire into a crowd and hit or miss you win.

So long live French and Greenwood, Lloyd George and Bonar Law.

For they alone would tolerate a scamp like Johnnie Raw.

THE IRISH FUND.

News from Wellington informs us that in the archdiocese there has now been collected the sum of £1937 17s for the Irish Self-Determination Fund. This is a credit to Wellington, which easily leads all the other dioceses of New Zealand. A round sum of £6000 has been collected now, and New Zealand—or the greater part of it—has done its part well. We pity any Irishman who is able to read how his fellow-countrymen are being murdered to-day and at the same time to keep his hands in his pockets. At home they are dying for Ireland; out here how many lip patriots will not open their purses for Ireland! The example of New Zealand-born priests of Irish blood, and even of English-born priests, ought to be enough to make some Irishmen hide themselves in the bush for shame for the rest of their lives.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.—Bishop Butler.

Visitors to Queenstown (N.Z.)—YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO SUPPORT A RETURNED SOLDIER!
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