

then read to the Archbishop, who was greeted with enthusiastic applause as he rose to speak. He congratulated them all on the progress, but it was expected of Eltham where people had the knack of doing things. He deeply appreciated the harmony of all creeds and classes of which the new schools are a lasting proof, and he hoped it was an omen of the peace for all mankind for which they all prayed at the present time. He appealed to them all to do what in them lay to promote this peace by promoting better understanding amongst all.

An enjoyable concert followed, the selections being the following: Orchestra (under the baton of Mr. Beesley): songs: Mrs. Godson, "The Vale of Avoca"; Mr. Castles, "Songs of Araby"; Miss Molly Green, "To a Miniature"; Father Outtrim, "Mary O'Neill"; Miss Uniacke, violin solo; Miss Moran, dance.

St. Mary of the Angels, Wellington

(CONTRIBUTED.)

It was during a business trip to Wellington. The second day of my stay left me with a couple of unoccupied hours, which, in their turn, brought me the happy inspiration to visit the new Church of St. Mary of the Angels'. It had suddenly burst upon my view the day before as the motor car was swinging round from Manners Street into Willis Street. My eyes had been attracted to it again as I rode past in more plebeian fashion—in a tramcar. At that bend of the city—with a hundred bends and a thousand winds—at Wellington's busiest corner, St. Mary's rises, soars, and challenges. It challenges, it forces your attention. In my tram-rides I noticed that well-nigh everyone cast a swift glance to the left. A few Catholics there may have been who did so out of devotion—yet the majority must have been here, as in other things, impelled by curiosity, an interest-curiosity in a work of art, of which, so far as I was able to discover, all Wellingtonians, irrespective of creed, take great pride.

There are many kinds of pride, and of them all perhaps the most laudable, is pride in a work of art, which, while glorifying the Creator, adds charm, or dignity, or beauty to one's city, one's country. It is an impersonal sort of pride, which thousands can share. It is a pride that humbles, while it exalts the human heart. For man, rejoicing in the tribal part of his nature over the glory added to his country, must yet sorrowfully reflect that he will pass, but the monument will remain.

As I went up to the main entrance memories came to me of the old St. Mary's, in which I had attended Mass in many a visit to Wellington in younger days. It was a dear, lovely, I would almost say homely, church—small and humble compared with the minster that now soars above its ashes. Hallowed by age and incense and prayer, it had in abundance what church-goers call by the word "devotional." It was easy to pray in it, and it was hard to leave it. At least I found it so, even in my younger days. And as I recalled the impressions I was suddenly struck by the words graved in deep bold characters on the perron in front of the new church: *Sub Mariæ Nomine*—Under the Name of the Mother of God. The words as challenging in their briefness as the thin, sky-piercing pinnacles, twine around the arms of the Society of Mary. The familiar coat of arms with the morning star that surely betokens this lovely morning land of ours—the first jewel in the diadem of the Society of Mary—held me spell-bound with a flood of memories. Memories which for me were the children of memories, for I had learned them at my mother's knee: of the brave days of old, the tangled bush, the pathless swamp, the swollen mountain-torrent, and a son of France, rejoicing in the name of Marist, tramping up and down this land, seeking to convert it to Holy Mother Church.

I mounted the steps and entered. What a fairy vision was here! It was as if a beautifully moulded shell, with a thousand lines perfectly drawn upon its grey and rugged cover had suddenly opened before me and revealed the immaculate whiteness of the interior. For within all was smooth, snowy, satin-like splendor. The splendidly proportioned arches, the rows of fretted windows, the perfectly moulded pillars, the lofty, soaring vault—these I did not see at once. My mind was taken up with my first impression, and I involuntarily exclaimed: a fairy shell without a precious pearl within. As I advanced up the church

and was able to take in details, the heart of the pearl (if I may use that word) was revealed to me in the beautiful High Altar of Gothic design, carried out in Carrara marble, a miniature replica of the great church which encloses it. It stands beneath the purple shadows of the great Crucifixion window,—altar and window alike, unequalled in New Zealand. What a striking contrast is here between the almost dazzlingly white marble altar, and the rich yet mellow tones of the stained glass! A contrast and yet a harmonised combination, reproducing in stone and glass the traditional vesture of her in whose honor the church is built.

It is fitting that in such a church the Lady Chapel should be invested with special splendor. But the Lady Chapel of St. Mary's makes one almost forget the splendor of the great church around. For here, dimly lighted by stained glass windows depicting the fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary, of the most exquisite coloring and craftsmanship, rises a majestic altar of alabaster, of delightful tint, with a border of lapis lazuli. And on that altar, resplendent even amid the variegated hues of the noble stone, stands a singularly beautiful statue of Our Lady, in which the motives of mother and maid so effectively mingle that young and old alike can indeed call her their very own protectress.

The corresponding chapel on the left side of the apse is dedicated to St. Joseph. The stained glass here represents the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and both the altar and the statue are of unusual beauty, inferior only to those in the Lady Chapel.

A marble statue of the Sacred Heart, a Pieta (a reproduction of Michelangelo's), are a beginning of the interior decoration of the church. Not all the threads are woven in this magnificent vesture, but month by month, if funds allow, new threads are added to the old, until the completed fabric promises to become a queenly coronation robe, to which hundreds have brought their share, as in the tapestries of old.

Casting a last look around and taking in the beauty of the whole once more, I could not help thinking of the sacrifices made by pastor and people alike, when in the most difficult times experienced in our generation, they saw themselves faced with the necessity of building a new church, and boldly determined to build like the great builders of old, for centuries to come. My mind went back to that day in May, 1918, when the news was spread, bringing sadness to many hearts, that St. Mary's had gone up in flames, and I imagined that I saw Father Mahony standing by the glowing embers, sad but undaunted, with the prophetic words on his lips:

"Our Mother of masterful children shall sit on her throne
as of yore,

With her old robes of purple about her and crowned with
the crowns that she wore,

She shall sit at the gates of the South, where the nations
shall gather and meet,

And the East and the West at her bidding shall lie in a
leash at her feet."

His dream has come true, his prophecy has been realised. To his Mother and Queen he has built a glorious temple. And high upon that temple he has set her statue with her face turned towards the East, overlooking that great waterway of Poneke, o'er which will come the immigrants of the future. With arms outstretched she reaches out as it were to welcome them in. *Prosit Omen!*—Viator.

Monsignor Coffey Memorial Fund

Contributions to the Mgr. Coffey Memorial Fund have been received as follows:—Rev. P. J. O'Neill, South Dunedin; Miss M. O'Neill, Dunedin, £1; Mrs. J. B. Grave, Oamaru, £1; Mrs. B. Molloy, Oamaru, £1 1s; Dr. Mor-kane, Christchurch, £2 2s; total, £15 3s. Further contributions may be forwarded to Rev. Father Foley (treasurer) or to the secretary, *N.Z. Tablet Co., Ltd.*

Month's Mind for Dean Thomas McKenna

Just as we were going to press we received a telegram stating that the Month's Mind for the late Dean Thomas McKenna will take place at St. Anne's, Newtown, Wellington, at 10 o'clock on August 8.

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