

THE LATE REV. FATHER PAUL ZUNDOLOVICH.

AN APPRECIATION.

Few victims culled by the Great Reaper, Death, will be more sincerely or affectionately mourned by a large circle of friends than the Very Rev. Father Paul Zundolovich, late parish priest of Moama, who died on May 7. A silent, reserved man, who never sought popularity, there must have been something magnetic in a nature that could draw and hold friends for a lifetime, and he has left many such behind. Perhaps it was the earnest faith, entire sympathy of purpose, and deep insight into, and sympathy with human nature that drew his fellow beings to him. He was very tolerant of the weaknesses and foibles of humanity—a trait all the more remarkable in one whose own ideals were high and who had an unswerving devotion to duty, and to all that his high calling demanded of him. Punctuality to duty and engagement seemed part of his nature. For seventeen years he labored in the Never Never Country. He was not an expert bushman and the trackless scrub and sand through which he had to plod year after year must often have tried him sorely and called up all the cast-iron determination of his strong will. The days of the motor, telephone and wireless were not yet. He was charitable to the poor, but hidden also in this. To those in mental or physical trouble the true kindness of his heart was shown, and to such he was a tower of strength. He was a wise counsellor who could see every side of a question and appraise difficulties, and one could always be sure of an unbiassed judgment tempered with consideration for the feelings of all. A devoted pastor of his flock, the part of it that claimed his special care and fatherly kindness was the Community of Religious Sisters laboring in the schools, and among the sick and the ignorant. He

and among the sick and the ignorant. He appreciated their life of sacrifice and labor, assisted them in every way and saw that they wanted for nothing. The convents he built were models of convenience and comfortably furnished before nuns were brought to them. This can be said too of a convent he built in a far back place, where all requisites had to be carted sixty miles on bullock waggons. The world is poorer to have lost this true priest, cultured gentleman and loyal friend. May what remains of dross of earth be speedily cleansed from his soul and may eternal life and bliss, for which he strove so earnestly, soon be his portion.

