

for a time, his dear flock. He was sent by the Bishop for a time to Nelson, where he was cared for by friends. It was afterwards found necessary to seek a change of air and he was sent to Sydney, and there his health and strength were renewed. He could not remain long idle, for he was anxious to return to his work of caring for souls, so he came back to Wellington. He then wrote to the Rev. Father Reignier, who was the first apostle of this province of Hawke's Bay. Father Reignier had built a little church, the first built in Hawke's Bay. Father Forest wrote, asking if he could be found work here, and in response to Father Reignier's letter the dear Father came to Napier. He was entrusted with the charge of the town. He lived for a time partly in a private house, and partly in the sacristy of the church, in which he cooked his own provisions. In this part of his life also, my dear brethren, it would be difficult to realize his privations. It is difficult, looking at the progress that has been made in New Zealand, to realize what difficulties the apostles and pioneers of the faith had to put up with in the early days of the mission. In Napier when the late Father Forest came, he found only a handful of civilian Catholics. There were, however, the soldiers in the barracks, and they showed love and respect for Father Forest and helped him to form his little mission-station, as he used to call it. From the moment he took charge of Napier he threw himself body and soul into the work, for the dear Father never did things by halves, and his zeal had no measure at all. In 1861 he founded the first Catholic school in this town. The school was held in the little church where now the Marist Brothers have their school. The building was then used as a church on Sundays and as a school on week-days. A short time afterwards he found it necessary to establish the convent, where the little girls might receive a Christian education, and be fitted for their duties in the world. So the Sisters of the Missions were sent for by the dear Father, and they lived in the convent, from which so many blessings have been showered down upon the people. You will never be able, my dear brethren, to sufficiently thank your late Rev. pastor for the blessings he has been the means of showering upon you, and for the works he has established in this place. The convent having been built for the girls, the little boys required educating. So the new church was erected, and the little church was transformed into a school for the boys under the able direction of the Marist Brothers. When that was accomplished Father Forest was used to say: "I can die in peace now; I have done my work, and have given to my people a good church where they can come and pray and hear the word of God and receive the sacraments of the Church. My people now have two good schools, under the guidance of the Brothers and the Sisters, where the children can receive not only all the learning that can be taught in the Government schools, but where they are also grounded in religion and in virtue." The Right Rev. Dr. Moran was Administrator of the Diocese after the death of Dr. Viard. When Dr. Moran officially visited this Parish the Bishop stated that he had examined every thing in the parish carefully. He told how he admired the beautiful little church; so clean, so tidy, so well kept; and he said after inspecting the schools: "I am delighted with everything I have seen in this parish." This testimony showed how truly the late Father Forest was a faithful priest. During the years he remained in this place he made many converts, and was always ready to offer consolation to those who had recourse to him. Ah! how many came to him with broken hearts and were comforted; how many were quietly assisted by the worthy Father; how many were able to renew their peace of conscience in the Sacrament of Penance; and how many comforted by the zealous preaching of the Word of God! The work of Father Forest will not die with him. His work will preach for him, now that he himself has gone. After many generations—when this generation has passed away and succeeding ones also—the words of the good Father will speak of the prudence, the zeal, and the virtues exemplified by him. After Father Forest had been several years in charge of Napier, he was entrusted for some time with the administration of the diocese, but he was always anxious to return to his "dear little station," as he used to call it. But I must come to a conclusion, my dear brethren: I must now view him on his death-bed. About twelve months ago he felt his health failing, and although struggling manfully and not sparing himself at all, he had at last to write to the Bishop saying, "I feel I am done; I cannot work and shall have to be replaced." He tried to do what he could, but at last he had to enter upon that complete repose from which he never again rose. He was seized by his last illness, and knew it, and did not attempt to deceive himself. As soon as he lay down, he said: "I shall never get up again." But as the soldier; as the captain who must fight valiantly, he was ready to surrender his life, and was resigned to the will of Almighty God. "Thy will be done," he said; "and not mine;" and although for a long time he suffered very much yet he did not complain, neither did he murmur at all. Looking now and then upon the crucifix he recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin, for whom he had always great devotion, and thus he bore the long days and nights of his sufferings with fortitude. He was treated with great care and kindness by those around him, and especially by your beloved pastor the good father successor, and by the Sisters, and by Father Cassidy and by those around him generally. Yet his days and his nights must have been long, tedious, and wearying indeed, being never without pain, but suffering with patience. Like St. Martin, he did not refuse to remain, but was also ready to depart into his eternal house. He had no presumption. He had no doubt been guilty of some human frailties, but he trusted in the mercy of Almighty God. He hoped in the Lord and knew that he would not be confounded. And so he lay patiently waiting for his last moments, and by degrees, they came although they must have seemed long delayed to the poor sufferer. At last the cold hand of death came. A short time before the good Father died he received the last sacraments of the Church with great piety and devotion. Then, my dear brethren, he edified all those present by begging forgiveness from any whom he might have offended during his life, and then he said; "Ask forgiveness for me from all my people." He went on to say, "I may have offended unintentionally, I may have unwillingly been a little hard upon some of them, beg of them also to forgive me."

He was told, of course, that he had no enemies in the world and that all were only anxious to remember the great good he had done for his people, and that all these knew how good his intentions had ever been. He continued to practise the virtue of patience, and prayed for his people until his last moment came. The day before his death he renewed his vows of religion and recited many prayers. These he recited in his heart and not aloud, because he could not pronounce them distinctly. So, sweetly and gently, last Sunday, at about 10 minutes to 7 o'clock in the morning, he breathed his last quietly and like a child who goes to sleep on the bosom of his mother. He had heard, no doubt, the angel of God breathe into his ear the words, "Come, good and faithful servant—Well done. You have suffered much during your life, but have fought manfully and courageously. You have been faithful to your Lord. Come and share His joys for all eternity." Now, my dear brethren, our very dear friend has gone to his last abode. Like the late Pope Pius IX., who chose to be buried among his own people in the Church of St. Lawrence beyond the walls of Rome, because he wanted to be among his children in death as he had been in life, so Father Forest asked that he might be allowed to rest in peace in the midst of his children. So every time you go through the cemetery you may kneel down and say a prayer for him, and may remember all the good he has done for you—how many times he has felt an anxiety for you and prayed for you and worked so zealously for the salvation of yourselves and your children. The memory of the good Father must remain long among you, and I hope now and then when you kneel down at night in the midst of your children you will say a prayer for the repose of his soul. Still, although it is our duty to pray for all, we hope he is already receiving the reward of his labours, so that we may also hope that he will have recourse to the throne of Almighty God for us. Let us, my dear brethren, in conclusion, store up in our minds the virtue, the regularity, and zeal and the spirit of prayer and devotion that animated the late Father Forest, and let us beg of Almighty God the grace to die the death of the just that we may one day rejoice with Father Forest and all the angels and saints and sing the praise of Almighty God for all eternity, which is a blessing I wish you all in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE TUBBERCERRY PRISONERS—MORE DISCLOSURES.

(Dublin Freeman, August 23.)

WE have not given publicity to the disclosures we make this week in connection with the Tubbercurry conspiracy case without having assured ourselves of their authenticity. The public have become familiar with instances of prisoners in gaols and police barracks being bullied and terrified into making incriminating statements and depositions, but it has been reserved for a couple of active and energetic members of the police force in Tubbercurry to procure evidence out of the incoherencies of a drunken pauper. We have little desire to exaggerate the importance of the statements which were made at the meeting of the Tubbercurry Board of Guardians on Monday. But, even succeeding a number of grave and serious charges against the administration of the law in Ireland, they reveal a degree of corruption in the stream of justice which is astounding and deplorable. M'Manus was a witness against the prisoners alleged to be implicated in the Tubbercurry conspiracy. He gave his evidence and went his way, but Constables Sullivan and Cronin came to the conclusion that he knew more than he had revealed, or what was as good for them, that he might be used to make the case a stronger one for the Crown. He was visited again and again in the workhouse by the two policemen. On one occasion four policemen were at him, and M'Manus deliberately declares that policeman Sullivan suggested he should make a "statement" which would be transmitted to Sub-Inspector Phillips, who would forward it to where money would be got for him! Again, when M'Manus was examined at the police barrack, although he had drunk five glasses of whiskey and two pints of porter, he was supplied by the police with a cupful of whiskey, and Constable Cronin suggested a little more stimulating beverage as calculated to nerve M'Manus "to think of more." If ever a system required a drastic overhauling, it is the system of government by policemen and Crown Prosecutors which prevails in Ireland. It has nearly undermined every atom of respect for the administration of justice in certain descriptions of offences, and will speedily bring contempt upon all law if a sweeping reform is not effected. Already the Tubbercurry conspiracy case has attracted much attention, and it seems to have been destined to be kept prominently before the public. At the last Sligo Assizes true bills were found against the prisoners, but it pleased the Crown to refuse to proceed with the prosecution then, the reason assigned being that a fair trial was not to be had because of the appearance of a circular issued with the view of raising money to pay for the defence. The accused were quite ready to go on, and Mr. Devine, who had sent the circular out, explained in an affidavit his motives, which were solely benevolent, and not intended to bear upon the trial one way or the other. After some delay six of the prisoners were allowed out on bail, and on yesterday application was made to the Master of the Rolls to allow the remainder out, but he refused to do so. Mr. Taylor, for the accused, said that the evidence against the men still detained was not one whit stronger than that against the men who are out, and he added that his clients were prepared to give any substantial bail fixed by the Court. Mr. Ronan objected, however, for the Crown. The men released, he said, were ordinary members of the conspiracy, the men retained being leaders. Mr. Ronan undertook to have all the accused tried at the October Commission in Dublin, and in consequence the Master of the Rolls would not take bail in any of the cases. If there were any further delay, however, in having Durkin and Armstrong tried, he would be inclined to allow them out, and in the meantime he made a note of the promise given on behalf of the Crown. A great deal of public indignation has been aroused by the action, or rather inaction, of the Crown in these Tubbercurry cases. The general impression is that waiting game is the only one open to the Crown to at present play