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The Late Bishop of Dunedin.

ALTHOUGH the events of the Most Rev Dr Moran's career are all of them of interest to us, the chief interest for us of his life naturally lies within the limits of the time during which he was Bishop of Dunedin.

It is now a long retrospect to those days of his studentship and of his earlier life in the priesthood, when he was giving promise of the useful and honourable course which he was destined so eminently to run, and on which indeed he had already entered. A man's character may be known, we are told by an old French proverb, from the company he keeps. The Bishop reckoned among the friends of his youth many who were also to deserve and win distinction. There was, for example, that tried defender of the poor and the oppressed, Dr Nulty, Bishop of Meath. There was the sterling and fearless patriot, Canon Doyle, of Ramsgrange, from whom, we may remind our readers, a few weeks before his death, as we mentioned at the time, the Bishop had received a kind and sympathetic letter, which gave him much consolation. There was the genial and witty Father Healy who some months ago preceded him to the grave, and whose wit he was wont often, in his own graphic way, to quote. There were many others also to part from, when, on his appointment to the Cape, he was called upon to relinquish his cure in Dublin, at the church of St Mary, Star of the Sea, Haddington Road, and leave his native country. Dean O'Connell, however, the parish priest, under whom he served, and to whom he was warmly attached, still survived when, in 1870, he left Ireland once more—this time for Dunedin,—and to bid him again a long, and, as it proved, a last, farewell was one of his principal trials. The late Canon Lee, too, Dean O'Connell's successor, was there on that occasion to say good-bye, as he was also when, for the last time, nearly six years ago the Bishop again left Dublin. Canon Lee was among the dearest of his life-long friends and was a generous benefactor of his mission. His death—like some others—that of Bishop Bicarde, that of Archbishop Kirby—occurring during his illness was a severe affliction to him.

The earlier part of the Bishop's life as a priest in Dublin was one well fitted to put his priestly qualities to the proof. True, the "bad times," as they were called, were not so severely felt in the

city as they were in some of the country towns and districts. Still they were times even there of great and crushing distress, and poverty in its extreme forms was thickly to be met. There was sickness too—and that in its most terrible shape. Typhus fever was common. The cholera broke out in 1849 and worked sad havoc for a season. Dr Moran refused no call and held back from no bed of death or suffering. At all hours and under all circumstances he dared contact with the pestilence-stricken. Some restriction was placed upon the junior clergy lest their strength should be overtaxed, but he risked even the displeasure of his superiors—which, nevertheless, he possibly knew was not likely to be very severe. But his labours had in no way impaired his health and his appearance was such that on his first visit as a Bishop—at the age of 33—to the Vatican, the Pope looked at him with surprise. "I must have made a mistake," he said, "I cannot have appointed you bishop." "Your Holiness has very probably made a mistake," was the reply, "but I am certainly the man you have appointed bishop." Pius IX. then asked him his age, and on hearing that it was 33, expressed himself satisfied—that, he said, being the age of our Divine Lord. The Bishop's youthful looks had surprised the Pope.

It was 14 years afterwards, in 1870, as has already been stated by us, that the same Pope desired the Bishop to resign his position at the Cape and come to Dunedin. This was a command that caused the Bishop deep sorrow. His diocese and his people at the Cape had become very dear to him. His home was there, and there was important work, begun by him, for him to complete. He ventured to represent all this to the Pope—induced, no doubt, as we may judge from what we know of his character, by the consideration of his work. "My son," said the Pope, "will you not obey?" There was not another word of remonstrance uttered. He obeyed with all his heart—giving up home and everything else to begin the world anew at the command.

It was on October 5, 1870, that the party who were to form the head and nucleus of the Catholic mission at Dunedin, set out from the Dominican convent at Kingstown—where the pioneer members of the Order from Sion Hill, Black Rock, had repaired to take into their company some nuns who were bound for the diocese of Maitland, N.S.W. These were two professed nuns—one of whom is now Prioress of a convent in the diocese in question—and one postulant. There were also two professed nuns and two postulants of the Order of the Presentation, bound for Hobart. Another postulant of the same Order joined the party in London, where they were also joined by the late Monsignor Coleman. From Kingstown the party went by sea to Gravesend in a steamer named the *Cymba*—commanded by a Captain Dunne, who is still, for his kindness, held in grateful remembrance by their survivors, and, comparatively short as was the passage, the Bishop said Mass on board. The nuns bound for Dunedin were 8 choir-nuns and two lay-sisters—namely, the Sisters Mary Gabriel (Prioress); Mary Agnes (sub-prioress); Mary Catherine; Mary de Ricci; Mary Gertrude; Mary Vincent; Mary Francis; Mary Bertrand; Mary Lucy; and Mary Peter. Of these ladies all but two are still alive—one of them at a great age. The Sisters Mary Francis and Mary Lucy died, as our readers will remember, under very touching circumstances, the one within a few hours of the other, about a year and a half ago. Several years previously the Sister Mary Gertrude, who had suffered from defective eyesight—who, indeed, may be said to have sacrificed her eye-sight to religion—for her malady was supposed to be caused by over-work at a very fine kind of illuminating in which she excelled, and which was done by her in the interests of the community, returned to the mother house near Dublin. The Sister Mary Agnes was even then—at leaving home—a lady well advanced in years—whose courage at braving the ocean and life in a strange land, to give the younger nuns the protection of her mature age, should never be forgotten. The Sister Mary Gabriel had renounced for the religious life the luxurious surroundings of a wealthy home where she was an only surviving child. To this lady's brave spirit and encouraging words and example, in difficult circumstances, both the Bishop and Father Coleman in after years acknowledged a lasting debt. The Sister Mary de Ricci was a niece of the late illustrious Archbishop Kirby—Pope Leo's personal friend. The Sister Mary Catherine was a sister of the late Lady Duffy,