

riors, succumbed to the assault of Colonel Wynward. During the course of this war, Bishop Pompallier and his clergy passed their time between the vestibule and the Altar, weeping over the evils that had befallen the people. One standard only was in their hands, that of the Cross. Both sides understood their spirit of neutrality in political matters, and their desire for peace. So all the ravages of the pest of war passed over their heads without touching them. Their missionary establishments remained standing by the side of the ruins and cinders of the unhappy town of Kororareka. Following the rising of Honi Heke was the first war in Taranaki in 1859, land troubles being again the cause.

From 1860 to 1863 a fierce war was again carried on between the Natives and colonial troops on the West Coast of the North Island, from New Plymouth to Wanganui. The year 1865 witnessed the Hau Hau outbreak, inspired by religious fanaticism, which spread over a wide area from east to west of the Island, embracing the densest Maori population. Marked with fiercest ferocity it left ruin and desolation in its train. The 'King' movement in the Waikato district of the province of Auckland was the occasion of further conflict, and the Te Kooti rebellion, lasting from 1868 to 1870, engaged in with horrifying cruelty fills many a sad page of New Zealand war history. It would take too long, states a missionary record, to describe the obstinate wars which the Maoris carried on against the British troops during the more than twenty years which followed their first noteworthy rising in the far North. Towards the end of the year 1860 the insurrection of the tribes on the South West coast of the North Island was more violent than ever. Confounding in the same hatred all the Europeans, the rebels went about everywhere desolating the country with fire and sword (or their equivalent for the latter). The Missionaries were powerless to stop their fury. In the midst of the battle, faithful to their mission of charity, these went among the wounded rendering spiritual help to both sides. In September, 1860, states the author of 'Defenders of New Zealand,' Father Garaval, with letters of introduction from Governor Sir Gore Browne to Major-General Pratt, had left Auckland and landed in Taranaki, stating that the object of his mission was to try and lessen the ferocity of the rebels with respect to the wounded and prisoners, and to induce them to respect a flag of truce.

Shortly after hostilities commenced at Taranaki the Rev. Father J. M. Tresalet, then stationed at Wanganui, proceeded overland from there to the seat of war, for the purpose of ministering, not only to the Catholic settlers at New Plymouth, but also to the Catholics in her Majesty's regiments there stationed. When he arrived a company of the 40th Regiment was encamped at the Henui, a mile outside of the township, and he was hospitably and kindly treated by the men of the 40th, until such time as he could be conveniently located at New Plymouth. Father Tresalet, at that time, was entirely ignorant of the English language, having been located among the Natives from his arrival in the Colony, but in less than two weeks, thanks to the military, who took him in hand, and taught him to read and write English, he was capable of conversing on various topics, and gave religious instruction. He was wholly dependent upon the liberality of the soldiers, and members of all denominations vied with each other as to who should present him with the largest sum, every man agreeing to give from one shilling per month upward towards his support in his travels from camp to camp. Previous to the troops embarking for Auckland the men of the 12th, 14th, 40th, 57th, and 65th Regiments presented him with an illuminated address, accompanied by a purse of sovereigns. Colonel Nelson and the officers of the 40th, whose wounded he had attended after the battle of Puketakaure, presented him with a cheque for twenty pounds, in token of the esteem in which he was held. The money was given on the understanding that it should be devoted entirely to his own private use, which was very reluctantly received, at the same time saying, 'I want no money. You have done everything. Any man would feel a sacred pride in your benevolence since I came amongst you. I will never forget you. He afterwards built a wooden church on which he expended the money they had given him. In it he erected two stained glass windows in commemoration of the two special corps, the 40th and 65th Regiments.

A Military Chaplain.

Amongst those attached to the Colonial force, and who never flinched from duty, more particularly when danger was apprehended, was Father Rolland. The author of the comprehensive work previously mentioned writes:—'Although of a delicate constitution, no weather or other difficulty ever prevented him from accom-

panying the force, so as to be near the men in the hour of trial. He was present at both the attacks on Te-Ngutu-o-te-Manu, and on the occasion of the disastrous retreat, consequent on the second attack, he not only volunteered his services to assist the wounded, but bravely took his turn in carrying the stretchers, so that none should be left behind. It was on the 21st August, 1868, that orders were issued for all available men to hold themselves in readiness to start on an expedition before daybreak to attack the stronghold of Te-Ngutu-o-te-Manu. The morning broke with torrents of rain, which delayed their departure, but about 10 a.m. the rain ceased, and a thick mist shrouded the whole country side. This being even better for our purpose than darkness, the order was given to start. The column consisted of the second, third, and fourth divisions of the Armed Constabulary, the Wellington Rangers, and the Wellington Rifles; in all about three hundred men, accompanied by Father Rolland. It was that march that called forth from Major Von Tempsky the following eulogy on Father Rolland, which appeared in the papers of the day:—'On a grey and rainy morning, when our three hundred mustered silently in column on the parade ground, one man made his appearance who at once drew all eyes upon him with silent wonder. His garb was most peculiar; scanty, but long skirts shrouded his nether garments; an old waterproof shirt hung loosely on his shoulders; weapons, he had none, but there was a war-like cock in the position of his old broad-rimmed felt hat, and a self confidence in the attitude in which he leaned on his walking stick, that said:—'Here stands a man without fear.' Who is it? Look underneath the flap of that clerical hat, and the frank, good-humored countenance of Father Rolland will meet you. There he was lightly arrayed for a march of which no one could say what the ending would be. With a good-humored smile, he answered my question, as to what on earth brought him there. On holding evening service he had told his flock he should accompany them on the morrow's expedition, and there he was. Truly there stood a good shepherd. Through the rapid river, waist deep, along weary forest track, across ominous looking clearings where, at any moment, a volley from an ambush would have swept our ranks, Father Rolland marched cheerfully and manfully, ever ready with a kind word or playful sentence to any man who passed him. And when at last in the clearing of Te-Ngutu-o-te-Manu the storm of bullets burst upon us, he did not wait in the rear for men to be brought to him, but ran with the rest of us forward against the enemy's position. So soon as any man dropped he was at his side. He did not ask, 'Are you a Catholic or Protestant?' but kindly kneeling prayed for his last words. Thrice noble conduct in a century of utilitarian tendencies. What Catholic on that expedition could have felt fear when he saw Father Rolland at his side smiling at death—a living personification, a fulfilment of many a text preached? What Catholic on that day could have felt otherwise than proud to be a Catholic on Father Rolland's account?

(To be Continued.)

Valedictory to Father Aubry, Hokitika

On the evening of February 5 the congregation of St. Mary's Catholic Church entertained the Rev. Father Aubry at a farewell gathering on the eve of his departure for Waimate. The hall, which was crowded (says the 'West Coast Times'), was tastefully decorated. Among those present were the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Father Taylor (Greymouth), and Rev. Father O'Dwyer.

Mr. J. Downey presided, and on the platform, with the clergy mentioned, were his Worship the Mayor, Messrs. T. E. Y. Seddon, M.P., J. Toomey, and E. O'Connor. The presentations were preceded by a short musical programme, to which the following contributed: Misses A. Malfroy, Burger, Bourke, and Ward; Messrs. T. L. Ralfe, Schroder, Malfroy, and McSherry; Convent pupils' string band, and volunteer band.

Mr. Downey, in introducing the purpose of the gathering, said they all greatly regretted to have to say good-bye to their beloved pastor. He had been sent to them four years ago, and had endeared himself to them through his ministrations to the late Dean Martin. Since then, by his kindly nature and good offices, he had captured the hearts, not only of his own congregation but of the community of Hokitika. The speaker instanced, amongst the many good works successfully carried out by Father Aubry, the shelter sheds at the school, erection of the late Dean's monument, etc., and he trusted God would spare him for a long life and bless him with every happiness.

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