

have succeeded in forming a splendid orchestra, which discoursed some excellent music, to the delight of the officers, crew, and passengers of the Atua, which bore us to the islands. In the name of the captain and passengers, I said a few words, congratulating and thanking the Father and his band for the pleasant surprise they had given us all.

Not far from the roadstead is the place where, in 1906, the British privateer Port au Prince was captured by the Tongans, most of the crew being slain. One, William Mariner, was spared and adopted by a great chief, and stayed four years among the natives. He escaped to England, and, in collaboration with Dr. Martin, wrote one of the most fascinating books of travel, *Mariner's Tonga*.

Another of the most interesting of these interesting missions is Vavau, situated on a lofty island, richly wooded, and approached by a long, winding bay nearly four miles in length, and of the utmost beauty. Here we were welcomed by the good missionaries, Fathers Mace and Dugherry, and I gave solemn Benediction in the midst of excellent congregational singing, which would do credit to any choir in Australasia. Afterwards the native children gave a fine entertainment in the mission grounds. The boys made a most interesting display of dancing with two sticks in the hands. These they manipulated in a wonderfully dexterous way. The girls danced by themselves, whilst reciting verses, improvising them as they proceeded, in the midst of movements the most graceful.

About two miles from Vavau is a most interesting place, called the 'Swallow's Cave.' It is about 50 feet high, and the water within is 100 feet deep, whilst immediately outside lie depths of an indigo blue over 1000 feet. Speaking of this marvellous cave, the author of *Three Nations* says:—'The pillared walls, of an exquisite pale green, are all a-shimmer with dancing lights, from the liquid pavement of living sapphire and emerald that spreads below. Coral reefs can be seen, gleaming like silver, a hundred feet beneath the keel of the advancing boat; and through the crystal waters the eye can follow numberless strange caves and archways, stretching down to depths unknown. In one part of the cave there is a rock which sounds like a church bell when struck with an oar. Further on, one sees a strangely beautiful inner cave, like the shrine of an ancient temple. In the centre rises a "natural altar" of white coral rock, and through a rift in the dark roof, far above, a spear of blinding sunlight strikes down across rock and altar into the unfathomed depths below.'

#### Tonga.

Although there is a Marist Father and a native priest at the island of Niua Taputapu, we were not able to land there, but we saw a strange sight within two miles thereof. We saw two Tongans swim from the shore, holding the mail in the air, and receiving in a kerosene tin the ship's mail (the Atua), and a leg of mutton in a box. This is given them each time, with a few shillings, for their trouble.

The most flourishing centres of Catholicity in the Tongan group are Wallis, whose king and all his subjects are most fervent Catholics, and the island of Futuna, which was wholly converted shortly after the martyrdom, in 1841, of its heroic apostle, Blessed Peter Mary Louis Chanel, the Proto-Martyr of Oceania.

Writing soon after the martyrdom, a missionary said: 'A living faith, an ardent charity, extreme delicacy of conscience, and an insatiable avidity for the Word of God are the virtues which we see flourishing here. Their ardor in the exercises of piety is solely the effect of grace.' Twenty years later, the Bishop made a visitation of Futuna, and he writes: 'The general state of religion is, thank God, more satisfactory than ever. Paganism is forgotten; Christian customs have been adopted; the benefits of civilisation, without its vices, are progressing slowly and steadily.' Speaking of Wallis, he says that he presided at a spiritual retreat, during which 1800 natives, which number included every adult on the island without a single exception, received Holy Communion. One who visited Futuna says it presented to him all the features of the

Early Church. Those who formerly were ferocious cannibals are now humble and reverent in their faith; like the Apostle St. Paul, the wolf has become a lamb. The Fathers have not to urge the faithful to penitential exercises, but rather to restrain their ardor, such is their desire for penance and austerities. Under a rough appearance and rude outline they preserve innocence and meekness to a wonderful degree.

The same may be said of Wallis, where neither prisons nor police are required. The great Nestor of the missionaries, Bishop Bataillon, spent the last years of his life in the island of Wallis. When dying, he had himself carried before the altar in the Church of St. Joseph, and there solemnly received the last rites of Holy Church. His faithful followers have adopted the same religious practice. When at all possible, they have themselves carried before the altar, that they may receive the last Sacraments.

In the island of Wallis there are four Marist Fathers and two native priests, and several native nuns, one of whom is the king's sister, who travelled with us through the islands last July.

Fortuna has five priests and several native Sisters.

(To be concluded.)

#### Otahuhu

(From our own correspondent.)

February 19.

A large number of the Children of Mary assembled in the convent schoolroom on Sunday evening for the purpose of presenting a beautiful silver crucifix to Miss Elsie May Rogers, the late president of the society, on the occasion of her approaching marriage. Very Rev. Father Buckley, in making the presentation, referred in very feeling terms to the work done by Miss Rogers both for the Sodality of the Children of Mary and for Church matters generally. He referred especially to her work as organist, in which position she worked well and continuously for close on seven years. Miss Rogers briefly responded.

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