

the later summer of a virile life. To you we may aptly apply these lines of Wordsworth:

“The monumental pomp of age
Is with this goodly personage
A stature undepressed in size,

Unbent, which rather seems to rise
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years to loftier height.”

‘May you have still before you, in the ways of God,
many a fruitful year, to fill

“With worthy thought and deed
The measure of your high desire.”’

* J. J. GRIMES.
* M. VERDON.
* H. W. CLEARY.’

After a feeling reply by his Grace, the Vicar-General (the Very Rev. Father O’Shea, S.M.) addressed the gathering as follows:—

It is a great privilege as well as an honor for me to be called upon to act as the spokesman of the clergy of the archdiocese on this memorable occasion, and to convey to your Grace our united congratulations on the attainment of your silver jubilee as Archbishop and Metropolitan. Five-and-twenty years have come and gone since you were raised to this exalted position, and they have been years of wonderful progress in the history of the Church in this Dominion. Having listened this morning to the words of the eloquent Bishop of Christchurch, you are able to form a good idea of the vastness and extent of that progress. You have been told how the clergy and religious of the archdiocese have been multiplied, how new parishes, churches, convents, and all kinds of charitable institutions have sprung up in every direction until now the archdiocese for its size and population is as well equipped as any in Australasia. And in all this wonderful growth, in all this marvellous expansion, we must recognise your Grace’s influence and guiding spirit. Quietly, but none the less effectively, you have been heart and soul in everything that has made for the betterment of the Church in the archdiocese. Then your relations with us your priests have always been of the most cordial and affectionate nature. You have come amongst us in the humblest and kindest way. You have made yourself one of us, and consequently your visits to our parishes are looked forward to, not with fear or anxiety, but with genuine pleasure and delight. During all these years you have been the model Bishop and Father of your clergy. In your eloquent exhortations at our synods and other gatherings you have shown us the high standard that we should set before ourselves as priests, but, above all, you have pointed out the way for us to be good priests by your example, by your humility, your charity, and your zeal for the glory of God and the spread of His Kingdom. No wonder, then, that we are loyally devoted to your person, and with all our hearts desire to congratulate you most warmly on this great occasion, and as it is the first time in the history of the Church in New Zealand that we are celebrating an archiepiscopal silver jubilee, we ask you to accept the following address of our most respectful and affectionate homage in a form somewhat out of the ordinary.

A Latin Ode.

It takes the shape of an address in Latin verse from the clergy of the archdiocese, and was composed by one of their number.

Longos per Annos Pontificum decus
Nostrumque Salve! Nos hodie tibi
Praestamus uno corde vota
Presbyteri tibi gratulamur!

Jam lustra quinque en! Eximia acta sunt
Quum Palliatus Munera Juraque
Pastoris egisti supremi
Altera tot vigeas futura!

Praeclare Praesul! Pastor et impiger
Harum Insularum gloria quid boni
Haud immemor grex impetretur
Temporis egregie peracti?

Virtute macte esto! Deus augeat
Pingues Aristas undique compleat
Messas quot annis! in diesquem!
Multiplicet proprias bidentes.

Australis orae vere Chrysostome
Verbi salubris lingua tua Aurea
Praecepta nobis insurret
Edoceanquo diu fideles!

Multos ad annos! Unanimes tibi
Optamus omnes cui proprii sumus
Simusque Tecum quam laboris
Tam socii emeriti coronae.

And now, your Grace, I ask you to accept from your clergy this purse of sovereigns as a very small token of our love and esteem, knowing that you will consider not so much its intrinsic value as the motives that have prompted us to offer it (Father O’Shea then handed his Grace a purse of sovereigns). And before I ask your Lordships and Rev. Fathers to honor the toast of his Grace the Archbishop, continued Father O’Shea, I may be permitted to mention something of a personal nature. My earliest recollection of things goes back just about the time when his Grace came to the diocese as Bishop—nearly 40 years ago. One of the first visits was to that part of the Province of Taranaki in which my family lived, and to reach the town he had to pass my father’s house. My good parents heard that the new Bishop was coming so they watched for him, and when he appeared driving, because it was then before the days of the railways, they brought us children out and knelt with us on the roadside to get his blessing. I was then only in my fifth year, but the memory of that event was fixed indelibly in my mind, and the blessing that I received from your Grace has been with me all these years, and will, I trust, be with me till the end. In later years you have been pleased to bestow upon me many marks of your confidence, to raise me to a very high position in the archdiocese, but the memory of that first blessing is still very dear to me, and God alone knows how much I owe to it. And now, your Grace, though you have already passed the allotted span of three score years and ten, our prayer is that of the disciples: ‘Stay with us Lord because it is towards evening, and the day is far spent’ (St. Luke xxiv., 29). May God and our Lady spare you to us for many more years to watch over us as our Father and Chief Pastor, to urge us on to greater things by your eloquent words, and to have the evening of your life gladdened and consoled at the sight of an ever-increasing body of loyal devoted priests, of holy religious, and a faithful laity, and to witness before you are called to your eternal reward a still more greater expansion of the Kingdom of God not only in the archdiocese, but throughout the whole of the Dominion.

The clergy then sang a translation of the address, which had been set to the music of ‘Long live the Pope.’

Translation.

Hail to your Grace! who through long years
Amid the Pontiffs’ line
Has shone conspicuous, by whose light
Reflected we too shine.
Your priests, who on this festal day
With one glad purpose meet,
To offer heartfelt homage, prayers,—
Congratulate and greet.

Lo, five and twenty years have sped
Since you, by Peter’s call,
First donned the badge of power supreme,
The Apostolic Pall.
And may your Grace, if such God’s will,
An equal space survive,
In health and strength beyond man’s years,
Another twenty-five.