

held this great Apostle of the Irish in the highest veneration, and because I had witnessed for years the faith and virtues of the people whom his labors and miracles had converted from heathenism to the Catholic Faith, which they have kept so heroically down to the present day and will keep for ever. I also considered that the bulk of my flock in New Zealand was Irish, and I longed for the blessing and assistance of their great Apostle upon my labors in their behalf. Therefore I applied to Rome for the requisite indult to allow me to be consecrated on St. Patrick's Day, and, of course, it was at once gladly granted. As St. Patrick was as remarkable for his great age as for his miracles, it may be and I have often thought so—that my vigorous old age, even unto the attainment of seniority in the Catholic Hierarchy of the world, is the result of his blessing and intercession in my behalf. I like, at all events, to think and say so.

After my consecration I returned to France and, when I had visited, in a series of hearty and brilliant receptions, the principal establishments of the Marist Fathers, and many churches in different dioceses together with their bishops and archbishops, I began to prepare for my departure for New Zealand, in company with Rev. Father Kearney, S.M.

But beforehand I held ordinations for the Marist Fathers, and some of the subjects whom I ordained became, later on, bishops and were Vicars-apostolic in Oceania: I also visited Ireland and there met with most cordial and enthusiastic receptions in Dublin and Dundalk, and it was a great joy and satisfaction to meet old friends and former pupils, and to celebrate festivities in their homes and families. I shall, in this connection, never forget the interesting, instructive and delightful tour I made with my companion, Father Ginaty, S.M., afterwards Rector of Christchurch, and so well known far and wide in the Dominion as the main instrument in the foundation and furtherance of Mount Magdala, that great institution of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, far-famed in New Zealand for their charity to orphans, and their admirable services to a class of unfortunates more sinned against than sinning. We visited together, with infinite admiration and pleasure, some of the most delightful spots in beautiful Erin, and, in various ecclesiastical colleges, made arrangements for students who afterwards became most zealous and successful members of my clergy in New Zealand.

#### RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND AS A BISHOP.

At length came the time for our departure for New Zealand. We left Southampton on September 2nd, 1874, on board of the *Australia*, a brand-new ship of the then great size of 4000 tons. She was the largest steamer yet built by the P. and O. Company. She was of course a single-screw steamer; twin-screw steamers being yet non-existent. What changes since then in tonnage, propellers, and all things else! We were actually proud of her size and, fancy! of her speed! She had to do the voyage at the average rate of ten knots an hour, and—it seems now incredible—the P. and O. Company was the only one to contract for such a speed in the conveyance of the mails from Europe to India and Australia. Why, it was thought then a most creditable achievement. To-day—what a contrast!—any old steam craft will run her ten knots an hour. We had, too, the regular old-fashioned long single table running from end to end of the dining-saloon; and it was cooled—the only part of the ship so cooled—in the hot weather by punkas swung noiselessly with rope and pulley by little swarthy, white-clad Indian lads: the electric fans in cabins and saloons were yet unknown.

At last, on a fine evening, we reached the Bluff, and I shall always remember the vivid impression of feeling myself once more really in New Zealand (after an absence of twenty years), produced by the peculiar smell of the numerous flax bushes near the landing-place.

We had time to go to Invercargill by the railway, nineteen miles, one of the very first bits of railroad built in New Zealand, and for a while noted for its slowness and uncertainty, as illustrated by the little story of the woman in a hurry to reach the town, who, for lack of time, refused to take the obligingly proffered train.

No need to dwell upon the very cordial reception we met with from Bishop Moran, at Dunedin; nor upon the many friends and relatives who met me at Lyttelton and took me by train in a special car to Christchurch, where we became the welcome and most cordially treated guests of the Marist Fathers, in their tiny wooden cottage in Barbadoes Street, near the almost equally small convent and church, now replaced by the handsome Cathedral, spacious Bishop's residence, and stately convent.

Finally, towards the end of November, we reached Wellington where, at about eleven a.m., I was solemnly and canonically received in old St. Mary's Cathedral, then unfinished except in the chancel. An appropriate address was read to me which I answered in quite a lengthy speech. My first Pastoral Letter, composed in France and previously sent to New Zealand, had anticipated and prepared my personal advent.

Well, then, what did I find on this hill, called in the beginning Golder's Hill, where now stand the noble substantial Church of the Sacred Heart, my residence, and St. Mary's Convent and flourishing college?

Please bear in mind that the early colonists built at first in a very lowly and primitive manner. Any habitation seemed good enough were it superior to a Maori whare. Why, the first Government House, on this very hill, was a one-storey wooden cottage. My predecessor's house was similar and lowlier still. It stood in a wrong place, within the convent ground, and on a then public thoroughfare, which passed in front of it and the convent, a not much better structure, while both were not many removes from a Maori whare. I had refused, on good advice, before I came, to ever live in it, and so, after my arrival, I occupied, for eighteen months, during the construction of my present house, Dr. Hector's house, near the Museum, which had been previously rented for me, while the doctor was on a tour to Europe. It has since been demolished. Before becoming a part of the kitchen department of St. Mary's present convent, the aforesaid Bishop's house conveniently served to lodge for a time some of the orphans, while their new brick orphanage was in construction. The orphans were afterwards removed advantageously to Upper Hutt, and then their new orphanage became the present St. Mary's College for girls. I closed the thoroughfare, in the nick of time, before prescription could be claimed.

In Hill Street, on the present site of the Sacred Heart Church, stood old St. Mary's Cathedral, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, built by Dr. Viard in the fifties, and for some years the prettiest church in all New Zealand; and, verily, for those days it was a great achievement, and one to be proud of. My saintly predecessor, in his zeal for the safety and welfare of Wellington, then terrified by the severe earthquakes of 1855, hurried on the erection of St. Mary's with all possible celerity, and, with his boundless trust in the protection of the Immaculate Mother of God, whose large gilt statue, from the tower, with outstretched hands, looked down upon the city, he used to say: "Wellington will, I hope, have no more disastrous earthquakes, as long as Mary's statue marks her protection of the city." And, indeed, so far, Wellington has not suffered any serious damage from many subsequent earthquakes.

Apart from the Cathedral and a long, low boys' school, on the site of my present house, this hill presented a cheerless and depressing aspect; so bleak was it, so bare, treeless and forlorn, that I aptly named it the "Hill of Misery."

#### ET QUANTA GAUDIA.

To meet me on my arrival from Europe, my brothers, Tom and Charley, had come expressly from Blenheim to give me the heartiest welcome, in the name of all the Redwood family, and, in particular, of my dear old mother longing to see me again. I lost no time in answer to her longing. Accordingly, with my two brothers, I started on the small steamer *Phoebe* for Picton. We had a good passage in a fine, starry, summer night. We had, however, some difficulty and delay in picking up the entrance to Tory channel, which had no beacon lights as it has to-day. Nor was there any railway from Picton to Blenheim, but only a winding coach road. At Picton my brother Charley's fine pair of horses and a carriage were in readiness. We

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