

soon did the seventeen miles to the ferry on the Wairau River, there being then no bridge. There were clouds of dust, in parts of the way, stirred up by the number of conveyances which had brought people to meet me at Picton. A crowd of Catholics, with their good Rector, Father Sauzeau, S.M., were on the Blenheim side of the river, and, of course, in a fever of expectation, wondering what their new Bishop was like. My mother's heart was throbbing apace in expectance of her son, Frank, whom she last saw a boy, and now so changed and exalted!—her Bishop. She remembered her broken leg and her parting kiss, twenty years ago, at Stafford Place in 1854. I had better not describe our meeting. There are moments in life beyond the power of speech to describe—and this was one. A lengthy procession was formed and so we entered Blenheim. I was driven, amid the ringing cheers of the people, to the poor little wooden church, since become a girls' day-school, and there my brother-in-law, Cyrus Goulter—he who drove me to Nelson, twenty years before, on the eve of my departure for Europe—read me the people's address, to which I fitly and copiously responded—and so ended a memorable day.

I was well-aware that another heart was yearning for my presence, namely, that of my dear friend, father, and monitor of my childhood and youth, Venerable Father Garin, S.M., in Nelson. I determined to satisfy his affection with the least possible delay. So, when I had celebrated Christmas, in St. Mary's, Wellington, with all possible pomp and ceremony, had sung my first Pontifical High Mass in the diocese, and preached my first set sermon in my own Cathedral, I took the first available steamer for Nelson. How glad old Cross, the pilot, was to be the first of the Nelson folk to shake hands with me, and what a fuss the glad old fellow made! How glad, too, I was to meet again Father Garin, and what memories rushed into our minds at our meeting! And how overjoyed I was to greet good Brother Claude Marie Bertrand, who once had so great a part in my schooling! It was all round a real feast of the heart, worth a lifetime to celebrate. I made up my mind, on the spot, to endeavor to make Father Garin as happy as I could for the rest of his life. Wherefore, I sent him, at an early date, Father Mahoney, S.M., afterwards Dean Mahoney, whose fine marble monument, rivalling that one erected on his grave in Ireland where he ended his days, stands outside St. Joseph's Church, and fitly commemorates the undying affection of his grateful flock in town and country. His cheerful, genial ways, his endless care to take upon himself the chief burdens of the parish, and always ingeniously leave the credit of what was best to Father Garin in the eyes of the people—this was, indeed, a main factor in making the declining years of this venerated pastor placid, sweet, and serene like the mildest summer sunset.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In those days the Diocese of Wellington comprised all New Zealand, except the Dioceses of Auckland and Dunedin, that is to say, all the provinces (not yet abolished) of the two Islands, except Otago, Southland, and Auckland. It also included the Chatham Islands, distant three days by steamer from Lyttelton. I never visited them, because the only Catholic then resident in them was wont to come to New Zealand yearly for his Easter duty. They now belong to the Diocese of Christchurch, cut off from Wellington Diocese when I became Archbishop, and now contain quite a number of Catholic residents. Again, roads through most extensive parts of my Diocese were scarce and rough, being mostly bridle tracks or narrow buggy roads. The crossing of the many and often rapid and swollen rivers and creeks, was a perilous undertaking, and only God knows how many hapless people perished unknown in the treacherous waters, particularly on the West Coast of the South Island, where the only road, in many cases, was the ocean beach or strand, and where, to cross the numerous rivers, one had to carefully watch the tide and beware of quicksands, many a man's death. How many unrecorded and tragic deaths on those journeys! Add to these dangers the pitiless drenching one got in the rain and rivers, and the length and weariness of such slow travelling.

In order to be always fit for long journeys on horseback, I kept a horse of my own in Wellington, and took my daily ride then, as I take my daily walk now. For my episcopal visits in the remotest districts (for I wanted to

know and see all my people everywhere) I had an outfit in keeping with my needs. What of my ecclesiastical wardrobe I could not cram into my saddlebags, I contrived to squeeze into a long cylindric waterproof leather case strapped before me on the horse's withers, and affording a pleasant rest for my hands. Thus equipped, with my long leather leggings, and a waterproof overcoat, and a south-wester hat, I could face any weather, snow, wind, or rain.

This horseback travelling had, of course, its inherent drawbacks, but it also had its unforgettable zest and charm. I shall ever keep a pleasant remembrance of the fun and liveliness of my several visitations on the West Coast of the South Island. The pictures stand out before my mind as vivid to-day as though they were yesterday. We are (for instance) on the way from Cape Foulwind to Charleston, along the strand for miles, at low water. We are fifty well-mounted riders and in the highest spirits. A crowd of men and youths have flocked to meet their Bishop. What a joyous cavalcade we are along that smooth and firm strand! Rattling along at a good hard gallop, nay, sometimes at racing speed, is cheery and exhilarating in the extreme. Then, at the end of the beach, we come to the



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read leading to the township within a mile. Here we meet the women and children and a good sprinkling of men advancing in procession to welcome us. How pretty the children look in their holiday attire with their fluttering banners! At last we reach the church; I come from the vestry in my episcopal robes; I receive an address; I examine the children generally and the candidates for confirmation; I announce a sermon for the evening to be followed by confessions, and on the morrow Communion and Confirmation. Evening comes, and I preach a stirring sermon, and to what an intelligent audience composed of all classes even the most cultured! Next day Mass is over, and Confirmation; we dine, and off we are again to some other place to repeat a similar programme. I preached twice every twenty-four hours for a month, and it did me good: my chest at first was rather weak, from the effects of my pneumonia in Ireland, but public speaking strengthened it and improved my health exceedingly.

I fondly dwell upon these scenes of other days, which cannot be witnessed again, believing it would be wrong to let them sink unrecorded into perpetual oblivion.