

thorough familiarity with the conditions prevailing in this country, by which his Grace became the moulder and framer of practical Canon Law in the New Zealand Church. That zeal for souls impelled him first of all to recruit the ranks of his Parochial Clergy—to create and ensure the sources of supply—to surround himself with a composite body of priests, secular and regular, that would be filled with his own apostolic spirit, and fired by sparks of his own glowing zeal. In this connection the opening of St. Patrick's College in 1885—one of the glories of his Episcopate—has been an immense blessing to the Archdiocese of Wellington. From its foundation it has nobly fulfilled all the purposes of a great Catholic secondary school; but its chief glory is this: From its portals over seventy students have gone forth to recruit the depleted ranks of the priesthood—a record, I think, which no other Catholic college in these countries can claim. And who can estimate the gain to the Church by the intellectual and apostolic adhesion of the flower of New Zealand Catholic youth? I am sure his Grace would be the first to acknowledge how indebted he is to his priests for all that has been achieved in the archdiocese for the last 50 years. For his rule neither cramped their individuality nor unduly fettered the free exercise of their own individual zeal.

In every work undertaken for the glory of God they could ever look to him for sympathy and encouragement, and the splendid results of their labors throughout the archdiocese is the best justification of the trust placed in them, and the freedom accorded to their spiritual activities in their own parochial sphere.

#### Like his Divine Master

his zeal was specially directed to the little lambs of the flock—the children of the fold of Christ. From the very beginning of his episcopate he was seized with the conviction that if the adult generation was to be animated by a warm, virile faith, the foundation must be laid in the Catholic atmosphere of a Catholic school. Hence he invited and enlisted the priceless services of those renowned teaching Orders—the Marist Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of St. Brigid, the Sisters of the Missions, the Sisters of St. Joseph—and in the schools conducted by these Religious nearly 10,000 children are being prepared for their immortal destiny to-day. His Grace's zeal encouraged and nurtured the birth and growth of a New Zealand Order, the Sisters of Compassion, whose vocation is to tend with a sweetness of spirit and a virtue truly heroic the afflicted and indigent, to guard and shield with maternal solicitude the very fountains of human life, and to brighten and sanctify life's tapering close. Thus did his Grace by the silent and mighty force of his own holy life and ennobling example, by the diligent, painstaking and constant casting of the seed of Divine Truth all over the vast area under his jurisdiction, by the glorious creations of his zeal, "prop up the House and in his days fortify the Temple. . . take care of his people and save them from destruction." The result of 50 years administrative work is shown best by a perusal of the present year's diocesan statistics. They tell us that the Archdiocese has now 128 churches—all, I may add, well-appointed and devotional, and many of rare structural beauty and artistic splendor. They tell us that 113 priests, secular and regular, parochial clergy and missionaries, are working in God's vineyard, and that nearly 580 religious teachers of both sexes now staff the schools with which the Archdiocese to its remotest parts is richly studded. They tell us that there are orphanages, homes, hostels. In a word a glance at these statistics, and a knowledge of the actual state of the Archdiocese of Wellington, reveal to us a diocesan organisation as perfect and complete, and a faith as warm and generous and practical among the laity, as in any diocese of the habitable globe.

And now, your Grace, let me in conclusion invoke the aid of the same Inspired Writer, who has so beautifully portrayed the supernatural splendor of your own priestly life and the striking achievements of your episcopate, to

paint for us in his own inimitable colors the golden glory of this Jubilee Day. Though written thousands of years ago, those inspired words so faithfully describe what has happened in this Basilica that to-day's function is a living reproduction of the picture his words unfold. "And about him was the ring of his brethren . . . and as the branches of palm-trees they stood round about him, all the sons of Aaron in their glory. . . And the singers lifted up their voices, and in the great house the sound of sweet melody was increased, and the people in prayer besought the Lord, the Most High, until the worship of the Lord was perfected and they had finished their office."

Here in this Basilica you have the people, your own faithful and devoted flock, drawn from all parts of your great archdiocese, from

#### Maori Pah and Pakeha Homestead,

their hearts stirred to unwonted depths by the memory of your virtues, your labors continued to a ripe old age, your pre-eminent talents, and all the glory that hangs around your sanctuary throne to-day. Their lips move in prayer, beseeching the Most High to prolong for many years yet that gentle, precious, fruitful Episcopal life, to pour down on you to-day a full measure of the choicest Jubilee graces and gifts, and when the end does come their prayer is that your venerable brow may be brightened by the everlasting light of God's kingdom. Then as a fitting setting to the Golden Jubilee of one whose soul was ever attuned to earthly harmonies, the singers have lifted up their voices and filled the Church with glorious melody, and the prayers and petitions of the worshippers have been wafted heaven-wards on the breath of sacred song. And, like branches of palm-trees, the Sons of Aaron, in all their glory, more especially your own diocesan clergy, cluster round their revered and illustrious Head, their prayers mingling with those of the faithful, their hearts bound to you by a bond of personal loyalty and love that no words can describe, their hearts touched and thrilled by tender recollections of personal kindness, and of that benign paternal rule that in its incidence was ever as soft and gentle as the touch of the eider-down.

And around you in the sanctuary is the ring of your Episcopal Brethren with the representative of the Holy See as its resplendent seal—a larger and more glittering ring than ever before encircled a

#### Jubilant Prelate under the Southern Cross.

The warmth and the intensity of their brotherly affection and esteem can be judged by the distances they have travelled in order to offer their Jubilee greetings to-day. They have come from the Gulf of Carpentaria in the north to Entrecasteau Channel in the south, from the shores of the Indian Ocean on the west to the emerald gem of the Pacific on the east, far off Samoa, the beloved home and last resting-place of Tusitala (R. L. Stevenson), the defender of the Church in days gone by. The affectionate esteem in which you are held by all of us has grown into religious reverence this morning, because as we contemplate you—"in senectute bona, plenus dierum, et divitiis et gloria" (Par. 29, 28)—we feel that we are in the presence of one who is not far from God. The Celtic element in the composition of that ring throbs with gratitude as well as jubilation this morning, gratitude to the broad-minded and sympathetic Saxon Jubilarian who ever gave eloquent support to Ireland's struggle for freedom. On behalf of all then, on behalf of the churches in Australia, New Zealand and all the islands in the Southern Seas, I tender with all the warmth and sincerity that words can convey our felicitations to your Grace on the singular privilege God has bestowed on you to sing High Mass on the 50th anniversary of your consecration as Bishop and of your Profession as a Religious, coupled with an earnest prayer that your sojourn in the land you love may be extended so that ten years hence the prelates of these same churches and the priests, the religious, and the people may gather once more to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Great High Priest of God's own country