

unique procession which wended its way from the Basilica in Hill Street to St. Patrick's College. The procession was timed to start at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but at 2 o'clock people had already begun to assemble about the church, and later they were to be seen taking up their positions in the Parliamentary grounds, along both sides of Hill Street, Molesworth Street, and at points of vantage along the quay. Those taking part in the procession had begun to form up at 2 o'clock, and as section after section arrived, they were added to the solid queues which crowded the lanes and by-streets via the Cathedral. Denser and still more dense grew the waiting crowds as the hour of starting drew near, until the streets were filled with a sea of people occupying every available space.

#### Order of Procession.

Then the musical chimes of the post office clock rang over the city and the deeper notes of the striking hour—one, two, three—boomed forth. While the echo still hung quivering in the sun-drenched air, the military band swept round the corner into Molesworth Street, playing the "Gloria" from Mozart's 12th Mass and the procession was in motion. After them marched the students of St. Patrick's College, the sturdy, well-built youths, disciplined in mind and body, then the Children of Mary Sodalties in their blue cloaks and white veils, making a most effective picture, the Hibernian Society in green regalia, led by their district officers, and the children of many schools with their distinctive badges. Then came what was really the crowning glory of the whole spectacle, the dense ranks of the laity, marching four abreast, first the women extending in one solid column from the Basilica to well up Lambton Quay, and then a closely packed phalanx of men of equal or greater length.

#### DEMONSTRATION OF FAITH.

No one witnessing such a spectacle could fail to be edified and impressed by such a magnificent demonstration of Catholic faith, or could doubt the earnestness of this sincere and spontaneous tribute to the affectionate esteem in which Archbishop Redwood is held by the Catholic body of New Zealand. There followed 100 priests in cassock and surplice, the Monsignori, Bishops and Archbishops from the four corners of Australia, New Zealand and Polynesia in their robes of royal purple, and amongst them the venerable Archbishop, whom all were honoring, and whom every eye in that vast concourse of assembled people strained eagerly to see.

#### CROWDED SPECTATORS.

Down Hill Street and Molesworth Street, along Lambton Quay, Willis Street, Manners Street, Courtenay Place, Cambridge Terrace, and to the gates of St. Patrick's College, the procession moved in all its solemn majesty, the route being lined for its entire distance with a double line of people standing four deep, while every balcony and window casement bore its eager freight of human beings.

The procession took over 20 minutes to pass a given spot, and it is estimated that at least 10,000 persons participated in it.

The Archbishops, Bishops, and clergy broke off from the main body of the procession as it approached Tory Street, and proceeded thence to the college, where they robed themselves for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament from St. Joseph's Church to the front gates. They then emerged from the Buckle Street gate of the college and proceeded down towards Cambridge Terrace, the route being lined by thousands of people. Leading the procession was a cross-bearer, acolytes in their picturesque medieval dress, then priests in surplices, priests in chasubles, bishops in copes, and twelve priests in dalmatics, each bearing a censer smoking with incense. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by Archbishop Redwood under a white and gold canopy carried by Father McCarthy, Dr. Galvey, Dr. Mor-kane and Father Drohan. Four acolytes accompanied the celebrant, who, with the deacon and subdeacon, wore gold copes. Two Archbishops followed the Blessed Sacrament, and the guard of honor was furnished by the chief representatives of the Hibernian Society.

#### UNFORGETTABLE SCENE.

A lane was opened through the thousands who swarmed around the main college gates, and the procession turned into the drive, and up towards the altar. Each side of the drive was lined by the Children of Mary in white and blue, and between them marched the green-clad Hibernians, then the monsignori and the purple ranks of the bishops. When all had assembled, the scene, viewing it from the college windows, was an unforgettable one, inspiring to a degree, and calculated to thrill a Catholic heart with pride.

Immediately in front of the college, and backed by the towering flagstaff from which fluttered the New Zealand Ensign, was erected a platform of imposing dimensions, draped in the papal colors of white and gold. Grouped on the lawn around this were the brightly clad school children, the convent students, in veils and dresses of pure white, the priests, bishops, and archbishops, and down the drive sloping towards the gates, the green and blue of the Hibernians and Children of Mary. Beyond, in the tennis court and out on the streets, were thousands upon thousands of men and women with eager gaze upturned towards the lofty platform whereon stood their beloved Archbishop surrounded by the flower of the Catholic Church of Australia and New Zealand.

#### THE BLESSING.

At a signal from the Rev. Father Ryan, who directed the massed choirs, they sang "O Salutaris," the opening hymn of the Benediction service, followed by the "Tantum Ergo." Then Archbishop Redwood ascended the steps to the altar, and a solemn hush fell upon the waiting multitude as he raised aloft the gleaming monstrance to bestow the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament upon the people. Ten thousand people knelt with deepest piety, ten thousand heads were bent in solemn reverence, as those venerable hands which had so often been elevated in the blessing of his people, described once more the mystic sign of the Cross. The songs of the Divine praises and that stirring battle cry, "Faith of Our Fathers," by the whole assembled concourse, brought a memorable ceremony to a fitting close.



## Impressions of the Jubilee

E.D.

It was a golden day. Everyone felt the uplifting of the heart that sunshine brings. The Mass was at ten and many waited to see the procession form before entering the Basilica. There were priests there from all parts of our own islands. It was amazing to see how they had rallied. Some faces were well known. The crowd picked them out as they passed. There was a murmur as a Franciscan went by, his brown robe contrasting with the blue cape of a Marist Missioner, his companion. Franciscans are rare sights here. A child gave an exclamation of pleasure when she caught sight of her first Dominican in his white serge robe. Connoisseurs of lace marvelled over the splendors revealed in the surplices. They were very beautiful, some of them, with their falls of point, Carrickmacross, and Tambour Limerick. The whole line looked happy. It was a long procession.

Then came the Bishops. Little wandering airs blew back their robes, and the rich silks shimmered in the sun. The color they wear is one of the most beautiful of colors. The robes were almost ruby colored against the sun.

Within the church the scene was stately beyond description. Mother Bernard of Seatoun had lent all her skill to the decoration of the church. The Jubilarian is her uncle; so it was a labor of love. The altar itself was lovely to see. The violet of the asters made a regal contrast with the bright gold of the candelabra. It was gold everywhere. Gold vestments, the gold cross, and the gold flame of the candles. The Bishops knelt at prie-dieus at the front.

The venerable Metropolitan himself sang the Mass without a trace of feebleness, without a falter. To hear

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