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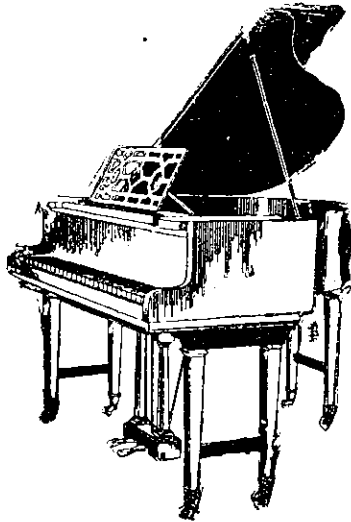
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The Early Life of Archbishop Redwood

(Extracts from his Grace's *Reminiscences*.)
ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND.

Towards the end of the year 1842, the good ship *George Fyfe* (Captain Pyke), after a long but fair passage of five months, arrived from England at Port Nicholson (Wellington). She was slow but sure—the fast-sailing clipper was not yet invented. She was a vessel of about six hundred tons, and had on board a number of emigrants brought out under the auspices of the lately formed New Zealand Company, whose noble purpose was to bring to New Zealand a selected lot of emigrants of all classes, to occupy the land just purchased, or to be purchased, from the Maoris, and thus found a model colony.

I was among those new arrivals, and so one of the pioneer colonists, dating from the early dawn of the colony. New Zealand became a British colony in 1840, and we were here in 1842, the Redwood family, four sons and four daughters, with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Redwood. The eldest son, Henry Redwood, afterwards the well-known sportsman, fitly called "The Father of the New Zealand Turf," was then about twenty years of age. The second son, Joseph Redwood, never came to New Zealand. He was left a youth in London to complete his studies and become a veterinary surgeon. Afterwards for years he practised as a veterinary surgeon in the Army, and married, but died childless at Dorchester, England. Years before starting for New Zealand, my mother lost a baby daughter named Esther. The very youngest of all the family, by name Austin, a baby somewhat over six weeks' old, died at sea, and was buried in the deep. Then I—the future Archbishop of Wellington—became the Benjamin of the family.

My age, on my arrival at Nelson in 1842, was three years and a half, and I am now in my 83rd year (1922). My sister, Martha, the second by age, had married, just before the voyage, a Mr. Joseph Ward, well-known afterwards for many years as a surveyor in Marlborough, and some time member of the House of Representatives, Wellington. My eldest sister, Mary, married a Mr. Greaves, and died twelve months afterwards at Nelson, leaving to my mother's care, a baby daughter, Mary, who died, to our great grief, in her grandmother's home at the age of six months. Her father, Mr. Greaves, then returned to England and married again, bringing up an only daughter. I paid him a visit in 1865, shortly after my ordination to the priesthood, and saw his daughter, a child about twelve years old. He died an opulent banker in Worcestershire. The other members of the family, Henry, Thomas, Charles, Ann, and Elizabeth, married in due time and had families, some of them large families—Thomas, Charles, and Ann. Martha (Mrs. Ward) had a very large family, and, at one stage of their life, her eight sons, all well mounted on horseback, used to ride their ten miles to Sunday Mass, and were called, from the family home, the "Brookby Cavalry." All my brothers and sisters are now dead, and I am the only survivor of the original family.

Our family came in the aforesaid ship as steerage passengers, because my father wisely determined not to waste in cabin comforts the money—a decent sum—which he had realised from the sale of his farm property in Staffordshire, and which he reserved for future needs and enterprise in this new country. But he made a capital arrangement in our behalf by having all his family together with him in the fore-part of the ship, separated from the other emigrants. This added greatly to our privacy and comfort.

In London, before starting, he had bought, on spec, fifty acres of what, from the description given by the New Zealand Company, he judged to be good land—and good land, excellent land, it proved to be. It had been surveyed only one year before, 1841, and my late brother-in-law, Cyrus Goulter, was one of the survey staff, and, he it said by the way, was very near being poisoned to death by eating a tute-berry pie.

Well, the land was fertile and easily cleared, and my

father resolved to erect his first New Zealand home upon it. Later on, he added some hundreds of acres to the original fifty. To build a substantial and comfortable house for so large a family was no easy task under the circumstances of those early days. Where were the stones, the bricks, the lime, the timber? They had to be furnished and soon; and, indeed, they were shortly forthcoming.

The land was situated in Waimea West, that is to say, West of the Waimea river, which runs into Tasman Bay, then called by Captain Cook, Blind Bay, because he never sailed to the Nelson end of it. It went for some years (at least a part of it) by the name of Massacre Bay, because in that bay Tasman, who a century before the arrival of Cook, discovered New Zealand, had two of his crew killed by the hostile Maoris, and this tragic event caused him to sail away out of danger as soon as possible. The river runs between the Rabbit Island and the Mainland, and at low water is shallow and fordable, while at high tide it forms a good landing-place about seven miles from Nelson by boat. It was at that time much used by boats and canoes.

My father bought the pine timber used to fit up the emigrant quarters in the *George Fyfe*, and a considerable quantity of good canvas. Then, with my brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Ward, and my brother Henry, he went in a boat beforehand with these materials and other requisites, to set up a tent on the small estate, later on called Stafford Place, for the fit accommodation of the whole family, while the house was in course of construction. The house was built of peasy, that is, a mixture of clay and gravel, and finished inside and out by a coating of white plaster. A lime kiln was built at Stoke, and elsewhere bricks were made for the chimney. A comfortable two-storey house was the result, and for a number of years it was the best house in the Nelson district, and one which stood without a crack through the violent earthquakes of 1848 and 1855. The tent meanwhile was sixty feet long with sufficient width, and divided into compartments by boarded partitions, and covered with canvas; the whole well fastened by ropes to stakes sunk in the ground. In this we lived comfortably for six months.

EARLY EDUCATION.

We were three young brothers, Tom, Charley, and I, aged respectively five, seven, and nine, and there was no school for us to go to. How were we to be educated? My brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Ward, was a surveyor and a good scholar. For a suitable remuneration he—when not away on survey business—undertook our schooling, and right well he did it. He taught us reading, writing, and arithmetic admirably. I learnt my alphabet from Mrs. Ward, my sister Martha. I was rather long, they said, in mastering my A.B.C., but afterwards improved very fast and soon became, for a boy, a good reader, and I was also proficient in writing and arithmetic—in short, I was a well taught boy. And, what is far more, I knew my prayers and my catechism perfectly.

For two years and more, having no priest, we could not assist at Holy Mass. My father began to feel keenly for himself and his large family the want of a resident priest, and he had made up his mind that, unless a priest should come from somewhere to visit us at least periodically and regularly, pending the time when we should have the blessing of a resident priest, he would sell out and go to Tasmania where he believed priests could be found. His anxiety was relieved by the coming of Rev. Father O'Reilly from Wellington with the Right Rev. Dr. Pompallier, Vicar-Apostolic of Oceania, which included New Zealand. Father O'Reilly was a Franciscan Capuchin, who, with leave and approval of his superiors, had come from Dublin as a chaplain of Lord Petre. Once in New Zealand he determined to remain permanently, and he fruitfully spent his holy and zealous life in Wellington, where he was the first Catholic priest to celebrate Mass, and he did so on the beach in the open air. Later he used to celebrate in a shed, then in a very small chapel, the historic precursor of the splendid church, St. Mary of the Angels, lately opened. To him it owes its name, St. Mary of the Angels, in Franciscan memory of the great Basilica of that name in Assisi, where St. Francis died, and where he was born. In this first visit

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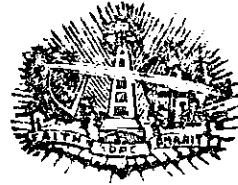
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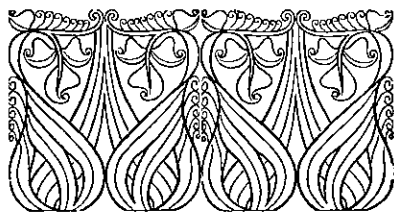
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Father O'Reilly, whom we venerated almost as an angel from Heaven, came up to Waimea West, and an appropriate room in our house became the hallowed place of the Holy Sacrifice. All the family—except those too young—gladly availed themselves of the long-desired opportunity to go to their duty, and to all of us it was a day of real joy. Bishop Pompallier did not visit the Waimea, but remained in Nelson, where he was able to address the numerous Maoris in their own language. So I never saw a Catholic Bishop till I arrived, years after—1855—in France.

When we had no priest, we took the right means to keep our faith lively, and our appreciation of religion keen. Every night we had family prayers in common, preceded by the reading of one of Challoner's Meditations for every day in the year. On Sundays we dressed up just as if we were to attend Mass, and, in the morning, we had what we called "Mass Prayers," that is, suitable prayers recited while we directed our intentions to some Mass actually being said somewhere in the world. In the evening, we had evening Sunday prayers—the Psalter of Jesus, or a Litany, etc., as a substitute for Church evening service. Father O'Reilly—God bless him!—was most faithful and self-sacrificing to visit us once a year; on one occasion he crossed Cook Strait, and came to us in an open whaleboat. Thus we had Mass and the Sacraments seldom but regularly, and that was no small grace.

At last Bishop Viard, my predecessor in the See of Wellington, sent us for our resident priest the venerable and beloved Father Anthony Garin, S.M. He resided at Nelson, in a house of English timber and removed from its first site, on other Catholic ground, to where the present boys' school stands in Manuka Street. From Nelson his administrations radiated all through the whole of Nelson and Marlborough districts. Prior to this, he had been, for seven years, a missionary among the Maoris, in the vicinity of the Bay of Islands and Hokianga, and had endured every kind of hardship, as heroic missionaries in savage lands usually do. He had acquired their language and spoke it well. In English, when he first came, he was not so fluent, but he soon improved, and his sermons, aided by his sanctity, did much to instruct and edify his flock. He was indeed a saint, and attracted universal respect, and in many sincere veneration. He was one of that heroic band of the first Marist Fathers lately founded in France. He knew the glorious apostle and protomartyr, Blessed Chanel, and he emulated his apostolic virtues. To him, under God, I am indebted for my vocation to the priesthood, and all its momentous consequences in time and eternity. My brother Tom had made his First Communion in England.

Finding that my brother Charles and I knew our Catechism perfectly, and seeing our age—Charles thirteen, and I eleven—Father Garin called us to make our First Communion without delay, and, to prepare us well, he took us with some other boys, the Sullivans and Dwyers, to Nelson and boarded us for a week in his own house, where we had a regular spiritual retreat—instructions and prayers every day. We made our First Communion on Christmas Day, at the Midnight Mass, 1851, and I was chosen to read the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, just before Communion. There were some Germans—the Franks—in Nelson—good Catholics—and they could sing. So the Midnight Mass was sung by Father Garin and his little choir. We had spent our recreations during the week in decorating, to the best of our knowledge and power, under Father Garin's directions, the little lowly, unlined wooden chapel (no larger than a good sized room) with ripe cherries and roses, making such sentences as *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, and such like. The little sanctuary was bright with flowers and redolent of their fragrance.

VOCATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

From that First Communion sprang my vocation, the first vocation to the priesthood in New Zealand. And it may be that I was chosen by God's inscrutable mercy, because I was the most unworthy and sinful of the group. However that may be, I was chosen, and my parents soon approved of my desire to be a priest. But how was I to be educated to that holy and exalted dignity and state? I could begin my studies in Nelson, and rely on Providence

to supply the future means of completing them in Europe. So I was put as a boarder to begin Father Garin's boarding-school so highly appreciated for many years. That school had, in his mind, a two-fold object and valuable results. It helped him to live with the very meagre support derived from his very small congregation of Catholics in the Nelson district, and as years went on it did an incalculable amount of good by educating in a proper Catholic manner a number of Catholic youths who have kept the faith and spread it through the whole Dominion. The second boarder—not a Catholic, but a very good moral boy—was George Bonnington, slightly younger than I, afterwards well-known as a prosperous chemist in Christchurch, where, after his death, the firm still flourishes. His name is familiar throughout Australasia by his largely advertised "Bonnington's Irish Moss," his vaunted remedy for colds and coughs. In after years I used, as Bishop of Wellington, to pay him a visit unfailingly, whenever I came to Christchurch, which was then included in the diocese of Wellington, and then we had some delightful chats about old times. He kindly, as a boy, taught me to play the violin, at least as a beginner. It happened this way: The Bonningtons, shoemakers by trade, had just arrived from England, and Charles, the eldest son, was a violin artist taught in London. In passing, I am happy to add, in his praise, that, later on, he married a Catholic, and became one himself. He and his family afterwards went to settle in San Francisco, where, I am told, they prospered. Charles had taught his little brother the violin, and, at least in the first position, to play a number of simple tunes of which he had the music. I asked George to teach me, and he instantly promised he would, if I got another violin. So I borrowed one from a neighbor, and soon, under his tuition (he had been taught well) I was able to play as he did.

I had leave to go home to Stafford Place once a month. It was distant fourteen miles. I used to walk the distance at my leisure, and wade the Waimea River. I had no fear of water, being a good swimmer. Arriving on the Saturday evening, I was at hand to serve Father Garin's Mass on Sunday, in our house, which then served as the only available church. On the Monday I walked back to Nelson in my own way, as Father Garin did in his, he visiting the people as he thought fit. I came home, one Saturday, with my fiddle in a green bag. "What have you got there in that bag, Frank?" they said. "A fiddle," said I. "A fiddle; what do you know about a fiddle?" said they. "I will soon show you," I replied. And forthwith I began to play a number of favorite familiar tunes. It was a surprise and a revelation. My father was so pleased that, hearing of the artist, Charles Bonnington, he ordered me to take lessons from him, which I did. Afterwards, in France, I had a good professor trained at the Paris Conservatoire, and I won the first prize at the French College, St. Chamond, Loire, and became first violin in the college orchestra.

In my serious studies for the priesthood, I practised the violin very little and occasionally, and it was only when I became Bishop, and wanted something to fall back upon in loneliness and stress of business, that I took to the violin again, and made it a pleasure and solace, particularly after I was fortunate to get a genuine "Strad." George Bonnington never became a Catholic. He kept up his music, and for years was the leader of the Christchurch Orchestra.

I spent, as a student of Latin and French, three years at Father Garin's, 1852-3 and most of 4. During a part of that time Rev. Father Forest, S.M., came to Nelson to recuperate after a severe illness, and he spent about a month at Stafford Place, in my mother's devoted care. Father Moreau, S.M., was sent by Bishop Viard as an assistant to Father Garin, and he, in regard to teaching me French (while I helped to improve his English) did more than Father Garin, whose time was largely taken up by parish concerns. But the one who assisted me most in acquiring French was the saintly and ever-remembered Brother, Claude Marie Bertrand, who here deserves special mention and my expression of deepest gratitude. When the Marist missionary Fathers first came to evangelise Oceania, the supply of mere lay-brothers in the Society of Mary, at its outset, was insufficient. As far as they were

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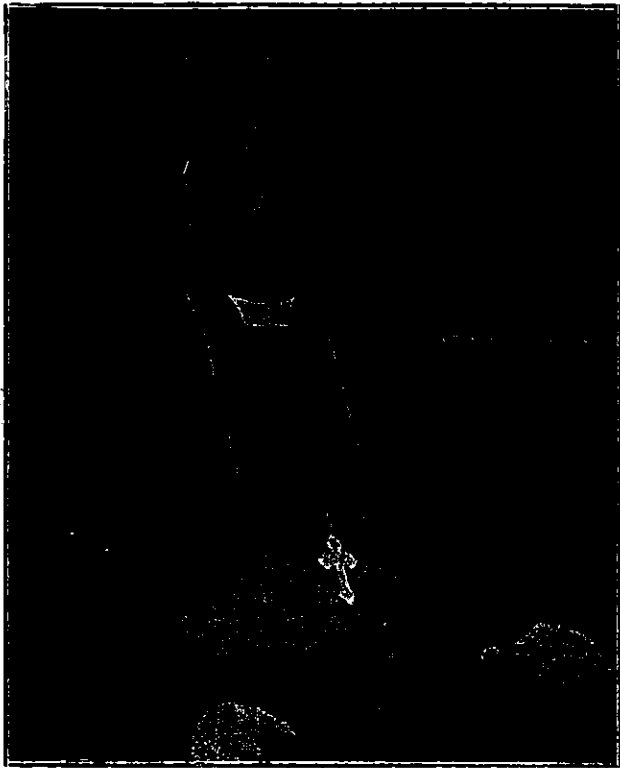
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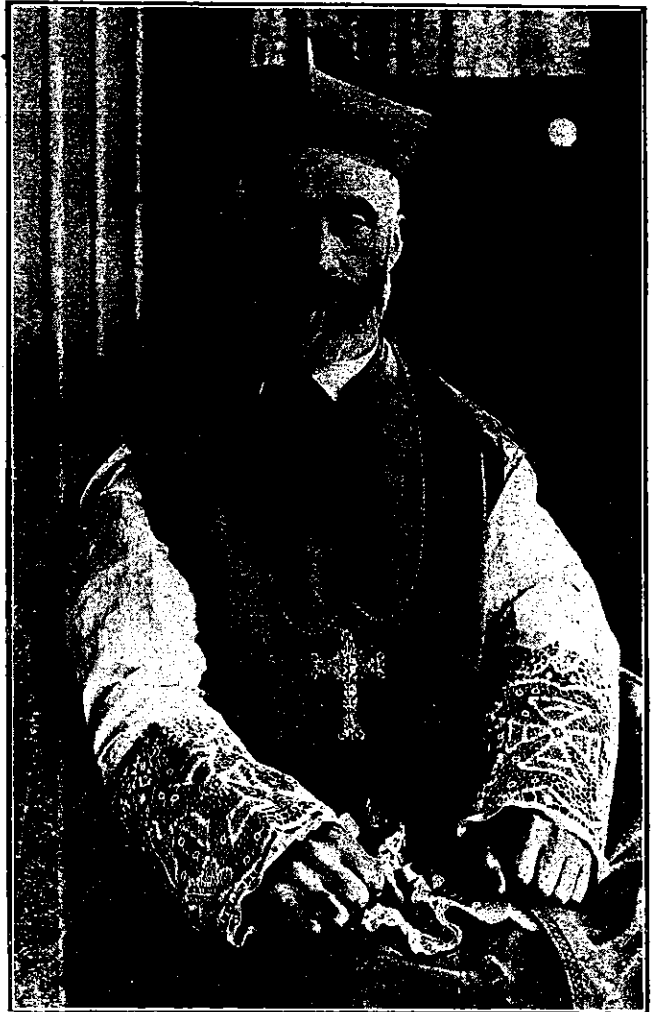
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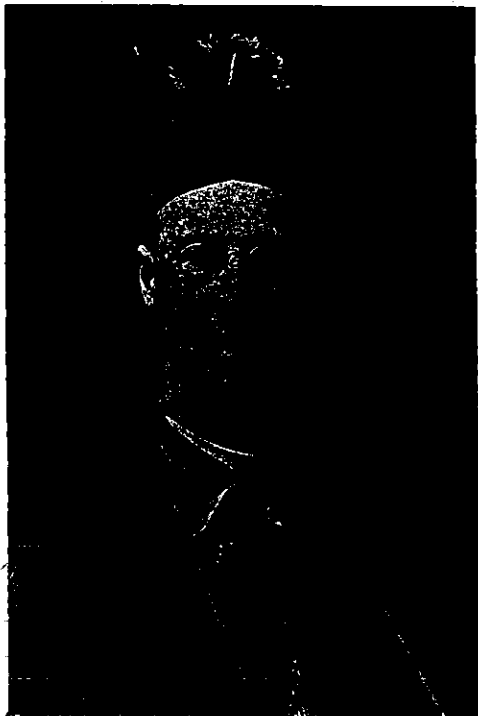


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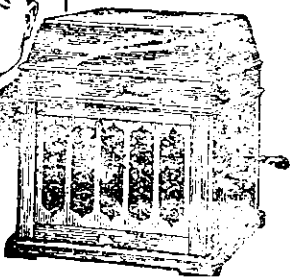
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available, these Marist lay-brothers went as companions and aids and cooks and tradesmen to each missionary. Prior to this, Venerable Father Champagnet, S.M., had founded the teaching body of the Little Brothers of Mary (commonly now called Marist Brothers). Some of these were allowed to go as companions and aids to the departing Marist Father. It was on their part an act of heroism. Now, Brother Claude Marie Bertrand was one of these, and, in his own language, a good scholar, while he also knew Latin. I used to sit beside him in the long studious silent evenings, and, while he read his spiritual books, I studied Latin and French, and, many a time, when I knew not the meaning of a French word or found a puzzle in French grammar, instead of losing time with my dictionary, I would ask Brother Marie the meaning or the solution of the difficulty. Thus I gained much time and made rapid progress. At the end of the three years, I could read an ordinary French book without the aid of a dictionary, and I knew my French grammar, especially the irregular verbs, perfectly. I never had any trouble with them afterwards in France.

At harvest time I had to go home and do my fair share of work in the harvest field. Machine reapers and binders were yet unknown in New Zealand. The crops were gathered by hand. I was, for a boy, a very expert reaper with a sickle, and did my half-acre a day, or thereabouts, as well as the men.

DEPARTURE FOR FRANCE.

I now come to a great crisis of my life, the decisive turning-point of my career. It was determined that I should go to France, study completely, and become a priest, the first fruit of the priesthood from this fair adopted land. But how had Divine Providence provided the means? They were shown with unexpected suddenness. And in this wise. A small brig, the Mountain Maid, 150 tons, suddenly arrived from Wellington. She was not a usual trader at Nelson, but she came, because Providence had foredoomed her coming, though some emergency cargo was the natural allurements. Father Comte, a Marist Missioner, was on board, bound to Sydney and from Sydney to London. Father Garin saw at once the unmistakable hand of Providence. He came to me and said: "Frank, Providence has acted in your behalf in answer to my long wishes and prayers. One of our Fathers is leaving the Maori missions for good, and is retiring to France. He is a Frenchman, but knows English fairly well. He will take you to Sydney and thence to France. He will watch over you, and improve your French on the voyage. He will introduce you to one of our colleges, where you can study and so in time, please God, become a priest. The vessel is to sail away on the third day from now. Make up your mind and seize the opportunity held out to you by God's favor and mercy, will you go?" I went to the little chapel, I prayed as I never before prayed, and I made up my mind to face the great sacrifice of home and parents and friends, and to go into an unknown land, guided, I felt, by the call and hand of God. A great, an extraordinary grace was given me, and that grace was for life. I came to Father Garin and said: "I will go." "God be praised!" he said. And now there is no time to lose. The brig sails in three days. I will prepare a letter for your father, who will come at once in his gig to Nelson, and we will settle with the Bank about your voyage to Sydney and France." He prepared the letter and I prepared myself to start on foot as usual, but not on the usual day of the week. I started at about 9 a.m., with the letter, and I hurried on more briskly than usual to Stafford Place. I tried on arrival to compose my features and temporarily conceal my errand. My sister Ann (Mrs. Goulter) happened to be staying with her husband at our house. At once she guessed the errand and exclaimed: "Frank, you are going to leave us, you are going to France, I see it in your face"; and she began to cry—womanlike. "Yes," I said, with tearless eye and firm voice—Grace helping me—"Yes, I am come to wish you all good-bye, and I am leaving Nelson by the Mountain Maid for Sydney on the day after to-morrow." Shortly after, I handed to my father the fateful letter. He read it; got his gig ready at once, and, taking my brother Charles with him, started with his fast

trotter for Nelson, and there arranged all matters with the Bank. I had to wish good-bye to my mother, and in very distressing circumstances. A few days before, unknown to me, she had met with a bad accident while driving home with my brother Charles. They were coming full trot along a good road and, near a hollow, were passing close to a post and rail fence, and one rail being turned into the road, the gig wheel ran up it, and the gig was instantly upset. Charley luckily escaped unhurt, but the gig fell upon my mother's leg and broke it. Charley got the doctor's assistance as soon as possible and the leg was set, but badly set, so that my mother was lame for life. I found her in bed with her broken leg. Yet grace sustained me, and I did not cry even then. I resisted all thoughts of not going, as I would a temptation, by prayer and by turning my mind from them. She was a strong-minded woman, and consented to my departure, with tears, indeed, but resolutely, seeing in it the hand of God. But after some moments of reflection, she looked at the matter with her sound practical sense, and said: "But you have no proper outfit for a voyage to Europe. A few shirts and socks won't do, how shall we manage?" And she thought awhile in silence. At length she said: "I have it; I see a way to meet your needs." Now, a young English gentleman, a non-Catholic, named Whitehead, had a fine outfit left at our house, while he was a hundred miles away learning sheep-farming at our Wairau sheep-run; for on that purpose he had become our guest. I used, for practice in letter-writing, to correspond with him, and we were firm friends. My mother said: "I will take what you want from Whitehead's outfit, and replace it by articles of equal quality." And this was done; so that much of my linen was marked Whitehead and some marked Redwood. And when, afterwards I was at college in France, the old French laundress said: "How's this? Some articles are marked Whitehead and others Redwood." "Oh," I said, "Whitehead and Redwood in English must mean to you the same thing. It's all right." She never asked another question; and Whitehead and Redwood served the same purpose admirably, all through my college course.

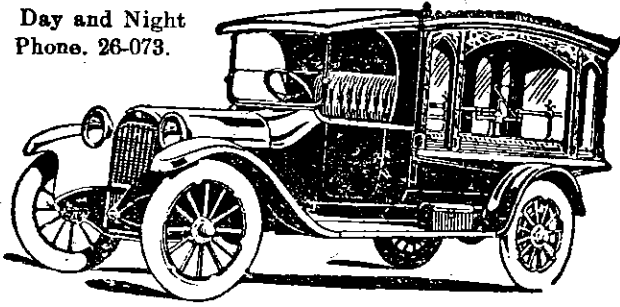
On the morrow, I left the dear old home, driven to town by my brother-in-law, Cyrus Goulter, and the most terrible pang, the most fearful wrench I felt was when, as I passed the last gate, I looked back at the old place. I shall never forget that wrench. All other wrenches—and I have had many—were nothing in comparison. But the great grace sustained me and gave me victory. I met my father returning from Nelson, and I bade him good-bye in the road, near Appleby, in a new road just cut and metalled through a swamp. I know the place to this day, and I never pass it without emotion. When Charley wished me good-bye he said: "Frank, what a happy fellow you are to go and see the wide world." He had at that moment no supernatural views like mine. I never saw my father again. On his death-bed he learned my appointment to the See of Wellington, but was too weak to utter a word about it. My mother, who died at 85, lived five years after my arrival in New Zealand as Bishop, and often saw and heard me; on one occasion, I had her, in company and care of Mrs. Tom Redwood, her daughter-in-law, for my precious guest for several weeks in Wellington.

THE VOYAGE TO SYDNEY.

Captain Cross, the pilot, a splendid specimen of a British captain, had previously taken out the Mountain Maid, with Father Comte on board, at high tide; and she was riding hove-to beyond the Boulder Bank. The captain of the brig, by name Peacock, had waited on shore with the crew of the pilot's whaleboat, in order to go on board at the last moment, and then, after wishing the pilot good-bye, to let him return ashore in his own boat. I went with the captain. As the tide was full, we crossed the Boulder Bank by a narrow boat passage (now widened and deepened into the present ship-passage of the Nelson Harbor). There was a north-west breeze blowing, and the boat, once in the bay, rocked very uncomfortably for me, who had not been at sea since I arrived as a child in New Zealand. An internal revolution of my vitals was the consequence; I felt faint and ill. After rowing a mile or so, we reached the brig and I in my turn climbed the rope

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ladder. Her motion was worse for me than the boat's. The steward welcomed me, and, seeing me pale, said: "Would you like a glass of sherry, sir? I did not know whether sherry was good for sea-sickness or not, and, boy-like, replied: "Thank you." The sherry came, I put it to my lips, and instantly away went sherry and everything else into the sea. I was sea-sick downright. I shook hands with the pilot; and, twenty years after, in 1874, when as Bishop I made my first visit to Nelson, Captain Cross, still pilot, was proud to tell everybody that he was the last man in Nelson to shake hands with me as a school-boy, and the first to shake hands with me as a Bishop. He fired a cannon from the flagstaff in my honor, and got blamed for it; but he said he would do the like again if any man from Nelson returned to honor Nelson as Frank Redwood had done. Sea-sickness, loneliness, grief, and the reaction after trying efforts to bravely depart, brought on some agonising moments; but I bore them as a penance, and as a necessary trial, and was soon in inward peace again. Fit after fit of sea-sickness was endured, and, on the third day, far out on the ocean, I was retching in vain, and nothing would come up, when a kind old sailor passed by and said to me: "Sir, my lad, you have got enough up, you must now keep something down." "I would if I could," said I— "what am I to do?" "Look here, sir," he said. "Go and ask the steward for a nobbler (dram) of brandy; soak in it a piece of sea-biscuit; swallow the biscuit; that I think will stick." I did as he directed, and I felt my stomach instantly settled, and myself quite cured of sea-sickness from that day till my arrival in London. Having now got my sea-legs, I enjoyed the trip. We reached Sydney, eleven hundred miles, in eleven days, a very good passage. We had some head winds, but generally they were fair. One night we met a severe thunder-storm, and the sudden passage, again and again, from the sight of the raging sea, under the lightning flashes, to the instant pitchy darkness was for me awful and appalling.

We entered Sydney Harbor in a beautiful clear, summer, starry night, and reached the anchorage at 11 p.m. At the Heads the porpoises were playing merrily round the vessel—a novel sight for me. As the captain wanted all hands to get the brig ready for anchorage, he told me to hold the wheel for a while till he would come and change the course. It was an honor and a trust for a boy of fifteen. Sydney Cove (now called Circular Quay) was where we anchored at fifty yards from the land. It had no jetty or quay, no wharf. We stepped from the boat on to the bare rugged rocks.

SYDNEY TO FRANCE.

After a very pleasant month, despite some very hot days when the thermometer registered 112 degrees in the shade, spent with the Fathers at old Villa Maria, Father Comte and I went to fix up our cabins in the *Lady Ann*, the ship we selected to take us to London. She was a new wooden ship, 900 tons, declared AI at Lloyd's for thirteen years, which meant a ship guaranteed perfectly seaworthy for that period of years.

I took a first-class passage to London for £70. We were eleven passengers, all first class (no ladies, as it happened); nine of the party being young gentlemen returning to Europe after making their fortune at the gold diggings of Ballarat and Bendigo. They were a very steady lot. As regards drink we were, on the strength of our passage ticket, treated most liberally, and no one ever abused that liberality by imbibing to excess. There was brandy, gin, rum, beer, port, and sherry and (in the tropics) claret wine—all gratuitous at discretion; and, on festivals, or when something unusually lucky had happened in the course of the day, the captain (by name Dixon), like a father at the head of his family table, stood first-rate champagne all round.

In those days it was customary, before embarking, for intended passengers to go beforehand on board the ship and get their single cabins fitted up, at their pleasure, by the ship carpenter; and, if afterwards on the voyage the arrangement was not found satisfactory, the carpenter was always at hand to make required changes and improve-

ments. So Father Comte and I fixed up our cabins in that way, and also the cabin of Father Fonbonne, S.M., an invalid Marist Missionary returning to France, where I, in after years, met him as chaplain to a community of nuns at Sainte Poy-les-Lyon (Rhône), France. He kept to his cabin and bed for the first month of the voyage. He could not speak English, but I practised speaking French with him. He was very kind and gentle, and in the beginning, suffered considerably.

Some events on the trip deserve mention and description. On the 23rd January, the sixth day after leaving Sydney (17th January), we were suddenly caught in a terrific squall, about the latitude of New Zealand. It happened as follows: A strong fair wind was on our quarter, and every stitch of canvas was drawing; we were running 13 knots an hour, as the log told us, just as we went to dinner at 6 p.m. We were joyous and elated, and the captain in his very best humor. At dinner he stood champagne for the first time on the voyage, and we were all as merry as a lark. The first mate had charge of the ship during the dinner. Now, he was a reckless kind of fellow, and loved to carry on and force the ship along, heedless of danger, wind or weather. He overlooked the coming squall. After dinner, just as we got on the poop, the squall struck us with the suddenness of a ball from a cannon, amid thunder, lightning, and rain. The captain shouted to the men to cut away the sheets holding the sails, and thus ease the strain—too late! There was only one man at the wheel. In the terrific rush through the water, he was unable to control the rudder, and the ship turned broadside to the wind, and over she heeled on her beam-ends. We were tossed as from a catapult against the lower bulwark. Again she heeled deeper still, and down came the main topmast broken in the middle, and it and the topsail with other rigging crashed into the sea, while all the studding-sail booms were snapped asunder, and every sail ripped to ribbons. Had the ship not been so well laden and deep, she would have turned turtle and been lost.

Our elation was changed into sorrow and anxiety. What a wreck we looked! But the squall was over, and only a good fair breeze remained. Means were immediately taken to lift the topmast and other wreckage upon the deck. Fresh sails were got out and set, and before midnight we were running ten knots an hour under all available canvas. Next day a spar was unloosed from the deck, and the carpenter began to shape it into a topmast. All things were repaired by degrees and soon; the new topmast was set up at sea, with what skill I need not say, and, in ten days, the ship was all right as though just coming out of port. We rounded Cape Horn, despite the delay of the accident, in twenty-nine days, a fast passage.

As it was summer, the captain, to obtain strong winds, went very far south of Cape Horn, down to the 57th degree of south latitude, and alas, found the ship unexpectedly surrounded by huge icebergs, which had floated up north two degrees since his last passage. Some of these bergs were three hundred feet high and a couple of miles long, with their blue sides and their roof of snow. The danger was very great at night. Sailing due north we took four days to leave these icebergs safely behind. Though it was February and still summer, the cold became intense, and we had no fire except in the galley; and one night, after rain, the sails were frozen stiff as buckram. The only means to keep us warm was exercise in the day and a hot drink before going to bed. One day we had to go ten miles out of our course to windward of one huge berg and its debris. Providentially we sighted none during the night, despite the very sharp lookout—men searching the sea with glasses to distinguish the regular ocean waves from waves breaking over ice. We thanked—at least I did—the Star of the Sea for our preservation.

As a venturesome boy I longed to see a real tempest. Well, we got one about two hundred miles to the west of the Cape of Good Hope, and, for three days and nights, labored in a sea with mountainous waves appalling to behold and feel. The decks were washed again and again with water three feet deep, and more at times. One huge

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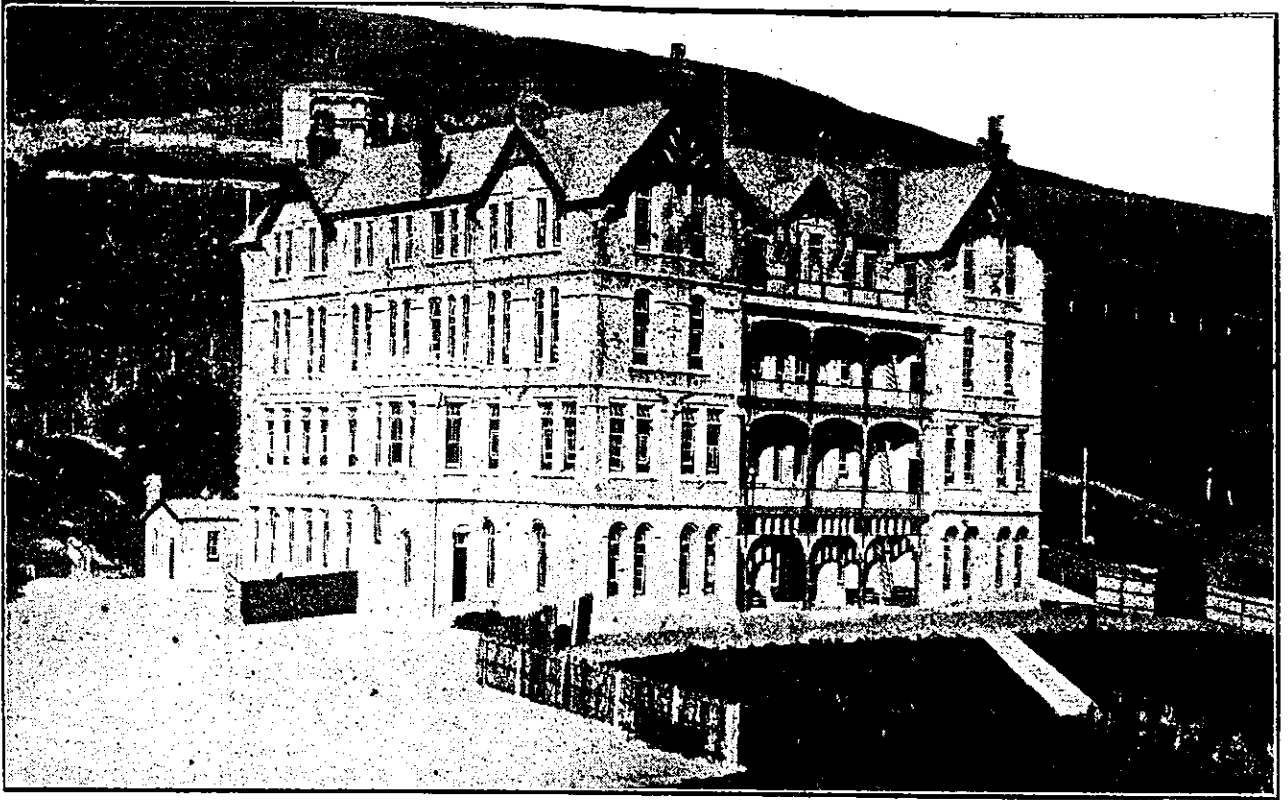


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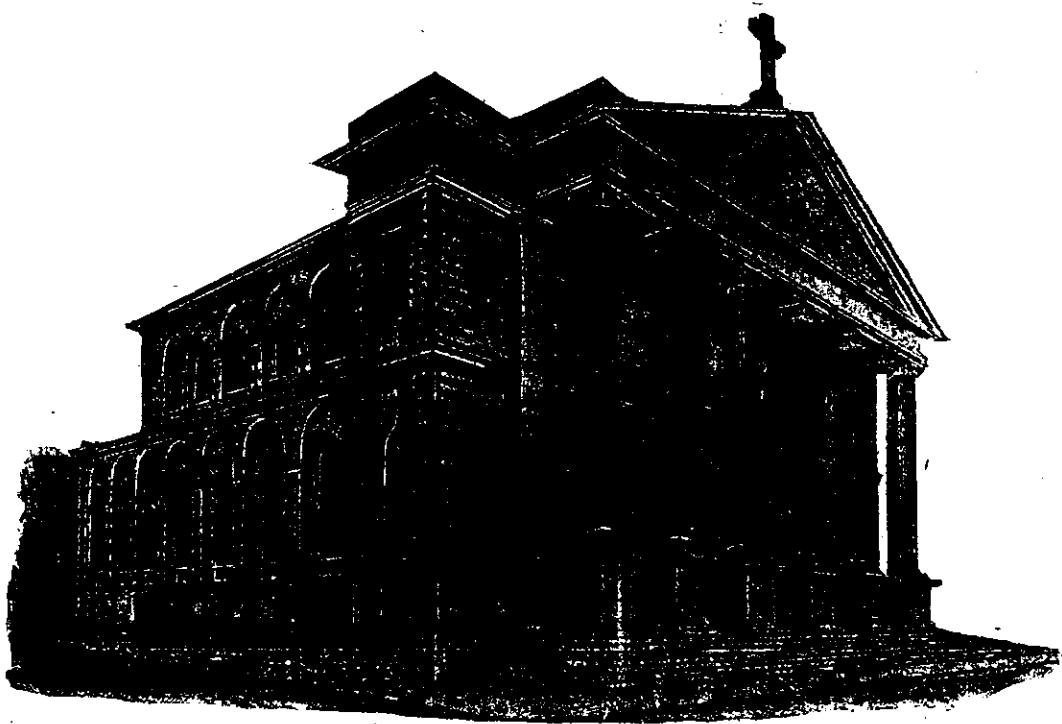
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wave, early in the gale, was shipped into the foresail and ripped it to shreds. The ship behaved well, and, under close reefed topsails, gallantly rode the gale. No food could be cooked, the galley being deluged with water.

We lived for three days on biscuits, cheese, and cold diet, passed round to us individually, for we could not sit at table, so fearfully was the ship tossed. To go from the cabin to the poop was an adventure full of peril. Most of us were soused in the attempt. I was washed off my feet, and swam from side to side till I was able to clutch something, and come out unhurt. I was lucky not to be dashed against a hard thing and hurt, perhaps killed. The ship came out of the gale with comparatively little damage; but I was cured for ever of my longing for a storm at sea.

On Easter Sunday, 8th April (my birthday), I was sixteen years of age. We had a delightful time in the fair south-east Trade winds, running about 12 knots an hour, for a fortnight with hardly the change of a sail, and all our canvas spread. But when we neared England we met with strong north-east head winds, and what we gained by tacking we lost by leeway. For over ten days, we kept tacking here and there, between Cork and Bordeaux, unable to enter the English Channel. At last we reached Land's End, and the pleasant smell of the land was very perceptible. We had been 93 days without sighting land. While lying almost becalmed, about ten miles from land, we sighted the *Vaimira*, a ship which left Sydney eight days before us, and about which our captain had bet her a dozen of champagne that he would arrive at Gravesend before her. It was a race up the English Channel, in light or head winds, for eight days—what is now done by steamers in a few hours. We anchored at Gravesend, after a passage of 103 days, on 1st May, and we were towed next day to St. Katherine's Dock, London. We found that we had beaten the *Vaimira* by ten hours; so our captain won his wager, and I trust he enjoyed his champagne.

On our way up the Thames we passed close to one of those vessels, or rather batteries, which were being built for Cronstadt, during the Crimean War. We also saw the huge hull of the *Great Eastern*, 10,000 tons, then in course of construction. A few days afterwards one of the batteries caught fire and was burned to ashes.

We stayed for about a week with the Marist Fathers at St. Ann's, Spitalfields, during which time we went to the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the National Gallery, the Thames Tunnel, the Tower. We desired much to visit the British Museum, but it was not open. The places that pleased me most were the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower. The Marists were erecting a fine Gothic church at Spitalfields, and its walls were about four feet high. In that church I was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Manning in 1874.

On our arrival in Paris we went to the house of the Marist Fathers, No. 31 Mont Parnasse, and were there received with every mark of kindness. During our stay there, about a week, our time was not idly employed. We saw the Garden of Plants and the Palais du Louvre. At the latter place we saw a great number of pictures, many of them masterpieces of the greatest painters. When I saw the National Gallery (London) I thought it magnificent, but it is not comparable to the gallery of Louvres. It is not one-tenth of the size, nor are, to my mind, the pictures so good. I saw many artists taking copies of the pictures. One of them particularly took my attention as well as Father Comte's. He was a German painting a picture of the Blessed Virgin with the infant Jesus. The picture was about seven feet long and six broad. It was so exactly taken from the original that it was hard to see any difference. He told me he had been working at it six months.

A STUDENT IN FRANCE.

On the 18th of May, we took the train for Lyons, where we arrived at 7 p.m. I became the guest of the Marist Fathers, and had the great privilege of meeting the Venerable Founder of the Society of Mary, Father Colin, whose Cause for Beatification is already far ad-

vanced. A few days afterwards, when I had visited the principal sights of Lyons, I was examined by Father Morcel in Latin. The book chosen was *Cornelius Nepos*. I construed some sentences to his satisfaction, and he declared me fit to enter the fifth class and read *Caesar*. Shortly after he conducted me by train to St. Chamond (Loire) about thirty miles from Lyons, to become a student in St. Mary's College, conducted by the Marist Fathers. As I arrived at the end of May and the college vacation was to begin early in July, it was not thought fit to put me into any regular class till the following year. Meanwhile I spent my time very profitably, improving my French by talking to the boys in their recreations and walks. I spent the vacation at Belley (Ain) in the scholasticate of the Marist Fathers, and we made some delightful excursions in the beautiful hills sloping up to the Alps. The mountain scenery delighted me immensely.

In September, 1856, I entered the fifth class at St. Chamond. I held my own very well in all except Greek, which I did not know the alphabet, while the other boys had studied Greek for a year and a half. The problem—a hard one for me—was how to reach their level in Greek as soon as possible. I had already learned how to go about the study of a language, owing to my experience in Latin and French. My fear was that my low place in the Greek compositions would badly lower my standing for general proficiency—called by us "excellence"—and in my notes sent to my parents and Father Garin, I wanted my place in "excellence" to be good. Hence I was in agony at the very thought of the first Greek competition coming off in about two months. These were test competitions and counted much in regulating a boy's position in "excellence." How I did study, in odd moments, in preparation for the dreaded ordeal! I learned the Greek declensions and conjugations thoroughly; and the daily exercises in Greek with the other boys had trained me somewhat to construe Greek sentences. The competition came—it was a Greek version. I thought, of course, that I should be the very last in the class when the results were told. To my utter amazement, and that of the other boys, I was not further down than the middle of the class; and this was the case in the subsequent test competitions throughout the year—and, two years afterwards, I won the first yearly prize for Greek.

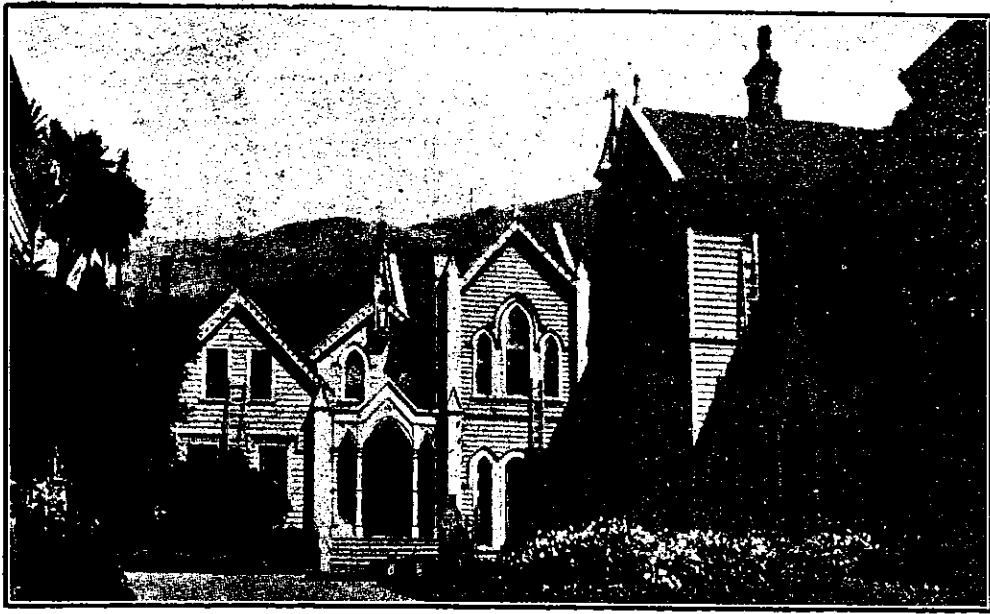
At the end of my course (1860) I, with Camille Rousselon, my rival, took almost all the first and second prizes, and, what was thought wonderful, though quite explainable, I won the first prize in Rhetoric for French discourses, as I had, the year before, won the first prize in French narratives. The explanation is easy. It was not that I wrote French better than the French boys, but I wrote it well, as well, perhaps, as they, after a training of several years and the study of the best French authors; but this was my advantage: I was somewhat older than they, had seen more of the world, had read some of my Shakspeare and other English authors; so when we were left to our own endeavors, only the subjects and occasion of the speech or narrative being given, I had more thought than any competitors, and more general acquired knowledge. The substance and thought in my compositions told their tale and made me winner. I have known the like victory of other English students over French in similar circumstances. Thought is what counts in a written speech more than diction.

In the Autumn of 1860, I entered the scholasticate of the Marist Fathers, near Toulon and Hieres, at Montbel, a beautiful property well tilled and planted, besides being admirably irrigated by a large barrage, where, as a rule, the summer knew no rain for three months or more. Here, to my delight, I unexpectedly found several of my college mates, and our agreeable surprise was mutual. We had kept to ourselves, as advised, our desire to become priests, St. Chamond being a college that trained in classics for all careers. Here also I found John Ireland (later Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota) and Thomas O'Gorman (later Bishop of Sioux Falls). I subsequently formed a friendship with John Ireland, and, to a certain extent, with Thomas O'Gorman, that lasted our lifetime, growing warmer as time went on. John Ireland was in theology when

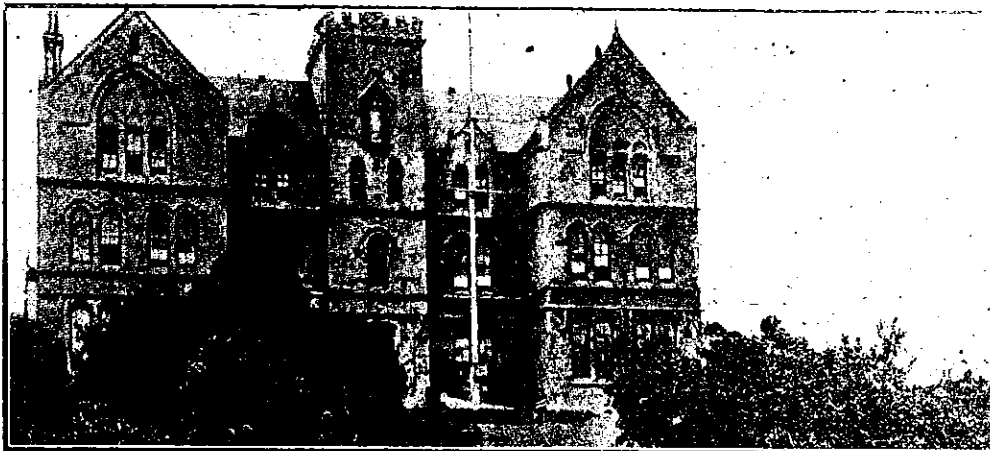
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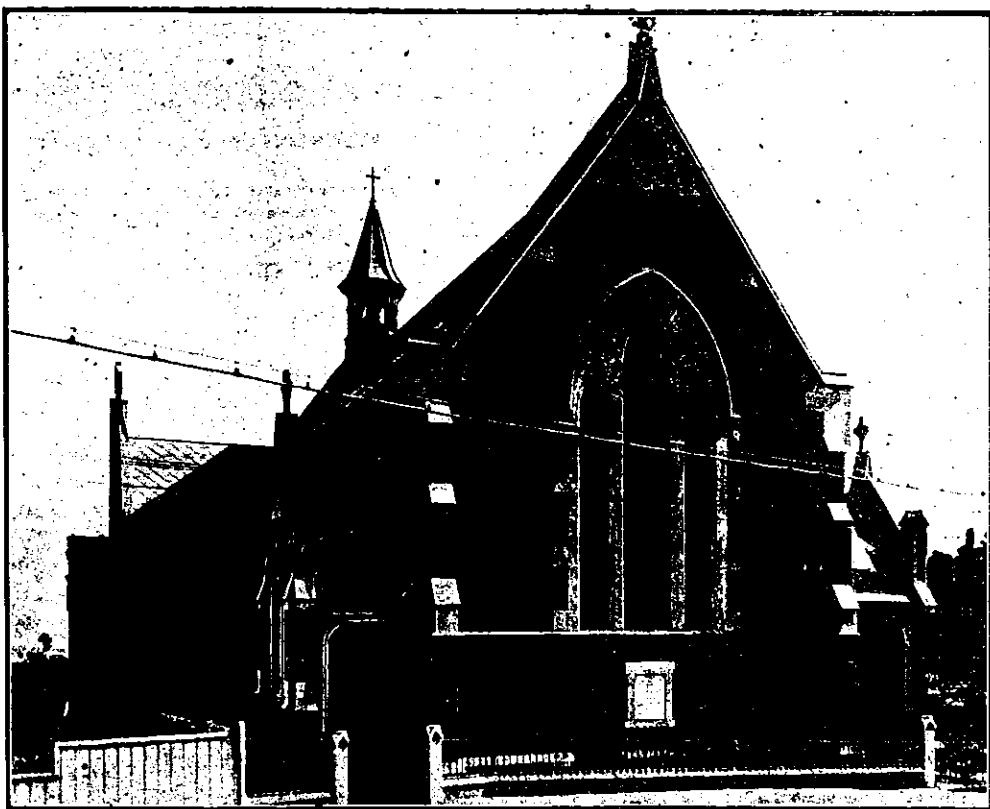
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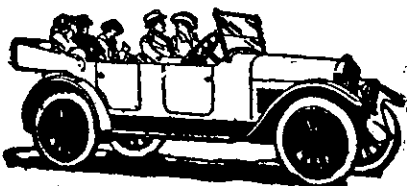
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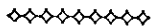
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O'Gorman and I were in philosophy. This was so in the beginning: afterwards we all three read together the same treatise. Ireland and O'Gorman were never intended to be Marists, whereas I aspired to join the Society, of which I am proud to be a member—and the first Archbishop of the same Society.

How came these two seculars to be my fellow-students in a Marist Scholasticate? Here is the explanation. Bishop Cretin, the first Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, was a great friend of the saintly founder of the Society of Mary, Father Colin. John Ireland, and Thomas O'Gorman were boys of slightly different ages from Ireland, and both, in Bishop Cretin's mind, were promising candidates for the priesthood. Accordingly, he sent them for their classical course to Meximieux (Ain), France. The little Seminary there, which once had Father Colin for its superior, was noted for its good studies; and there, indeed, the two boys got an excellent classical training up to philosophy. Bishop Cretin, who wanted them looked after more especially than was possible in the great Seminary of Lyons, appealed to his friend for a great and exceptional favor, namely, that the two boys should follow the Marist course of philosophy and theology, observe the common rule, but should be exempt from the special Marist religious training. For once—to oblige his friend—Father Colin granted the favor, never to be repeated; and thus I came to know them. At the end of their theological course they both were ordained in America, and there finished their glorious careers.

On the advice of my spiritual director, I interrupted my studies in order to settle my vocation and make my year's novitiate at St. Foy near Lyons. And one day, only one day, after its termination, the Provincial of Paris, Father Martin, S.M., came to claim me, to replace in Dundalk, Ireland, a professor of Latin and Greek, Mr. Reid, who had fallen ill, and a substitute was urgently needed. I was in due time to make my vows and finish my ecclesiastical studies in Ireland, which I afterwards did. We started, Father Martin and I, by the express train for Paris, the next morning, and, by the fastest possible trains and steamers reached Dundalk in May, 1863. There and then I took the place vacated by Mr. Reid.



Archbishop Redwood's Life

(Extracts from his *Reminiscences*.)

A PROFESSOR IN IRELAND.

During the year after my arrival in Dundalk, namely 1864, I continued to teach Latin and Greek to the school-boys, at St. Mary's College, while I resumed, as a Marist scholastic, my study of theology, both dogmatic and moral. My professors were Very Rev. Father Leterrier, S.M., Superior of the house, and Father Pestre, S.M., both eminent theologians. For erudition in theology it were hard to find Father Pestre's equal. He had studied profoundly and analysed, pen in hand, all the greatest theological masters, ancient and modern. Father Leterrier was also a deep and well-read theologian, and a man who had thoroughly assimilated his book-knowledge and made it his own. He was more remarkable for deep and original thinking than for erudition.

While part of my day was spent in teaching Latin and Greek, I had to employ the rest in theological study, and in giving to the Marist scholastics a course of rhetoric and English literature; and, in addition, at a later period, I gave some lectures to the students on the dignity and duties of the priesthood. Among the scholars was J. J. Grimes, afterwards first Bishop of Christchurch, but then teacher of English to the college boys, while still, like myself, a student in theology and other branches of ecclesiastical knowledge. He had studied classics in the Marist College, at Bar-le-Duc (France).

We led a hard and strenuous life. The rule, too, in the first years of the Marist Fathers' residence in Dundalk, was over severe for the Irish climate; tea and water were our only beverage, except on feast-days. We rose from bed at 4 a.m., for a year or two; and generally our austere lives won for us, with the people who frequented our lowly chapel, the name of the "Holy Fathers." One of the local clergy once said to Father Crouzet, S.M., the

procurator: "Ah! you get up at four in the morning—you won't do that long in Ireland, in our short winter days and long nights, your gas bill will cure you of that. Fancy artificial light from three in the afternoon till 8 a.m. next day." He was right; our rising hour was made six. Our beverage allowance was also advantageously altered, not to speak of our improved diet. The Continental regime was replaced by the Irish.

Among my pupils in the college was Felix Watters, for whom, in later years, I obtained from Leo XIII. the dignity of *ad honorem* Doctor of Divinity, and whom I chose as first Rector of St. Patrick's College, Wellington. I taught him Latin and Greek, and I may say he was an apt student.

On January 6 (Feast of the Epiphany), 1864, I made my religious profession and so became a Marist. In that year, also, I received Tonsure, Minor Orders, and Subdeaconship. In 1865 I was ordained Deacon, and on June 6 of the same year, at Maynooth, I was raised to the high and awful dignity of the priesthood. I went to Maynooth purposely for the ordination on the morrow, and the whole of the night of June 5, I spent in prayer. I may remark, by the way, that it was strange how many different prelates helped to promote me to the priesthood. I was confirmed at Lyons by Cardinal de Bouald, in his private chapel, during the year of my fifth class at St. Chamond. I received Tonsure and Minor Orders from Bishop Whelan at All Hallows, Dublin; Subdeaconship from Archbishop Cullen (not yet Cardinal), in his private chapel, Dublin; Deaconship from Archbishop Dixon, in the chapel of the nuns of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at Armagh; and priesthood from Dr. Whelan, formerly Bishop of Bombay. My first Mass was a high Mass in the Marists' chapel of Dundalk. It was by my ordination, at Armagh, that I came to know the nuns of the Sacred Heart, for whom I often said Mass in their chapels, in or near Dublin; and when, in later years, Father Chatagnier, S.M., wanted to establish them in Timaru, I went to America to get them from Maryville, St. Louis. Timaru was their first house west of the Pacific.

Shortly after, another intellectual burden was put upon me: I had to prepare myself for the degree of licentiate in theology, while Father Pestre was to obtain the Doctorate, though already, in theological science, he was pre-eminently a Doctor, and fit to examine his examiners. His examination, when it did come off, was most brilliant, and his eloquence in Latin astonished the Board of Examiners. Later on, he sat with the Board that examined me for the licentiate. This Board of Examiners in Dublin was procured by the favor and influence of Mgr. Woodlock—a great friend of Father Leterrier—from the renowned College of Maynooth. Two professors from Maynooth, together with Rev. Father O'Reilly, S.J., and Father Pestre, formed the board at my examination.

To obtain his Doctorate Father Pestre had to present a hundred theses in writing, and stand an oral examination upon them. I, for the licentiate, was to undergo an oral examination upon an ordinary course of dogmatic and moral theology, and to write a given thesis, with no assistance but a Bible. My oral examination lasted four hours, two in the morning and two in the afternoon; and in the same afternoon I wrote in two hours and a half my thesis. The oral examination was all in Latin, which I then spoke very fluently, and was but a series of objections taken from any tract of theology at the examiner's option. In none of the objections was I unable to find a principle of solution, and so answer to the objector's satisfaction. I was successful also in my written thesis, and thus won my licentiate degree. So intense was my struggle with the varied and subtle objections that, both morning and afternoon, the two hours seemed to me about three-quarters of an hour. I owed a deep debt of gratitude to good Father Pestre, who assisted me so much for my examination, and discussed with me, again and again, the most formidable objections to be found in a course of theology. This stood me in good stead at the oral examination.

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August, 1867, brought on in Dundalk an attack of pneumonia which nearly proved fatal. I blessed God for it afterwards, because it procured for me a visit to Rome and the sojourn of a winter in that Eternal City. It happened thus: My attack of pneumonia had been in October, and the most distinguished doctor in Dublin, consulted on the matter, forbade me to spend the coming winter in Ireland; so my superiors were compelled to send me to winter in a warmer climate on the Continent. I went at first to Lyons (France), and while I was there who should come along but my venerable predecessor in the See of Wellington, Dr. Viard, and his chaplain, Father Tresallet, S.M. Dr. Viard had come to attend the Vatican Council about to be held in 1869, and my Superior General, Very Rev. Father Favre, S.M., and Father Yardin, S.M., well-known afterwards in Wellington, were to spend with him the winter in Rome. I obtained, as a great favor, from my general, who invariably was all kindness to me, the permission to be one of the privileged party. I shall never forget the extraordinary impression made upon me at the first sight of Rome with St. Peter's noble dome towering above the "City of the Soul"—as Byron aptly calls it. We started by train from Lyons and spent a night and a day in Marseilles. There was no railway yet from Marseilles to Rome, so we had to go by steamer to Civita Vecchia and thence by rail, 40 miles, to Rome. We embarked at night and during all the night underwent a terrific thunderstorm and a rough sea. I was in the same cabin as Very Rev. Father Favre, and, in the midst of the almost continuous claps of loudest thunder, an old rooster in a crate on deck, never failed to mark the watches of the night with his faithful instinctive crows. Father Favre drew my attention to this fact, despite the painful tossing of the ship. We arrived next afternoon in clear, bright weather, and took the train at Civita Vecchia. What a train! How slow, how ill-equipped, how mean in every respect! And what stations along the line! And what commodities! Disgraceful compared with all other railways I had ever seen. Father Favre commented forcibly and indignantly on its sad condition. "What a pity," he said, "that when the Papal Government attempted to build a railway, it did not achieve the work properly! Such an exhibition of failure lends a handle to all the fiercest enemies of the Temporal Power to mock and scorn. A good line might as well have been built as this bad, disgraceful one." We reached Rome at last in a delightful Italian evening after a gorgeous sunset.

What a delightful winter I spent in Rome! Father General most kindly furnished me with the best works he knew upon Rome, ancient and modern, and I devoured them from cover to cover. I had nothing to do but take care of my health and avoid going out in the keen morning air till the streets were warmed by the sun; and then study the books about the churches, shrines, catacombs, monuments of Rome, and, when I had stored my mind and fired my imagination about these treasures of antiquity and art, to go and visit them, again and again, at my leisure and inclination, often book in hand. At spare moments I wrote my impressions in all their vividness, and my letters, on receipt in Dundalk, were read in the refectory to the Marist scholastics, much, I was told, to their delight. What became of those letters I know not: at all events, they kept me in touch with my confreres and them with Rome.

BACK TO ERIN.

I returned to Ireland, in 1869, cured of my chest complaint, and was made Professor of Dogma to the Marist scholastics removed to Dublin. Fathers Leterrier, Pestre, and I spent several happy years at 89 Lower Leeson Street. I had with my Superior-General a private audience with his Holiness Pope Pius IX; and got his paternal blessing. When the time came for me to bid farewell to the City of the Popes, I felt a keen pang of sorrow, at the thought I should never set my eyes upon it again. I would fain have kissed the sacred soil so often drenched with the prolific blood of countless martyrs. How little dreamt I then that I should in my long lifetime return again and again and again to the Holy City, and have repeated audiences with four successive Popes—Pius, Leo,

Pius, and Benedict. Who knows? Perhaps I shall yet be favored to approach the sacred person of the present Pope Pius XI., ere I quit this vale of exile and tears.

Lower Leeson Street, has now a very flourishing day-school of which Dr. Watters, S.M., on his return to Ireland, at the end of his Rectorship in St. Patrick's College, Wellington, was made Superior, and where he died. He was shot—in all probability by the sentry—as he was leaving a house, over a mile away from Leeson Street, where he had called for a few minutes to inquire about the funeral of a priest. The military authorities published the news that he had been shot by a stray-ball at his own door. He was brought home the day after he was wounded, and lingered for a week, dying a most holy death. The authorities, when requested, refused to correct the first false news—another stain upon their much tarnished memory. I took care to have the correct version, given by his successor, Father McVicars, S.M., published in the *New Zealand Tablet*. A fine stone monument, erected to his memory, may be seen to-day in Glasnevin Cemetery.

EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION.

At the close of the Vatican Council my predecessor, Dr. Viard, returned to New Zealand, and shortly after fell ill. My superiors immediately began negotiations with Rome for my appointment as his Coadjutor, and, during the negotiations, he died, in 1872. Two years afterwards, when Dr. Moran (Bishop of Dunedin) had, by direction of the Holy See, visited the Diocese of Wellington, and made his favorable report upon it, I was appointed Bishop of Wellington in 1874, at the age of not quite 35 years—being then the youngest Bishop in the world. I was destined through God's mercy to become, by consecration, the senior Bishop in the Catholic world, and that is my unique distinction to-day.

While I was Professor of Dogma in Leeson Street, I preached for Father Verdon—afterwards Bishop of Dunedin—a retreat to the students of Clonliffe Ecclesiastical College of which he was then Rector. Little did I then think that I should be, in the future, the principal agent to bring about his election to the See of Dunedin, and should preach the sermon at his consecration by Cardinal Moran, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin.

As soon as the question arose of my likely appointment as Coadjutor to Dr. Viard, my superiors withdrew me from the teaching of theology and brought me to Sainte Foy-les-Lyon (Rhône), France, that I might be available when wanted, and that I might have leisure to study the duties of a Bishop. It also gave me the opportunity to recover my command of the French language, which, after I became Bishop of Wellington, I utilised to address large French audiences in various cities, in reference to New Zealand and the Marist Missions generally. I never wrote these addresses or sermons, but only thought them out carefully and then relied on improvisation for their diction, which came fluently without effort.

I received the news of my appointment to the See of Wellington on the 29th of January, 1874, Feast of my Patron, St. Francis of Sales. When, at an earlier date, my Superior General proposed to me his desire to have me elevated to the Episcopate I was staggered; but when, on reflection, I decided that obedience was the best proof of humility and the surest sign of God's will, I accepted the awful dignity and tremendous responsibility, trusting in God and the "Star of the Sea." I had never, as God knows, desired and never asked to return to New Zealand after my profession as a Marist. I put myself entirely into the hands of my superiors to go where they wished and do what they commanded, all the days of my life: my sacrifice of home and country was absolute, and, as far as dependent on me, irrevocable. And thus, in my poor person, was again signally verified the truth of the sacred words: "An obedient man shall speak of victory." (Prov. xxi. 28.)

Archbishop Manning (not yet Cardinal), at my request, most graciously consented to consecrate me in St. Ann's Marist Church, London. I chose myself St. Patrick's Day for the consecration. And why? Because I

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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 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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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



RIGHT REV. J. DARNAND, S.M., Apia, Samoa.
Vicar-Apostolic of the Navigators' Islands.
Who attended the celebrations in honor of Archbishop
Redwood's Golden Episcopal Jubilee.

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.

Archbishop Redwood—An Appreciation

(By P. J. O'REGAN.)

Archbishop Redwood's long life extends over New Zealand's existence as a civilised country, and as Disraeli once wrote, if we would learn history we should read biography. In those delightful *Reminiscences* published by his Grace a few years since, we get a compendious picture of the pioneer settler's life in those far-off days when our country comprised only a few isolated settlements. Dr. Redwood tells us that his family came to New Zealand under the auspices of the New Zealand Company, and this reminds me that it was the desire of the Wakefields, who shaped the colonising policy of the company, to make the new nation, as far as possible, a replica of the United Kingdom. Doubtless it was in conformity with that policy that Catholics formed no inconsiderable number of the first colonists, for, whatever may have been the faults of the Wakefields, they were certainly free from anti-Catholic prejudices, though it must be owned that they deliberately excluded "the Milesian Irish," to use Edward Gibbon Wakefield's own phrase. There could be no more admirable portrayal of the life of the early settler than that presented by the Archbishop in his *Reminiscences*, a perusal of which will bring home to the reader the great changes which have come to pass in a life-time. We find the future Archbishop living in a tent, we see timber hurriedly improvised from the primeval forest, we see the tent superseded by a homely wooden house in the bush clearing, and we behold the settler and his family braving the hardships of a pioneer's life. It must be owned, however, that there was a pleasant side to that rough, simple, and lonely life, and many New Zealanders will join with the Archbishop in regretting that advancing civilisation has made irreparable havoc of our beautiful birds, that never again will it be possible for the settler or his sons to replenish the family larder by an incursion into the forest where abounded the wild pigeons. Verily, we who remember all this have seen a New Zealand which has gone irrevocably!

EARLY DAYS OF COLONISATION.

Notwithstanding the Arcadian simplicity of life at the inception of colonisation, however, we would not expect it to be fruitful in vocations for the priesthood, particularly when we bear in mind that the Catholic settler lived amidst neighbors of whom the great majority were Protestant. Nevertheless, we learn from the *Reminiscences* that young Redwood's aspirations for the priesthood were early discovered to Father Garin, a devoted French priest whose memory is green in the Nelson district to-day. Once the choice had been made the youth acted on it with unflinching fidelity, and soon we find him giving up father and mother to follow Him who said: "My kingdom is not of this world." His fine mental gifts must have impressed his superiors, for we find him a Bishop at the early age of thirty-five, and surely it was fitting that he should have been assigned to New Zealand. Notwithstanding the fact that the earlier promoters of colonisation had discouraged the immigration of Irishmen, circumstances arose later involving a considerable influx of Irish Catholic settlers. I allude, of course, to the gold discoveries, made when the New Zealand Company was no more. To a much greater extent than is usually realised the goldfields were responsible for the large influx of Irish immigrants both to Australia and New Zealand, and thus was the deliberate omission in both countries more than repaired. Accordingly when Francis Redwood became Bishop of Wellington the vast majority of his flock were Irish. Here, let me state that, in my opinion, the success which has attended his Episcopate, is largely due to the fact that from the outset he gained the complete confidence of Irishmen. We know that there are English Catholics who entertain towards Ireland and Irishmen that sentiment of hostility and coldness which, though comprehensible and excusable in Protestant Englishmen, can scarcely be reconciled with Catholic principles. Doubtless this sentiment has its roots deep in that tradition, so flattering to Imperialist pride, that Ireland is a conquered country and its people an

inferior race. "I am a Roman citizen," was a boast born of the conqueror's pride, but the Empire that inspired it has long since ceased to be, while from the conquered "hostes" have sprung great and free notions!

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

As for the people of Ireland, it is no more than truth to say that they have never cherished feelings of ill-will against the people of England, that they have always been ready to give their confidence and good-will to any Englishman who sympathised with their national aspirations. If Ireland has remained Catholic in spite of the terrible upheaval of the 16th century, it remains none the less a fact that the people of England never abandoned the ancient Faith. They were robbed of it by regal tyrants, by Court pandars, by a few faithless ecclesiastics, but never with their own free consent. Moreover, the history of the period covered by the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth is studded with the names of men who cheerfully faced death for the Faith, even as their spiritual ancestors did in the days of Nero and Diocletian. We may not recall all this sufficiently often, but it is true none the less that the people of Ireland have never been unmindful that, no matter what their quarrel may be with official England, they cannot regard their neighbors across the Channel other than as friends, since they participate with them in the great heritage of Christendom. I repeat that it is mainly because he has ever evinced the deepest sympathy for Ireland that the Archbishop of Wellington has long since won the hearts of his Catholic flock who own the patronage of St. Patrick. Speaking recently in Wellington, the Archbishop of Melbourne paid an appropriate compliment to our beloved Metropolitan. "When Ireland had few friends," he said, "Archbishop Redwood was one of them," and their applause showed that the audience fully appreciated the tribute.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARCHBISHOP

My own recollections of the Archbishop go back to the early days of the West Coast, where practically the entire Catholic community was Irish, as indeed it is to this day. Nothing could exceed the cordiality and affection with which the miners—we called them diggers in those days—greeted their spiritual chief, and any Englishman, even a Bishop, were more than human if he could repress a secret pride that he gained so completely the sympathy and affections of an Irish community. Never has his Grace missed an opportunity of manifesting his sympathy with Ireland. Thus he was at pains to be consecrated a Bishop on St. Patrick's Day. When in the fulness of time he was able to found an institution for the higher education of Catholic youth, he named it after St. Patrick, and I recall the fact that, preaching in St. Mary's Cathedral in Sydney long ago, he paid a warm tribute to the work done in Australia and New Zealand by the children of Ireland for the Catholic faith. Not a few readers of the *Tablet* will remember that when William Redmond visited this country in 1883, he was assailed with the most truculent and unreasonable hostility. On that occasion not a few of the friends of Ireland quailed before the storm, but not so the Bishop of Wellington. In the face of a public opinion made hostile by unscrupulous cable and press propaganda, he allowed his clergy the fullest liberty to cooperate with their countrymen in welcoming their representative visitor.

OTHER EMINENT CHURCHMEN.

In one of his delightful volumes, the late Mr. Wilfrid Blunt describes a visit he paid to Cardinal Manning in 1885. He found the Cardinal alone, and calmly, even cheerfully, contemplating his approaching end, and he tells us that the impression made upon him was that there is nothing more edifying than the old age of a religious. In every age and in every country since the Christian era the Catholic Church has afforded numerous illustrations of this truth, and in spite of itself, as it were, an unfriendly world has been impelled to bear witness to the respect inspired by old age when made more conspicuous by the bright light of a selfless and exemplary life. Leo XIII., a frail old man of ninety, admonished the world, and the world hushed its clamor to listen. When Cardinal Gibbons died at the age of ninety-three, Americans of all parties united in testifying to his great influence for good in the

greatest of republics. A great dock strike brought London shipping to a standstill, and his countrymen applauded Cardinal Manning, then eighty years old, when he intervened and by sheer moral influence, ended the struggle in a victory for the workers. Our Metropolitan has had his lot cast in a narrower sphere, in a smaller community, but he has found much to do, and he has done all things well. He has seen the Church grow and flourish in New Zealand. He has become, as it were, part of the Church and its works, and at the age of eighty-five he remains, a

striking figure, an indefinable personal force, in a community mainly non-Catholic. In no small degree the prestige he enjoys has been enhanced by the long life which it has pleased Providence to vouchsafe to him. New Zealanders will rejoice with him on the completion of his fifty years of labor in the vineyard of the Redeemer, and we pray that, looking across the wide chasm of the years separating him from the home of his childhood, he may yet gather fresh inspiration to shape the destinies of the Catholic Church in this fruitful land.

Archbishop Redwood's Golden Episcopal Jubilee

Impressive Celebrations. Masterly Discourse by Archbishop Clune. Magnificent Procession. Thrilling Scenes of Devotion.

The greatest religious celebration ever held in New Zealand was held in Wellington on Sunday last (says the *N.Z. Times*), when the representatives of the Catholic Church in all their splendor, dignity and beauty, marched in procession from Hill Street to St. Patrick's College to do honor to one of the grand old citizens of the Dominion, his Grace Archbishop Redwood, who is celebrating his Golden Jubilee as a Bishop.

An official Mass was celebrated at the Basilica, Hill Street, in the morning, and at it Archbishop Clune, of Perth, delivered a sermon, which, other considerations apart, was an oratorical masterpiece.

The great procession moved off from Hill Street at three in the afternoon, and the head of the column was nearly at its destination in Buckle Street before the last of the line began its march. The route was thronged with thousands upon thousands of people, and one of the features of the day was the perfect respect shown to all who took part in the proceedings. It was a tribute paid by all creeds to Archbishop Redwood and his flock.

In the evening special services were held in all the Catholic churches.

HIGH MASS AT THE BASILICA.

It was proper, and in accordance with the best traditions of Catholic practice, that the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of his Grace Archbishop Redwood, which commenced on Sunday in Wellington, should have taken the form of one of the most magnificent religious demonstrations ever recorded in the Southern Hemisphere.

PERFECT WEATHER.

The public of Wellington, both Catholic and non-Catholic, were on the tip-toe of expectation of the event, and all were unanimous in wishing that nothing would occur to mar the full and ordered carrying out of the programme which had been drawn up with such painstaking care and consummate ability. As if in direct answer to the prayers of an expectant populace, the day which broke dull and overcast cleared later to one of purest azure skies and brilliant sunshine.

PROCESSION OF DIGNITARIES.

The ceremonies opened with the celebration of Solemn High Mass at his Grace Archbishop Redwood's Pro-Cathedral in Hill Street at 10 a.m., and long before the appointed hour the faithful had begun to assemble in its vicinity. By 10 o'clock there was a solid press of people from Molesworth Street to the Basilica, all eager to catch a glimpse of the procession of Church dignitaries as they moved from the rear of the church to the front entrance.

HEADED BY THE CROSS.

By the exertions of the police, who rendered tireless assistance throughout the whole proceedings, a lane was cleared through the densely packed throng, and the procession wound down with slow and solemn tread along

Hill Street beside the church, up the steps, and in at the main door. Coming up the aisle there appeared first the cross-bearer, the Rev. Father Cullen, bearing aloft in both hands the sign of that faith of which he, in whose honor that vast assemblage had gathered, was such a shining ornament. Then came two acolytes in surplice and soutane, followed by the altar boys walking four abreast. The Archbishop's own altar boys led, distinguishable by their purple cuffs, and then the rest in plain black and white. After them there wound through the arches of the doorway and up the aisle over one hundred priests in the various robes of their Orders, including the heads of the Marist, Sacred Heart, Mill Hill, Jesuit, Franciscan, and Dominican Orders, and then the Monsignori in serried ranks of purple. Next followed the bishops, all of them bearing the dignity of grey hairs, some bent with the weight of years, others still proudly erect, but all of their faces touched with that calm seraphic peace which is purchased only at the price of a lifetime spent in the service of their Divine Master. In the order in which they entered they were:—Bishop Darnand, S.M., Samoa; Bishop Cleary, Auckland; Bishop Brodie, Christchurch; Bishop Whyte, Dunedin; Bishop Shiel, Rockhampton, Queensland; Bishop O'Farrell, New South Wales; Bishop R. Dwyer, Wagga Wagga; Bishop J. Dwyer, Maitland; Bishop O'Connor, Armidale; Bishop McCarthy, Sandhurst; Bishop Foley, Ballarat; Bishop Hayden, Wilcannia-Forbes; Bishop Liston, Auckland. There next appeared the Archbishops, a still more venerable company, comprising: Archbishop Kelly, of Sydney; Archbishop Mannix, Melbourne; Archbishop Spence, Adelaide; Archbishop Duhig, Brisbane; Archbishop Clune, Perth, W.A.; Archbishop Barry (Coadjutor), Hobart; Archbishop Sheehan (Coadjutor), Sydney; Archbishop O'Shea (Coadjutor), Wellington. Then came the Papal Delegate to Australia and New Zealand, his Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo, and his Grace Archbishop Redwood, with firm step and head erect, despite his 85 years and life of constant labor in a pioneer country.

CELEBRATION OF MASS.

As the procession advanced up the church, the picked choir, chosen from all the city churches, broke into the inspiring "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" (Elgar) and immediately everyone was in their places, Archbishop Redwood advanced to the altar, and the celebration of the Mass commenced. The celebrant of the Mass was the jubilarian himself, his Grace Archbishop Redwood, who was assisted by the Rev. Father Whelan, C.S.S.R., as deacon and Rev. Father Moloney, S.M., as subdeacon. The deacons of honor to his Grace were Monsignor Power, of Hawera, and Archdeacon Devoy (Island Bay), while Monsignor McKenna performed the office of assistant priest. Dr. Casey, S.M., filled the position of master of ceremonies. His Excellency Archbishop Cattaneo occupied the throne opposite Archbishop Redwood's, and was attended as deacons of honor by the Rev. Father O'Connell and the Rev. Father McManus. During the course of the Mass the choir sang a series of magnificent musical numbers, these being the Proper of the Mass (plain chant), "Messe Solennelle"

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(Gounod), offertory, "Ave Maria" (Elgar), responses (plain chant), "Te Deum" (plain chant). Mrs. Quirk was conductress of the choir, and the director of the plain chant was the Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., M.A., the organist being Mr. Paul Cullen.

THE OCCASIONAL SERMON.

The sermon, a magnificently-conceived and delivered eulogy of the life and work of Archbishop Redwood, was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Clune, C.S.S.R., Archbishop of Perth, who after reading the following letter from the Pope delivered his panegyric:—

THE POPE'S CONGRATULATIONS: AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM PIUS XI.

From the Cardinal Secretary of State at the Vatican, his Grace Archbishop Redwood received on Sunday at the hands of his Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo (the Papal Delegate to Australia and New Zealand), the following autograph letter, in which his Holiness Pope Pius XI. conveys his congratulations on the memorable occasion, then being celebrated:

Venerable Brother: Health and the Apostolic Benediction.

What scarcely ever happens to anyone even in the course of a very long life is, through a singular mercy of God, about to happen to you. For in the coming month of February you are about to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of your Episcopate. We learn with great satisfaction that your people eagerly look forward to the religious and secular celebrations which will mark this rare and wonderful event, setting the seal on an episcopal career unusually rich in fruitful results.

We have also learned with great pleasure that almost the whole of the Australian Hierarchy will attend the celebrations, a proof of their esteem and affection, which must fill with joy your heart and the hearts of your people. May we, therefore, join our congratulations and good wishes to theirs in honoring the senior Bishop of the Catholic world, than whom none lives on earth to-day more deserving of honor.

Therefore, Venerable Brother We pray that you, who, despite your eighty-four years, are still vigorous in mind and body, may be preserved for many more years to the affection and the veneration of your flock.

Furthermore, We pray that He, Whose Vice-Regent We are, may shed upon you in abundance the blessings which He always accords to the spiritual leaders who are deserved well of His Church.

And, to ensure that the fiftieth anniversary of your episcopate may be attended with a special grace and blessing to your people. We grant to all whom, on that day, you will bless in Our name, a Plenary Indulgence, to be gained on the usual conditions.

As a token of Our paternal affection, and as an earnest of Divine favors, We hereby impart to you and your people Our Apostolic Benediction.

Given in Rome at the See of St. Peter, on the third day of January, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four, and the second year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS P.P. XI.

DR. CLUNE'S SERMON.

"Simon the High Priest in his life propped up the House, and in his days fortified the Temple. . . He took care of his nation and delivered it from destruction. . . He obtained glory in his conversation with the people. . . And as the Sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the Temple of God when he put on the robe of glory and was clothed with the perfection of power. When he went up to the Holy Altar, he honored the vesture of holiness. . . And about him was the ring of his brethren. . . And as the branches of palm-trees, they stood round about him, and all the sons of Aaron in their glory. . . And the singers lifted up their voices, and in the

great house the sound of melody sweet melody was increased. And the people in prayer besought the Lord, the Most High."—Ecclesiasticus c. 50.

Your Excellency, etc.

The Sacred Function that has attracted to this Basilica to-day such a distinguished assemblage of prelates and priests—such a large and representative concourse of laity—though not unprecedented in this Southern Hemisphere, is one that is exceedingly rare even in the history of the Church viz. the Golden Episcopal Jubilee of his Grace, the Archbishop of Wellington. It crowns with an aureole of peerless lustre a career that at different stages has been signalled by unique distinctions, and hallowed by unique marks of Divine pre-dilection. His Grace was the first aspirant that New Zealand sent forth to join the ranks of the priesthood. His departure on the 8th of December, 1854—the ever memorable date of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, seems to have established a very tender bond between him and the Immaculate Mother under whose sheltering mantle he travelled to pursue his studies in France. And we seem to be able to trace the influence of her special care and love in the after-life of her protégé. For he became later Bishop of a diocese that was specially dedicated to her, and the most illustrious member of the Order of Mary in those parts—of that Marist Order whose privilege and glory it has been to nurture and tend with zeal and heroic sacrifice the infant life of the Church in New Zealand, which has taken such deep root and spread with such luxuriant splendor in New Zealand soil—an Order whose growth and whose work like the life and work of its noblest episcopal son have been entwined so closely with the life and growth of the

Church in the Archdiocese of Wellington.

At his Grace's consecration in 1874 he was one of the youngest bishops in the Church. To-day, though not the oldest in years, he is, I believe, the oldest in unimpaired, unbroken, and active tenure of the episcopal office—a tenure that will in less than a month overspan half a century of time. Yet, despite the burden of years, and the tremendous mental and physical strain, which the occupancy of such an exalted and responsible office, and the possession of such pre-eminent talents necessarily involved, we give thanks to Almighty God this morning that in the case of our venerable Jubilarian age has not outrun time—that it has not appreciably dimmed nor dulled the clearness and vigor of that versatile mind, nor atrophied the physical energies, nor quenched the restless fires of zeal and charity within that virile frame that for 50 years have burnt so brightly and warmly *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. But when I come to the execution of the task allotted to me this morning, my courage fails, my heart sinks. For the perspective is so dazzling, the survey so vast—the line of life so long stretching back to and beyond the Treaty of Waitangi;—the texture of that long Episcopal life is so brilliantly and richly colored;—the riches and resources of that highly cultivated mind are so hidden away under that amiable and unostentatious simplicity of manner, which has so endeared his Grace to all who have come in contact with him, which ever gives a nameless grace to true genius and excellence;—again all that is most precious in that episcopal life, all that is holiest in the virtues that ever adorned it "so hidden with Christ in God" (i Col. 3. v. 3)—that in my bewilderment and dismay I turn instinctively for light and help to the pages of Holy Scripture. There I hope you and I will find traced out by God's own hand in the beautiful words of my text what my feeble powers could not portray viz. the salient features, the magnificent achievements, the enduring works, and the adorning virtues of the fruitful episcopate of Francis, the great and beloved

High Priest of the New Zealand Church.

Like his glorious prototype, Simon the Just, his Grace of Wellington "in his life propped up the house, and in his days fortified the Temple" to such an extent that he became

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its trained and skilful law-giver, its cultured protagonist, its mightiest bulwark, the beacon-light in its watch-tower ever flooding his own diocese with the clear warm light of Divine truth, and periodically flashing the polished shafts of that light with meteoric brilliancy not only throughout the Dominion but across the Tasman Sea to the Australian Commonwealth as well. To get some idea of the magnitude of the work accomplished, we have to go back to his consecration on the Feast of St. Patrick, 1874, "when he put on the robe of glory and was clothed with the perfection of power." A brief survey of the difficulties that confronted him, and of the scanty material within reach for fortifying and consolidating the Temple of God, will give us an idea of the courage, and the wisdom and the physical endurance needed to successfully discharge all the duties appertaining to his exalted and responsible office, and a glance at the flourishing condition of the magnificently equipped Archdiocese of Wellington to-day will show us how faithfully, how zealously his Grace "has taken care of his people" and how adequately and richly he has supplied all their spiritual needs. The Diocese of Wellington was then only in the chrysalis stage of its development, poor in resources and equipment, rich in the immensity and productivity of its vast territory, in the perennial beauty of its foliage and verdure, in its pastoral, agricultural and mineral wealth, but above all rich in the possession of a Chief Pastor who like the Patriarchs of old "ever walked before God." With only seventeen priests to break the bread of life to the eight or nine thousand Catholics scattered over the vast area now comprising the

Archdiocese of Wellington,

with only thirty unpretentious churches in which to preach the Word of God and feed the lambs of Christ—with only a few Catholic schools and a tiny pioneer band of that illustrious teaching Order, the Sisters of Mercy, to which the Church throughout Australasia is so much indebted—the problems confronting the young Bishop at the threshold of his episcopal career were many and complex. But when we call to mind who he was, and the intellectual and spiritual equipment with which he was endowed, we cease to marvel at the signal success of his administration, at the undaunted spirit displayed by him in the laborious and perilous discharge of duty in those far-off days when modes of transit were primitive, and at the splendid provision made for the various elements and needs of a rapidly expanding Catholic population. The son of that old Staffordshire stock, that could not be torn from the faith by all the savage ferocity and the crippling disabilities of the Penal Laws, was not one to be daunted or deterred by difficulties or dangers in the discharge of duty, by swollen rivers, impassable gorges, angry seas. Nor was his unshaken confidence in God to be weakened by the paucity of priests and religious teachers, nor by the scanty material resources at his command.

Among the contributing factors of his Grace's glorious record in Wellington I place in the forefront *his personal holiness of life*. Though no witnesses survive to tell us of the purity and piety of his early years, of those forewarnings of grace, which marked him like the youthful Timothy for the ministry to which his life was devoted, his selection by that saintly and discerning man of God, Father Garin, is sufficient evidence that his boyhood gave early promise of the virtues that adorned his life, and that the signs of his heavenly vocation were early manifest in the grace and wisdom wherein he grew. Of him as

Priest, Bishop, and Archbishop

it may be truly said in the words of my text that "when he went up to the Holy Altar, he honored the vesture of holiness." "And as the sun shineth, so did he shine in the Temple of God" by the brilliancy of his intellectual attainments, but even more I will venture to say by that radiant purity of heart and soul, that unaffected holiness, which has made that long span of life luminous as light in the New Zealand Church. This ever clarified and spiritualised his vision, for "the clean of heart see God." It gave an irresistible force and charm to the living word

issuing from the lips of one "ever faithful as the steward of God." It purified the springs of all the multiple activities crowded into that long life. It exhibited a picture of daily beauty that God contemplated with delight, and priests and people with ever increasing reverence. It merited as we believe and procured for him a rich and constant infusion of heavenly graces and gifts, and thus may I not say that holiness of life has been the source of strength and largely the secret of his successful administration.

Again his Grace "propped up the House, and in his days fortified the Temple" by his faithful life-long observance of the Divine command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and by his singular success in every branch of the Apostolic Ministry of Preaching. Not for purposes of vain-glory did he apply himself so assiduously to the acquisition of theological lore during his long and distinguished course of studies. Not to win human glory or applause did he by a course of general reading with his wonderfully retentive and absorbing powers of memory and mind amass that rich store of knowledge and information by which like the great High Priest of old "he obtained glory in his conversation with the people"—an extrinsic glory that added literary lustre to the virtues of the man of God. No—but because he took to heart early in life St. Paul's advice to his disciple Timothy "Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth" (2 Tim. 3, 15). To rightly handle the word of truth that it might penetrate and sink into the souls of the people was the noble ambition that throbbed through every fibre of his being.

Few among the Prelates of the Australasian Church

have ever handled the Word of Truth with such eloquent force, such dialectic skill, such literary grace, and such convincing oratory. I speak not so much of those occasional displays at functions like the opening of St. Mary's, Sydney, the Requiem for Archbishop Vaughan and so on when mighty audiences were held spell-bound by his oratory. Nor do I refer except in a passing way to those crises when a clear and cogent exposition of the mind and teaching of the Church on social and economic questions was needed except to say that all New Zealand instinctively looked to Wellington for that exposition, and the illustrious head of the Church there never disappointed. I refer more especially to those homely expositions of Catholic doctrine from the pulpit of the Basilica or on his visitations throughout the Archdiocese by which like the High Priest of old "he took care of his nation and delivered them from destruction." Rarely has one heard the great truths of Salvation announced with such clearness, elegance, simplicity, majesty, and lovingness of heart. Rarely did one behold the dignity of the Christian minister, the sublimity of the apostolic office, more fully realised than in that noble form when he stood on predella or pulpit, and flung broadcast the seed of God's word. No wonder "the people were in admiration at his doctrine, for he spoke as one having power" (Matt. 9, 28). Oh, how he appealed to and touched the simple hearts of his people during his visitations in the back-blocks! What light and comfort did he bring to them when he developed the Parables of the Gospel in the language of the people, a language almost as beautiful in its imagery as that in which they were first preached—a language in which he conveyed to the minds of the "bush" audience the most abstruse dogmas of theology and made them as transparent as if clothed in garments of gauze.

Finally, he "propped up the House and in his days fortified the Temple"—solidified and enriched it by his single-minded, enlightened, and whole-hearted zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. That zeal found its beneficent outlet in the laborious and often perilous

Parochial Visitations,

that meant so much sacrifice and self-denial especially in the early days, and in those wise Synodal Laws, the outcome of expert knowledge and

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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

Jubilarian 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

"who in his life propped up the House and in his days fortified the Temple . . . who took care of his nation and delivered it from destruction . . . who obtained glory in his conversation with the people . . . who honored the vesture of holiness when he went up to the Holy Altar, and who shone in the Temple of God as the Sun shineth when he put on the robe of glory and was clothed with the perfection of power."

DECORATION OF CHURCH.

In slow procession the column advanced up the church, the leaders breaking off to their appointed places in the body of the building, while up the steps and into the sanctuary there proceeded Archbishop Redwood, the Papal Delegate, the deacon and subdeacon, and others immediately assisting in the celebration of the Mass.

In the interval which occurred before Mass commenced an opportunity was presented for a closer examination of the interior of the building, which had surely never in its history housed such a brilliant gathering. A simple but strikingly effective scheme of decoration was carried out by means of warmly tinted streamers and trailing ferns which festooned the pillars, framed the white arches with their restful green, and depended in twining ropes from the galleries and window casements. Around the high altar there stood grouped in their golden robes and vestments the celebrant and Papal Delegate with their respective attendants, while beyond in the body of the church were the eight Archbishops, fourteen Bishops, the Monsignori, row upon row of priests, Brothers, Sisters, and then the visiting representatives of the laity of the whole Dominion.

The warm sunshine streaming in through the stained glass windows shed a still richer glow upon the bright masses of color, which, looking down upon it from the galleries over the sanctuary, formed a brilliant mosaic upon the floor of the Basilica.

Official Banquet

Shortly after noon an official banquet was held in St. Francis's Hall, Hill Street. The whole of the visiting and local clergy were present, and the laity were represented in such strong force that the building was filled to the last seat. It was a great and brilliant assemblage, simple withal. Good humor and the festival spirit prevailed.

After the dinner the toast of the "Pope and the King" was proposed by Archbishop O'Shea, and was honored with enthusiasm.

Toast of the Day.

The toast of the day, that of the venerable jubilarian, was proposed by the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo, who expressed his pleasure at being present at such a great gathering. Archbishop Redwood had the admiration of all present. He still looked young, despite his years, and it was the hope of everyone that for many years to come he would enjoy his present robust health.

The toast was supported by the Archbishop of Adelaide, the Most Rev. Dr. Spence, who considered it a privilege to be present to offer congratulations on behalf of the Hierarchy of Australasia. Much had been said of Archbishop Redwood as a great churchman, but he wished to refer to him also as a great citizen. He doubted if New Zealand had ever had a worthier or more loyal citizen. Archbishop Redwood's two delights had been New Zealand and his "Strad." Noted for his love of music, maybe he will be a choirmaster in Heaven.

"A Holy and a Simple Life."

The response for the clergy was made by the Right Rev. Monsignor McKenna, V.G., who welcomed the opportunity of heartily joining in all that had been said. He congratulated Archbishop Redwood on having attained his Jubilee, and expressed the sincere hope that he would yet long be spared. He had attained great age, and had achieved good works innumerable.

For the laity response was made by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Ward, Bart., who was received with prolonged

applause and cheering. Sir Joseph offered his congratulations to the jubilarian. That day men and women from one end of New Zealand to the other rejoiced. One of the great characteristics of the guest of the day was that he had never made any distinction between rich and poor. He was a great humanitarian, and his work on behalf of the orphans, the sick, and the poor was spoken of all through the land. The laymen of New Zealand recognised that Archbishop Redwood had led a holy and a simple life, and that he had shown them an example which they would be proud if they could follow.

The toast was drunk, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was sung, and cheer upon cheer filled the hall.

Archbishop Redwood Speaks.

There was a wonderful demonstration of enthusiasm when Archbishop Redwood rose to reply. He acknowledged the compliment that had been paid him, and thanked the speakers for the kind words that had followed from them. He said he wished he could have realised all the ideals that had been attributed to him, but it was the way of things that we all fell short of what we started out to do. That day he was celebrating his Golden Jubilee. It was a very great change from the time that he as a boy of fifteen left the plains of Nelson to sail for Europe to begin his studies. He was very grateful for what had been done for him and for what had been said. He knew that what had fallen from the men who had spoken was no mere formality, that they were sincere. He thanked all from the bottom of his heart for the manner in which they had drunk his health. He expressed to them his thanks for their great kindness, and his gratitude to Almighty God for sparing him.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea proposed the toast of the visitors, and on behalf of the clergy of Wellington he thanked those who had come—some of them long distances—to honor the Archbishop on his Jubilee. The sight of so great an assemblage was enough to inspire anyone with the greatest enthusiasm. He hoped that now the visitors knew what a beautiful country New Zealand was to spend the summer in, they would come here more often. To everyone of them he wished long life, happiness, and every other blessing God could give.

Archbishop Barry replied for the visitors. He said he regarded it as a privilege to be asked to speak as he was one of the youngest members of the Hierarchy. Since coming to New Zealand they had experienced the wonderful hospitality of the people, and had been charmed with the country. They had thought that surely the New Zealanders were a chosen people who lived in a land studded with many beauties denied to others. They had seen the wonderful children of New Zealand who had laughed into the face of the future, and in whose hands the Church was safe in the years to come. Archbishop Redwood had done almost greater things than had been done in any country in the world. To him all extended their congratulations. The experience of the visitors had been a most pleasant one, and of it one memory would last—the brotherhood with which they had been received and the kindness that had been expended upon them.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Armidale, who had known Archbishop Redwood for forty years, also spoke, describing the guest as a shining light to all in darkness and a tower of strength. He offered his most sincere congratulations.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

At the banquet a message was read from the Governor-General, saying that Lady Jellicoe and himself tendered their very hearty congratulations to Archbishop Redwood on his wonderful record in the history of the Church. They hoped that many years of service and happiness lay before him in which he would be blessed with good health.

The Procession

IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATION: THE PAPAL BLESSING.

Never before in the history of the Catholic Church in New Zealand has its power and solidarity been demonstrated to such a striking degree as it was in the grand and

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

(Continued on Page 35)

A Better Bicycle for 1924 at Batcheler's Southland Cycle Works

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MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

P. M. 1911. P. M.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1924.

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD'S GOLDEN EPISCOPAL JUBILEE

RANCIS Mary Redwood was born on the Tixall estate, Staffordshire, in the year 1839. He came to New Zealand with his parents in 1842. He was ordained priest at Maynooth in 1865; was consecrated Bishop of Wellington by Cardinal Manning, in 1874; became Archbishop of that See and Metropolitan of New Zealand in 1887; and is still happily ruling

his vast diocese in this year of grace, 1924; when we, his spiritual children, are joined by his episcopal brethren in this Dominion, in Australia, and in the Pacific Islands, in celebrating his Golden Episcopal Jubilee. To mark this unique occasion in the history of the Catholic Church under the Southern Cross, twenty-three archbishops and bishops, including the Apostolic Delegate, assembled at Wellington this week, while from every diocese in the Dominion, and from many in Australia, there have also come members of religious orders and representatives of the secular clergy and delegates from various Catholic guilds and societies, who all regard it as a great privilege to be able to participate in the wonderful demonstrations of reverence and esteem organised to honor our venerable Metropolitan.

In another part of this issue we have published for the benefit of our readers at home and abroad the fascinating sketches that tell in his Grace's own words the story of his early life, of his miraculous vocation, and of his singularly successful career as a student in France and as a professor in a college in the Island of Saints and Scholars. We have reproduced also the account given in a London paper, fifty years ago, of his consecration, and of the speeches which on that occasion foretold the future greatness of the young Bishop of Wellington. Other articles in this issue are eloquent of his place in the affections of his own priests and people, and of the special claims to gratitude and admiration which his splendid services for their fatherland have established in the hearts of the sons and daughters of St. Patrick. The perfect organisation of the vast archdiocese which extends from Westport to Wairoa and from the Moka River to Kaikoura; the churches and schools and religious and charitable institutions in the populous parishes of that wide territory; the thriving college in Wellington and the flourishing seminary at Greenmeadows; and numerous ecclesiastical buildings in Christchurch diocese, once part of his See, are all substantial monuments to his apostolic zeal, his wise administration, and his pastoral care for the best interests of the flock committed to his charge. All these are lasting proofs of the extraordinary development of the Catholic Church under his rule for the past fifty years; and they all represent labors given unstintedly for the honor and glory of God and blessed with wonderful fruitfulness by Divine Providence through the passing years. Of that

development and of those labors historians of the Church in these islands will tell in due time, for the edification of future generations; but we cannot help recalling them with pride and admiration on such an occasion as this, for they are the sheaves with which he stands richly laden in the presence of all who hasten to honor him this week. Hardly less striking evidence of his greatness is found in the presence of the prelates who have come from afar to add greater splendor and dignity to his Jubilee, while the special distinction accorded to him by the Holy Father will be the crown of his glory and of his consolation in this memorable week of his life. From Ireland, where he studied and taught as a young priest—from green Erin whom he loves so well—greetings come to him straight from the hearts of the friends who remember him there; from France, where he spent the years of study and prayer that laid the foundations of his success as a bishop, come messages of esteem and affection; from England, his own native land; from America, where he has always had a warm corner in the hearts of many bishops, past and present, congratulations pour in upon him; and from many an altar all over the world Masses and prayers will ascend to Heaven for the good estate of our beloved Jubilarian, the Grand Old Man of the Church in the Southern Hemisphere. We thank God that in spite of his age he is still hale and hearty, and we pray that the Lord may preserve him and prolong his life and make him blessed amongst us for many years to come.

One is tempted to dwell on many phases of his career and avenues of reminiscence open on all sides as we contemplate his venerable figure. But we are compelled to curb our inclination to speak of his achievements; or to recall his friendships with such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland; or to discuss that beautiful gift of eloquence which made him the Chrysostom of Australasia; or to admire that scholarship, that broadness of vision, that vivid memory, which are all manifest even in his ordinary conversation; or to linger on his strong, simple faith and childlike devotion; or on those qualities of head and heart which have endeared him to all his friends and made him the idol of his flock. Of all these phases, too, in the proper time eloquent tongues will speak and gifted pens will write, giving expression to feelings which are universal throughout the archdiocese and far beyond its boundaries. Speaking for ourselves and for all our readers we cannot, however, refrain from taking this occasion to lay at his feet our whole-hearted homage, for no man living has done more for the *New Zealand Tablet* than Archbishop Redwood, and no man knows better than its Editor what a staunch and firm friend he has been to Bishop Moran's paper. Thus we have a very special reason to rejoice at the honor done to our champion and benefactor, and we are confident that we voice the cordial sentiments of directors and staff and subscribers when we pray that God may bestow on our Metropolitan His choicest graces, in full measure and overflowing, and continue to bless all his steps among us as he moves in his ripe age and dignity down the western slope of life towards the reward that is awaiting the faithful servant whose talents have been multiplied so gloriously. And, notwithstanding his eighty-five years, all New Zealand will join us in wishing the Jubilarian an enthusiastic *Ad Multos Annos*.

Special Note.—With a desire to give as complete a report as possible of the Jubilee celebrations at Wellington, the publication of this week's issue of the *Tablet* had to be delayed.

HELD OVER

Our reports of the observances and sermon at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, on Sunday evening, also the children's demonstration on Wednesday afternoon, and conversation at the Town Hall on Wednesday night; together with address from the Maoris and letters from the N.Z. University, and Early Settlers', and Historical Association of Wellington are unavoidably held over.

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NOTES

A Coincidence

It is worth noting that Archbishop Redwood and the Catholic Church in New Zealand are almost the same age. When he was born, in 1839, Dr. Pompallier had only just begun his mission; and when Francis Mary Redwood arrived with his parents, in 1842, there were only a few scattered Catholic families throughout the islands. From that small seed he has seen the tree of the faith grow to its present goodly proportions, and, since his consecration in 1874, he has himself been busily engaged in planting and transplanting and watering in new fields to which God has deigned to grant wonderful increase.

Eighty-Five Years Young

In his ripe age the Metropolitan retains the fresh outlook and the cheery optimism of youth. In all possible directions his interests are lively and active. He will keenly discuss a new book on philosophy or theology; the trend of affairs in foreign countries is closely observed by him; during a morning walk through the Botanical Gardens he will astonish people of the present generation by his amazing knowledge of botany; he regularly does his three or four or five miles on foot, and he takes the hills as easily as a youth in spite of the weight of his years; in an hour of leisure he turns to his beloved Strad and finds solace and peace in its mellow tones; he keeps well abreast of literary movements, and a new work by Bazin or Bourget is eagerly read by him; he no longer rides for work or recreation, but he still has the true Redwood love for the horse and a sportsman's appreciation for the performances of a Gloaming; although he has given up shooting, at which he excelled, his sight is still remarkably good and he can read type that would try the eyes of many a much younger man. At eighty-five he is still young in mind and heart, and active in body.

The Episcopal Gathering

Never before in its history did Wellington see such an assembly of prelates as came together to honor our Metropolitan. From Australia came the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cattaneo, Archbishop Kelly of Sydney, Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, Archbishop Clune of Perth, Archbishop Dubig of Brisbane, Archbishop Spence of Adelaide, Archbishop Sheehan, Coadjutor of Sydney, Archbishop Barry, Coadjutor of Hobart, Bishop Heavey of Cocktown, Bishop Shiel of Rockhampton, Bishop Dwyer of Maitland, Bishop Dwyer of Riverina, Bishop Hayden of Wilkesia, Bishop O'Farrell of Bathurst, Bishop Foley of Ballarat, Bishop McCarthy of Bendigo; from Samoa came Bishop Darmand; while New Zealand's Hierarchy is present in full force in the persons of Archbishop O'Shea, Bishop Cleary, Bishop Brodie, Bishop Whyte, and Bishop Liston. In addition to the bishops there are several Domestic Prelates from Australia and New Zealand, among whom are Monsignor Byrne of Brisbane, Monsignor Mackay of Oamaru, Monsignor McKenna of Masterton, Monsignor Power of Hawera, Monsignor Mahoney of Onehunga, and Monsignor Cahill of Parnell. Other dignitaries represent the various religious Orders in Australia and New Zealand.

Our Jubilee Odes

We are pleased to be able to offer to his Grace, with this special issue of the *Tablet*, two Jubilee Odes, of which we think the poetic quality and the choice diction are not unworthy of the occasion. The first, in elegant Latin verse (for which we will publish the music later), is from the scholarly pen of F.G.M., one of the Jubilarian's most devoted friends; and the second is from E.D., whose first

poems appeared in the paper which has now the honor of presenting this fine tribute of hers to her venerable Archbishop.

"The Archbishop"

From 1887 until the consecration of Archbishop O'Shea, the Metropolitan was the first and only Archbishop in New Zealand; and even when his devoted Coadjutor came to help him, Dr. Redwood was still "the Archbishop" on the lips of his people. This was strikingly illustrated by an unrehearsed effect the other day in Christchurch. The Archbishop of Melbourne paid a visit to a school in the city. The good teachers evidently got wind of his coming and made preparations accordingly. When his Grace entered the schoolroom, to the delight of everybody, a boy stood forth and called smilingly for

"Three Cheers for Archbishop Redwood!"

Needless to say nobody enjoyed the incident more than Dr. Mannix, on whom this spontaneous testimony to the popularity of his venerable friend was not lost.

"The Last Four Popes"

Cardinal Wiseman once wrote a book of reminiscences of four Popes whom he knew during his lifetime. But he began when he was a young student in the English College at Rome. Archbishop Redwood, now the senior Bishop in the Church, has been a Bishop during the reigns of the last four occupants of the Chair of Peter, and is still hale and hearty in the sunshine of the favor of the present Holy Father, whom we are confident he will yet salute in the halls of the Vatican. Knowing the charm of his *Reminiscences* (which we draw largely upon for this Jubilee issue) we would dearly love to see him write some day, in his own simple, graceful style, a volume of pen-pictures of Pius IX., Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV.

A Bunch of Records

His Grace holds several records as a churchman. His was the first vocation to the priesthood in New Zealand. He was the first New Zealander to become a Bishop. He was the first Archbishop and the first Metropolitan in the Dominion. He is the oldest Bishop in the world, in time of consecration. And he was the first Bishop who ever stood on a Home Rule platform in Ireland. From that day, back in the Land League years, down to the day when he delivered before the assembled delegates of Australasia his famous address in favor of self-determination, he has been consistent and fearless in his championship of the rights of Ireland. And, to mention a further record, nobody will deny that his eloquent speech in the Melbourne Auditorium, on November 2, 1919, was easily the greatest oration on that occasion. Those of us who were present will not readily forget the remarkable enthusiasm aroused by the venerable orator who was pleading as a justice-loving and broad-minded Englishman for the rights of a small nation.

The Archbishop and the "Tablet"

We have written in another column of all the *Tablet* owes to Dr. Redwood. Let us close this page of notes by referring to an interesting link between his Grace and our Board of Directors. On another page we publish an account of the consecration of the Bishop of Wellington, fifty years ago. On that occasion there was present a young man who afterwards came out to New Zealand where he became in time an active member of the lay apostolate, and where he gave two sons to the priesthood and two daughters to religion. This was Mr. James Marlow, of Dunedin, who is this week present at the Golden Jubilee celebrations, not only as a representative Dunedin Catholic layman, but also as a Director of the *New Zealand Tablet* Company. So that while the Archbishop holds so many records, the *Tablet*, through Mr. Marlow, holds one.

(Continued from Page 32)

his *Omnia Saecula Saeculorum* was to hear a voice that was rich with music.

One of the most impressive portions of the ceremony was the giving of the Pax. Monsignor McKenna having received it from the celebrant passed it on to the assembled Bishops. This ceremony, which occurs in a Pontifical High Mass, was most stately and symbolical.

It added to the dignity and impressiveness of the Mass that the celebrant's chief assistants were the seniors of the diocese, men whose age had accustomed them to participating in great functions.

The singing of the deacon, Father Whelan, and Father Moloney, the subdeacon, was exceedingly fine. The choir, led by the great voice of Rev. Father Ryan, S.M., of St. Patrick's, added greatly to the beauty of the Mass. His pure vibrant tenor rang out triumphantly in the "Te Deum." Wellington and indeed New Zealand was fortunate in having his great gift at their disposal for this occasion. Every credit must be given to Mrs. Quirk, the conductress, for her fine work, and the young organist, Paul Cullen, deserves a mention all to himself.

It was a fairly long service but it didn't seem long. Everything was so intensely interesting that time flew. The Papal Letter gave the final touch. With the Delegate sitting there, in his violet and cerise. Rome seemed somehow nearer than ever before and the aged Jubilarian must have felt elated at the solemn and fatherly blessing that came from the See of Peter.

Then everyone knelt in solemn silence for the blessing. The vivid colors flashed again as the procession reformed and that part of the Jubilee was over. The afternoon was devoted to the procession. Wellington came out of doors to see it. "It isn't the organised bodies that amaze me so," said one keen spectator—"it's that solid phalanx of men and women marching voluntarily that makes one rub one's eyes." It was indeed a solid phalanx. The veiled heads of the Children of Mary, the blue of their swinging cloaks matching the sky, added to the picturesqueness of the pageant. The Hibernians marched joyously with their sashes of green and gold. Then came the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. All the vestments in the city were drawn forth for the occasion. The great crowd awaited the coming of Our Lord with utter reverence. The air smelt faintly of the incense that rose in clouds from the swinging thuribles. There were vestments and dalmatics, Gothic vestments, and copes. Emerald green walked beside red, ivory beside violet. Outsiders were intensely interested. "Which is Dr. Mannix? Which is Dr. Mannix?" they said. Someone answered "The one with the biretta." It passed down the line and necks were craned as he passed. The Mill Hill Fathers with their red cinctures came in for comment too, and the Passionist with C.P. on his breast.

No stronger proof of the unity and versatility of the Church could be seen than this great collection of Orders, of Prelates, and of the laity, with Father Venning's Maoris as the final note.

Father Ryan, S.M., conducted the open air singing and there was a great volume of sound from the crowd. The answers to the responses was like the roar of the sea. It was a thing to remember. The "O Salutaris" rang wonderfully through the clear air.

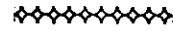
Archbishop Redwood was a much-noted figure as he mounted the rise on which the altar stood. The altar itself was beautifully constructed and decorated with the white and yellow of the Papal colors. Mr. Paul Hoskins was marshal of the great procession. He, it will be remembered, was recently decorated by the Pope, and there is not a Catholic in the city who did not rejoice when the distinction was conferred on him. He received this week his Papal Cross. Prominent also was Mr. J. J. L. Burke in his Hibernian collar.

The man to whom most of the credit of the great day was due was Rev. Father Gilbert, S.M., Rector of St. Patrick's. In the whole proceedings there was not a hitch. The punctuality, the smoothness, with which the arrangements were carried out showed the whole to be a triumph of organisation. Looking down on that brilliant flashing spectacle, it was hard to realise what weary weeks of detail

and work that lay behind it all and what a burden lay on the shoulders of the organiser.

Conspicuous among the spectators were the various Orders of the nuns, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of the Missions and the Sisters of Compassion. At the Mass in the morning Dr. Clune during his sermon referred to the presence in the church of Rev. Mother Aubert, the venerable foundress of the only New Zealand Order yet formed.

Altogether it was a day of days in the city, a day which the young generation will treasure and will tell to their children and their children's children.



Monday and Tuesday's Proceedings

Monday was devoted to motor excursions and to the pleasure, generally, of the visiting prelates and priests.

On Tuesday the Hierarchy and about 200 priests were entertained to dinner.

MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION AT TOWN HALL. A GREAT AND ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING.

(From our special reporter.)

The Town Hall was thronged on Tuesday evening on the occasion of a great demonstration in further celebration of the Golden Episcopal Jubilee of his Grace Archbishop Redwood. Archbishop O'Shea presided. Numerous telegrams and letters of congratulation on the unique event were received, also apologies for absence from his Excellency the Governor-General, Dr. Sprott, Anglican Bishop, and the Chancellor of the N.Z. University. Among those from whom congratulatory messages were received were the Most Rev. Dr. Delany, Archbishop of Hobart, Right Rev. Dr. Nicolas, Bishop of Fiji, Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Geraldton, Rev. Father Copere, Rev. Father Ricu, the Rector of St. Chamond, the Rector of Dundalk College, Right Rev. Mgr. Walshe, and Rev. Father Maples.

The reading of the subjoined addresses was interrupted with frequent bursts of applause.

Having read the address from the Hierarchy of Australia, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney, referred to the Jubilarian's stand against the tyranny of the Prohibitionists, to his efforts for Catholic education, and his defence of the rights of Ireland.

The Mayor of Nelson, who said he was sent by his Council to honor a great New Zealand citizen, received an ovation.

The most picturesque event was the Maori address accompanied by Fathers Venning and Melu. Half a dozen natives went on the platform for the reading of the address, and at the conclusion laid mats at Archbishop Redwood's feet amid great applause. The address from the Maoris was beautifully illuminated as a labor of love by the Sisters of the Missions of Napier.

The Jubilee Song composed by Miss Eileen Duggan and set to music by Mr. Page (city organist), was sung by a full choir, and was most impressive. Rev. Father Ryan's singing of "Where'er You Walk" (Handel) was a delight to lovers of music. Signor Truda conducted, and Mr. Paul Cullen presided at the organ.

The address from the Hierarchy of New Zealand was read by his Lordship Dr. Cleary; that from the Hierarchy of Australia by his Grace Archbishop Kelly, the New Zealand priests' address by the Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna.

READING AND PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES. ADDRESS FROM THE N.Z. BISHOPS.

Your Grace,

We tender to you our hearty felicitations on your attainment of the Golden Jubilee of your career as a Bishop in the Church of God.

We thank God for the varied and widespread good which He has been pleased to do in this Dominion through your zealous ministry, and under your wise direction and control, during the past five decades of years. The results of your long-drawn labors have been woven into the very tissue of the religious life of the great Archdiocese over which you still happily preside in a hale and honored old age. In the long and strenuous years of your work as a pioneer Bishop, you laid, broad, and deep, and sure the foundations on which has been built up one of the best

R. H. TODD

Ladies' & Gents' Tailor, 145 Rattray St., Dunedin. Phone 2448.

equipped dioceses in these southern lands. Under your directing mind, the Archdiocese of Wellington has been enriched with noble temples of religious worship, and with institutes of education and charity, to a degree unusual in new countries such as this. These are a source of legitimate pride to your clergy, religious and faithful, and centres of radiated blessing to the nation at large.

Those of us whose work lies outside the confines of the Archdiocese are also sharers in your fifty fruitful years of thought and toil for God and souls. We find an example, an inspiration, a spiritual tonic in your life and work. And, through the communion of saints, we and our faithful people, and the whole Church of the Living God, are sharers in the precious fruits of your half-century of devoted service of the dear Lord and Redeemer of us all.

For fifty years you have been knocking at the hearts of your people by living, every day, before them, a truth of God. The signatories of this address have had the privilege of closer and more intimate contact with you. It revealed to us those qualities of mind and heart and soul which have won our deep affection: the serenity, the boundless trust in God, the sense of His near Presence, which enabled you at all times either to see the blue in every sky or the golden edge on every cloud. Above all, our close association with you has given us glimpses of what has been the Sacred Fount of all the good that has flown through your soul into the souls of others in those fifty years—namely, the inner, deeply spiritual life of yours, which is hidden with Christ in God.

We pray God still more to enrich your life, for the further spread of His Kingdom in this Dominion.

We sign ourselves, with much esteem and affection,

Always sincerely yours in Christ,

* THOMAS O'SHEA.
* HENRY W. CLEARY.
* MATTHEW BRODIE.
* JAMES WHYTE.
* JAMES LISTON.

ADDRESS FROM THE HIERARCHY OF AUSTRALIA.

Your Grace,—

We, the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia, claim the privilege of joining with New Zealand in celebrating the Golden Jubilee of your Episcopate. We have eagerly looked forward to this day and we thank God that you have been spared to see it in health and vigor.

Time has but lightly touched you: and yet, the span of your Grace's life, and even of your Episcopate, covers a period of marvellous change in the land of your adoption. You saw the hard and small beginnings of New Zealand, and you have lived to see New Zealand take as her right an honored place in the Commonwealth of British Nations and in the Councils of the world's statesmen. You saw the Church in New Zealand in her infancy, and you have been spared to see her grow and prosper far beyond the hope of those who guided her early steps and faced her early difficulties. And through all these years of growth and striving, your Grace has been a figure outstanding: a gracious personality that won golden opinions from rich and poor, from gentle and simple; a worthy citizen of wide experience and rich culture, who brought wisdom and light and strength to the service of his youthful nation; above all, a Prelate of learning and eloquence and zeal, who sowed the Gospel seed and watered it, and who, in God's good Providence, has lived to reap the harvest.

Your Grace's friends, scattered the world over, rejoice with you in this your Jubilee year and thank God for the blessings which have come, and will come, through your hands. But, we have special reason for joy and thankfulness. For to your colleagues in the Episcopacy, you have always been a friend to lean upon, a brother to love, a father to look up to and revere: patient, helpful, wise in council; virile, fresh, progressive in thought and act; one whom the youngest might approach without diffidence and to whom the oldest might listen with profit. If, in saying so much, we speak with too little reserve, affection to your Grace must be our apology. For in our hearts, you have a place which is wholly your own.

In this day which the Lord has made, we rejoice with you. With you we thank God for the blessings of your

long, well-filled life; and, for the greater good of the Church in New Zealand, we pray God still to lengthen your days and to make the evening of your life, peaceful and fruitful, as were the noon-day and the morning.

Signed on behalf of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia,

* MICHAEL, Archbishop of Sydney.

February 24, 1924.

ADDRESS FROM THE PRIESTS OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

Your Grace,—

Of all those who are gathered around you during these Jubilee celebrations, none have greater reason to rejoice than we, the priests of your Archdiocese.

We rejoice with you in that God has spared you so long to rule over the Church in this land during its period of infancy—a period no less critical in the case of institutions and great organisations than it is in the lives of individual human beings.

The Archdiocese of Wellington was singularly fortunate in obtaining for its first archbishop one whose qualities of mind and heart had so eminently fitted him for the great tasks that were awaiting him.

Sprung from one of our best known and most highly respected pioneer families, educated in France, Ireland, and Rome, you have carried through your long life the high ideals which animated the founders of our country—as well as the lofty religious principles which you imbibed at the very fountain heads of our Holy Faith.

On Church and State alike you have left the impress of the noble character moulded in those already far-off days.

We are proud of the chief under whom we have served and are serving to-day. If we are found not too unworthy of the great cause to which we have dedicated our lives, we wish publicly to ascribe a great part of the credit to the example you set us. To serve in such a cause, under such a chief has been to us a never-failing source of inspiration.

We wish to put on record our gratitude for your unceasing patience, your encouragement in our labors, your ever-ready sympathy in our trials and difficulties. Guided and supported by you, we faced the most perilous tasks with confidence, knowing that a pilot stood at the helm who would steer us safely past all shoals and shallows into a secure haven of peace.

We also wish to thank you for the support you always lent to the aspirations of that country which many of us claim as our fatherland. Though an Englishman by birth, and endowed with the virile patriotism for which your countrymen are justly famed, you never hesitated to raise your voice on behalf of Justice and Truth, when the cause of Ireland stood in need of a champion.

Ripe in years, riper in wisdom, ripest of all in sanctity, you stand before us to-day a source of joy and pride to your people, and for your priests the complete exemplar on which they all hope to model their own lives.

May we, in conclusion, assure your Grace that our esteem and affection will follow you to the end of your long and glorious career.

Signed on behalf of the priests of the Archdiocese—
(Right Rev. Mgr.) J. McKenna, V.G.; (Right Rev. Mgr.) P. J. Power; C. J. O'Reilly, S.M. (Provincial); P. Whelan, C.S.S.R.

ADDRESS FROM THE CATHOLIC LAITY OF N.Z.

Your Grace,—

We, the Catholic Laity of New Zealand, tender you our sincerest congratulations on the occasion of your Golden Jubilee as Bishop of Wellington. We are happy to associate ourselves with the Hierarchy and clergy and with our fellow Catholics of other lands in honoring your Grace.

The circumstances that call forth this unanimous expression of respect and affection are unique in the history of the Church in New Zealand; for your Grace is the link that binds the pioneer days of the early missionaries to that vigorous and well organised body, the Catholic Church, in New Zealand to-day. You were the first fruits in the priesthood of the sacrifice of those missionaries and to-day you stand, as the giant kauri of our forests, a living witness and noble monument to the Faith of our Fathers.

We congratulate your Grace on the splendid clergy you have gathered to your side to help in building up in these lands the City of God. In a special manner we wish to thank your Grace for what you have done for Catholic Education; and to congratulate you again on the devoted religious teachers who have made possible the realisation of your hopes. Under your paternal care colleges and schools have sprung into being and flourished.

The instincts of the Good Shepherd have prompted you to foster and encourage the charity of Christ towards all, and in your Grace, the poor, the afflicted, and the orphan have found a protector and friend.

We recall with pleasure your Grace's fifty years of pastoral care as preacher of the Word of God; and rejoice that advancing years still find you teaching your people as in the first days of your episcopate.

For your gift to us, the Catholics of New Zealand, of your noble life and character, we wish to put on record our sincerest thanks. We shall always think of you, and shall teach our children to think of you as our gentle, learned, and noble-minded Archbishop.

The affection and respect of the Catholic people of half a century we gather up and offer to you to-night in the simple words, "May God bless you, and keep you always."

Signed on behalf of the Catholic Laity of New Zealand, by Messrs. McKenna, Cohun, Sheehan, Marlow, Flynn, Hoskins.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY'S ADDRESS.

May it please Your Grace,—

Upon the happy celebration of the Golden Jubilee of your consecration to the episcopacy, we tender to you with deep sincerity of heart, the congratulations of the members of the New Zealand District of the Hibernian-Australasian Catholic Benefit Society.

From your exalted position, you have witnessed the swift growth of a nation, from vigorous youth to splendid maturity. As a churchman, you have moulded the thought of clergy and laity in the image of your own lofty ideals; as a citizen, you have propagated your enlightened conceptions of the principles underlying Christian civilisation. As the master builder, and a chief among the second line of pioneers of Catholicism in New Zealand, you will always be remembered in the history of our country.

To the sons of the Gael, in whose name our society tenders its felicitations this evening, you have especially endeared yourself by your advocacy of the cause of Ireland in her struggle for nationhood.

In conclusion, we offer gratitude to God that He has spared you to enjoy this great day of your Episcopal Golden Jubilee, and pray that for many years you may continue to grace the Metropolitan See of the Catholic Church in this Dominion.

We beg to remain, your Grace,

Yours most obediently,

Claud Colhoun, District President.

Daniel Flynn, District Vice-President.

James Smith, District Past-President.

M. J. Sheahan, District Treasurer.

W. Kane, District Secretary.

LETTER FROM DEAN BURKE.

Invercargill,

February 18, 1924.

Your Grace,

I wish to join in the vast number of congratulations which will be showered upon you these days by your friends, admirers, and those who have received kindness at your hands; of whom I am one. Owing to pressure of parish work I cannot be present at the ceremonies. I am up to my eyes in building schools. This prevents me from going to Wellington for the great festival. Needless to say I wish to join in the great celebration and in the congratulations and good wishes of the multitudes of your well-wishers who will be there,

Whilst I remain,

Your Grace's Most Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM BURKE.

(Dean)

REPLY BY ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.

In rising to address this magnificent gathering of all classes, ranks, and personages on this unique occasion of my long life—the Golden Jubilee of my Episcopate—the uppermost sentiment in my heart is one of frequent and boundless gratitude, first of all to Almighty God, the merciful bestower of all good gifts, temporal and spiritual, for indeed it is meet and just, right and salutary, that at all times and in all places we should give due thanks to God our Supreme Benefactor; but particularly do I feel the urgency of that sweet duty on this ever remarkable day of my Golden Jubilee. Grateful thanks, therefore, to God who, while so many prelates contemporary with me in the year of my consecration have been removed by death, has mercifully spared me to stand before the world as the senior Bishop of the Catholic Church. It is a favor and a privilege and a mercy that no words can adequately express, when viewing the course of these fifty years, I calmly survey all God's mercies to me; transported with the thought I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. Next thanks, most grateful thanks to God's chief representative on earth, his Holiness Pope Pius XI., who, to expressly honor and commemorate this Jubilee, has most graciously deigned by cablegram and brief to confer upon the fortunate Jubilarian the exalted dignity of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. Thanks also to all this vast assemblage, particularly to the splendid and unprecedented array of distinguished and illustrious prelates from Australia and the South Sea Islands, headed by the revered representative of his Holiness the Pope, his Excellency Archbishop Cattaneo, Apostolic Delegate. Such a sight was never seen before in this Dominion, and when will such another be seen again? Echo, say when! a long long when!

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS THANKED.

Thanks again to the right reverend and reverend ecclesiastics of all ranks here present to-night to do honor to my unworthiness, and with this great and representative audience to help me to thank God more effectively by joining their thanksgiving with mine. Yes! Your Excellency Apostolic Delegate, yes! Your Graces of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart, yes! Your Lordships of all the other dioceses of Australia, you have greatly honored this assembly and this city of Wellington and this Dominion by your august presence, and in their joint names I tender to you my heartfelt thanks and the liveliest expressions of my unbounded gratitude. You have made this Jubilee celebration an historic event to be remembered unto all time; but with these sentiments of thankfulness rise a multitude of other thoughts and feelings, among them first of all I naturally experience an old man's pleasure in reviewing and praising the past. I have seen the cradle of this Dominion, I have seen its promising childhood, its sturdy youth, and its present vigorous manhood. I have seen it rise from a Colony to a Dominion and to the noble status of a self-governing nation. I have also seen the Catholic Church, once a struggling mission among savages, now an organised and flourishing province with its Hierarchy, its churches, its colleges, its schools, its institutions of beneficence and charity, and its religious Orders in rapidly increasing numbers, and the day, I hope, is not far off when it will possess a Cathedral worthy of this metropolis of this Dominion and of the Universal Church. All these facts and projects are fit matter for gladness and jubilation. This, the momentous day of the Lord, let us rejoice and exult therein.

ANOTHER PICTURE.

But there is another picture which I cannot overlook, and it has its dark and sombre features. It will not escape the all-seeing eye of our infinitely just Judge, and this thought sobers any disordinate desire of elation or feeling of triumph. When that just Judge and Sovereign Lord of the world sent abroad His sacred envoys, the Apostles, those lights of the world, those pillars of the Church and founders of Christian civilisation upon the ruins of heathendom, He solemnly said to them "when you

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have done your best deem yourselves useless servants." "How much more called for is that humble confession in my case, what faults and mistakes in my long career, what opportunities missed and lost, what partial and total failure, what a contrast between what might have been and what is, what low achievements in face of such high ideals. Hence I feel, and feel deeply, that I far more need your prayers than your praises, and verily I set myself down among the most useless servants. All praise to God and God alone, for in Him "we live and move and have our being;" without Him we are nothing; we having nothing we can do nothing and therefore we are worth nothing save by His all-powerful grace. He alone is great and alone worketh wonders, ever blessed be His Holy Name.

REPLY TO ADDRESSES.

I now proceed to answer the addresses seriatim: My dear brethren of the Episcopate of New Zealand I thank you most heartily for your loyal, appreciative and affectionate address. God has blessed me all the time I have been Metropolitan with excellent Suffragans. Nothing could exceed on all occasions their expressions and proof of devotedness. I thank all those here present for it and for the happy results which their unstinted co-operation has enabled me to achieve. Some have gone to their eternal reward and I deem it a duty to recall their memory on this unique occasion. The illustrious Bishop Moran, the saintly Bishop Luck, the genial, zealous and devoted Bishop Lenihan, the holy Bishop Verdon, and the wonderfully zealous Bishop Grimes, whose name and fame are immortalised in the classic Cathedral of Christchurch. I thank you again, and I appreciate at its full your beautiful address.

Next comes the address of the Hierarchy of Australia. Well, what I appreciate most in their address is the fact of its existence. It has been a surprise to me that they ever came to think of honoring me to such a degree. I gratefully accept it, however, and I ask this ecclesiastical province and all the Dominion to join me in their high appreciation of it. As to its very eulogistic terms in my regard I am naturally inclined to discount a deal of its encomiums, and to put this down to the transparent sincerity of the authors of the address, and to the physiological fact that friendship is somewhat blind to faults and too keen-sighted to qualities. However that may be, the address has my sincere and lasting gratitude. My dear clergy of the Archdiocese I sincerely thank you for your right royal and affectionate address. A bountiful Almighty conferred upon me a great blessing in giving me a perfectly united clergy, for union is strength and division is weakness. I have ever been in the happy condition of a helmsman in a boat who knows and feels that he has a crew of rowers willing, strong and united in any crisis. In any supreme difficulty they were ready to give a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether, and so no tide or wind or wave could impede their progress. May this union ever reign supreme, and then whatever may have been your achievements in the past they are but a shadow of what is reserved for the future. Thanks again, most hearty thanks.

Much the same may be said to my dear devoted laity in response to their most affectionate addresses. There has invariably been for the last fifty years an admirable unison in this diocese between the bishops, the priests and the laity. It is proverbial, the triple cord is not easily broken *triplex funiculus non rumpitur*. The Archdiocese may be fitly compared to an army in campaign. The Bishop is the general in chief, the priests are the officers, and the laity are the rank and file. What can the best general do without a competent staff of officers? What can the best general and the best officers do without brave and devoted soldiers? Without a first-rate rank and file? You are my rank and file my dear laity, and you have always behaved nobly; you have ever been ready to co-operate strenuously with your general and his staff, and so in any conflicts and tight critical moments you have gained notable victories. Continue to do the same and then who can foretell the extent of your future achievement.

To my dear Hibernians, a member of whose friendly society I have been for well nigh half a century, from the very outset of my episcopate, I respond that I appreciate highly your address, and I wish you in return continual and ever increasing prosperity. Your very life and soul are the two mighty sentiments—Faith and Fatherland—you are ever true to your faith, that "admirable gift of God" as St. Peter calls it, that "victory which overcometh the world" as St. John proclaims, you are also ever true to your fatherland beyond the seas, the "Island of scholars and saints," now, God be praised, a "nation once again." And you are likewise true to your adopted land which, for many years, is your real fatherland and a very fair one at that. Be ever true to faith and fatherland and you will certainly be a potent factor for the everlasting good of this fair land of which we are all so proud and hopeful.

My dear Maori children, my response to your affectionate, filial, and such poetic address shall be short but most grateful, cordial and loving. I am indeed proud to be a successor of the early pioneers of the Catholic Church in your fair land. I am proud to remember your brave forefathers in the faith; proud of your loyalty to them and to me, your present pastor and father. Endeavoring to equal them in affection for you, I gladly and gratefully draw to my safe and happy mooring your love canoe, and I receive from it most joyously your precious presents of Maori mats woven deftly from your native flax. I send you on return my canoe, dispatched from the unsinkable barque of Peter. Its steersman is faith, its rowers are gratitude and love, while its freight are my thousand spiritual blessings. To all of you for time and eternity "Kia ora me ake toriu atu."

Last, not least, comes the address of the early settlers: I have, of course, a very tender spot in my heart for the early settlers; they revive such touching memories, they have deserved so well of New Zealand. I receive with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction their sincere congratulations which I value exceedingly, whilst I feel that no words are too emphatic to testify to them my admiration and heartfelt gratitude.

SERVICES RECOGNISED.

It now remains for me to thank all those devoted persons who in any way, directly or indirectly, have contributed so largely to make this Jubilee celebration a decided success. First of all I particularly thank the very able organisers of the whole proceedings, and no words of mine are adequate to sufficiently praise their zeal, patience, and indefatigable exertions for weeks and months in all manner of ways to ensure success. I thank the musicians, the organisers and singers. I thank the purveyors of our physical comforts in our new hall, and all those generous gentlemen who, in more ways than one, helped us to provide for the table requirements of our guests. I thank those who liberally provided motor cars for our never-to-be forgotten excursions and picnics. I thank the electricians for their illumination of the Basilica tower and front. I wish to thank everybody deserving of thanks, and if I forget any among so many benefactors I apologise in advance, for my gratitude extends to all without exception. And now rising for a moment to a higher level I tender my very special thanks to the many religious Orders who have sent me again and again the richest spiritual bouquets made up of Masses, Communions, etc., etc., etc., all of which I prize immeasurably more than any material gifts, because they are as superior to others as the supernatural is to the natural, as Heaven is to earth.

I have done. Universal thanks convey the extent of my appreciation and my gratitude. I sum up all in one vast Te Deum and Magnificat. May I also express my appreciation of the courtesy and even the reverence shown to my distinguished guests by the people of Wellington. Last Sunday it reminded me of that splendid community spirit which existed in my boyhood. May it never disappear from our midst, and to the Wellington press I wish to express my thanks for the great fairness they have invariably displayed towards me, and in particular for their generous attitude during the Jubilee days. I wish to thank everybody. (Applause.)



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"Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the evil day."—Ps. xl. l. Who so needy as the poor souls.

* * *

A Reverend Father was recently under treatment in a Wellington dental surgery, and was greatly impressed with the soothing effect of Q-tol, which the dentist rubbed into his inflamed gums.

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As the hammer welds the iron into a close mass, so the indissoluble unity of the Catholic Church is, by persecution, tested, confirmed and revealed.—Cardinal Manning.

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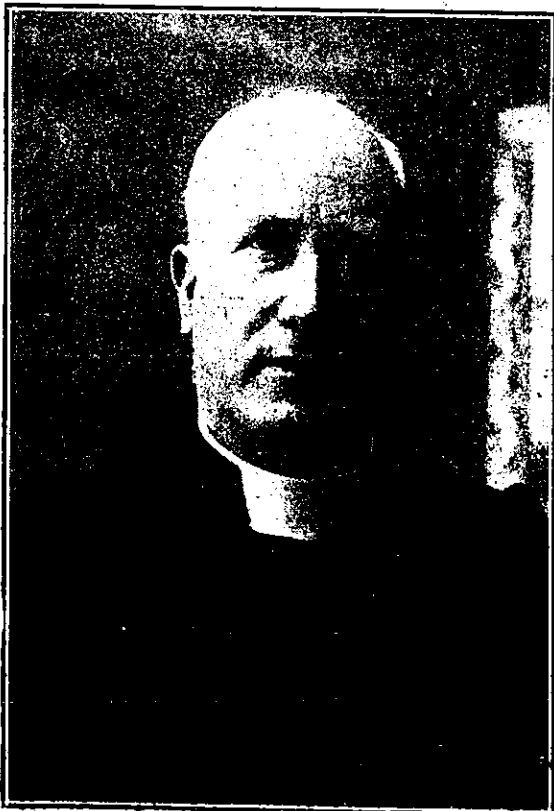


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(Onehunga)



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(Hawera)

DEATHS

- DEEGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Deegan, sen., who died at Oreti, near Winton, on February 14, 1924, in his ninetieth year.—R.I.P.
- LAVERTY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Owen John, dearly beloved husband of Nora Laverty, Hyde, who died on February 7, 1924; aged 54 years.—R.I.P.
- PARKER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Kate, relict of the late Charles Parker, who died at the residence of her son-in-law, J. Mahar, 157 Vivian Street, New Plymouth, on February 5, 1924; aged 67 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

- SHEEHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Maria Sheehy, who died at Hawera on February 28, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her loving parents, sister and brothers.

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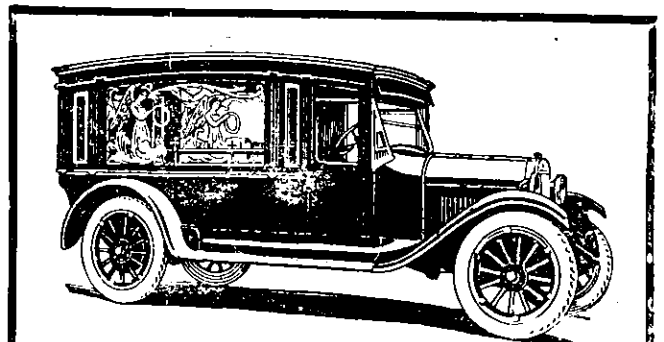
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Conferat Vestro Deus in salutem,
 Servulus orem?

Lustra bis quinque egregie peracta!
Aureus tandem jubilationis
Annus illuxit, benedictionum
 Utique plenus;

Optimas præstet, Pater, obsecramus;
Insulæ nostræ es decus et corona;
Impiger Pastor, fidei et laboris
 Præmia donet:

Augeat Vestros per agros aristas:
Compleat messes; et oves quotannis,
Clerus et Christi Domini fideles
 Multiplicentur.

Pabulo nostras animas salubri
Nutrias semper; tua virga pravum
Destruat; monstres iter ad piorum
 Te duce, sedes.

Amplius si quid, Pater, obsecrandum,
Protinus fundat Deus; et coronam
Cœlites inter mereare vitæ.
 Hæc ita faxit.



1924.

Lo! in pride and in elation,
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Sing thy life's long steadfast story,
Sing thy charity, thy glory,
And thy gentle sway.

Hail, thou shepherd of a people,
Folded far 'neath nave and steeple,
Are God's flocks by thee,
As some noble river flowing
Yields its tale of waters growing,
To its Lord, the Sea!

Hail, thou scholar, old and splendid,
Pilgrim with thy road unended,
Lover of this sod,
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Thou art proud, yet thou art holy,
Prince and page of God!

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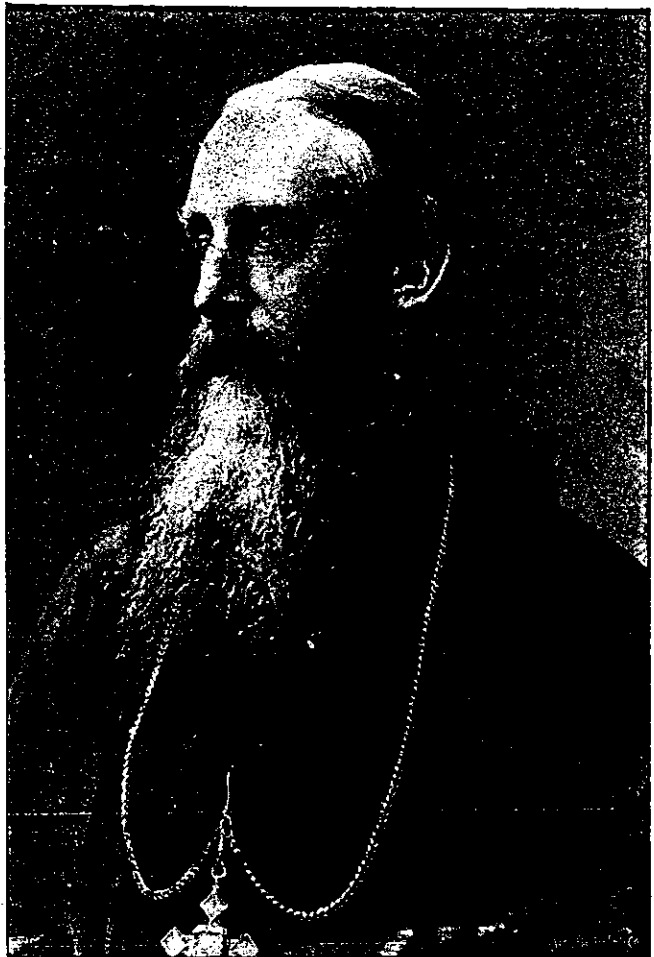


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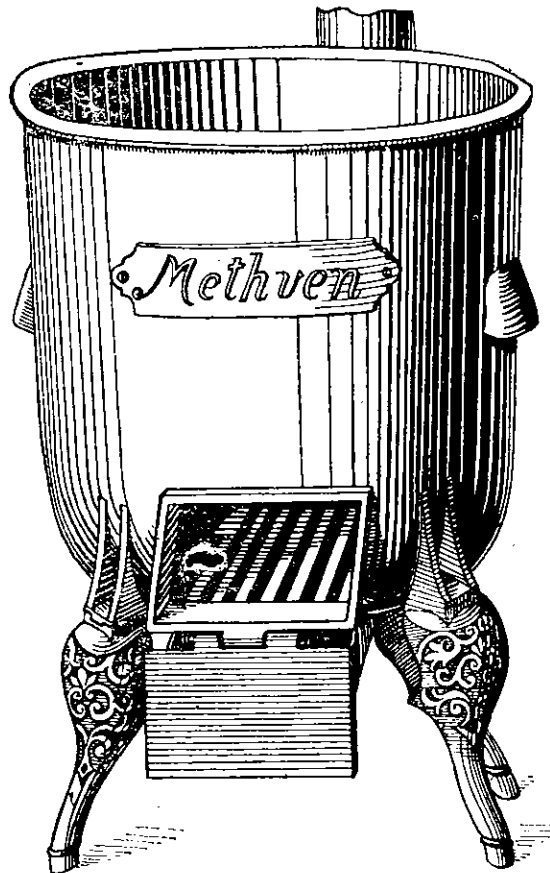


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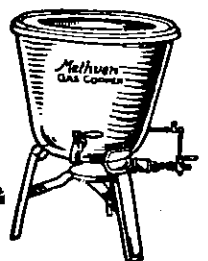
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His Grace From the Priests' Viewpoint

(By MONSIGNOR POWER.)

The eyes of the whole Catholic world will be centered upon the city of Wellington during the closing days of this month, for then the Archbishop, the Dean of the world's Episcopate, will be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration. It has, no doubt, been given to some, if not to many bishops to bear the crozier for fifty years, but that the jubilarian should be at the same time the world's senior Bishop, must be all but unique. His Grace, though not perhaps the oldest in years, has now for some time held the rank of seniority by appointment and consecration. Thus it happens that the Catholics of the Metropolitan See are not the only ones who will be rejoicing, nor the Catholics of New Zealand, nor those of Australasia, almost all of whose bishops will be in Wellington for the occasion with the Apostolic Delegate at their head. The whole Church is interested and will be with us in spirit, and will eagerly look forward to the report of the proceedings.

It was to be expected that our gallant little Catholic paper, which recently kept its own golden jubilee, should endeavor to make his Grace's jubilee number worthy of the great occasion, and that the Editor should invite a group of friends to write upon the event from various points of view.

Invited by the Editor to write for the priests of the Archdiocese, I must say that among all those whom the celebrations will gather together, none have greater reason to rejoice, and none will more heartily congratulate his Grace than the priests who have been his fellow-workers. We have been laboring under a kindly rule, we have had practical and constant experience of his nobility of character, and the lustre which that nobility has shed upon his long Episcopate has been to us a source of joy and a light guiding our footsteps.

SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS.

His varied learning in classical and modern languages, his skill in social, historical, philosophical and theological studies, and his culture, acquired from many sources, have ever been to us an incentive to become more efficient for the works of our ministry; and the tolerant, broad-minded character, which had become his through education and experience of men and movements in many lands, has taught us to have considerate sympathy not with our own only, but with those also who do not see eye to eye with us in many things. He has never minimised the truth for mere expediency, but his eloquent voice and pen have ever expressed that humanity which his religion and his character dictated.

This is not the time, nor am I the person qualified, to recount his achievements in many fields, but those who have read his *Reminiscences*, studied his great pulpit orations in Australasia, America, and Europe, and have mastered the long line of Lenten Pastorals that run through his episcopate like a golden thread, will have reason to be proud of him as his priests have. We hope that he or some one else will collect these pastorals into several volumes that they may be a light and a guidance to bishops, priests, and people throughout the English-speaking world.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF HALF A CENTURY.

His fifty years of rule have not been without trials and sorrow, but the manner in which he has met those trials, endured them, and countered them, has been a potent example to us. He has had to meet the evils of secularism. He has seen the schools of his country wrested from religion, and the children of the country robbed of their divine birthright, given over to a godless system of education; to a system that sets before the child as its highest ideal, mere temporal success. The warning of the Redeemer—Not in bread alone doth man live—is repudiated, and success in money-making, success in advancing to place and power, success in making the best of materialism and the fashions of this passing show, are made the child's best incentive to labor. This is to flatter vanity, to stimulate pride, to pander to the baser inclinations, and to put obstacles in the way of the deeper needs of human life.

This is to set aside Christ's revelation and give loose rein to the passions of men. And as a logical result of this the Archbishop has seen the Sacrament of Marriage outraged,

this Heaven-made bond of social and national life degraded, Government declaring it to be a mere secular thing, to be dissolved at the whim of every wicked impulse. He has seen successive governments repudiating the rights of God in their enactments. These cast their shadows on his life; but he has seen in them only the shadows on the dial that mark the bright hours of day, and through them he has shown by his voice, pen, and achievements the glory and the value to the nation of the Church over which he rules in New Zealand. He has met secularism with a galaxy of Christian schools, and he has taught his priests to uphold society and religion by a fearless and Apostolic defence of marriage in defiance of statutory threats and penalties. He has set forth lucid principles that reach into the fibre of the soul, arresting the nation in its downward course, and leading the people, affrighted by gaping chasms, to recognise in the Catholic Church the house of spiritual strength, and of spiritual health not for the individual only, but for the nation and social life also. Thus out of evil, his endurance, his keen spiritual insight, and his skill have wrought good. He has taught the people of his country to look to the Church in their hour of need.

But with all this and much more that could be written, the real life of the Archbishop has been hidden from men and their sight. It has been a mystical life in the best sense, known only to a few, and to these only partially. The public knows only the surface; its depth is known only where he would wish it to be known, and that it may meet with its full reward there, is the heart prayer of all his priests.

THE PRIESTS' CONGRATULATIONS.

His Grace's graciousness is co-related with his title. We offer him our congratulations, we share in his joy to-day, and we thank Old Time for the tenderness with which he has surrounded his five and eighty years. Many an artist, with glowing pigment and inspired brush, has depicted Youth and Age on the one canvas, delighting us with the contrast, but in his Grace's case, Old Time, forgetting his pangs of unappeased hunger, has turned artist, and has shown his skill in a new vocation. He makes no contrast here between Youth and Age, but gives us in one whom we love and revere an exquisite and harmonious blend. He has not set the accustomed seal of age upon the brow, he has not cast the gloomy shades of night upon the clear lustre of the eye, he has put no staff into a trembling hand to lift up a bent form or steady a faltering step. Discarding the usual paraphernalia of the studio, he sets a glowing heart of youth in the breast of age, and for bodily and mental vigor, makes our Metropolitan own brother to the young-eyed Cherubim. Thus has he led him through Tir-na-Nog, the land of perpetual youth, the land of which the Irish love to sing, and I like to think that this is in great measure a reward for the great love and defence of the Irish shown by him throughout the years of his long episcopate.

HIS GRACE AND IRELAND.

From boyhood I have been reading the great orations of the Archbishop on the Irish question. The speech at the meeting of the Redmond Brothers in 1880 was a peculiarly able and sympathetic exposition of the Irish question, and was published in many Irish, American, and Continental journals. There has been no movement in New Zealand in behalf of Ireland during the past fifty years in which he has not been leader, and during that time Ireland has had no more eloquent friend and advocate in any part of the world. An Englishman by birth, he is proud of his country, and his country has reason to be proud of him; but in all that the Irish consider great, and noble, and good, he is *Hibernicis hibernior*—more Irish than the Irish themselves. He has made good his title to a place in Tir-na-Nog, and in his regard Old Time has been just as well as kind. May it be thus for many years to come, and when at length Time releases him from his kindly care, may his garnered merits, supported by the prayers of his people and the Masses of his priests, secure him a place not far removed from the bright youth of the Seraphim.

As for ourselves, we thank the Lord of Heaven, and we praise Him for the love and grace and good works shown in the life of our chief during fifty years of soul-service; and we pray that we may walk worthy of his teaching and example; for such teaching and example will save our souls and serve the true life and prosperity of our country. Without religion no nation has ever grown or retained its health and strength.

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Archbishop Redwood is an English Catholic, and he is proud of his nationality; but, at the same time, he is absolutely devoid of the prejudice and narrow-mindedness which often prevent Englishmen of less noble nature from doing justice to Ireland. His Grace never forgets that, as a young priest, when holding a professorial chair in Dundalk, he spent ten of the happiest years of his life among the green hills of Ireland; he was consecrated on St. Patrick's Day, and no Irishman has warmer devotion to the great Apostle of the Gael; in New Zealand, a very large proportion of his clergy have been sons of the Patron Saint of Erin; and in many parts of the old and new worlds he has been warmly welcomed by bishops and archbishops of Irish blood or birth who have learned to regard this staunch champion of the old land as one of themselves.

An honest seeker of the truth and a man of deep culture, no racial bias distorted his vision of Ireland's wrongs; and not only his sense of justice and his love for freedom, but also his pride in his own country, inspired him, time and again, to utter fearless and dignified protests against the conduct of Governments which were as discreditable to England as they were cruel to the oppressed nation across the Irish Sea.

No sophistry, no motive of self-interest obscured for him the broad principles of Christian ethics. What was wrong was still wrong even when his own country was the wrong-doer, and wrongs must be righted even though the righting of them involved material losses that were more apparent than real. Hence, from his home in Wellington, when travelling abroad, and whenever the occasion demanded, Archbishop Redwood spoke out eloquently and bravely on behalf of Ireland.

Far back in the stormy days of the Plan of Campaign, when he was a young Bishop, Dr. Redwood stood on a public platform in Carlow, side by side with the representatives of the Irish people who were fighting for Home Rule. He was the first Bishop, in Ireland or out of Ireland, to take such a public stand, and during the half century that has since elapsed he has been consistent in his advocacy of the principles so courageously defended in those early days.

When the Great War came upon us, and the whole round world was ringing with the splendid cry of the Entente Powers: "Small nations must be free to determine their own form of government," his Grace was not slow to see that such a profession and such a pledge on the lips of English statesmen was a contradiction and a scandal while they were still holding Ireland in chains by brute force. And so it was that in its efforts to make known the truth about Ireland's fight for freedom in those terrible years, the *New Zealand Tablet* had no truer friend and no more powerful champion than the Archbishop of Wellington.

His courage, his sincerity, his love of truth have found ample vindication in the events that occurred in recent history. Ireland won her right of self-determination and her own tricolor flag floats among the banners of the nations to-day. Therefore, while all Catholics in the Dominion owe him honor and reverence as their spiritual chief, we who are of Irish blood are bound to him by special bonds of affection and gratitude which it were a shame for us ever to forget. And in order to stir up more effectively these sentiments on the occasion of his Golden Episcopal Jubilee, we deem it right to publish here the text of the famous speech which he delivered, amid enthusiastic cheers, before the Australasian Delegates who thronged the Auditorium in Melbourne, on November 2, 1919, to demand from England for Ireland the right which in the name of the dead soldiers was pledged to all small nations:

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD'S ADDRESS.

I am glad to be here to propose the first resolution just read to this crowded and distinguished audience. I am an Englishman, and, in more than one respect, I am

proud of my birth and my country, and of the great world-wide British Empire. But, in regard to the Irish question, in regard to Ireland's inalienable right to self-determination, and her right to follow unto national independence, her most able, cultured, statesmanlike, and valorous leader, de Valera, I am, by conviction and sentiment, as Irish as the best Irish themselves.

And why am I so? Because I know Ireland, because I spent ten years of the best years of my life in Ireland, because I know the history of Ireland, and, consequently, the lamentable story of her wrongs and woes for many centuries at the hands of the misgovernment of England. By England I mean the government, not the English people at large, and, especially, not the great English democracy. For, what do the vast majority of Englishmen know about the true history of Ireland? As little as I knew myself for years—that is, very little indeed, and that little mostly lies. They have been craftily and systematically kept in the dark regarding Ireland. They are hapless victims of a false tradition, of accumulated lies and misrepresentation for centuries and centuries. At the back of the misgoverning gang in England, there has been the venal and corrupt press, misleading the people, as it does to-day, in America, Australia, New Zealand, everywhere; and, at the same time, there has been a conspiracy of silence, a determined and relentless suppression of every fact, every event, every agency, every influence telling in favor of Ireland, and of every argument militating for Ireland's right to self-determination and national independence.

ENGLAND'S MISRULE OF IRELAND.

When I, like any other honest, fair-minded, and enlightened Englishman, consider this long misrule seriously, I am filled with mingled indignation, sorrow, and shame—*Indignation* at the long list of injustice, tyranny, cruelty, corruption, persecution, and calumny. *Sorrow* at the irreparable losses sustained by England throughout those ages of misgovernment, and particularly in modern and more recent times. *Shame* at the sight of my country made the derision, the disgrace of the civilised world. I feel what a loving and dutiful son would feel were he to see his beloved and venerable father, misled by evil counsellors and wicked surroundings into a series of ignominious crimes.

How can England ever adequately atone for her crimes and misdeeds toward Ireland? How can she repair the losses incurred by her unwisdom? Just think of it for a moment.

Ireland, at the beginning of the 19th century, had a population of eight millions—to-day she has only four millions. Millions of Irish sadly left their dear native land, to cross the broad ocean into exile, all animated and justly animated against England, all burning with righteous indignation against their pitiless oppressors and persecutors. At their tearful departure the misleading organs of English public opinion, like the *London Times*, exulted at their going, and said: "The Irish are going with a vengeance, and the day is not far distant when an Irishman will be as rare as a red Indian on the banks of the Manhattan." Words of more than Neroian atrocity. Those millions sent abroad by English misrule, those millions grown into many more millions, would have been, under a better government, still in Ireland at the outbreak of the war. What a magnificent array of the defenders of the Empire would have been forthcoming! No need then of conscription and all its woes. Germany would have never dared to challenge the British Empire, with such a multitude of able, valiant, enthusiastic, and invincible defenders. Who, then, can calculate the losses to the Empire of these exiles of Erin—losses in every direction, national, commercial, military, scientific, literary, and artistic?

And oh! the shame of it! But shall that shame endure? No. Thousands, nay, millions of Englishmen, as the light of the true history of Ireland dawns upon them, as the cloud of ignorance and prejudice vanishes from their gaze, millions are determined to wipe away for ever this disgrace

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to the British name, this foul blot on England's escutcheon. The enlightened democracy of England is Ireland's solid hope, and its day is coming. They will in their hour of triumph see justice done at last to Ireland, see her achieve her right to self-determination and national independence.

DID IRELAND LOSE HER NATIONALITY?

But did not Ireland long ago lose her nationality by conquest? No. *Might is not right—or else no God of Justice rules the world. Conquest does not necessarily involve the destruction of nationality—or what would be the nationality of Poland, Belgium, and Serbia?* One can conceive that when a conquered nation, after the conquest, has met with a wise, a just, a conciliatory government, it may become reconciled to its fate, and freely accept the nationality of the conqueror; in short, exchange its nationality, and then the *free consent of the governed*—that fundamental democratic principle of legitimate power—gives to the conqueror a rightful title to the allegiance of the conquered. But that has never been the case for Ireland. She has never had from her pretended conqueror a wise, or a just, or a conciliatory government, but only continuous tyranny, coercion, robbery, and forced union with the conqueror. A century and more of that deplorable and disgraceful alliance—miscalled the Union—one of the most detestable instances of bribery, corruption, and tyranny that ever polluted the pages of history—a century of futile attempts to govern Ireland has ignominiously failed. The fact is patent to the world. And why? Because England has had the mania of wishing to govern Ireland by Englishmen, in English ways, for English interests, and English ideals; whereas Ireland requires to be governed by Irishmen, in Irish ways, for Irish interests, and Irish ideals. And that is the meaning of Sinn Féinism. All good Australians, all good New Zealanders are, or ought to be, Sinn Féiners. Their motto is Australia for the Australians, New Zealand for the New Zealanders, just as Ireland's motto is Ireland for the Irish.

Gladstone, that great Englishman, Gladstone, in his memorable advocacy of Home Rule, uttered words to this effect—I quote from memory: "Ransack the annals of the civilised world, and I defy you to find any worthy representative author of any nation, that has ever written anything but censure, condemnation, and disgust on England's government of Ireland." *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* The civilised world's judgment carries insurmountable weight and authority—the world's judgment is absolute and irrefragable.

Yes, Ireland is a nation, and deserves to be treated as such. Her nationality is the oldest in Europe. She was a nation when the inhabitants of Britain were ignorant and gross barbarians, and she helped to christianise and civilise them. As Cardinal Mercier a man of world-wide fame, great learning, and consummate virtue says in his address of thanks to Ireland: "It is inconceivable that the nationality of Ireland, the oldest and purest in Europe, should not be recognised by the League of Nations."

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM OF SMALL NATIONS.

At the outbreak of the war, our ears were wearisomely dinned with the loud and emphatic assertions of the most representative speakers and exponents of public opinion in England, that we were fighting for the freedom and independence of the small nations, for the right of the small nations to self-determination. Where is the fruit of those words now? Were they then but sheer mockery and hypocrisy? We were told, again and again, that the object of the war was the utter destruction of Prussianism, and lo! to-day the small nation at England's door, the nation whose nationality is unequalled in Europe for endurance and dignity, is the goaded victim of the most barefaced and outrageous Prussianism; as the world at

large now knows, as the world was unmistakably told, throughout the United States, by the commission composed of unexceptional and distinguished citizens and officials of the great American Republic. Their report, their irrepressible report, is a standing and crushing condemnation of the present policy and action of England's misgovernment of Ireland, and, for any man of common sense and honesty, it dispenses with any further argument. Further arguments, however, abound. Take, for instance, the late action of the United States Senate, which, by a majority of sixty to one, passed a resolution claiming a hearing at the Peace Conference for the representatives of the people of Ireland. Remark that this is by far a larger majority than that which declared war on Germany, and that party lines in the Senate were completely obliterated. The majority is also vastly larger than that on the resolution to arm the American merchant marine prior to America's entry into the war.

A prominent American says: "This is easily the most important and significant action taken by America in opposition to England since our forefathers declared against the rule of George III."

Listen to the comment of the *Manchester Guardian*: "We have all been unpleasantly reminded of this fact—that unsettled questions have no respect for the peace of nations' minds—by the almost unanimous adoption in the American Senate of a resolution unmistakably sympathetic with Sinn Féin. The portent is that a House of Parliament, in a nation which is our nearest approach to a close friend in the world, should publicly express this implied condemnation of our undemocratic practices within our own borders. So the Irish sore goes on poisoning the Anglo-American friendship on which the whole world, and especially the English-speaking parts, largely depend for their happiness and perhaps for their safety, in the troublous times that are opened out by the failure of the peacemakers to do their work as well as the soldiers did theirs."

Listen, again, to the declaration of the *Daily Herald* (the Labor organ in England): "It will not do for the English people to assume that the Senate vote does not matter. The fact that it was passed by sixty votes to one is sufficiently astonishing; but we have in addition to note that the House of Representatives passed a similar resolution last year, that Congress has now a Republican majority, and that party lines were obliterated in the Senate vote."

IRELAND THE SUBJECT OF THE WORLD'S POLITICS.

The English Tory press is dumbfounded at the vote. How different from what they expected, considering the vast sums spent on anti-Irish propaganda in the States, and the rank and prestige of the men sent over to combat the growth of Irish feeling there. A few of the baser sort of journals speak of the "impertinence" of the Senate, forgetting that England as a Great Power owes its continued existence to American money and men. No nation can long continue to ignore the pressure of a powerful creditor. America now dominates the world, and the questions of maritime supremacy and world-trade are filling thoughtful British minds with disquiet. *Ireland for the first time in her history has become the subject of the world's politics.*

So let no one despair: there are better times coming. Demonstrations like this great Irish Race Convention, are eminently calculated to defeat the conspiracy of silence and lying, and bring about the reign of justice "which exalteth a nation." Ireland is a nation, whose nationality has proved itself indestructible by any weapons that the wit of man can devise, a nation in every sense of the word—geographically, politically, socially, morally, and historically, and, as such, she has an inalienable right to self-determination and complete self-government.

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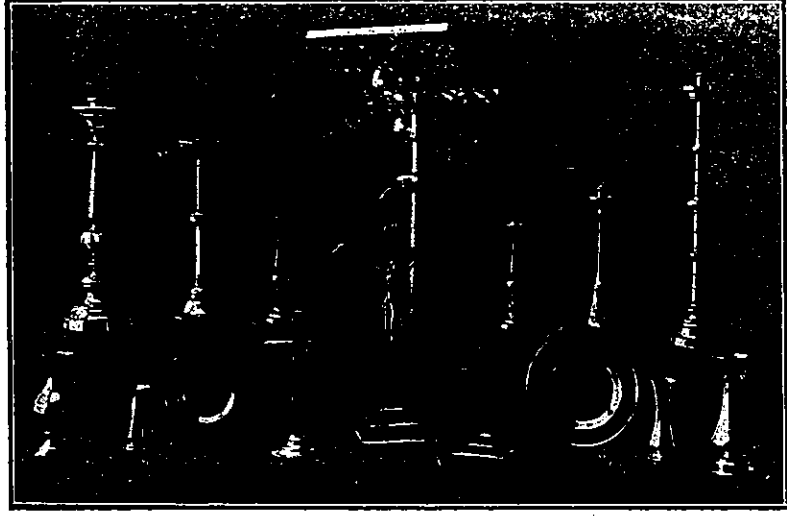
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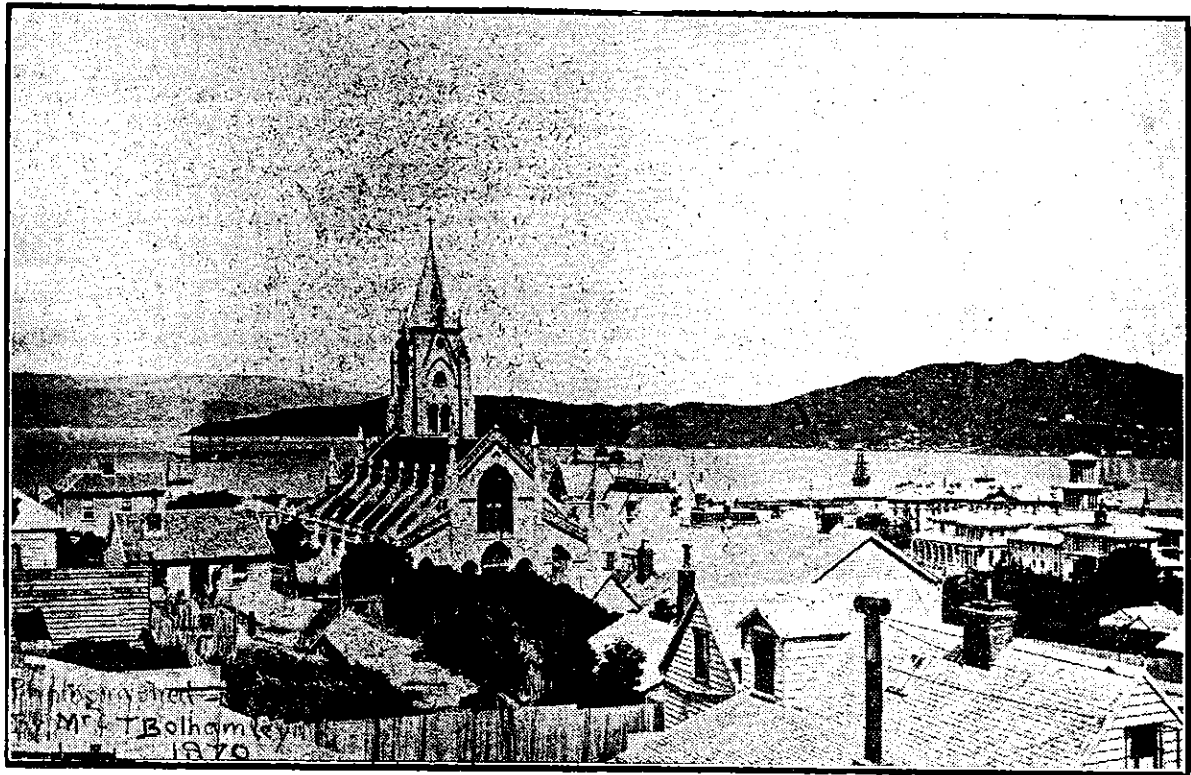
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Consecration of Archbishop Redwood

[Reprinted from the *London Weekly Register*, March 21, 1874.]

On Tuesday, the 17th inst., the Feast of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, the consecration of a Catholic Bishop took place in the Church of St. Anne, Spitalfields. The consecrating prelate was his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, assisted by the Right Rev. the Bishops of Southwark and Ameyla (*i.p.i.*); the Rev. Father Brady and the Rev. Father Selle were respectively deacon and subdeacon of the Mass, the deacons of the throne being the Rev. Fathers Fitch and Grimes; Father Kirk acted as assistant priest. The novitiate of the Marist Fathers, Dundalk, Ireland, was represented by the Rev. Father Yarden, and the scholasticate of Dublin by the Rev. Dr. Pestre.

After the ceremony the Marist Fathers provided a *recherche dejeuner* in St. Anne's Hall, at which his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster presided. He was supported by the newly-consecrated Bishop, and their Lordships the Bishops of Southwark and Ameyla. The following clergymen were also present:—Canon: the Very Rev. Dr. Gilbert, V.G.; Very Rev. W. G. Tedd, D.D.; and the Right Rev. Mgr. Patterson. Amongst other clergymen

were the Rev. Father Wilfrid Dallow, Our Lady's Church, Birkenhead—Father Dallow is cousin to the Bishop of Wellington. Also present the Rev. Fathers Akers, Keating, Crook, Toomey, M. Smith, Guiron, and Collins. The Religious Orders of the Redemptorists, Capuchins, Servites, Franciscans, Oblates of St. Charles, Passionists, Augustinians, were largely represented. Amongst the laity were Sir Charles Clifford, the Hon. Mr. Langdale; Messrs. Lescher, of Brentwood and London; also A. Purcell, N. Purcell, E. Zuccani, N. Zuccani, J. Merritt, T. Ashby, F. Laurence, N. Michell, N. Adolph, Stuart Knill, C. Singers, N. Dutrulle, F. Dromel, N. Mears, F. Connery, and T. Connel, Esqrs.; Dr. Mahoney, Dr. Hewitt, Dr. Mank; and reporters from *Times*, *Telegraph*, and Catholic papers.

TOASTS HONORED.

When justice had been done to the good things, and grace said, the Archbishop rose to propose the first toast, "The Health of the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX." In proposing the health of the Sovereign Pontiff, remarked his Grace, it is unnecessary for me to say a word except one of confidence. I am happy to be able to announce that direct information assures me that his Holiness is in perfect health. (Loud applause.) It is not out of season to make this statement, as he is periodically *slain* by some people—(laughter)—and whenever we meet together there is no harm in communicating better news. It appears that

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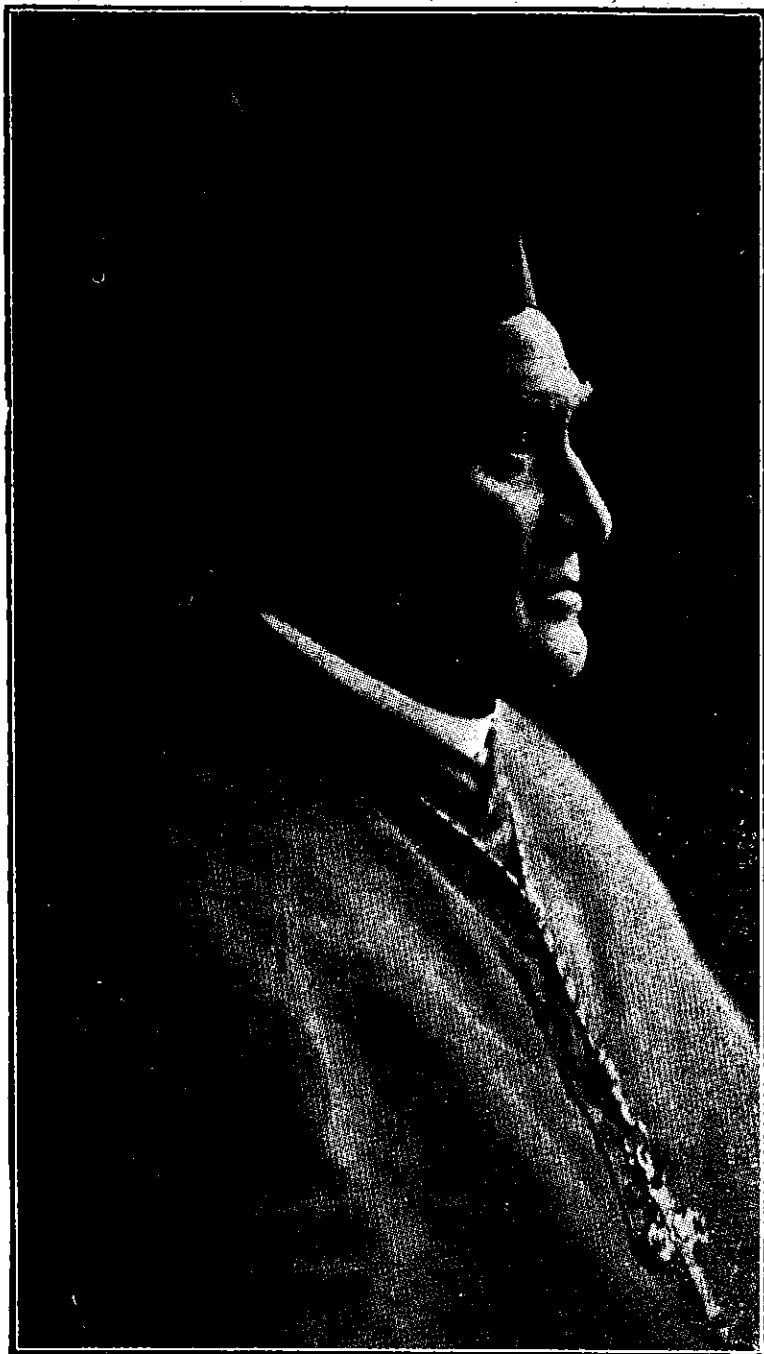
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the great forces of the world which have hitherto mingled together are now separated, and are marshalled against the Church. The great conflict of the material and moral powers is rapidly preparing for a final solution, and we know what the result will be. The present tone of exaltation and confidence with which those who are the fools of the world are perpetually deafening our ears is a sign that the material power—might without right—has attained its highest ascendancy. But it is also a sign that the words of the prophet will be fulfilled—that “the land of the giants shall be pulled down in ruins,” and his great material power is now nearest to its fall. (Applause.) The life of the Sovereign Pontiff has been wonderfully prolonged—not without a purpose, and you may rest assured that he will not pass away until he sees at least the beginning of the downfall of the powers arrayed against him. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with the most loving and devoted enthusiasm, and the hymn “God Save the Pope” was sung.

His Grace next proposed the “Health of Queen Victoria.” Her Majesty, said his Grace, was a just Queen; she has reigned over a people greatly divided by various principles, beliefs, and antagonisms, and yet during this good Queen’s reign, for the first time in 300 years there is a perfect equality in the toleration of religious belief, and a peace founded on that equality is gained by Catholics. (Hear, hear.) There are some few, I am sorry to say, who, if it were in their power, would set fire to the four corners of Great Britain, in order to burn down the Catholic Church. They are the fire-brands and madmen who are to be found in all sections of civilisation. We bear them no ill-will; we wish them a better mind, and we are not afraid of them. (Applause.) I believe that in giving the “Health of her Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family” I shall be giving you an opportunity of expressing that affection and loyalty which is contained in all your hearts. (Loud applause.) With the most loyal and affectionate enthusiasm the toast was honored, all present joining in the National Anthem.

Sir Charles Clifford (formerly Speaker of the New Zealand House of Assembly) rose amidst applause to propose the health of the newly-consecrated Bishop of Wellington. He said: This is one of the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced. Outside of my own family there are none whom I have loved and respected more than the family of the Redwoods. The Bishop of Wellington and myself went out to New Zealand together in the same vessel, and, though we resided in different provinces on our arrival, we kept up a pleasant communication with each other. The family of the Redwoods had done wonders in New Zealand, and to that family the spread of the faith was much owing. It may surprise you to hear that I lay claim to be the first pastor of the diocese of Wellington. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) In the year 1842, when I landed in New Zealand, there was no priest there. Well, the Catholics were very numerous, and they agreed to assemble at my house on Sundays and other holidays, in order as much as possible to sanctify those days. So, through this, I claim to have been the first priest of the congregation of the Bishop of Wellington. (Hear, hear.) Shortly after there came out some zealous missionaries from Ireland, and to them succeeded the good Marist Fathers, who had been most zealous in the duties of their sacred ministry, and succeeded in spreading the faith rapidly. (Applause.) Sir Charles Clifford then proceeded to give a most interesting and entertaining account of the progress of the faith in the New Zealand Colonies. He said that that feeling known as the “No-Popery feeling” was scotched and killed in the early days of his Colonial experiences. In electing members for the House of Assembly the Colonial Government chose to raise the cry of “No Popery,” and to protest against such a cry he (Sir Charles Clifford) was elected a member for Wellington at the head of the poll. They would not stand any bigotry; and to show their great toleration they elected a Catholic to the House of Assembly at the head of the poll. At one time the Colonial Government were at a loss to know whether they would say prayers, and of what sort, at the opening of the discussions of the Assembly. At last, after much discussion as to the sort of prayers to

say, and what clergyman would say them, he (Sir C. Clifford) was nominated one of a committee to compose a prayer—(laughter, and hear, hear)—and they made a very devotional one, which was repeated by every member of the Assembly. Again, it was proposed to give a Protestant Bishop £600 a year, and the wisdom of the payment was much approved of, but when the same demand was made for clergymen of other denominations, Catholic included, it was not found to work so well. In course of time all these matters were satisfactorily managed, and now he was happy to state that in no country under the laws of Great Britain can Catholics exercise their religion with more freedom. (Loud applause.) In conclusion, Sir Charles Clifford dwelt on the great satisfaction which the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Redwood would afford to the inhabitants of the Colony.

Mr. Thompson (the only member present of the new Bishop of Wellington’s congregation) said that, on the part of the Catholics of New Zealand, he desired to tender to their new Bishop hearty congratulations and glad allegiance. The Catholics of New Zealand claimed Dr. Redwood as one of their own. He (Mr. Thompson) came from the grave of the late Bishop of Wellington, Dr. Viard, and it was, therefore, not unfitting that he should welcome as his successor the newly-consecrated Bishop. He had great pleasure in seconding the toast proposed by Sir Charles Clifford. (Loud applause.)

The Bishop of Wellington rose amidst the most cordial demonstrations of welcome. He said: It is difficult for me to find words to express the feelings of gratitude which I owe Sir Charles Clifford for the very kind words he has said with regard to my family and myself. I could not desire a greater happiness than to see Sir Charles here to-day. My parents—at least my mother—and friends who reside in New Zealand, when they learn all the circumstances their delight will be unbounded. It is impossible to describe the feeling which my family owe to the Cliffords—it brings back thoughts of former days, and pleasing intercommunion, in old England. I sincerely thank Sir Charles for all the kind things he has said; and let me say that Sir Charles Clifford and his family were instruments in the hands of Providence to help my predecessor in overcoming the difficulties of his New Zealand Mission. (Loud applause.) It is a great honor and gratification to me to have my health proposed by his Grace the Archbishop. I could not have coveted a greater favor and happiness than to receive consecration and the fulness of priesthood from so illustrious a prelate, who is, I make bold to say—for I am but the echo of the general voice—the light and pride of England, who has spread his celebrity and influence through the length and breadth of Christendom, and who may be justly called one of the brightest luminaries of the whole Catholic world. (Applause.) As an Englishman, I am sincerely proud of such a privilege and distinction; and I look upon it as a great encouragement to face manfully the difficulties of my extensive and arduous mission, and as an earnest of future usefulness in the Holy Church of God. Still more proud of it am I, as a Catholic Bishop; for the distinctive virtue, the mark and character of a Catholic Bishop, is a hearty devotion to the See of Rome, to the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. And I behold, in his Grace, the unwearied champion of Peter’s cause, one who is ever in the breach to defend the Popedom, whose eloquent voice and pen before and at the Vatican Council will never be forgotten, and who, so lately, in that most truly and powerful essay which some of you have had the privilege of hearing, has magnificently vindicated the cause of the Catholics of Germany, and dealt a heavy blow, nay, given the deathstroke, to Bismarckian Cæsarism in the public opinion of this realm. (Loud applause.) Again, as a friend to Ireland, I am particularly sensible to the favor of this day, for I see in his Grace a well-known and well-tried friend of Ireland. To Ireland, indeed, I am deeply indebted. I might say as much, and even more, for France; but let that be for another occasion—for there I received Holy Orders, priesthood included, from Irish prelates; there I spent some of the best years of my life; there I met with a kindness and indulgence which I shall ever gratefully remember;

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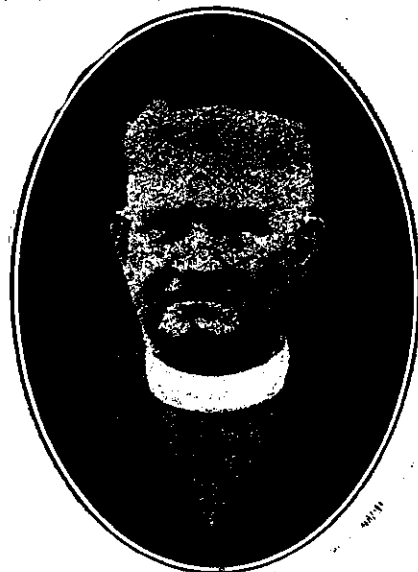
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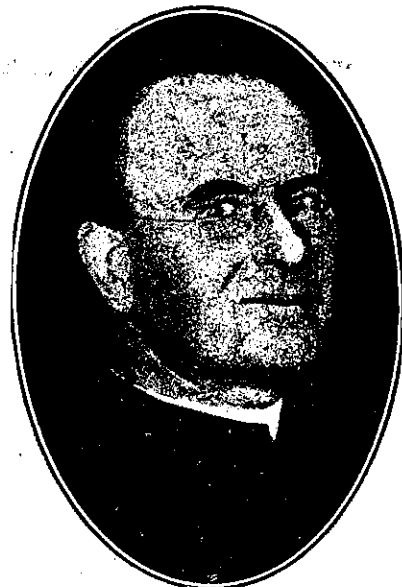
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and there I have friends and benefactors. And as we are attached to persons and places, not so much on account of favors received as of services rendered and labors undergone for their welfare, so I shall leave a part of my heart in Ireland with the youth I have helped to educate for several very obscure and toilsome years. To not a few, also, I was employed to teach theology, and some of them will share my mission in New Zealand, while others, I trust, will preserve the fountain's head and keep up the stream of apostles which has set in towards that hopeful field. Speaking of education—that greatest of all the battle-fields of our day—I cannot forget that in nothing has my illustrious consecrator done more to deserve the blessings of heaven, the congratulations and rewards of the Church, and the gratitude of mankind, than in his unflagging exertions in promoting Catholic education, and in preserving thousands of dear Catholic children from schools of perdition. Here a bright example is set me in my future career; for the very same struggle against mixed education exists in New Zealand and Australia, and, I am sorry to say, with far less chance of victory for Catholics. As a fellow-soldier in this battle-field of religious education, I find matter for self-congratulation this day. I am also grateful as the Bishop of the capital of New Zealand, or, I might, perhaps, rather say, as a New Zealander, for I went there so young; and spent there so much of my childhood and youth, that I may well nigh claim to be a native of that distant land. As a New Zealander, then, I congratulate myself, since his Grace, as an Englishman, feels a deep interest in so hopeful an English colony, and, as a Catholic Prelate, feels immeasurably more interested in the spread of our Holy Faith throughout the wide British Empire. One day—I love to think—when far beyond the broad seas, when appalled perhaps at my solitariness and isolation, it will be grateful and consoling indeed to look back in thought to these days and this old land, and to remember the close ties which I have this day initiated with one whose example and counsels may be a great support to my inexperience and weakness. This morning, as your Grace knows, we entered into a spiritual relationship which is everlasting—you of paternity, I of sonship. May the son—I venture to hope—be worthy of the father. (He concluded amidst loud applause.)

The Archbishop said that the words of his friend, the Bishop of Wellington, had so far surpassed all he could expect that he had difficulty in replying. His generous and affectionate heart had made him say that which he thought, but much that was far from the reality. Thus far he had told the strict truth, when he said that he (the Archbishop) had the happiness—he might say the grace—to be permitted to do, to lend his hand, to put his finger, to two works: the one to promote the Definition of the supreme and infallible authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, in all matters of faith and morals; and the second, to labor and to fight for the maintenance, whole, inviolate, and entire, of the unbroken authority that directs a Christian and Catholic education. (Applause.) All this was perfectly true; he would invite everybody who heard him, priest or layman, to concentrate the whole of their energies on these two points; and if, through any cause, they depart from these two great lines of their progress, they will waste a great deal of their strength. (Hear, hear.) The infallible authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ means this—nothing less, and nothing more—that Jesus Christ Himself speaks on earth at this hour by an organ of his own consecration. (Applause.) And this divine authorship pervaded the faith and the motive for which the faith was believed. He was ashamed to say that there were some within the Church who at one period thought it inopportune to define that which was essentially fundamental in Catholic doctrine. It was in the plenitude of their own self-confidence that they thought so; they were led away by the fumes of intellectual inflation of the nineteenth century. But he was glad to say that nothing of the sort exists now within the unity of the Church—that evil and erratic spirit was now confined amongst those who were called the “old Catholics” of Germany. He wished those so-called “old Catholics” well;

he wished them the grace of penance; he wished them a thorough and solid conversion. With regard to the other question—that of education—he thought it was one on which public opinion should be brought to bear as much as possible, in order to ensure just legislation in a matter of such vital importance. Education was the formation of human nature from the first moment of its existence; it was the sharpening of the intellect of man; and how could any person separate the knowledge of God and His faith from education? (Applause.) How could education be surrendered to legislators, princes, or statesmen? Yes, his friend and brother, the Bishop of Wellington, was right in what he said of education. (Applause.) He (the Archbishop) desired the prosperity of the Australian and New Zealand colonies more than many were aware of. His own father was intimately united with our great West Indian colonies, and from the earliest period of his life he remembered hearing the whole subject of their colonial relationship as a family topic. It might divert them to hear a circumstance of a most elaborate—a most portentous nature, which connected him with the colonies. He (the Archbishop) was charged with being the deadly enemy of the colonial relations of the British Empire. (Laughter.) He was not aware of entering into any conspiracy. He was not conscious of desiring the disintegration of the British Empire, on the contrary, it was always his opinion that the more intimate and solid was the Union between Great Britain and her colonies, the more firm was the basis of her strength—(loud applause)—the more firmly based were its industries, its commerce, its maritime prosperity, and its power of ruling the seas, for which England is pre-eminently remarkable. (Hear, hear.) On that day New Zealand was united closer to this country by the act which conferred the plenitude of the priesthood on Dr. Redwood. In conclusion, after alluding to the immovability of the Rock of Peter, and the everlasting basis on which the Church stood, his Grace proposed the “Health of the Clergy and Laity of New Zealand and Australia.”

The Bishop of Wellington returned thanks. He said that the deepest feelings of gratitude would animate the New Zealand and Australian Catholics when they heard all his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster had said and done for them. He (the Bishop) desired to convey in general terms the thanks of the people from these several countries. Before sitting down he would do himself the honor, as well as pleasure, of proposing the “Health of the Assistant Bishops of the Consecration,” coupling with their names the “Clergy and Laity of Great Britain and Ireland.” (Applause.)

The Right Rev. Dr. Danell, Bishop of Southwark, returned thanks.

The founder of the Marist Order was also toasted, and the health was replied to by the Rev. Father Chaurain, and another French priest, whose name escaped our reporter. Father Chaurain alluded to the great progress of the faith in the East end of London within the last twenty years, and greater success in future. For the benefit of the uninitiated, his Grace the Archbishop delivered, in English, the words of the French priest, who also alluded to the good deeds done by the Marist Order. We are indebted to the Rev. Father Chaurain for the following interesting description of the Marists:—

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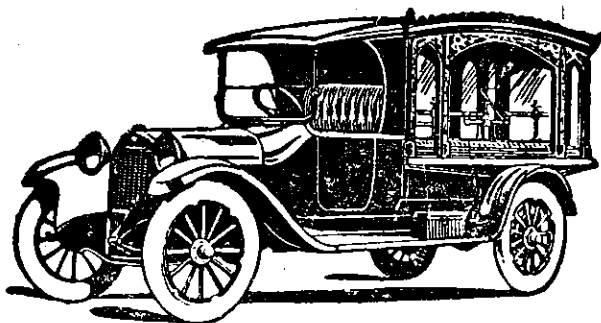
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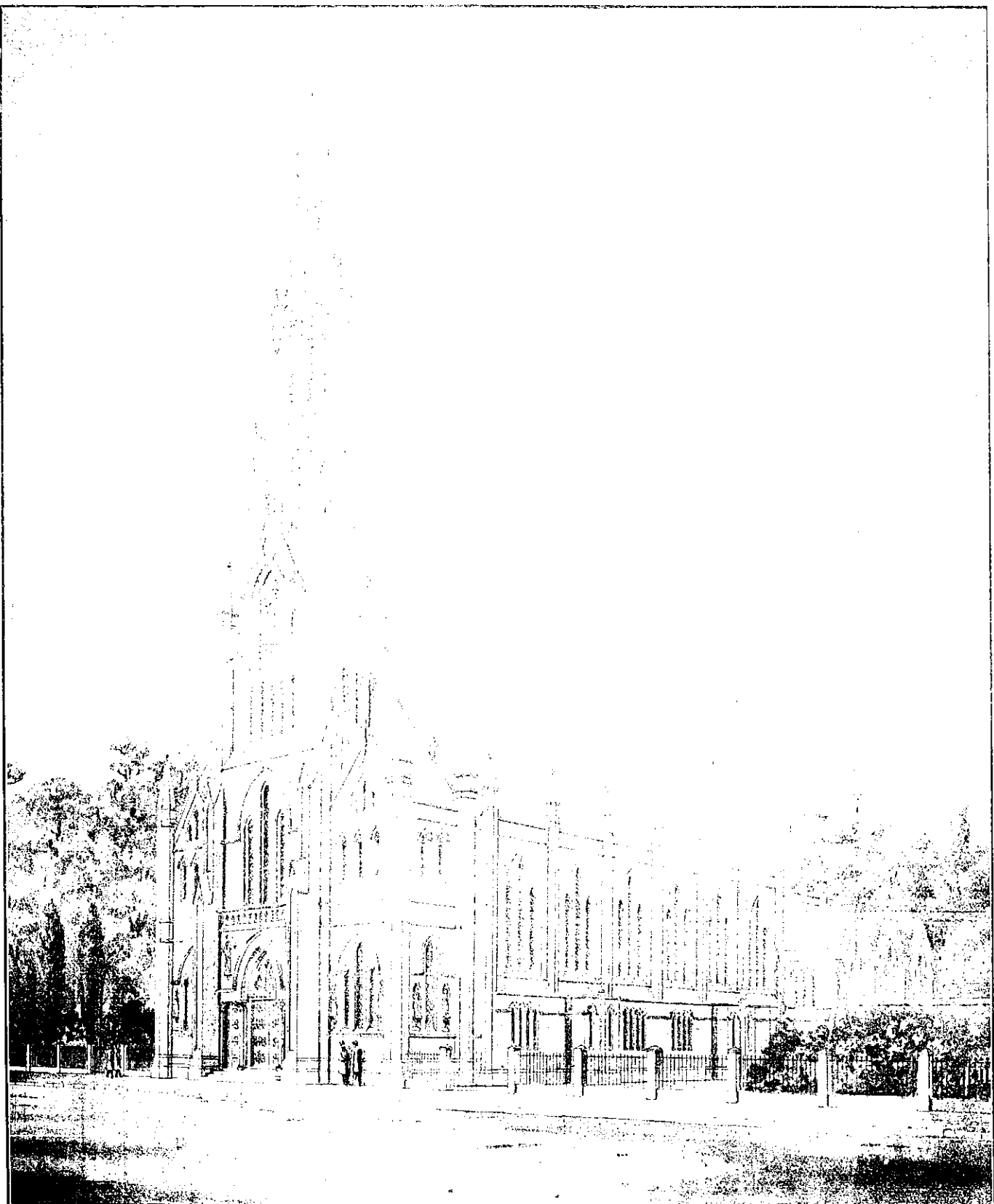
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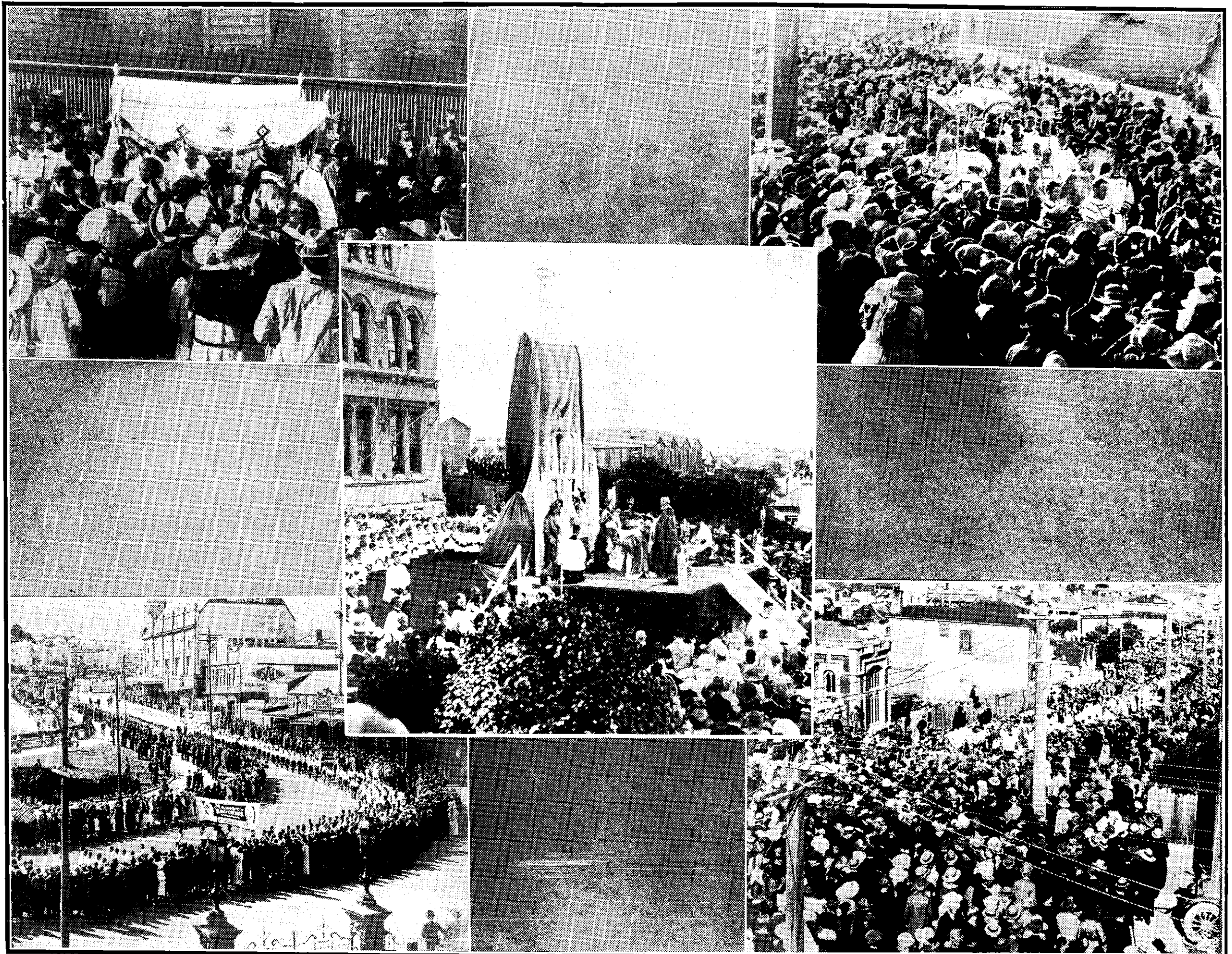


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