

When the Bishop appeared on the stage to receive the address, the audience expressed their delight at seeing him back again by vigorous and prolonged applause, which was repeated at frequent intervals during his reply, in the course of which he said:

My dear priests and people,—First of all I beg to thank the artists who have given us such a beautiful treat. On your behalf and my own I congratulate them on their excellent performance, and I can assure them and the organisers of the concert of our gratitude. I thank you from my heart for the hour of musical enjoyment they have given us. I thank you from my heart for your enthusiastic welcome. I am quite as happy in seeing you again as you are in seeing me. The joy one feels at returning increases as one approaches home, and when I arrived at the station last Saturday night I said to myself "Here am I," which is singularly like the Maori word for welcome.

I keenly regret that I was not in Dunedin when the Australian prelates and priests were here. Several of them are amongst my most intimate friends, four of them having worked, like myself, under the leadership of the present great Archbishop of Sydney and his illustrious predecessor, Cardinal Moran. It was an undeniable joy to me, however, to meet them in Wellington during the soul-stirring celebrations in honor of my venerated Metropolitan, Archbishop Redwood. Their visit to New Zealand will be long remembered by us as a demonstration of their good-will towards us, their less numerous and less influential friends and co-religionists of the Dominion. The brilliant, good-humored, and transparently sincere send-off they received at the wharf in Wellington last Friday will strengthen the bond between the Catholics of New Zealand and the Catholics of the Commonwealth.

Your thoughtful address refers to the benefits to be derived by the diocese from the experience I gained during my travels. You are quite justified in assuming that in my observations I had in view whatever should help me in performing my duties as Bishop. Hence I sought the company of priests and bishops, and learned, as well as my limited opportunities allowed, things pertaining to our holy religion in various centres. The traveller teaches as well as learns. There is, no doubt, some want of knowledge still in America and Ireland regarding the geography of New Zealand. In fact, I found a letter from America on my return addressed to "Dunedin, Australia." Seeing that I had given my correspondent some lessons on the geography of this country, I can safely assume that a further course of instructions would not be superfluous. I trust it will be many years, however, before I am called upon to resume my lessons.

I learned from this morning's paper that "bad eggs are never sent from New Zealand." Perhaps that would account for the honor paid to me in many places by those who knew where I came from. Having no apprehension of my being a "bad egg," they received me with open arms. In America the outstanding compliment shown me was when more than three hundred friends assembled in New York to mark the visit of one whom nearly all of them knew as a boy. Our Irish people are so numerous there that clubs have been established according to Irish counties. The Kilkenny men's club organized that entertainment, at which were present boys whom I knew long ago. They came there with their families. To me they were still "boys" in spite of a flock of children around them and of an occasional grandchild. The enthusiasm of those "boys" and "girls" I can always recall with great pleasure. We chatted about the olden days spent in the city by the Nore; others gave me numerous messages for their relatives in Kilkenny. The love of the old land is very strong in the heart of the Irish exile, and even though they might say, "Little old New York is good enough for me" there was a hankering after home scenes that could not easily be concealed.

The compliment paid me that night by Kilkenny in New York was surpassed only by the compliment paid me a month or two later by Kilkenny itself. On my arrival in my native city I was astounded to see thousands assembled and at their head the Mayor of the city in his robes

of office. A long procession was formed accompanied by a band, the streets were lined with onlookers and the people, together with a number of priests, took me to my residence. Shortly afterwards the Freedom of the City was conferred on me, the highest compliment that a city can pay a visitor.

I recall these incidents to-night, because I feel that it gives you pleasure to hear that your Bishop was the recipient of so much attention. If any of you ever notice that the responsibilities of the episcopal office are depressing me, I give you leave to remind me that the greater portion of the enjoyment and happiness I experienced during my trip was due to the fact that I was a Bishop.

After some time I shall take an opportunity of giving a lantern lecture on Lourdes. There is only one Lourdes. It is a place so impressive, so dear to pilgrims that everybody who has seen it likes to speak about it and to share his knowledge and his joy with others. It will be a great pleasure to me, when everything is in readiness, to try to convey to you as much as possible of the deep-seated joy that I myself experienced on visiting that sacred spot.

I spent a fortnight in Rome—a brief but pleasant time under the hospitable roof of Mgr. Hagon, the Rector of the Irish College. For sacred memories Rome is unique. The Coliseum still stands in which the early Christians were torn to pieces for their Faith by the panther and the lion. At every turn one comes upon the tracks of saints, martyrs and confessors; and as for Art, Art is Rome and Rome is Art.

In addition to its artistic side, Rome is the centre of Christendom and the home of the Father of Christendom. To a bishop, Rome is the Holy Father and his advisers. To me it was a great privilege to see his Holiness for the first time in private audience and to tell him of the faith and piety of the Catholics of this diocese, and of the loyalty of priests and people to the See of Peter. I might mention to you that when I had given him the information that he desired, and manifestly cheered him, I thought that old Alpine climber as he was he might like to hear about our mountains. He smiled at the mention of mountains, and asked several questions about them, but I was glad he did not ask me whether I had ever climbed them. Of course, I should have frankly said that I had not, but that I lived up Rattray Street. My experiences also with the Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda delighted me and made me proud to be associated, even in the humblest way, with such a wise and holy and learned ruler.

I am delighted to be with you and to receive your hearty welcome. Lest I might feel conceited over the kindness you have shown me to-night and the striking compliments to me that I have brought under your notice, lest I might feel so vain as to think that the honors paid to me were intended for Bishop Whyte whereas they were intended for the bishop (whatever he might be)—lest I might be puffed up, the Church mercifully and wisely arranges that to-morrow morning one of the priests will take Blessed Ashes and say while putting them on my forehead, "Remember, man, that thou art dust and into dust thou shalt return."

After the Bishop's reply, the members of the audience came up to present their respects individually, and there was a happy and informal conversation which was a fitting termination to an enjoyable evening.

Return of Bishop Whyte

We present our readers with a new portrait of his Lordship Dr. Whyte, who arrived in time to participate in the Jubilee celebrations and is being welcomed this week by his Dunedin flock.

The Press Apostolate

Look around among your neighbors and see if there is a Catholic family not taking the *Tablet*. Do your part for the Apostolate of the Press by persuading them that it will make their Sundays happier if they read our paper.