

in the buildings you have erected; but who can estimate what golden treasures of goodness you have left in the hearts of those who have come under your holy influence? Year after year you have labored in the College at Mosgiel and sent out into the world young Levites, upon whose brows, after patient years of prayer and study, have been placed the triple aureola of priestly power, holiness of life and learning. We are told that he who writes a sweet song, which lifts men's hearts to God, which kindles praise and devotion, which inspires joy and hope in sorrow and which gives new impulses to holy living, has done one of the noblest services which it is permitted to mortal to do on this earth to his fellow-men. You, by your deep learning, zeal and exceptional ability have succeeded in setting the name of God in clear light before men, so that its glory shall shine more widely and its influence touch more hearts and lives. Thus truly have you used the talents bestowed upon you by the Giver of all gifts and fulfilled the mission assigned to you by Divine Providence. Dunedin lays claim to you as the place of your birth, but Auckland claims you as a descendant of Ireland, that land of Saints, Martyrs, Bishops and Priests, a land with which you have ever sympathized, loved, eulogised and with your pen defended. In this your new home and sphere of greater and more onerous duties, we pray God to pour on you His richest blessings, so that for many years you may here be His worthy representative and the Father of His people who humbly and fervently crave your Lordship's blessing. On their behalf and on our own we subscribe ourselves: Mary J. McIlhone, J. P. Kalaugher, J. T. Fitzgerald.

DR. LISTON'S REPLY.

The cordiality of your welcome goes right to my heart. I knew the clergy and people of Auckland would receive me kindly, but I could not have anticipated that they would have met a stranger, unknown and untried, with such warmth and affection. I gratefully accept the compliment you pay me, as a token of your esteem for the sacred character of the episcopate, and as a tribute of your loyal devotion to Our Holy Father Benedict XV., to whose good will and not to any merit of mine, this appointment is due in the ways of Divine Providence. I accept this welcome also, and with special gratification, in the further sense in which I conceive it to be offered, that is, as a pledge of your devoted loyalty to your revered Chief Pastor, whose labors I have come to lighten.

This is a moment of solemn interest to you and me, the painful sacrifice of separation from the diocese and work and friends I loved and love so tenderly, is consummated. I confess that I should have been glad to spend all my life in the work of training aspirants to the priesthood. I should have preferred to remain a soldier in the ranks than become a leader in the fight. I have often asked of God to be left in the gentle swell of the harbor, out of the swing of the sea and the rush of the storm. But seeing that He had destined me for higher responsibilities I am grateful to Him for sending me to work with priests, Brothers, nuns and people under his Lordship Dr. Cleary. I am sure we all thank the Giver of all good gifts for having kept our Bishop for his people in spite of much sickness. All rejoice—I especially have reason to be glad that he is yet able to rule us, to fight our battles, and to lead us, as he has led you, happy people of Auckland for many years, to the richest fields of His sacred Kingdom. We all pray, I for one pray with a full heart, that God may spare him as long as it is good for his people—surely a long, long time—and that the evening of his days on earth may be radiant with peace. Of old a Catholic bishop was called the *Dux Fidei*, Captain of God's Sacred Truth, the leader in the keen intellectual combat that goes on unceasingly between the followers of Christ and the forces of ignorance and error. The Bishop of Auckland well merits this title, for he has during 23 years fought the battles of our faith from paper and platform with ability, power, energy, and success that recall the glories of the old episcopacy. He has carried throughout New Zealand, for he belongs to no one place, the light and sweetness, the moulding influence, the glories and consolations of our holy religion. I am ready now like a dutiful soldier to aid and cheer this veteran of the Church's army.

Your welcome breathes encouragement, and I speak in all sincerity when I say that I stand in need of all the sympathetic help you can give me. I have no high gifts of intellect or wisdom or eloquence or character with which to serve you. All I have is a heart that is determined to devote itself to your best interests. I come with the prayer of Solomon on my lips: "I am but a child and know not how to go out and how to come in. I am in the midst of a people whom thou hast chosen, an immense people. Give, therefore, to Thy servant an understanding heart, to judge Thy people, and discern between good and evil."

But much as I feel my unworthiness, I find many reasons for abounding confidence. First, I have a living faith in the vitality of the Church. She never dies. She

lives in the world in good report and evil, in honor and dishonor, in sorrow and joy, in humiliation and triumph: ever courageous and confident, pursuing her way, fulfilling her mission of truth and mercy and peace. The fortune of the battle may at times seem doubtful, but the issue can never be doubtful. Storms may blow, but in God's own time the blustering wind drops, and the furious sea calms. I know she is strong and beautiful as when she first came from the hands of the Maker. I am sure I see the veil being lifted with which ignorance and passion have so long hidden her divine countenance in this country, and I am confident that the world must again kneel at her feet and ask to be forgiven and taught. With all their pride in their religion of irreligion, men outside the Church are torn by great misgivings, and are sick with spiritual longings, half revealed and half concealed: they know they have drifted and want to come back. Let us, favored children of faith, hasten their return by work and prayer. We must pray, but we must also work for them. Our feet must wear the steps of our Divine Friend's house, but they must also carry us to the homes and into the lives of these other brothers of Christ. Our countrymen are dying of spiritual starvation. We must seek them out, know them, love them, labor for their conversion, deliver to them the message of our Saviour, speak it in language that will reach their minds and hearts; speak it from the platform: "compel them to come in."

Next, I find strength when I recall and see for myself the work that has to be done, the ground that has been gained by bishops, priests, and people. It is no exaggeration to say that the Church in New Zealand has been a fruitful mother of heroes. When we look back at the men and women who hurried here from their own sweet homes and dear countries chiefly from Ireland, but also from France, Holland, England, and Scotland—we may justly claim that not often in the long and wide story of the Church has the world seen devotion to duty so absolute and intelligent. I should need the brush of an angel to paint the picture for you: the incense of prayer ascending to the Creator from the hearts of priests, Brothers, nuns, reflected back upon this world of sin and sorrow in rich streams of heavenly favors; burning charity, Christ-like in ardor; all the virtues of the Gospel alive in sweetest and fullest bloom. The details of the picture: the daily works of Christian mercy, the comfort poured into bruised hearts, the rescuing of the weak, the absolution of the sinner, the education of the young. The details of the picture: the daily lives and homes of our Catholic people—solid piety, religious education of children, edifying deaths, the glorious traditions and virtues of Irish faith planted deep and strong in the grateful hearts of young New Zealand. Thanks to the bishops, priests, Brothers, nuns, and people who have lived and labored here down to this day, the foundations of religion have been laid wide and deep; massive and enduring is the structure raised; graceful and strong are the pillars and adornments. We recall with grateful memory that these treasures have come from the Giver of good gifts, for the most part through the generous faith of the Irish exiles who have made their home here and have built up the Church in this country, as in so many others. It is our proud boast that the spirit of our Mother, the Irish Church, has passed to us, her children. We, the last comers, must see to it that this inheritance of faith shall be transmitted not only unimpaired, but in increased honor and usefulness. No doubt it will put on characteristics of its own as time goes by, and the Church in New Zealand is able to supply out of its own resources more priests and religious teachers; but we can never forget our Mother and all we owe her.

Great issues are at stake these days for God and souls, for Church and State. The world is awake to new ideas, and Catholic laymen feel that they stand in the light of a new and prophetic dawn. A new spirit is being breathed into them; they are growing in the realization of their rights and even more of their responsibilities, and are in happily increasing numbers assuming with cheerfulness the duties of zeal and charity which these responsibilities impose. They recognise that the Church has been too often, is still too often one-handed in her mighty struggle against the powers of evil; they feel it is not fair to leave the busy, wayward world with its sins and its follies, its miseries and its ignorance, its dooms and its destinies, its false friends, noisy patriots, and scheming politicians; and so, as becomes educated and loyal sons, they are offering themselves to the Church—their talents, energies, and personal service—in her onerous mission to men.

Catholic instinct is a good guide to these workers; for the work to be done for God and country falls on the laity as well as on the priest. God does His part and never fails; but He leaves us, priests and laity, much to do. He appoints each one of us a vicar of Jesus Christ, to labor with mind and heart and hand for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of our fellows; that commission we are free to accept or refuse. If we take our place in the

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