

## Return of Bishop Cleary

### Public Reception at Auckland Town Hall

(From our own correspondent, concluded from last week.)

On Tuesday, the 12th inst., Dr. Cleary entertained all the clergy of the diocese to dinner at the Bishop's House, Ponsonby.

When Dr. Cleary, accompanied by Dr. Liston, entered the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 12, the pupils of the Sisters' and Brothers' schools whole-heartedly sang "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," under the direction of the Rev. Brother Fidelis, and accompanied on the organ by Mr. Harry Hiscocks. The children's fine singing, their pleasing appearance, and their estimable conduct, were the subjects of much comment during the evening. After the "Ecce Sacerdos," Mr. J. P. Lonergan sang "The Floral Dance" in such a manner as to demand an encore, to which he responded with "Shipmates O' Mine." Miss Alva Skinner, the possessor of a very pleasing voice, sang "Rosebuds." Miss Jessie Smith gave a beautiful rendering of "A Thanksgiving Song"—a very appropriate one for the occasion. Miss Nonie Griffin, who contributed a piano solo, delighted the vast audience with her masterly performance of a selection from "Lucia di Lammermoor" (for left hand only). Signor Constantini, whose first item was "L'Ebreo Pi Guerrieri Apolloni" was encored, again, again, and again, and but for the intervention of the chairman, would not then have been allowed to leave the stage, so aroused and charmed were his hearers.

#### THE RAINBOW AND THE GOLD.

Dr. Cleary addressed the gathering as follows:—

"In the far-off days when I was a small boy, we children sometimes succeeded in getting a dear old nurse to deliver her budget of thirteen Irish fairy tales: 'the baker's dozen,' she called them. At the end of the twelfth, she spoke this unvarying formula: 'Now, boys and girls, I've told you twelve fairy tales. Every one of 'em is God's truth; but the dickens a word of a lie at all in the one I'm going to tell you now.' The story that followed was about a little boy that chased rainbows. He chased the fleeting colors, not for the love of the chase, but for the crock of gold that—as all the world knows—is to be found by digging where the rainbow ends. And 'the dickens a word of a lie' is there in that: for it is a truth told in parable, and not all a fairy tale.

"Most of us have chased our rainbows—have followed iridescent hopes or visions. Many of us have found the real gold of things worth while for time or after-time. Some have gathered only fairy gold, and in their hands it turned into dust and withered leaves. I found the end of my rainbow in this fair province and City of Auckland. I dug down into its religious life, and into its civic life, and—in much lesser degree—in its social life. And I found something infinitely more precious than crocks of gold. I found souls of pearl, and friendships more prized by me than the diamonds of the Rand. And I gathered the priceless treasure and stored it in the strong-room of my heart; and there it will remain for always, and always, and always.

#### The Most Beautiful Scenes.

"I return with joy to my rainbow land. I come back among you from the valley of death, still on the brighter side of life—the side that looks towards the setting sun. It has been my fortune to travel far afield and in many lands. I love the hills and streams—even the blades of grass—of the dear old martyr land that gave me birth. But, both as Bishop and as citizen, I am bound by still more precious ties to the land of my civic manhood, the land of my most sacred interests and labors. Longfellow called the Rhine "the most beautiful river on this beautiful earth." Returning last week from far-off lands, the most beautiful scenes for me on this beautiful earth were these four: the sight of Rangitoto from the sea; Auckland City, crowned like a queen and radiant in the sun; the faces of my own beloved people; and those of my friends and fellow-citizens of other faiths. When I last moved out from here, I left my heart in the place and with the people. On my return, they are the most precious pictures

I ever wish to see, until my Master calls me to step into the barque and sail out onto the west.

#### Co-operation in Trying Times.

It is, perhaps, hardly possible—at any rate, hardly desirable—for one occupying the position of a religious leader, to remain outside the current of our civic life. A religious leader's work forces him into contact with the city's life at a hundred points; it makes him, in a restricted sense, a public man. And, as such, I have ever found great happiness in doing work for the general community as lay within the power of one that labored long under the disability of much physical suffering.

"I speak here this evening as a citizen to a gathering containing many of my fellow-citizens of various faiths and of every political hue. There are many things that make me rejoice in being enabled, once more, to resume my place in Auckland's life. One of these is the unusually fine civic spirit of the people. Another is the wide prevalence of friendly (or, at least, tolerant) relations between different creeds and different forms of political and economic thought. A third is Auckland's magnificent reserve of civic and social strength. I refer here more particularly to the sustained and unsurpassable courage and devotion and charity which all sections of the people manifested in favor of the sick and wounded in the war, and for the relief of Catholic Belgium, and during the plague that ravaged this city in 1918. I refer, further, to the manifestations of this fine spirit on two occasions, when our Catholic orphanages went up in smoke and flame. Here are facts and qualities of our citizenship which have filled me with admiration and affection and gratitude—as long as life and as strong as death.

"In the days of sorrow and bitter trial my people, my religious, my clergy, and I were with our fellow-citizens to the limit. We gave joyfully of our best. To the limit, we stand ever ready to be with them again and yet again. And if there was healing in our united hands, and magic in their touch, it was because kindness overflowed from our united hearts; it was because there was love for the sufferers; it was because all of us together cheerfully risked our lives for them, no matter where or how they passed their Sundays.

#### Personal Grounds.

"On personal grounds, your great manifestation of this evening clamps my heart all the more firmly to Auckland and its people. There are many people here from every point of the religious and political compasses. But we come together as we did in dark and evil days. You welcome me back from the dim valley that lies between life and death; and you show me your kind hearts with the lid off. The great botanist, Linnaeus, once came to a bend in a Scottish road. There he suddenly saw before him the purple glory of a mountain of heather in full bloom. And he fell on his knees and thanked God. I bend the knees of my soul to God, Who has spread a royal purple mantle of kindness and goodwill and citizens worth over so many hearts in this Queen City of the North.

#### The Tailors of Laputa.

"The trying times of the last nine years—war, pestilence, destroying flame—have drawn the segments of our city's life close together. They have brought us close enough to see into one another's minds and to feel the friendly glow of one another's hearts. Public need threw one Grafton Bridge across a city ravine. Public calamities have thrown many a Grafton Bridge across many a social chasm in our city. They have disclosed a wide range of interests in which we all can do community work together—can strive together for the common good—and make our little local world the better that we have passed this way. Our co-operation, in days of anguish, has, I believe, engraved in our minds many of those practical truths that make for good citizenship. One such truth is this: That, whatever section of the community we belong to, we felt, at least for the time, that we should 'brothers be for a' that.' Another is this: That, in the course of our work, we found very few people in our community with either horns or cloven hoofs or a double dose of original sin. Our years of work together have, I hope, also taught us this further lesson of mutual forbearance: That widely different (even antagonistic) beliefs and political and eco-