THE

CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY DAYS

BY

J. J. WILSON.

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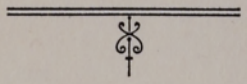

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J. J. WILSON.

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MCMX.

Catholic Cathedral, Christchurch,

March 9, 1910.

My Dear Mr. Wilson,

I duly received the proof-sheets you were good enough to send me of the 'Memoirs of the Early Days of the Church in New Zealand.'

You were well inspired to gather together so many stirring facts connected with the labors of the pioneer Missionaries. Men of boundless faith, undaunted courage, pluck, and perseverance, the bare record of their noble deeds is a powerful sermon for all of us.

I feel confident that the work when published will be read with deep interest by many, and even with no little emotion.

Wishing the publication every blessing and success,

I remain, my dear Mr. Wilson,

Yours very faithfully in Christ,

✠ J. J. GRIMES, S.M.,
Bishop of Christchurch.

ERRATA.

Page 5, first line: for ' Sixty-six ' read ' Seventy-two.'
Page 9, line 11 from below: for 'imporving' read 'improving.'
Page 21: delete last word.

WILL BE PUBLISHED LATER.

By the Same Author.

THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND:
'IN THE PATH OF THE PIONEERS.'

Wherein the subject of this present Volume will be extended in other directions, and an Account given of Missionary Effort in more recent years.

THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND.

DURING the several years occupied in collecting and compiling these Memoirs of the Early Days the author has been much encouraged by thoughtful and kindly messages sent from many entirely unlooked for quarters. The following may be quoted:—

A religious of the Order of the Faithful Companions of Jesus (St. Mary's Convent, The Newlands, Middlesborough, Yorkshire, England), writing to a friend in Christchurch, states:—'We are all delighted with the "Memoirs" in the History of the Early Church in New Zealand. I thank you for all the *Tablets* sent, and we request that when the chapters are arranged in book form that you will kindly send us a few copies.'

From the Dominican Nuns, Dunedin:—'The Record you propose bringing out will be of universal interest.'

From Mr. James Kennedy, manager Gas Works, Greymouth: 'Your laudable work is one in which I take a great interest and read with much pleasure—a pleasure that will be revived, I hope, when published in book form. It will, indeed, be a most valuable work of reference for all time, and should be appreciated by every Catholic worthy of the name.'

From the Home of Compassion, Wellington:—'Mother Mary St. Joseph Aubert states that she would be sorry to criticise or correct so valuable a work as you are giving to the public, but wishes you all the success that such a work so conducive to God's glory and that of His Church deserves to have.'

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

THE CHURCH IN CANTERBURY (*continued*):

THE CHURCH IN WELLINGTON:

THE CHURCH IN WELLINGTON (*continued*):

THE CHURCH IN OTAGO:

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

With the fast fleeting years, the old residents of the Dominion are passing away from the scene of their struggles, hardships, anxieties patiently borne, hopes long deferred, and in many instances never realised. So that a wealth of valuable historic information may not be lost for all time, and that those who now remain may be afforded an opportunity to ' tell the tale ' for the benefit of future generations is the mission of this modest publication. Those of the Faith will, it is hoped, profit by the lessons to be learnt; proving how steadfastly the pioneers of settlement in this young Dominion clung to the religion of their forefathers and to the ties that bound them to the dear old land, despite much adversity and many disappointments.

' There is nothing,' says the *New Zealand Tablet*, quoting a thoughtful American writer, ' that solidifies and strengthens a nation like reading of the nation's history.' As the patriotism of a people may be enlivened by the perusal of the secular annals, so may the faith of Catholics be strengthened by the reading of the records of the good and great that bore the cross aloft in their day and have gone to their rest, with

> ' Life's race well run,
> Life's work well done,
> Life's victory won.'

Although by oceans divided, the old land and the new were one in heart, and one in mind, to preserve and spread the Faith with confidence, contentment, and apostolic zeal, such high motives, also, characterised the lives of our valiant pioneers.

I beg to acknowledge my deep indebtedness for much valuable assistance and practical sympathy in compiling these ' Memoirs,' to many of the clergy of the Dominion, to the Religious of the various Orders representing the principal Convents, and numerous helpers among the lay members of the Catholic community and others not of our faith. To all these I return my very grateful thanks, and also to the editorial staff of the *New Zealand Tablet*, in which journal the articles which go to make this volume appeared in serial form. For so generously aiding to collect and place in permanent form these records of the past—which will live, we trust, for the edification of future generations long after we have passed from the scene—the only reward that can be offered is the satisfaction of knowing that each has bore a share in shaping that which may in the course of time furnish material for the future historian.

A GENERAL VIEW.

NEW ZEALAND has, within the space of a lifetime, passed through a rapid political evolution. She has been in turn an appanage of New South Wales, Crown Colony, and a self-governing Colony of the Empire. And on this day—September 26—she throws off the name-clothes that denote immature political development, and stands forth as a *debutante* new Dominion. The Church has, too, grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the new Dominion of the southern seas. Only some sixteen years ago Thomas Poynton was still among us. He was the first Catholic settler in the land of the moa—a Western Celt, a scion of one of the two races that did most to spread the faith in this far outpost of the Empire. Catholic Emancipation had not yet been passed when, in 1828, he touched New Zealand earth at Hokianga. Thomas Poynton lived to see in his adopted country four bishoprics, over two hundred churches, some five hundred religious of both sexes, and a Catholic population of over eighty thousand souls. And he saw it all in the period that intervened between the summer of his manhood and a green and honored old age.

The pioneer Catholic of New Zealand was instrumental in bringing about the first official acts by which the country was transformed from a terra incognita of the Faith into a Province of the Universal Church. It became known, first at Sydney, next in Rome, through his entreaties for reapers for the little harvest of souls that had gathered with him about Hokianga. In 1835 New Zealand was included in the newly created Vicariate-Apostolic of Western Oceanica. Three years later (in 1838) Bishop Pompallier and his companions sailed up the Hokianga River. The cross was planted in New Zealand; the Sacred Mysteries were offered; and in Poynton's house Gaulish Celt and Irish Celt inaugurated the labors which soon made this remote corner of the earth blossom into a land of promise for the faith once delivered to the saints. Four years later (in 1842) New Zealand was created a separate Vicariate. Thenceforward events ecclesiastical moved at a more rapid pace. The year of the European revolutions (1848) witnessed the creation of two dioceses in New Zealand—those of Auckland and Wellington. A third (that of Dunedin) was carved out in 1869. And the year 1887 witnessed the erection of the diocese of Christchurch, and the

conferring of the archiepiscopal pallium on the Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, S.M. Ten years later New Zealand was made a separate ecclesiastical Province of the Catholic Church.

And thus the Church in New Zealand unfolded gently—emerged like the petals from an opening rose-bud. In 1840 the white Catholics of the Colony were not above 500 in a total population of some 5000. To-day their numbers far exceed 100,000, with 230 churches, 190 priests, 60 religious Brothers, 750 nuns, a Provincial Ecclesiastical Seminary, 2 colleges for boys, 25 boarding schools for girls, 18 superior day schools, 15 charitable institutions, and 106 primary schools, in which some 8000 children are nurtured into a full and wholesome development of the faculties that God has bestowed upon them. The parable of the mustard seed is told again in the rapid growth of the Church in New Zealand from the small beginnings of seventy years ago.—*New Zealand Tablet.*

INTRODUCTION.

Sixty-six years have elapsed since the true light of Christianity was shed upon these most favored Isles of the Southern Seas, known as the British Colony of New Zealand. To ensure this brief introductory sketch being as accurate and comprehensive as possible, it is necessary to consult whatever historical documents there are available. In this connection, therefore, perhaps the most trustworthy records are those contained in what is known as the ' Early History of the Catholic Church in Oceania '—compiled from records left by Bishop Pompallier—giving in detail the trials, labors, and privations of this, the first, most saintly and zealous missionary; and published under the direction of one of his successors to the See of Auckland, the late Right Rev. Dr. Luck, O.S.B., in 1888, on the occasion of the Church attaining its jubilee. Another valuable work of reference is ' The History of the Church in Australasia,' compiled and published by his Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, and from the pages of which may be derived much trustworthy information.

It was early in the year 1838 that the Right Rev. Jean Baptiste Francois Pompallier, who had been appointed Vicar Apostolic of Western Oceania by our Holy Father Pope Gregory XVI. of venerable memory, after a long and weary ocean voyage, reached the then little known shores of New Zealand. The Bishop, accompanied by one priest, the Rev. Father Servant, and two religious Brothers of the then infant Society of Mary, landed at Hokianga, in the north of the most northern island, composing the group, and a few days afterwards (Saturday, January 13) celebrated his first Mass in New Zealand at the house of Mr. Thomas Poynton, an Irish Catholic. This, so far as is known, was absolutely the first time that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass had been offered up in the country on shore, because it is open to conjecture that possibly, although most improbably, a priest of the Church may have been among the ship's company of one or other of the exploring vessels which in more remote times visited the coast, in which event no doubt Mass would be celebrated whilst the vessel lay in the offing. After getting matters fairly established at the first landing place (Hokianga), missions were opened among the Natives at various other settlements in the most northern part of the Dominion, an undertaking rendered possible by the arrival at intervals of more priests.

In July, 1840, a French corvette, ' L'Aube,' arrived at the Bay of Islands, at which place one of the missions, as before

mentioned, was in progress, bringing two priests and two catechists of the Society of Mary; also funds for the propagation of the Faith under the Vicariate-Apostolic. The commander of the vessel, Captain Lavaud, came to New Zealand under instructions from his Government to establish a French Colony at Akaroa, a fine harbor in the South Island, and also to annex the country as a French possession. The first part of his duty was duly accomplished, but in the latter his plans were frustrated by the fact that, suspecting his intention, British officials anticipated him by a few days, and hoisting their flag in the south proclaimed the group British territory. Only a short time ago the last surviving original French settler, Mr. Lelievre, died at Akaroa. Some of the descendants of the pioneer band still remain there, others are scattered in various directions.

Captain Lavaud kindly offering to convey in his vessel to Banks Peninsula some priests to minister to the new settlers, Bishop Pompallier sent two, Fathers Comte and Pesant, and Brother Florentin, the Bishop himself following, accompanied by Father Tripe, in September, 1840, in a small schooner which he had purchased, and named the 'Santa Maria.' These events marked the beginning of the Catholic mission in the South, and larger, Island of New Zealand. A little later on, the 'Santa Maria' set sail still further south to Otago, conveying the Bishop and Fathers Comte and Pesant, Father Tripe being left in charge at Akaroa. After establishing a mission at what is now the City of Dunedin, a return was made to Akaroa, where Father Comte was left with Father Tripe. The course of the 'Santa Maria' was again shaped northward, and on Christmas Eve, 1840, the little vessel arrived at Port Nicholson, now the City of Wellington, and capital of the Dominion. Here the intrepid missionaries found a population of nearly four thousand Europeans, among whom were some hundreds of Irish Catholics, members of British regiments which had just arrived, and intending colonists. Mass was celebrated next day (Feast of the Nativity). After a stay of some little time in Wellington, ministering to the people and establishing the mission for Europeans and Natives alike, a return was made to Akaroa. Here the Bishop rested for a while, and busied himself in writing a catechism in the Maori language for the use of the missionaries generally. With Fathers Comte and Pesant travel was renewed, this time round the Peninsula to Port Cooper—now the important commercial town of Lyttelton—which was reached in three days. They were received here by the Maoris most cordially, and here also Father Comte was left with instructions to remain a fortnight and return overland to Akaroa. Thus was established the Church in the South Island.

Once more the ' Santa Maria ' sailed northward, and after calls had been made at various previously established missions on the east coast of the island a course was shaped for the Bay of Waitemata, and a mission planted at what is now the City of Auckland. This mission was dedicated to St. Patrick. On the site given for a church to the Bishop by the Government officials St. Patrick's Cathedral now stands.

About this time a devastating war broke out and continued for several years, which had the effect to a great extent of interfering with the hitherto most successful missionary enterprise, and nullifying much of the good work accomplished for the spiritual welfare of the Natives. Never disheartened, however, the devoted Bishop and priests labored on and contended not only against the ravages of war, but against infinitely worse foes, which even to this day attack the Church with relentless persistency—ignorant prejudice, bigotry, studied misrepresentation, and the basest slanders. These were the trials and tribulations encountered and endured. The Church survived them all, and even prospered, and yearly shows greater signs of progress and prosperity.

When reading the records of the voyage made up and down the then little known and at all times dangerous and treacherous coast by the early missionaries in their frail craft, one naturally marvels at their escape from shipwreck and death. The coast was then practically unchartered; land marks were undefined by day, with no lights for guidance at night. Surely and unmistakably a watchful Providence guided their every movement, always guarding and ever protecting them. How often in our present day do we notice great ocean liners equipped with all modern inventions cast upon the rocks and shoals with which the coast is studded, notwithstanding the knowledge possessed of existing dangers, correct charts, properly defined routes, tide currents, weather forecasts, numerous lights, and, in fact, everything possible to ensure perfect security.

In 1843 the Rev. Father O'Reily, a Capuchin, arrived in Wellington as private chaplain to an English gentleman, the Hon. Mr. Petre, and for the time, and for many years after, this priest ministered to the Catholics of the place. In 1846 the Rev. Father Viard, S.M., who had some time previously been appointed Vicar-General by Bishop Pompallier, was consecrated his coadjutor, and in the same year Bishop Pompallier, after spending ten years in the Colony, took his departure on a visit to Europe, Monsignor Viard assuming episcopal charge meanwhile. At the period above mentioned the whole of the Colony was one immense diocese. In 1848 New Zealand was divided into two dioceses—Auckland and Wellington, Bishop Pompallier retaining Auckland, and was thus its first Bishop. He died in France in 1870. The second

Bishop was the Right Rev. Dr. Croke; consecrated 1870, and translated to Cashel 1875. The Right Rev. Dr. Steins, S.J., was third. He was translated from India in 1879; died in Sydney, N.S.W., 1881. He was succeeded by the Right Rev. Dr. Luck, O.S.B., who was consecrated in 1882, and died in Auckland in 1896. The fifth and present Bishop is the Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan, who was consecrated in 1896.

The Right Rev. Dr. Viard, S.M., was appointed first Bishop of Wellington in 1860, and died there in 1872. He was succeeded by the Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, S.M., the present occupant of the See, who was consecrated in 1874. On May 10, 1887, Wellington was erected into an archdiocese, and on the 13th of the same month Dr. Redwood was created Archbishop and Metropolitan by Papal Brief, receiving the Pallium on August 28, 1887, from the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Luck, Bishop of Auckland. The occasion was marked by an impressive ceremony, which took place in the presence of a vast assemblage in St. Mary's Cathedral of the archiepiscopal city.

In the South Island the diocese of Dunedin was established in 1869. The Right Rev. Dr. Moran, who died in 1895, was the first Bishop. His successor and present Bishop is the Right Rev. Dr. Verdon, consecrated in 1896.

The diocese of Christchurch, also in the South Island, was erected in 1887. The first and present Bishop is the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, S.M., consecrated in the same year.

In 1888 the Jubilee, or first fifty years, of the Catholic Church in New Zealand was celebrated.

THE CHURCH IN AUCKLAND.

CHAPTER I.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS.

Saturday, January 13, 1838, will be for ever memorable in the history of the Church in New Zealand, as being that on which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for the first time in the Dominion. On that day, as the Right Rev. Jean Baptiste Pompallier, who had been created Vicar Apostolic of Southern Oceania by Pope Gregory XVI., tells us in his diary 'the blood of Jesus Christ flowed for the first time in this island.' After a pleasant but uneventful trip from Sydney in a little schooner, the 'Raiatea,' which he had hired at Tahiti, the Bishop and one priest (Rev. M. Servant), and a lay catechist, arrived at Hokianga on the previous Wednesday. They were met and warmly welcomed by the few Catholic families living in the Hokianga district, and Mr. Thomas Poynton, an Irishman who had been in the Dominion for some years trading as a timber merchant, placed one of his houses—a four-roomed wooden cottage—at the disposal of the missionaries. The principal room in this cottage was at once fitted up as a temporary chapel, and here, as I have said, was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for the first time in the Dominion. The mission was established under the title of the Assumption, and the whole of the Apostolic Vicariate was placed under the name of the Immaculate Conception. The missionaries at once set themselves to the task of organising the mission and of learning the language of the country, as well as imporving their knowledge of English. It was soon discovered, however, that they were in no friendly country—that they were, in fact, surrounded by those who desired their expulsion and who meant at all risks to get rid of them. Close to the house in which they lived was a Protestant missionary station, and within a radius of fifty miles were seven other such stations. For reasons which were not far to seek the Protestant missionaries wished to get rid of the newcomers, who, they said, had brought out with them several wooden gods, which they worshipped, and further, that they intended to seize the land belonging to the Maoris, to burn their whares, and then to take

the country and hand it over to the French Government. The Maoris were not at all anxious for any increase in their country to the number of land speculators in the guise of missionaries. This may be readily understood when it is remembered that previous to this large tracts of valuable land had been absolutely filched from the Maoris by men who had come amongst them ostensibly to preach the Kingdom of Christ. Dr. Thompson, in his 'Story of New Zealand,' says that at one time twenty-seven square miles in the North Island were owned by Protestant missionaries. Red handkerchiefs, glass beads, iron pots, axes, and old firelocks were usually the mediums of exchange for land in those days. The marked distrust, therefore, with which the 'converted' Maoris met Bishop Pompallier and his little band can easily be accounted for. He tells us himself that the heathen Maoris who had not come under the influence of the Protestant missionaries received him quite favorably, and paid little attention to the calumnies that were circulated against them. It was only from the Christians that he apprehended any danger, and the singular thing about this was that their hostility was always more manifest on the Monday mornings, and subsided gradually as the week advanced, generally dying out on the Saturdays. The reason was obvious their passions were inflamed by the Sunday lectures. On one Monday morning early, when he had been with them but a short time, a crowd of those natives on their way down the river to their own settlement landed opposite the Bishop's place and surrounded the house. When the catechist rose about five o'clock he saw them seated in a half circle on the grass. Thinking that they had come to pay a friendly visit to the Bishop, he went to his room to inform him of their presence. Hurriedly dressing, his Lordship went to the door to welcome the natives, but he soon saw by their looks and gestures that they had come on no friendly errand. Not being able to speak the language, he was unable to make them understand his feelings towards them, so he at once sent for Mr. Poynton to know if he could succeed in allaying the angry feelings of his visitors. Fortunately at this moment a chief of a friendly tribe, who had on a previous occasion evinced a desire to learn something about the true God from the Bishop, made his appearance and prevented the gathered throng from carrying out their threats against the missionaries. Mr. Poynton and another European, who happened to be on friendly terms with the Maoris, did all they could to convince them that the Bishop had no designs upon their lands, that he had no wife nor children to support, and that he only came amongst them to preach to them the doctrine of the true God in its integrity. For over three-quarters of an hour the discussion between the Europeans and the Maoris waxed hot, and at one time it was

feared that the evil counsels of the leaders would prevail. During all this time the Bishop was reading his Office in the house, and just as he had finished Mr. Poynton came in to tell him that they had succeeded in persuading the natives to abandon their evil designs and to remain peaceable. It appears that they intended to break into the house and destroy the images and furniture of the chapel, and then to seize the Bishop and Father Servant, take them up the river in their canoes, and dispose of them in the usual fashion. They freely admitted that they were urged by their missionaries to carry out this programme, and only for the timely arrival of the friendly chief, who was a pagan and who stayed the proceedings, the soil of New Zealand would probably be consecrated for the first time with the blood of martyrs.

On the following day the Bishop, taking Father Servant and an interpreter with him, procured a boat to visit some Catholic families who lived on the banks of the Hokianga River. While on this journey he was told of a very fierce and warlike tribe of Maoris called the Whirinaki, which had resisted every advance of the Protestant missionaries to make them Christians. When they arrived at the pah, strangely enough and quite unexpectedly, they were received, so to speak, with open arms, the head man saying to his people: 'These two strangers have neither wives nor children; they do not appear to be well off, but they have not come for our lands. They must be the ministers of the true God.' It appears that there was an old tradition among the Maoris of the North Island that the ministers of the true Church were unmarried, and that at some future time they would come to New Zealand and would be known by their celibacy. The party remained all day at the Whirinaki settlement, and when night came the young men and women lit torches and sang songs in front of the whare which had been appropriated to their use, and where a hospitable host supplied them with kumeras and fish and other Maori delicacies. Next day, at an early hour, a crowd arrived to see the Bishop, who, being requested to say a prayer to the true God, knelt down and recited some prayers from the breviary, which upon being finished they all cried out 'Kapai! kapai!' Thus came into the true fold a tribe who, from the fierceness of their character, were called Whirinaki (wicked), a tribe which the Protestant missionaries gave up in despair. They pressed the Bishop to remain with them, and they would give him land on which to build a house and get their young people to wait on him, but all that he could do was to promise them that, at some future time, he would return to them and settle everything to their satisfaction. Meanwhile the Protestant missionaries were busy in spreading the most alarming rumors about the Catholics among their disciples, telling them that if they wished to save their

country from the French they must be got rid of. Bishop Pompallier was privately informed that his house was to be burned down and he and his priest and catechist taken in a canoe up the river, and disposed of in the usual Maori fashion. Fearing an outbreak, the Europeans, Catholics and Protestants alike, advised his Lordship to leave the country at once. They were foreigners, and, moreover, there was no French consul on the island to whom they could appeal for protection, so in the interests of peace and order they were urged to leave the country. However, at the time when the discontent was rifest and the inevitable was about to be accepted, one of the unconverted chiefs brought a little child of his who was on the point of death to be baptised, he having heard that after Baptism the soul would go to dwell with the true God. The Bishop hastened to comply with his request, and, immediately after the ceremony was finished, the child began to show signs of recovery, and before two days were over was as well as ever. This circumstance soon became known to the Natives, who admitted that the God of the Bishop was a good God. But notwithstanding this the vilest calumnies still continued to be spread about the Catholic Church and her ministers, and the danger to the infant mission became every day more and more imminent. At this juncture the French corvette 'La Heroine' arrived in Sydney Harbor, and her commander (Captain Cecile), learning that the Vicar-Apostolic, his priest, and catechist were being persecuted and harassed in New Zealand by the Protestant missionaries, set sail at once for the Bay of Islands in order, as he said in a letter sent on before him, to teach these gentlemen a lesson in civilisation. He added that he meant to settle the question of liberty and justice, which was being violated by the persecution of a French subject, and, if needs be, he was ready to employ his artillery and the weapons of his sailors for that purpose. The publication of this letter had the desired effect, and neither the artillery nor the weapons of the sailors were needed to quell the disturbance. M. Cecile placed one of his boats at the service of the Bishop, who was thus enabled to pay several visits to the Natives around the bays, by all of whom he was received with marked respect.

It is needless to say that the presence of 'La Heroine' in the Bay of Islands put a stop effectually to the persecution of the Catholic missionaries. On the Sunday after her arrival Mass was celebrated on the deck of the vessel amidst all the pomp and splendor at the ship's command. The deck was splendidly decorated with flags and awnings, and the captain undertook the decoration of an altar. Most of the sailors, who had been to confession on the day before, received Holy Communion. The

inhabitants around the bays and the Natives were invited to be present, and the function was very impressive. The commander and his staff were in full uniform. A number of Protestant ladies and gentlemen from Kororareka were present. Altogether there were about 300 people on board. At the Elevation the gunners went through their exercises, kneeling while the sounds of the drums reverberated along the shores and re-echoed among the adjacent hills.

No account of the annoyance to which the missioners at Hokianga were subjected in those days would be at all complete which ignored the part that was taken to suppress them by Baron de Thierry. This gentleman, a French Protestant, who had received a large part of his education at Cambridge University, and had served with distinction in the Portuguese Army, owned about 40,000 acres in the neighborhood, which he had purchased from some Native chiefs for thirty-six axes; he was therefore entitled to some consideration from his co-religionists. With the authority of a small potentate, he issued a proclamation calling upon the persecutors of the Bishop to desist in their efforts to drive him and his clergy from the island, and calling upon them as 'Christian men to pause before they hurry into acts which must inevitably lead to bloodshed.' The 'proclamation' went on to say: 'The Baron de Thierry is by religion anti-Catholic, and it is far from his object to plead for any particular faith; he pleads for all faiths and for all classes and conditions of men, and more especially does he entreat the white residents to pause and consider the great responsibility which they assume by leading New Zealanders into acts which they are taught to believe they may commit with impunity as an independent people, but which will end in conflicts which every honest man must deplore.' Notwithstanding this appeal, no sooner had the French corvette left the New Zealand waters than the persecution of the missionaries became as active as ever. A meeting of the Natives was convened to devise means of getting rid of the Frenchmen without bloodshed. But the Catholic chiefs and Natives, of whom by this time there was a considerable number, convened a meeting also, at which it was resolved that at all hazards they would protect the Bishop and fight for him if necessary. There was, however, no occasion, as they disbanded without coming to any decision. So serious was the outlook that for two days and nights the Catholic and friendly Natives—for the heathens were all friendly—remained camped around the mission station in order to protect it. An old chief went into the Bishop's residence in the early part of the proceedings and told him to fear nothing; that before a blow of a mere could reach him they should all be stretched dead around his house.

The conviction soon forced itself on Bishop Pompallier that Hokianga possessed few advantages as a central station for his mission. Apart from any consideration of the irritating annoyances to which he was subjected, the place had other drawbacks. It was out of the direct track of commerce, and was seldom visited by ships trading from European ports, thus rendering his communications with his own country precarious and uncertain; therefore, soon after the departure of 'La Heroine,' he busied himself in establishing a place of central administration at Kororareka, now called Russell, at the Bay of Islands. Many of the Native chiefs of that place expressed a desire to embrace the Catholic faith, and urged him strongly to establish a mission station in their country, but to his intense regret he could not comply with their requests, for he had neither priests nor money. All around him the harvest lay ripe for the sickle, but the reapers were not there. On his way out to this country he had established a mission at Wallis and one at Futuna, which had exhausted, or very nearly exhausted, his resources. Stranded in New Zealand, if it may be said, with but one priest and a depleted exchequer, among a savage people, he was faced with innumerable difficulties. The Protestant denominations had three mission schooners plying in New Zealand waters; he had not a single boat. They had two printing presses, and were being continually supplied with their special literature from London; he and his priest had to write out everything themselves for their catechumens, having no printed books in the language.

For several reasons it would be imprudent, and perhaps useless also, to solicit assistance from those around him. So for the twelve months or more of his stay at Hokianga he suffered many privations. He was unable to visit the stations of Wallis and Futuna, as he had promised, or even to extend his labors in New Zealand. He was consoled, however, by the large number of converts. Whenever a vessel came up the Hokianga River crowds of Natives might be seen on its banks anxiously looking out for the priest who, the Bishop had promised them, would soon arrive from Europe, and shortly afterwards these same people might be heard reproaching him for not having kept his word with them. 'Alas!' he pathetically writes in his diary, 'in the deserted position I was in I was forced to limit all my labors to the teaching of the people of Hokianga.

In October, 1838, about eight months after his arrival in the country, Bishop Pompallier went, at the earnest and repeated solicitations of a number of chiefs on the Kaipara River, to lay the foundations of the Church in that district, leaving Father Servant at Hokianga. For several months previously those chiefs had been sending their sons down to the mission station to entreat

the Bishop to come and visit them. The chiefs were anxious to hear what the Catholic Bishop had to say, so he decided to visit them. In October, as previously stated, several Natives and three white people accompanied him up the river to his destination. On his arrival he was met and welcomed by a large number of Natives and whites, who looked upon his visit as an omen of great promise for the future of the district. The Bishop took up his quarters in the house of an Irish Catholic, who had several children awaiting instructions in the Faith and Baptism. He had by this time mastered the language of the country, and was able to preach to the Maori in his own tongue. After having explained the principal mysteries of the Faith and the ceremonies of the Church, the whole tribe, consisting of about 500, expressed a desire to become Catholics at once. On the second day after his arrival he celebrated Mass in presence of this large number of people, who all seemed to be delighted and edified by the ceremony. On the day of his departure many of the chiefs and their followers accompanied him in canoes down the river for a distance of twelve leagues, and on their leave-taking begged of him to come back to them soon.

The great drawback to the Catholic mission in the North Island from its very inception to the last was its want of priests, in the first place, and, secondly, its want of funds. From the very start the Bishop's efforts to spread the Faith among the Natives were paralysed by these causes. Everywhere around him he saw men willing, nay anxious, to be instructed in the doctrines of the Church, earnestly entreating him to come himself or send them priests, presenting him with land for church purposes, and sending their children to him to be baptised.

On June 16, 1839, three priests (Marists) and three catechists arrived from Lyons at the Bay of Islands in the little schooner 'La Reine de Paix.' These priests (Fathers Baty, Epalle, and Petit) brought out funds, with which the Bishop was able to build and furnish a house for himself at Kororareka, where he finally fixed his residence, making it the headquarters of the Apostolic Vicariate, under the patronage of SS. Peter and Paul. Father Baty was sent to Hokianga to learn the language and assist at the mission, and the others remained at the Bay, for the work was breaking down the Bishop's health. Shortly after having taken up his residence there he had over 450 Natives inscribed on his lists who wished to become Catholics. Not even in Ireland in the days of St. Patrick was such a desire exhibited by the people to embrace the True Faith as was shown by the Maoris.

About this time a Native woman, the widow of a chief, lay dangerously ill, and was given over by the doctor, so the Bishop's aid was sought by her friends to cure her. Coming to her

house he prayed over her, and she at once recovered her health sufficiently to sit up in bed. At the end of eight days she was quite well. A child of twelve years on the point of death was one day brought to him by its parents, and, as in the previous case, after a short prayer the child recovered. In three days it was perfectly well. Several similar cases might be recorded. A daughter of Rewa, the great chief of Kororareka, was one day seized with a sudden and dangerous illness, from which there seemed to be no hope of her recovery. In the deepest distress the old chief sought Dr. Pompallier, and holding his daughter's almost lifeless body across his knees begged the Bishop to restore her to him. A tangi was already being arranged, for her friends looked upon the girl as being dead. The Bishop advised the mourners to cease weeping, and taking the almost lifeless arm of the girl he made with it the sign of the Cross over her face and shoulders. He then, with some of the Christians around him, knelt down and recited the 'Credo,' the 'Pater Noster,' and the 'Ave Maria,' and immediately the girl opened her eyes and regained consciousness. Before the day was over she was quite well.

In January, 1840, the chiefs of the Tauranga tribes, in the Bay of Plenty, pressed him to come to visit them, and about the same time the Natives of Whangaroa offered to set apart a portion of land for a church and cemetery and a priest's house. Fathers Epalle and Petit were sent to establish a mission at the latter place, and some time afterwards the Bishop himself paid a visit to the former in company with one priest (Father Viard) and a Native neophyte, who had been baptised under the name of Romano.

CHAPTER II.

THE TREATY OF WAITANGI.

On June 19, 1839, a proclamation was issued by the British Government extending the boundaries of New South Wales so as to include certain portions of New Zealand, and in about a month afterwards Captain Hobson, of the Royal Navy, was made Lieutenant-Governor ' of any territory which is or may be acquired in that country by her Majesty.' The newly appointed Governor arrived in the Bay of Islands on January 29, 1840, and immediately issued an invitation to the British residents to meet him next day at the church, so that he may read to them her Majesty's commission. It may be said here that Captain Hobson had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of a country which at that time had not been acquired by the Crown, and therefore did not belong to England, which fact would, from a legal point of view, render his Commission worthless. In less than a week after his arrival in the country he convened a meeting of the Natives to lay his plans before them, and to discuss the questions of the Sovereignty of the Island and of ceding their rights to the Queen of England absolutely and without reservation. The Conference was held at a spot where the River Waitangi (weeping water) falls into the sea, and the Natives remarked to each other that the circumstance boded no good to them. At noon, on February 5, Captain Hobson, accompanied by a number of missionaries, French and English, European residents, and the officers of H.M.S. ' Herald,' which then lay in the harbor, ascended a large platform, which had been prepared for the occasion. The scene must have been an imposing one, and was, no doubt, meant to impress the savage mind with the importance of the pakeha and his wonderful achievements in the way of dress. The Governor read the ' Treaty,' which, sentence after sentence, was translated into Maori by Mr. Henry Williams, a naval officer who had been for some years in the country. Whether such a document could be faithfully translated into a language that had no words to express many of its terms, is a question which has been often raised. Such expressions as confederation, pre-emption, alienate sovereignty, etc., would of course, be utterly incomprehensible to men who had no equivalent terms in their language, and who did not then know what a treaty meant. Even the name given to their country was a sort of

puzzle to people who had, from time immemorial, known it as Ao-tea-roa, ' the long white cloud.'

After the reading of the Treaty the Natives were requested to speak their minds upon it, whereupon some twenty or thirty of their number addressed the meeting. Of these it is said that five or six were opposed to it. Ultimately, however, it was signed by forty-six out of the 500 or more who were present.

In recording this incident in his book, ' The Long White Cloud,' the Hon. W. P. Reeves, our late High Commissioner, says: ' The French Bishop Pompallier appeared in full canonicals, and it was found that chiefs under his influence had been well coached to oppose the new departure. Behind the scenes, too, that worst of all beachcombers, Jacky Marmon, secretly made all the mischief he could ' (chap. x., p. 179). As it would break the thread of this narrative to refute the part of this statement referring to the Bishop here, I shall return to it again.

A few days after the meeting at Waitangi, Captain Hobson went to Hokianga to meet the Natives there, and acquaint them with the object of his mission. By this time the interest in the Treaty had increased to such an extent that no fewer than 3000 Natives, of whom between 400 and 500 were chiefs of various ranks, had collected in response to Captain Hobson's invitation. The proceedings were initiated and conducted on similar lines to those at Waitangi, and the manner of his reception by the chiefs will be best understood from his own words. In a despatch to Sir George Gipps, telling him of this gathering, he says: ' At the appointed time of meeting I was mortified to observe a great disinclination on the part of the chiefs to assemble. After some delay, however, they began to collect, and at last the different tribes marched up in procession, taking their seats somewhat in the same order as was observed at Waitangi. Still, I could not fail to observe that an unfavorable spirit prevailed amongst them. The business of the day began as at Waitangi, the Rev. Mr. Hobbs, of the Wesleyan Mission, acting as interpreter. . . On this occasion all their best orators were against me, and every argument they could devise was used to defeat my object. . . Towards the close of the day one of the chiefs, Papa Haika, made some observations that were so distinctly of English origin that I called on him to speak his own sentiments like a man, and not to allow others who were self-interested to prompt him, upon which he fairly admitted the fact, and called upon the European who had advised him to come forward and tell the Governor what he had told him. . . The chiefs Rewa and Thakara, who are followers of the Catholic Bishop, were the principal opposers, and their arguments were such as convinced me they had been prompted.'

It will help us materially to get rid of the fog that has been hanging for the last sixty-seven years around the statements of Captain Hobson if we turn to those of Bishop Pompallier himself. His Lordship is so explicit on the subject, and rebuts the charges so clearly, that his words deserve quoting at length: 'All the Natives in the country,' he says in his diary, 'were astounded both at the arrival of a strange Governor and at the strange reports that were flying about. The day after his arrival the Maori chiefs received printed letters from Captain Hobson, inviting them to meet at a place in the bay called Waitangi, where a Treaty was to be read to them in their own language, and then signed by them. Many of the Catholic chiefs came to consult me, above all the great Rewa. They asked me what was to be done under the circumstances in which their country was placed, and whether they ought or not to sign. I answered them that these were political matters which were outside my province; I was only in this country to pasture souls in the Word of God, and to direct them in faith, morality, and the Catholic discipline, to confer the sacraments of salvation on persons of whatsoever nationality who should have recourse to my ministry in the proper dispositions, and that there ended my divine mission. It was for them to determine what they might desire to do with their national sovereignty—whether to keep it or to transfer it to a foreign nation; they were therefore at liberty to sign or not to sign the Treaty which was going to be put before them; that for myself and my clergy we were prepared to exercise our ministry of salvation for those who signed in the same manner as for those who did not sign. In a word, we were to instruct them in the faith whether they continued New Zealanders or became English subjects. . . While the speeches were being made (at the meeting) on behalf of Captain Hobson and of the chiefs of the Maori tribes, I remained silent; I had nothing to say; they were simply about political matters. One question, however, interested me deeply. It was that of religious freedom, about which no one in any way seemed to trouble. Before the last meeting broke up I addressed Captain Hobson, begging him to make known to all the people the principles of European civilisation which obtain in Great Britain, and which guarantee free and equal protection to the Catholic as to every other religion in New Zealand. My demand was immediately acceded to by the captain, who made a formal notification of it to all the assembled people, to the great satisfaction of all the Catholic chiefs and tribes, who triumphed in the fact of my presence and at the speedy compliance with the few words I had spoken. As to the political Treaty, was it or was it not understood by the Natives? That is a difficult question to solve. But the Catholic religion gained instead of losing its

dignity and its influence over the minds of the people.' Thus far Bishop Pompallier.

If we now retrace our steps and review the evidence, or the want of evidence, on which Captain Hobson bases his charge against Bishop Pompallier, we shall see that it rests upon the most unstable of foundations—mere suspicion. Taking it for granted that because two out of the number of Natives who refused to sign the Treaty were Catholics, he jumps to the conclusion that they, as the Hon. Mr. Reeves so finely puts it, ' had been well coached to oppose the new departure.' This is begging the question with a vengeance, and one cannot help thinking that, in the case of the captain at least, the wish must have been father to the thought, and that since an explanation was necessary this would be the most plausible, as it apparently was the readiest to hand. Why it was that the Methodist missionaries of Hokianga were not also charged with having ' coached ' the Natives of that place who refused to sign the Treaty, although they had been over eight years in their hands, is one of those things which perhaps the Hon. Mr. Reeves might be able to explain, for neither he nor Captain Hobson has aught to say about it. Even ' that worst of beachcombers, Jacky Marmon,' who, according to Mr. Reeves, worked behind the scenes, and made all the mischief he could, and who, for all we know to the contrary, may have got hold of Rewa and Thakara and ' coached ' them—even he, Jacky, comes in for no word of censure from the captain. As has already been pointed out, when describing the attitude of the Natives at the Hokianga meeting to the Governor of New South Wales, he distinctly states that all their best orators were against him, and that every argument they could devise was used to defeat his object. Yet although these orators, or most of them, were Wesleyans, he has no word of blame for their missionaries. Rewa and Thakara, who refused to sign at Waitangi, were men of large experience in the ways of the pakeha. Around them everywhere their lands were in the possession of speculators, land jobbers, and the missionaries, so that if Rewa and Thakara and some others refused to sign away the trifling portion of their country that still remained to them there is nothing to wonder at in the fact.

The Bishop is precise and explicit in his statements concerning this matter, and until we have something stronger than the mere assumptions of Captain Hobson we must accept them as truth.

Before I leave this subject there is one other statement in Mr. Reeves's book to which I should like to refer. ' Wesleyan missionaries,' he tells us, ' following in the footsteps of Marsden's pioneers, established themselves in 1822. . . It took ten years to make one convert, and up to 1830 the baptisms were very few ' (p. 116).

'The Long White Cloud' has been widely read both in this Dominion and at Home. When a second edition is called for, as it is almost sure to be, perhaps Mr. Reeves may see his way to eliminate the objectionable passage about Bishop Pompallier, which certainly disfigures his book.

Mr. M. Nolan, who recently spent some time in the district around the Bay of Islands, the 'Kororareka' of history and the very cradle of the Catholic Church in New Zealand, contributes the following interesting narrative, together with the preceding historical sketch:—

When Bishop Pompallier arrived at Kororareka, he tells us that among the seventy or more white people who lived there he found only one Catholic. The church which he built there on a section given to him by Captain Hobson was accidentally destroyed a few years ago by a half-witted Maori boy, who set fire to the ti-tree scrub and the gorse by which it was surrounded. Not a trace of the building remains, and the gorse and the scrub are again fighting for the mastery of the section. Indeed, the soil of Kororareka (now Russell) must be specially suited to the growth of these two shrubs, for all the hills around the place and many of the flats are thickly covered with them. The township still bears evidences of its former wealth and importance, for here and there amongst a miserable array of wooden shanties may be seen an occasional tall dwelling, that even now in its tottering old age tells of its former greatness. The principal street—if it may be called a street—is a parade along the beach by the water's edge, and one of the best-kept houses on this parade is that which formerly belonged to the Bishop. In bold brass letters embedded in the gate is the word 'Pompallier,' the name by which the house is known, and up the avenue and along the front fence are thick hedges of flowering shrubs some twelve feet high that bespeak the love of its original owner for the flowers and shrubs of his native country. The property has changed hands several times since the Bishop left it. Its first owners after his time were Catholics, and so far respected his private chapel as not to interfere with it. The present owner, however, is a non-Catholic, and among other alterations effected on the building he has converted the little chapel into an outhouse. Everywhere about Russell one is reminded of those early French missionaries. Flowering plants and shrubs may be seen growing in profusion all over the place, and huge willows, offering the shelter of their graceful pendant branches to pakeha and Maori alike. The original flowering plants were brought out by the missionaries from France, and the willows were cuttings taken from that which grew over the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, where they called on their way out. An old Maori with whom I once got into conversation men.'

while at Russell told me that he was twelve years old when Bishop Pompallier arrived in the Colony. His father and mother and all his family became Catholics, as well as all the other people round about the bay he came from. He himself was, of course, reared up a Catholic, and in those days always went to his religious duty.

From all I could see of the Maoris up North, and I made it my business to talk to many of them, all the Christianity they now possess is merely a veneer. Since the Catholic missionaries left them they have been falling back upon their own resources, and working up theories, more or less romantic.

Looking back upon the ground covered by this cursory and disjointed narrative, it must strike every reader of these notes with surprise when he reflects on the eagerness with which, from the very beginning, the Catholic missionaries were received by the Maoris. Not only were they not repulsed—their services were absolutely sought for by whole tribes which had resisted every effort of the Protestant missionaries to convert them. Ten years, so the Hon. Mr. Reeves tells us in ' The Long White Cloud,' it took the Wesleyans to make one convert, while Bishop Pompallier tells us in his diary that the heads of several of the tribes on the Kaipara had more than once sent down their sons in canoes a distance of twenty-five leagues begging of him to come and visit them. In the face of misrepresentation and calumny, that were as virulent as they were senseless, and in the absence of those adventitious aids which are so essential to the successful evangelisation of a rude people, Bishop Pompallier and his missionaries overcame every obstacle.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE FAR NORTH.

Having overcome to some extent the opposition, trials, and many difficulties that followed his arrival in New Zealand, and which were referred to in preceding chapters, Bishop Pompallier succeeded in getting a residence erected at Papakawau, in the centre of the Hokianga district. The formal opening was accompanied by a religious ceremony. This was followed by a *fete* in which the European and Native Catholics took part. The Bishop's approach, we are told, was heralded by a salvo of musketry. Mass was celebrated in the principal room, which had been decorated with materials at hand, and the mission altar had been previously prepared. After the Gospel the Bishop preached for the first time in Maori to the numerous Natives who had assembled. From then onwards instructions in the Faith in Maori were regularly given on Sundays, and frequently on week days, to the Natives. Father Servant was entrusted with the charge, whilst the Bishop was principally occupied in visiting the tribes in the vicinity, and giving them the first lessons in religion, and calling them to the Kingdom of God. Soon, too, the 'Our Father,' 'Hail, Mary,' and 'Creed' were translated into the Native language. The success of this first-established station and the eagerness with which the Natives embraced the Catholic faith, as has been previously shown, awakened the dormant spirit of intolerance among Protestant missionaries, who long before were on the scene of an evidently unprofitable religious enterprise. As a consequence petty tyrannical methods were adopted, and a persecution of the Bishop and his associates ensued. Undeterred, however, he had the satisfaction of welcoming at the Bay of Islands on June 16, 1839, the first contingent of helpers, who brought with them some much-needed funds. These were Fathers Baty, Epalle, and Petit. With the funds brought, a wooden house and a small plot of land were purchased at Kororareka, which the Bishop fixed as his residence henceforth, and made the head of the whole mission. There was only one Catholic among the seventy white residents who constituted the then settlement, but everyone extended a kindly welcome. The people of Hokianga deeply lamented the Bishop's departure from them, but Father Baty was sent there to assist the pioneer, Father Servant, and learn the Maori language. At intervals Kaipara, Whangaroa, and Mongonui were visited by the Bishop, and much

useful preparatory work accomplished. In the following December four new priests of the Society of Mary arrived at the Bay of Islands. These were Fathers Petitjean, Viard, Comte, and Chevron, and Brother Atale, who brought with them additional funds for the mission. Father Chevron and Brother Atale left almost immediately for the South Sea Islands, whilst Father Comte departed for Hokianga to assist and also to qualify as a Native linguist. The others meanwhile remained at the Bay of Islands engaged in similar necessary studies. Six months afterwards, wishing to establish a third mission station at Whangaroa, the Bishop, accompanied by Father Epale, embarked on a small vessel for that place, where the latter was installed in charge—the accomplishment of a promise which greatly delighted the people. The Natives insisted on the Bishop choosing a site for a residence, and they also set apart a plot of land on which to build a church, sufficient for a cemetery, and a small enclosure for a garden, whilst the offer of a Catholic European, an Italian, of a temporary residence for the missionaries was accepted. A little later Father Petitjean and a catechist Brother were also sent to assist in the mission, which was placed under the patronage of the Epiphany, and developed rapidly. The mention of this great feast of the Church recalls its application in quite another way, two centuries before, and in comparatively close proximity to the scene of missionary endeavor now referred to. We read in the journal of Tasman that, during his memorable voyage of discovery in 1642, happening to be passing a small group of islets, lying north-west of the northern extremity of New Zealand, on the feast of the Epiphany, he named them the Three Kings in honor of the occasion, a name they have ever since borne.

On returning to Kororareka at the commencement of May, 1842, after one of his periodical tours of visitation, the Bishop learnt that two French corvettes, belonging to the scientific expedition of M. Dumond d'Urville, had remained there several days expecting to meet him, to whom and his mission the commander had shown himself very well disposed. At a special Mass, celebrated on the Sunday during his stay by Father Petit, who was in charge of the station, the commander and several of the ship's company had assisted thereat with much edification. M. d'Urville, after presenting a quantity of useful objects to the mission, departed, greatly disappointed at not having met the Bishop. At a little later date Kaipara was again visited by the Bishop, a permanent station established there, and a priest placed in charge. A hazardous journey overland from the Bay of Islands to this settlement once undertaken by Father Petit in the discharge of his sacred duties is thus described in one of the early numbers of the ' Annals of the Propagation of the Faith ' :

'After five days of fatigue, we arrived at the River Kaipara (it was hardly two days' journey; they had missed their way). Great was our disappointment on finding no canoe, nor a house. We fired several shots, but no person appeared. We then turned back, and endeavored to make our way through an immense marsh, in which we were often up to our middle in water; two of my companions became quite discouraged. I tried in vain to keep up their spirits. With our clothes all wet, and covered with mud, without food or any means of procuring it, we arrived very late in the evening at the entrance to a forest. We had eaten nothing since morning, except a few leaves of raw cabbage, and we were to have nothing for supper. As I was seeking by groping for some dry wood to light a fire, I heard the flutter of a bird, which I had startled among the branches of a tree. I ran to the place whence the noise came, and succeeded in procuring a pigeon. It was not much, I allow, to make a supper for six persons; however, we took this repast with thanksgiving, and I fell asleep, recommending myself to our Blessed Mother, and relying on her intercession for our deliverance from this trying situation.'

Mention was made in the earlier chapters of this narrative of the part taken by Baron De Thiery in a colonisation project in the far north of Auckland province. It was during a time of great peril to Bishop Pompallier and the Catholic mission when, the intervention of De Thiery, backed up by an official letter from the French Government which strengthened his hand, in a measure probably saved the situation. The following is a copy of this historical document:—

'Paris, September 24, 1836.

'Minister of the Colonial Navy, etc.

'Sir,—This letter will be handed to you by his Lordship Francis Pompallier, Bishop of Maronéé, Vicar Apostolic of the Western Islands of the Pacific, who, in the course of his august mission, may often perhaps require the support and good services of the ship of State. I request you to receive this prelate with the honors and the attention due to his office and his person, and I most particularly desire you to seize every opportunity of giving him the assistance which his situation may require, and which yours will enable you to afford. You will give similar instructions to the commanders of ships under your orders. I shall witness with pleasure all that they and yourself may do to be useful to his Lordship the Bishop of Maronéé. Receive, sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

'The Vice-Admiral, Minister of the Navy and the Colonies,
Rosamel.

'To the Commanders of the French Squadron, stationed in the Southern Ocean, Valparaiso.'

An interesting occurrence, and one which instilled fresh life into and gave much encouragement to the devoted early missionaries in the far north, was a visit made by the Right Rev. Dr. Polding, Bishop of New Holland, as the continent of Australia was then called. He was accompanied by the Vicar-General of the same vast territory, and Dr. Ullathorne, O.S.B., who subsequently became Archbishop of Birmingham, England. Both were eminent ecclesiastics, and did valuable work in assisting to shape the destinies of and advance the Church in this new country. Dr. Polding sailed for the first time for Europe on November 16, 1840, accompanied by Dr. Ullathorne and the Rev. Father Gregory. Dr. Polding was anxious to call at New Zealand on the way, that he might confer with Bishop Pompallier, who was reaping an abundant harvest among the Maoris. He therefore engaged their births on a Chilian brig sailing from Sydney for Talcuhana, the port of the City of Concepcion, which was to put in for some days at the Bay of Islands. Dr. Ullathorne stated in his autobiography that they found on their arrival there that ' Bishop Pompallier was absent, having set out some weeks before on a missionary tour in his little schooner among the islands of the Pacific. We were met on board by Mr. Waterton, brother of the celebrated naturalist, who was residing with the missionaries, and spent his time in botanical research. They were received with much joy, and cordially welcomed by the Marist Fathers, and invited to attend presently at the evening devotions which were about to be given for the Natives.' The distinguished visitors were much impressed by the fervor and earnestness with which the Maoris joined in the prayers and sacred hymns, all of which were in the Native tongue. One Father read the prayers before the altar, whilst the people responded, and then another Father intoned the hymn, which they took up. It was adapted to the Native tongue, but in the old simple notes. How they did sing! With voices harsh, stentorian, and vehement, beyond European comprehension. After this earnest act of devotion the senior missionary addressed them. The visitors, although not understanding what was said, remarked that the preacher often pointed towards them, using at the same time he word ' Picopo.' In a subsequent explanation to the visitors, the Father said the word used was the Maori equivalent of Bishop, and as some of the Protestant missionaries had endeavored to stir up prejudice against the Catholics by the statement that the Catholic religion was of foreign growth, not the religion of Englishmen, but Frenchmen, with whom the Maoris should have nothing to do, he took advantage of the opportunity to point to Bishop Polding as a refutation of their statements, for they saw before them an English Catholic Bishop seated on the same chair of authority on which the French Bishop usually sat.

The description of what Dr. Ullathorne observed throws great light on the position of the Church in New Zealand during the first years of its existence. The town of Kororareka at that time consisted of a Native pah, a small British settlement, and the French Catholic mission. The missionaries' residence was of wood, and their little wooden church, bright with green paint, stood adjoining. Small as it was, it had its font, confessional, and all appointments complete. A chief object of our visit, states Dr. Ullathorne, was to remove an impression made by the Anglican and Wesleyan missionaries upon the Natives that the Catholic religion was not the religion of Englishmen, but the religion of a people with whom they had nothing to do. This statement they had embellished with fantastic stories of the old anti-Catholic type, seasoned for the New Zealand palate with horrible 'examples' in the style of Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.' In short, the history of the pagan persecutions was being applied to the Catholics. We visited the tribe the same evening in their low huts, creeping inside, where we could sit, but not stand. After describing the physique, intelligence, customs, and habits of the Maoris, the writer states that the next day the party proceeded to pay their respects to the Governor (Captain Hobson, R.N.). The British settlement had only recently begun, and the Bay of Islands was still the headquarters. The Governor talked freely about the influence of Bishop Pompallier with the Maoris. The Bishop had taught Mrs. Hobson the Native language, and she spoke with great respect of him. Describing an excursion made to view some remarkable geological formations in the vicinity, Dr. Ullathorne wrote: 'Passing through a wood on our return, we met an old woman, who, as soon as she caught sight of the Fathers, began a wailing cry of joy. They had made her a Christian, but she had not seen them for some time. After they had talked kindly to her, we left her still wailing and crying in her joy as long as we could hear her voice in the lonely wood. The Natives invariably express any deep-felt joy by wailing and crying. We next rowed to a Catholic village on the opposite shore. The moment the clerical hat was seen, the chief, with all his tribe of both sexes, came crying with joy to meet us. The salutes were made without interrupting the crying, and the tall and burly chief rubbed his large nose against both sides of mine. Then we all knelt on the grass, and Father Bataillon said prayers in their tongue, to which they answered with their usual energy, after which followed a merry gossip with the good Father, which was Sanscrit to me.'

An amusing incident is related of the difficulties of crossing a morass on the occasion of another excursion. Dr. Ullathorne was taken over the first on the shoulders of a half-naked New

Zealander, and when he looked back he enjoyed the sight of a human pyramid advancing at a solid pace, apparently supported by two copper-colored legs. The pyramid consisted of a huge Maori, on whose shoulders was seated the Bishop, with his purple stockings conspicuously prominent, and on the Bishop's shoulders, rising above the broad episcopal hat, a young English lad who was travelling with them, and, as if this variety did not suffice for the picture, the youngster held, swinging in his hand, a couple of wild ducks. The visitors, after spending a fortnight full of incident of an interesting, instructive, and pleasurable nature, resumed their long ocean voyage.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NORTH-EAST COAST AND INLAND.

In six months, wrote Bishop Pompallier, all the priests who came by the second shipment in June, 1839, knew the Native language well enough to commence instructing the people, who were continually pressing the Bishop to station a priest among them. In no part of the country was the foundation and spread of the Faith more marked with successful results than among the almost exclusively Maori settlements along the north-east coast of the North Island. In January, 1840, all the principal chiefs of the Tauranga tribes inhabiting the Bay of Plenty district sent pressing invitations to the Bishop to visit and instruct them. This, it will be remembered, was also the month and year of the arrival of Captain Hobson, the first British official representative. At this time the Catholic mission already extended over the whole of the northern portion of the North Island of New Zealand, and many persons had been baptised at the Bay of Islands, Hokianga, Kaipara, Whangaroa, and Mongonui, whilst catechumens were abroad in large numbers. The principal tribes, where the people had been converted to the Catholic Church besides those just named, were Ahipara, Whangape, Waimate, Matahuri, Te Puna, Terawiti, Taiamai, and on the Rivers Waikare and Kawakawa. In February, 1840, the Bishop, installing Father Petit in charge of the mission station at Kororareka, hired a small schooner and essayed the trip to Tauranga, accompanied by Father Viard, Brother Michel, and Romano (a Native catechist). On reaching the open sea from the Bay of Islands a fearful storm was encountered, such as rarely is met with in these parts. Shipwreck on the reef seemed imminent, ere safety was found by putting back to the Bay. Three days afterwards another start was made, and Tauranga reached on the 11th of the following month. Here the long expected voyagers were accorded a most cordial reception by the Natives. Several days were passed among the Maoris, visiting them at their numerous pahs, and on the Sunday following, at an altar erected in an enclosure and adorned as circumstances permitted by Father Viard and his companions, the Bishop celebrated Mass and preached to over 400 Natives. After promising to station a resident priest among them, conducted by thirty Natives in a large canoe, the missionaries

left to visit the tribes of Matakana, Maungatapu, and Motu-hoa, where they met with a good reception. Returning to Otumoetai, Father Viard was left temporarily in the midst of the tribes there, and of Maungatapu, whilst the Bishop, at the earnest solicitation of the chiefs, made a journey inland to carry the light of Faith to Matamata and the Waikato. This journey to the interior through dense bush and across rivers and swamps occupied two days. The Maoris, who were all heathens, eagerly awaited the Bishop, having been apprised of his intended visit. He was met by five chiefs of distinction, and carried over the swamps on a litter by them to the pah, an hour's walk distant. After spending a week at this stage, the journey was resumed to Waikato, the Maoris there being exhorted by those at Matamata to embrace the Catholic religion, as they had done. The greatest confidence and affection were manifested towards the Bishop. They would not rest satisfied unless a promise was given them of a hope of the Bishop returning, and of obtaining a priest to dwell among them. When he left, the Bishop was accompanied for a long distance by crowds of Maoris, who never ceased the bestowal of signs of affectionate regard. After a final leave-taking, men were provided to carry their distinguished visitor to the other side of their wide swamps. On reaching Tauranga a good account was supplied by Father Viard of progress made. Promising to send Father Viard to reside among them, the Bishop and his companions re-embarked for Opotoki on March 22, many of the young Natives following in the water the boat conveying the missionaries to the anchored schooner. The Bay of Ohiwa was reached after two days' sail, and here the schooner remained at anchor, whilst the party went by land along the sea shore—a five hours' walk—to Opotiki. Here again a most cordial welcome was given the visitors, due in great part to a chief of the Bay of Islands named Moka who, having wedded a chieftainess of Opotiki, had preceded the Bishop. He also had caused to be erected a church of reeds (raupo, toi toi, and similar available material), and had exhorted the people to embrace the true faith. Instructions on the principal truths of religion were immediately imparted to the Natives, and before leaving Mass was celebrated in the reed church by the Bishop, who also baptised a little child of one of the principal chiefs, giving her the name of Mary.

Another journey on foot along the seashore, occupying two days, brought the missionary party to Whakatane. At another place visited some three thousand Natives had collected from the East Cape, from near Rotorua, Kupenga, Taupo, and Waretakuna, at the instance of a number of converted chiefs. In the presence of each tribe, at least, one Mass was celebrated. Rejoining the schooner, a return was made to Tauranga, and from thence a

course was shaped for Hauraki. After a sail of a day and a half anchor was dropped in the Bay of Coromandel. From here a visit to Native tribes in the interior was made, necessary instructions given, and books and religious objects distributed. At the beginning of May, 1840, the Bishop returned to the Bay of Islands, and shortly afterwards the promise of a priest to the Maoris of Tauranga was fulfilled. Father Viard, accompanied by the Native neophyte, Romano, was sent them, and the mission in that place had prompt success. Land was given by the Natives for the residence of their missionary and as sites for the churches.

In June, 1841, a long and anxiously expected contingent of missionaries arrived, and proved a welcome reinforcement to the sorely tried, but brave, chief pastor. These included Fathers Seon, Garin, Borgeon, Rozet, M. Rouleaux, and six Catechist Brothers. Several of these names loomed large in subsequent missionary enterprise, and appear in many notable connections during the course of these memoirs. So great was the desire of the Maoris for the services of the missionaries that on hearing of their expected arrival delegate chiefs from places on the east coast previously mentioned journeyed to the Bay of Islands, awaited the coming of the priests, offered to personally conduct them to their respective tribes, and instruct them in the language. So persistent were they in their endeavors that their demands could not be resisted. Hence, as it will be seen, the ' Sancta Maria ' was again put into commission, and the Bishop undertook another tour of the same settlements, taking with him five of the Fathers and several Brothers, whom he located where most needed. Stopping en route at the Bay of Coromandel, two white families of Catholics were discovered. Mass was celebrated in the house of one of these, and the Sacraments administered. The arrival at Tauranga was the occasion of exceeding joy to the inhabitants. This mission station had for several months been confided to Father Pesant, in place of Father Viard, the first priest, who had been recalled to undertake higher duties. Father Seon was deputed to Matamata, under the direction of Father Baty, previously appointed. The mission station there was established under the patronage of the Holy Angels. Maketu was next visited, and here was found, already built in anticipation of a pastor, a church erected in Maori fashion of the usual material and a house in similar style for the expected priest. Placing the mission under the patronage of St. Joachim and St. Anne, Father Borgeon (who subsequently met his death by drowning) and Brother Justin were left in charge. Journeying inland to Rotorua, accompanied by Father Viard, most encouraging results of previous Catholic religious instruction were evident among the tribes, which greatly cheered the good Bishop. Remaining several days there, Mass

was celebrated and the Sacraments administered. The Maoris were also apprised of the fact that Father Borgeon would often visit them and those of the intervening districts. Whakatane and Opotiki next claimed attention, and at the latter place Father Rozet, with a white servant, was left in charge. From thence to the Peninsula of Terekako, a voyage lasting three days, was safely accomplished. Here also was found a residence erected for the expected priest, and Father Baty was left among the inhabitants for some days. Terekako had been previously visited by the Bishop, who on one of his homeward voyages from the south, accompanied by Father Pesant, called there at the earnest entreaty of the chief. Mass was then celebrated before the whare of this chief, who also asked that a piece of land for a projected church and residence should then and there be selected. With the religious instruction then given, and evidently fully profited by , the advent of the regular missionary found the people comparatively well prepared.

In 1844 the Bishop entered upon an episcopal visitation of the whole New Zealand mission. Whilst journeying down the east coast Whakatane was called at, where the Maoris, through their chiefs, had given a fine site for the mission station, and here Father Lampila was placed in charge. Returning from the south again to Whakatane, the schooner was sent to headquarters, the Bishop electing to go overland on foot to Auckland, visiting by the way the numerous tribes to be found in the interior, including those in the neighborhood of Rotorua, who were then in the spiritual care of Father Regnier; thence to those of the Waikato and Mokau, confided to the care of Father Pesant; finaly, after three months' wandering, the indefatigable, self-sacrificing, and zealous Bishop reached Auckland. Soon after the events above related, war clouds began to gather over the cherished dominion of these holy men of God. Bursting with a fury which paralysed all immediate efforts, the distress of spirit and enforced inactivity must have sorely tried, if not in a measure disheartened, those whose whole life and energy were engaged in the noblest of all human endeavor—the salvation of the souls of their fellow-men.

Over a wide area of this same district a quarter of a century later, the splendid efforts of the early missionaries, which promised such a rich reward, were paralysed, and much of the good results of the missionaries' work were almost obliterated, in the fanatical wave of Hauhauism, which swept over the land with unrelenting force and with such dire consequences. In this connection it is well to refer to a deplorable happening, and if not entirely refute the allegations at least furnish trustworthy expressions of opinion which may tend to disprove the accusations levelled at one of the devoted early missionaries, and given prominence in several books writen by Protestant missionaries.

Among the atrocities perpetrated by the Hauhaus was the murder of the Rev. Mr. Volkner, a Protestant missionary at Opotiki. This incident of those troublous times is mentioned by the Rev. R. Taylor in his book, ' New Zealand: Past, Present, and Future,' published in 1868. The statements therein contained were evidently copied by the Rev. J. Buller (Wesleyan) into his book, Forty Years in New Zealand,' published in 1878, with additional embellishments. The cause these writers ascribed for the deed of violence was that letters brought by the Catholic missionary from the Natives of Waikato, then in open revolt, to those at Opotiki, then presumably peaceably disposed, were of such a nature as to cause the attitude of the latter to at once change. An outcry was immediately raised for the removal of the Catholic missionary. In the interests of peaceful relations all round, the Father did leave the scene of strife, and it was then stated by those writers that his going was the work of the Protestant misisonaries as understood by the Maoris—to whom he was a very dear friend. This so enraged them that the murder was the consequence. All this appearing to the present writer so improbable a story, and so unlike any possible action of a priest of the Catholic Church, that every effort was made to collect information on the subject. Such a long period having elapsed since the incident happened, this task proved a most difficult one. The following letter, however, which I received from an officer of the colonial forces (who was very close by at the time), and who now holds a prominent position under the Dominion Government, throws considerable light on the subject, and as an expression of opinion will undoubtedly carry much weight:—' Let me say at once (he writes) that the fact of the murderers of Volkner having been Hauhaus would alone account for the deed. Just think of the massacre of the crew of the ' Kate ' and other things about the same time. I may say that I never heard the name of Father Garavel in connection with the matter until after the sixties, and then only from Mr. Grace. At the time of the murder I did hear that it was caused by the fact that Bishop Selwyn accompanied the troops through the Waikato, and did not warn the Natives of the Sunday attack on Rangiaohia. There may be something in this. Numerous parties had been sent out by the prophet Te Tea to convert all New Zealand. In one act they converted Opotiki, and prevented backsliding by killing the pastor. I think very little of these tales, for I know the Maori down to his boots. You want information (as an example), and your Maori friend will in a few moments find out the bias, if any, in your mind, and the information he gives will be suitable.' As showing the force of this argument, the writer gives a probable dialogue as follows:—Protestant missionary: ' For what reason

was the Rev. Mr. Volkner murdered?' Maori friend: 'Truly, truly, for what reason?' Protestant missionary: 'Could the action of that Catholic priest have had anything to do with it?' Maori friend: 'Ah! the man of brains; the man who sees into the secret of the heart; you have discovered it!' Now, these Maoris had never heard a word of this, but who were they that they should refute the suggestion of their clergyman? This would be the Maori argument. If, therefore, you want real information from a Maori, offer no suggestion and doubt everything when he extols your sagacity. Anyone having the knowledge of the Maori tohunga would not be humbugged by the people because of his wizard powers.'

In the introductory chapter to McDonnell's history of the war the author states: 'In the following pages I have endeavored to give a history of the Native wars, gathered from a Maori chief, who was an eye-witness of many of the events recorded, and had learned from others on good authority. In every instance I have strictly adhered to the facts related, and have allowed my Maori historian to draw his own inferences from them.' Relating the capture of Opotiki by the colonial forces the following appears, and having never been questioned, must be accepted as a true narrative of events:—'Just before this time we discovered, or thought we had (it was all the same to us after we had made up our minds), that the Rev. Mr. Grace, who used to live at Taupo, and the Rev. Mr. Volkner, of Opotiki, had been acting treacherously to us; so their death was resolved upon by Kereopa, who was then our high priest of Hauhauism, and the tribes of the Bay of Plenty met at Opotiki to decide how the sentence should be carried out. We had at this time boiled quantities of peaches, and letting the juice ferment we drank it, and it made us brave to act, and filled us with energy. We intended to hang the Rev. Mr. Grace, too, but somehow we let him escape. Kereopa said it was a great mistake.' Kereopa was subsequently captured, tried at Napier for the murder, and executed. Not a word was given in evidence (as recorded in the work before-mentioned) to bear out the statements in the writings of the Revs. Taylor and Buller; in fact, the statements made by them as leading to the trouble was not even alluded to in any connection. The evidence given would also lead one to understand that certain barbarities, stated by these writers to have been perpetrated by the fanatical Maoris in the Catholic Church at Opotiki, were in reality perpetrated in Mr. Volkner's own church on the occasion. As additional proof that the crime was no afterthought of the Maoris we have it recorded in McDonnell's history that an attempt was made to massacre the priest at Whakatane, Father Grange, but was resisted by the Maoris there. This was prior to Mr. Volk-

ner's death, and at once disposes of the absurd story which, like many similar ones, had been persistently circulated and left uncontradicted.

With reference to the tragic affair at Opotiki away back in the sixties, and the manner in which the Rev. Mr. Volkner met his death at the hands of the fanatical Hau Haus, Mr. M. Nolan kindly supplies the following interesting particulars:—Stating at the outset that accounts which appeared in the several writings of Protestant missionaries, previously mentioned in this connection, which bore the obvious impress of bias, were unworthy of credence, Mr. Nolan goes on to say that, coming to Auckland immediately after the war, and continuing to reside there for a number of years, he was intimately acquainted with Father Grange, who also was on the mission at Auckland after his exciting experiences in the districts of the Bay of Plenty. In relating his adventures prior to, and at the time of, the Rev. Mr. Volkner's murder, Father Grange said that, contrary to any exception being made, it had been decided that he too was to be put to death, and that both the Rev. Mr. Volkner and himself were apprehended by the Hau Haus and placed together in a whare, where they were closely guarded through the night by armed Natives. During the torturing hours they passed, Father Grange stated he prepared his companion for the death he was destined to meet with the approach of daylight, and it is safe to assume that the Rev. Mr. Volkner comforted Father Grange in prospect of the terrible doom that apparently awaited him also. When morning appeared the Rev. Mr. Volkner was led forth to the place of execution, but evidently the strongest section of the Hau Haus were averse to murdering Father Grange as intended the day before, contending that no reason existed for perpetrating the deed—a decision strongly resented by the arch-fanatic Kereopa.

From correspondence kindly sent by an earnest and interested reader of these 'Memoirs,' some additional particulars are gleaned of the tragic happening at Opotiki, in which Father Grange and Rev. Mr. Volkner were concerned, and in which the latter lost his life at the hands of the fanatical Hau Haus. 'I had the true account (writes my correspondent) of the whole affair from Father Grange's faithful servant, a Maori woman named Aria, whose care of the good priest deserves to be remembered. She told me of his trial at Whakatane, and that on the next day he was to have been put to death, and would have been but for her exertions in assembling secretly about fifty faithful members of his Maori flock, who had placed themselves in an inner circle around him, Kereopa, Petara, and their followers forming an outer one. When the time came for the putting of the good Father to death, and as the executioner was brandishing his 'taiaha,' preparatory to

slaying the intended victim, the friendly Natives sprang to their feet, threw off the blankets with which they were enveloped, and, shouldering their muskets, presented arms, declaring that they would have first to be put to death before their beloved pastor. Aria subsequently, at great personal risk, conducted him to a place of safety, whence he proceeded next day to Tauranga, where he labored for some years after. As showing how an accidental occurrence precipitated the fate of the Rev. Mr. Volkner and frustrated the charitable efforts of his fellow-laborer in averting the calamity, the following particulars are interesting:—While the Rev. Mr. Volkner was on his way to Opotiki, the schooner on which he was being conveyed thither intended to call at Maketu, a bar harbor some twenty miles from Tauranga. Father Grange, hearing of this, wrote to him a warning of the fate likely to meet him at his destination, but unfortunately a strong gale was blowing from the land and the vessel, after vain efforts to enter Maketu, had to proceed to Opotiki, and thus he failed to receive the letter which would have saved him from a violent death.

Considerable diversity of opinion was expressed in leading English journals concerning the rights and wrongs of the Maori War in the sixties, especially with reference to the massacre by fanatical tribes on the east coast of the North Island, the causes which brought these about and the methods adopted by the Government of the day in suppressing the insurrection. In connection with these Native troubles, some of our Catholic missionaries have been placed in a wrong light by Protestant writers, whose statements have been disproved in the course of these 'Memoirs.' Happening upon an old volume of the London *Tablet*, I extract the following from a letter written by Sir Charles Clifford to that journal in January, 1869, the opinions therein being endorsed by another letter in the following issue from Sir Frederick Weld, a former Premier of the Colony:—'To show the justice and the necessity of the operations against the fanatical Natives by the Government, I may state that Father Lampila, a French missionary who had devoted twenty years of his life to the Natives, and lived among them, urged on the Government the severest measures in an admirably reasoned letter, a copy of which I sent to the *Tablet* about two years ago, in answer to some such remarks as have now appeared. When the Government under Mr. Weld sent an expedition against these fanatics public prayer for its success was ordered by the Catholic Bishop, who had himself been an eminent missionary many years resident among the Maoris. The exertions and good will of the Catholic missionaries were not confined to prayers; they accompanied their flocks (the friendly Natives) to the fight, and were seen in the foremost ranks, administering religious consolation to Native and European alike. At the fight

at Moutoa the lay Brother Euloge was killed whilst assisting a dying Maori. The enclosed slip from a New Zealand paper (which I should be obliged by your inserting) will show what a Protestant soldier thought of the conduct of Father Rolland, who was with the colonial forces when they were so disastrously caught in an ambuscade. [This refers to Major Von Tempsky's tribute embodied elsewhere in these 'Memoirs.'] At Opotiki, the Protestant missionary, Mr. Volkner, was brutally murdered with attendant circumstances too dreadful and horrible to detail, and Father Grange barely escaped in a most providential manner. . .'

CHAPTER V.

MISSION WORK IN THE CITY.

'At the end of July, 1841,' states Bishop Pompallier in his diary, 'I provisioned the "Sancta Maria" for a fresh voyage round the coasts of New Zealand. Leaving the Bay of Islands, the first place we anchored at was Auckland or Waitemata. We stayed there five or six days. The English-Colonial authority had its headquarters in Auckland. The town contained about three thousand British immigrants, of whom there were about three or four hundred Catholics, nearly all composed of Irish people. I gathered them together in a house in the town, and celebrated Holy Mass twice during my stay. In these assemblies over which I presided, these faithful people showed great attachment to their legitimate pastor, and great zeal in co-operating for the establishment of a Catholic mission in Auckland. They made a subscription for the construction of a temporary wooden church and a residence for the priest. The colonial administration, in the person of the English Governor, received the Catholic Bishop with civility and kindness, and showed himself well disposed. He gave a small piece of land for a mission station, and for a cemetery for the faithful. In Auckland itself there were no Natives. One met only a few tribes in the neighborhood, and at certain distances. The principal chiefs came to me and requested a Catholic missioner for themselves and their people. The station at Auckland was placed under the patronage of St. Patrick. I promised a priest to the white people and to the Natives, who was to come when the residence they undertook to build for him was completed. Before leaving Auckland I baptised some of the children of the European faithful and confirmed them.' 'After a pastoral visit to the Islands of the South Seas,' continues the Bishop, 'in February, 1844, I again left the Bay of Islands in a hired schooner of about sixty tons to visit the whole New Zealand mission. Arriving first at Auckland, I blessed the Catholic cemetery and administered confirmation to a number of the faithful.' 'Up to 1842,' states a well-known Catholic chronicler of events, in an article which appeared in the *Record Magazine* in 1895, 'missionaries from the Bay of Islands occasionally visited Auckland, and in the latter end of that year a long, wooden church was built, in which the first meeting of the scanty congregation was

held. There will be no difficulty in locating the nationality of those who attended this meeting; as will be seen, they belonged to the "nation of church-builders." They were as follow: Messrs. O'Brien, Ryan, Fagan, Grace, Coyle, Andrews, Conroy, Dignan (the late Hon. P. Dignan), Dr. Lee, Harkins, Donovan, Fairy, McGarvey, Henry Lorrigan, Sheehan, Hennessy, Walsh, and McCarthy. Father Petitjean presided. An idea of the condition of affairs at the time is to be had from the fact that the parish priest (Father Petitjean) sought his peaceful slumbers behind the altar. Some time after the meeting above mentioned the Bishop arrived from the Bay, and a regular meeting was held. The next step was the consecration of the necropolis. Meanwhile the seat of Government was vested in Auckland. Our people now foresaw that in the near future Auckland was to be the capital of the province. It then became known that the Bishop intended to visit Europe, and those dauntless few, in the brave days of old, asked his Lordship if, upon his return, he found a suitable church in the then capital, he would remove the see to it. To this the Bishop said no more than that he would consider the proposal, and if he saw his way clear he would assist them to attain their cherished expectations. A spirit of determination to have a church worthy of the name now took a firm hold of the pioneers. A third meeting was held, and it was decided to build a stone church. Viewing all the then surrounding circumstances, this decision was pre-eminently heroic. In our day the task would be a comparatively simple one; in the young settlement in the forties the enterprise seemed almost impossible. Some time in 1845 tenders were called. In 1846 the foundation stone was laid by Bishop Pompallier, and the edifice placed under the invocation of St. Patrick. Shortly after this the Bishop left for Europe, and in his absence the work went steadily on under the supervision of Dr. Viard, Coadjutor-Bishop, assisted by Fathers Petitjean and Forest. The undertaking was a difficult one. The stone was quarried at Mount Eden and conveyed to the base of the hill, where the building was in course of construction. There were no metalled roads or kerbed sidewalks in those days. The drays tipped their loads at the foot of the hill, and thence the stones reached the summit upon the backs of volunteers. Father Forest whilst engaged in carrying the stones up the hill, permanently injured his back. With assiduity and perseverance those pioneers of the Faith continued their labor of love for three long years, at the expiration of which period an edifice was raised, which, remembering the crude appliances, material, and approaches, to-day speaks eloquently, though silently, of the stern stuff of which the early pioneers were made. Be it here recorded that to the non-Catholics and members of the old 58th Regiment a meed of

praise is due for their liberality and assistance towards their struggling Catholic fellow-colonists. Were it not for their aid the completion of the building would have occupied a longer period. The erection of the church was completed in 1848, and on the Feast of St. Joseph was dedicated for religious worship by the Right Rev. Dr. Viard, S.M., Coadjutor-Bishop.

The terrible wars that raged throughout the Auckland province in 1860 and following years brought ruin to all the missions among the Maoris. Under the burden of ever-increasing debt on the diocese, with difficulties multiplying every day, and encompassed with evils which he could not remedy, the venerable Bishop's health gave way. He desired to end his days in his beloved France—a country which yet retained an affection and reverence for the Church. On February 18, 1868, a man-of-war, flying the tri-color, having been sent to the waters of the Waitemata for the purpose, conveyed to the land of his birth the pious, venerable, and beloved Bishop Pompallier, who soon after resigned his episcopal charge. On resigning the diocese of Auckland, he was promoted by the Holy See to the titular Archbishopric of Amaria, which he retained until his death. He resided for the most part at Puteaux, near Paris. During the Vatican Council he administered Confirmation and Holy Orders in several dioceses of France at the invitation of the various bishops who were then in Rome. The illustrious prelate passed to his eternal reward on December 20, 1870.

Under the heading, ' An Old-time Bishop,' a lady contributor to the *New Zealand Herald* in 1903 wrote of Bishop Pompallier in part as follows:—

There is still standing in the quaint, sleepy, by-the-sea village of Russell, in the Bay of Islands, a substantial white house. It is built of the old ' wattle and dab ' material, the clay mud showing through in some small patches where the white paint surface is broken—a big, roomy house, with deep-set windows and low ceilings—walls fourteen inches thick, that were built to resist a siege, if needs be, verandah and balcony overhung by Virginia creeper, nightshade, and other old-fashioned climbing plants, a great old rambling garden running down to meet the sea, and right at its back door the steep green hill. Such is what once was the headquarters of the old Catholic mission.

It is difficult to realise that in after times this now peaceful retreat was the scene of warfare. But it was from the green hill behind the convent that not a few shots came in the war that ensued upon Hone Heke's cutting down the flagstaff. A gun brought from the ' Sir John Franklin ' was placed on the hill, and men left there as guard against the Maoris. A few days later several shots were fired from the position and the Maoris took the

gun. One can understand that the thick walls which have survived the weather of so many seasons were built in times when bullets were a matter of consideration. So much for the quaint old house, with its great, low-ceilinged rooms and overhung verandahs. Let us turn to the prelate who established his community there.

In 1335 a Brief of Pope Gregory XVI. established the vicariate of Western Oceania, a heathen island continent. To the charge of this the Right Rev. Jno. Baptist Francis Pompallier was appointed. He immediately procured four associate priests and three lay assistants, and set out for his new cure. They left France in July, 1835, landed at Valparaiso two years afterwards, and in another three months, after much trouble on account of their faith, were allowed to stay awhile at Tahiti. Here the American Consul afforded them protection; and at his house a child, 'a New Zealander, whose European father, a sailor, was then on the island,' was baptised. This same friend, a Protestant, gave them the use of a small schooner of 60 tons. Leaving Tahiti on October 4, 1837, the schooner made for the Friendly Islands. But here, although the native king was hospitably inclined, there was no hope of establishing a mission, for Protestantism reigned. Thence the Bishop came to Wallis Island. Its inhabitants had, up to this, refused any conversion from other missionaries. But the signs being favorable, two of the party were left on the island, and the remainder pursued their voyage to Futuna Island. A priest and a layman were left here, though the former, Father Chanel, was afterwards murdered. Entreaties to leave a helper at Rotumah were unsuccessful, for Bishop Pompallier had now only one priest and one lay Brother. So Sydney was steered for, and the journey ended there for awhile in December, 1837.

At the end of the month the little schooner set sail for Maoriland, and in ten days Hokianga was reached. It was an unfortunate landing-place, being really the headquarters of the Methodist mission. A settler lent to the Bishop a house at Totara, and immediately set about building another for him. Meanwhile the Methodist and the Anglican missions, which had considered the island their property, were not well pleased with the arrival of a mission staff from the Church of Rome. Trouble was hinted at from the beginning, but the newcomers were brave.

Baron de Thierry, a Frenchman, and avowedly anti-Catholic, wrote a proclamation in which he set forth, on account of the French nation, the fact that every religion had a right of entry, for the islands were not British, and therefore English Protestants might not justly insist upon the exclusion of any religious teaching but that of their Church. They appealed to their humanity before they should involve the Maoris in acts of bloodshed. He

published also the fact of the receipt of an official letter from Paris asking for his help to and protection of the new Bishop. Things were so troublesome at the already established stations that Bishop Pompallier determined to try his persuasion upon a tribe that had fiercely withstood all attempts at conversion. The Whirinakis, about 400 strong, listened to the prelate, and entreated him to stay among them. But he had other mission stations to establish and the Maori language to learn. So, much against their will, he left them. The feeling against him was as strong as ever, and, fearing for his life, some settlers of his own faith implored him to leave the country. His answer was to give orders for the erection of a mission-house.

Just at this time the Bishop learnt that the French warship 'Heroine' was expected to land at the Bay of Islands. He therefore travelled to that part, and being received with honor on board, he was able to make so favorable an impression upon the Maoris that he decided to make the settlement of Kororareka his headquarters. Accordingly, hostilities being now somewhat in abeyance with the arrival of the sloop, the undaunted cleric returned to Hokianga and celebrated the opening of his new house by a discharge of musketry, which was followed by Mass. Leaving his companion, Father Servant, to continue regular services, the Bishop travelled among the Maoris, instructing them, and in his leisure translating the 'Pater,' 'Ave,' and 'Creeds,' and composing a Canticle dealing with the perfections of God. Kaipara was visited among other places, and the Natives there showed much desire for the priest to remain.

When at length, two years after his arrival in New Zealand, a reinforcement of priests arrived, the mission station at the Bay of Islands was opened. Here the Bishop resided, much to the sorrow of his friends at Hokianga, where were 1500 catechumens and sixty baptised people. In a short time more priests arrived, and the old monastery must have been well filled. It is hard to realise that the broad passages and cool rooms were once the scene of monastic labors. But work was not confined to the immediate vicinity. Frequent journeys were made to Hokianga, Kaipara, Whangaroa, Te Rawhiti, and other places. Whangaroa became another station, and here the Catholics received a hearty welcome. Land was given them freely, and a house and church were built.

'One of my grand vicars, Father Viard,' states Bishop Pompallier in his diary, 'was consecrated Bishop to be my coadjutor, according to the request I had made to the Holy See in past correspondence.' Then, after ten years of laboring and travelling, the first Bishop undertook a voyage to Rome to render an account of his stewardship to the Sovereign Pontiff. 'I started from New Zealand, which I left in the enjoyment of peace and under the

delegated pastorate of Monsignor Viard, my coadjutor,' he writes. ' My departure took place at Banks' Peninsula, the 16th April, 1846, on the French corvette " Rhin," Captain Berard, who gave me a free passage, as also to a priest and servant who accompanied me. I landed at Toulon on the 28th August, and was in Rome on the 14th September, 1846. I hastened to pay my homage of veneration in this holy city to the Sovereign Pontiff, giving to his Holiness and the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda all the knowledge I possessed of the Catholic religion in Western Oceania.'

In 1850 Bishop Pompallier returned from Europe, bringing with him a number of Irish and French priests, and the first contingent of that great Order, the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy. Mother Cecilia (Maher), who was the first to volunteer for this remote and arduous missionary field, and seven other Sisters, set out from their convent of St. Leo, in Carlow, in August, 1849, accompanied by Bishop Pompallier, who was exceedingly delighted with his little missionary band. As was subsequently recorded, they proved themselves true apostles to both the Europeans and the Natives in Auckland and throughout the whole diocese. When missions were forsaken and when difficulties arose, such as seldom have befallen a colonial diocese, St. Mary's Convent of Mercy in Auckland proved a true fortress of the faith, and preserved and handed on to the faithful of the diocese the traditions of piety and the blessings of religion. On the 7th of April the travellers sighted Auckland. The Bishop, with extended hands, blessed his diocese, and at an early hour next morning went privately ashore. On the 9th the Sisters, in one boat, and the clergy in another, bade adieu to the ship. All the citizens, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, came to the beach to welcome them. In processional order the whole party wended their way to St. Patrick's, now recognised as the Cathedral, where an impressive service of thanksgiving was held. From then onward, as the arrival of one ship succeeded another, the congregation increased, notably by the addition of Irish immigrants. In December, 1851, the Catholic population of Auckland was 2404. The numerical superiority of the Catholic population in Auckland, compared with the other provinces, was owing to the military forces sent from England for protection against the turbulent Natives.

In an address on the occasion of his consecration as fifth Bishop of the diocese of Auckland, his Lordship Bishop Lenihan spoke in part as follows:—' It has been an unfailing custom, now resolved to a positive duty, to extend the hand of friendship, and cordially welcome those who in the past came from other lands to reign so wisely and so well over you. Looking back at the history of the last sixty years (then 1896), we see the magnificent effects of the

mutual good will of Bishop and people in carrying on the work of God in New Zealand. As far back as 1835 Rome had determined on sending its missionaries to these parts, and the apostolic vicariate of the Western Pacific Ocean was erected in that year by his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. The Abbe Pompallier, who had been laboring for seven years in the diocese of Lyons, and who, with fifteen other priests, formed the nucleus of the Society of Mary, whose Fathers have done untold work in the colonies and in the islands, and whose presence we hail with joy in the person of the illustrious Bishop of Christchurch, and in the person of the Father Procurator and the other Fathers of the Society, who are the worthy representatives of other dioceses.' 'Abbe Pompallier naturally turned,' he tells us in his diary, 'to his brethren of the Society of Mary, since he and they had always cherished the desire of laboring in foreign missions. Help was readily forthcoming, and Abbe Pompallier, who had been consecrated Bishop in 1836, with Fathers Battaillon, Bret, and Father Chanel, left for these parts. I need not speak of their wanderings and journeys, their dangers of shipwreck, and the sorrow caused by the death of Father Bret on the voyage. Bishop Pompallier's time was to be claimed by the Islands of Wallis, Futuna, Tahiti, and Vavua, and the whole of the New Zealand group. He arrived at Hokianga on January 10, 1838, and was most kindly received and welcomed by the only European Catholic—that good and noble Irishman, Mr. Poynton, whose name will ever be fondly cherished by those who belong to his faith and nationality. He had reached the land of his adoption, and he had received such a genuine *cead mile failte* from the representative of our race that his heart bounded with joy, and he set to work to do such noble things for God. How did he succeed? I will not speak of his trials. In a new land such things must be, but those who may have known him will own that he was endowed with great ability and untiring energy, and if at a later date, as the story goes, he was not as successful in temporal concerns as other men of business, he was truly a Prince of the House of God.'

Soon after the return of Bishop Pompallier, in 1850, from his episcopal visit to the Eternal City, the Marist Fathers, under Bishop Viard, withdrew from the province of Auckland and settled in that of Wellington.

Later on mention will be made regarding the rise and expansion of the Church in and about Wellington, and of the Right Rev. Dr. Viard, first Bishop of the then newly-created diocese of Wellington. When the Marist Fathers left the province of Auckland after twelve years' labor, there were over 5000 adherents of the Catholic Church among the Maori population, whilst the rate of progress in establishing mission stations during the first five

years, in face of stupendous difficulties, ever present disadvantages, and many obstacles, is given in the following instructive table: Hokianga, 1838; Kaipara, 1838; Bay of Islands, 1839; Whangaroa, 1839; Tauranga, 1840; Waikato, 1841; Opotiki, 1841; Auckland, 1841; Rotorua, 1841; Whakatane, 1843. Taking into account the distance these various settlements are apart, and the conditions of the country, we can readily appreciate the physical energy expended in accomplishing such noteworthy results. But even the foregoing is not all, as has been shown during the course of these writings. The whole of the North and South Islands had been visited and the necessary information gained for future missionary activity.

Following in the footsteps of Bishop Pompallier came the Right Rev. Dr. Croke, who afterwards became Archbishop of Cashel. His advent constituted what may be termed the second phase of Catholic progress and religious advancement. 'It is in the memory of many (stated Bishop Lenihan on the occasion previously mentioned), the unbounded delight experienced at his appointment to the See of Auckland, and well might the diocese sorrow that he did not long remain. But he came for a special purpose, and, having successfully completed it, returned home.' In 1875 Archbishop Croke left for Ireland, and the diocese mourned for a bishop for several years. The flock felt, and still feel it an honor, however, to have had so good and noble a prelate guiding and ruling over them. During the five years of Dr. Croke's episcopate, a great deal was effected. The diocese was freed from a crushing debt, the faithful were quickened with new life and courage, the ranks of the clergy were added to, schools were opened, and there was fair promise of a bright future. Too soon, however, the diocese was to be bereft of the presence of its chief pastor, and to suffer once more many trials that are sure to attend a long vacancy of the see. The following graphic sketch of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke is given in the Ulster *Examiner* of August 15, 1877, a few years after the illustrious prelate left the Auckland diocese for the Archepiscopal See of Cashel, may appropriately be given a place here:—

'Dr. Croke is a tall, well-knit man, still in the prime of life and strength. His dark hair clusters with almost youthful crispness around his forehead and adown his neck. The poet might sing of him as of the Scottish king—

> "On his bold visage middle age
> Has slightly pressed its signet sage."

His Irish grey eye conceals not the intellectual fire that glows within; his nervous hand seems, when he gesticulates, which he

does with a frequency that is almost foreign, like that of one who might wield a falchion as fitly as a crozier. He is, in fine, the beau-ideal of a prelate, not afraid to boast that he owes his blood to gallant Tipperary. Thomas W. Croke is a young Archbishop, but a man of vast experience as well as natural vigor, ability, and studiousness. While yet priest in the fine Diocesan College of Fermoy, which owes so much to the fostering care of the late Right Rev. Dr. Keane, the sainted Bishop of Cloyne, he won golden opinions from those placed above him as well as from those who were entrusted to his care. When selected by Cardinal Cullen to fill the Bishopric of Auckland in distant New Zealand, Father Croke accepted the onerous charge with the spirit of a Christian missionary. He has travelled in America, where any one who knows him will not be surprised to hear him tell of the cordial reception which he met with, as well as on the European Continent and in the distant sea-girt lands of widespread Oceanica. A man of splendid talents, of untiring energy and industry, of great attainments, of winning manners, and fine presence, is it any wonder that, placed on the archiepiscopal throne of Cashel of the Kings, he should soon make himself, both at home and abroad, one of the most popular and powerful of Irish prelates? His tongue is, of a verity, touched with the divine fire of oratory. With one spring he vaulted into the highest rank of preachers, and those who heard his Grace on the memorable occasion of the O'Connell Centenary celebration in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street, or recently in St. Patrick's, Belfast, will understand the feelings of the English correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* accustomed to the read discourses of the Protestant pulpits, who could do nothing but wonder at the flow and the polish, the learning and the rhetoric of the Archbishop of Munster. The sermon of Sunday can only be described as a tornado of eloquence, sweeping all before it, giving no time to question or to weigh, demanding unconditional surrender, and making the hesitating reasoner rejoice in his captivity and subjection. This power is all the more astonishing when we come to criticise the orator analytically. It may not be the proper disposition with which to enter a church, but it would be affectation to disguise the fact that interest in and curiosity regarding the archiepiscopal orator largely leavened the motives of many in the church on Sunday. If they did not go to criticise, at least being there, they were prepared to canvass and compare the preacher's merits. In the beginning it was disappointment. The Archbishop labors under a similar disadvantage to that with which, like his Grace, the great lay orator Shiel contended, and successfully. He has not a good voice. It is not round and full-toned. It is sharp and thin. There is none of that sonorous-

ness to which the Galway Dominican has attuned us. His Grace's accent has rather the shrillness of West Kerry. But hear on! Your sympathy soon becomes awakened. The orator is stealing on your heart—he is preparing for the grand rush with which he will storm your stronghold in a twinkling, and sure as ever issues forth that whirlwind of sparkling sentences, in which ally the music of the polished period, the riches of the mind full of scriptural and historical illustration, the keeness of the polished logician, the word-painting of the imagination of the South, and all the dulcet aptness of the honied Southern tongue, down you go before the never-faltering, never-hesitating, overwhelming avalanche, and, carried away, you are soon yourself part and parcel of the enthusiasm which has been gathering from all sides and every quarter in the onward and triumphant course of the enchanting conqueror. Even in the unstudied gesture there is the grace begotten of earnestness which art cannot equal, and as we look upon this young Archbishop, standing on that altar step in Belfast, and inspiring the vast congregation before him with his own fervor, we cannot help but think, What could not that man do with a populace, whither could he not lead the ardent Celt, and how could he not sway the passions of a multitude, now touching the finest cords and anon sweeping his hand across the human heart-strings, awaking them to the boldest measure that harpist ever struck or poet sung?'

During these years the mission to the Maoris was almost ruined owing to the war. One priest only—the Rev. Dr. McDonald—devoted himself entirely to them, and for a long period, single-handed, kept the standard of the Faith unfurled in their midst. This devoted missionary held the office of Vicar-General for the Maori population of Auckland under four successive Bishops. He was a native of the County Kilkenny, in Ireland, and accompanied Bishop Pompallier to New Zealand on the return of the latter in 1850. He soon gave proof of a special sympathy for the Maori race, acquiring a thorough knowledge of their language, customs, and manner of life, and labored among them with true apostolic zeal. Of powerful physique and an excellent horseman, he bravely overcame the many difficulties incidental to the mission. For more than thirty years he adopted their manner of life, travelled from place to place with them, and partook only of their food. From the departure of Bishop Pompallier to the arrival of Bishop Croke, as administrator of the diocese, duty obliged him to visit the city. After Dr. Croke's arrival in 1870 till his death in 1890 he never again quitted his beloved Maoris. The scene of his toils and travels extended from the borders of Taranaki and Hawke's Bay to the North Cape, a district 400 miles in extent. Over this wide expanse

the Maoris were scattered in small groups, their abodes being situated in places difficult of access. He erected several small wooden chapels where the Holy Sacrifice could be offered. He moved from place to place, the open canopy of heaven, or at best a Maori whare, being his only shelter all the year round. By faculty from the Holy See he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. He effected a great amount of good amongst the Natives, leading very many of them back to the faith which in the days of their troubles they had forsaken. To God alone are known the labors and privations he endured during his long, arduous, but abundantly prolific apostolate.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME OLD-TIME MISSIONARIES.

The first parish priest of Onehunga was Father Clery, who came to Auckland in 1850, and remained until 1859. He built the first church at Onehunga, and, after leaving New Zealand, labored in the diocese of Southwark, England. Father Clery was a brother of Lieutenant-General Clery, who served with distinction in the late South African War.

Among the small band of Irish priests who came to labor in the diocese of Auckland during the episcopate of Bishop Pompallier was Father James Paul. Born in County Carlow, Ireland, on November 10, 1822, he was, after a successful course of studies at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, ordained to the priesthood on July 15, 1855. He soon after set out for New Zealand, and arrived in Auckland in April, 1856. Rangiawhia, in the Waikato (so states a record which appeared in the *Tablet* on the occasion of his death), was the first scene of his activity. In 1858 he was transferred to Otahuhu, and for forty-eight years afterwards, and until his demise at the age of 83, he had been in charge of Onehunga. The beautiful Church of the Assumption, the graceful proportions of which add such a charm to the western port town, was built by him and opened free of debt, and also the fine schools in the vicinity. He was a great advocate of Catholic education, consistently taking an active and personal interest in the day and Sunday schools. He filled the positions of Vicar-General and Administrator of the diocese, and was raised by the late Pope Leo XIII. to the dignity of Monsignor. In his death was removed the last of the priests who came to the diocese in Bishop Pompallier's time, having, in 1899 and 1900, seen buried the last of his colleagues, the Very Rev. M. D. O'Hara, of Otahuhu, and the Very Rev. Monsignor Walter McDonald, of Panmure. Forty-nine years of his life were spent in the service of the Church in Auckland, and had he lived but another three months, would have celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood. There were few prelates (writes one who knew him intimately) who have commanded more respect and veneration of people of all shades of religious belief than the late Monsignor Paul. He was of quiet, unassuming manner, and avoided taking part in public functions as much as possible, but nevertheless he was enabled to reach the

hearts of his people, and more especially the people of Onehunga, in whose midst he lived for so many years. He may be considered the 'Father of Onehunga,' as there were probably no older residents. Here he had watched the growth of three generations. He had baptised and married the children of the early settlers, their children, and their children's children. During the same lengthened period he had followed the remains of four generations to their last resting place. The Monsignor had thus ties with his people which could never be broken in life, and in death the sorrow of the whole community went out to him. Addressing the assemblage at the funeral obsequies of the late Very Rev. Monsignor Paul, his Lordship Bishop Lenihan said:—'It is impossible to calculate the time he has spent devoting himself to benevolence and the saving of souls. With the exception of less than eighteen months spent elsewhere, his whole time has been passed in Onehunga, where he worked and prayed for the benefit of the people. Monsignor Paul might be termed the last of those early priests who preached Christianity in this Colony.'

Many will recollect that in the year 1875 a complete revolution took place in the education system in New Zealand. This was the advent of the State system. A poll tax was then levied to meet the expenses, and this was resisted by at least one of our early priests, the Rev. Father (after Monsignor) Paul, of Onehunga, with the results described as follow in an extract from the Carlow *Post* (Ireland) of November, 1875:—

Father James Paul, as many of our readers may be aware, is a Carlow man, and during the twenty years which he has spent on the foreign mission at the Antipodes he has done more for the cause of religion than could be told in a short space, and therefore it may be gratifying to know the recent act of independence on his part which led to the summary proceedings by the local authorities, in which he very justly claims the moral victory. We have been shown a letter of the rev. gentleman, just received in town, in which, referring to this subject, he says: 'You can see by the newspaper how we carry on the war in those parts of the world. The wholesale taxes for the spread of the "godless system" of education I have resisted, and a judgment against me was put into execution. My furniture was sold by public auction to satisfy the demand, but I claim the victory.' Speaking generally of education, we must congratulate the Carlow branch of the Order of the good Sisters of Mercy on the success which has attended, in New Zealand, the efforts of those faithful and devoted pioneers of education and religion for nearly thirty years past. Referring to those ladies, we cannot omit the following paragraph in Father Paul's letter: 'Two young ladies arrived here this week to augment the ranks of the good Sisters of Mercy, who came here

many years ago (in 1849) from Carlow, and to whom we are almost entirely indebted for any good we may claim to have done in this distant mission.'

The Very Rev. Father M. D. O'Hara, who at the time of his death (1899) was parish priest of Otahuhu, was another of the band of early missionary Fathers in the Auckland diocese. Born at Collowney, Sligo, Ireland, in 1814, he was ordained in 1863, and two years later arrived in Auckland. He was sent to the Waikato, then in a most troublous state owing to the Native war still raging. During this time he acted as chaplain to the forces. Later on he did duty at St. Patrick's Cathedral in the city. Whilst in Auckland he built St. John's Church, Parnell, and was subsequently appointed parish priest of Otahuhu in succession to Father Garavel. During an interregnum in the episcopate of the diocese, when the Most Rev. Dr. Goold, Archbishop of Melbourne, acted as Administrator of Auckland, his Grace selected Father O'Hara as Administrator of the Cathedral, and also for other important appointments. Shortly after the Right Rev. Dr. Croke assumed charge of the diocese, Father O'Hara resumed charge of Otahuhu, where (in 1886) he was appointed irremovable rector. He made periodical visits to Kaipara, and erected a church at Mangawhare, and another at Papakura, in his own parish. He never left the diocese from the time of his arrival there. In his last moments he was comforted by his sister (in religion, Sister Mary Teresa), of the Convent of Mercy, Ponsonby, and by a nephew, Father O'Hara, who had been his assistant for some months.

The Very Rev. Mgr. McDonald (or, as he was familiarly known, ' Father Walter ') passed to his eternal reward on the last day of 1899, in his 70th year, after a strenuous and well-spent life in the diocese of Auckland of about 46 years. Born in the County Kilkenny, Ireland, and educated at the great missionary college of All Hallows, Dublin, Father Walter received ordination at St. Patrick's Cathedral in March, 1856, shortly after his arrival in Auckland. His brother, the Very Rev. Dr. James McDonald, who had arrived some years earlier, was then Vicar-General of the diocese. By a somewhat remarkable coincidence, Dr. McDonald died at Hokianga, the first scene of Catholic missionary enterprise in the Dominion, whilst Father Walter's first parochial charge was Korororeka (Bay of Islands), the first real centre of Church progress. Later on Father Walter McDonald was transferred to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, and became private secretary to Bishop Pompallier. He remained in Auckland for many years, and twice visited Rome. During his connection with St. Patrick's Cathedral the sacred edifice was considerably enlarged, and the spire was built through his exertions. On his Lordship Bishop

Luck returning from his first ad limina visit to the Eternal City, he conveyed the welcome intelligence of Father Walter's elevation to the dignity of Monsignor, conferred by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. in recognition of his services to the Church. Father Walter was subsequently transferred to the parochial charge of Panmure, greatly to the regret of St. Patrick's parishioners. During his many years' residence at Panmure and ministrations at Howick, he became as beloved and popular with all classes and denominations as by the people of the city. He was a chaplain of the Volunteer forces comprising the Auckland garrison, and was accorded an imposing military funeral. Although held in the highest esteem by all classes of the community, he was especially regarded with much affection by the Maoris. They were continually about his place, seeking his good counsel and advice in all matters affecting their interests.

Among the zealous band of priests in Auckland with Bishop Croke in the early seventies (says an old resident) was Father Norris, whose useful career was, unfortunately for the diocese, cut short by death at an early age. Writing to the Mother House in Ireland on June 7, 1874, the Sisters of Mercy stated, among other particulars regarding the progress of the mission: 'We have lost a fine young priest of great promise, a Father Norris. He went through his course in Carlow. He went up to the Thames Convent, and was so kind and thoughtful. He was a fine preacher. Unfortunately, he over-exerted himself. He got a bad fever, and God called him to Himself to receive the reward of his zeal. Nothing could exceed the sorrow of the people; such a funeral was never seen in Auckland.' So far as I am able to learn, Father Norris was the first priest whose remains were interred in New Zealand. Writing at a much earlier date (July 18, 1851), the Sisters of Mercy, who, by the way, seem to have kept most authentic records of current missionary events, and to whom, indeed, I am indebted for many historical facts, stated: 'The Rev. Father O'Rourke is laboring among the Natives, knows the Maori language well, and is the first Irishman who has exercised the sacred ministry in the Maori tongue.'

Worthy to rank prominently among the old-time priests whose zealous effort aided in a remarkable degree to mould the religious character of the northern city (an esteemed correspondent reminds me) was Monsignor Fynes, born and educated in England. Father Fynes entered the Benedictine Order, but subsequently left to join the ranks of the secular priesthood. Coming to New South Wales, he labored in the temporal and spiritual interests of the convicts then being sent there, and among his duties was the visitation of the prisons of the Colony. Coming to the diocese of Auckland during the episcopate of Bishop Pompallier, and prior to

the Native wars of the early sixties, he was located at Howick, where he remained until the arrival of Bishop Croke in 1870, when he was placed in charge of the Parnell district. When relinquishing the Bishopric of Auckland, the Right Rev. Dr. Croke appointed him Administrator of the diocese until the arrival of Archbishop Steins from India in December, 1879. When, through ill-health, Dr. Steins resigned charge of the See, Father Fynes again assumed charge of the diocese until the arrival of the Right Rev. Dr. Luck, O.S.B., in November, 1882. Dr. Luck appointed him Vicar-General, which office he held until his death on June 16, 1887. He received the dignity of Monsignor in 1885 during Bishop Luck's first visit to Rome.

Monsignor Fynes was particularly interested in Catholic education, and he endowed the schools with all his worldly possessions. He was honorary manager of the Star of the Sea Orphanage until relieved of the position by Father (now Bishop) Lenihan. Of a genial and kindly disposition, he was much esteemed by all classes of the community, and especially beloved by the parishioners of Howick and Parnell.

It is still within the memory of many that a Community of Franciscan Fathers was in Auckland in the early days, states Mr. M. Nolan, who at the time was resident there, and was personally intimate with those missionaries, principally among whom were Father Dominic Golosi (Superior), Father Joseph Gregory, Father Francis Del Monte, and Father Nivaud. When, in 1873, the Franciscan mission, which was established at Parnell, a suburban parish of the city, was broken up, the people of Auckland saw with sorrow the good and zealous priests, who had done so much for the Church in the north, and wrought so hard in the spiritual interests of the Native race, leaving the Colony, and, not without some personal regret, set sail for foreign lands. Some went to China, some to Egypt, and others to Italy. Father Joseph was sent to Alexandria in Egypt, where the Order had a convent, and labored among the Copts, Armenians, and other nationalities, which usually crowd into the city. In letters to his old friend, which I have before me, Father Joseph graphically described the bombardment of the city by British warships at the beginning of the campaign against Arabi Pasha, which event occurred shortly after the arrival there of the Franciscan Father. Shells of massive dimensions fell thick and fast within the enclosures of the convent and adjoining hospital, which were crowded with refugees; but, miraculously, none exploded. Father Joseph subsequently went through the dangers of the cholera visitation, attending almost daily to the sick and dying, but he escaped unscathed. Later he was made Superior of the convent in the Island of Cyprus. As a result of the bombardment, fire broke

out in various parts of the ancient city of Alexandria, and in its devastating fury swept far and wide. Nowhere was it fiercer than in the vicinity of the Franciscan institutions, which appeared to be in the principal line of attack. Here again, however, the intervention of Divine Providence seemed most markedly manifest, as the fire on all sides, after consuming everything within its course, stopped at the enclosures of the Franciscan buildings, which again escaped—a fact which greatly impressed the whole population. Father Nivaud, O.S.F., went from Auckland to China, where he won the crown of martyrdom. Father Dominic Golosi went to Italy, and was killed by a brick from a building falling upon his head. Father Francis Del Monte also went to Italy, and subsequently to Colombo, Ceylon, where, when last heard of, he was still living.

From a cutting from the *New Zealander*, a newspaper of the period, kindly lent by one of the clergy, who has consistently manifested the keenest interest in these 'Memoirs,' I am enabled to copy the following particulars, which, after the lapse of more than half a century, will undoubtedly prove interesting and instructive: 'Bishop Pompallier, his clergy, and the schools under his care have not failed to unite with the other denominations and classes of the community in offering tributes of grateful respect and esteem to his Excellency Sir George Grey on the occasion of his departure for England, as the following series of addresses presented last week will testify. The first is from the Catholic Bishop, Vicar-General, and clergy of the diocese of Auckland:

"May it please your Excellency,—The intelligence of your leaving New Zealand so soon has been rather sudden to me, and coinciding with the solemnities of the birthday of Our Blessed Saviour, during which the spiritual labors of my pastorship are multiplied in this dear city, and accompanied with abundant consolations. The most earnest prayers have still been said by the pastor and flock for your Excellency to the Divine Infant, who was born for us, and is the Source of all power and happiness. I shall never forget your cordial feelings in administering your paternal protection towards the prelate who writes these few lines and his vast flock of Natives and Europeans in New Zealand. I am an old settler, who have witnessed the cradle of civilisation and religion in this country where your Excellency has displayed so much wisdom, prudence, and dignity. Providence has conducted me around the world to witness also the antiquity, universality, and unity of the Catholic religion. Its freedom is granted at present almost everywhere, and it is with deep feelings of pleasure and gratitude that I have seen it respected and protected under your high authority; for wherever this freedom reigns it is a sign of temporal and spiritual blessings. Accept, then, my con-

gratulations for the success of your labors in New Zealand, my regret for your departure, my wishes for a safe voyage and return, and my prayers to God for obtaining blessings and happiness for your Excellency and Lady Grey, whose benefits towards the orphans and schools of my congregation will never be forgotten. May these sentiments, partaken by my clergy and flock, be acceptable to your Excellency.

" Your most humble obedient servant,

" ✠ J. Bst. Frs. Pompallier,

" Ap Adm., Catholic Bishop of Auckland."

" To His Excellency Sir G. Grey, K.C.B.,

" Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand.

" We, the undersigned, unite with the beloved Bishop of the Diocese of Auckland.

" Jas. McDonald, Vicar-General

(For him and for the following clergy absent: Rev. Fathers Fynes, Alletay, Bourand, Garavel, Segala, Garin, parish priest of Nelson)."

To which his Excellency returned the following reply:

" Government House, Auckland,

" December 29, 1853.

" My Lord,—I feel much indebted to your Lordship and the clergy of your diocese for the very friendly terms in which, in the address you have transmitted to me, you allude to the efforts I have made to promote the welfare of the Catholic population in New Zealand, whether European or Native, during the time that I have administered the government of these islands. Upon my part, my thanks are due to your Lordship and your clergy for the efforts you have, during my government, invariably made to promote peace and good order amongst all classes of the community, and the spread of civilisation and education amongst the Native population; the efforts you have made in these respects demand my warm acknowledgments. Lady Grey unites with me in thanking your Lordship and your clergy for your prayers and wishes for our future welfare and happiness, and we beg that you will receive yourself, and express to your clergy and Catholic people, our heartfelt sentiments of enduring gratitude, esteem, and regard." '

CHAPTER VII.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

A friend has forwarded me a copy of the *N.Z. Town and Country Life* of a recent date containing, under the heading 'The Catholic Homes for Children: St. Mary's Orphanage, Ponsonby,' an admirable historical and descriptive article, from which I extract the following interesting particulars:—

New Zealand was not much of 'a white man's country' in the days when Captain (afterwards Sir) George Grey was sworn in as Governor-in-Chief over the islands of New Zealand, and also as Governor of the Provinces of New Ulster (Auckland) and New Munster (Wellington). The Maoris were then waging war upon the European settlers, and there was more or less of unrest, trouble, and uncertainty; the outlook for the pioneers who were seeking to make homes for themselves in this Britain of the South was far from reassuring, and the conditions of settlement were anything but alluring. But it was in that year the Marist Fathers first set foot in Auckland and formed the first religious community in the province.

Two years later—that is, in 1850— the Sisters of Mercy came and settled in Auckland, camping first on the site of St. Patrick's Cathedral. They found the Marist Fathers in charge of four or five orphans, whom they had succored and sheltered in their distressed condition. The newcomers were asked to relieve the Fathers of the care of the children, and readily accepted the responsibility. Thus, before the Sisters of Mercy had fully established themselves as a community in the province, they were more than justifying their existence by caring for the orphans, the fatherless, and the widow. Cheerfully they performed the duty, the children being supported by the community funds, partaking of the common fare, and being clothed at the expense of the Sisters. Needless to say, they were well fed and kept clean and tidy.

The number soon increased to thirty, and Sister Ignatius, afterwards Mother Superior of the Order, was placed in charge of the orphans. One of the Sisters had a little money left to her, and a small building was put up in which the children were housed. It consisted of the one apartment which was used by day as a dining-room and play-room, and by night as a sleeping apart-

ment, the children's bunks being arranged around the building. The bunks, the forms, and a long table, stretching down the centre of the room, comprised the furniture, the children attending and receiving their education at the day school. That was the best the Sisters could then do for them. It was the day of small things, and they had to depend wholly upon their own unaided resources.

About a year later the community removed to Ponsonby, where a site had been granted to the Catholic Church for educational and other purposes. Just before they left the St. Patrick's Cathedral site, the Hon. P. Dignan secured a small capitation grant for the Orphanage. It was very small, but it proved of material assistance to the Sisters and heartened them considerably. At Ponsonby the Sisters erected a small building, which had, perforce of circumstances, to do duty as school and dining-room and sleeping apartment, and here, with fifty children (all girls) under their charge, the Sisters labored patiently on, until the Rev. Mother was able to commence the building of the Orphanage proper. That was in 1868, the first portion of the building then erected being that which comprises the present work and play rooms, dining room, and kitchen of the existing Orphanage.

Sixty years nearly have elapsed since the Sisters of Mercy thus began their humane work and labor of love. In the interval hundreds of children have been cared for and tended, educated and trained, and passing through their hands, have entered upon life's sterner duties worthily and well, filling their part in the world all the better for the teaching they received in the home. And many of them, passing beyond the ken of mortal sight and sound, have left behind them the fragrance of lives uplifted and ennobled by the loving sympathy and training they thus received from the good Sisters. Where, in 1850, five orphans claimed their attention, the Sisters now have nearly 200 under their care and protection, and homes for both girls and boys, well found and equipped, are standing monuments to their labors, prayers, zeal, and faith.

The Church never acquits herself more worthily in the eyes of the world than when engaging in those direct works of mercy and love, which are so intimately and inseparably associated with the earthly mission of her Divine Lord and Master. In ministering to the suffering and distressed; in tending the sick and the dying; in comforting and caring for the fatherless, the widow, and the orphan; in protecting the weak, in rescuing the fallen, and in shielding from temptation and wrong those who are liable to be led astray by their surroundings and environment, the Church does a work which commends itself to all right-thinking minds.

The work begun by the good Sisters of Mercy at St. Mary's Orphanage, long known as ' The Star of the Sea ' Orphanage, at Ponsonby has been worthily upheld by the priests and prelates of that great Church. The three Bishops of the Auckland diocese, Dr. Pompallier, Archbishop Steins, and Bishop Lenihan, all took an active interest in the fortunes of the ' Star of the Sea ' Orphanage, Bishop Lenihan for many years being its manager and warmest friend. In the whole history of the Catholic Church in the Auckland province we know of no finer work that has been accomplished than this, although the benevolences of that Church are many, and there is much in its philanthropic work to prompt the admiration and worthiest emulation of other Churches. The Church, through the good Sisters of Mercy, is giving the children at Ponsonby a chance in life which they could not possibly obtain in the homes of their parents (where such exist), or at the hands of those to whose guardianship they were left, prior to entering the home. Left to themselves, they would, in the greater number of cases, grow up in want, ignorance, and misery, the victims of vice in its worst forms, and be thus a continual menace to society. For the slum and the slum maker unfortunately exist, and foul wrongs have been and are perpetuated even to-day upon many poor, defenceless children, whose innocent years are no protection against the vice and crime which will flaunt itself even in New Zealand—' God's Own Country,' though we delight to call it.

Another of the early priests is the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly, whose life and a very appreciative notice appeared in a recent issue of an Auckland weekly paper, from which I make the following extracts:—

Than the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly, of the Thames, no cleric is more widely known or respected—we had almost said beloved—by men of all denominations in the Auckland province. Born at Rosscarbery, County Cork, Ireland, on February 24, 1843, Monsignor O'Reilly came out to New Zealand with his parents in 1852, arriving in Auckland in May of that year. He received private tuition from the priests of the diocese. It was at the Maori School, situated where the Bishop's house now stands in Ponsonby, that Monsignor O'Reilly began his ecclesiastical studies in 1858, later on taking charge of the school, which was established in connection with the Catholic Church. Monsignor, it may be here stated, is a fluent Maori linguist, and has frequently acted as interpreter. His intimate knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the language have been of immense service to him in the many vicissitudes of his life in New Zealand.

Maori boys from all parts of the diocese were enrolled at the Ponsonby School, and some steady work was put in, the groundwork of many a successful career being laid there. The Maori

war breaking out in 1860 so affected the attendance, however, that it became necessary to close the school, for the pupils would not come to Auckland. Here it is worth noting that on the occasion of Cardinal Moran's recent visit to Auckland the reception arrangements at Rotorua were carried out by a committee, the three leading members of which—Mita, Hira, and Wairemu Pauro—were former pupils of Monsignor O'Reilly's—a fact of which they made a special point of reminding his Eminence. In 1865 Monsignor O'Reilly went to Rotorua, with the object of establishing a Maori school there, and got matters so far under way that the timber was on the ground ready for the erection of the school, when another war-scare broke out, occasioned by the Hau Hau rising, when Patara and Kereopa passed through the country on the way to Opotiki, the scene of the Rev. Mr. Volkner's murder. The project was consequently abandoned, and Monsignor O'Reilly returned to Auckland and further prosecuted his studies, being ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Pompallier on February 24, 1866, which was the twenty-third anniversary of his birthday. It is interesting to note that Monsignor O'Reilly is the only connecting link with that time and the present in the Auckland diocese; and, indeed, there is only one other in New Zealand—viz., the Ven. Archpriest Walsh, of Westport.

Monsignor O'Reilly was then stationed as curate at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he remained for five years, until shortly after the arrival of Bishop Croke (the latter subsequently becoming Archbishop of Cashel, Ireland), who appointed him first resident priest at Coromandel. There he labored till July, 1878, when he was appointed to the charge of the Thames parish, remaining there to this day, with the exception of two years, when he took charge of St. Patrick's during the Bishop's visit to Europe in 1899. In 1900 he had conferred upon him the title of Monsignor by his Holiness the late illustrious Pope Leo XIII. He enjoys the distinction of being the senior priest of New Zealand, with the exception of the Archbishop of Wellington, who is his senior by a few months. There are older men in the ministry, but not older priests than Monsignor O'Reilly.

Fifty-six years is a long time to look back upon, and naturally Monsignor has many interesting reminiscences. Auckland, when Monsignor O'Reilly first knew it, numbered only 2000 inhabitants —the population of the metropolitan area at present is 100,000. St. Patrick's (the Cathedral) was the only Catholic church in the then embryo city, and it is worth noting that the original building was opened practically free of debt by a mere handful of Catholics, most of whom have since joined 'the great majority.'

'It was uphill work at Coromandel,' Monsignor O'Reilly said, harking back to the early seventies. He had to practically

open a new ecclesiastical district, and establish a church, school, and presbytery. Going to the Thames shortly after the gold fever had abated, in the days of the Queen of Beauty mine, Monsignor had a wide field to cover, for it embraced Paeroa, Te Aroha, Waihi (which, of course, was then unsettled), Karangahake, and Waitekauri. 'Travelling was far from easy in those days. There were no coach roads; in fact, one could hardly take a horse over them, and it was a quite a common occurrence to be bogged when making one's way over the ranges. There was no Catholic church outside of the Thames,' and Monsignor had to build churches at Paeroa and Te Aroha. 'Not only our own people subscribed to the fund, but representatives of all denominations contributed their quota, and often unsolicited.'

Monsignor O'Reilly was the first priest to celebrate Mass at Whangapoua, Te Aroha, Paeroa, and Waitekauri.

CHAPTER VIII.

PIONEER CATHOLIC FAMILIES AND A NOTABLE EVENT.

Much as the desirability exists for recording the life-work of prominent pioneer Catholic families, the scope of these memoirs does not permit of this being done, with the exception of a few notable instances here and there throughout the Dominion, which have been brought under our notice in the process of collecting material suitable for the publication in which we are engaged. Closely associated with the rise and progress of the Church in Auckland, and bearing a considerable share in the advancement of religion and education, are the families of Mr. Edward Mahoney and Mr. Edmund Mahony, the heads of which, although bearing a similar name, were not related except by marriage.

Mr. Edward Mahoney, head of the firm of Messrs. E. Mahoney and Sons, the well known architects, was a native of Cork, where he studied his profession, and came out to New Zealand with his wife and three young children in February, 1856. There being little scope in Auckland in those days for the practice of his profession, Mr. Mahoney, who also had had a technical training, started in business first as a builder and later as a timber merchant. In 1870 he commenced the practice of his profession, being joined later by his eldest son, Mr. Thomas Mahoney, the present head of the firm, and afterwards by his youngest son, the late Mr. Robert Mahoney. For over thirty years the firm held the leading practice in Auckland as architects, designing and supervising the erection of all classes of buildings, including all the Catholic ecclesiastical edifices of the diocese with few exceptions, and also churches for other denominations, as well as a great many of the most important commercial and residential buildings in the province. Mr. Mahoney was for many years architect to the Bank of New Zealand and the Auckland Education and Grammar School Boards. He died in 1895, at the age of 71 years, Mrs. Mahoney having predeceased him in 1891. Out of eleven children, he is survived by one daughter and two sons (Mr. T. Mahoney and Very Rev. Father Mahoney, of Onehunga).

As the Very Rev. W. H. Mahoney was the first native-born New Zealander ordained priest, and as he celebrated his sacerdotal silver jubilee on April 12, 1909, a brief account of his career deserves a place in these memoirs.

The Very Rev. William H. Mahoney, youngest surviving son of the late Mr. Edward Mahoney, architect, was born at Auckland in October, 1857, and educated by the Sisters of Mercy and at the Catholic boys' schools in Auckland. In February, 1876, after a short classical course in Auckalnd, and upon the recommendation of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, who was translated a few years previously from Auckland, Father Mahoney went to Thurles, where the Archbishop resided, in order to study for the priesthood. While there Dr. Croke took a great interest in his young protégé, whom he had confirmed in Auckland, and of whom he held a high opinion. His health failing him after a few years, the young student went to St. Omer (France) to read his course of philosopy, but finding the climate of northern France rather trying he eventually went to St. Mary's College, Oscott, near Birmingham, where the venerable Bishop Ullathorne, so well known in Australia, then resided. Here Father Mahoney finished his course after having received Minor Orders a few years before at Ramsgate from Dr. Luck, just then consecrated Bishop of Auckland, and upon the same occasion that Bishop Lenihan was ordained priest. On April 12, 1884, Father Mahoney was raised to the priesthood by Dr. Ilsley, the present Bishop of Birmingham. After touring through Europe in company with his elder brother, Mr. Thomas Mahoney, he returned to New Zealand in October, 1884, and was sent by Bishop Luck as assistant for a short time to Monsignor Paul at Onehunga. In June, 1885, he was appointed to the charge of the district embracing the whole of the north of Auckland from the North Shore to the North Cape, with the exception of the Kaipara, Wairoa, and Hokianga, and having his headquarters at the German settlement of Puhoi. Here Father Mahoney remained for nearly fifteen years, with the exception of about ten months in 1891, when he accompanied Bishop Luck to Europe, and, together with his younger brother, Mr. Robert Mahoney, he made a tour of the East, staying for a short time in Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. In 1896 he made another visit to Europe with his sister, visiting South America en route, and also South Africa on his return. In 1899 Father Mahoney went to the Thames for two years, taking the place of Monsignor O'Reilly, who had been appointed by Bishop Lenihan to St. Patrick's, Auckland, during the absence of the latter from the diocese. It was upon his departure from the Thames that Father Mahoney's health broke down, and, his medical adviser recommending a change and rest, he proceeded to Europe again in 1901, living for the ensuing three and a half years in Italy, France, and Germany, and after a short course of travel in Canada and the United States he returned to his old mission at Puhoi. Upon the death of Mon-

signor Paul in March, 1905, he was appointed by Bishop Lenihan as irremovable rector of Onehunga.

Mr. Edmund Mahony was a native of Bantry, County Cork, and came of a family of civil engineers. He followed that profession, and was for a time attached as a civilian to the Ordnance Department of the Royal Engineers, in which capacity he came to New Zealand, landing in Auckland in 1849 with his wife and three children. After settling down in Auckland he was employed for many years as engineer and surveyor, and later as draughtsman to the Auckland Provincial Council. His technical knowledge was employed in the erection of old St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was completed shortly after his arrival in Auckland. He died in 1883 at the age of 71 years, and Mrs. Mahony, in November, 1897. They are survived by three sons and two daughters, the best known of his family being Mr. Edmund Mahony, solicitor. Mr. Edmund Mahony was no blood relation of Mr. Edward Mahoney, for though both were in Cork about the same time they were unacquainted with each other, and they met for the first time in New Zealand. They were related by marriage, however, having married two sisters.

The following narrative of a notable event, translated from the writings of Monfat, will be read with interest, as it gives an account of some of the difficulties with which the Catholic missionaries had to contend away back in the forties:—The Rev. Father John George Colomb, S.M., who had been appointed Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. John Epalle, S.M., Vicar-Apostolic of Melanesia and Micronesia, left Europe in 1845 for the scene of his future labors, with the intention of receiving consecration at the hands of the Bishop on arrival. Whilst en route, an American whaling vessel was met with, and from those on board was learned the startling news of the murder of Bishop Epalle on his landing at one of the islands of his Vicariate. On arriving at the Vicariate it was found that the sad news was only too true. Shortly afterwards a course was shaped for Sydney, where the Bishop-Elect trusted to receive his consecration in the nearest episcopate. He was sorely disturbed in mind at the sad circumstances, which thrust the sole charge of the Vicariate upon him, instead of merely assisting as he anticipated. Yet further disappointment awaited him. Arriving at Sydney, he found that Archbishop Polding was absent, and would be so for several months, whilst Bishop Douarre, of New Caledonia, had left for Europe. It was now necessary to undertake a voyage to New Zealand, to seek episcopal consecration at the hands of Bishop Viard. After seeking available means of reaching New Zealand, Father Colomb hired a schooner, the ' Speck,' and after some preparation embarked, accompanied by Father Vergnet,

who had come with him from the island of San Christobel. They set sail on May 9, 1847, and on the 20th of the same month arrived at Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands. Here they found Monsignor Viard, and on May 23, the Feast of Pentecost, he conferred on Father John George Colomb the Order of the Episcopate. In virtue of a decree Fathers Baty and Royet assisted at the ceremony. Father Vergnet was master of ceremonies, and Father Petitjean notary. The modest church was crowded. In the sanctuary around the two prelates stood the missionaries, priests, and Brothers. All prayed with fervor that the Holy Ghost would fill with the plenitude of His gifts the new prelate, and would prolong his life. Among the congregation was a great number of Catholics, and non-Catholics, Europeans and Maoris.

'When I saw myself,' wrote Bishop Colomb in his journal, 'clothed with the pontifical insignia and seated on the throne of Monsignor Viard, the remembrance of death struck me, but was relieved by the thought of the glory which awaits a bishop in heaven.' Rev. Father Vergnet had assisted at Rome at the consecration of Monsignor Epalle. 'I cannot refrain,' he wrote, 'from making a comparison, very natural and very sad, between his consecration and that of his Coadjutor, of which I was a witness. Monsignor Epalle was consecrated by a prince of the Church, Cardinal Fransonne, Prefect of the Propaganda, with all possible splendor in the centre of the Catholic universe, beside the throne of St. Peter in the Church of the Propaganda. Monsignor Colomb, on the contrary, received his holy anointing at the Antipodes, in a ruined country, in the midst of poor missionaries, in a church still poorer, and before a congregation of which the majority were either pagan or non-Catholic. These two prelates who by their gentleness, goodness, and their virtues gave hope of fulfilling a grand destiny, both died prematurely. Monsignor Epalle was massacred one year after his consecration; and the one whom he should have consecrated as his Coadjutor died of fatigue and illness one year also after his consecration.'

THE CHURCH IN CANTERBURY

CHAPTER IX.

FOUNDING THE FAITH.

Although ecclesiastically the diocese of Christchurch is the youngest in the Dominion, historically, so far as the establishment of Catholicity is concerned in the province, it is the second oldest, following as it does very closely in this regard the pioneer diocese of Auckland. This will be shown in the chronicle of events associated with the movements of Bishop Pompallier. It is true, however, that a number of years elapsed between the time that the Bishop and his companion missionaries planted the Faith at Akaroa, and the date when the Catholic religion became a permanent force in Canterbury; an interval during which the Faith was spread in Wellington, Nelson, and elsewhere.

Confining his efforts at first to the North Island, Bishop Pompallier was eventually enabled to turn his attention to the South. In 1840 there happened an event that seems to have hastened on this project. In that year the French frigate ' L'Aube ' put in at the Bay of Islands. On board were two priests, the Rev. Fathers Pesant and Tripe, who had come to assist the Bishop in his ministry. The ' L'Aube ' was accompanied by a large vessel, the ' Comte de Paris,' which had brought a number of settlers, sent out by the Nantes-Bordelaise Company to found a French colony at Akaroa, Banks Peninsula. When the frigate and its companion put to sea again, the former conveyed the Rev. Fathers Comte and Pesant to Akaroa, where these two priests offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in Canterbury.

Akaroa Harbor in the early forties was fringed in Nature's lavishness with verdure to the water's edge, and the myriad native birds trilled and warbled in all the joyousness of unmolested liberty. The whaling industry was the only one, and numbers of vessels, representing the fleets of various nations, moved in and out, or swung at anchor in the placid waters of the bay. The British gunboat ' Britomart ' arrived off Akaroa on August 10, 1840, and, landing a party, the Union Jack was soon flying bravely from a kahikatea tree on Observation Point. The day after, the French vessel, with her living freight, arrived, only to find their promised land safely in the possession of the British. Prior to the arrival of the settlers, the peninsula about Akaroa had

been one of the scenes of deadly conflict associated with Maori warfare. Ferocious inter-tribal war had raged among the hills, until the Natives had been reduced to a mere remnant. Even now, almost every creek and hill and valley, it is recorded, has associated with it the recollection or history of some horrible struggle in which the Ngatimamoe, Ngai-Tahu, and Ngatitoa were concerned. There was one Maori scare, states a recent writer, in 1843, when the Natives assembled in large numbers during the absence of the French frigate, but their demonstration was met by such a state of preparedness that, with the diplomacy of their race, they abandoned any hostile intent, and represented themselves as merely paying a friendly visit to the settlement. In 1850 the English settlers received a large addition to their numbers, owing to the arrival of the barque 'Monarch,' which, bound for Auckland, had been blown by stress of weather out of her course, and had put into Akaroa. So charmed were her passengers with the place that forty of them decided to make the district their home. In the same year the Canterbury Pilgrims made their appearance, and the story of probably the most interesting historical spot in Canterbury, from that year onwards, has been one of peace and prosperity.

The French immigrants were of the agricultural class, and consisted of forty-three males and twenty females. A number of them remained at Akaroa, but some of them went to the Marquesas Islands, in the South Seas. Those that stayed built cottages and planted vineyards in an inlet still called French Bay. With the exception of about fifty men employed at three whaling stations at this period on Banks Peninsula, the French were, at the time of their arrival, nearly all the Europeans in the province. A few British and Americans soon, however, joined the settlement. There is probably no correct census of the Maori population of these times. But a few years before the French came to Akaroa, Te Rauparaha had committed the horrible massacres at Kaiapoi and at Onawe. The Maoris in Canterbury were therefore not as numerous as they were prior to the advent of this celebrated and bloodthirsty chief.

Bishop Pompallier intended soon to follow the frigate. But he had sold for cost price a schooner, 'The Queen of Peace,' that the Marist Order had bought for the Oceanic missions. She was 42 tons register, but was badly built. She was too long and not broad enough, and was therefore easily capsized. He soon, however, obtained another. This second vessel, called the 'Atlas,' was a topsail schooner, which he purchased in the Bay of Islands. When he had blessed her and named her the 'Sancta Maria,' he sailed for Akaroa, and arrived there in twelve days. The 'Sancta Maria' had not a copper bottom, but the Bishop

bought a sufficient number of sheets of copper to cover the bottom of the vessel, and the work of placing them on was performed in Akaroa, under the able supervision of the courteous commander of the frigate, Captain Lavaud. The Bishop started at Akaroa a mission station, which he placed in charge of the Rev. Fathers Comte and Tripe. The Bishop was at Akaroa when he received the sorrowful news of the murder of Blessed Peter Marie Louis Chanel in the island of Futuna. It was also from Akaroa that he set out in 1846 for Rome in order to give the Pope an account of the mission in the South Seas. But the seizure of the South Island by the British was a great blow to the mission and to the colonists. No one felt this more than the missionaries, who found themselves at Akaroa destitute of all resources and of all power over the Natives. The Bishop, ever ready to hope for the best, had left them without provisions. In this matter he had counted on the colonists and upon the commander of the ' L'Aube,' who up to the present had been most courteous and generous, and also upon the Natives themselves, whom he wished to accustom to support their missionaries.

The colonists were dispersed and a prey to their own misery. The commander, who was exasperated by the ill-success of the expedition, the responsibility of which he felt to weigh upon his mind, had changed both his language and his conduct. He still gave to the Fathers the rations that he had promised, but with so much haughtiness and parsimony that the Fathers, seeing that their dignity was compromised, decided to demand the favors no longer. Another disappointment to the missionaries was the Natives, who, instead of being plentiful, as was expected, were found to be few in numbers, as well as scattered and disorganised by the recent murderous attack of Te Rauparaha. Eventually the Bishop decided to raise his tent, and, taking with him the Rev. Fathers Comte and Pesant, departed from the locality. He left the Rev. Father Tripe to attend to a few families, who had survived their hopes, and had consented to settle in the place. But the flower of the colonists had gone away, and after a while Father Tripe also withdrew from the scene for ever. For many years afterwards very short were the visits of Catholic missionaries to Akaroa.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, late pastor of Akaroa, I am enabled to give the following additional particulars supplied by M. Etavenceaux. He, his wife, and their parents were among the first French settlers to arrive at Akaroa in the ' Comte de Paris.' This worthy couple were married seven years after their arrival in the new country. On Wednesday, September 25, 1907, they celebrated their diamond wedding. They were met by a large number of their residents of Akaroa, and

their health proposed by the Mayor (Mr. G. Armstrong). The Rev. Dr. Kennedy and Messrs. Bruce, Henning, Lelievre, and Jacobsen made speeches eulogistic of the old couple. Regarding the early days of the Church in Akaroa, the first priests to reside there, states M. Etavenceaux, were Fathers Pesant and Tripe, with them Brother Florentin, they being passengers by the ' L'Aube ' (Captain Levaud). Two or three weeks after Bishop Pompallier, accompanied by Fathers Viard and Jean Baptiste Comte, came by the mission schooner ' Sancta Maria,' and remained for about three months whilst the vessel was being repaired. When the Bishop left he took away Fathers Viard and Pesant, leaving Fathers Tripe and Comte at Akaroa. Ultimately Father Comte also left, but revisited Akaroa about two or three times a year. Father Tripe remained about three years, but being too far advanced in life to acquire the native language, returned finally to France. After his departure there was no resident priest, but the Bishop visited the settlement periodically, always accompanied by either Father O'Reilly or Father Petitjean. The Bishop's final visit was made in 1847, when on his way to Sydney and France. Until 1849-50 Father Comte was the only visiting priest, when Fathers Seon and Bernard came to reside among the people. The latter, after a short while, applied for, and was granted, permission to go among the Southern Islands, and after about two years Father Seon left for Wellington. After that Father Chervier, at rare intervals, visited Akaroa, and finally for a considerable time there was neither a visiting nor resident priest. Here, he states, he must close his narrative, for he left Akaroa, and was away upwards of forty years from the place. All the missionaries just mentioned have now passed away. Father Seon died at Napier, and Father J. B. Comte in France, where he was chaplain at a watering-place.

The First Church at Akaroa was built in front of the house occupied at present by Mr. J. Kerridge, the structure being composed of a wooden frame with clay walls, and was 20ft x 14ft in dimensions. In 1843 a large church, 40ft x 20ft, was erected on the church property below the cemetery. It was a wooden building, and was blown down in 1848. The priests lived for three years in a whare made of toi toi, there being no timber to be got, facilities for cutting it not being available. Commander Levaud was Governor from 1841 until 1845; he was succeeded by Commander Berard, who filled the position for one year. Fathers Bernard and Seon lived in Commander Levaud's house. Father Seon was a Maori scholar, and devoted his attention to the aboriginal race.

Subsequently the district was attached to the Lyttelton parish, and visited at regular intervals by the Fathers in charge. In more recent times Akaroa had again a resident priest in the Rev.

Father Purton, O.S.B., who a few years ago died in Auckland. His Lordship Bishop Grimes, some years after his arrival in the diocese, constituted it into a separate parish, and under the present energetic and popular rector advancement has been rapid and extensive. There is no more interesting spot about the charming little town than the old cemetery on the hill at the back of the church of St. Patrick. Although it has long ceased to be used as a burying-ground, the plot has been fenced and planted by the pioneers and their descendants, and is fittingly preserved as a relic of the past. The two most legible epitaphs are inscribed in French, the translation being: 'Here lies the body of Edward Lelievre, Captain of the ship "Heva," who died at Akaroa, 11th May, 1842; aged 35 years. Pray for him.' 'Here lies the body of Elizabeth Le Vaillant, who died 14th December, 1852, and bearing with her her beloved infant son. Pray God for the repose of her soul.' The first of these inscriptions is stamped upon a brass shield, well preserved and attached to an iron cross. The second is carved on an oak slab.

In 1848 Father Viard became Administrator of the Wellington diocese, which also included the province of Canterbury. But more than twenty years passed before what really could be called a church was built in the province. During all this time a priest would now and then come from Akaroa, and subsequently from Wellington, in order to keep the lamp of faith burning among the few scattered Catholics in the bays and on the plains. This period can be called the nomad age of the Church in Canterbury. When one thinks of the nature of the country, one can form some idea of the zeal exercised by, and the hardships that fell to the lot of, the devoted priests in the early days. Then there was not even a bridle track over the hills between Christchurch and Port Lyttelton. The track when made was not easy for passengers. When the summit of the hill was gained there was a grand view, but it was one which could hardly have been cheering to newcomers. It was a vast panorama of brown grassy plain, through which many rivers wound along to the sea beach. It is to be remembered that the rivers were unbridged, and that the dead level was only broken by a few patches of bush.

The only signs of settlement were the thread-like tracks (paths) that crossed the plains in different directions. But in 1850 the first four gallant ships, which brought a band of 1200 immigrants, arrived. In eleven years afterwards the population of the province was estimated at 16,040. A great change was now at hand. The pioneer priest of Canterbury, the Rev. J. B. Chataigner, was soon to come on the scene.

In our next chapter we shall see this courageous, far-seeing, and devoted priest pitch his camp in Barbadoes street, Christchurch.

CHAPTER X.

AT CHRISTCHURCH.

In 1860 the Right Rev. Dr. Viard, S.M., was consecrated Bishop of Wellington, and early in August in the same year he sent two Marist Fathers from that city to establish a Catholic Mission in Christchurch. They were Father Seon, as Superior, and the Rev. Father Chataigner, as assistant, both of whom have long since passed away. From the limits of the Nelson province these were the only two priests of the Church in the South Island. They located themselves temporarily in a small cottage in Tuam street West, and their first work was to get sufficient means to erect a house to be used as a church and dwelling. On the Sunday after their arrival the Rev. Father Chataigner celebrated Mass in the drawing-room of the Royal Hotel, Oxford terrace. At the time the hotel was kept by a Catholic lady, the late Mrs. Thompson, and the Mass, which was attended by about sixty persons, was the opening celebration of the mission.

A few evenings afterwards a meeting of Catholics took place at the same hotel. The Rev. Father Chataigner attended, and the late Mr. John O'Neill presided as chairman. The gathering was for the purpose of raising funds with which to begin the proposed building. To attain this the names and addresses of all the Catholics were deemed necessary, and the chairman noted down the names and whereabouts of those present. He also requested them to acquaint him of the name of the ship in which they had come to the Colony, also the names and addresses of their Catholic fellow-passengers. When this was done he drew up a very complete list of the Catholics of the locality. Mr. O'Neill was then in the prime of life, and in robust health. He was, moreover, a man of education, of splendid physique, and courteous manner; and he was, therefore, with the exception of the devoted missionary, the leading mind at the meeting.

The work of erecting the dwelling was at once begun, and within fourteen days after the arrival of the missionaries the contractor, the late Mr. Coxhead, had completed, for the sum of £83, the first portion, or south wing, of the structure. Shortly afterwards the central portion and the east wing were erected, the contractors being Messrs. Holmes and Cliff. The central portion was now the chapel, and the two wings the dwelling.

When the late Mr. J. B. Sheath came to Canterbury another addition was made. At his own expense, and as a thanksgiving for his safe arrival in the Colony, he had constructed the little sanctuary behind the chapel. This addition was erected by the late Mr. Thomas Milner. Such is a brief history of the first Catholic structure in Barbadoes street. All this work was supervised by the Rev. Father Chataigner. He was then a young and energetic man, and to him, therefore, Father Seon, who was advanced in years, appears to have entrusted the mission. Father Seon had labored many years in the North Island, especially among the Maoris, for whom he always entertained a great love. Before coming to settle in Barbadoes street, he had visited Canterbury previously, and probably more than once. In the year 1858 he lived for eight weeks in a small two-roomed cottage in Madras street, Christchurch, and then returned to the North Island. In his journeyings from place to place he must have walked hundreds of miles, and endured the greatest hardships. When travelling he would usually carry the requisites of his sacred calling in a little bag. Many anecdotes could be told of his zeal and devotion when it was a question of the salvation of souls.

The reason of the haste in putting up the first portion of the structure in Barbadoes street was that the block of land on which the building was erected, containing three acres and known as the Catholic Reserve, was donated by the Provincial Government, who had set it apart when the city was laid out for the Catholics of Canterbury, on condition that they should take possession of it for religious purposes before the end of a specified time. Fathers Seon and Chataigner came to Christchurch only fourteen days before the expiration of the time stipulated. The erection and occupancy of the building within the period therefore secured the land.

Though, perhaps, not in order, I may here relate that on August 11, 1868, the Superintendent of the Province, the Hon. W. Rolleston, conveyed the property by a Crown grant to Dr. Viard, Bishop of Wellington and the Middle Island. Filed in the archives of the Lands Department in the old Provincial Council Buildings, Christchurch, is a lengthy document on this particular subject. The heading reads: ' Grant by Superintendent of Province of Canterbury to Right Rev. Phillipe Joseph Viard, Catholic Bishop of Canterbury, upon trust for a church, schools, etc. . . In testimony whereof the said William Rolleston, as such Superintendent as aforesaid, has hereunder set his hand and affixed the public seal of the said Province of Canterbury. Whereas by an Ordinance of the Superintendent of the Province of Canterbury aforesaid passed in the 21st year of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled the Canterbury Reserve Amendment

Ordinance, Session nine, number three, it was enacted,' etc. (A great amount of legal phraseology here follows, and finally the signatures.) ' Signed by the said William Rolleston and sealed with the public seal of the Province of Canterbury by the keeper of the public records in the Province of Canterbury, in the presence of Edward Jollie, Member of the Executive Council; A. Blakiston, keeper of public records.' The late Mr. John Ollivier, then Provincial Secretary, and a personal friend of his, Mr. Roland Davis, took an active part in getting the land conveyed. On the same date Mr. Rolleston also conveyed to the Rev. Fathers Chataigner and Chervier a section adjoining the Crown grant. This section, which contained 2 acres 35 perches, was bought from Mr. John O'Neill, who purchased it on January 5, 1858, for £173, at a public auction in Christchurch. Mr. O'Neill paid £17 6s down at the time of purchase, and Sir F. A. Weld and Mr. Alfred Sheath paid the balance (£155 14s) on behalf of the purchasers, the Rev. Fathers Chataigner and Chervier.

Another section adjoining, containing 3 acres 3 roods and 30 poles, was afterwards purchased, and thus the whole of the Church property in Barbadoes street amounts to 9 acres 25 perches. It is not correct to say that the land was originally a swamp. In its native state it was certainly densely covered with flax, and, as it was low-lying, it would naturally be covered in the winter with surface water.

When Father Chataigner settled on the site, one of his first cares was to cultivate a garden and to plant hedges and trees, and soon the whole place began to assume a comfortable and even an attractive appearance.

At the end of March, 1861, the Rev. Father Seon was recalled to Wellington, and Father Chataigner assumed charge of the mission. On April 1, 1861, the Rev. Father Chervier joined him, and remained in Christchurch until June, 1869, when Father Chataigner went to Timaru to establish a mission there. Whilst in charge of the Christchurch mission Father Chataigner built, after a plan by the late Mr. Mountfort, the first Catholic church in the province. This building, after many improvements, additions, and changes, was, after the arrival of Bishop Grimes, named the Pro-Cathedral, and continued as such until the erection of the beautiful new Cathedral which now adorns the city. So well, however, was it constructed that it was removed intact on to the site it now occupies, and transformed into a first-class school for the girls of the parish. In carrying out the original work Father Chataigner was generously assisted by the Catholic population, by non-Catholics, and by the Provincial Government. From the last-mentioned body he received pound for pound on sums raised for the object, as every other denomination was entitled to receive

for similar undertakings. The church provided accommodation for over 500 persons, and was built of redstone, brick, and wood. The stone walls were six feet high, and lined with brick. Upon this was erected the woodwork, which carried the walls up to the required height. Brick tiles, made in the adjoining brickyard, were used in the roofing. Mr. Thomas O'Connell, father of the Rev. J. A. O'Connell, S.M., was employed on the work, and among other operations placed the tiles on the roof of the church. The contractor for the woodwork was Mr. Dethier, and for the stone and brickwork Mr. John McCosker. The church, which cost about £2000, was blessed and opened on May 20, 1864, by the late Right Rev. Dr. Viard, S.M., Bishop of Wellington, who was accompanied by the Rev. Father O'Reilly. The *Lyttelton Times* of May 31, 1864, reported the important event as follows:— On Sunday last the opening of the newly erected Catholic church took place. The building is far from being completed, but sufficiently advanced to permit of the celebration of Divine worship. The Rev. Father Chataigner officiated. After the Gospel, the Rev. Father Chataigner delivered an address, in the course of which he apologised for not having a better grasp of the English language, which was to him a foreign one. He congratulated the Catholics of Christchurch on the fact that they had at length obtained a church which not only was commodious, but also possessed some claim to architectural beauty. He returned thanks to all classes of the people of Christchurch for their very liberal contributions towards the erection of the church. Many non-Catholics had generously contributed. The Government had also been very liberal, and had made two handsome donations to the fund. He had always been received with the utmost courtesy and kindness by all the members of the Executive whenever he had interviews with them. He then spoke more particularly to the members of his own faith. He exhorted them to act with Christian liberality, in order that the remainder of the work could be finished, and in a manner worthy of the great purpose for which the church was intended. Several of the interior fittings, such as seats and a Communion rail, would have to be provided, and to obtain these he must depend solely on their donations. The funds in hand were exhausted, and it would not be proper to apply for fresh assistance from the members of other denominations and from the Government, even if the latter were disposed to help again. In conclusion, he requested the congregation to meet him on the Sunday following at the end of the second Mass. He would then be prepared to lay before them a more detailed statement. At the end of this address he preached a sermon, taking for his text the 7th verse of the 4th chapter of Deuteronomy: 'Neither is there any other nation so great,' etc. The rev.

gentleman dwelt on the political and religious advantages possessed by the people of Canterbury, and upon the great need of valuing and improving on them. At the termination of the sermon a collection was taken up, when a sum of £13 was realised. The high altar was decorated with six handsome candelabra (believed to be the gift of Father Chataigner) and with vases of flowers.

During his stay in the city Bishop Viard blessed the block of land acquired by Father Chataigner for a cemetery in Barbadoes street north. Father Chataigner built a second church, that of St. Joseph's, at Lyttelton, on a site presented by Sir Frederick Weld. This pretty little structure, built entirely of red stone, was opened on June 29, 1865. This, too, was built from Mr. Mountfort's designs at a cost of about £1200, the contractors being Messrs. Graham and Weyburn, and Messrs. England Bros. furnished the woodwork and interior fittings. The choir sang portions of Mozart's Twelfth and First Masses for the occasion. Lyttelton was subsequently formed into a separate parish, and the Rev. Father Boibieux, the first resident priest, took charge in 1873. Father Chataigner built a third church—that at Amberley (then known as Brackenbridge)—and a fourth one—at Akaroa—with the same assistance from the Provincial Government. In May, 1865, Mr. E. O'Connor (now of the Catholic Book Depot) opened a school in a small two-roomed cottage in Lichfield street. It was a mixed school of very minute beginnings, the number of pupils at first not exceeding six, but by the following October the attendance had increased to sixty. Father Chataigner completed the erection of the building, long known afterwards as St. Joseph's Schoolroom, which stood until recent years, being eventually removed to allow additional space for the present Cathedral. Mr. O'Connor, who has the distinction of being the first Catholic schoolmaster in the province—a position which he held until the advent of the Marist Brothers—removed his school into the new building. For the support of the school a sum of £30 a year was granted by the Provincial Government—a grant which was continued until the introduction of the present State system of education. The schoolroom was 34ft by 17ft, and the building proved useful for meetings and as a concert room. Father Chataigner, who enjoyed considerable popularity, was very successful in organising entertainments, and in many of these the late Mr. John Ollivier and Mr. Marchman took part. In 1867 five Sisters of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missions arrived. All of the original band, the pioneers of the Sisterhood in this island, with the exception of the Rev. Mother Mary St. Benedict, who died recently, have long since passed to their reward. Shortly after their arrival the first convent was erected, at a cost of about £1000. Messrs. Spechly and Crisp were the architects, and the

building was of red stone, brick, and wood. Mr. Taafe was the contractor for the stonework, Mr. Burns the brickwork, and Mr. Dethier the woodwork. As in the church erection, the bricks were obtained from the neighboring brickyards, which were situated immediately at the rear of the present fine convent building. The convent was built adjoining St. Joseph's Schoolroom, and was, as previously stated, demolished quite recently. Another two acres of property having been acquired by Father Chataigner, a boys' school was subsequently erected thereon by Father Ecuyer. The building was designed by the late Mr. Jacobson, architect, and then known as St. Patrick's Hall, and cost about £500. Substantial additions were afterwards made, and it is now used as the Marist Brothers' School.

CHAPTER XI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. P. HENLEY.

When those of whom I am writing first arrived in Canterbury there was no employment. Most of them had to live in barracks at Government expense until prospects brightened, working three days a week for rations. Some of the prices for necessaries even were almost prohibitive. Flour, for instance, cost 27s 6d per 100lb; merino mutton, 9d per lb; tea, 5s per lb; sugar (of a class not used in these days), 9d per lb; butter, 3s per lb. I will let Mr. P. Henley, one of our pioneers, tell his own story:—'There arrived on Tuesday, August 22, 1860, in Lyttelton harbor, the ship "William Millar," from the United Kingdom, and amongst the passengers were forty-four Catholics, these being the first, in any considerable body, to reach the shores of Canterbury. Included in the number were names associated ever since with the settlement of the province, and identified with the Church's progress. Among the married portion of the emigrant passengers were Mr. and Mrs. P. Henley, P. Mahar, P. Martin, P. Gill, P. Gallagher, Andrew Stevens, Frank Hardy, Michael Doyle, Hugh Cassin, Luke Martin, John Whelan, with families of children ranging in age up to twelve years. The single women were Misses M. Byron, Annie Dillon, Nora Lawlor, and Cones (2), and the single men J. McConnell, W. Hines, J. McGuire, and J. and M. Lawlor.

'The passengers disembarked on the day following arrival, and for a few days after were compelled, owing to bad weather, to remain at the port. On Saturday, August 26, the weather cleared sufficiently for some of the new arrivals to take a walk in the open air. One of the first sights met with was a funeral procession, consisting of the Rev. Father Chataigner and four men carrying a coffin to the burial ground. We subsequently met the pioneer-priest, and in the course of conversation I was asked by him if we belonged to the place. I gave him the particulars of our landing only four days previously. Further questioning on his part elicited the number of Catholics our vessel had brought, our destination, and other interesting details. With a hearty handshake he expressed great delight at the news, and informed us that we would be his future parishioners, adding that he had intended going to Christchurch that afternoon, but owing to so many Catholics being at port, and as the following day was Sunday,

he would stay overnight at Lyttelton and in the morning celebrate Mass at the house of a Mr. Carroll. So overjoyed were we at the prospect, and so cheered at the presence of a priest at our destination, that we forgot to assure ourselves of the whereabouts of Mr. Carroll's residence.

'I went out next morning rather earlier than my companions in quest of the much desired information. After a time a man was seen to approach from the beach, and on arriving at the door of a certain house he removed his hat, his action showing that here was the place we were looking for. Soon there was seen approaching the entire party, numbering forty-three persons, the largest number of Catholics going in a body to Mass probably ever seen at Port Lyttelton.

'The resident Catholics at Lyttelton prior to our arrival numbered only five—three women and two men. From this it will be seen that the first Mass celebrated in Canterbury in the presence of a Catholic congregation was that of Sunday, August 27, 1860, by Father Chataigner. He was immediately appointed parish priest of Lyttelton and Christchurch, and may indeed be said to be the first parish priest of Canterbury, although Father Seon had been laboring amongst the Maoris of this province and of Otago for a period of ten years prior to that.

'On August 29 our immigrant party came on to Christchurch by the small steamer "Lyttelton," landing at the steam wharf at Heathcote, and later arrived at the barracks, then situated between where the Rink Stables now stand and the river Avon. The party were met by the Rev. Father Chataigner, who welcomed them warmly and gave kindly encouragement. The priest's residence then was a two-roomed cottage situated in Tuam street west, immediately at the rear of the Royal Hotel, a busy part of the town in after years, and the starting-place for the coaches to the West Coast. The cottage was owned by Mrs. Thompson, a Catholic lady, who was also the proprietor of the hotel. Father Chataigner offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in Christchurch in a room of the Royal Hotel, kindly prepared for the occasion, on September 3, 1860, the congregation consisting of our party and a few resident Catholics. At Mass we were all invited to attend at the priest's house to hear some good news. All went, and the "good news" imparted to us was to the effect that the Provincial Government had given notice that unless the section in Barbadoes street, granted to the Catholics by the Government, was immediately occupied by having a building erected the penalty would be forfeiture. Adjoining this section two additional acres had been added by purchase by the Rev. Father O'Reilly and another priest from Nelson (whose name I do not remember). This is where the Marist Brothers' residence

and boys' school now stand. Legal delays were the cause of the property not being utilised sooner.'

An immediate arrangement was now, however, entered into with a Mr. Coxhead, a builder, to at once erect the first part of a projected structure to be used as a church, the dimensions being 24ft × 18ft. It was to be erected within the Government limit of time, and at a cost of £75. The framework was cut out in the builder's yard, carted to the site by Mr. John O'Neil, and on September 7, 1860, the foundation was well and truly laid in the presence of five persons—two Catholics, Father Chataigner and Mr. P. Henley (who levelled the ground), and three non-Catholics (the builder and his two men). The building was completed on September 28, but much was still to be done in the vicinity in preparation for the opening on the Sunday following. The approaches were in a bad state, and again Mr. Henley's good offices were enlisted. Procuring broken pipes, bricks, etc., from the pottery works near at hand, he eventually got a fairly dry and clean pathway laid. An altar was also improvised by Mr. Henley. It might be here mentioned that Mr. Henley stood by the infant Church in Canterbury, and has ever since been one of its most generous benefactors.

Rosary Sunday, October 18, 1860, was the date of opening the first Catholic church in Canterbury. The part completed and opened formed the centre of the building, according to the design. The wings were added towards the end of the year and beginning of the next, forming living rooms for the clergy.

The Rev. Father Chervier arrived in Christchurch as assistant to the Rev. Father Chataigner on April 1, 1861, and together they shared the lot of the pioneer settlers uncomplainingly. A good lady of the little congregation got their meals ready and performed other necessary duties about the church and residence. Although with church and presbytery on the block of land, the section was bleak and desolate. With an eye to beauty and utility Mr. Henley set about tree planting, and from seeds succeeded in raising a large quantity of trees. Fruit trees were planted by him upon the site, and many specimens given away to friends. He also planted a row of bluegums along the frontage to Barbadoes street, which in after years attained gigantic proportions, so much so that in recent years, owing to improvements, it was found necessary to remove them. For long years these trees formed quite a landmark and were much admired, and it was with a pang of regret that the old people saw the last of them disappear.

The ultimate fate of this humble little church was described in the *Tablet* at the time as follows:—' Shortly before one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, June 3, 1903, the city firebells rang

out an alarm, when it was discovered that the Catholic club room, situated near the episcopal residence, Barbadoes street, was in flames. When the two chemical engines arrived on the scene, the fire was reducing to ruins the billiard room, a new portion of the building erected about two years previously, and was making its way into the library. This portion of the structure possessed an historic interest, as it was in reality the first Catholic church erected in Christchurch. Owing to its ruined state it was not considered worth the trouble or expense of reinstating the building. Among the many uses the building had been put to, besides the original one, was a school (St. Leo's Academy), residence for the Marist Brothers, library (parochial), societies' meeting place, and the scene of numerous gatherings in which subjects of great interest to the Catholic community had been discussed and settled. It is recorded as a somewhat notable incident in connection with the demolition of the old building that Mr. P. Henley, of Lincoln, was a looker-on, he also being one of the historic group present at the laying of the foundation stone. In marked contrast was the little building to the majestic Cathedral now overshadowing the site. Verily, church building in Canterbury could scarcely have had more modest beginnings.'

In 1864 the tide of immigration set in strongly. Among every batch of new arrivals were some Catholics, and as a natural consequence increased church accommodation had to be considered.

At intervals the priests alternately set out on foot to the back country, visiting settlers and those engaged on stations, and in search of stray members of their flock. In the course of their travels they ran may risks in the fording of swollen rivers and the crossing of difficult mountain passes in fulfilment of their mission. Whilst thus engaged they received from time to time the means for extending, in a modest way, the church accommodation in the town.

After a fair sum was in hand the foundation stone of a second church in Christchurch was laid on Whit Monday, 1864, and in the same year one at Lyttelton. When the new church was completed and opened, the old one was used as a residence. Shortly after starting these works Father Chataigner removed to Timaru, and was succeeded as parish priest of Christchurch by Father Chervier, who had Father Boibeaux as assistant.

About eighteen months after his arrival in New Zealand Mr. P. Henley took up land in the Iincoln district, and was the first Catholic to reside on his holding there, his advent to the district taking place on the auspicious date March 17, 1862. His house was used for six or seven years for Church purposes, and he afterwards gave several acres of land in the vicinity as a site for a school and parish residence to Father Chervier.

In 1869 tenders were called for the erection of a church at New Headford and another at Leeston, each 40ft by 20ft, and subsequently churches were erected at Southbridge, Rangiora, Loburn, Ashburton, and Darfield. In 1873 Father Ecuyer was appointed parish priest of Christchurch, Father Chervier took the country districts, and Father Boibeaux was appointed to Lyttelton. Father Chervier selected New Headford as his place of residence, and Mr. Henley gave an additional area adjoining his previous gift as a site for a residence. The material for the erection of the house was carted from Christchurch free of cost by the residents, no fewer than thirty drays setting out one morning for the purpose. When completed the house was also used by Father Chervier as a school, at which there was an attendance of seventy children. In 1882 the first church built at New Headford was found to be too small, and was afterwards used as a school. A new church was erected, owing in a great measure to Mr. Henley's liberality, and in the following year the whole property was free of debt. Father Chervier also built a second church at Leeston, together with a convent and presbytery—a grand total to his credit of ten churches, two presbyteries, and a convent—probably a record in Church extension.

CHAPTER XII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE DEAN CHERVIER, S.M., AND A PROMINENT PRIEST.

The late Dean Chervier left an interesting manuscript, from which the following particulars are taken:—Early in August in the year 1860, two Marist Fathers were sent from Wellington by the late Bishop Viard to Christchurch, to establish there a Catholic mission. They were the Rev. Father Seon as Superior (now many years dead), and the Rev. Father Chataigner (now also deceased) as assistant. From the limits of the Nelson province these were the only two priests in the South Island of New Zealand. Their first work was to get sufficient means wherewith to erect a building to serve both as a dwelling house for themselves and a place of worship in which the few Catholics in and about Christchurch could meet on Sundays to assist at Mass. They succeeded in getting up the shell of a house sufficient for the purpose, but at the beginning very uncomfortable. At the end of March, 1861, the Rev. Father Seon was recalled to Wellington, and the Rev. Father Chataigner was left in charge of the mission. On the first of April following the Rev. Father Chervier came to help him, and the two remained in Christchurch until June, 1869, when the Rev. Father Chataigner went to Timaru to establish a Catholic mission. Whilst in Christchurch Father Chataigner built, after a plan drawn by the late Mr. Mountfort, the first Catholic church in Canterbury, which, after many improvements, additions, and changes, was afterwards known as the Pro-Cathedral. In this work he was assisted by the congregation, non-Catholics, and by the Provincial Government, which donated £ for £ raised according to a custom of the time. The church was opened on May 29, 1864. He built a second church at Lyttelton, which was opened on June 29, 1865, a third in Brakenbridge, and a fourth in Akaroa with the same assistance from the Provincial Government. He also built in the city a school for boys and another for girls, for the support of which aid was granted by the Government. He built in Christchurch the first convent for the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions. While in charge of the mission at Timaru he built a church there, one in Temuka, and one in Waimate, separate schools for boys and girls, and a convent for the Sisters of the Sacred Heart

at Timaru. The Rev. Father Chervier succeeded him in Christchurch about June, 1869, and remained in charge of the district until June, 1871, when another change was made owing to the province of Otago having been erected into a new diocese. Christchurch and suburbs were formed into a parish, and the country districts into another. The Rev. Father Ecuyer took charge of the parish of Christchurch in June, 1871, and at the same time the Rev. Father Chervier took charge of the country districts, and fixed his residence at Shand's Track, or New Headford. That parish embraced all the country from Christchurch to the Rangitata River in the south, to the Hurunui River in the north, and on the west to the post separating Westland from Canterbury. Father Chervier established a Catholic school in Lyttelton, one at Shand's Track, one at Leeston, and one at Ashburton. The churches he built and the dates on which they were opened are as follow:—Leeston, December 5, 1869; Rangiora, July 31, 1870; Shand's Track, January 1, 1871; Loburn, May 30, 1875; Ashburton, July 16, 1876; Southbridge, September 8, 1878; Darfield, October 31, 1880; a new church at Shand's Track, September 19, 1880; and a new church at Leeston, April 1, 1894. The original churches at these two last-mentioned places, likewise those at Rangiora and Ashburton, where new churches have since been erected, are now used as schools. Father Chervier also built a convent at Leeston for the Sisters of the Missions, which was blessed by his Grace Archbishop Redwood on October 2, 1898, and also several presbyteries. At the date of writing the reminiscences from which the foregoing particulars are taken he gave a list of the priests who had been in charge of Christchurch. The following is the list:—Rev. Fathers Seon, Chataigner, Chervier, Ecuyer, Beliard, Chareyre (all of whom are now deceased); Very Rev. Dean Ginaty (then at Mount Magdala), Very Rev. Dean Smyth (then at Hastings), Ven. Archpriest Le Menant des Chesnais, Very Rev. Father Cummings (died in London), Ven. Archpriest Le Menant des Chesnais (until lately in charge, also Vicar-General). In a subsequent letter and in characteristically expressive terms the late Dean Chervier wrote:—' According to my idea, particulars as to who contributed largely to the erection of this church or that, whether the buildings were of stone or wood, whether the horse was bought for £30, or from whom, are of no value at all to show the progress of the Catholic Church in Canterbury since 1860. What I prefer to give is certain information, which I know to be beyond any doubt and to the purpose intended, to show the progress made since the pioneers of the Catholic mission came to the then infant city.'

Among the early missionaries who labored in various parts of the Dominion during the pioneering days was the Rev. Father

Chareyre, S.M. He was a man of deep learning and more than ordinary attainments, who by zealous and self-sacrificing efforts for the religious and temporal advancement of the people greatly endeared himself to them and secured the enduring appreciation of those among whom he ministered. His longest term in any one place was probably that spent in Christchurch in the early seventies, from which place he finally left for his native France, where he spent the remainder of his life, principally as professor of theology and philosophy in some of the great seminaries. About 1877 he was nominated Bishop of Auckland, but successfully petitioned Propaganda against the appointment. In letters to an old friend in this city, he again and again expressed his love for New Zealand and its people. 'I recall most pleasing remembrances (he once wrote) of New Zealand. One likes to muse upon his young life, and unite past recollections with his present labors. How often do my thoughts fly away from the Boulevards, or even from the libraries of Paris, to the sunny valleys of Nelson, to the grand scenery of the West Coast, and to the broad plains of Canterbury!' In his conclusions regarding the then state of his own unhappy country, even so long back as 1880, and the evident trend of affairs, political and religious, he was markedly prophetic. 'We must cross the Red Sea of blood and persecution (he remarked) before we reach the promised land.'

CHAPTER XIII.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Mr. E. O'Connor, one of the few surviving links with the past, who has seen the rise and progress of the Church in this city from very small beginnings, has enabled me to add a few additional particulars regarding educational matters in this city in the early days. Prior to the arrival of the Sisters of the Mission he taught a mixed school of boys and girls, assisted by Miss Vallance, who afterwards married a Mr. O'Neill, and resided in Wellington. Subsequently Father Ecuyer built the boys' school, which was afterwards enlarged, and is still used for the same purpose. The boys' school, since its inception, until the advent of the Marist Brothers, had but one recognised teacher in the person of Mr. O'Connor, who passed an examination under Mr. Inspector Restel (the first Inspector in Canterbury). Prior to the abolition of the provinces the school received a capitation grant. Mr. O'Connor in those days boarded with Father Chataigner, and afterwards with Father Ecuyer. Among the good works founded and fostered by Father Chataigner was the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. In this Mr. O'Connor aided greatly, assisting in its establishment and aggregation with the centre in France. Owing to the continuous change of priests, the society for a time ceased active work, but was revived over twenty years ago by his Lordship Bishop Grimes. The late Mr. R. P. Lonergan was the first president of the revived society, and Mr. O'Connor secretary. From the original Conference of the society emanated the Sunday School Association, the Young Men's Society, and the League of the Cross. As a complete list of the parish priests of Christchurch is given in the records of the late Dean Chervier, I may therefore state here that those assisting at different intervals before the arrival of his Lordship Bishop Grimes were Fathers Forrestier, Coffey, S.M., Boibeaux, Binsfeld (now Dean), McNamara, M. Walshe, O'Hallahan, T. Walsh, Bowers, and O'Donnell. To Very Rev. Dean Ginaty is due the erection of the beautiful convent fronting Barbadoes street, the first churches at Halswell and Addington (now used as schools), the enlargement of the church in the city, the erection of the presbytery (now the episcopal residence), the securing of St. Mary's

Church property (the residence on the site being utilised as the first home in this city for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd), and the erection of a school-church at Papanui.

Some years prior to the establishment of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, Father Ginaty opened St. Leo's High School in this city, the headmasters of which included Messrs. Bathurst, Vincent, Dobbin, and Father Bowers. The school continued in operation until St. Patrick's College was opened. During Father Ginaty's *régime* the H.A.C.B. Society was, with the assistance of Father McNamara, established. The first president was Mr. James Taafe; treasurer, Mr. John Ridley; secretary, Mr. E. O'Connor. The last-mentioned gentleman later on filled the offices of vice-president, president, and district secretary.

Of the original band of Sisters of the Missions, the pioneer Sisterhood in these parts, all have passed to their eternal reward. Mother St. Joseph was buried in the Barbadoes street cemetery, where also is interred in the same plot Sister St. Aloysius (a sister of Mr. E. O'Connor), who died some years after the Rev. Mother St. Joseph. The survivor, Mother St. Benedict, who lately died at Ashburton Convent, where the last fourteen years of her life were spent, supplied some time previously the following interesting narrative of the Sisters' advent to Canterbury:—'On Sunday, February 9, 1868, three Sisters, Mother Mary St. Joseph, Sister Mary, and Sister M. St. Benedict, arrived in Lyttelton, where they were met by Miss Pope (now Mrs. Loader), who accompanied them to Christchurch. When they arrived in Christchurch they were greeted by the Rev. Father Chataigner, who was not expecting them till a month later. Rev. Father Chataigner told them they were welcome, but that he had no place to put them, and so appealed to the people who were in the church. The convent, so called, was an empty and unfurnished house, which was not completed until eight months after the Sisters arrived. At that time Mr. E. O'Connor was in charge of the school for both boys and girls. At the end of March, Rev. Mother M. of the Holy Angels arrived to take charge of the small community, and opened a school with about thirty girls. On September 8 the convent was blessed and formally opened by the Rev. Father Chervier. A boarding school was then opened, the first boarding pupil being a Miss Emily Caruthers. At the end of the year 1869 the number of boarders had increased to thirty. In 1870 the Sisters purchased the land on which the convent now stands.

Through being closely identified with Church affairs during the best part of his life, and having enjoyed the friendship of the many clergy who had labored in this district, Mr. O'Connor, as an authority relating to Church matters, stands practically alone.

In his capacity of Church Secretary he has for all these years been brought into constant contact with clergy and laity, carrying out duties which required infinite tact. That he is still to be found at his accustomed post is proof sufficient of services well accomplished. On his retirement from the position of master of the Catholic boys' school, past pupils and others were not slow to place on record their lasting appreciation of his excellent work. The then rector of the city, who was most competent to judge, expressed himself on that occasion as follows: ' He (Mr. O'Connor) is one who has earned the gratitude, not only of the people of this city, but of Canterbury at large. I am convinced I should be wanting in a duty if I stated less, for of all the missionary rectors who watched the interests of the district, I have had the best opportunity to see the manner in which were discharged the duties Mr. O'Connor had to perform. Few unacquainted with the arduous obligations of a teacher have even a remote knowledge of the prudence, tact, firmness, punctuality, and perseverance required in a man called upon to sustain what I don't hesitate to term the tremendous responsibilities of the class-room. That Mr. O'Connor has borne bravely his burden, history has given its verdict by the simple fact that after a period of nearly a quarter of a century he to-day honorably retires, receiving the estimation of his fellow-citizens. Were I to develop the many qualities a successful teacher should possess as exemplified in Mr. O'Connor and witnessed by me during the past twelve years (then 1888), to-morrow's rising sun would still find me at the task. Let me add, therefore, that I have no recollection of ever finding him absent even once from duty, whilst his perseverance is rewarded when we say " facts are stubborn things." And this last element of success in every department of life, " perseverance," is all the more vivid in Mr. O'Connor, because as a rule he had to begin each year the ordinary and trying routine of junior pupils, owing to the lamentable fact that the youth of this country is too generally hurried off to earn a miserable pittance, or to gratify foolish vanity, which undermines the best energy of man. Without pausing to examine the uninterrupted period of teaching of any one man in New Zealand, I believe I should not be incorrect if I stated that Mr. O'Connor's unbroken connection with one school and one district has rarely a parallel in New Zealand. As a disciplinarian he has on more than one occasion received the unqualified congratulations of persons fitted to pronounce an opinion on school discipline. A former Inspector of schools in Canterbury stated to myself that Mr. O'Connor's school was " remarkable for genuine discipline amongst the schools he had visited." On another occasion his Grace the Archbishop of Wellington expressed himself thus:—" I question if any system

of discipline would produce better results than that followed by Mr. O'Connor." To these expressions of approbation I most willingly add my own; and it is with sincere pleasure I state that my experience of school discipline for the past three-and-twenty years has enabled me to form the highest opinion of the prudence, firmness, and punctuality of Mr. O'Connor in governing St. Patrick's School, especially when I bear in mind the very great disadvantages with which he had to contend.'

CHAPTER XIV.

AT WORK IN SOUTH CANTERBURY.

The following particulars of the experiences of Father Chataigner in South Canterbury have been supplied by one of the clergy. The information was supplied by an old resident, and one at whose house the early missionaries usually stayed when on their periodical visits to the district. The following is Mr. Tooher's account of the beginning of the Church in Waimate:— It was early in the year 1862 that the Rev. Father Chataigner first visited Waimate, the district being at the time covered with very dense bush. In 1865 he began his ministry. He came twice a year, and celebrated Mass in his (Mr. Tooher's) house. There were only eleven Catholics in the settlement at this period. On one occasion when visiting Waimate to baptise a child Father Chataigner was benighted at the 'Low Quarry Bush,' now known as Hook Bush. He was alone, and had but two matches, with which he succeeded in lighting a fire to keep himself warm until morning. On another occasion he was called to attend a sick man at Hampden, and had to cross the Moeraki. Not knowing the river, he asked a man to point out the safest ford, and was shown the very deepest part. It was, he afterwards said, just a miracle that he crossed in safety. When he reached Hampden he found the man he was on his way to attend was dead. Later on he was called to visit a sick woman who resided about thirty miles away. Accompanied by Mr. Tooher, he walked the whole distance. Losing their way, they came across a whare, in which they found provisions that under the circumstances proved very acceptable to them. At last they found their way to the house of the sick person, and, after Father Chataigner had ministered to her and had baptised her child, the return journey was commenced. Having no food with them, the priest became very weak, but Mr. Tooher pulled some speargrass, which he persuaded his companion to eat. This strengthened him until he reached the hospitable house of Mrs. Studholme, where he remained for the night. From this time the visits of Father Chataigner became more frequent. Mass was celebrated every three months, then every month, and as the congregation increased the people met in the Temperance Hall. The Rev. Father Chervier used to come occasionally to aid the struggling mission. The Rev. Father

Goutenoire was appointed first parish priest of Waimate, and built the present church of St. Patrick nearly thirty-two years ago. He also built the Catholic school, which is one of the finest and best furnished in the Dominion. Nearly twenty years ago Father Goutenoire was called to Christchurch, and was replaced at Waimate by the Rev. Father (now Dean) Regnault, the late parish priest. Dean Regnault built a fine presbytery, a convent for the Sisters of St. Joseph, and a substantial brick church at Waihao.

Although my purpose is to attempt the connection of events from the earliest days up to the early seventies, the founding of the Catholic mission at Timaru is sufficiently important to deserve a place in these memoirs. It was in 1869 that Father Chataigner left Christchurch to found a mission in that extensive and fertile district of South Canterbury, 100 miles away from the former scene of his apostolic labors. At Timaru he procured a very fine and extensive plot of land in a healthy and beautiful situation. With the co-operation of the generous Catholic settlers he erected the first church and presbytery, and established a very flourishing mission. From there he extended his ministrations to the surrounding districts, to Temuka, Waimate, and beyond. In his great zeal, total disregard of danger and discomforts, we have, in the intervening years, the best traditions of the early missionaries amply exemplified. In 1876 the late Father Fauvel came to Temuka, which was then separated from the Timaru district, and here he founded a station, and subsequently built the beautiful stone church of St. Joseph, which now adorns the town. Being relieved in the district of Waimate, which was formed into a separate parish, over which the Rev. Father John Goutenoire was placed, Father Chataigner in 1878 returned to Timaru, and to him the people are indebted for the erection of the fine Convent of the Sacred Heart and the two school buildings.

Among the pioneer Catholics who came to Canterbury in the early days of settlement, and whose name deserves an honored place in any records treating of the foundation and progress of the Church in this province, is that of Mr. I. B. Sheath, head of the well known family of that name—a family that has done so much to advance religion, and the prosperity of the community generally. Mr. Sheath, who departed this life a few years ago at an advanced age, came from Birmingham, England, and arrived at Lyttelton in July, 1861. In his native land he was principal of the famed gunmaking firm of Hollis and Sheath, of Birmingham, who manufactured the armaments used in the Crimean War, and large quantities of which went to America and other countries. After a varied and considerable amount of colonising experience, principally about the growing city of Christchurch, Mr. Sheath

and family settled on the Opawa station in the Albury district, South Canterbury, now occupied by Mr. John Rutherford. The dwelling house, which formed the homestead, and is still in existence, was built in sections by a Mr. Dartnell in his yard at Christchurch, and before being despatched to its permanent site was erected in every detail to make certain that no part was missing. As showing the primitive and roundabout method of transit in those days, the sectional parts of the strucure were carted to the old Ferry Wharf at Heathcote, thence taken by water round to Lyttelton, again shipped to Timaru, and, in completion of the journey, conveyed to its final destination by Sheath's team of twenty station bullocks. An historical landmark on the road is still known as the Level, or Sheath's Mound, where the conveyance became fast embedded in the mud on its way to the Opawa station. It is interesting to learn that the late Mr. George Rhodes, of the Levels station, gave the first site for the Catholic Church buildings at Timaru. This proving unsuitable, Mr. Sheath successfully negotiated an exchange for the present splendid site. When Father Chataigner first settled in Timaru he was periodically (about once a year) conveyed out by Mr. Sheath from Timaru to the back-blocks. Mr. Sheath also guided him about from house to house wherever Catholics were to be found in the Mackenzie Country. Mass being always celebrated at Mr. Sheath's house, sets of vestments and other necessaries for the celebration of Mass were always possessed by the family. The first bell used in connection with the Church in Timaru did service previously on the station in directing the men from distant parts. This was given to the Church, and very many other necessaries were also supplied by the family. Mr. Alfred Sheath, a brother of Mr. I. B. Sheath, erected the first telegraph line in Canterbury—that between Christchurch and Lyttelton—and afterwards lines nearly all over New Zealand in the early sixties. The first telegram sent on the wires is now in possession of a lady of the family.

Prominent among the religious teaching Orders of the Dominion are the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. They, too, experienced some of the inconveniences and hardships incidental to pioneer work in this country. It is unnecessary to say anything about the high position which the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus occupy as teachers in other lands, for their success is well known and highly appreciated. The following account of the first foundation of the Order in New Zealand has been kindly furnished to me:—

On December 12, 1879, six religious of the Sacred Heart left San Francisco on their way to New Zealand, coming in response to an invitation from his Grace Archbishop Redwood, from whom they received a most fatherly welcome in Wellington,

and who carried his kindness so far as to accompany the travellers to their destination in Timaru. At the Timaru station the Rev. Father Chataigner met them, and they were driven to the primary school, where over 100 boys and girls were waiting to welcome them in a simple and most touching address. The nuns at once set about partitioning off a small portion of the schoolroom for their temporary abode, trunks and boxes being used for chairs and tables. Rev. Mother Boudreau, who was so soon to enter on another journey to the happy home of her eternity, expressed great joy on seeing her tiny room in which only a bed and chair could be placed. 'I am so happy to have come here,' she said, and three weeks later, as she lay dying in the same little room, she repeated over and over again: 'I willingly give my life for the success of our work in this dear land.' The Rev. Father Chataigner, however, was not so pleased with the accommodation the nuns had in their schoolroom, and very soon after he and Father Goutenoire rented a house in town and begged them to accept the presbytery as their residence until the new convent was built. His Grace and the Fathers were indefatigable in providing every convenience which the means at their disposal could afford to the little community.

On February 1, 1880, the foundation stone of the new building was laid in the presence of a large gathering of people. The Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin, kindly accepted the invitation to be present, and the Fathers spared no pains to make the ceremony a solemn and impressive one. His Grace the Archbishop, in the course of an eloquent sermon, expressed his hopes for the success of the work of the Sacred Heart in New Zealand, saying that he considered the foundation in Timaru would be an immense benefit, and the source of many blessings for all in its neighborhood, and that those who were about to make offerings would place them not on the stone, but in the Heart of Jesus, from which they would receive a hundredfold. Only fifteen days after this the remains of Rev. Mother Boudreau were laid in the little cemetery on the spot chosen by herself.

With this cross as a pledge of success on their work, the religious undertook to teach the primary school. It was entrusted to Mother Sullivan, who had left a school of over 1000 children in Chicago to devote herself to this new but more limited field of labor. The school increased by forty, and owing to some difficulties the Fathers asked that the boys of the parish should also be received in their classes. This arrangement was only temporary. The numbers steadily increased, and now rarely less than 200 names are inscribed on the roll. Mother Sullivan, who endeared herself to all, both children and parents, was suddenly called away by death on May 23, 1889. Her last message was

to her dear children, begging them to be ever faithful to God and to their duty, and her wish written on a tablet in the primary school forms the watchword of the pupils past and present.

On October 3, 1880, the new convent was blessed. Only a portion of the building was complete, the western wing having been built seven years later. Crowds of people thronged the convent grounds. Bishop Moran once more raised his voice in praise and thanksgiving for this new centre of Catholic education. He compared Timaru of that day and New Zealand of that day with the Timaru and New Zealand of thirty, twenty, or even ten years previously. The contrast was a striking one, as thirty years before there had not been a sign of the faith in New Zealand, and only nine years before in Timaru the Catholic congregation consisted of ten persons.

In 1888 his Lordship Bishop Grimes arrived in Christchurch, and received a warm welcome in Timaru. He had known Rev. Mother Boudreau and the Sacred Heart Sisters at St. Michael's, Louisiana, U.S.A., and was soon at home with the community and children, who have ever since had evidences of his most paternal kindness.

The cross many times visited the community in the death of several of the Sisters at various times. The loss of the last of the foundresses of the house—that of Rev. Mother Mair—was keenly felt not only by the religious, but by her many pupils throughout New Zealand. The fruit of the cross was soon felt in the increase in the number of the pupils, which now more than doubles that of the first twelve years after the foundation.

A yearly retreat for ladies was also one of the early works which is steadily widening its circle of influence. This affords ladies living in the world the means of spending four days in retirement and prayer every year. The religious do all in their power to make those days the happiest in the year, and give them every facility for making the exercises, which are preached by a Jesuit Father. Over 100 ladies followed the retreat last January.

A second House of the Sacred Heart Order was opened in Wellington in 1904, when a cottage was rented at Island Bay and a small school was opened. Since then a large convent has been built there, and the number of pupils has increased rapidly. A third foundation has this year (1909) been accomplished at Auckland.

CHAPTER XV.

NORTH CANTERBURY.

Sir George Clifford, although unable to give any particulars of the early days of the Church in Canterbury from personal knowledge, as he had lived during his boyhood in Wellington, and did not come to the South Island until 1871, at the same time gives an interesting outline of notable events. I believe (he writes) my father took much interest in the early struggles of the Church in Canterbury, as he must have been here in the early fifties, but what share he had in the erection of the church at Lyttelton I never heard him say. Unfortunately his early journals, which would have been of the greatest use, were accidentally destroyed. I have always understood that Sir F. Weld gave the land and built the church at Brackenbridge, near Amberley. I have some recollection of hearing that Father Petitjean came down from Wellington in the earliest times, and suffered much exposure and hardships during a visit to the scattered Catholics of the plains. He was a most holy priest, and I can quite credit that his zeal would not be fettered by any considerations as to his personal dangers or discomforts.

Records of the Marist Order go to show that Father Petitjean, at the request of his Superior, travelled the greater part of the South Island, traversing the provinces of Canterbury and Otago, bringing religious succor to those of the faith wherever he could find them. Everywhere he was received with great joy by the Irish colonists, many of whom had not seen a priest since their landing in New Zealand. Father Petitjean was a good example of the heroic French missionaries of the early days, who lived a life of ceaseless toil, traversing trackless regions alone, and mostly on foot, resting only when darkness closed in, and selecting a place for repose the most convenient provided by nature. Their wanderings in quest of stray sheep of the fold through the South Island were comparatively peaceful, apart from the hardships and dangers of exposure to all conditions of weather, and obstacles encountered by flooded rivers. Not so in the North, where warfare, either inter-tribal or waged by the Natives against European intruders, was almost continuous. By what methods, and by what sacrifices and hardships their work was accomplished, are only known to Divine Providence little or no mention was ever

made by themselves regarding what they had suffered and endured. The following tribute was paid to those pioneers of the faith, the Marist Fathers, on a recent occasion by the eloquent Redemptorist, Very Rev. Father Clune: 'An account of their journeys by land and sea is like reading an account of the journeys of St. Paul and his companions in the Acts of the Apostles. . . When we try to compare the miles of tangled bush, interlacing creepers, and noisome swamps traversed on foot by these men of God; when we think of the countless souls brought to a knowledge of truth, as much by the transparent purity of their motives, the sanctity and disinterestedness of their lives, as by the fervor of their heavenly eloquence; the mission stations formed, churches erected, cannibal ferocity softened and disciplined, those who feasted on human flesh now nourished their souls on that which endureth into life everlasting, we are simply appalled by the magnitude of their labors, dazzled by the heroism of their lives and their virtues. . . It is meet and just to pay a tribute of admiration, gratitude, and veneration to those men whose names should be embalmed in the Catholic heart.'

In the early days Rangiora and adjacent districts were visited by priests from Christchurch. The first resident priest was the Rev. Father (now Very Rev. Dean) Binsfeld, S.M., who arranged the parish and started it on an era of progress, from which it has never departed. This pioneer priest extended his ministrations to the 'far north' of the province, where even to the present time evidence is manifested of the great amount of good work he accomplished. Well beloved of his own people, he also earned the sincere respect of all classes, and many still speak of his excellent influence and kindly intercourse among those not of his faith. The original church at Rangiora erected in 1870 is now used for school purposes.

'It must not be supposed,' says the writer of an article in the New Brighton (Anglican) *Monthly Magazine*, 'that clergy of the Church of England were the first to minister to the spiritual wants of the scattered settlers in the Middle Island of New Zealand. Long before they arrived, two priests of the Catholic Church traversed the then dreary plains, visiting the whaling settlers, and amid toil, hardship, and frequent risk of life, pursued their missionary work almost without reward, except such as they received in the shape of the friendship, kind offices, and grateful blessings of those to whom they ministered. A stretch of country, roughly speaking, of five hundred miles in length and two hundred miles in width, intersected by many dangerous rivers, divided by almost impassable mountain ranges whose eternally snow-capped peaks, beautiful to the eye, must have suggested death in fearful forms to the intrepid missionaries, was the scene

of the faithful works of the Rev. Fathers Seon and Chataigner. On the bare plains of Canterbury, with its Hurunui, Rakaia, Ashburton, and Rangitata Rivers, which even years afterwards, when settlement had progressed, were noted as the graves of hundreds of our settlers, across the dividing ranges of the Southern Alps; through the bleak and mountainous regions of Otago, which were almost unexplored till the excitement of the gold diggings caused hardy diggers to force their way in spite of bush, mountain torrent, or rugged rock; in the recesses of the West Coast of the Island, where even now the heavily and closely-timbered country is so difficult to penetrate that gold-miners even shirk any part that does not yield them a certainty of £6 a week profit; these two men labored, beloved alike by Catholic and Protestant, Church of England or Presbyterian, gentle or simple. In those early days they asked no questions as to a man or a woman's creed before rendering the help that was needed, or giving the kind word of encouragement to the sorely troubled.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARLY DAYS IN WESTLAND.

In the process of grouping the various localities which the dioceses of the Dominion embrace within their territory, the following of historical dates must necessarily be sacrificed, if continuity in one particular is to be observed. The method I have adopted, however, will, I believe, commend itself to my readers, and for ready reference the work will prove considerably more convenient. In this connection, therefore, the provincial district of Westland, which forms an important portion of the diocese of Christchurch (Canterbury), is given priority to other portions of New Zealand much older in regard to Church foundations:—

The West Coast (states the author of 'Tales of the Golden West') was for a long time celebrated for its impenetrable forests, closely matted with thick undergrowth, which rendered the work of exploration very difficult. And the few Europeans who journeyed from the newly-formed settlement at Nelson to spy the land travelled down by the sea beaches and Maori tracks, and those who went inland were compelled to take to the river beaches and make their way as best they could. It was a wild over-grown country; its ever-green hills were rich with mighty trees aflame in the summer time with the crimson bloom of the rata; its low-lying lands, or open plains, thick with the verdant growth of the flax, its long stalks shooting upwards, throwing out scarlet blossoms in the flowering seasons, and attracting the beautiful parson bird, the tui, to gather supplies of honey. Inquisitive wekas or wood hens were plentiful in the land, and afforded some sport and much food for the resident Maoris; and at the mouth of each of the numerous rivers fish of all sorts was abundant, and in the spring time of each year the inangahua, or whitebait, crossed the bars in great profusion, giving employment to the Native fishermen, who caught them wholesale in their flax nets and dried them in the sun for winter use.'

As described in the interesting pages of the work before alluded to, the Native rights to (with certain reservations) the whole territory extending from Cape Farewell to Milford Haven were acquired by the Government of the time in a comparatively easy manner, and at very small cost. Mr. James Mackay, who in 1858 was appointed Assistant Native Secretary, first opened

negotiations with the Maori chiefs on the spot in the following year, but failed to secure a settlement, the Natives, whilst willing to sell the balance of their estate for £200, obstinately declining to barter away their greenstone land. On reporting his failure to the Governor, Colonel Gore Browne, Mr. Mackay was instructed to return to the West Coast, reserve to the Natives 10,000 acres, and give £300, or even £400, for the territory. Efforts were renewed, and a great meeting of the Natives was convened at Okarito. From Mawhera, 'Bright running waters,' now Greymouth (why have those charming Maori name places so descriptively applied been in so many instances dropped in favor of meaningless English repetitions or commonplace substitutes?), where the greater portion of the Maoris resided, to the meeting place, meant a long journey on foot of 135 miles. The processionists as they proceeded south gathered in the various chiefs and their families at the different pas, travelled leisurely by the sea beach, or along water tracks, crossing rivers and streams as best they could, not one, in that long procession, not even Mackay himself, shod in his sandals of flax, having the faintest idea that gold—yellow, glittering, precious gold—of the value of millions sterling, lay secreted beneath their weary, tired feet as they trudged upon their long, long journey. When all were assembled an offer of £300 cash down was made, accepted by the Natives, and the bargain was closed. After fixing reserves at Bruce and Jackson Bays, a return was eventually made to Greymouth, or more correctly to the site upon which it now stands, and on May 21, 1860, 'under the shining sun'—so states the deed—James Mackay, jun., affixed his signature, on behalf of Queen Victoria, and the finishing touches were made by some fourteen Maori chiefs, each by his mark of a cross, duly attested, upon which 300 bright sovereigns were distributed among them to bind the bargain. The deed conveyed about seven and a half million acres of land to the Government, less 12,000 acres for Native reserves. In 1864 the finds of alluvial gold in Westland were extended. To this supposed inhospitable and almost inaccessible region, in the space of a few months, many thousands of people found their way. At Christmas time of that year the population numbered 830. By April, 1865, it had gone up to 7000, in September of the same year it reached 16,000, and by the end of 1866 it was estimated to have stood at 50,000. Gold, the greatest of all magnets operating on mankind, soon converted a waste, howling wilderness into numerous prosperous centres of population. The richness of the locality drew together men of almost every nationality and disposition.

The first settlement of the site was accomplished by John Hudson and his partner Price, who crossed the Southern Alps

with pack horses. They arrived after a perilous journey at Okitika, and on October 1, 1864, laid the foundation of the town by erecting a calico store, 12ft by 20ft. On November 21, 1867, about three years after the events mentioned above, the adventurous passengers brought by the 'Beautiful Star' discovered their destination to be a 'cluster of white habitations nestling on the beach.'

Hokitika (Okitika in Maori) soon became a great centre of activity. It was the first port of call for the steamers from Melbourne, and from there the latest news was sent to the other parts of the Colony. Instead of, as we are now accustomed to read our shipping telegrams, 'Bluff—Arrived' (one or other of the well known Union Company's intercolonial liners), it was then, 'Hokitika—Arrived, "Omeo," "Tararua," "Albion," "Alhambra,"' from Melbourne crowded with passengers. One of the first steamers to cross the Tasman Sea freighted with goods and passengers for the new El Dorado was the 'Beautiful Star,' a vessel well known in after years on the run between Dunedin and Oamaru.

The extraordinary progress of the West Coast is so manifest, that it is almost impossible for the critical observer of the present day to properly estimate the obstacles that were encountered by those who settled there in 1864. One not familiar with the difficulties encountered would naturally be ignorant of the fact that the coast line then was fringed with impenetrable bush and swamp on a level with high water mark. An incident in this connection will explain. Two men at great labor cut a track about ten chains into the bush from what is now the chief thoroughfare, Revell street, and made a saw pit. A young fellow discovered a small creek not far from the pit and commenced fishing for 'black fish.' Whilst so occupied he overlooked the fact that twilight was being succeeded by darkness. He tried to find the track, a chain from where he was fishing, in order to return. He heard the music and saw the glare of the slush lamps that burned in front of the shanties in Revell street, but could not find his way out, and had perforce to remain 'bushed' until daylight. There was not an acre of cleared land on the coast, nor a chain of road formed. Now there are many thousands of acres of cleared land fit for the plough, and hundreds of miles of roads that will bear favorable comparison with the best in the Dominion.

A record of the life's work of the late Very Rev. Dean Martin, S.M., is in reality a historical record of the founding and progress of the Catholic Church in Westland. To the exceeding kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Mother St. Clare, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Hokitika, the writer

of these lines is indebted for the following interesting facts:—The late lamented Very Rev. Dean Martin came to take charge of the parish of Hokitika in July, 1868. Before his arrival there the good Father had spent about four years in Otago and Southland, and earlier still about a year in Nelson. Father Martin, as the Dean was affectionately styled in those early days, led a life of constant hardships. In the South at this time Father Martin had a missionary comrade in the person of Father Moreau, who, as senior priest, administered in the provinces of Otago and Southland, residing in the then rising town of Dunedin and finding enough duties to occupy his time. The mission of Father Martin, therefore, was to travel through the back country, searching for his scattered flock—an occupation which kept him almost constantly in the saddle. Night often closed in on the intrepid and zealous missionary far from the abode of man. On these occasions, having partaken of very little food, the good priest took his night's rest under the shelter of a friendly tree, using his saddle for a pillow. Sometimes a digger's canvas tent would afford the weary traveller a welcome covering for the night when he arrived hungry and weary. On one of these occasions the gum boots, which the priest wore, were frozen to his legs and feet, and could only be removed by his hospitable entertainers after much careful effort.

It was in 1867 that Father Martin visited the West Coast on a collecting tour. Some of his old friends, the miners from Otago, who had preceded him westward, guided him over the 'new rushes,' and all acted generously towards the zealous missionary, whom they had learned to love and revere.

In 1868 Father Martin was sent by the Right Rev. Dr. Viard, then Bishop of Wellington, to take charge of the Hokitika parish. It was not an easy task set him, but the zealous priest undertook it resolutely, and time bore witness to his successful administration of the district during the thirty-eight years of his pastorate. He won all hearts by his mildness and charity, and excited the people's veneration and esteem by his rare love of justice.

The Sisters of Mercy, who came from Ennis, County Clare, at his invitation in 1875, and who were the first community of nuns on the Coast, had ever found in him the kindest of Fathers and wisest of counsellors. With the willing help of his good parishioners, he built and furnished the substantial convent that they took possession of in January, 1879, and which they have enlarged and improved several times since. The schools of St. Columbkille's Convent, Hokitika, owed much to the Dean's kind patronage and sympathetic interest. In their first years, and until his health began to fail, his visits were frequent and his

examinations searching. The gentle pastor's visits were eagerly looked forward to by Sisters and pupils, and never failed to exercise a most beneficial influence. Father Martin baptised in their infancy, and prepared for their First Communion several who later on became Sisters of the community, whose interests and welfare were very dear to him. The good pastor was always easy of access to those who sought his wise counsel and friendly aid; was open-handed and generous to all in distress, without distinction of race or creed. Hence he was truly beloved by all, as was testified on the day of his funeral, when 3000 people from far and near on the West Coast followed his remains to the cemetery.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISSIONARY PROGRESS AND SOME GENERAL NOTES.

In the death of the Very Rev. Dean Martin (said the *West Coast Times*) the West Coast loses one of its oldest and finest pioneers, and the Catholic Church one who was an ornament to her priesthood. The early missionary work of the Colony produced this splendid type of man, and the ranks of the pioneer missionaries are thinning all too rapidly. Dean Martin's life was, however, a unique and noble one, and for over thirty-eight years of it he was intimately associated with every movement in Hokitika. During that long period he had charge of the local Catholic pastorate, but outside of his ministrations to his own congregation, he was the guide, philosopher, and friend of all who needed advice or assistance. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the late Dean Martin was beloved by his flock and held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. He was as liberal-minded as he was large-hearted, and his unostentatious benevolence, as well as his genial, kindly nature, comforted many, and will make him long remembered by all classes of the community. The Dean had a high ideal of the duties of citizenship, and in this respect, as indeed in every relation of his well-spent life, he set a bright example. Every movement in any way calculated to promote the advancement of the town or district met with his hearty approval and cordial co-operation. Until later years, when his health failed, his presence was assured at any gathering having for its object the promotion of every good cause, and his advocacy when he approved was by no means passive. In the training and education of the young the Dean, as might have been expected, took the greatest interest, and he has left a monument to his memory in that splendid educational institution, St. Columbkille's Convent. That school he founded, and the erection of the handsome building was entirely due to his efforts. His was a noble record of devotion to duty and of a life spent in the service of his fellow-man, and while his memory remains with us that life will be a bright example to all.

In another tribute of respect on the occasion of his burial, the same paper expressed the following sentiments:—The remains of the Very Rev. Dean Martin have been laid at rest and the prayer *requiescat in pace* has never been breathed more fervently

nor for one held in more affectionate remembrance, not only by his flock who benefited by his constant paternal ministrations, but also by members of every section of the community amongst whom he lived and labored so long. That kindly gracious presence will be missed from amongst us, and that voice now stilled for ever which so often uttered words of advice and comfort to all whose burden was heavy to carry. No one was excluded from the all-embracing sympathy of the large-hearted Dean—all who were in trouble, in poverty, or who were in any way oppressed had an equal title to his good offices, irrespective of race or creed, or any other consideration. It is not to be wondered at that Father Martin, as he was most affectionately known, was widely revered; his name was a household word not only in Westland, but throughout the West Coast. Truly he was a father to his people, and the ties that bound him to them will not soon be forgotten. The Dean was in every sense a citizen of the highest type. He gave the best years of his life, first to his Church and the care of his flock, and, next, to Hokitika, which he truly loved. It is stated by those who knew him best, that his one wish was, at the close of his life, to be laid at rest amongst us, and it is a mournful gratification to the people here that his wish should have been gratified.

Through the kindness of an old resident of Westland, Mr. James Torley, of Goldsborough, I am enabled to give some interesting particulars of Catholic beginnings and progress in the Waimea, a district which largely shared in the rich gold-findings of the late sixties and early seventies, in the times of which our late Premier figured prominently. The Church of St. Michael, Goldsborough, Westland, was built by the Rev. Father Larkin in 1867. The Rev. Father McGirr celebrated Mass a few times in a large calico structure used as a courthouse before Father Larkin's arrival, who in turn was replaced by Father McIntagart. Father Chareyre came soon after, effected great improvements, and left it a very pretty little church. He was replaced by Father Belliard, who died a few years afterwards at Hokitika. Having expressed a special request before his death that his remains should be interred amongst his flock in Goldsborough church, this was acceeded to, and the solemn ceremony was undertaken by Archbishop Redwood in the presence of many of the clergy and a very large number of the laity. I am tempted here to endorse a wish expressed by a zealous priest, and one who has great veneration for the pioneer priests of the Dominion, that their memory should not only be kept green through writings such as I am now engaged in, but that their last resting places should be sought out and the little plot containing their hallowed remains kept in such a condition as to show enduring reverence.

We of the present generation are prone to forget all we owe to those valiant men who spent their lives on behalf of our forebears and ourselves, and whose influence for good will survive, let us hope, many generations yet to come.

After Father Belliard's death, many priests visited the Waimea, but, with the growing importance of Kumara, resided there, notably among whom were Fathers McCaughey, Devoy, Walsh, Treacy, and McManus in the earlier periods. Visitors to the interesting and progressive town of Kumara can scarcely imagine that its site, in the early seventies, was a forest in all its native luxuriance. Again gold was the medium by which the transformation was effected. 'Striking it rich' at Kumara was a mere incident, it appears, in relation to another industry an enterprising little party intended to start in the wild and untrodden fastnesses of the bush thereabouts. On the south bank of the Teremakau River, on one of its flats, and not far from the present site of Dilmanstown, the small syndicate decided upon as the desired spot for their purpose—the setting up of a whisky still. Having erected their tents, preliminary work was begun in excavating the foundation for their tubs. Whilst thus engaged, rich gold was struck, and finding it could be got in payable quantities, the other venture was abandoned. In the safe and legitimate business of gold digging the party worked quietly for some time without giving information to the proper authorities. A prospector from the Waimea lost his way in the bush, accidentally came upon the 'whisky party' washing up in the river. Regaining the road, without his presence being observed, the prospector made good time back to Stafford town, reported his 'find' to Mr. Seddon at the latter's store. The two entered into partnership on the spot, and pegged out at the new diggings. Before long, states a recent writer, the news got round, and a proper rush set in, and the majestic trees and tangle of undergrowth were replaced by a mining township.

An incident, illustrative of the enterprise of the early Catholic population of Kumara, is related in connection with the first church erected there. His Grace Archbishop (then Bishop) Redwood happened to be on the Coast at the beginning of the Kumara rush, and a number of devout Irishmen were anxious to have a church right away. His Lordship told them that he would have great pleasure in opening a church for them as soon as they could have one erected. They said they must have it opened on St. Patrick's Day, then only some weeks distant. His Lordship agreed that it should be so, not thinking it possible to have the work done in the time; but sure enough, a church was built and opened to the date, that building being replaced later on with the present one, and dedicated to St. Patrick.

At Greymouth, built at the outlet of the Grey River on to the broad Pacific, a Catholic station was established in the good and golden times of the diggings, the first church building being in Arney street. The unsafe and difficult entrance to the river proved for a number of years a great obstacle to material advancement. The old presbytery, the church, and the school were erected previous to the arrival of the Marist Fathers. It was, however, for many years, the field of hard labors, and not a few adventures, associated with many dangers for a good number of them. The Rev. Father Columb greatly improved the interior of the church, and labored zealously and effectively for a short space of time, when unfortunately he met his death by drowning in attempting to cross Nelson Creek when returning home from a visit to some of his flock in the country. Father Chareyre, who subsequently labored with much success in Christchurch, aided greatly the growing mission in Westland. He built a church at Ross, also a fine presbytery, and a beautiful church at Waimea (Goldsborough). He, too, opened a church at Greenstone. This place, besides marking the locality where a great rush of gold miners took place when important discoveries were made in 1864, is of a more remote historical interest, because of the quantity and quality of the greenstone from which the place takes its name. The acquisition of the stone, so valued by the Natives for ornaments and the much prized mere, or battle axe, and other implements of war, manufactured from that substance, was the cause of many deadly conflicts between the rightful possessors and marauding bands from elsewhere. ' As my readers are probably aware,' writes Travers in his contributions to the Wellington Philosophical Society, ' the greenstone or nephrite from which the more valuable of the weapons in question are made, is found exclusively on the West Coast of the Middle Island, and it appears that the Ngaitahu of Kaikoura and Amuri especially, had long been in the habit of sending war parties across the island, for the purpose of killing and plundering the inhabitants of the district in which it was obtained. These expeditions sometimes passed through the Taradale country to the Upper Waiama, and from thence through Kopio Kaitangata, or Cannibal Gorge, at the head of the Marina River, into the Valley of the Grey; and at other times passed from the Conway and other points on the east coast through the Hanmer Plains to the Valley of the Ahaura, a tributary of the Grey, and on to other localities.' The line of route through the Cannibal Gorge runs partly through a tract of country formerly occupied by Mr. Travers (who is now dead) as a cattle run, and his men frequently found stone axes, pawa shells, remains of eel baskets, and other articles, left on the line of march, similar articles being also found on the line through

the Hanmer Plains. The scenery of the upper country on the line of the Cannibal Gorge is described as very grand and beautiful, the Valley of the Ada, the head waters of which rise within half a mile of those of the Marina, running through an immense cleft in the Spencer Mountains; the summits of Mount Una and the Fairy Queen capped with perpetual snow rising abruptly on each side of the stream to a height little under 6000 feet, whilst the valley itself is rarely more than a quarter of a mile wide. The Cannibal Gorge is extremely rugged, and the fall of the river tremendous. Its waters, when swollen by rain and melting snow, pour down the gorge for miles in a perfect cataract of foam, and with a roar which echoes from the rocky glens on each side and rivals that of Niagara. During their journeys to the coast through these rugged scenes, the war parties lived entirely on eels, wekas, and kakapos, which at that time were numerous on the ranges; whilst on their return after a successful raid human flesh was often carried by the slaves they had taken, and the latter were not infrequently killed in order to afford a banquet to their captors. During these expeditions large quantities of greenstone, both in rough blocks and in well fashioned weapons—an art especially known to the West Coast Natives—were often obtained, if the invaders were not discovered in time to permit the inhabitants to conceal themselves and their treasures. In a projected attack upon Rerewhaka and his people on one occasion, Te Rauparaha expected to acquire, if victorious, the accumulated wealth of many years.

A valued correspondent, whose knowledge of the Dominion dates back to his arrival in the late sixties, and who had an intimate acquaintance with those of whom he writes, has kindly sent me some notes in a general way, which, although referring to localities already covered and early missionaries previously mentioned, still contain much interesting matter. The Church (he writes), like the Dominion itself, has made such marvellous progress in little more than half a century that the present generation can form no idea of the life and labors of the first Marist Fathers in New Zealand. When the writer arrived in New Zealand there were then but two dioceses—Auckland and Wellington. The latter included the whole of the South Island. In Otago there were three Marist Fathers—Father Belliard at Invercargill, Father Ecuyer at Tuapeka, and Father Moreau at Dunedin. A secular priest, Father Norris, had charge of Oamaru. The whole of Canterbury from the Waitaki River in the south to the Amuri in the north, a distance of nearly 200 miles, was under the sole control of Fathers Chataigner and Chervier. Father Martin attended the Hokitika goldfields, and two secular priests —Fathers Royer and Walsh—were respectively in the Grey and

Buller gold-mining districts. At Wellington Father Petitjean was Vicar-General, with Father Seon as assistant in parochial work. (Another writer states that Father Petitjean baptised and married two generations in the Cathedral parish of Wellington.) Bishop Viard was at the Vatican Council, and Father O'Reilly was parish priest at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Te Aro. Father Forest was in charge of the town of Napier, and Father Regnier had all the country from Woodville to the Taupo. He and his horse, Roney, were well known among the runholders all over the country, by whom he was always treated as an esteemed guest, and his memory is still held in veneration among them. Father Rolland was at New Plymouth, and Father Lampila had the Maoris all along the Wanganui River, together with the town of Wanganui. The Wairarapa and Manawatu districts were visited by Father Pertuis. Father Seauzeau, stationed at Blenheim, had all the Marlborough province under his charge, and Fathers Garin and Chareyre had the province of Nelson. Father Garin is the only one of all those mentioned who kept a diary of the daily events of his life.

There were no roads and no bridges in those days, and people to be visited lived scattered about the country at great distances from one another. Most of the Fathers then travelled on foot. Father Chataigner, for instance, travelled in this manner from Dunedin to Christchurch with numerous big rivers to ford. In one of them he was nearly drowned, and then, wet as he was, he had a long way to go in darkness before he found a hospitable roof. Those who were among the Maoris did not fare better. Father Garin related to me how at times provisions would run short, and then he had to eat the Maoris' food, consisting of fish and putrid maize, which, when cooked, was so unpalatable that he had to pinch his nostrils before putting the morsel in his mouth in order to escape the smell of it. But their travelling experiences had now and then an intermixture of amusement. Father Chervier on one occasion had travelled the whole day over the black ashes left on the plains after an extensive fern and scrub fire. In the evening he arrived at the home of Mr. P. Henley, at Shand's Track. Wishing to stop there for the night, his face and hands were so blackened that no one recognised him, and he was taken to be an ordinary swagger. Absenting himself for a short time, he returned washed clean, when the family, to their great surprise, found that their supposed swagger was no other than their parish priest. As another example, take the case of Father Seon. It happened that whilst he was engaged on one of his missionary journeys to North Canterbury a man, seeing that he was travelling quietly on foot from place to place, offered to join him and to carry his (Father Seon's) swag. The

offer was accepted, and they journeyed together like mates, sleeping and eating together in the same places. It so happened that this same man was urgently wanted by the police. He was not personally known to them, neither was Father Seon, but both were carefully watched until the true culprit was identified. Many of the Fathers had missions which extended over a whole province.

The hardships they had to endure were greater and of longer duration in comparison than mine (states the Very Rev. Dean Binsfeld, S.M., whose narrative now follows):—After my arrival I stopped for a short time with the Vicar-General, the Rev. Father Petitjean, at Wellington, who, although already advanced in age, was yet as busy as a bee. His day time was devoted to the administration of the diocese (Bishop Viard being at Rome), and his parish work, whilst a great part of his night was passed on his knees, reading theology and the history of the Church. I soon found out that it was not a safe thing to disagree with him on one of these subjects. He was a student. New Plymouth was my first temporary appointment. The Maori war was not yet over, and the few European Catholics, like the whole of the European population, lived mostly within the boundaries of the town, as life in the country was unsafe. About half a regiment of soldiers of the 18th Royal Irish was quartered in the town. A great many of the soldiers were Catholics, and to their credit be it said their conduct was exemplary. Father Binsfeld was their military chaplain, and the officers congratulated him, as well as themselves, on the good behaviour of the men. Before their arrival the garrison had been maligned, for which they retaliated in a practical manner. During the whole of their stay in New Plymouth they kept strictly aloof from any business intercourse with the civilians. They entered no publichouse and no shop, but confined themselves to their own canteen and commissariat. The few incorrigibles who would break through this self-imposed rule had a rather unpleasant time of it, and their comrades would keep them confined until the effect of their insobriety disappeared. These soldiers practised their religion well, and they volunteered to spend much of their spare time in forming a road up to the church, and laying out the grounds. Father Binsfeld spent a pleasant time with them. The townspeople, too, had learnt to like the 18th Royal Irish, and when in March, 1870, they were recalled from New Zealand a great crowd assembled at their departure, and praised them for their good conduct.

Father Rolland, as has already been mentioned, was missionary rector of this district. He attended the whites and Maoris alike. Father Binsfeld merely replaced him for a while in his absence.

When the Maori war broke out in the New Plymouth district, Father Rolland was the only minister of religion that followed the soldiers into the battlefield, and there he showed great bravery. During the engagements he was at the front, and as men dropped down he crossed the lines offering to carry away the dying, and administer to them the rites of the Church, no matter were they whites or Maori. He had many narrow escapes during the campaign, and on one occasion a bullet passed through his hat, almost grazing the crown of his head. His name is mentioned in the history of this campaign as one of its heroes. In later years the Government of New Zealand gave him a recognition (paltry enough, it is true) for the service he had rendered to the Dominion. He was most intrepid, and most unsparing of himself. He lived, as it were, in the saddle, and a description of the hardships and dangers he went through would make an interesting narrative. He returned to New Plymouth in March, 1870, and Father Binsfeld started for Greymouth, to which place he had been appointed before he went to New Plymouth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREYMOUTH AND THE DIGGINGS.

The Rev. Father Binsfeld, S.M., arrived in Greymouth in April, 1870, just before Easter of that year. It was not an easy matter in those days to reach the goldfields of Westland by sea. There was no harbor all along the coast. A regular line of steamers between Wellington and Melbourne took passengers for the three centres of the Westland goldfields—the Buller, Greymouth, and Hokitika—and transhipped them into tenders at these places when the weather was favorable; if otherwise, passengers and freight for the goldfields were taken on to Melbourne, a voyage of four or five days' steaming, afterwards being brought back in hope of better luck. 'I did not meet with such a disappointment on my journey to Greymouth,' states Father Binsfeld, 'but our landing was a new experience to me. A heavy surf was on at the time, and in descending from the steamer we were put under deck of a tender, the hatches being carefully closed over us. The little craft steamed away, up and down like a child's kite, and presently struck the shingly bottom on the bar through which it ploughed with a vigor that made the boat labor and creak in every joint, whilst the waves swept over the deck. None of my fellow-passengers exhibited alarm; they were accustomed to it; it was the way to the goldfields of those days.' Greymouth was yet in a primitive state of formation. There were scarcely any streets; the quay was the only one, where houses were joined to each other, publichouses predominating. The present site of Greymouth was yet an impenetrable forest. Catholics formed about one-third of the population, and Father Binsfeld was heartily welcomed on arrival, the principal men among the community coming to the presbytery as a deputation to express their great satisfaction at having again a priest among them. There was a good spirit among them; they were united and assisted well at the services of the Church, and it was a pleasure to preach and minister to them. Their pastor received their confidence from the beginning. It may not be out of place to here remark that the Irish miners in Westland in those days came from the comparatively well-to-do classes at Home. Free immigration had not yet come into force, and each had to pay £40 as passage money out, and most of them were the

sons of fairly prosperous farmers. 'What an intelligent lot of men they are!' was the remark concerning them made by almost every educated stranger who came in contact with them. But what was still better, they had brought their strong faith with them. The establishment of a Catholic school was found to be of immediate necessity; the people themselves asked for it, and they were quite prepared to undertake personal responsibility in regard to the teacher's salary, amounting to £200 per annum. There was already a building on the Church property which could be used, and within a month after the arrival of Father Binsfeld the school was started, the children attending well from the beginning.

People who knew not the Westland of those days cannot form any idea of the incessant hardships the miners, and all who lived inland, had to undergo. The whole country was a dense forest, with small areas of open land here and there. Rain, and yet more rain, characterised the usual weather. Roads there were none. Communication with the various digging centres inland was carried on by saddle tracks, and partly by river boat. A newcomer had to get seasoned before he would get accustomed to travel into the interior. The congregation at Greymouth formed only a very small proportion of the souls entrusted to the care of Father Binsfeld. The boundaries of the mission were comprised in the following immense area: On the south the River Teremakau, from its source in the Southern Alps to its outlet in the Tasman Sea (40 miles); on the west, from the sea to the Razorback, a distance of about 26 miles; on the north, the Southern Range, bordering the Buller River Valley (50 miles); and on the east, the Main Midland mountain ranges (40 miles). Digging townships were dotted all over this extensive territory. Neither were they in easily accessible situations. Nature had stowed her golden treasures far away up towards the head of long, narrow, and deep gullies or creeks, tributaries of the Grey or other main streams, and in wet ground covered with dense bush. Here the miners would put up their huts of wood slabs, with a corrugated iron roof, and chimney of similar material. The hut consisted of one apartment only, to accommodate from two to six mates, the bunks being placed one over the other as on board a ship. Butchers, bakers, liquor-sellers, and store-keepers established themselves in the same rough-and-ready manner, and in a very short while, as soon as there was any probability of the claims striking gold, these habitations sprang up like mushrooms, and disappeared as quickly should the diggings turn out to be a 'duffer.' There were about 15,000 gold diggers engaged in the mines of Westland at the period of which I write, the greater proportion of whom were within the boundaries

of Father Binsfeld's mission. He was assured on his arrival that of this number of gold-seekers about 4000 were Catholics. They were scattered all over the country, forming in certain places a large population, and in others constituting only a small number. The principal mining places then were Greenstone, Marsden, Maori Gully, Notown, Redjacks, Nelson Creek, Hatters' Terrace, Halfounce, Napoleon, Moonlight Creek, Murray's Creek (the present Reefton), Boatman's (Buller), and Canoe Creek (the present Barry's Town), north of Point Elizabeth on the seashore. With such a formidable task confronting him, it is easy to understand that the exertions of one man among such a scattered multitude could not do justice neither to himself nor to his flock. This view was speedily taken by Father Binsfeld, who, preferring the outdoor and more strenuous life, communicated with his superiors, and expressed his willingness to take the position of assistant, if another Father could be found to act as missionary rector. In the meantime, he was anxious to begin ' roughing it,' which meant going to the diggings. As will be seen in the narrative which follows, ' roughing it,' indeed, came almost as his daily portion, accentuated, too, by the after-effects of events of historical interest which occurred a year before and brought a certain number in conflict with both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities.

About the end of May, Father Binsfeld started out alone on a first pastoral visit to the various digging localities. It was a solitary journey, all day long, into a rugged, mountainous wilderness, as were most of his subsequent similar excursions during the two and a half years that he labored in this mission. It was rare to meet a travelling companion, but he had a capital horse, which was quite accustomed to the task before him. He had to carry in front of his master a good-sized saddle-bag, which contained the vestments and every requisite for the celebration of Holy Mass. The good-natured animal went off cheerfully after his liberal breakfast, which was his only meal for the day. At the entrance to the Grey Gorge the river was crossed on a punt, and then began his experience on the saddle tracks, of which he had heard already a great deal. Here he learnt a new chapter in the art of riding. Although brought up where horses were kept, and considering himself safe on an ordinary one's back, he had yet to learn to keep his seat, not because of the animal, but of Nature itself. Soon the track opened upon and ran along a mere ledge cut in the mountain side, with the river down below and a steep forest towering above, the passage being so narrow that a false step meant death to rider and horse. Some miles further, plunging knee-deep in mud, sufficiently sticky to make a fixture of both horse and rider, we eventually came to what, if I remember aright, was known as Langdown's Crossing. Here the Grey

River had to be crossed, not on a punt, but by fording. It was deep and the current swift. A man had been drowned here some time previous, and, forsooth, there was plenty of room for drowning, but, thanks to the good guardian angel, the opposite bank was reached in safety. It is surprising what a horse accustomed to this kind of travelling can do. Now there was relief and ease of mind; the country before him was level to the end of his destination, which was the group of adjacent diggings up Nelson Creek. Towards sunset he arrived at 'Try Again,' where he put up at a store for the night. Here he was received and treated with genuine kindness. The storekeeper, his brother, and the few miners of the locality soon made him feel that he was at least there on friendly ground. 'Try again' was a worked-out diggings. A few years previous hundreds of men had been working there. Now all that remained resembled a totally destroyed city. Long stretches of tail-racing, hillocks of boulders, huge uprooted trees in every direction were all that remained—a scene of desolation. A temporary chapel was found here, which had a weather-beaten appearance, like the rest of the deserted huts and shops surrounding. Evening service was held, consisting of rosary, sermon, and night prayers. Mass was celebrated next morning. This was his first day's work on the diggings, and he rejoiced at it, for all the men assisted and edified him by their truly Catholic spirit.

Leaving 'Try Again,' Father Binsfeld started for what was then the centre of this group of mining places. On the way he called at Callaghan's, another small diggings upon high terrace land. This had to be done on foot, making his way through mud and streamlets as best he could; but the terrace had to be ascended by literally crawling on all fours and by pulling oneself by the aid of tree roots. Late in the afternoon he reached his next station. This was an alluvial digging in a dense forest and in full working order, as was evident from the number of water-races met with on nearing the place. On arriving at the hotel the proprietor's welcome was the reverse of cordial, neither was the reception of the miners very encouraging, for reasons that need not be entered into here. Next day Mass was well attended, although it was a working day, and the good pastor left with an easier heart than when he came. He now retraced his steps down the Grey River Valley to No Town. This had been a populous centre for a few years, but, like 'Try Again,' he found it deserted and desolate, only a few straggling claims being worked, almost the whole mining community having moved on further afield. The following day being Sunday, Mass was celebrated, with but few in attendance. Later on he moved onwards towards a more recently discovered goldfield. A blazed track, through a dense and

swampy forest, marked the way. This meant simply a projected track without any formation, the direction being marked either by a chip cut from the bark of a tree or a broken down branch. This was not an easy task, and one requiring time and patience to make headway over a spongy ground, filled with water and thickly covered with bush, or along the stream of a creek running between high and narrow banks. To keep in the right direction in this maze was the first thing to be kept in mind, but a look-out for the horse's safe stepping place was quite as necessary. One had to lay flat down on the horse's neck to pass under projecting branches, and whilst the attention was thus divided in different directions off goes the hat, brushed away by the branches, or the whip is torn out of the hand in like manner. Towards sunset an opening in the forest revealed the locality of the new El Dorado, which had the appearance of a small canvas township, the dwellings being in cottage form and covered in with canvas from roof to ground. Dismounting and taking off the saddle, no sooner was the bit removed from the horse's mouth than he turned round and made for the wilderness. It took more than a week to find him again. A packer returning to Greymouth allowed Father Binsfeld to join him on one of his horses, and thus he got home and ended his first journey to the diggings. Going over the same ground some months later, those places where his mission in the first instance had been fruitless now proved a veritable stronghold of the faith. From then onwards his work on the goldfields of the Grey district turned out to be the happiest part of his missionary career in New Zealand and elsewhere.

On my return to Greymouth, states Father Binsfeld, I found Father Colomb installed at the presbytery as parish priest of the mission, a position I did not in the least begrudge him. He was my senior, and I had known him in England, and knew that in a short time he would prove the right man in the right place. For seventeen years he had been in charge of the small but comfortable mission of Romford in England, where he was in continual intercourse with leading Catholic families, such as Lord Petre's. Hence, on his arrival, the people, on account of his easy and refined manner and way of speaking, looked upon him as a real English gentleman. That he was master of the English language was proved in conversation and in the pulpit. He had no experience of what was meant by ' roughing it ' on the diggings. The life of the digger was passed in mud and water all day long, dressed only in a pair of moleskin trousers, a stout pair of water-tight boots, and a flannel shirt. Civilisation, as far as good manners, good habits, thriftiness, sobriety, etc., as a general thing were concerned, was at that time at a low ebb. This was not surprising, considering that the gold-mining population was

a gathering of people composed of many nationalities. Father Colomb took at once his stand against the prevailing disorders, and he was the man for it. People somewhat feared for the result, but he had great knowledge of men, coupled with tact and sympathetic feeling for the failings of the poor and ignorant. With these qualities he soon worked himself into the right groove of his position; he proved, as at first predicted, the right man in the right place, and won the esteem and respect of all. His first move in the parish was the purchase of a house which he turned into a school. This property was unfortunately later on washed away by the river whilst in flood. He delivered a series of able, original lectures on education, which were followed by a second series on the vice of intemperance, full of illustrations of what was going on around him, and a scathing denunciation of the fearful disorders on the West Coast of those days. In the meantime he carried on a regular house-to-house visitation of his parishioners, and by these various means gained the full confidence of and entire control over his people. They were proud of him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MINER AND HIS HAUNTS, AND THE WORK OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Whilst Father Colomb was thus engaged in Greymouth, Father Binsfeld followed his favorite occupation of living and moving among the diggers up country, which he found delightful and most congenial. There was first the novelty of a new unopened country, rugged in every direction, resplendent in scenery, and so unlike any other territory he had yet seen. The very dangers of travelling carried with them a feeling of pleasure gained by adventure. Then there was the life of the diggers, so full of interest. There were thousands of men scattered in smaller or larger numbers all over the wilderness, and at times in almost inaccessible spots, where the horse had to be left behind, and the priest had to carry the saddle-bag containing the vestments, etc., on his shoulders to reach them. Dressed in the proverbial moleskins, flannel shirt, and a pair of boots of the strongest material, the soles of which were mostly of iron, the miners stood in mud and water all day long and all the year round, washing away, by hydraulic power, high terraces or the face of mountains, great forest trees and rock-like masses of stone coming down in quick succession. But this was only a preparation to lay open the substratum of gold-bearing ground, which consisted of earth, sand, and gravel. The whole of this was dug out and thrown into a water-race, and thus the gold was separated from all alluvial matter. Sometimes the ground would be rich, and a man would make £10 to £14 a week, but these were exceptions; generally it would be less, and in numberless cases it turned out a 'duffer,' and the men who had worked together would dissolve partnership and disperse. Butchers and storekeepers, who had supplied them, would in such cases share the ill-success, that being an understood and arranged custom between diggers and their suppliers. It was the frequency of such failures that verified the strange anomaly that, on the whole, the expense of getting the gold cost more than it was worth. The diggers generally worked their claims in small companies of four to six men. These would for the time being live together, their common expenses being defrayed out of the return of the claim, and the surplus divided in equal parts among them. Their meals consisted of

beef, black tea, and ' damper.' These were as a rule the only articles of food that could be conveyed to them for want of communication. When Father Binsfeld was their guest he would receive a liberal portion of these luxuries. As long as the diggers worked they were industrious and orderly. They had to keep to their claims, as absence from them, except on official holidays, gave anyone the right to ' jump ' it, and make it his lawful property. Though they were a gathering of all nationalities, they lived and toiled together in harmony, and entertained fellow-feelings one towards another. The Russian ' Charley,' the Norwegian ' Jensen,' the German ' Michael ' felt themselves as much at home as ' Pat ' or ' Tommy.' They had an *esprit de corps* among themselves; they formed a class apart—a fine lot of men, independent and proud of their position. The whole range of society had their representatives among them, from the nobleman, the university man, and the clergyman, down to the ordinary working man. ' What pleasant nights were spent among them when time allowed me,' states Father Binsfeld, ' to admit scholars to my hut, and to hear quotations from Virgil, Horace, Homer etc., longer and more varied than I could recite, or to hear them speak as learned men on a variety of interesting subjects. On the whole, they were a class of men one could not help liking and admiring, on account of their good-natured dispositions. Two serious evils they were, however, subject to especially. Gold-fever was one of them; that is, they thirsted after riches, and when they had earned sufficient capital to retire and enjoy ease and comfort, or engage in some other pursuit, they would invest all they had in greater mining undertakings. These generally turned out failures, and then, penniless once more, they had to begin life again. The other evil was far more deplorable. In selling their gold at the bank the diggers would get their pockets filled with loose bank notes; with these they would go to a drinking saloon, where all would be spent in drunkenness and disorder. In this state of intoxication they would often let their pound notes drop on the floor, from where the money was not infrequently picked up and kept by the attendants under the plea that if they did not annex it others would do so.

From what I have read or heard about the kind of people on the goldfields in other parts of the world (says Father Binsfeld), such could not be compared with those composing the mining community among which I labored, and the same could be justly applied to all on the goldfields of the West Coast of New Zealand. It is true that, as has already been remarked, at certain times they would give way to disorder, and spend their money in a senseless, nay sinful, manner, but so long as they were up-country away from temptation and engaged in their work, they had

reason to be—as, indeed, they were—proud of their community. They were honest, considerate towards one another, and, in the event of an accident happening to one among them, they were, if the necessity existed, liberal with their time and money in the unfortunate one's behalf. Their huts would not infrequently be out of sight, away from the workings, and a stranger might enter unobserved. The owners would occasionally stow away gold inside their huts, the door was usually unlocked, still no robbery was effected at any time, to my knowledge. The miners explained to me their apparent want of precaution thus: 'We know one another; we would not tolerate a suspected man amongst us, and a dishonest stranger simply passing could hardly escape us. At any rate (my informant added), whenever you pass by in our absence, go in and have a drink of black tea out of the billy, which you will always find near the fire.' This I did on more than one occasion after a long and tiresome ride, to the great relief of body and mind. But I must confess here that once I did take a bag of gold dust, to the value of about £100, from a miner, but in the presence of several other miners. The man was intoxicated. I knew that he would lose all this gold before he would regain his sober senses, so I resolutely took the bag out of the man's coat pocket, saying: 'I put this gold in "this man's bank" ' (indicating my own pocket), and thus it was saved for the time being. My action was applauded, and the poor drunkard looked as if he had nothing else to do than resign himself to his empty pocket. As regards the priest's work, there was much encouragement and satisfaction in it. A large proportion of the miners were Irish Catholics, most of whom were easily brought to practise their religion, and they were proud of their priest coming amongst them. No other minister of religion up till then, and for several years later, had made an appearance on the diggings; in fact, the only travellers to the various mining places were principally the gold warden, the policeman, the postman, and the priest, excepting, of course, the packers.

The priest's message was disinterested, and always peaceful—a fact acknowledged by all, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The same could not, however, be said of the other three classes of travellers. Hence, the priest was always welcome wherever he went; so much so that non-Catholics would vie with members of his own flock in offering gratuitous hospitality to the priest and his horse. In this connection he was once somewhat embarrassed at Moonlight Creek, the difficulty being solved by the horse going to the Catholic party, whilst the priest took up his abode with the kind-hearted Protestant host. Payment for accommodation at hotels, too, would but rarely be accepted. His work all the

week round was ordinarily a priest's Sunday work. His arrival at the various digging places was made known by previous public notice. When time allowed after arrival, he would go into the claims before the men ceased work for the day, and here a serious business would, owing to the good disposition of the men, be generally done in a pleasant manner. It was not an unusual thing for the priest openly to ask there and then some poor sinner to come to his duty. The forenoon of the day on which Mass was celebrated was, by common consent, made a half-holiday, to give all Catholics an opportunity of assisting, although most of the claims were worked by men of different denominations. Non-Catholics invariably showed themselves very agreeable in this regard, and always as respectful to the priest as were the Catholics. At the conclusion of Mass a start was made for the next diggings, there to go through precisely the same work, in the same manner, and with equal mutual satisfaction. The distance would be ten to fifteen or more miles. The weather conditions most acceptable to the miners were plenty of moisture, as water formed an essential feature of successful operations—a condition of things which grew upon one having daily intercourse with them as almost a natural habit. It sometimes occurred that the next place could be more easily reached on foot than on horseback; the horse then would get a day or two holiday, in which event the priest would trudge through mud and up mountain sides with his 'chapel' of 28lb weight strapped to his shoulders. The time would come when fatigue would make itself felt; then the snug presbytery at Greymouth would be looked forward to as a place of sweet and welcome rest.

Whilst Father Binsfeld had thus spent his time up-country, Father Colomb had got the parish at Greymouth in working order. He had to a certain extent become familiar to the new mode of life, and was anxious to learn more of it. Having prepared himself to go to the diggings, his confrere was left in charge at Greymouth, and he set out. Having conceived a plan of travelling different from that adopted by his companion, literally an imitation of the Apostles, he hired a man to carry his bag, and started on foot. His destination was the Greenstone, a very populous goldfield at that time and fairly easy of access. Being near the coast, it had a bad name, and here were to be found rampant all the worst features associated with mining settlements. The work of the missionary here was not by any means so satisfactory as it was in more remote localities. Father Colomb was, however, a zealous man, outspoken in private conversation as well as in the pulpit. By his mastery of the English language, fluency, and commanding presence, he gained the attention of his hearers, and if he did not carry his point, he at least left behind him

salutary impressions. Such was his appearance at the Greenstone, that people were awestruck for the time, and were well provided with subjects for future reflection. Rain had meanwhile set in, and on his return home with his man he had to face, among other obstructions, a creek the stream of which had risen considerably. The man essayed the task of conveying Father Colomb, weighing 15 stone, on his shoulders across. In the stream he stumbled and fell, with his living freight, much to the disgust of the latter. Here again was a practical illustration of what was meant in those days of 'roughing it.' The miners only looked upon such an occurrence from its ludicrous side. The miners, accustomed to dangers, were often reckless when crossing rivers. When, however, they were crossing in numbers, a chain would be formed, the strongest man, with a load upon his shoulders, going in front, and thus the whole number would ford in safety. When a man forded alone he would use a pole or the handle of his shovel, to brace himself against the current, this kind of attempt being the cause of most of the fatalities. On horseback the danger was equally great, if not greater. Father Colomb returned home from his first trip in a very serious mood, and exceedingly reticent as to his happenings, which, however, soon became the subject of common report. In pursuance of his plan of visiting, as a part of his duties, the mining centres, he started a few days later for Maori Gully, about twenty miles upcountry, and at that time one of the principal diggings in the district. This time, as a change in his mode of travelling, he set off on horseback, and kept to it in all his subsequent journeys. From then onward each of the priests attended the diggings and to the parochial work of Greymouth in turn. Soon a mutual regard and esteem sprung up between Father Colomb and the diggers. On the whole, Father Colomb left everywhere a good impression, and the missionary work was progressing well in every direction. He lined the chapel at Maori Gully which was already in existence before his and Father Binsfeld's advent, and he purchased a small house at Clifton, near Marsden, to make a chapel of it.

In the meantime the church at Greymouth had become too small for the congregation. A largely-attended general meeting of the parishioners was held to consider the subject of enlargement on a plan proposed by Father Colomb of the existing building. The general opinion appeared to be in the direction indicated. On consultation, Father Binsfeld, although prepared to assist in the arrangements adopted, expressed the opinion that the work would not be of a lasting nature. The township of those days wherein was situated the church and presbytery were, he thought, too much exposed to floods, and as eventually a move to higher

ground was inevitable, a shift in that direction might as well be made then as later on, although the whole terrace was bush clad. This opinion was not accepted, but the time came when disastrous floods necessitated the building of the church on the present site, and part of the town also on the side of the mountain, where half of Greymouth is now situated. Father Colomb was a lover of architecture, and he threw his whole energy into the additions of the church and its details. A bazaar was at the same time organised to provide the requisite funds, which resulted in the handsome amount of between £700 and £800 being realised, and no debt was left upon the building when completed. From that time onwards the missionaries had reason to feel satisfied. Both had become accustomed to the ways of the people among whom they were laboring—a happy state of affairs which continued till about the month of July of the following year (1871).

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH OF FATHER COLOMB AND THE BEGINNING OF REEFTON.*

'As far as I can remember (states Father Binsfeld) it was in the month of July, 1871, that Father Colomb was called to Wellington by Bishop Viard, probably for the purpose of making his retreat, as immediately on his return I was summoned there for a like duty.' Whilst there, Father Binsfeld was notified of his appointment of priest in charge of the mission of Waimea and Staffordtown, in the Hokitika district, and that he would be replaced at Greymouth by Father Pertuis. Meanwhile Father Colomb, having received a call to Half-ounce on parochial business, a distance of thirty-four miles, departed thither after leaving instructions to have preparations made for the other two priests, who were expected by the next steamer, adding that he would hasten back in time to receive them. Heavy rain set in during his journey, and the next day on his return the creeks and rivers he had to cross were in high flood. When he reached the Ahaura he was warned by two gentlemen, who had just come from Greymouth, that it was unsafe for him to proceed on his journey. Determining, however, to proceed, he soon reached the ford of Nelson Creek, which was in full flood. In crossing, the horse encountered one of those treacherous hidden narrow channels mentioned previously, and went down head foremost. Father Colomb was thrown from his saddle, and the horse, in its attempt to swim, struck him over the temple, so that his death must have been instantaneous. Fathers Binsfeld and Pertuis heard the sad news next day on their arrival at Westport. To the former it was so unexpected and overwhelming that he could not fully believe it until landing early next morning at Greymouth. Going straight to the church, they found it draped in mourning, and then the awful reality of the catastrophe was borne upon them. It was on a Sunday, and already a telegram from Bishop Viard awaited Father Binsfeld reappointing him to the charge of Greymouth, and appointing Father Pertuis to Waimea and Staffordtown. After the first Mass, celebrated by Father Binsfeld, two

* Although, rightly, reference to Reefton should come under the sectional heading of the Church in Wellington, forming as it does a portion of the archdiocese, the connection of early events is interwoven so closely with portions of Westland in the diocese of Christchurch that it is desirable to associate it for the purposes of this narrative with the Church in Canterbury.

search parties were organised by him, as the body of Father Colomb had not as yet been found. One headed by Father Binsfeld began at Nelson Creek and followed the Grey River to Brunnerton, the other from Brunnerton to the sea. The body was found on the beach, having been swept down through snags and obstructions a distance of over twenty miles. The mark of the horse's shoe was clearly defined on the left temple, whilst the face bore a calm expression. A ritual was found in the breast pocket only slightly damaged, and is still in the possession of Father Binsfeld.

All classes in the town and country sorrowed for the loss of a good and holy man who, by his superior ability, affability, and tact, had, in the space of a short time, endeared himself to the public generally. The day of the funeral was proclaimed a public holiday for the miners, thus enabling them to leave their claims. About eight hundred of them came from every direction and great distances to join in the funeral procession—a very imposing one—which was taken part in by a vast concourse representing every denomination. The funeral sermon was preached by Father Michael Cummins, and the body was enclosed in a leaden coffin, encased in a wooden one, and interred in a brick vault beneath the church. The site of the church in later years was used for other purposes, and the body of Father Colomb, after a lapse of about twenty years, was exhumed and transferred to the cemetery. He was forty-five years of age at the time of his death—the untimely and sudden nature of which came as a great shock to his confreres in New Zealand. Even at his time of life he wrote down all his sermons, which are still preserved at Meanee. He never spoke about the hardships he endured in travelling on the diggings. His memory is still green on the Coast. 'Revisiting Greymouth a few years ago, after an absence of twenty-four years (states Father Binsfeld), I heard the people then speak of Father Colomb as a great priest, a model priest, and one for whom they still entertained the warmest feelings and most tender recollections.'

Owing to the sad and tragic death of Father Colomb, Father Binsfeld found himself alone again, and occupying the same position as before Father Colomb's arrival, with the difference that, besides the responsibilities of the parish, he keenly realised the loss of his late confrere. Father Binsfeld remained at Greymouth until September of the following year, 1872. At Greymouth events marched on in a satisfactory manner, but the number of new diggings that were opened out on the goldfields country increased, with a corresponding increase in his labors. Among the new discoveries was Murray's Creek, on the Inangahua, the present Reefton. This was at that time the Ultima Thule of gold-seekers, situated about 70 miles from Greymouth, most diffi-

cult of access, and reached by circuitous tracks. The miners called it jocularly the ' penal settlement,' and the hardships encountered in getting to it and experienced there justified the appellation. There was again the difficulty of getting provisions to such a place; these had to be carried on the shoulders of carriers over very rough country from the Upper Grey—a distance of twenty odd miles. The cost of carriage alone to Murray's Creek amounted at the beginning to £28 per ton. Father Binsfeld came on the scene when the quartz reefs were being opened up. The means of communication consisted of a saddle track through the little Grey River over the Razorback range to the junction of the Inangahua and Buller rivers, and from thence up the Inangahua river to Murray's Creek, or Reefton. It was a venturesome journey, so much so that newspaper writers were in the habit of gathering information about it from travellers who returned to Greymouth. The Little Grey River Valley is up to the mountain range an open country and so far an advantage to the wayfarer of those days, but there is (or then was) a large swamp several miles long in the upper part; this had to be passed through. Flax sticks stuck in as finger posts indicated the erratic course to be steered. When the wind blew one or more of these sticks down, the rider and the poor horse had their trouble to keep on high ground and get on the right track again. Happily there was shingle at the bottom, but still nothing but the thirst for gold could find out such a passage. It was not an unusual thing to pass a dead packhorse that had perished in the attempt to extricate itself. Higher up in the forest the wet surface of the ground was in parts covered with a network of spongy roots that would catch the horse's hoofs trap-like, and when that happened, were it not for the seriousness of the case, the position of the rider would have caused hilarity among expert horsemen. A number of culverts hastily constructed over deep, narrow creeks had to be crossed at considerable risk. On one occasion the narrator counted no fewer than six dead horses that had perished on this part of the journey from exhaustion or accident. From the Buller to Reefton the river bed of the Inangahua formed a safe passage in good weather.

No wonder the miners called the Inangahua goldfields the ' penal settlement.' Only those among them that were hard-up or most daring penerated into that ' confusion of nature '—dense forest, cragged mountains, and swift torrents. In alluvial diggings the miner gets a quick return for his labor, for when gold was found he washed and sold it. Not so here, however, as the gold was embedded in quartz, which required expensive machinery to crush. Two years elapsed before such a method of gold-saving could be secured. Meanwhile they had to live on credit, and truly men of that stamp deserved credit. The miners here, as in

other places, were capital fellows, the majority of whom were Catholics. They felt the want of a priest, and one poor man came all the way to Greymouth to make known to Father Binsfeld their state of spiritual destitution, and his arrival among them was heartily welcomed. It was the first time a minister of religion had come to the Inangahua, and the good Irishmen were proud of the fact that it was their priest. They had the benefit of a three days' mission and attended well. The facilities for the celebration of Mass were primitive, but the miners erected a new altar out of beautiful slabs cut from the trunk of a virgin forest tree. The short mission was greatly appreciated by this small community. They had but one regret, their want of money to compensate the priest in providing his travelling expenses, which were no trifle, as a horse-feed, for instance, cost six shillings, the hire of the horse alone being eighteen shillings a day. Priest and people parted with joyful hearts, but the joy of the former was of short duration, as he had to make a very perilous journey. It had been raining, and reaching the Inangahua river it was found to be rapidly rising. There was a journey of eight miles along the river bed before him, still it was thought by some that it would be safe to start. This river, down to its junction with the Buller, runs through a narrow gorge, with heavily bush-clad banks down to the water on either side. In good weather, when the stream is low, the stony bed is mostly dry and the river winding from one side to the other may be crossed a number of times with ease. Whilst in flood the case is different; the stream then becomes a furious torrent with a bed of rolling boulders. Father Binsfeld had not proceeded far when he perceived that danger existed both in front and rear. The flood was gaining on him, and there was no escape except pressing onwards with the current, over moving boulders, and at the best each crossing meant facing death anew. This crossing and recrossing lasted four hours, when, finally reaching accessible high ground, he was safe. The one thought absorbing his mind during the struggle was of eternity, and when the struggle was at an end he could scarcely realise being still among the living. Here he intended to pass the night, but, meeting three horsemen who were surveyors, and in a similar plight to himself, and all being blocked by the river from further progress, they decided to make for a so-called accommodation house not far distant. By cutting their way through supplejacks and along deep narrow creeks, they succeeded in reaching the house, and were amused at the accommodation offered. It was a two-roomed hut occupied by a family. Everything was of the most primitive description, the food being salt junk and paste warmed in the pan for bread. A private corner was provided for Father Binsfeld, to his great satisfaction, during the night. The sun was high up in the heavens when he awoke, and found

that his companions had already started. He finally reached home in good spirits, and thankful for his escape from danger. Failing health and the nature of the work wore him down, and the necessity for a change arising, Bishop Viard appointed Father Binsfeld assistant to Father Garin at Nelson, Father Belliard replacing him at Greymouth.

'The Catholics, to their credit,' writes the Rev. J. Buller (Wesleyan) in his book, *Forty Years in New Zealand*, 'sent a priest into the wilds of Westland before any Protestant was among the multitude.' An esteemed correspondent supplies the appended supplementary particulars regarding the early missionary days of Greymouth : — 'I believe (he writes) Father Binsfeld, and later Father Belliard, were succeeded by Father Ecuyer, the first priest I remember in Greymouth. He must have left about 1880 owing to ill-health. I can just remember him coming to the school to hear the children recite their catechism and other lessons. Father Ecuyer was succeeded by Father McGuiness, a very zealous priest, but very weak in health. He established the Sisters of Mercy in Greymouth, the first band coming from Hokitika in 1881. His health broke down, and he had to leave Greymouth about the year 1885 or 1886. He had as curate for a time Father J. O'Connor, who died at Rangiora some years later. The latter, who did most of the work in the outlying districts, was a great horseman, and a very popular priest. Father McGuiness was succeeded by Father (now Dean) Carew. The town of Greymouth was growing rapidly owing to the improvements made to the harbor. The Very Rev. Dean thought it time to shift from the lower part of the town, and determined to build in a more central position and on higher ground. The parishioners took up the project warmly, and the result was the fine brick church at present occupying probably the best position in the progressive town. The old presbytery was likewise abandoned, and a fine residence bought on the terrace overlooking the church property. The convent has been enlarged several times, and a new school built. The church property at Greymouth at present is, comparatively speaking, as good as the best in the Dominion.'

THE CHURCH IN WELLINGTON

CHAPTER XXI.

BEFORE THE MISSIONARIES CAME, AND THEIR ARRIVAL.

The first colonising expedition, promoted by Captain Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Chairman of the New Zealand Land Company, landed at Port Nicholson from the ship ' Tory,' 400 tons, under command of Colonel William Wakefield, brother of the founder, on September 20, 1839. The site of the projected town and large tracts of the adjacent country were acquired from the Natives by the Company, at what must be considered very advantageous terms, although only after greatly protracted negotiations. The ship ' Cuba ' next put in an appearance, conveying a staff of surveyors under Captain Smith. A township was laid off or planned on the Petone Beach, and named Britannia, and here the first settlers landed. A change of locality for a permanent town was after a few months decided upon, the result being the present site and alteration of name to Wellington. The time seems not far distant, however, when Greater Wellington will have so far extended that the historic spot marking the beginning of things will be absorbed in the rising city. The settlement was established under what seemed favorable conditions, and on January 22, 1840, just a week before the arrival of Captain Hobson at the Bay of Islands (as first Governor), the emigrant ship ' Aurora ' arrived at Port Nicholson with the first shipment of regular British colonists.

Writing in his diary, Bishop Pompallier thus describes the first occasion upon which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up in this newly-founded settlement:—' Accompanied by Father Pesant, who was now able to speak a little of the Maori language, I set sail from Akaroa for Port Nicholson. We arrived there on Christmas Eve, 1840. There is a rising town of about 3500 Europeans, among whom are some hundreds of Irish Catholics, who greatly desired to receive the succors of religion at the hands of a legitimately consecrated minister. There were also at Port Nicholson and in its neighborhood several populous tribes of

Natives. The day after my arrival I celebrated Holy Mass in a house which the Catholic magistrate lent me for the purpose. All the Catholics, and a large number of Protestants, assisted thereat. I gave them all an instruction in English. Several Natives also came to witness the ceremonies of the Mother Church, of which they knew more by the falsehoods they had heard against her than by the truths that characterise her legitimacy and her divinity. As the missionary who accompanied me was not sufficiently well versed in either English or Maori, I exercised alone the sacred ministry in my pastoral visits, in which I applied myself to making known the true Church and the principal truths of salvation, and held out the hope of soon being able to send them a resident Catholic priest. We remained ten days at Port Nicholson. There I heard the confessions of the whites belonging to the faith, conferred Baptism on their children, blessed the marriages that had not been celebrated by a Catholic priest, and also gave Confirmation to a certain number of persons whom I had prepared. All the whites belonging to the faith showed much eagerness and zeal in profiting by the aids of salvation. I gathered them together at the end of my visit in a large room, and they opened a subscription for the erection of a church. The representative of the English Society was present; he also gave a handsome subscription and made a gift of a piece of land for the establishment of the Catholic mission. All the best Protestant society in the town showed great civility and kindness to the Catholic Bishop. After having left at Port Nicholson a pious and well-informed white catechist in the person of Dr. Fitzgerald, I set sail again for Akaroa, which was reached after a rapid and pleasant voyage.' Mentioning this first visit of the Bishop to Wellington, Mr. E. J. Wakefield, in his book, *Adventure in New Zealand*, says:—'Monsignor Pompallier, the Catholic Bishop of New Zealand, had visited Wellington during my absence, on his return from the French settlement at Akaroa, to his headquarters at the Bay of Islands. The gentlemen of the club and others who had enjoyed his acquaintance spoke highly of his urbane manners and his philanthropic views with regard to the Natives. "A Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year" had been celebrated in old English style. Fat bullocks had been slaughtered and dressed with evergreens, and the new year saluted with ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and hoisting of flags.'

About two years after this visit of the Bishop the Rev. J. J. P. O'Reily arrived at Wellington, and devoted himself with great zeal to the spiritual care of the scattered faithful of the district. There was, stated Sir Charles Clifford, in a speech made in London in 1874, as yet no priest stationed there when he landed there in 1842. The Catholics were very numerous, and

they agreed to assemble at my house on Sundays and holidays in order to, as much as possible, sanctify those days.

It is evident, however, that towards the end of the same year, or at the beginning of the year following, Father O'Reily arrived on the scene. The earliest authentic record connected with Father O'Reily—that most zealous missionary, who saw the Empire City rise from very small proportions to a large and important town—is contained in a letter written by him to the *Australasian Chronicle*, of Sydney, in the month of April, 1843, which is republished in the 'History of the Catholic Church in Australasia.' 'I came here' (Wellington), Father O'Reily writes, 'in the ship with the Hon. Mr. Petre on the application of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, to take charge of what Catholics might be here. I was delighted to find some of my poor countrymen here from Erin's most distant shores, and it cheered me to let them see, if I could do nothing else, the solicitude of the Church in their regard. They are, in truth, like the Jews—scattered everywhere; but not like that historical nation, to parcel out in fragments, broken and disconnected, the gem of truth, but to offer it whole and without flaw in the vast bosom of the Catholic Church. The poor people have no chapel here as yet, nor have they means of providing one. Up to the present we have been saying Mass in a room adjoining a publichouse; we are lately removed to an old store on the beach. Might I ask it as a favor of you to announce your willingness to receive the subscriptions of any of our good neighbors of Sydney who might without injury to their local charities confer a mite on us. Having given the temperance pledge to some thousands of my dear countrymen in Ireland, it may be that I am known to some stray member of the flock in Sydney.' The letter is dated from Wellington, Port Nicholson, April 2, 1843. Father O'Reily was a Capuchin and a member of the same religious Order as the famous Father Mathew, and was one of his first and most energetic fellow-laborers in the cause of temperance in Kilkenny, Dublin, and elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXII.

SECOND VISIT OF BISHOP POMPALLIER AND MISSIONARY PROGRESS.

Bishop Pompallier records in his diary a second visit he made to Wellington from the Bay of Islands in a hired schooner of 60 tons, dating his departure thence as February, 1844. 'I found there' (Port Nicholson), he writes, 'about two hundred and fifty white Catholics, the majority of whom were Irish. The care of their salvation was entrusted to Father O'Reily. I added to him Father Comte, whom I specially charged with the spiritual care of the Natives. I spent about three days amidst the people at Port Nicholson, where I conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation. Then I sought the assistance of Father O'Reily to visit Akaroa, the tribes of Port Cooper (Lyttelton), the English colonists of Nelson, and the Natives of Kapiti Island (the stronghold of the redoubtable Te Rauparaha and his warrior chiefs). On all these visits the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Matrimony were conferred. I took Father O'Reily back to Port Nicholson, whence I started alone on my return to the Bay of Islands.' This is the last recorded visit of the venerable Bishop to Wellington.

Father O'Reily erected at Te Aro, Wellington, the first church in this district, and it was recently stated on the authority of one of the earliest settlers that the oldest house in the city now existing is that little cottage built and formerly occupied by him. For two score years he labored with untiring energy in Wellington and district. Across Cook Strait in an open boat, along the western coast and inland he travelled, bringing the consolations of religion to the scattered pioneers of the settlement. His first little church, dedicated to St. Mary of the Angels', in Boulcott street, had more than once to be enlarged, and through his exertions it was rebuilt in 1874.

At this stage of our memoirs, the following personal narrative from one whose recollections of Wellington extend to his boyhood days will prove interesting:—

'The latter end of the forties found us, a lot of schoolboys under the tuition of Mr. Fryer, in the school chapel on the site now occupied by the presbytery of St. Mary of the Angels', Boulcott street, Wellington. We were astonished one day at seeing

two foreign-looking personages come in and accost our tutor. Mr. Fryer, who was the embodiment of politeness, at once entered into conversation with his visitors. We were greatly interested at hearing our visitors speak a strange language, and felt a certain pride at the versatility displayed by our good old teacher. The visitors were two French pioneer priests of the Marist Order, newly arrived from the northern capital in order to provide for the spiritual wants of Catholic residents, European and aboriginal, in the far-stretching wilds of the southern part of the Colony. These two priests were, if memory does not fail me, Fathers Petitjean and Garin. We were inclined, boy-like, to laugh at the peculiar appearance they presented, with their strange sombrero-like hats, so different to our dear Father O'Reily. The visitors, however, had not taken their departure many minutes when our inclination for merriment at their expense was turned to deep interest and respect. Our master, evidently noticing the want of appreciation displayed, gave a short, but most impressive, lecture to all upon the trials and vicissitudes suffered by these holy men amongst the Maoris of the north in their endeavor to spread our holy religion amongst them and their children.'

A new period opened up, states a missionary record, with the advent of European immigration, and also new duties for the missionaries. In 1848 the progress of colonisation decided the Holy See to establish in New Zealand a regular hierarchy. Bishop Pompallier exchanged his title of Vicar-Apostolic of Western Oceanica for that of Bishop of Auckland; whilst Monsignor Viard, his coadjutor since 1845, was charged with the new diocese of Wellington, comprising a part of the North Island and the whole of the South, and adjoining Islands. After this change the Marist Fathers quitted the diocese of Auckland for that of Wellington. The Right Rev. Dr. Viard, S.M., first Bishop of Wellington, was born in Lyons, France, on October 11, 1809. He was a fellow-student of Father Bataillon, the apostle of Wallis, and, like him, a Marist. He made his religious profession as a member of the Marist Order in May, 1839. In the same year he left his native land for New Zealand with a small company of priests and a lay Brother, to reinforce the ranks of the earlier missionaries. He arrived on December 11, 1839, was closely associated with Bishop Pompallier, and entered upon the work of evangelising the Maoris with great zeal and energy. After a short time he was on the point of accompanying the Bishop on his first visit to Rome on the French man-of-war ' L'Aube,' at Akaroa, when the startling intelligence of the massacre of Father Chanel reached them. Their plans were immediately changed. Father Viard proceeded to Futuna to secure the venerated remains of Father Chanel. He returned to the Bay of Islands with the

body of the Blessed Chanel, which was sent to the Mother House of the Society of Mary in Lyons, where it is now reverently enshrined. He returned to the South Sea Islands, engaged in missionary work there, and subsequently (in 1843) accompanied Bishop Douarre to New Caledonia when the latter went to take possession of his mission.

Father Viard was consecrated by Archbishop Polding at Sydney on January 4, 1846. Bishop Viard left Auckland on April 20, 1850, with five Fathers and ten Brothers, to enter the new mission entrusted to the Society of Mary. The Prelate and his companions entered Wellington Harbor on May 1, 1850, and were accorded a very kind reception by Father O'Reily and the leading Catholics, who did all in their power to assist them. From an account supplied by Mr. A. H. Blake, I learn that very shortly afterwards a start was made with the Cathedral, school house, and presbytery. Bishop Viard and his assistant priests, Fathers Seon, Petitjean, Comte, Pezant, Forest, and Garin, occupied in the meantime a house in Karori road. The Bishop meanwhile was not idle in his peaceful retreat; he devised plans to utilise in the most efficient manner possible his little band of missionaries. The site for these buildings, one of the best in Wellington, was given by the Hon. Mr. Petre. A convent school was soon established, with Sister Mary St. Joseph as principal. When the presbytery, or Bishop's House, as it was termed, was nearing completion, the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated in the upper storey—a room capable of holding about fifty persons. This was, indeed, a long-looked-for blessing, as previously the residents of Thorndon, Tinakori road, Kaiwhara, and other places had to walk long distances over an almost pathless country to attend Mass, whilst children were growing up without education, religious or secular. Frere Yvert, a Marist Brother, and Mr. Huntley were in charge of the boys' school. The latter was an English gentleman and a convert, his conversion taking place during Hone Heke's historical struggle against British supremacy at Kororareka. Brother Yvert taught English in the school, being an accomplished linguist, and also gave private lessons in foreign languages to various personages apart from the school, Lady Grey, wife of the Governor, being among the number of his pupils. The Maoris were not forgotten, a house being erected for their shelter when wishing to stay in town for the purpose of attending Mass. On one occasion—a Sunday morning—the narrator, then a very small boy, was told by Father Petitjean to go and tell the Maoris to come to prayers. 'My knowledge of Maori at the time was somewhat limited,' he said, 'consequently the Father made me repeat the message until I had learned it thoroughly: "Haere mai, ki te karakia" (come to prayers). Proceeding to the house, I gave the message to

a much astonished company, who wondered that so small a pakeha boy could be such a fluent speaker of their language. The puzzled Natives then handed me a New Testament, which they had been trying to decipher, requesting me to read it for them. I did so, and, without understanding but few of the words, thus establishing another record as a youthful prodigy in the minds of the Natives. I closed the book without remark, and hurried back to Mass, the Maoris following.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BISHOP VIARD AND THE EARLY COLONISTS.

From the school boys were drafted, some for service at the altar, others for the choir. My brother and I were selected for the latter. Mr. Huntly was choirmaster, Mrs. (Dr.) Fitzgerald organist. Of this lady it was said that nothing was ever allowed to interfere with her choir practice. Dr. Fitzgerald, colonial surgeon in charge of the provincial hospital, was either originator or mainstay of every undertaking for charity, or the furtherance of our holy religion. The other adult male members of our choir were splendidly supported by several bandsmen of H.M. Sixty-fifth Regiment, whose headquarters were then in Wellington. The two brothers Currie, Rattigan, and Ward all helped vocally, but on festival occasions their instruments were brought into requisition. The question of raising funds for Church purposes, owing to sparseness of population, and consequent scarcity of money, was one of great difficulty. The comparatively short time occupied in the erection of St. Mary's Cathedral in Thorndon was a matter of astonishment to all, especially to our non-Catholic neighbors. The liberal donor of the site (the Hon. Mr. Petre), Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Clifford, Dr. Fitzgerald, and other Catholic gentlemen of the time gave valuable and generous assistance.

The first Holy Week ceremonies held in the Cathedral made a deep impression on the minds of all who witnessed them. On Holy Thursday the good Bishop washed the feet of twelve boys. In those days Mr. Clifford had frequent visitors from the Old Land—gentlemen who, so far as we boys were concerned, were a much appreciated addition to a noted Catholic household. One of these (Mr. Stapleton) spent a great deal of his time training boys for the altar. One Easter Sunday this kindly gentleman provided at his sole expense a luncheon for altar boys, choir, schoolmasters, and all who were in any way connected with the Cathedral. He also added considerably to the enjoyment of the company by assisting at the table, and seeing that the juvenile portion particularly were well served.

In 1850 Bishop Viard erected a residence in Wellington, wherein the Fathers and Brothers also dwelt, and a convent for the Sisters intended to have charge of the girls' school. After waiting for many years, it was not until 1861 that he succeeded

in obtaining from the Superior of the Convent of Mercy at Auckland three Sisters to found a community in Wellington. These arrived on June 14 of the same year. Writing to the Mother House in the following month, they stated: 'Our little convent is in an elevated position at a short distance from the base of high hills, which form a kind of amphitheatre, extending to the harbor, which forms a front view. Attached to it is a Providence for the Native girls, which was built by the Government, who allowed £10 for the support of each Native girl instructed in it. The town principally extends along the beach.'

The convent, which was also to serve as a temporary school for girls, was formally opened and blessed on September 8, 1850. It was attended by children of all denominations, many of whom became converts to the faith. On the same day the good prelate had the consolation of blessing the first stone of the Wellington Cathedral. In a circular, issued by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, on the destruction of this historic and beautifully designed edifice, appeared the following:

'On the 28th of November, 1898, that venerable old landmark, that conspicuous and graceful edifice crowning Golder's Hill, Wellington, St. Mary's Cathedral, was accidentally set on fire by a workman engaged in painting the tower, and totally destroyed, with its fine organ and splendid marble altar, each worth £600. It would be impossible to adequately convey in words the feelings of amazement, of sorrow, of regret, we might say of bereavement, which overwhelmed the thousands of devoted Catholics, while they saw the fierce and cruel flames devour an edifice which clung to their hearts by the holiest and most touching associations, or while they afterwards contemplated with tearful eyes the charred and unsightly ruins of their beautiful and beloved Cathedral. The citizens of every class and denomination in Wellington keenly shared the grief of Catholics, and gave repeated and emphatic expression of their deep sympathy. But the chief mourners, of course, were the older members of the congregation—persons who, from their earliest childhood, had been associated most affectionately, in all that was impressive, holy, and religious, with that venerated pile, where the very knowledge, substance, and framework of their religious convictions had been formed, fostered, and cherished. There they had been baptised, there confirmed, there admitted to First Communion, there married. They remembered the time when they were conducted again and again to the sacred structure, trotting alongside their parents' knees, and now, when their hair was whitened with years, when they looked back to a lifetime, and they saw that dear Cathedral gone, and gone for ever, could any outsider fully realise the keenness of their sorrow, the depth of their regret, and the anguish of their bereavement?

'Great honor, no doubt, and unqualified praise are due to all those who were associated with the erection of St. Mary's. How many good and worthy men and women, how many saintly pastors, such as Father Petitjean and Bishop Viard, had their noble share in the undertaking! How Dr. Viard, the first Bishop of Wellington, had set his heart on it while he lived, and how he deserved and obtained that his revered ashes should rest in it after his death! He spoke and wrote about it with pride, as well he might, for, in his time, it was a really great achievement. It was an historic building. Begun in 1850, it was to a certain degree completed for use in 1851, and in that year blessed by Bishop Viard. Later on, in 1865, it was enlarged and again blessed most solemnly by Dr. Viard in 1866, and for upwards of thirty-three years stood much in the same condition as when it was destroyed—at least in regard to externals. Internally it had been completed by the present incumbent of the See, Archbishop (then Bishop) Redwood. Over £1200 were spent in its interior decorations and general improvements, irrespective of the altar and organ, which respectively cost £600 more. And for about forty years it was decidedly the finest Catholic cathedral in all New Zealand. But despite its beautiful style of architecture and graceful elegance, it had become, by the progress of the city, too small for present, not to speak of future, requirements, and, compared with cathedrals which had meantime risen in other parts of the Colony, it naturally appeared dwarfed, diminutive, and altogether behind the times. Nevertheless, so hallowed were its memories and associations, that one was afraid to touch it or hint at its removal. Yet, either it had to be removed, or another cathedral had to be built somewhere else; and it was a very difficult and delicate question to know how to appeal to the Catholics of New Zealand and the Catholics of Wellington in regard to a new cathedral. This was the position. Suddenly, in that mysterious and inscrutable manner peculiarly its own, Divine Providence stepped in, and, by an accident, that inadequate building disappeared, and, facing the position, it became our duty, as it will be our enduring honor, privilege, and glory, to erect a new cathedral, up-to-date and thoroughly in keeping with the requirements of the metropolis of New Zealand.'

Bishop Viard opened the boys' school on May 1, 1851, which was for some time conducted by the Fathers themselves. In the same year, to complete the principal Catholic station of the city, Sir George Grey, who was then Governor of the Colony, granted an acre of land and built the Providence of St. Joseph for the Maori and half-caste girls, who received in it a sound religious and English education. This institution was blessed and opened by Bishop Viard in September, 1851. Dr. Viard, who heretofore

was Diocesan Administrator (with episcopal authority), was, on July 13, 1860, appointed Bishop of the new diocese of Wellington. He did not spare himself in any way, but performed the everyday duties of an ordinary priest. He visited the sick and afflicted, and even taught the children catechism in the schools. St. Mary's Cathedral stood on the summit of a hill which overlooks Thorndon, and commanded a fine and extensive view of the town and harbor. Bishop Viard blessed and dedicated the sacred edifice with great solemnity, attended by a large concourse of people, on December 7, 1866. This event gave great joy to the good prelate and his people, who were justly proud of their fine church. Timber was used in its construction, owing to the frequency during these years of severe earthquakes.

In May, 1868, the Bishop resolved to visit Europe, to procure assistance for his diocese, and also to perform the prescribed visit *ad limina*. On this resolution becoming known, a large and influential meeting was held of the leading citizens of Wellington, Catholic and Protestant. It was attended by the Premier and Provincial Superintendant, to wish him 'God speed,' and to express sincere appreciation of his kindness and many sterling virtues. He departed on June 8, accompanied by the Rev. Father Tresallet. Whilst in Rome Bishop Viard attended the Vatican Council, and during his visit contracted an illness to which he ultimately succumbed. Returning to Wellington, which he reached on May 19, 1871, he was most heartily welcomed. He resumed his pastoral duties, but his health perceptibly failed, and on June 2, 1872, this saintly and greatly revered prelate passed away, amid the fervent prayers of his grief-stricken flock.

In its issue on the day of Bishop Viard's death the *Wellington Independent* had the following eulogium on the deceased prelate: 'If a stranger had visited the city of Wellington as soon as the death of the first Catholic Bishop became known, he would have thought, by the general deep sorrow that hung over the people, that every family had lost one of its members. Bishop Viard came out to New Zealand and labored among the heathen here and in Oceanica at a time when the missionary literally carried his life in his hands. In those early times he endured great hardships, and it is thought that they assisted in sowing the seed of that disease, to which he has now succumbed. For the last twenty-two years he has been at the head of the Catholic diocese of Wellington, and during that lengthened period his large-hearted charity, urbanity, and genuine kindness have won the hearts of all with whom he has been brought into contact, and we are sure we are safe in affirming that he never made a single enemy. As to his own flock, they feel his loss as orphans. By his death the

poor have lost a true friend, the afflicted a sympathetic consoler, the weak and erring a gentle monitor, the orphans a tender father, the community at large one of its brightest ornaments and examples, a true gentleman and Christian.' The remains of the deceased prelate were laid in state in the Cathedral for several days, and were visited by a large number of all denominations. The Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin, came to Wellington to preside over the obsequies of the deceased prelate, and delivered a very eloquent and touching panegyric. The remains were afterwards placed in a vault prepared for them in front of the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the Cathedral.

When Bishop Viard died in Wellington over thirty years ago (stated the *Wairarapa Daily Times* of September 24, 1904), the late Mr. C. E. Haughton, who passed away only recently in Dunedin, wrote a touching poem on the Bishop's death. This poem we have been repeatedly asked to reproduce, but have not been able to obtain a copy, though we have made inquiries in several probable quarters. Last week, however, in the course of some alterations to a residence in Palmerston North, on the removal of a mantelshelf, behind it was found a copy which had appeared in the *Manawatu Standard* some years before. We now, therefore, have pleasure in acceding to the request so often made for its reproduction—but not, unfortunately, until after the death of its gifted author. The late Bishop Viard will be remembered by many old residents of the Wairarapa, who knew him in Wellington, as one of the most learned, pious, devoted, broad-minded, charitable, and self-sacrificing ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church, whose death was deeply deplored by all who knew him, irrespective of religious belief. At the time of his death it was said of him that in all the wide world he had not left an enemy behind. It was the recollection of his many good qualities of head and heart which doubtless inspired the poet, who has since joined him whom he so revered 'on the Golden Shore.' Many to-day who read the touching and appropriate lines, and note the initials of the author, will reverently murmur the heartfelt supplication, '*Requiescat in pace.*'—

IN MEMORIAM.

BISHOP VIARD.

Obiit, June 2, 1872.

'My last end be like his';
Thus sang the inspired seer,
'The death the righteous dies,'
The death without a fear.

What holy calm is set
Upon the pallid brow;
Lifeless, the lips smile yet—
Sweet smile our children knew.

Closed are the loving eyes,
Silent the suasive tongue;
In flesh no more to rise—
His work on earth is done.

Still'd is the kindly heart
Throbbing with love for all;
He chose the better part—
Yet wept the sinner's fall.

They know, who knew him best,
How lovely was his life;
His labor had no rest
In sin's eternal strife.

His the more noble crown
Than victory's laurel wreath
'Midst groans and slaughter won,
And mitraille's fiery breath.

Conquests o'er crime and sin,
Souls rescued from despair—
These have his triumphs been,
These are his wreaths to wear.

Let us not mourn as men
With hopes confined to earth;
Our dead shall rise again
In glorious second birth.

'Glad when he sees the Lord'
Bringing an offering meet—
A 'cloud' of ransomed souls
To their Redeemer's feet.

C. E. H.

Wellington, June 2, 1872.

During the vacancy of the See, Bishop Moran, at the request of Propaganda, acted as Administrator of the diocese, and for the greater part of fifteen months made an episcopal visitation throughout every district of its vast territory. Bishop Viard's successor, Right Rev. Dr. Redwood, received his brief of appointment dated February 8, 1874. He was consecrated Bishop on the following

Feast of St. Patrick in the Church of St. Anne, Spitalfields, London, by Archbishop (later Cardinal) Manning, assisted by the Bishops of Birmingham and Southwark. He arrived in Wellington on November 26, 1874, and was welcomed with great enthusiasm by the clergy and laity, in the land of his love and adoption.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD, S.M.

A writer in the *Record* of December, 1895, contributes the following sketch of the Most Rev. Dr. Redwood:—The Most Rev. Francis Redwood, First Archbishop of Wellington and Metropolitan of New Zealand, was born in the diocese of Birmingham, Staffordshire, England, on April 8, 1839. His Grace sprang from a sturdy yeoman race, which has eminently fitted him for the responsible and laborious position he has been called upon, by the grace of God and favor of the Holy Apostolic See, to fulfil in these remote regions. His mother was a woman of singular prudence and piety. Her greatest care was to mould her child's mind with maxims of piety, great love of God, and a lively horror for the slightest thing which offended Him. After consecrating him specially to the maternal guidance of his Heavenly and Immaculate Mother, he received the name of Francis, to whom he has a marked and strong devotion in the person of his celestial Protector, St. Francis de Sales, the great modern Doctor of the Church. When three years old, his family migrated to the distant shores of New Zealand, 5000 leagues distant from Europe. His primary education commenced under the gentle fostering care of the saintly Father Garin, whom the Archbishop ever speaks of in the most appreciative, grateful, and affectionate manner.

From an early age the future Bishop of Wellington exhibited keen intellectual powers, and Father Garin's clear perception quickly detected these qualities of heart and mind so requisite for building up a great future. Father Garin consequently prevailed upon his parents to allow their gifted son a larger field for developing his intellectual ability.

At an early age young Francis Redwood was sent to France, where he made rapid progress in the various branches of knowledge. He so surpassed all his class-mates and competitors in the various branches of science, polite literature, and philosophy, as to cause admiration and attract attention of his professors and superiors.

After a distinguished course, he was ordained priest, and made his religious profession in the Society of Mary, January 6, 1864. The first years of his priestly life were occupied in the important position of Professor of Scholastic Philosophy and Theology in Dundalk and Dublin, Ireland.

Dr. Redwood was called to the episcopate, and consecrated by his Eminence the late Cardinal Manning, at the Church of the Marist Fathers, St. Anne's, Spitalfields, London, March 17, 1874, and appointed Titular Bishop of Wellington, New Zealand, the land of his love and of his adoption. Formerly, the diocese of Wellington comprised the provinces of Wellington, Taranaki, and Hawke's Bay in the North Island, and Nelson, Marlborough, Canterbury, and Westland in the South Island. In the year 1887 the boundaries were restricted to their present limits. It now comprises the former provinces of Wellington, Taranaki, and Hawke's Bay in the North Island, and the larger portion of Nelson, together with the whole of Marlborough, in the South Island.

On March 13, 1887, Dr. Redwood was created Archbishop by Papal Brief, and was thus constituted Metropolitan of New Zealand. Archbishop Redwood is a glorious pillar of the Church in this Colony—an eloquent, logical, convincing, and brilliant orator, often termed the Bossuet of Australasia, and an indefatigable worker. His Grace bears the reputation of being a man of deep reading and sound scholarship. His literary activity is represented by his admirable Pastoral Letters, his various lectures, and no small number of pamphlets and valuable articles from time to time in the press. His conversational powers are of the highest and most varied order, touching upon every topic of the day, and one is surprised at the enormous wealth of information at his disposal.

He is exquisitely fond of music, and, like his great model and countryman, the late lamented Cardinal Newman, passes his stray moments of recreation in gently tuning his famous ' Strad,' in the sounds of which he perfectly revels. None of his priests work harder than himself. Continually travelling his vast diocese, he has naturally, on his different journeyings by land and sea, encountered, yet cheerfully surmounted, many difficulties and dangers. Gentle in manner, yet naturally of a retiring disposition, Archbishop Redwood is loved by all those who enjoy his intimacy, and those who come within the magic circle of his influence are attracted to him in a very remarkable manner.

As a proof of his zeal and labor, we have but to instance the late huge work undertaken by him in going through every parish of his archdiocese preaching missions, and, like the Prince of Pastors, the Good Shepherd, laboring for the salvation of souls. The esteem in which he is held by all is growing from year to year. In his Pastoral Letters and official pronouncements he has times out of number expressed his deep interest in religious education, and has been often instrumental in obtaining scholarships and exhibitions for the benefit of Catholic children. Con-

tinually we hear of his travelling his archdiocese, laying the foundation stones of or opening schools. As to the number of schools, chapels, monasteries, orphanages, etc., established during his episcopate, it would be tedious to enumerate them. Every good work of religion and charity receives liberal support from the hands of his Grace. The Nelson Industrial School, Wellington Orphanage, etc., etc., are monuments to his zeal. St. Patrick's College, especially, stands forth as a glorious monument of the noble idea conceived by his Grace in years past. To use his own words, uttered by him on the day of the opening of St. Patrick's College, 'We are founding an institution, the vast possibilities of whose future lie far beyond the reach of our keenest conjectures, an institution in which Christian faith and true science will go hand in hand, and where youth will be trained in the doctrine and law of Christ required for the attainment of their eternal destiny, and in such an amount of secular knowledge as will fit them for their various careers in life.' The importance of such an undertaking can scarcely be exaggerated. Among his own flock he is spoken of as a ripe scholar, a thorough Churchman, and a zealous and humble Archbishop, who lives in the hearts of his people and of those who really know him. Such is a brief sketch of Archbishop Redwood. All Catholics—Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, or Welshmen, we are sure, heartily join at this holy season in union with our readers of the little Christchurch *Record*, in tendering him their respectful homage and love, hoping that God's choicest blessings may be showered upon him; and in the language of Holy Church, of which he is so valiant a champion and bright ornament, '*Ad multos et plenos annos.*'

The Auckland *Observer*, in an appreciative article of Dr. Redwood when as Bishop only, wrote of him in the following terms:—The Catholic Bishop of Wellington is deservedly a favorite with all classes of the community. He magnifies his office, and in so doing finds that by it he is magnified. The ancients said: 'It is not to be considered among the actors who is prince or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best.' So in like manner, Francis Redwood, 'by the Grace of God,' a Bishop of the Catholic Church, is well spoken of by his brethren, and known by the poor and the sick. He plays his part well, and other players say so. Men do not obtain distinction from the circumstances of their lives alone, but mainly from their behaviour lending grace to their environments. The first of New Zealand-trained bishops, he will possess a distinction others cannot attain; the child of a pioneer family, he has become an episcopal pioneer, although forming a link in an endless chain. Born and reared on the other side of Cook's Straits, he had the good fortune to be taught and trained by Father Garin, one of the French priests

who came long since to New Zealand—a band whose memoirs have not yet been written, but whose memories are still fragrant in the Maori recollection. He became a priest—then a Bishop—but still a priest. There are few events in a priest's life save the performance of duty, but, then, most things are comprised in the duty of a priest. Caste, color, creed, mould not the priest's duty; sin, sorrow, want—these things shape his conduct. Of Yorkshire extraction, the Bishop attends an antipodean meeting of the Irish Land League, believing, as a prince of his Church wrote, ' That God made the solid land for something else than to pay rent, and that the tenant who improves the soil, not the landlord, has a right to every tittle of the increased value.' He carefully fosters religious education from the belief that by its operation society can only cohere, ' one in whom persuasion and belief has ripened into faith, and faith become a passionate intuition.'

An editorial congratulatory article appearing in the *N.Z. Tablet* of April 22, 1909, on the attainment by Archbishop Redwood of his seventieth birthday, stated: Just over ten years ago the Most Rev. Francis Redwood, S.M., Archbishop of Wellington and Metropolitan of New Zealand, celebrated his episcopal silver jubilee. And last week his priests joined in festive solemnity to congratulate him on the virile freshness with which he has entered upon the new region of life that is supposed to start with three score and ten. The Archbishop's history is, to an extent, the history of the Catholic Church in New Zealand. He saw the Church in this Dominion expand from the few scattered Catholics of his boyhood days, with the single pioneer Bishop Pompallier, down to the rich growth of the present year of grace.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOME OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

From Mr. F. W. Petre, Dunedin, I have received the following particulars with regard to some of the English Catholic families, whose members had to do with the colonisation of the Wellington province, such as Sir Charles Clifford, Sir Frederick Weld, Hon. Henry Petre, etc. All these representative men (writes Mr. Petre) were originally induced to join the colonisation scheme by my grandfather, Lord Petre, of Thorndon. This very strong Catholic infusion in the early settlement of Wellington was produced through my father's intimate connection with Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, when with him on the staff of Lord Durham in 1838, during his term of office as Governor-General of Canada. Mr. Wakefield was the moving spirit in the early efforts to start the New Zealand Company, and it was through my father's connection with him that my grandfather joined the New Zealand Council, and helped to form the Company. An interesting fact in this connection was the difference of opinion which came about between Lord Petre and Captain Cargill over the proposal to form a Presbyterian settlement in Otago. His Lordship held that the settlement should be called a Scotch settlement, as by the proposed title sectarian differences would be brought undesirably forward in the new colony. Captain Cargill, however, won the day, much to the vexation of my grandfather. Out of this little incident sprang a great chance for Catholic settlement, for very shortly after the founding of the Otago settlement my grandfather was offered the Canterbury province for a Catholic colony. This he offered to the Archbishop of Dublin at a time when many thousands of Irish Catholics were going to America, but the Archbishop considered that the means could not be collected for so great an undertaking, and the offer of the Company was given back to them, and taken up by the Church of England.

My father, the Hon. Henry Petre, paid his first visit to New Zealand in 1840, and then determined to join in the settlement of Wellington. The result of his experiences at that time are contained in a book on New Zealand published by him in 1842. After my father was married in 1842 he started with my mother for Wellington in the 'Thomas Sparks,' a ship he had chartered for the voyage and filled up with colonists, the most of whom

settled at the Hutt. On that occasion he brought out with him a few Catholic settlers, and as his chaplain the late Father O'Reily, who added to the number by several conversions which he made on the voyage. There also came out with my father and mother on that occasion a Mr. and Mrs. Ditchen and their daughter. My mother was very young, only sixteen, at the time she married and came out to New Zealand, and she always spoke of Mrs. Ditchen as one who gave her much assistance and help in the early days of colonisation.

Father O'Reily was the first Catholic priest to settle in Wellington, and he left a record behind him of a long life of devoted work for both the spiritual and temporal good of all. A man in a million, of the utmost unselfishness and devotion to duty, it is impossible to measure the enormous amount of good that he did for the cause of religion in the early days of the Wellington settlement. In Auckland, Canterbury, and Otago, the Catholic Church had to struggle for existence and gain its present position in these centres without any extraneous assistance, but in Wellington, I am happy to say, it owed a great deal to the efforts of both my grandfather and my father. The Hill street properties and that of both the Lower and Upper Hutt were given by them to the Church. I think also that the personal influence of the little band of English Catholics, whose names I have mentioned, and others—all men of education and refinement—had a great effect in softening the very strong prejudice which existed in those days against Catholics generally. When you consider the manner in which Father O'Reily was always received, with friendship and respect by all members of the community, it was not only a recognition of his many sterling qualities, but it showed a distinct movement from the general opinion of those days when people had not quite got over the spirit of the anti-Catholic Penal statutes, which forty years before were in full force.

The whole of my family left New Zealand in 1865, just after the great earthquake, and I returned to the Colony in 1872.

Whilst Lieut-Governor Mr. Edward John Eyre made Wellington his headquarters, it being felt that Auckland was geographically ill-suited to be the centre of Government, being too isolated and difficult of access from the remainder of the Colony, a commission was appointed to decide upon the most eligible site on the shores of Cook Strait, and Wellington was selected. Accordingly in 1865 it was created the capital of the Colony.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HUTT VALLEY.

A good many of the pioneer settlers, who came out under the auspices of the New Zealand Company in 1840, made their homes in the Hutt Valley, where for many years they suffered many hardships and were exposed to many dangers. In the first instance they erected rude habitations on the Petone beach, but in course of time they penetrated further up the valley, and settled on various selections, which many of them occupied until their death at a ripe old age. A few of them still survive, and the descendants of most own and cultivate the holdings of their parents. The part of the valley known as Upper Hutt was a dense forest of mixed bush; almost every variety of tree and shrub known in the Dominion was to be found there in all their native luxuriance. The River Hutt, known to the Natives as the Heretaunga, was navigable from its mouth to a distance of nearly ten miles in the early days for small vessels, and far up towards its source by the Maoris in their canoes. There was then a numerous Native population residing in pahs, which were dotted all along the banks of the river for a distance of thirty miles from the sea. The Maoris were continually on the move, and were the cause of considerable anxiety and trouble to the early settlers, all of whom were enrolled in the militia for the protection of their homes, families, and belongings. Military camps, occupied by regular troops, were planted at intervals, and stockades erected. Gradually, however, the Maoris assumed a more friendly attitude, and eventually lived in harmony alongside their European neighbors. As the valley became denuded of its bush, the river proved the cause of considerable loss and trouble to the pioneer settlers, frequently overflowing its banks, and destroying much valuable land. For nearly ten years, dating almost from the beginning of settlement in Wellington, the Rev. Father J. J. P. O'Reily, in addition to his duties in Wellington, attended to the spiritual welfare of the Hutt pioneers. There are some aged and worthy couples now living who were united in the bonds of Matrimony by him, and whose descendants are filling responsible positions in the Dominion.

The Hutt mission was founded in 1850 by the Rev. Father Forest. Mainly with funds given by the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, and with the assistance of his small

Catholic community, he erected a pretty little church (dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul), a presbytery, and a school. This, the first church in the Valley, was erected on a site about nine miles from Wellington, described at the time as being situated amid picturesque surroundings, the hills around being covered with dense forest. Mr. A. H. Blake, who in his boyhood days was closely associated with many of the earliest missionaries, kindly supplies me with the following account of the opening of the first church: 'It had been decided to open and bless the building on a certain Sunday. The evening previous Mr. Huntley (schoolmaster) and two boys (my brother and myself) were conveyed by coach to the locality, his Lordship Bishop Viard, Dr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald journeying by other vehicles. The opening ceremony was most impressive, and was followed by an eloquently preached sermon by the saintly prelate. The incidental music was rendered by four voices—Mrs. Fitzgerald (who acted as soloist, and who also presided at the harmonium), Mr. Huntley, and my brother and myself. The music of the Mass was Webbe's in G. I may say without egotism that, considering we had no bass, it was most creditably rendered. The question then arose, Could we remain and sing early Vespers, to do which meant that we would have to return home on foot. Mr. Huntley pointed out that if we agreed to walk back, we could stay for the service. Of course, we accepted the conditions. At the conclusion of Vespers, his Lordship instantly vetoed the proposition to hire a conveyance, consequently we started off on our walk of nine miles. Our route at that time consisted of a not over wide road for drays, hemmed in by densely clad hills on our right, while the waters of Poneke (Port Nicholson) occasionally dashed almost to our feet on the left, leaving small choice of pathway for pedestrians. On we went through mud and water, without feeling the journey in the least wearisome. The fact of stepping into a pool of water on the dark road appeared to be a source of merriment to the Bishop or schoolmaster, as one or the other negotiated a puddle—avoided by the keener vision of their youthful companions—in mistake for terra firma. These incidents, coupled with the occasional kind and cheery word of encouragement from his Lordship, or Mr. Huntley, caused a continuous feeling of light-heartedness, which most effectually banished from our minds all thoughts of the lengthy journey before us.'

Later on Father Forest was joined by Father Seon, who, subsequently, assumed charge of the mission. Following in the wake of settlement, which had penetrated to the valley of the Upper Hutt (named by the Maoris 'Haukaretu,' an appellation derived from the native grass in that locality, which presented a silvery appearance when the action of the wind played upon it), Father

Seon built the first church (St. Joseph's) there in 1863. Previous to that time Mass was celebrated by him in a detached building near the residence of Mr. James Brown, sen., who, with his family, were the first Catholic residents of the district. They formed the nucleus of the little congregation, and were then, and ever since, as represented in the next generation, prominent in everything tending towards the welfare and advancement of their faith. Among the first houses erected in the Upper Hutt was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, and there Mass was celebrated until the church was erected. Although the priests of those days (as is the case at present) resided at the Lower Hutt, Mr. Wilson's house was their home when they visited the district, and to all visiting priests a free and cordial welcome was ever extended—a privilege which was availed of for many years, and until, later times, the family removed to other parts. This worthy couple, who still survive, some years ago celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding day, or fifty years of married life, which has now been extended to bordering on sixty years. The timber used in building operations in the very early days of settlement was obtained by the old-time slow and laborious method of pit-sawing. As roads were formed and the means of transit improved, machinery was introduced and sawmills were established. Timber-milling was for many years the staple industry, and was the means of employing many of the settlers, and at the same time helped to clear their selections. The section on which St. Joseph's Church is built comprises about three acres, and was the gift of the Hon. Mr. Petre. The site is a beautiful one, and certainly the finest in the locality. It was cleared of its native timber and substantially fenced by the earliest parishioners. Around the church is the cemetery, and among the first laid to rest in its quiet seclusion was Mr. James Brown, sen. Years later his aged widow was laid alongside him, after a life of patient toil and courageous pioneering, leaving behind her a record of good and generous deeds which can never be effaced from memory.

A fair proportion of the Maori population for the time were Catholics, and on each Sunday that Mass was celebrated they formed a portion of the congregation, when the older missionaries, who were invariably Maori linguists, addressed them in the Native tongue. As time went on all their old settlements were deserted, the former occupants emigrating to the pahs of their tribe elsewhere. Many of the male portion were expert harvestmen, when the implements used were of the primitive order, and in the early days found employment with their European neighbors. In later years St. Joseph's Church, which originally cost £50 to build, was considerably enlarged and completed to its present design. This work was done during the time railway construction was going on,

when great assistance financially was given by the navvies and others engaged on what is now the main trunk line over the Rimutaka Ranges. The completion of the sacred edifice, which is certainly one of the prettiest in design and situation to be seen anywhere in the Dominion, was due to the Rev. Father McCaughey, then priest in charge.

Father Seon's successor was Father Pertuis, who was followed by Fathers Goutenoire, McCaughey, and Yarden, the last of the old missionaries. When the main coach road was formed over the Rimutaka Mountains to the plains of the Wairarapa, the early pastors of the Hutt periodically visited that vast district, and also Kaikoura. During these periods of absence they were temporarily replaced by one or other of the early missionaries when available, or by one of the Fathers from Wellington.

There is no portion of the Dominion with a more interesting past than the valleys of the Lower and Upper Hutt, and much could be written on other matters connected with the early days of the settlement, but such is outside our present purpose. The pioneers had certainly all the characteristics that go to make the best of colonists, and their sturdy fight with the wilderness, the many privations they suffered, and the various difficulties they had to contend with should not be forgotten in these days of comparative comfort and ease, of steam and electricity.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALONG THE NORTH-WEST COAST.

During the year 1844 the Rev. Father Comte was placed by Bishop Pompallier in spiritual charge of the Maori population in and adjacent to Wellington. These were settled in large numbers along the coast, and among them this pioneer missionary labored with enduring results. Working his way from place to place, he finally made Otaki his centre of activity, and thus established the mission there. On December 30, 1894, in the presence of his Grace Archbishop Redwood, the jubilee of the mission was celebrated with befitting solemnity and interesting ceremonial at Otaki. A number of French Mission Fathers also participated in the ceremonies. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with bannerettes and flowers. A throne, with the shield of the Archbishop in the middle, had been provided. The crib, also—the first ever seen in the church—had been erected with great taste. In the evening the Archbishop, attended by several priests and acolytes, and with a very solemn ceremony, blessed the cross which had been erected on the hill to celebrate the jubilee of the introduction of Catholicism into the district. The cross (made of totara, 30ft, in length, 10 x 10in. square, and very pretty, with turned ends, brackets, and rays) was erected on the site of the old church in which Father Comte, who will be remembered as the first priest who labored in Otaki, officiated. Near the cross was also erected a flagstaff, on which was hoisted an elaborately-worked flag, bearing the word ' Pukekaraka ' and the dates 1844 and 1894. Pukekaraka, we may explain, is the name of the hill—signifying a hill covered with karaka trees—and in the centre of the flag one of these trees with a red cross among its branches was represented. The hill is included in the mission property, the church, convent, and presbytery standing on a flat at its foot.

The view from the top of the hill where the cross stands is a grand one—the ranges on one side, the sea and Kapiti Island on the other. Before the spectator lie the pretty township and river of Otaki. By turning round, if the weather is fine, he may clearly see Mount Egmont—looking like a white peak rising from the ocean.

After the ceremony of blessing the cross had been performed his Grace addressed the crowd, composed of Maoris and

pakehas, assembled at its foot in touching words. The venerable Father Comte, he said, whom he knew so well, and who was present to-day in spirit, rejoiced with them, and gave them his blessing in their celebration of Otaki's jubilee. The cross, he said, was a symbol of faith, hope, and charity. It represented the faith of those Natives who, fifty years ago, were the first to become Catholics there and whose mortal remains were now lying beside that holy spot where they had their modest chapel. The same cross proclaimed also the faith of their children who had erected it.

Close by the jubilee cross a small carved house had been erected on the site where Father Comte had his whare in 1844. A large photograph of the venerable missionary was hung at the entrance of this building, and was looked at by those present with great respect and admiration. The photograph had been given to Father Cognet by the venerable missionary, Father Comte, on the eve of the departure of the former from France on the 3rd of the previous month.

At the end of April, 1899, news was received in Otaki of the death of the Rev. Father Comte (Kometa, in Maori). He died in France on January 14 of the same year, at the age of eighty-seven years. In the Catholic Church at Otaki on the Sunday following reference was made to the good work done by Father Comte over fifty years previously. He was the first priest who came to Otaki, and had his first church on top of the Pukekaraka Hill, with his little whare close to it. Having converted the Ngatikapu and several other tribes up the coast to Christianity, he proceeded with wonderfully successful results to civilise them. He induced, and assisted them to erect, a flourmill and a rope-making concern at Waitohu; to buy a fine schooner, the 'Elizabeth,' in order to convey their produce to Wellington; to cut and saw—up the Otaki River—the timber for the building of the church. However, he left Otaki before the church was erected. The deceased priest's memory is quite green even now amongst the Natives, and also amongst the few old settlers who were in the district and knew him. They all speak in the highest terms of him. A few days after receipt of the news of Father Comte's death a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the local church. At the conclusion of the service the Maoris had a proper tangi in honor of the late Father Comte. The Natives have decided to perpetuate the memory of their first priest by erecting a tablet in the church after the building has been renovated and enlarged.

The Rev. Father Seon, the companion of the Rev. Father Petitjean, and who shared with him the work of establishing the mission foundation of Wellington, was also identified with the spiritual well-being of the Natives in the vicinity and some dis-

tance along the coast. On occasions he rode a distance of 53 miles along a comparatively roadless route from Wellington to relieve Father Comte at Otaki. Worn out with his labors for a period of nine years among the Maoris at the Bay of Islands, he subsequently directed his attention to the secondary stations of the district from the Wellington centre. Between times he travelled along the East Coast, traversing forests and unsettled wastes, evangelising the Maori tribes. Bishop Viard, knowing his generosity and devotedness, found him always ready to take up the most arduous duties. At last a stroke of paralysis terminated this life of zeal and abnegation.

'In 1851 (writes Mr. A. H. Blake in the *Record*) I had the pleasure, with other schoolmates, of visiting Father Comte's mission at Otaki, a place situated over 50 miles north of Wellington, on the West Coast. This very route, only a few years previously, had been the scene of many tragic events during the war with Te Rangihaeata and Te Rauparaha. Father Comte had built the Natives a flour-mill, and amongst other arts of civilisation was instructing them how to manufacture flour. Peace and contentment apparently reigned supreme, and the hospitality extended to us was of such a character as to produce the impression that their ancestors must have come from the Emerald Isle, rather than from one of those of the South Pacific. One simple incident in connection with this good missioner may be worth relating. When Father Comte first made his appearance amongst the Natives he was suffering from an affection of the eyes, in consequence of which he continuously wore darkened glasses. This was quite a phenomenon to the aboriginal intelligence, and a complete mystery, the solution of which was, as they understood it, that the inner eyes were occasionally closed in sleep, but the outer ones never. This impression, in the first instance, created a wholesome respect for the watchfulness of the wearer, and counteracted, to a certain extent, the cupidity of the untutored Natives.'

The beginning of European settlement at Wanganui dates back to the early forties, and was brought about mainly by the inability of the New Zealand Company to fulfil its engagements with those who had purchased land orders in England. The small extent—comparatively speaking—of available suitable territory at Wellington proved insufficient to meet all the Company's liabilities; lands, therefore, were offered at Wanganui to those who were too late to obtain them at Wellington. A few, finding their way thither, were so impressed with the nature of the country, that they accepted the Company's offer, and so settlement was commenced. Colonel Wakefield formed so high an opinion of the locality that he laid out the site of a town there, and gave it the name of Petre, after the Hon. Mr. Petre, another director

of this colonising company. This name was subsequently dropped and the present one substituted. During the early settlement of Wanganui, access thereto by land was along the sea coast from Wellington. And some startling adventures are related by Wakefield of his journeyings to and fro. In sea transit somewhat primitive vessels were employed in the service, numbers of which were wrecked at the bar entrance to the river and along the coast. Wakefield describes in his ' Adventures ' a trip thus made:—' On the evening of the 5th March, I sailed again for Wanganui in the " Sandfly," a schooner of ten tons, which had been built on the banks of the Hutt, and which I had chartered for three months for the Wanganui trade. I beat out against a fresh southerly breeze which fell calm when we had reached Sinclair Head.' After describing a visit to various settlements across the Strait, he continues:—' I have calculated our course for Wanganui and steered for the mouth of the river. The next morning at break of day we were off the river's mouth, from which a cloud of mist was drifting out before the cold morning land breeze. The sea was quite smooth, so I beat up into the fog till the water shoaled and then anchored in nine feet until I could make out the passage over the bar. The peaks of Tongariro, glowing with the sunshine, towered over the top of the mist as we advanced, and Mount Egmont's snowy cap peeped out of the clouds to the westward as the sun spread its light that way.'

For the information of present-day readers, I give hereunder extracts from an excellent and comprehensive article on the early Catholic missionary effort at Wanganui and up-river Native settlements, contributed to the *Tablet* in October, 1899, by a ' Clerical Visitor ' :—' Father Bernard, S.M., was the first Catholic missionary who preached by the Wanganui—far down its course. His visit was a flying one, but he instructed and baptised four Maoris, and found the field so promising that he induced Father Lampila, S.M., to found a mission on the river in 1852. Father Bernard, after being sent as a missionary to New Caledonia, was drowned whilst attempting, in a heavy sea, to reach a dying Christian. Father Lampila took up his quarters in the Maori village of Kaiwaiki, which is situated on the left bank of the river, about ten miles from Wanganui. His aim was to civilise as well as to Christianise the Natives—a wise policy pursued with marked success by the other French missionaries in the Colony, and notably at Otaki by Father Comte, whose name is still held in veneration by the Maoris of all the districts around. In pursuance of this plan of operations, Father Lampila—with the aid of a lay Brother and his Maori converts—built and equipped a flour mill at Kaiwaiki, and introduced other improvements in the condition of the local tribe that attracted the notice of a chief of Kawaeroa (about

a mile below Jerusalem), who invited the white Father to settle among the people. The pious missionary took advantage of this new door that opened to his zeal. He visited Kawaeroa and other places up and down the river, built other flour mills, introduced the cultivation of wheat, planted in suitable places along the banks gardens of plums, pears, apples, quinces, and vines, which are still to be seen as you go up and down the river, and which, despite neglect and lack of cultivation, still produce crops of fruit in which the Maoris do a considerable trade. Father Lampila had been preceded in his missionary efforts by a Protestant clergyman, a Rev. Mr. Taylor, who had made converts along the river. The good Father, however, won a great number of the Protestants as well as the pagan Maoris, and in a short time had instructed and baptised about a thousand converts. He built a small church on the river bank at Kawaeroa. This was soon too small for his fast-growing congregation, and he erected another, and larger one on higher ground. This in turn proved quite inadequate for the needs of his wonderfully successful missionary work. He therefore proceeded with the erection of a large church, furnished with aisles, and handsomely ornamented throughout with Maori carvings and paintings. The moment of the greatest success of the zealous missionary's labors, however, was close to the hour of its fall. The fierce wars of the sixties broke out. They aroused a fury of racial passion against which the fickle heart of the Maori was not proof. The fanatic Hau-haus invaded Father Lampila's mission. The famous battle of Moutoa was fought on the island of the name a few miles down the river from Jerusalem. The Hau-haus were driven off by the Christian Maoris, and a grim old warrior—still a member of the true fold—showed us in his whare the mere with which he sliced off, in single combat, the top of the skull of the Hau-hau leader. This victory saved Wanganui and the lower reaches of the river from the Hau-hau invasion from that quarter. The Hau-haus were subsequently driven from the pah in which they had entrenched themselves on a spot near where the convent now stands. This is locally known as the battle of Houtahi. These were, however, Pyrrhic victories for the faith in and about Jerusalem. Father Lampila's best and most influential catechists and converts were among the dead at Moutoa and Houtahi. This was, considering the character and work of the catechists, a great blow to the mission. It was followed by another. Government induced the Maoris of the district to invade Taupo, Tauranga, etc. They did good service there—captured the Hau-hau chief, Akaria (a feat which the whites failed to perform), and received (it is said) £500 for his head. One of Akaria's captors is living in hale old age at Jerusalem. The loss of his catechists, the demoralisation of the

long-continued wars, and tribal and racial hate soon destroyed the best results of Father Lampila's mission. Some clung with touching fidelity to the faith. The best of them continued in later years to bring their children for baptism to Wanganui, but others were carried away into indifference or hostility by the passions of the time. Father Lampila took charge of Wanganui, and the fine new church at Kawaeroa was destroyed. Among the other zealous French missionaries who labored in that part of the Colony during those troubled times were Father Pertuis, S.M., Father Rollin, S.M., Father Pezant, S.M., and Father Sauzeau, S.M. When the troubled times were over, and the lapse of time had begun to mellow the bitter memories of the war, Father Pertuis returned to Jerusalem. He also spent a few months there in (I think) 1879, gave instructions, and baptised. Father Soulas paid a six weeks' visit to Jerusalem in 1883, baptised 52 children and adults, celebrated several marriages, and found a harvest of souls ready for the reaper. The Maoris petitioned the Bishop to leave him in Jerusalem. Their request was granted, and in June, 1883, Father Soulas left Hawke's Bay, took up his abode permanently in the shattered mission, and set to work to repair the evils of the past, with a zeal and energy which God has blessed with an abundant measure of success.

The following extract with reference to Father Pezant is from an old paper, the *Wanganui Times*, and copied by the London *Tablet* on January 9, 1869:—'Many of our readers will regret to hear that this old and highly esteemed clergyman, after a residence of sixteen years in Wanganui, has received instructions to proceed to Blenheim, and take the spiritual charge of that town and surrounding districts. Men of all denominations in Wanganui will regret this. In all weathers, summer and winter, day and night, Father Pezant appeared to be constantly on foot, silently travelling from house to house on messages of mercy. During the campaigns conducted by Generals Cameron and Chute, he was amongst his flock in the field, and the wounded, sick, and dying had his constant care. Yet, as if ubiquitous, he zealously attended to his large charge at Wanganui. Although our religious opinions run counter to those of Father Pezant, yet, in common with men of all denominations in this community, we admire the integrity, zeal, and self-devotedness of the man. Such men as he will assuredly have their reward. He takes nothing with him, and is £25 in debt for his chapel. Will the people of Wanganui allow him to leave with this debt hanging over him? He has lived poorly, worked hard; to give him money for his own comforts was useless. All he got went to the poor, although very few lived more poorly than himself. Would that there were many more clergymen like him in that and many more respects.'

Father Pezant, generously aided by the Catholics of the district during the time he was in charge of Wanganui, erected a presbytery, a church of which he was justly proud, a house for the use of the Natives when in town, and finally a school. By his devoted, genial disposition, the good Father won for himself the affection of the people of Wanganui, particularly endearing himself to the soldiers engaged on campaign in the vicinity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MISSIONARIES, THE NATIVE WARS, AND AFTER.

The first great war between the Native and European inhabitants of New Zealand was that waged by Honi Heke and Kawiti against the newly-established authority, primarily as a protest against the usurpation of the rights of the chiefs, which was the outcome of the Waitangi Treaty. Honi Heke and his followers signified their intention of pulling down the flagstaff at Kororareka, erected as the symbol of British occupation of the country. This he succeeded in doing on three different occasions, the feat being accompanied by the sacking of the settlement and the flight of the European inhabitants. For two years the sanguinary conflict went on, reinforcements of troops having been sent from Sydney. With a strong force advancing against him, Honi Heke withdrew successively into two strongly constructed pahs, where his defence was long and stubborn. Finally, on January 11, 1846, the pah of Rouapekapeha, where he was shut in with all his warriors, succumbed to the assault of Colonel Wynyard. During the course of this war, Bishop Pompallier and his clergy passed their time between the vestibule and the altar, weeping over the evils that had befallen the people. One standard only was in their hands, that of the Cross. Both sides understood their spirit of neutrality in political matters, and their desire for peace. So all the ravages of the pest of war passed over their heads without touching them. Their missionary establishments remained standing by the side of the ruins and cinders of the unhappy town of Kororareka. Following the rising of Honi Heke was the first war in Taranaki in 1859, land troubles being again the cause.

From 1860 to 1863 a fierce war was again carried on between the Natives and colonial troops on the West Coast of the North Island, from New Plymouth to Wanganui. The year 1865 witnessed the Hau-hau outbreak, inspired by religious fanaticism, which spread over a wide area from east to west of the island, embracing the densest Maori population. Marked with fiercest ferocity, it left ruin and desolation in its train. The 'King' movement in the Waikato district of the province of Auckland was the occasion of further conflict, and the Te Kooti rebellion, lasting from 1868 to 1870, engaged in with horrifying cruelty, fills many a sad page of New Zealand war history. It would take

too long, states a missionary record, to describe the obstinate wars which the Maoris carried on against the British troops during the more than twenty years which followed their first noteworthy rising in the far North. Towards the end of the year 1860 the insurrection of the tribes on the South West coast of the North Island was more violent than ever. Confounding in the same hatred all the Europeans, the rebels went about everywhere desolating the country with fire and sword (or their equivalent for the latter). The missionaries were powerless to stop their fury. In the midst of the battle, faithful to their mission of charity, these went among the wounded rendering spiritual help to both sides. In September, 1860, states the author of 'Defenders of New Zealand,' Father Garaval, with letters of introduction from Governor Sir Gore Browne to Major-General Pratt, had left Auckland and landed in Taranaki, stating that the object of his mission was to try and lessen the ferocity of the rebels with respect to the wounded and prisoners, and to induce them to respect a flag of truce.

Shortly after hostilities had commenced at Taranaki the Rev. Father J. M. Tresalet, then stationed at Wanganui, proceeded overland from there to the seat of war, for the purpose of ministering, not only to the Catholic settlers at New Plymouth, but also to the Catholics in Her Majesty's regiments there stationed. When he arrived a company of the 40th Regiment was encamped at the Henui, a mile outside of the township, and he was hospitably and kindly treated by the men of the 40th, until such time as he could be conveniently located at New Plymouth. Father Tresalet, at that time, was entirely ignorant of the English language, having been located among the Natives from his arrival in the Colony, but in less than two weeks, thanks to the military, who took him in hand and taught him to read and write English, he was capable of conversing on various topics, and gave religious instruction. He was wholly dependent upon the liberality of the soldiers, and members of all denominations vied with each other as to who should present him with the largest sum, every man agreeing to give from one shilling per month upward towards his support in his travels from camp to camp. Previous to the troops embarking for Auckland the men of the 12th, 14th, 40th, 57th, and 65th Regiments presented him with an illuminated address, accompanied by a purse of sovereigns. Colonel Nelson and the officers of the 40th, whose wounded he had attended after the battle of Puketakaure, presented him with a cheque for twenty pounds, in token of the esteem in which he was held. The money was given on the understanding that it should be devoted entirely to his own private use, which he very reluctantly received, at the same time saying, 'I want no money; you have done everything.

Any man would feel a sacred pride in your benevolence since I came amongst you. I will never forget you.' He afterwards built a wooden church on which he expended the money they had given him. In it he erected two stained glass windows in commemoration of the two special corps, the 40th and 65th Regiments.

Amongst those attached to the Colonial force, and who never flinched from duty, more particularly when danger was apprehended, was Father Rolland. The author of the comprehensive work previously mentioned writes:—'Although of a delicate constitution, no weather or other difficulty ever prevented him from accompanying the force, so as to be near the men in the hour of trial. He was present at both the attacks on Te-Ngutu-o-te-Manu, and on the occasion of the disastrous retreat, consequent on the second attack, he not only volunteered his services to assist the wounded, but bravely took his turn in carrying the stretchers, so that none should be left behind. It was on August 21, 1868, that orders were issued for all available men to hold themselves in readiness to start on an expedition before daybreak to attack the stronghold of Te-Ngutu-o-te-Manu. The morning broke with torrents of rain, which delayed their departure, but about 10 a.m. the rain ceased, and a thick mist shrouded the whole country side. This being even better for our purpose than darkness, the order was given to start. The column consisted of the second, third, and fourth divisions of the Armed Constabulary, the Wellington Rangers, and the Wellington Rifles; in all about three hundred men, accompanied by Father Rolland.' It was that march that called forth from Major Von Tempsky the following eulogy on Father Rolland, which appeared in the papers of the day:—'On a grey and rainy morning, when our three hundred mustered silently in column on the parade ground, one man made his appearance who at once drew all eyes upon him with silent wonder. His garb was most peculiar; scanty, but long skirts shrouded his nether garments; an old waterproof shirt hung loosely on his shoulders; weapons, he had none, but there was a warlike cock in the position of his old broad-rimmed felt hat, and a self-confidence in the attitude in which he leaned on his walking-stick, that said: "Here stands a man without fear." Who is it? Look underneath the flap of that clerical hat, and the frank, good-humored countenance of Father Rolland will meet you. There he was lightly arrayed for a march of which no one could say what the ending would be. With a good-humored smile he answered my question, as to what on earth brought him there. On holding evening service he had told his flock he should accompany them on the morrow's expedition, and there he was. Truly there stood a good shepherd. Through the rapid river, waist-deep, along weary forest track, across ominous looking clearings where, at any moment, a volley

from an ambush would have swept our ranks, Father Rolland marched cheerfully and manfully, ever ready with a kind word or playful sentence to any man who passed him. And when at last in the clearing of Te-Ngutu-o-te-Manu the storm of bullets burst upon us, he did not wait in the rear for men to be brought to him, but ran with the rest of us forward against the enemy's position. So soon as any man dropped he was at his side. He did not ask, "Are you a Catholic or Protestant?" but kindly kneeling prayed for his last words. Thrice noble conduct in a century of utilitarian tendencies.' What Catholic on that expedition could have felt fear when he saw Father Rolland at his side smiling at death—a living personification, a fulfilment of many a text preached? What Catholic on that day could have felt otherwise than proud to be a Catholic on Father Rolland's account?

'HONORED DEAD.'

Under the above heading there appeared in the *Taranaki Herald* of January 15, 1909, the following excellent report of a pathetic ceremony connected with the removal of Catholic veterans' remains, the remains of a score or so of victims of the Maori wars being transferred from the old Catholic burial ground, Courtenay street, to Te Henui Cemetery, for reinterment. For some considerable time it had been felt that something should be done whereby the graves of these old veterans should be better cared for, and four or five years ago Mr. W. T. Jennings, M.P., brought the matter of the neglected state of the graves before Parliament, with the result that several sums of money were obtained for effecting improvements. Steps were then taken to have collected the remains of all those who fell in the wars in and around this district, with a view to interring them in one section of Te Henui Cemetery. Yesterday's ceremony was very impressive.

The work of exhuming the bodies has occupied several days, and much care has been exercised by the workmen engaged—Messrs. J. Tuohy (in charge), S. Brookes, J. Conway (a member of the 65th Regiment), J. McCoy, and T. Tuohy. The remains of twenty-one persons were recovered, and in several instances the coffin plates were more or less intact, making identification possible, whilst in others nothing remained by which identity could be traced.

The Funeral Cortege.

The funeral cortege left the Courtenay Street burial ground shortly after 2.30.

The Remains.

The remains were placed in four coffins as follows:—

Coffin No. 1.—E. Casey and three others, unknown.

Coffin No. 2.—Arthur Hassett, died May 22, 1859, aged 31 years; Patrick Scully, died March 22, 1862, aged 26 years. Three others, no records.

Coffin No. 3.—Surgeon McAndrew, 57th Regiment, died September 21, 1861, aged 38; Sergeant Peter Fahey, late 65th Regiment and Taranaki Militia, first man to fall in action (shot through forehead) at battle of Waireka, March 28, 1860; Private John Flynn, 57th Regiment, aged 45, killed at Wairau (Taranaki) massacre, May 4, 1863; Private Patrick McCarthy, 57th Regiment, aged 27, killed at Wairau massacre, May 4, 1863; Private Edward Kelly, 57th Regiment, killed at Wairau massacre, May 4, 1863.

Coffin No. 4.—Private Connell, 57th Regiment, died March 6, 1862, aged 25, death from natural causes; Private John McQuire, died July 17, 1861, aged 21 years; Private McLaughlan, 65th Regiment, died May 5, 1862, aged 29 years; W. Taylor, no records, and three others unknown.

A pathetic sight met one's gaze as thirty veterans under the command of Captain Standish—men now so advanced in years that many of them found a difficulty in walking—slowly wended their way to the cemetery. A large number of citizens were also associated with the veterans.

At Te Henui Cemetery.

On arrival at Te Henui Cemetery the veterans—some of whom had taken part in the hostilities with the deceased soldiers—acted as bearers. There were those present who had seen service in the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, as well as in the New Zealand wars. The Very Rev. Dean McKenna officiated at the graveside, and after the service paid a tribute to the memory of the departed soldiers. Bugler J. H. Walker, of Waitara, also spoke.

Veterans Present.

Among the veterans present were the following:—

Captain Standish, Taranaki Rifles, and vice-president Veterans, New Plymouth.

Captain I. Bayly, New Plymouth.

Private T. Allen, New Zealand Volunteers, Avenue Road, New Plymouth.

Private W. Billing, New Zealand Volunteers, New Plymouth.

Private T. Furlong, 57th Regiment, full honors Crimean War, New Plymouth.

Sergeant Duffin, late 57th Regiment, four medals and three clasps, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, New Plymouth.

Private W. King, late 65th Regiment, New Plymouth.

Private T. Inch, New Zealand Militia, New Plymouth.

Private C. Honeyfield, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.

Bugler J. H. Walker, Wellington Rifles and Kaiwarra Volunteers, Waitara.

Lieut. M. Carrick, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Color-Sergeant C. Bertrand, Taranaki Volunteers, Urenui.
Sergeant W. H. Free, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Captain T. Wilson, Taranaki Militia, New Plymouth.
Corporal W. Bell, 21st Hussars, New Plymouth.
Private Way, 70th Regiment, New Plymouth.
Private E. T. Morshead, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Private McGillicuddy, 57th Regiment, New Plymouth.
Sergeant W. H. Pearn, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Private Moon, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Private Northcote, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Private T. Langham, Taranaki Volunteers, Waitara.
Private J. Kenyon, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Private R. Langham, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Lieut. J. C. Davies, Taranaki Volunteers, New Plymouth.
Private C. F. Crawford, Taranaki Militia, New Plymouth.
Bugler J. Mynott, 43rd Regiment, New Plymouth.
Captain J. Black, Taranaki Volunteers, and secretary Veterans' Association, New Plymouth.
Lieut. R. Wells, Taranaki Volunteers, Waitara.
John Stapleton, A.C., New Plymouth.

RELATIVES.

Among the relatives present were Mr. J. Elliot, of New Plymouth, a direct descendant of John Flynn, one of the victims of the Wairau massacre on May 4, 1863 (Mrs. George Thomas, of Te Kiri, is a daughter of John Flynn); Mr. W. Walsh, of New Plymouth; and Mr. Sam Hill (whose uncle, Sergeant Hill, was also massacred at Wairau, Taranaki).

Mr. A. H. Blake, an extensive contributor to the newspaper press, writes thus in the *Record Magazine*: 'During the troublous decade, ending in seventy, a peculiar phase of missionary affairs was being manifested. The massacre at Opotiki of the Rev. Mr. Volkner naturally created a panic, during which ministers of the Reformed Churches were not very conspicuous for their personal courage, but, on the contrary, displayed a decided preference for the better part of valor by retiring to the centres of population. Whatever the cause, the Hau-haus exhibited a decided animosity towards English clergymen. At a time when the Anglican Bishop of Waiapu had eschewed his lovely residence of Waerangaahika (Poverty Bay) in favor of the more secure shelter of Napier, quite another aspect of missionary zeal was being presented on the opposite coast. While our hastily organised colonial troops, under Colonel Whitmore, were being hurried in all directions, in the futile attempt to arrest the incursions of that arch-fanatic of the east, Te Kooti, Titokowaru, upon the West Coast, was scouring

the country with his valorous tribes. It is an incontrovertible fact that for years no minister of any denomination, with one exception, dare travel the coast line between Taranaki and Wanganui. Father Rolland, a young French priest, and quite a recent arrival, was this notable exception. Although the district to which he was appointed was a seething hotbed of rebellion, he, without hesitation, like a true soldier of Christ, obeyed and went where duty called. In many of the fierce encounters with the diminutive but fearless Titokowaru, the soldier priest, as he was termed by the troops, attended, marching with the rest, his breviary his only weapon. He appeared to have a charmed life, attending to the wants of friends and foes alike—foes indeed he had none; the very Hau-haus seem to have recognised in him a non-combatant, and, it has been asserted, spared him on occasions when others were being shot down by the hidden enemy. One incident may be worth relating, as showing this heroic young priest's extreme solicitude for the smallest of his charges, also the crude notions entertained by some of the savage warriors of that period. A pah (or fortified enclosure) had been attacked by a party composed of white troops and Native allies. After an entrance had been effected, it was found that the Hau-Haus had made good their retreat to the forest. Upon entering the pah, a little mite of a boy was found cowering with terror in a dark corner. He had been either overlooked or considered unequal to the task of going through the dense bush. The kindly priest, knowing the uncouth nature of many of the friendly Maoris, decided to adopt the poor waif, and told the assembled Natives that he intended to take him to the nearest settlement—an act not easy of accomplishment, in consequence of the rough nature of the country. As an object lesson, he informed them that he would baptise the little fellow, which he did, adding: "If this innocent child should meet with any accident, and does not survive the awful journey, he will 'haere ki te atua to taua Matua' (go to God, our common Father)." Some of the Natives could not understand the reason for all this trouble over such an insignificant atom, but at the priest's request took charge of him for the night. When the start was being made upon the return march, Father Rolland inquired for the boy, but one of the Natives cooly informed him that he was "gone to God." What did they mean? "Well, you told us that if he died he would go to God; and our thought was that if he lived he would go back to the Hau-Haus. Which was best?" Enough, he was killed. The good Father, awfully shocked, gave them a bit of his mind upon the heinousness of their crime. However, it scarcely produced the sincerest contrition; they were evidently of opinion that their act was a meritorious one.'

More than a quarter of a century after the occurrence of the foregoing events, though personally betraying permanent evidence

of the weight of the cross he had borne so lovingly and so long, he was pursuing his holy vocation with undiminished ardor in the mountainous parish of Reefton, Westland, until a short while ago, when he passed to his eternal reward. 'Many cheerful souls have lived in Reefton (writes the author of "Tales of the Golden West") since it was carved out of the dense forest in 1871, who still delight to talk of it as their mountain home, and when absent for a time are glad to get back. . . Some, in the course of nature, have joined the great majority, and it is but lately that Reefton has had to mourn the passing away of a dear friend in the person of Father Rolland, regretted by all classes and creeds throughout the large district in which he ministered so faithfully. His was a cheerful personality, and he had a good word and a kind smile for one and all. I well remember on New Year's Day, 1903, meeting him near the Council Chambers, and receiving his warm shake of the hand and his kindly greeting for a happy year—a year that was to see him, in July, lay down his priestly office to receive the crown of rejoicing in Heaven. Father Rolland will long be remembered as one of the heroes of New Zealand in the Maori war of 1868.'

At the skirmish in Wanganui Father Lampila could be seen, his clothes riddled with shot, going over the battlefield accompanied by Brother Eulage, an angel of fidelity and devotedness, who succumbed under the blows of a traitor. The Natives, rendered powerless, became quieter little by little. They were driven back into the reserves of the North Island, where civilisation invaded them more and more. After some years the missionaries were able to resume their work, so long interrupted, and endeavored to protect the race against old vices. Being dispersed in the forests and distant places, access to them was very difficult. For many years after the war Sister (now Mother Mary Aubert), with courageous zeal travelled through the pahs in order to visit and keep alive the Catholic faith in their midst, and she thus prepared the way for the missionaries. Seven Marist Fathers successfully entered upon this mission. They spared no effort, neither were they discouraged by the religious indifference and the deep-rooted prejudices of the Maoris against Europeans. They did not cease for twenty years to travel immense districts, extending from the East Cape to Cape Egmont, from Wellington to Lake Taupo, and thence to Hawke's Bay. At Herouharama (Jerusalem), situated inland on the Wanganui River, Fathers Soulas and Lacroix established a central station near which they erected a church, a hospital for old people, a school for young girls, and other institutions for the betterment of the Maori population. In these establishments twelve Sisters, under the direction of Sister M. Joseph (Mother Aubert) were engaged. From this central station the

missionaries did duty at Ranana, where they built a second school for girls conducted by the Sisters, besides three other smaller stations, each with a church of its own. Lieutenant the Hon. H. Meade, R.N., in his ' Ride Through the Disturbed Districts of New Zealand ' in 1864-5, gives the following picture of one of those self-denying early missionary Fathers:—' After leaving Rotorua, the character of the country we passed through to-day was dismal in the extreme, the path winding along barren valleys and through vast crater-like basins of pumice stone, sparsely covered with scattered tufts of poor buffalo grass. In one of these terraced basins we found two little whares, one of which was surmounted with a cross—these were the church and dwelling of Father Boibeaux, a French Catholic missionary, who has been out here about five years. We gladly stopped for an hour or two, and partook of the good Father's hospitality. It would be difficult to conceive a life of greater devotion and self-denial than this. Wifeless, childless, with no companionship save that of his little congregation of Natives, most of whom live at great distances from their priest; no hope of ever again seeing his native land, or returning to the society of educated men. His life is passed in his Master's work, in a place where even the barest necessaries of life are procured with the greatest difficulty. He spoke with affection of his Native friends, and hopefully of the ultimate progress of civilisation and Christianity amongst them; though he confessed that under the combined influence of the war and the new fanaticism, he, as well as the Protestant missionaries, had almost entirely lost the influence enjoyed in years gone by.'

The Rev. Father Poupinel, Visitor-General of the missions, writing in 1862, states:—' At the sight of what passed at Wanganui, I saw with sadness that France forgets too often that her soldiers need the help of religion to develop in them the spirit of sacrifice. England is wiser, as she exacts that each Sunday her soldiers render their tribute of prayer to God. I was pleased to see the Catholics coming to church and saying their prayers with attention. During the week days I was much struck to see so many of them approach the Holy Table.'

The district of Taranaki, so called from the Maori name of Mount Egmont, the beautiful snow-clad mountain which forms such a prominent feature of the landscape, has, as a province, experienced the most troublous times of any part of the Dominion. Inland, from end to end of its coastline, was the scene of the fiercest and bitterest Native warfare recorded in the country's history. From Wells' ' History of Taranaki ' we learn that the Rev. Father Pezant, who traversed on foot the whole distance from Wanganui to Taranaki, visited the district annually. Although a grant of a town section in New Plymouth was made

to the Catholic mission by the Provincial Government, which was supplemented by a donation of an adjoining section by Mr. Richard Brown, a New Plymouth merchant, no attempt was made to build a church till the year 1856, when one or two companies of the 56th Regiment, many of whom were Catholics, were stationed in New Plymouth in consequence of the Puketapu feud, which was then raging. At that time a collection was made not only in Taranaki, but also in Wellington, and in other places, and from funds so obtained, a small chapel was erected on the mission land in Courtenay street, New Plymouth. Until the outbreak of the Maori rebellion in 1860, no resident priest was stationed in the district, but at that time the Rev. Father Tresallet was sent thither. He soon perceived, as the war proceeded and fresh troops were poured in, that the church was too far from the town for the soldiers to attend. He therefore commenced the collecting of more funds, with which he purchased an acre of ground in Devon street, nearly facing Queen street, and upon it he built a larger church, which was subsequently added to and enlarged by the Rev. Father Pertuis, who succeeded Father Tressallet, and also by Father Rolland, a most energetic priest in the performance of his duties to the wounded and dying under fire in the field of battle. Had the funds at the disposal of Father Rolland been equal to his desire, a thriving Catholic community would most probably have been established in the district. Intervening circumstances, however, caused many to be scattered far and wide—some even leaving the Colony altogether. Years after these stirring events, when the Sisters of the Mission became established in New Plymouth, one day Father Rolland pointed out to the Sisters within their own grounds the scene of one of the deadly conflicts at which he was present, and a tree near at hand, where the wounded were carried to shelter and attended by him. Father Rolland was succeeded by Father Binsfeld, shortly after whose arrival the war ceased, and the troops were withdrawn. At the time of publication (1878) the Rev. Father Lampila was parish priest at New Plymouth, and efforts were being made under his direction for the erection of a church at Inglewood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AND OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

The Rev. J. Buller (Wesleyan), in his book 'Forty Years in New Zealand,' published in 1878, writes as follows of the Catholic missionaries in various connections:—'In 1838, a small vessel came into the Hokianga with a new and disturbing element in the mission field. It brought the Roman Catholic Bishop Pompallier and two priests (one priest and a Brother, to be correct). They chose for their first abode the mouth of one of the tributary streams. Not long afterwards the Bishop removed his headquarters to the little town of Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands, and, after its destruction, to Auckland. . . He soon had as many as twenty priests, besides lay Brothers, at his command for service in New Zealand. They were all Frenchmen. . . . Some of those priests were located in different places, while others travelled up and down the country. They were all zealous in their vocation. . . The resident priests gave praiseworthy attention to the improvement of the social life and industrial pursuits of their neophytes.' 'In one of the Native Commissioner's reports for Opotiki (he writes) I find this record 'The Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. J. Allatage, seems to advise them (the Maoris) in their worldly affairs with great zeal and judgment.'' In this direction they made good use of that quiet, but potent, agency, of Sisters of Mercy, who taught boarding-schools of Maori and half-caste girls. . . They found many adherents from those who had resisted the appeals of the Protestant missionaries. . . Their untiring energies were worthy of praise, but, unhappily, were fruitful chiefly of strife and discord.' (No doubt mainly attributable to the said Protestant missionaries, who always regarded the territory as their own exclusive preserve). . . Their self-denial, their laborious efforts, their fervent zeal were worthy of respect.' Despite this eulogy, interspersed though it is with much religious rancor, the author cannot resist an appeal to sectarian prejudice as shown in his reference to an historical incident where a would-be missionary fire-walker essayed to give an example. 'On an occasion (states the Rev. J. Buller) a priest proposed to the Rev. R. Taylor to test their differences by jumping into a fire, and whoever came out

uninjured should be credited with the true faith. He was asked if he would jump in first, but to that he would not agree.' The chief actor in that incident, the Rev. R. Taylor (Anglican), at the time located at Wanganui, in his book, 'New Zealand, Past, Present, and Future,' published in 1868, alludes to the matter thus:—'After my return from England, when I first went up the river, there was a very large gathering of the Natives to welcome me back again. The priest took that opportunity of meeting me. He stated it was of no use our disputing, that one could not convince the other. He therefore proposed that we should test the merits of our respective Churches by jumping into a fire, and whoever came out uninjured would prove that his was the true one. I said that the prophet of old demanded two bullocks to be sacrificed; that if we jumped into the fire it would be taking the place of those beasts, besides tempting God. He said we ought to give our lives for our flocks, and this was the proper way of doing so. At last my head teacher, Abraham, stood up and said the plan was a good one; let it be tried, and as he had given the challenge he should jump into the fire first, and then when he came out their minister should follow. To this, however, he would not agree, and that terminated the meeting. His skin appeared so very dirty that it seemed not improbable he had washed himself over with some preparation to make himself fire-proof.' So far the Rev. R. Taylor. But, fortunately, evidence is at hand to cast a very different light on the incident, and entirely disprove this interesting little 'fairy tale' of the long ago.

Father Lampila, the priest alluded to, was a man of great piety and most remarkable simplicity of character. On one occasion, states the authority (absolutely reliable) from which I quote, the Protestant minister of the district in which he was missionary sent him a public challenge to decide the merits of their respective teaching by entering together a blazing fire. He was confident that the challenge would not be accepted, and that thus he would achieve an easy triumph. The matter was at once bruited about among the Maoris, and as no answer came for some time from Father Lampila, the Protestant adherents had great rejoicings in the sure victory that awaited their cause. In the meantime Father Lampila wrote to his Superior, asking him what course he should adopt under the proposed challenge. He was told in reply to act as God would inspire him. He at once notified to the Maori chieftains that he accepted the challenge, and the day and the place were fixed for the public test. The appointed hour came, the Maoris were assembled in great numbers, and Father Lampila was there engaged in prayer ready for the ordeal; but there was no appearance of the Protestant minister. After a while the message came that he would try the test at some other

time. Great was the joy of the Catholic Maoris, and bitter was the confusion of the Protestants, many of whom afterwards became members of the Catholic Church.

During 1877 there was a great awakening in the religious life of the Colony, brought about by the eloquent Irish-American missionary, Father Hennebery, who visited all the chief centres and conducted missions, the first of the nature in the history of the country. Missions have since then become familiar to us, and the faith of the people strengthened and made better understood, through the efforts of those connected with important religious Orders, principally the Redemptorist, Vincentian, Passionist, Jesuit, Dominican, and Marist. Father Hennebery, besides preaching missions in the ordinary way, fostered a love and fuller knowledge of the history of the fatherland by the spread and encouragement of the reading of many suitable literary works which he brought directly under the notice of his numerous hearers. Many of these books are still to be found on the bookshelves and in the libraries of our principal Catholic families. A feature, too, of his missionary propaganda was a temperance crusade on the lines adopted many years before by the famed Father Mathew. Pledge-cards and medals were issued, the former bearing the following inscription: Under the heading 'Catholic Total Abstinence Association' (with an impression of the obverse and reverse of the medal), there followed the name, 'Admitted ——, 1877, by Rev. P. Hennebery,' and took the following pledge: 'I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance.' At the foot on a scroll was printed: 'Founded by the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, 10th of April, 1838.' Probably many of these are still preserved in our Catholic homes, and the good resolutions then adopted steadfastly adhered to ever since. That he accomplished lasting good is a well-known fact, as numerous instances of notable conversions are still in existence.

CHAPTER XXX.

FOUNDING THE CHURCH IN NELSON.

The settlement of Nelson was commenced in 1841, under the auspices of Captain Edward Gibbon Wakefield, chairman of the New Zealand Company—a corporation formed in London, having for its object the settling of portions of Britain's newly-acquired territory. The first expedition, in the ship 'Tory,' 400 tons, under command of Colonel William Wakefield, brother of the founder of the colonising scheme, landed at Port Nicholson (Wellington) in 1839, just at the conclusion of Te Rauparaha's triumphant marauding exploits, in the course of which he had practically annihilated the rightful aboriginal owners of the lands adjacent, as he had also done over other wide areas in both the North and South Islands, and over which, by right of conquest, he assumed possession. Colonel Wakefield proposed to buy, and, after most strenuous objections, Te Rauparaha yielded, and finally agreed, for a few trumpery presents, to sell all the Ngatitoa possessions on both sides of Cook Strait. Colonel Wakefield claimed that these negotiations put the New Zealand Company in possession of all the lands now known as Wellington, Auckland, Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, Nelson, and Marlborough. It is recorded that the total value of this deal in lands amounted to about £9000. Amongst the articles given in exchange were 300 red blankets, 200 muskets, 60 tomahawks, 320 fish hooks, 100 steel axes, 276 pocket knives, 480 pocket handkerchiefs, 144 jew's harps, 36 razors, 24 combs, and 12 sticks of sealing-wax. For a time all went well with the company's projects. The settlement at Wellington was established on what appeared favorable conditions, and the company determined to extend their field of operations.

The Nelson Expedition left England in 1841, and consisted of three vessels—the barques 'Whitby' (437 tons), 'Will Watch' (216 tons), and 'Arrow' (250 tons). The expedition was in charge of Captain Arthur Wakefield (another brother of Captain Edward Gibbon Wakefield), and brought out surveyors, laborers, and stores for the formation of the new settlement. In the same year the Governor announced that the company's title would not be acknowledged outside the original block of 110,000 acres around Port Nicholson, and warned Captain Wakefield that the lands

around Blind Bay were claimed by persons having native titles prior to his. However, Captain Wakefield was determined, and accordingly with his three ships proceeded to Blind Bay. The little fleet first anchored at Astrolabe, and the first choice of settlement was made at Kaiteretere, towards Riwaka. Subsequently the present site was chosen, where it was decided to build the town. When the strangers reached the shore they were met by a number of Maoris, who seemed not to understand their purpose. However, the Natives welcomed them, helping the pioneers about the construction of their homes, and the site of the town was soon pegged out. The first emigrant ship to reach the new settlement was the ' Fifeshire ' (557 tons), which arrived on February 1, 1842. In the same month the ' Lloyds ' (450 tons) arrived with the wives and children of the first emigrants. Other vessels followed, and betweeen November, 1841, and July, 1842, sixty-seven vessels of various kinds visited Nelson. The population meanwhile had increased to 2000.

One incident in the early history of Nelson was the attempt at forming a German settlement. Several allotments were purchased by a Hamburg firm from the New Zealand Company, and the emigrants arrived in the ' St. Pauli,' settling first at Moutere. A heavy flood caused many of them to move into Nelson. A second detachment of about 200 arrived in the ' Skiold ' in 1844, but owing to the hardships and trials of the new life nearly all, with the exception of about half the second batch, left in the same year for Australia. From the authorities quoted in the foregoing narrative an interesting sidelight is thrown on the methods whereby the accumulation of large landed estates was brought about. Between 1843 and 1850, owing to constant trouble arising between the settlers and the Land Company, on account of failure of employment and delay in allotting the lands, Governor Grey, before leaving at the end of his first term of office, passed land regulations throwing open large areas at five and ten shillings an acre. The runholders, afraid of being encroached on, purchased as much land as possible around their pastoral runs.

Bishop Pompallier, accompanied by Father O'Reilly, went to Nelson in 1844, and administered the Sacraments to the Catholics in private houses, and on several later occasions Father O'Reilly visited the faithful in that locality. The first resident priest of the district was the Rev. Father Antoine Garin, S.M., who was born at St. Rambert, in Bugey, France, in 1810. He was gifted with a nature happy and active, was an intrepid missionary, and had an acquaintance with many of the useful sciences. Arriving in New Zealand in 1841, he labored first of all among the Natives at the Bay of Plenty. When inter-tribal war broke out he went on the field of battle to bring words of peace to the chiefs and to

help the wounded. At the call of Bishop Viard, in April, 1850, he went to Nelson, where, out of a population of about 5000, only 250 were Catholics. With undaunted courage he faced the arduous task before him. Hesitation was foreign to his nature, and with sheer persistent effort everything he undertook was brought to a successful issue. From a cutting of an old newspaper, dated July 24, 1857, I am enabled to take the following interesting particulars of the first church openings in the province: 'The ceremonies of the dedication of St. Mary's Church, Nelson, and the blessing of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Waimea West, took place, for the former on Sunday, June 28, and for the latter on the Monday following, June 29, the feast day of SS. Peter and Paul, 1857. The approach of these ceremonies had been for the Catholics of the province and their friends a subject of great joy and interest. The weather for some time preceding had been most unpropitious, but all who could possibly attend partook of the common and spiritual blessings. Since the establishment of the settlement of Nelson in 1841, the Catholics of the province had been without the means of erecting churches in their respective districts. Trust funds, indeed, had been set aside in accordance with the agreement made by the New Zealand Company with the original land purchasers, for religious purposes in favor of all denominations. The Catholics received a share; a part had been used for securing a dwelling house for the Catholic priest, who had been sent by his Lordship Dr. Viard, the Bishop of Wellington, to be the rector of the Catholic station in Nelson. It was only in July, 1853, that another instalment from these funds, which amounted to £279, was handed to the Catholics. During five years the Rev. Father Garin, the priest appointed for that province, had been obliged to say Mass in private houses in the country districts, and in a temporary little chapel erected by the subscriptions of the Catholics and their friends in Nelson. Now that they were in possession of other means, they contemplated the erection of two new churches—the one for the Waimea West district in the country, and the other in the town of Nelson. The sum alluded to was divided: £79 were handed to the Catholics of the country, and by their own contributions they raised that sum to £300 and built a simple, plain, but neat church. The £200 were appropriated for Nelson, which required a better and larger building, being the township of the province. This sum also, by the exertions of the Catholics and their friends, increased to £540, with which they have erected in a Gothic but simple style a church which is considered one of the handsomest churches in the place. It was, then, on Sunday last that his Lordship Dr. Viard, the Catholic Bishop who had come from Wellington for that purpose, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Garin and Moreau,

dedicated the Nelson church, which was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and called St. Mary's Church. . . After a Missa Cantata the Bishop addressed the congregation, and with the importance of the subject elicited from every heart the deepest expressions of love, faith, and respect. He also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a great number who had been prepared to receive it. On the same day his Lordship started with the Rev. Father Garin for the country, and the next day, the feast of the holy Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, blessed the church, which was placed under the patronage of the two saints whose festival it was. . . The faithful entered into all the ceremonies with the same feelings of faith and piety as their friends had done in Nelson. Had not the continual rain which fell at that time placed a barrier between the two districts, both churches would not have been able to contain all those who had intended to be present. Collections were made at Nelson and Waimea on those occasions, and responded to with the usual readiness and liberality. The Rev. Father Garin has much pleasure in recording that the Catholics of the province of Nelson have always come forward with generosity, whenever they are called upon; in fact, they have for ten years been continually subscribing and collecting for the establishing and improving the Catholic station with its churches; also supporting their pastor and their schools by voluntary efforts, being not allowed any aid from the Government.'

Father Garin's earlier efforts were in the direction of acquiring, with the assistance of the few Catholic residents, a plot of land and a house for a presbytery, and to this site was removed a small chapel which had previously been built. This little building met all requirements, pending the erection of the more permanent and worthy edifice indicated above. He also built a school for boys, and afterwards founded another for girls, which later on was transformed into a large convent, when on February 9, 1871, the Sisters of the Missions arrived and took charge, at the invitation of the Venerable Pastor. Again, a few years later, Father Garin opened a boarding school for boys, upon which he grounded great hopes for the future. Among his first pupils was his Grace Archbishop Redwood, and to Father Garin we may be in a measure indebted for having our talented and beloved Archbishop. His was the keen perception first to detect the inherent qualities of the youth, and his counsel being followed, the result has been amply justified. His primary education commenced under the gentle, fostering care of the saintly Father Garin, of whom his Grace ever speaks in the most appreciative, grateful, and affectionate manner. Many years after, it is related, this aged and enfeebled priest, upon receiving the news of Dr. Redwood's appointment to the Wellington diocese, raising his hand towards Heaven and exclaimed, ' Thanks be to God, my boy is coming out to be my master.'

Enduring hardships and privations untold, and with all the demands upon his time and energy with the expansion of settlement, this intrepid missionary without hesitation visited the faithful scattered over a large district. When the search for gold commenced in 1863 he extended his journeyings to minister to the miners in their ever changing scene of action. At Collingwood, it is related, only five families could be found faithful to their church. In 1875 he received at Nelson his old pupil, the Right Rev. Dr. Redwood, now become Bishop of Wellington; and in 1889 he passed to his eternal reward. His death was felt by all classes of the community to be a public calamity, but a remembrance of his good deeds and well-spent life will long endure.

Few, if any, other parts of New Zealand have such an interesting, though comparatively peaceful, early history as Nelson, which probably earned for it that reputation of somnolence that time has failed to efface. Here, probably, the alluring search for gold, which ever since has proved such a potent factor in the building up of the wealth of the Dominion, saw its rise. Quoting an authority on the subject, we find the first efforts of the early settlers were in the cultivation of the soil, but the discovery of mineral wealth turned their attention in that direction. As early as 1852 a company was formed to work coal deposits at Nelson, but it was not until 1856 that discoveries of any importance were made. In that year an unsuccessful effort to work the copper finds in the Dun Mountains was made. In the same year a discovery of gold at Motueka caused a rush of about 300 there, but it soon worked out. In the year following gold was discovered at Collingwood, and 1000 diggers flocked to the field; but here, too, the field did not prove permanent.

In 1859 Mr. Rochfort found gold in the Buller River, and Dr. Von Haast, the explorer, found coal in the valley of the Grey. Towards the end of 1863 splendid specimens of the precious metal were obtained at the Lyell; the inevitable rush set in, and in a few months 10,000 ounces of gold were obtained in the Buller district. No roads existing in those days between Canterbury and Westland, the West Coast trade passed through Nelson, raising the town to an important commercial centre. This monopoly of trade and prosperity naturally gave rise to considerable jealousy, which was appeased by the Provincial Council of Canterbury constructing a road over the ranges at the head of the Bealey. In the troublous times in the North Island, about 1860, caused by the outbreak of war with the Natives, safety was sought in Nelson by many refugees, and here they were received with every kindness by the settlers. Although the foregoing is somewhat of a digression, the few particulars given outside the subject will prove of use later on, when treating of other places, notably the West

Coast, and the zealous work of the pioneer Catholic Missionaries in this, at that time, almost inaccessible region.

The following further particulars regarding the early days of the Church in Nelson have been taken principally from a work, 'The Jubilee History of Nelson,' by the late Judge Broad:—

Amongst the early settlers of Nelson were several Catholic families, but they were not visited by any priest until 1844, when the late Dr. Pompallier, at that time Vicar-Apostolic of New Zealand, and afterwards Bishop of Auckland, came to Nelson, accompanied by the late Rev. J. J. P. O'Reilly, O.S.F., who was then stationed at Wellington. The first Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Vicar-Apostolic in Bridge street, in a house which had formerly been occupied by Mr. Otterson. Dr. Pompallier preached in Maori to the Natives, and Father O'Reilly in English to the Europeans. On May 9 Father O'Reilly celebrated Mass in the Waimea, fourteen miles from Nelson, at the house of Mr. Redwood, sen. On Sunday, May 12, Mass was again celebrated in Nelson, Father O'Reilly preaching, and on the 13th Dr. Pompallier celebrated a Requiem Mass.

In May, 1846, the Rev. Father O'Reilly again visited Nelson. During his visit the New Zealand Company gave a site for a church. The first trustees were Messrs. Henry Redwood, Francis Otterson, Joseph Ward, Henry Redwood, jun., and James Armstrong. In April, 1847, Father O'Reilly paid another visit. Shortly before this the parish diary records that 'The Catholics, aided by the kind subscriptions of the Protestants, erected a little chapel on the land belonging to them, at a cost of about £40. This, the first Catholic place of worship, was opened on Easter Sunday, 1847.

In 1848, the Government applied to the trustees for a portion of their site for gaol purposes. To this some of the trustees were much opposed upon the ground that what was left would be too steep and narrow for the erection of a permanent church; but Mr. Redwood, sen., consented, and, acting upon this, the land was taken, upon the understanding, however, that other land should be given as compensation. This has never been done. Application was repeatedly made to the Right Rev. Dr. Viard, Catholic Bishop of Wellington, for a resident priest, and he sent the late Rev. Antoine Marie Garin, of the Marist Society, as first rector of St. Mary's, Nelson. Father Garin arrived here on May 8, 1850, and was accompanied by a lay Brother—Claud Marie. The same month, a store, belonging to the New Zealand Company, was bought at auction for £50. This was set off against the debt due by the company to the Catholics on account of their share of the trust funds. An acre of ground in Manuka street was obtained from the company (valued at £35), which was also given

as a further instalment of the same debt. An adjoining acre was bought for £45, and upon this the store was erected and converted into a priest's residence. The little chapel on the hill, at the back of the gaol, was found too small, so it was removed to the acre upon which the presbytery had been erected. In July, 1851, the Rev. Father Moreau came as assistant priest to Nelson. He started classes for French, Latin, and mathematics. From the first, Father Garin's schools were a success. They were numerously attended by Protestants as well as Catholics, and enjoyed for years a high reputation. On April 1, 1859, the Rev. Father Pons succeeded Father Moreau at Nelson, but was replaced by Father Moreau on September 20. Father Moreau was shortly after again removed, and succeeded by the Rev. P. A. Martin, S.M., late pastor of Hokitika. Father Michel succeeded Father Martin, and in his turn was succeeded by Father Tressallet. In December, 1867, the Rev. J. R. Chareyre, S.M., took Father Tressallet's place, and remained nearly four years. Then came the Rev. J. N. Binsfeld, S.M., who was succeeded by the Rev. W. J. Mahoney, S.M., on February 10, 1875.

Bishop Viard visited Nelson to bless the new church of St. Mary's in 1864, and he also dedicated the church of Waimea West. In 1869, under the direction of the Rev. Father Chareyre, S.M., the beautiful Church of St. Joseph's at Wakefield, distant about eighteen miles from Nelson, was erected at a cost of over £1000. The site had an area of two acres, part of which has been used as a cemetery. On the death of the Ven. Archpriest Garin, in April, 1889, the Very Rev. Father Mahoney succeeded him as Rector of St. Mary's, and was also placed upon the list of Diocesan Consultors, his assistant being the late Rev. James Landouar, who also acted as chaplain to the Boys' Industrial School, Stoke. There are five churches under the immediate charge of the Rector of St. Mary's, Nelson—St. Mary's, Nelson; St. Joseph's, Wakefield; SS. Peter and Paul, Waimea; St. Francis', Motueka; and Sacred Heart, Takaka. The old church was destroyed by fire on Easter Sunday, 1881, the present fine edifice being erected in 1882, at a cost of over £2000. The funds for the new church were subscribed by people of all denominations, the miners on the West Coast contributing over £600.

As stated in the *New Zealand Tablet* on the occasion of reporting the opening ceremony of the present (new) Stoke Orphanage: 'The Ven. Archpriest Garin, S.M., passed away full of years and honors and good works on Palm Sunday (April 14, 1889), after a fruitful pastorate of 39 years. A year and a half later a handsome mortuary chapel was completed by a grateful people to his memory. Though the coffin was in part waterlogged, and portions of the vestments, etc., decayed, the holy old

man's remains were found as incorrupt and placid as if he had only just passed away. There was not even a graveyard odor about the coffin. The remarkable fact was attested in full legal form by the medical and other witnesses—fifteen in number, and of various creeds—who had been privileged to witness it. Father Garin's memory and his work are still a benediction among the widely-scattered little flock of the faithful in the Nelson province.'

On February 9, 1871, at the earnest request of Rev. Father Garin, five Sisters of Notre Dame des Missions arrived in Nelson in order to establish a foundation of their Institute, and to carry on the good work of education, and to help to the best of their ability in consoling and comforting the sick and poor of the parish. Several ladies met the Sisters on their arrival at the wharf, and conducted them to the church, where they were cordially welcomed by the parish priest, the Rev. Father Garin, then in charge at Nelson. On the 27th of the same month, and after a few days of much-needed rest, the Sisters took possession of the little convent which had been blessed the previous day, and was to be their home for the time being. The Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the morning to implore the divine blessings on the opening of the school and the other good works confided to the Sisters. As was usual in foundations of the early days, the Sisters' beginning here was, needless to say, very poor, and especially as they were obliged to leave France during the troubled time of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; consequently they were unable to obtain the necessary requirements for the furnishing of a little oratory, the want of which for many months was keenly felt. However, as all things come to those who wait patiently, so it was in this case, and December 23 of the same year saw a small temporary oratory fitted up, and the Holy Sacrifice celebrated in it for the first time, to the great joy and consolation of the good Sisters.

On June 20, 1875, his Grace Archbishop Redwood (then Bishop) visited the little community at Nelson, and expressed his satisfaction at the work done by the Sisters; and on the following day blessed a statue and altar which had been erected in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes. As time wore on the works flourished, the schools increased, and at the present time a handsome commodious building has taken the place of the modest little convent occupied by the Sisters for so many years.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FOUNDING THE MISSION IN HAWKE'S BAY.

The Rev. Fathers Lampila and Regnier, with Brothers Basil and Florentin, are justly regarded as the founders of the mission at Ahuriri (Maori name for the district). In the beginning of January, 1851, they journeyed to Hawke's Bay. Father Lampila entered at once on his work of evangelisation among the Natives of the district at Wairoa and surrounding Maori settlements.

The Meanee, or Pakowai, Mission (so relates an old settler) was established by Father Regnier, with Brothers John and Basil, in 1852. The first house, which also served as a chapel, was a raupo hut on land given them by the Maoris. Here they labored for about two years until Native troubles compelled them to leave. (The Pakowai pah of that time was situated on the Ahuriri plains, a few miles from the present town of Napier.) They settled on the site now known as the Meanee mission, and there built a small mission house, which also served as a chapel for the Natives and the few white people who had settled in the neighborhood. The Brothers worked the farm and catechised the Natives, while Father Regnier made journeys to the distant tribes, going as far north as Lake Taupo, and southward to near Wellington. Father Regnier was essentially a Maori missionary, and spent the greater part of his life travelling through their country. From the boiling springs of Rotorua to the bleak mountains of Castle Point, he was looked upon by the Natives as Taku-hoa-pai (My good friend). A true Father to his flock, he labored in their interests till within a short time of his death. The Bay of Plenty was the scene of his earlier labors, and he was a conspicuous figure among the Maoris during the outbreak of typhus fever in 1854, which caused great ravages. At an outbreak of war in 1857 the tribe in the immediate vicinity of Meanee was vanquished, and the remnants thereof emigrated to the further north. The good Father henceforth devoted himself to the increasing European population, building for them churches at Meanee (1863), Waipawa (1871), and later on others at Hastings and Wairoa. He also built at Napier (close to the present convent) the 'Providence,' a school for Maori and half-caste girls, now in charge of the Sisters of the Missions. After some time, Father Forest

came to take charge of Napier, but Father Regnier retained the country districts, including all the provincial district of Hawke's Bay, together with the Native population, until his death in 1888.

In the meantime other parishes, such as Hastings and Waipawa, were formed, to keep pace with the increase of settlement. The building, which now in part forms the Meanee Seminary, was built about twenty years ago as a home for aged and infirm priests, but was destined for its present purpose three years later, and considerably enlarged. The foregoing, in a general way, shows the first mission regularly organised in Hawke's Bay, but it may safely be assumed that in even earlier years some of the pioneer missionaries of Bishop Pompallier's heroic band traversed the district among the Maori population.

Unlike many other chief centres on the seaboard of the Dominion, the beautiful town of Napier owes its rise and expansion to the natural advantages of its situation, its salubrious climate, and very materially to the wide-stretching fertile lands of the district, rather than to any scheme of special settlement or adventitious happenings. Although from earliest times in the occupancy of a dense Native population, this part was practically immune from those devastating wars waged between Maori and European, the details of which fill so many sad pages of the country's history. The Natives of those parts appeared peaceably disposed, and it is recorded they even assisted the side of law and order in attempting to subdue the Hau Hau fanatics. During these troublous times military forces were quartered in Napier, and at the foundation of the Catholic Mission aided therein with much generosity. Very few Catholics, it is recorded, were to be found among the inhabitants of Napier, except among the soldiers, many of whom belonged to the true faith, and showed that they esteemed it as much a pleasure as a duty to assist the priests in their good works as far as lay in their power. The town of Napier was laid out in 1855. The province of Hawke's Bay was originally part of that of Wellington. In 1858 it was the first to be created under the provisions of the New Provinces Act, and formed the seventh of the provinces. About that time Father Forest was entrusted with the spiritual charge of the town of Napier, and Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald gave a grant of land to the Church. With the help and co-operation of the few Catholic residents, Father Forest built a presbytery on a fine healthy site, and soon after opened a school-church. In some reminiscences contributed to the *Record* in 1895 we find the following appreciation of Father Forest:—'In none of those lowly and devoted servants of Mary was the blending of those dual qualities, wisdom, and simplicity so strikingly exemplified as in Father Forest, whom to know was to love and admire. In any part of New Zealand where duty

claimed his services his astuteness in temporal affairs left its impress in an unmistakable manner. Unassuming and retiring in private life, he was firm as a rock of adamant in matters appertaining to faith and morals. Whilst at Auckland in the early forties with Father Petitjean, where partly by the labors of their own hands they built the first St. Patrick's, he sustained injuries from which he ever after suffered. To his persistent efforts may be attributed the introduction of that excellent Sisterhood, the Order of Notre Dame des Missions (which since then has spread itself almost throughout the Dominion, and offshoots of which have founded communities in parts of the Commonwealth of Australia, Canada, India, and Burmah). Part of Father Forest's house on the hill was occupied as the first boys' school in Napier, in 1872 and for some years previously. The teacher was Mr. Reardon, who later taught at Meanee and at Hokitika, whence he returned to Hawke's Bay, and started the first Catholic school at Hastings, where he died on February 12, 1888. Ever advancing, he next procured the Little Brothers of Mary (Marist Brothers), who came some ten years later under the direction of that genial and accomplished favorite, the late Rev. Brother Joseph. His long cherished desire had at length become an established fact; the lambs of his flock, for whom he ever exhibited such tender solicitude, would now be cared for, and the lamp of faith kept burning brightly by the self-sacrificing efforts of those devoted to religion. Father Forest was more especially engaged in the settlement of Napier, where he built a convent in 1863 for the Sisters of the Missions, where they received boarders and day scholars. He also built a large school for boys, afterwards confided to the Marist Brother, and a handsome church to accommodate 1500 persons. His crown came at last, and the venerable senior in years of the Marist Order was sorrowfully laid at rest in the picturesque cemetery on the summit of Scinde Island, overlooking the town of Napier, where for twenty years he poured the balm of consolation upon repentant hearts. A wise counsellor in prosperity, a true friend in adversity, he was beloved and revered by all classes and denominations.'

On October 2, 1864, four Sisters of the Order of Notre Dames des Missions embarked at London for Napier to found the first community in New Zealand. The voyage lasted nearly five months, and on February 26, 1865, at 8 o'clock at night, the Sisters reached their destination. They were met and welcomed by Father Forest, who had for months patiently awaited their arrival. After taking possession of their new convent, the good Sisters prepared themselves for their future work by a retreat of three days, the various exercises of which were conducted by Father Forest. The Sisters began their work of teaching in a building formerly used as a Wesleyan chapel, which had been purchased

and removed close to the convent. At the end of the following month (March) over fifty children, including non-Catholics, were present as pupils. With commendable zeal and energy, and stimulated by the happy beginnings of their career in a new country, the Sisters, after a short while, devoted their spare time to work equally well accepted; some of these duties being to care for and restore the linen and vestments of the several churches; to the instruction of converts, and visiting the sick and poor among the inhabitants. The success of their teaching, recognised by the school inspectors, not less than by the confidence of the parents, induced the good Father to build a second school. As time wore on Father Regnier, of Meanee, who had charge of the Native race, was desirous of building a 'providence' for the Maori girls, and at his request the Provincial Government readily allotted a piece of land for the purpose, and granted the means whereby the erection was carried out, also near the convent. This excellent institution is still in existence, and the good work it has accomplished among the Native population is well known. It is but one more example of the real missionary spirit which was responsible for it, and of the far-seeing judgment of him to whom it is a monument vastly more durable than bronze.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HISTORICAL MARLBOROUGH AND THE MISSIONARIES.

Towards the end of 1842 Mr. Cottrell, a surveyor, had explored a way from Nelson into the Wairau, and the glowing accounts given of that district determined Captain Wakefield to take up land there on behalf of the Nelson settlers, and preparations were made to extend the settlement in that direction. Captain Wakefield held that the whole of what is now known as Marlborough was included in the purchase made at the time of the Wellington Settlement, but the Maori chiefs thought otherwise. As soon as the news of the projected survey reached Kapiti Island, Te Rauparaha's stronghold, he, together with Te Rangihaeata and Te Hiko, crossed the strait to Nelson, and warned Captain Wakefield that Wairau must not be taken over, as not included in the original sale. In reply Captain Wakefield re-stated the company's claim, but it was, in angry terms, repudiated by Te Rauparaha, who warned the officials that if they went to Wairau they would meet with resistance. Te Rauparaha entreated the surveyors not to proceed with the survey, but refer the claim to the Native Commissioner. Captain Wakefield was determined, a step which unfortunately led to the Wairau Massacre, when twenty-three Europeans were murdered. Amongst the victims were Captain Wakefield, Captain England, Messrs. Thompson, Cottrell, Richardson, Howard, Brooks, Cropper, and McGregor, and of the twenty-six who escaped several were wounded. Looking back calmly, states the chronicler of this tragic event, after a long vista of over sixty years, one cannot help thinking the Europeans were much to be blamed. In the year 1859 Nelson suffered a severe loss in the separation of Wairau from it. The settlers in the Wairau complained that they were taxed for the benefit of Nelson without any compensating return, being left roadless and bridgeless. There was little opposition to the request of the discontented colonists. An Act was passed by the General Assembly in the same year separating Wairau from Nelson, and incorporating it under a separate government as the province of Marlborough. The new province shared in the gold discoveries of 1863-4, important finds being made in the Wakamarina district,

about thirty miles from Nelson. There was then a good road over the Maungatapu, and a great rush took place. This road became notorious a year or so later owing to a dastardly tragedy perpetrated by a gang of bushrangers. Canvastown and Havelock grew into important little townships, boasting of a newspaper and Government officials.

Blenheim, the chief centre of Marlborough, owes its Church foundation and the beautiful organisation of its works to the Rev. Father Sauzeau, S.M. Sent in November, 1864, to this new district, he found there only sixty houses, occupied by some hundreds of people. He celebrated the first Mass in the courthouse. The following year he built a church and opened two schools for the Catholic children of the settlement. Ten years later this temporary church was replaced by a beautiful edifice, which was erected on land acquired, with the liberal assistance of the small Catholic congregation, in a healthy and beautiful situation in the southern part of the town. In addition to Blenheim Father Sauzeau had charge of the whole of the province of Marlborough, and with characteristic zeal he had churches erected at Tua Marina, Picton, and Havelock. Being unassisted, he had to personally supply all requirements. In his correspondence he once wrote:— 'On two Sundays of the month I celebrate Mass in Blenheim, and once a month at Picton and Havelock, and when there is a fifth Sunday in any month I visit and unite as best I can the families scattered over the distant outlying districts. In New Zealand it is truly difficult for a missionary priest to find time to be lonely. Each Sunday I celebrate two Masses, preach at different times, and baptise children. During the week I teach catechism, oversee the schools, direct affairs generally, visit the parishioners, and, above all, the sick on my four stations. Thank God, although our Catholics are scattered over the province, and in consequence a great distance from the central residence, very few have died without the sacred rites and consolations of our holy religion.'

Through the kindness of the Rev. Father Holley, S.M., I have obtained from Mr. John O'Sullivan, at one time a pupil of the late Archpriest Garin, the following valuable information regarding Marlborough and the Sounds:—

From 1850, the date of Father Garin's appointment to Nelson, to 1864, the date of Father Sauzeau's appointment to Blenheim, a space of fourteen years, Father Garin had charge of this place, and made periodical visits from Nelson. Those visits were attended with great difficulties and danger to life. The only known route at that time between Nelson and Blenheim was by way of Top House and Wairau Valley, a distance of 110 miles. There being no formed roads or bridges, very dangerous rivers

(in which many of our most prominent pioneer settlers lost their lives) had to be forded. The Catholics were few and very scattered, necessitating a continuous travel, beset with the same difficulties as stated above. There being no church here in those days, Mass was celebrated in the settlers' houses, and to show how that saintly priest worked, never sparing himself, I will mention one instance. I and four other Catholics were road-making 25 miles back in the country, and finding no way of communicating with us, he rode that 25 miles to let us know that Mass would be celebrated on the following Sunday, at Mr. C. Murphy's house, near Blenheim. When he arrived at our camp he looked very faint and tired, the effect, no doubt, of so much continuous and rough travelling. He sat down in our tent and partook of our rough fare—some damper and mutton and a pannikin of tea—and returned on his road to Blenheim, making a journey of 50 miles, so that we might benefit by attending Mass during his visit. This is only one instance of many others I could name, attesting to Father Garin's great zeal and perseverance in the interests of his scattered flock in those early days. Some idea of what he had to encounter may be formed when it is known that in those days he had to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholics scattered over all that country forming the entire south coast of Cook Strait from Cape Farewell to Cape Campbell, and down the east coast as far as Kaikoura, a distance of about 250 miles, with all its bays and sounds. I have met him in both extremes of this country, weary and jaded from rough travelling, but always with a smile and a cheerful word, never complaining. In visiting the Sounds, he had to start from Blenheim. There being no road between Blenheim and Picton, he had to walk that distance, 20 miles, and then go from Picton to all parts of the Sounds by open boat as best he could. His fare was at times of the roughest kind, there being no other accommodation than that afforded by a whaling station or a Native settlement. When Father Sauzeau was appointed to Blenheim, Father Garin was relieved of all that part of the country comprised in the province of Marlborough. In time Father Sauzeau erected three small churches—one in Blenheim, one in Picton, and one in Havelock. When Father Pezant joined him as assistant priest he appointed him to the northern portion of the mission, including Picton, Havelock, and the Sounds. In attending to the requirements of his district, Father Pezant suffered many hardships and privations. Having had his leg broken in a coach accident, he would not afterwards travel by coach, and not being a horseman, he had to do all his journeys on foot, or by boat when in the Sounds. It was distressing to see him, in all kinds of weather, travelling with a load strapped on his back. It was enough to break down a young

man, how much more so a man so far advanced in years as the Rev. Father was. He disapproved of the sites on which the Picton and Havelock churches stood, and suggested to the parishioners that they should buy new sites and remove the churches. To this they demurred on account of the cost, but so determined was the good priest in carrying out this idea, that he set men to work and pulled down both churches, when, as a matter of course, the parishioners had to fall in with his plans. As a consequence the two churches now stand on two of the best sites procurable.

On one of his periodical visits in the Sounds, he took a near cut over a wooded range to call at a Native settlement, and after a very rough journey he found that the whole of the people were away from home, being absent on a fishing or wild pig-hunting expedition. It was too late in the day to return over the range, and he had to take up his quarters that night in a boat-shed, without bedding or food. Next morning, after breakfasting on some raw pumpkins which he found in the garden, he retraced his steps back over the mountain. On another occasion he took a journey similar to the one above related to attend a dying woman. He and a young boy, acting as guide, got benighted in the bush, and had to spend the night on the range. The boy soon fell asleep, and Father Pezant in pity, covered the sleeping boy with his own coat. On arriving at the dying woman's house, a grievous shock awaited him. The woman refused to see him. Being married to a non-Catholic, she adhered to the advice of her husband, and died two days later, without the rites of the Church.

In the course of events the Church in Kaikoura in the early days and onwards next claims considerable attention.

Kaikoura is a Maori word which signifies ' crawfish-food,' as this species of fish is abundant there. The scenic beauties of Kaikoura are greatly and justly admired. The towering Kaikoura peaks constitute some of the most picturesque mountain scenery in New Zealand. The extensive bay, with the jutting peninsula protecting it on the south, is bordered by a very fertile flat and sloping piece of country. In 1858 Mr. Joseph Ward, member of the Nelson Provincial Council, happening to visit Kaikoura, and being an expert surveyor, judged the place suitable for close settlement. He laid his views before the Council, which adopted them, and soon after commissioned him to make a survey of the district. This led to the final settlement of Kaikoura, which was then a mere wilderness, but which is now one of the most prosperous districts in New Zealand. Mr. Ward's judgment has been fully confirmed.

Kaikoura is situated in the Marlborough province, and in the Archdiocese of Wellington. The Rev. Father Augustine Garin, S.M., was the first priest to visit the new settlement. This visit was made on March 9, 1861. Father Garin was accompanied from Blenheim, some 95 miles distant, by Mr. Joseph Ward and his son Austin, as we gather from a letter by the Rev. Father himself to Mr. W. Smith, of Ludstone, Kaikoura. He also informs us that he celebrated Mass on Sunday, March 10, in Mr. Fife's residence; that half-a-dozen Catholics and some non-Catholics filled the room; that he baptised a child on the 11th, visited the Maori pah on the 12th, and returned to Wairau immediately after. He also paid a visit in 1862.

The second priest who came to the little flock at Kaikoura was Father Tresallet, S.M., whose visit occurred in 1863 or 1864. A flying visit was made by Father McCaughy, in 1865, and another in the same year by Father Tresallet, who, on this occasion, collected £20 for the Bishop's residence in Wellington.

In 1865 there arrived at Kaikoura the Rev. Father Sauzeau, S.M., from Blenheim. It would appear that Father Sauzeau's appointment to Blenheim eventuated in 1864. This Father paid two annual visits up to 1868, subsequent to which he came more frequently, as the settlement was growing in population and importance. Father Sauzeau's connection with Kaikoura ceased in March, 1876. At the time in question the track to Blenheim was full of dangers for the wayfarers. It was very rough and dangerous in many places, leading sometimes along the sides of steep precipices, over rapid and rugged rivers, and again through ill-defined ways. Many were lost on this long and dreary journey. So much for the difficulties besetting pioneer travellers. Now for a brief account of Father Sauzeau's labors at Kaikoura. In 1868 he raised a fund by subscription, which enabled him to make a purchase of twenty acres of suburban land by the Kowhai River, and one acre in the township of Kaikoura, vesting the titles in trustees. With the same unflagging zeal, in the same year, with money also raised by subscription, he caused a church and vestry to be erected, which he opened on the feast of St. Michael, to whom it was dedicated. Mr. Walter Hailes, an early pioneer, exerted himself with great zeal and success in collecting the subscriptions. Father Sauzeau also provided a chalice, vestments, and other church requisites. The net amount realised for expenditure was some £100, a considerable sum for a few Catholics when money was very scarce. The new church was small and a mere shell at first, but yet it was a great boon. The dedication took place on September 29, 1868, Father Sauzeau, in the midst of a joyful congregation, performing the first ceremony of the kind in Kaikoura.

During Father Sauzeau's connection with Kaikoura, and in the year 1873, a bishop's first visitation cheered and consoled the little community. The Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin and Administrator of Wellington, arrived from Waiau on horseback. An escort met his Lordship at Waiau, some sixty miles distant, and conveyed him over exceedingly rough and pathless ways to Kaikoura. His arrival was on September 25. Father Sauzeau was unable to come for the occasion. Dr. Moran's visit was the grateful response to a petition addressed to him by the Catholics of Kaikoura, writes Mr. W. Smith in notes which we have already quoted, and which form the basis of this article.

The Catholic community turned out *en masse* to meet and greet Dr. Moran. They presented him with a very enthusiastic address, for which his Lordship thanked them most cordially, and spoke words of encouragement and consolation. He examined the candidates for Confirmation and administered the Sacrament to nineteen persons, chiefly adults. Dr. Moran remained five days in the district, hearing confessions and doing the ordinary duties of a missionary. The old settlers still mention his kindness and goodness of heart in coming to Kaikoura when access to it was so laborious and when he had so extensive a field for duties. But Dr. Moran's zeal was very conspicuous, and he had had many years' experience in South Africa before his translation to Dunedin as its first Bishop. On his return journey he was escorted back as far as Waiau by the same company that met him on his coming.

In 1876-77 an addition of 16ft was made to the length of the church, the whole building was improved by lining and painting, and the sanctuary was varnished. Chairs, carpets, furniture, and altar requisites were provided. The road to the church was also improved, and the cemetery was levelled and set in order. In 1878-79 a further expenditure of £20 was made on altar furniture, and a bell, Stations of the Cross, etc., were secured at an additional outlay. And so, up to the close of the seventies, Church interests were advanced by priest and people with unflagging vigor.

The second visitation of a Bishop was made on February 24, 1876, by Dr. Redwood, who arrived on horseback from Blenheim. His Lordship was accompanied by Father Sauzeau and Mr. Gilbert Ward, and remained at Kaikoura over two Sundays. Meantime he administered Confirmation to a few candidates (six), relieved Father Sauzeau of the charge of Kaikoura, and provided that henceforth the district should be visited from Wellington. This was a great relief to the good and zealous Father, whose duties at Blenheim alone were quite sufficient for him.

Dr. Redwood was met by the Catholics at Maungamaunu, beyond the rapid and dangerous Hapuka, about seven miles from

Kaikoura. His Lordship received a most enthusiastic welcome and address from the congregation. In his reply he exhorted the faithful to establish a school, which they did as soon as possible, and he promised a resident priest at the earliest opportunity. By the same long and wearisome route he returned on horseback to Blenheim, accompanied by Father Sauzeau. From that time forward began the quarterly visits, as promised by Dr. Redwood, of the Rev. Francis Yardin, S.M., at that time stationed at the Hutt, near Wellington. His first arrival was in October, 1876, and his visits continued until 1882. In Mr. W. Smith's interesting notes we find the following eulogy of this devoted priest: 'This good and zealous pastor, during the five years of his administration, managed the affairs of the parish with wisdom, prudence, and success.' It was during his able administration that the various improvements detailed for the years 1877-78 were effected. In 1880 there was an expenditure of £50 for various improvements —Sanctuary lamp, new seats for the church, and a priest's room were provided. It is quite worthy of record here—an omission whereof would be culpable—that a most generous member of the congregation made to the church the handsome and welcome donation of a new organ, with a gallery for its reception. This gift was worth £30, and it enabled the congregation to have henceforward the benefit of music at Mass and evening devotions.

It was during Father Yardin's administration that Mr. O'Donnell made a gift of 2¼ acres as a more central and suitable site for church, school, and presbytery. It was then also that Mr. Patrick Peoples made a similar gift for a convent site. Those generous benefactors were moved to this noble action by an important letter of Father Yardin's, detailing the many inconveniences of the old site. In 1882 the church was removed to its new and more central situation, at a cost of £118, an iron roof replacing the old shingle one. This important work was finished on June 30, and on October 13 a contract was signed for the erection of a presbytery. In June of the next year (1883) the Rev. Father Lampilla arrived as first resident priest, shortly after Dr. Redwood's second visit, and when the congregation had pledged themselves to provide a Catholic school at the earliest possible moment. This pledge was faithfully kept, for in July of the same year a contract was signed for the erection of a school, and Father Lampilla procured Miss Hollis, 'a young lady of great attainments, from the convent, Nelson, to conduct the school for him.' Owing to many heavy items of expenditure within a few years, the church debt amounted to £224 at the close of 1883, but excellent work had been done as a foundation for the future.

This narrative has extended somewhat beyond the seventies with the view to show the condition of the mission and the spirit

of the congregation when the first resident priest settled at Kaikoura. The narrative is based on the notes kindly and thoughtfully kept from early days by Mr. W. Smith, of Ludstone. Much could be written on the parish from 1883 to the present date, but the seventies are our present limits. All the visiting priests up to 1882 used to stay at Ludstone House, where they enjoyed the warmest welcome and the most abundant hospitality. This the compiler has gathered from some of the earliest settlers.

The founders of a Catholic mission are well worthy of a record. A priest is sometimes called the ' founder,' but strictly speaking he is only the organiser of the Catholics he has found before him. Moreover, the success of the mission he organises and builds up depends very materially on the quality of the early Catholic settlers. Now, the earliest Catholic settlers of Kaikoura have impressed their mark for good on the mission for ever. Hence the fitness of recording their names in connection with the above summary of early events. Many of them have already been called to their eternal reward. As far as the writer has been able to ascertain, the following were the pioneers of the Catholic Church of Kaikoura:—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hailes, Mr. and Mrs. James O'Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Dublin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Harnett and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Peoples. A few years later came Mr. and Mrs. John O'Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. James Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Braughan, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Curtin, Mr. Michael Dee, Mr. and Mrs. William Smith (of Ludstone), Mr. John Peoples, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. George Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Redwood, Mr. and Mrs. James Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Michael K. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Maguire. Of the above the following are gathered to their fathers in the faith:—James O'Donnell, John O'Donnell, John and Mrs. Harnett, Walter Hailes, Wm. Dublin Smith, Patrick Peoples, Jeremiah Curtin, Mrs. Smith (of Ludstone), James and Mrs. Gallagher, Michael Dee, Mrs. Joseph Garrett.

THE CHURCH IN OTAGO.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

Before the end of the eighteenth century, and about the same time as the foundation of the convict settlement of New South Wales (states a well-known authority), whalers and sealers began to settle in scattered groups along the New Zealand coast. A whaling station was founded in Preservation Inlet so early as 1829. In 1832 and 1834 stations were started on Dusky Bay. Other stations were situated at various points along the coast—at Aparima (Jacob's River), Oreti (New River), Awarua (the Bluff), Toitoi (Mataura), Waikawa (Catlin's River), Matau (Molyneux), Moturata Island (Taieri Mouth), Otakou (Otago Heads), Purakanui, Waikouaiti, and Moeraki. The station at Otago Heads, under the same proprietary as that off the Taieri between 1830 and 1840, employed from 70 to 80 Europeans at a time, and this nucleus of a European settlement was constantly recruited from the American, French, and English whalers and sealers, that worked the New Zealand coasts. Various published works will give some idea of the types of men represented by these whalers. Leading hard and dangerous lives, much given to coarse dissipations, they had (it is recorded) the virtues of courage and generosity highly developed, and they did a great deal to clear the way for the higher civilisation that was to follow. As regards the Native population, it is stated that between 2000 and 3000 were settled about Otago Heads in 1836, and about an additional 500 at Purakanui, whilst as many as twelve double canoes were seen in Otago Harbor at once. The old Maori settlements on the Upper Harbor, however, had already been deserted, for the remnants of the Ngaitahu and Ngatimamoe had long since been broken into scattered bands, attracted to various spots along the coast by the allurements of the whaling stations. The Natives were then, as always, on good terms with the whites, and many of the best whalers on the coast were Maoris and half-castes. But the vices of civilisation along with diseases and imported disorders soon decimated the Maoris who came in contact with the whalers. From the foregoing brief remarks an idea may be conceived of

the conditions obtaining when in 1840 the little missionary schooner 'Sancta Maria' made the entrance of Otago Harbor, conveying the intrepid Bishop Pompallier, the first messenger of the Gospel to come upon the scene.

'When the "Sancta Maria" was repaired at Akaroa (writes the Bishop in his diary) I set sail for the Bay of Otago, where a considerable number of Natives resided. Fathers Comte and Pezant accompanied me. Going down towards Otago with a favorable wind, we ran great danger of shipwreck. The "Sancta Maria," whilst sailing along near the entrance to Otago (the coast being still but little known to sailors), ran on some hidden reefs below water, but happily broke nothing. The captain saved her from being wrecked and our lives from the perils of death by getting her away from those rocks and out into the open sea, favored by a strong breeze, which lifted her off the reefs. Two days afterwards we reached Otago, all safe. The people of the bay had not yet been evangelised by anyone. My arrival amongst them had already been announced by the Natives of Banks Peninsula. They received the visit I paid them very well, and soon had a fair knowledge of the tenets of religion. During the stay I made in Otago I celebrated Mass one Sunday with as much solemnity as possible in a large store that an English Protestant merchant had the goodness to lend me for the occasion. All the Natives of the vicinity attended thereat, and some twenty English, French, and American whalers also came. The greater number of whites were Protestants, but all the same they displayed the greatest religious respect for the ceremonies of the Church. Two sermons were preached, one in English and the other in Maori, and one would have thought that on that day all were Catholics. A universal appeal was made for a resident missionary, but owing to the want of funds and also of missionaries the Bishop was unable to comply. Were it possible to accede to the request made, all these people to-day would have been Catholics.'

The people of Foveaux Strait, having heard of the Bishop's arrival and of his labors, sent a deputation to beg of him to come and instruct them. They lived at Ruapuke, and along the sea coast. The messengers who came to seek the Bishop were one European and five or six Natives from their tribes. The European was an Irishman by birth, and a Catholic. He brought with him two of his children, whom the Bishop baptised on board the 'Sancta Maria.' An attempt to reach the settlements failed owing to contrary weather conditions, and much to the disappointment of the messengers, who were, however, supplied with books of instruction and given the assurance of spiritual ministrations as soon as practicable. After spending five or six mutually profitable days among the Natives of Moeraki, to whom the services

of the missionary proposed to be stationed in Otago were promised, the Bishop left on his return to Akaroa, taking with him several young Natives of the better class to be instructed by the Fathers there.

The mention of the Irishman from the remoteness of Foveaux Strait to greet Bishop Pompallier proves the saying that the sons of Erin are to be found in all manner of places, accessible and apparently inaccessible, and under all manner of varying circumstances. Some notable instances may be quoted here, from an interesting series of articles, under the heading 'The Making of a Nation: Beginnings of New Zealand Nationality,' written by Mr. Guy H. Scholefield, which recently appeared in the *Lyttelton Times*, and from which I am permitted to make the following extract:—

'If ever political despair and economic desperation, extending not over one year or a decade, but over centuries, could drive a people from the land of its birth and tradition to renew its institutions and its glories under different skies, these motives were present as a goad to the Irish. Possibly there never went forth to the making of new nations so potential a body of men; such a force of character and individuality. Irish ability and common sense have been at the base of democratic institutions in every part of the New World; Irish bravery and industry have carried entrenchments of difficulty and despair unsuspected by soldiers; Irish intellect has been in the van of culture wherever leisure has succeeded to the arduous struggles of the pioneer.

'Lieutenant McDonnell, a native of County Antrim and an officer in the British Navy, purchased in 1831 the whaling brig "Sir George Murray," which was built at Horeke. He acquired at the same time the dockyard at Hokianga, and forthwith sailed with his wife and family and some mechanics to settle there. He returned to Sydney in a few months. At a later period he surveyed portions of the New Zealand coast, giving the name of McDonnell's Cove to Port Ahuriri (Napier). He developed his New Zealand possessions and interested influential Englishmen in the country. He afterwards became additional British Resident at Bay of Islands.

'The earliest settlement of Irish in New Zealand—the Kellys, Lynchs, O'Briens, O'Neills, and Ryans at the Bay of Islands and Hokianga in 1836—in all probability arrived by way of Sydney, for there was then practically no intercourse between New Zealand and England. On the other hand, their doyen, Thomas Poynton, arrived seven years earlier. He was a seafarer, and, having married in Sydney, settled down in 1829 at Mangamuka, on the Hokianga River, where he followed the occupation of a timber merchant. He had a number of children, the eldest of whom was taken to Sydney to be baptised.'

'In his missionary voyage around the islands of New Zealand the French Bishop came across numbers of Irish settlements. From Ruapuke, in Foveaux Strait, came an Irishman leading a deputation to receive spiritual comfort. At Port Nicholson, where the pakehas numbered now 3500, there were 250 Catholics, chiefly Irish, and an Irish priest (Father O'Reilly) was placed in charge of them. But Waitemata was even then the stronghold of Irish colonisation from Australia. Out of three thousand inhabitants—the most motley and cosmopolitan community in New Zealand—nearly four hundred were Irish Catholics. When the German Lutheran missionary, Wohlers, arrived at Ruapuke (Foveaux Strait) in 1844, he was welcomed and entertained by an Irish Catholic who lived there with his Maori wife.

'The whaling station at Akaroa, afterwards historically interesting as the scene of the forestalling of the French, had already attracted a few Irishmen. Phillip Ryan was one of those who greeted the hoisting of the British flag by Captain Stanley. He had been cast away on the Society Islands, and reached Otakou in the schooner "Return" in 1838. Gerald Fitzgerald was one of the crew sent out by Captain Bruce to search for the "Kaka" off Banks Peninsula, and John Watson, another Irishman, succeeded Mr. Robinson as magistrate at Akaroa. Long before this the name of O'Kain, the Irish naturalist, had been given to one of the Peninsula bays by Captain Hamilton, who happened to be reading O'Kain's book as he sailed past.

'The settlement at Waitemata was not organised originally at the other end of the world, but had grown in a haphazard manner, drawing its population almost entirely from the adjacent centre of New South Wales and from the whaling and trading ships that frequented these waters. It was under these circumstances that the Irish preponderancy was established at Auckland without premeditation. Otago for Scots and Canterbury for English were so designed from the outset; but it was mere chance that made Auckland a colony of Irish.'

Writing of the goldfields rush, Mr. Scholefield says:—

'In its whole flood course of twenty years it swept away thousands of Irish, and Irish names and institutions mark its path from beginning to end. Kingston and Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu are Irish landmarks. The goldfields of Otago and the West Coast are to-day repositories of the veterans of the "New Iniquity," grizzled, gay, hard-hitting men, at whom the pious, quiet-going Scots glanced narrowly and with protest. Yet, as a class, they were men of great virtue and sterling qualities. The majority of them ended their pilgrimage here; broke up the swag and entered the councils of the pioneers. They imparted an invaluable leaven of liberalism to the insular colonial mind.

'Thus much the Irish had done before the General Government of New Zealand in 1870 embarked upon a systematic search for citizens. Then again Ireland was more persistently neglected than under the separate schemes of the Provincial Governments. The English province of Canterbury, under its assisted scheme, in the early sixties imported Irish in the proportion of one-third. At this period—prior to the gold rush—Otago had only 11 per cent. of Irish, and Southland about 7 per cent. The provinces desired Irish, but before an Irish agency could be started on proper lines the condition of the country had so improved and the attractions of America had so diminished that emigration from the Emerald Isle was at a low ebb. In the first three years of the new policy not a single ship was sent direct from an Irish port to New Zealand, and only 1100 out of 7000 immigrants to New Zealand were Irish. Otago knew something of the Irish as settlers, and secured the majority of them—a circumstance which evoked a loud protest from other provinces. They were unanimously dissatisfied with the working of the Dublin Agency, which left little room for doubt that the Irish were still adhering to their traditional parish system of emigration. In 1873, in face of great discouragements, colonies of assisted immigrants from Ireland were established at Arawhata (South Westland) and Martin's Bay (Otago). At the same time, a few Irish miners from the North of England were imported.

'It is necessary, from the fact that native-born New Zealanders are not classified according to their parentage, and desirable, since they take their character and ideas from the mass of the population and not from individual communities, that we should go back to the first generation of colonists to trace the influences that have been at work in moulding our national character.

'The influence of the Irish on the public life of New Zealand has been exercised by individual personalities rather than by the collective character of the Irish colonists; but it is necessary to state by way of reservation that the Catholic belief, which has probably the most powerful religious influence in the country, embraces and is supported by a body of people who are chiefly of Irish birth or descent.

'The constitution of the earliest Provincial Parliaments gives the best indication of different nationalities in our public life. The number of members of Irish nationality in the representative bodies in the first year of their existence was as follows:—

	Year.	Total Members.	Irish Members.
Hawke's Bay ...	1858 ...	10	1
Taranaki ...	1853 ...	10	—
Auckland ...	1853 ...	26	12
Wellington ...	1853 ...	19	—
Nelson ...	1853 ...	21	2
Marlborough ...	1860 ...	10	1
Westland ...	1868 ...	8	2
Canterbury ...	1853 ...	17	3
Otago ...	1853 ...	11	—
Southland ...	1861 ...	11	—
Totals ...	... ...	143	21

The only surviving member of the first Auckland Provincial Council is Mr. James T. Boylan. Writing recently to me in relation to these memoirs, a much-esteemed clerical friend states: 'Mr. J. T. Boylan is the sole survivor of the first church committee in Auckland in 1848, and, though about ninety years of age, he has all his faculties unimpaired.'

By the 'Deborah,' which came down from Wellington to Otakou in 1844, there arrived Mr. H. Tucker, a surveyor, in the interests of settlement. This gentleman's mission, after various unpromising episodes, resulted in the purchase of the Otago Block from the Natives the year following. Meantime a few brave pioneers had already been drawn by fair prospects laid before them to risk the voyage from Scotland to a distant and unknown land. In 1846 these lonely colonists were surprised by the arrival of a party of surveyors to begin work on behalf of the Otago Association. The settlement, which was subsequently founded, with Dunedin as the capital, was under the auspices of the Free Church of Scotland, and, whilst mainly intended for Scottish Presbyterians, none were practically excluded with the exception of Catholics, for whom apparently there was no room. When, however, the rich goldfields were discovered in 1861, there was a rush from all parts of Australia, and some Catholics found their way thither, and increased proportionately with the increase of population. The truth of the hackneyed phrase, 'time works wonders,' and a remarkable 'levelling-up' of conditions were demonstrated on the occasion of Otago (in March, 1898) celebrating its jubilee, 'Civis' commenting in the *Otago Daily Times* on the curious fact that of all the denominations in the land, not one save the Catholic Church was represented in the jubilee procession in honor of Otago's colonisation. 'The only serious defect (he wrote) observable in the triumphant procession that celebrated this

greatness was the absence of the Presbyterian Synod. The Synod's place, it seems to me, was in front of the "old identities." There they should have marched as proprietors of the whole show; the Right Rev. Moderator in gown, and bands at their head. Instead of that, we had the Catholic Bishop riding in state, ecclesiastically attended. Small blame to him! Otago, after all, is a free country, and Dr. Verdon has as much right to be in the procession as anybody else.'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CHURCH IN THE MAKING.

From the ' History of the Catholic Church in Australasia ' I extract the following:—' A Scotch gentleman, who made his way to Otago a little before the gold fever set in, says that in 1859 the Catholic Church had no position there. There were no priests, churches, or schools in the whole district. In an interesting narrative this settler goes on to say: " An old priest, Father Petitjean, was in the habit of coming to the district once a year, and travelling all round it, visiting every possible Catholic, some of them being often as much as twenty or thirty miles apart. At this period there were only ninety Catholics in the whole province, including a dozen or so in the City of Dunedin. When Father Petitjean first arrived in the City of Dunedin he was in rather a bad position as regards clothing. He had a swag on his back, and was accompanied by four or five Maoris. Mass was first celebrated in an old bottle store belonging to a gentleman named Burke. There were about sixteen to eighteen people present, and among the primitive conveniences as an aid to the fulfilment of their religious duties was a small loft, which was got at by means of a ladder ascending from the ground floor. This, however, was not the first occasion on which Mass was celebrated in Dunedin, the first being some years previous, when the Holy Sacrifice was offered in a small wooden house in the North-East Valley end of the city. The second, it is stated, was in even more strange surroundings, being in a skittle alley. On the next occasion of a visit from a priest the resident Catholics secured the use of the courthouse from the Government. Strange to say, in this courthouse justice and religion were dispensed frequently, for after the Catholics had the use of it in the morning the Methodists held their services there in the evening, while the business of the court was attended to throughout the week. This state of matters continued for several years, till finally Father Moreau arrived among the good people of Otago from the North Island, and on the commencement of gold mining in the province a very large rush of miners took place from Australia and elsewhere, and the little congregation of old colonists found their numbers suddenly increased to a multitude of adherents. The Rev. Father Moreau was then formally appointed, and sent from the North Island to

labor in this new vineyard of the south. He was a Marist Father, a saintly and good old man, and he had no sinecure before him, as his labors extended over the whole province of Otago. Wherever there was a Catholic in need of instruction or consolation, Father Moreau did not spare himself to attend to them. No matter in what part of the back country his services were required, or what dangers he had to face in the shape of wild mountain tracks or dangerous rivers to cross unbridged, nothing could deter him from doing his duty, and to attending to those in need of his services. On one occasion, coming back from a mission of this character along a wide range of hill country which lies between what is now the town of Lawrence and the City of Dunedin, he was suddenly stopped by a mob of bushrangers, who tied him up to a tree in a gully on the slope of the Maungatua range, their purpose being robbery; but on discovering his sacred calling they released him, and let him go his way. He has long gone to his reward in a better world. Father Moreau, during his missionary labors in Dunedin, built a comfortable wooden presbytery and a small brick church. On the advent of Bishop Moran, he was again transferred to the North Island, where he labored as a missionary among the Maoris till the day of his death, which occurred at Wanganui at the end of 1883 or the beginning of 1884. He was a good Maori scholar, spoke the language like a Native, and was particularly suited for his work.'

Writing at the time of the Right Rev. Dr. Moran's death, a well-known journalist, afterwards a prominent Parliamentarian, stated apropos of Father Moreau and strenuous times in Otago: ' The fact that the Protestant clergy actually rose above any narrow feeling in the hour of the Catholic people's grief, reminds me of a not less solemn leave-taking in the Edinburgh of the South, though on that occasion it was a farewell the people spoke to a living man—I refer to the departure from Dunedin of dear old Father Moreau (if I do not spell his name correctly, I claim the indulgence of those who knew it better than myself). Everyone in the city expressed and felt the deepest sorrow when that old man left them to take up the work of a missionary among the Natives of the Wanganui River region, and the scene at that farewell was one that will never fade from the memory of those who witnessed it. Father Moreau—peace to his ashes!—was a well-known figure on the Otago goldfields in the early days, and I have often heard the diggers tell how much they loved the old man, who, staff in hand and with his swag upon his back, tramped over mountains and swam rivers that he might reach the men who had gone into the then mountain fastnesses in their pursuit of the precious metal. Many a sturdy Protestant listened with reverence to that old priest when, setting up his altar in a digger's

tent for want of a better housing, he addressed loving words to those who had little time to listen to religious teachers. They would always assemble, though, to hear the simple story, told in broken English, of man's redemption. Has that race of missioners ended, I wonder? Or is it that the opportunities for that sort of thing no longer occur?

'What wonderful changes there have been since the pioneers of civilisation made their way from the first rush to Gabriel's Gully up through the interior of Otago to the Dunstan and on to Fox's—now and for many years called the Arrow—along the river to the Twelve-Mile; then at Arthur's Point and Big Beach, and away up to Maori Point and Skippers on the one hand, and to Moke Creek and Moonlight on the other! I can remember when the journey up the Arrow and Shotover Rivers was a perilous thing indeed, and in fancy I can still see the pack-horses creeping along the bridle tracks, past dizzy precipices, and sliding down or clambering up steeps that it seemed sheer madness to attempt. But a few years ago all stores, timber, and other material for the mines had to be packed from the Arrow and Queenstown to Macetown and Skippers; but there was plenty of gold getting, and there was an air of prosperity that did one good to note. In the winter months it was a marvellous sight to see laden pack-horses, with shoes cocked and roughed, literally clawing their way along the narrow mountain tracks. Nowadays, there are roads for wheeled traffic to most of the old fields, and I had the honor of being one of the party who made the first journey to Macetown along the road made for vehicular traffic from the Arrow. Then there was made the dray road from Miller's Flat to Skipper's Point, and to-day I read in the *Post* of a woman having driven a team to Skippers and back! The correspondent who supplies the information to the Wellington paper says: "I am confident in saying the drive to Skippers and back has never till now been performed by a lady. A visitor to Queenstown (Miss P. Maunder) from the North Island drove a pair of horses there and back the other day. The distance is twenty miles or more. It would be almost impossible to conceive a more difficult or dangerous road to drive. After crossing the Saddle (some 4000ft high), the road descends rapidly. It is excavated out of the face of a cliff, and often not 30ft without a sharp turn. Hundreds of feet below the river rushes. Another great danger lies in meeting teams, as the road is not wide enough, except in certain places, to pass. However, four or five were met on this occasion, and much surprise was evinced to see a lady handling the ribbons so well and gracefully." To those who knew what the Zigzag was like, even in favorable weather, this account will read like a romance.'

In the course of a sermon at St. Joseph's Cathedral on the occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee of Otago (1898), the

Very Rev. J. O'Neill, of Milton, spoke (in part) thus: ' Fifty-eight years ago the first Christian missionary, Bishop Pompallier, appeared at Otago Heads. In the " Sancta Maria " he went around the coasts ministering to those engaged in the whaling trade, and preaching the Gospel to the Native race. Thenceforward from time to time till the province was formed, Fathers Petitjean and Séon visited the scattered Catholic flock in Otago. Subsequently Fathers Moreau and Belliard came to reside in Otago. Fathers Ecuyer and Martin followed. Some listening to him (the preacher) saw those noble, apostolic men travelling with their swags over trackless wastes. Catholicity in Otago received an immense increase from the Victorian miners, who came hither in the early sixties. In a few years the Holy See, in response to a petition, established a bishopric in the province, and in a happy day Bishop Moran came upon the scene. Gifted with loving enthusiasm, great organising powers, zeal, energy, and courage, his works may fittingly be summed up in the words of Cardinal Moran: " It would be difficult to find in Christendom a more rapid and a more solid growth than has characterised this important diocese during the (then) past twenty-one years." '

CHAPTER XXXV.

STRENUOUS TIMES.

A new era for the Church in Otago was begun in 1869, and a forward movement was entered upon, which has ever since been maintained in a remarkable degree. By Papal Brief of November 26 of that year, the united provinces of Otago and Southland, together with Stewart Island and the adjacent islands, were canonically separated from the See of Wellington, and erected into the Bishopric of Dunedin, with the City of Dunedin as the episcopal centre, and by another Brief of December 3, 1869, the Right Rev. Dr. Moran was translated to the newly-erected diocese as its first Bishop. Born in County Wicklow, Ireland, Dr. Moran pursued his studies with distinction in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and was for some years an energetic missionary in his native diocese of Dublin. Being of little more than the canonical age, he was consecrated by Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen in the Cathedral of Carlow on March 30, 1856. He received at that time the titular See of Dardania, with the administration of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape of Good Hope, where for thirteen years his episcopate proved a strikingly prolific one. Having been apprised of his translation to Dunedin, he visited Rome, took part in the Vatican Council, and at its close hastened to Ireland to make preparations for his long voyage to New Zealand. By the ship 'Glendower' the Bishop of Dunedin, accompanied by a number of priests and nuns, arrived in Sydney after a most favorable and pleasant voyage of ninety-two days from Plymouth. After a short stay, accompanied by the Rev. William Coleman, and ten nuns of the Dominican Order from the Sion Hill Convent, Blackrock, County Dublin, who came as a foundation for Dunedin, the journey was resumed by the Bishop via Melbourne; and on Sunday, February 19, he entered upon his episcopal duties in St. Joseph's Church, Dunedin.

In 'A Short History of Some Dublin Parishes,' written by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, the following brief, but interesting, facts appear with reference to the late Right Rev. Dr. Moran, first Bishop of Dunedin:—'When in 1849 the Very Rev. Andrew O'Connell, D.D., was appointed parish priest of Donnybrook, Irishtown, Ringsend, and Sandymount, in succession to the Ven.

Dr. Finn, of the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, his first care was to increase the clerical staff of the parish. To the three curates already in residence, he joined with another assistant—the Rev. P. Moran, fresh from Maynooth.' In mentioning one or two notable events occurring in 1856—namely, the elevation of one of the curates of the parish to the episcopal dignity, the author states: ' Dr. Moran, a native of the County Wicklow, after a distinguished course in Maynooth, served as curate in this parish for about seven years. He was now appointed by Papal Brief Vicar-Apostolic of Grahamstown in South Africa. During his career as curate he was noted for great zeal and devotion to duty, and took a deep interest in the Catholic Young Men's Societies just established by Dr. O'Brien, of Limerick. At the meetings of these societies he delivered several lectures on various subjects of interest, historical and otherwise. He was consecrated on Low Sunday, 1856, together with Dr. Walsh, the newly-appointed Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, in Carlow Cathedral, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen. He labored hard in his distant mission until 1869, when Dunedin, in New Zealand, being erected into a diocese, he was transferred to that new See, which he most successfully ruled until his death in 1895, and was then succeeded by the present Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Verdon, so long and so favorably known to us in Dublin as President of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe.'

Coming to a far distant diocese, with a comparatively sparse Catholic population, and practically destitute of the necessaries of divine worship, it may be easily understood that the good Bishop was filled with discouragement. With a zeal and energy that characterised the whole length of his episcopate—a period covering a quarter of a century—the religious aspect soon assumed a very different character, and the prospects of the future brightened year by year. The faithful people of Dunedin (states a record) soon showed by their earnestness that they were resolved not to allow their worthy Bishop to be discouraged. They expressed their willingness to provide the necessary funds for the requirements of the diocese, and the vast territory, which hitherto may be said to have been, in its spiritual aspect, like a desert waste, began to be clothed with all the beauty of a cultivated garden. The Bishop himself was no less astonished than consoled by their munificence. An official statement of the various sums expended in the erection of churches and other missionary works during the first fifteen years of Bishop Moran's episcopate showed the enormous amount of over £80,268. It is an interesting record (states the authority above quoted) of the clergy's zeal and of the generosity of the devoted people, when quickened by confidence in their chief pastor.

For some years, during the earlier part of Dr. Moran's episcopate, he found himself the only Bishop in the Colony, which he

travelled over from end to end, making visitations at every settlement where a congregation existed. He thus endeared himself in a remarkable degree to the pioneer colonists, and is remembered with deepest veneration by those of the first and second generations who profited by his ministrations. He was the firmest advocate of Catholic education, and a most uncompromising opponent of State instruction without religious teaching. As a worthy means of combating this evil, he established the *New Zealand Tablet*, a journal which ever since has maintained the best traditions of its illustrious founder. For many years the following legend over the brilliant editorials left no manner of doubt as to its policy: ' Progress and Justice in the Nineteenth Century.—The Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder.'

Writing in the *Sun*, a newspaper formerly published in Christchurch, a well-known journalist contributed the following at the time of Bishop Moran's death:—' I was genuinely sorry to hear of the death of Bishop Moran. He was an enthusiast, a hard worker—a host in himself. Dunedin will feel his loss as a citizen. His Church will not repair the loss it has sustained; no, not in fifty years. The Bishop had his fads, and he had his prejudices, but he was a kindly man withal, and thoroughly consistent. He did battle over the present system of education and fought squarely and unceasingly against what he termed our godless system. That system was his *bête noir*, and it must have been a severe trial to the good old man to know at the last that he was no further ahead at the end of his long life than when he first started his crusade. What a genuine pleasure he took in the opening of a new school, to be sure! I can well remember—for I stood reporting him just at his elbow—the speech he made when he declared the convent school at Queenstown, Otago, open for pupils. Towards the close of his speech, he became painfully impressive, and as he turned away from the people, nearly all of whom were visibly affected, he brushed the tears from his own face and said to myself and others: " Dear, dear, I am a child again surely! " This was his simple way of apologising for the emotion he had displayed.'

Poor Tom Bracken, New Zealand's Poet Laureate, also paid tribute to his life-long friend in the following lines, which were among the last he composed:—

IN MEMORIAM.

Bishop Moran.

A good priest gone—a man of blameless life,
A faithful shepherd, loved by all his flock,
A soldier brave, who fought 'gainst sin and strife,
A sentry who kept watch upon that Rock
Which towers above the fitful sea of doubt,
And on its highest peak still keeps ablaze
The fire of faith, that shot its bright rays out
To light the nations in the olden days.
That mitred head, which now lies low and cold,
Was ever raised to Him who reigns supreme;
Though gentle, yet his voice and pen were bold
In battling against vice. No idle dream
Was immortality to that clear mind;
The world to him, without the Master's rule,
Would soon become a pit wherein mankind
Would sink and wallow deep in passion's pool;
The animal would triumph o'er the soul,
And all our noblest aspirations die;
Then greed, not God, would be man's highest goal,
And charity's pure stream would soon run dry,
So thought the pastor who has gone to sleep,
And what he thought he proved by word and deed:
He earned the harvest he has gone to reap,
He won respect from men of every creed.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Coleman, who was for many years Vicar-General of the diocese, having been made a Domestic Prelate in 1889, shared with his beloved Bishop, in the early years of his episcopate, a strenuous part in the establishment and building-up of the diocese of Dunedin. Monsignor Coleman was born in County Waterford, Ireland, and made his studies for the priesthood at Maynooth College, where he became highly distinguished as a student. He was ordained for the diocese of Cloyne, and exercised his sacred ministry for many years in County Cork. On learning in 1870 that the Right Rev. Dr. Moran had been appointed Bishop of Dunedin, and was in want of a priest to accompany him to his distant diocese, Father Coleman determined on abandoning his home and friends, that he might devote himself, as he believed, more usefully to the service of God in a strange land. He was summoned to his reward on January 15, 1890. The *Tablet*, in an appreciative review of his life work, stated: 'His labors here have been before our eyes, and we all must recognise how true and genuine were the motives by which they were prompted. We have also seen the results produced by them, and we must feel the debt of gratitude owed by the Catholics of the diocese to the memory of the venerable departed.

There is no member of the Catholic community whom he has not left his debtor in a very considerable degree. He was from the first his Bishop's stay and faithful counsellor in many hours of trial and difficulty, and it was largely due to his efforts that Catholicism became firmly established and made such progress in Dunedin during the earlier years of his Lordship's episcopate. All the members of the mission, both priests and nuns, owed to him much of the preparations that made it possible for them to take up their several duties in the diocese, with the prospect of success. The devotion that had distinguished his relations towards Dunedin and the diocese generally, so long as he was especially connected with them, became concentrated on his particular charge when some years ago he was appointed by the Bishop parish priest of Oamaru, and owing to his efforts the mission in that town has been established on a thoroughly sound basis. Father Coleman was appointed Archdeacon by the Bishop on his Lordship's return from Europe in 1882, and after the return of Dr. Moran from his second visit to Rome he announced that the Holy Father had recognised the merits of the Archdeacon by conferring on him the dignity of a Roman Prelate of the first class—a distinction that the Catholics of the diocese hailed with pleasure and acknowledged as well deserved.'

By the kindness of the Rev. Mother Prioress, and with the valuable aid of a memorial booklet issued in connection with the inauguration of the Dominican Priory schools in Dunedin, I am enabled to give some very interesting particulars regarding the advent of the Dominican Order to the diocese of Dunedin, its subsequent successful pioneering efforts, and the remarkable spread of the community in a comparatively short space of time. On October 5, 1870, Bishop Moran left Dublin with a band of eight professed choir nuns and two lay Sisters, bound for the distant diocese of Dunedin. His Lordship had known rugged missionary work in the Vicariate-Apostolic of Grahamstown, South Africa, and had tested the worth of the Dominican Nuns in his diocese as auxiliaries in establishing civilising influences among his flock. It must have been no small trial to the Bishop to leave a field of labor which, during a fifteen years' administration, had fructified most consolingly, to begin life anew in this far-off land. Did his heart fail him on his arrival in Dunedin to find that he had, indeed, to begin at the beginning and organise a hitherto non-existent diocese? Did the nuns quail before the difficulties that crowded in on them, as difficulties will crowd in when there is a question of a new mission? As they packed themselves into a little presbytery, did they call to mind that stately convent where, in the fervor of their youth, they had made their vows to God? Did they think of those parents and friends, with whom they

had severed the last tie? Did they pine for 'La Patria,' whose poverty and political desolation would have afforded them an ample field for all the disinterestedness and zeal of which they were capable. No; they had put their hand to the plough, they and their Bishop and his faithful true-hearted priest—the compassionate and zealous sharer of the trials of these early days, good Father Coleman, whose loss is so deplored—they had put their hand to the plough and they would not look back. Twenty years of patient, persevering toil, and of unlimited trust in Divine Providence, now tell their tale in stone.

The first primary school, under the care of the nuns, opened on February 20, 1871, with about a score of pupils, and the High School on the 27th of the same month with three pupils. Since then several thousand girls have passed through the hands of the nuns, and a great majority of them already fill useful and honorable positions in society. Two years after the foundation in Dunedin, the little demesne known as 'The Slopes,' Wakari, was purchased with a view to carrying on a boarding school, and establish a novitiate in the retirement of the country. The staff of workers was not equal to a division, so the late Monsignor Coleman proceeded to Europe in 1874, to procure reinforcements of both priests and nuns. His efforts were crowned with success, and he and the new missionaries arrived in Dunedin on January 3, 1875. The work at 'The Slopes' now progressed with fresh vigor, but at the end of the year the nuns gave up the country house for financial reasons, and on account of the inconvenience of its situation. In 1876 the foundations of the Dominican Priory in the city were laid, and the conventual portion being happily completed, the nuns took possession on Rosary Sunday, 1887. The accommodation necessary for the establishment of a novitiate was at hand, and aspirants to the religious state were not wanting. Several young ladies, who had been under special training in the schools, were admitted in due time, having passed through the preparatory stages, and made their profession, and have since proved that colonial ladies make excellent religious. In 1881 the Bishop made his customary visit to Rome, and returned from Europe with a band of priests and nuns, whose labors have been blessed with much fruit. The novitiate increased rapidly in numbers, and, meantime, the demand for the establishment of the nuns in other portions of the diocese had become imperative. Accordingly the first foundation from the Dominican Priory was made in Invercargill on January 13, 1882. Here a convent and schools were in course of time built, and the people showed their affection for the gentle, unselfish Sisters by laboring earnestly to provide the requisite funds. On September 7 of the same year the second branch house was opened at Oamaru, where the nuns

were enthusiastically received by the kind and devoted people of this pretty seaside town. In the same year also a flourishing primary school was opened in South Dunedin. The third foundation was sent to Queenstown on February 8, 1883. In 1889 the Bishop again visited Europe, and returned with another contingent of promising aspirants. The novitiate being now well reinforced, and in a highly flourishing condition, the community turned their attention to the erection of suitable buildings for the boarding and day schools. These are completed in a style at once solid and elegant, and form a beautiful and conspicuous addition to the notable architectural features of the southern city.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CHURCH IN SOUTHLAND.

During the mid-sixties the principal settled portions of Southland were visited by the Marist Fathers, the first missionaries being Father Moreau, who made the then rising town of Dunedin his headquarters, his confrere being Father Martin. As previously mentioned, the mission of Father Martin was to travel through the back country searching for members of his scattered flock, an occupation which kept him almost constantly in the saddle. In the *Southland Times* of October, 1864, an account appeared of the opening ceremony of the first humble church in Invercargill (St. Mary's), erected by Father Martin. The recently-erected church in Clyde street, for the use of the Catholic congregation (states the report), was dedicated on Sunday last by the Right Rev. Dr. Viard, Bishop of Wellington. He was assisted by the Vicar-General, the Very Rev. J. J. P. O'Reilly, and Rev. Father Martin. At half-past 10 o'clock, the hour appointed for the opening ceremony, the sacred edifice was filled in every part, many of other denominations being in attendance. In an inaugural address the Bishop warmly complimented the Catholics of the district on the perseverance they had displayed, under difficulties of no ordinary nature, in the erection of a place of worship; fully acquainted as he was with their love of the Church, he had come amongst them to confirm and strengthen them in their holy work. At a later stage in the proceedings the Very Rev. Vicar-General took the opportunity of thanking all those who had contributed towards the erection of the church. He mentioned particularly the name of Mr. Davies, who, although belonging to another denomination, had given most liberally towards the erection of the building, and among the members of their own congregation the name of Mr. Murray, to whom they were much indebted for his perseverance and exertions in their cause.

From the *Tablet* report of the recent opening of the fine new St. Mary's Church, which replaced the historic one just referred to, I extract the following:—' Some idea of the rapidity with which events have marched during the past forty years may be gained by the fact that " Old St. Mary's " (as it is now called) was the first Catholic church in Southland. That of Riverton, which was erected in 1877, was the second, and until

so late as 1882, when the church was erected at Gore, there was no Catholic place of worship between Invercargill and Milton. So recently as last Sunday week (April 30, 1905) there were interred in Invercargill the mortal remains of Mr. Maher, of Kew, who was one of the active promoters of the first Catholic church erected in the southern capital. His interment took place on the day on which the last Mass was celebrated in the old church, erected in 1864. Father Martin left behind him in Invercargill and Tuapeka and elsewhere in the diocese of Dunedin a name and memory which are a benediction. He was succeeded by Father Belliard, then followed Father Carden, and after him came Father Higgins.'

To Mr. James Kennedy, of Greymouth, a resident of Southland during the period he writes of, I am indebted for the interesting particulars which follow: From about 1882 to 1887 Invercargill and the surrounding districts were served by the Jesuit Fathers. The Rev. Father McInroe was parish priest, with Fathers Reidy, Keenan, and Dooley as assistants, and in the rotation named. During their term of office the Dominican Convent was established, and the nuns introduced. The first Superioress was Sister De Ricci, who died some time ago at Geraldton, Western Australia. The opening of the convent was a red-letter day for the district. On that occasion the Rev. Father McInroe, who had a wide reputation as a ripe scholar and as an eloquent preacher, declared the opening of the convent to be the greatest blessing that could be bestowed upon the congregation. Under the guidance of the eloquent Jesuit, religion made rapid strides in the district. He made long and frequent journeys on horseback, visiting the people in out-of-the-way places. Father Reidy was an exceptionally active man, and an adept at the once popular game of handball. Father Keenan, who came later, also led a strenuous life. He was invariably accompanied on his travels by an Australian friend, a hugh kangaroo hound. Then came Father Dooley, and he and Father McInroe were the last of the Jesuits in New Zealand. The last-named, together with Father O'Malley, were originally brought from Australia by Bishop Moran to conduct a high school at Dunedin. Father Dooley was a brother of the parish priest of Galway, and as a large proportion of the Irish Catholics of Southland were from the vicinity of the City of the Tribes, he was at home amongst his co-religionists. He was engaged in what promised to be a monumental work, the 'Lives of the Archbishops of Ireland.' Bishop Moran frequently visited Invercargill, and many a stirring address did he deliver in the old church. Another welcome visitor in those days was Father (now Dean) Burke, the present pastor of the parish. There were not many who dared to cross

swords with this doughty champion of the Church, who on one notable occasion in those days routed a whole host of assailants, who rushed to assist each other in the columns of the press. Father Burke was in temporary charge of the parish when Mr. Redmond arrived on his first Home Rule mission. He read a splendid address to the Irish member of the House of Commons, who delivered a magnificent oration in Sloan's Theatre. At its conclusion Mr. Denniston, editor of the *Southland Times*, was heard to declare that it was beyond comparison the ablest address ever delivered in Southland. The clergy took an active interest in the Catholic Literary Society, which at that time held a exceptionally strong position. The then Catholic schoolmaster, subsequently M.H.R., and now Native Judge Gilfedder, frequently took the floor in debates and literary contests. About this time Father McInroe rendered a notable service to the cause of truth. One of the local papers went out of its way to publish in full a tirade of an alleged 'escaped nun.' An election was looming in the near future, and one of the proprietors was an aspirant for parliamentary honors. It was the general opinion that the publication mentioned was a wretchedly conceived bid for political support from a special section of the community. But Father McInroe was not the man to sit down tamely and hear the Church of which he was such a zealous pastor maligned and reviled. On the following Sunday evening, to a packed congregation, the valiant Jesuit scathingly denounced the tactics of the journalist in question, who by the way was defeated at the election. Father McInroe was killed in the streets of Sydney a few years ago while endeavoring to save a child from being injured by a runaway horse.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

From an old Catholic ecclesiastical directory, published in Sydney (the then headquarters of the Church in these lands) in the year 1858, which was once a possession of the late Monsignor Paul, and kindly forwarded to me by his much esteemed successor at Onehunga (Very Rev. Father Mahoney), I am enabled to extract a few interesting particulars relating to the early days of the Church in New Zealand. In this old-time directory is published a Pastoral Letter of the Most Rev. John Bede Polding, O.S.B., Archbishop of Sydney, on the subject of the 'Jubilee granted on the occasion of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception'; another, dated 1857, a Lenten Pastoral at the commencement of that holy season; and a third on the subject of 'Catholic College in the University of Sydney.' Over the signature of H. G. Abbot Gregory, D.D., O.S.B., Vicar-General, appears several lengthy-worded proclamations bearing the date 1856. The name of the ecclesiastical head in every portion of the English-speaking world at the time is also given. I append hereunder an exact copy of the matter contained in the directory having reference to New Zealand:—

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Auckland City.—Right Rev. John Francis Pompallier, D.D., Bishop; Very Rev. James McDonald, Vicar-General; Priests—The Revs. M. D. O'Hara and R. Walter McDonald, J. Ford (absent). Howick and Panmure, Rev. H. J. Fynes; Onehunga and Otahuhu, Rev. E. Cleary; Rangiawhia, Rev. J. Garavel and Rev. J. Paul; Opotiki, Rev. J. L. Segala and Rev. J. Alletage; Tauranga, Rev. Stephen Halum.

Services, etc., in the churches and districts of the diocese of Auckland.—Cathedral Church, St. Patrick's, on Sundays. Mass at 7½ and 9½. High Mass and sermon at 11. After Mass Baptisms, etc. At 2 p.m. visitation of the gaols and hospitals. At 5, Catechism. At 6, Vespers and Benediction, lecture, prayers, etc. Benediction during Lent on all Wednesdays. Sick calls

attended to at all hours. Burials at 3 o'clock p.m. every day. Confessionals attended on Fridays and Saturdays, and on eves of festivals. Average number of communicants weekly, 100.

North Shore and the Wade.—Mass and sermon at each of these stations once a month, by one of the priests of the Cathedral. The northern settlements of the Colony and the tribes of the Bay of Islands, Hokianga, etc., are visited occasionally by one of the Cathedral priests. Howick and Panmure.—Mass and sermon on alternate Sundays. Onehunga and Otahuhu.—Mass and sermon on alternate Sundays.

Vacant stations which have no priests habitually, and are occasionally visited.—Hokianga, where there is a large building for the priest's residence and a place of worship. Bay of Islands (Kororareka), where a parochial church in wood is built since 1843. Also at Whangaroa, Kaipara, Rotorua, Whakatane, and Matamata, where there are churches and presbyteries.

Colleges and Schools.—On Mount St. Mary, College of St. Mary, there are three distinct buildings, one for ecclesiastical students, and the others for the pupils of the Native race. Average of all, 15. At about six miles distant a large building, and a vast glebe of about 400 acres of land for the maintenance of St. Mary's College. Convent and establishments of the Sisters of Mercy at Auckland.—(1) Their convent and chapel near St. Patrick's Cathedral, where there are twelve professed, one novice, and four postulants. (2) Their day schools within their own enclosure at St. Patrick's, and in three distinct buildings—(a) Common, religious, and primary school for adult girls; (b) infant school for every rank; (c) select school, in which all branches of education are taught—viz., besides the elementary knowledge and needle work, music, drawing, embroidery, gymnastics, literature, and living language. The daily average number of their pupils in the above school is 250. (3) Their boarding schools—(a) Within their enclosure for orphan and half-caste pupils; (b) on Mount St. Mary, near Auckland, where there are four buildings, the establishment, and Chapel of St. Anne, kept by five nuns for the daughters of the colonists, and separately for the Native girls; average number of all the boarders, 35.

There are three schools for boys in the City of Auckland; one at St. Patrick's, average about 70 daily; a second at Parnell, lately established, average about 30 daily; St. Peter's Select School is established for the more advanced boys. The Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German languages are taught in it; also geometry, mensuration, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, etc. Terms per annum, £12 for each pupil. There is also a school at each of the settlements of Onehunga, Otahuhu, Panmure, and Howick and North Shore, under the direction of their respective pastors.

DIOCESE OF WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Right Rev. Phillip Viard, D.D., Bishop; Very Rev. J . P. O'Reilly, O.S.F., Vicar-General; Rev. J. Forest, priest. Country clergy—Revs. J. Garin and J. Petitjean, Nelson; Revs. J. Pezant and P. Lampilla, Taranaki; Rev. P. Seon, the Hutt.

As a contrast the following statistics will give an idea of the progress of the Church in New Zealand within half a century:—Catholic population, 130,000; 4 dioceses, 1 Archbishop, 3 Suffragan Bishops, 260 priests, 62 religious Brothers, 820 nuns, 2 ecclesiastical seminaries, 32 colleges and boarding schools, 17 superior day schools, 110 Catholic primary schools, 15 institutes of charity, and some 11,000 children receiving the benefits of a religious education.

Writings of the Early Missionaries.

I am assured by one very greatly interested in these Memoirs, and holding an important ecclesiastical position in the Dominion, that few, if any, records dealing with the life and labors of the early missionaries are to be found within the confines of New Zealand. Most of them, it is true, kept an account, so far as circumstances permitted, of the chief events, but, owing to change of habitation, constant travelling, and other causes, such as tribal conflicts, all such records were lost. But, strange as it may appear, nearly all the letters and documents sent by them out of the country, principally to their native land, France, were most carefully preserved; hence nearly all the information that can be obtained of the inner life, troubles, and experiences of those pioneer Fathers is through the medium of the religious houses to which they were attached. From a collection of these letters, dating from the very beginning of Christianity in these lands, and printed in the original French language for private circulation, and very generously placed at my disposal, I am enabled to have some translated for the benefit of present-day readers. The following is the first of these letters:—

From Rev. Father Servant to Rev. Father Thioliere, of Treuil, parish priest of St. Peter's at Saint Chamond:

Hokianga, New Zealand, May 22, 1838.

Our worthy Bishop has begun to exercise his holy ministry among the Catholics at Hokianga; for a long time they were deprived of all religious help. However, we have been much edified to learn that some of them made annually the journey to Sydney to fulfil their Paschal duty, and to get their children baptised. From the first days of our arrival most of them have approached the tribunal of Penance, and even now there are some who come a long distance on Sunday, in canoes, to hear Holy Mass. You will doubtless think, my Lord and dear Father, that the cathedral of New Zealand cannot be compared to the beautiful churches of your town. An altar placed in the most suitable room of our dwelling, and which we have adorned with some pictures and a statue of the Blessed Virgin: that is our chapel, or our basilica, as you would call it. The decoration, however simple it may be, greatly charms the Natives of the country. But it is on Sunday

above all that they come in crowds to assist at Mass. The beauty of the ceremonies enchants them; their eyes, which have never seen anything of the kind, are never tired of beholding it. The hymns of the Church also please them much, and appear to make a lively impression on them. We are actually occupied in the study of two languages at the same time. We must perfect ourselves in English, although we already know enough to give some instructions to the faithful of Hokianga, and we must learn the Maori language. But what is encouraging in regard to the last is that its pronunciation is very similar to the French pronunciation, and that most of its letters preserve the sound that they have in ours; nevertheless, the idioms and the construction of the phrases have no resemblance to those of European languages. His Lordship and I are beginning to stammer some words; soon we hope, with the grace of God, we shall speak fairly well. Nevertheless, Baptism has already been conferred on fifteen persons, as many adults as children. Among the adults is the chief of a tribe, who for a long time sighed after the happiness of receiving this sacrament, and who was sufficiently instructed in the principal truths of faith. His Lordship has given him the name of Gregory. I shall name among a number of these neophytes one—the daughter of one of the principal chiefs of New Zealand. She has received the name of Mary. He has had also twelve marriages, and one funeral—that of a child belonging to one of the Catholics of Hokianga. On the tomb of this little predestined child we have placed a cross which his Lordship has blessed. It is the first planted in New Zealand. From this estimate, my Lord and dear Father, you can judge that consolations are not wanting. However, tribulations at first had not been spared us. It is true that the life, the strength, the joy of the soul are in the Cross. It is by much pain and affliction that we must enter into the kingdom of God. Now that the first difficulties are cleared, a great number of chiefs, among whom are some of power and influence, show themselves very favorable to the Catholic religion. Oh! how God disposes of all as He pleases. Oh! how these good people will some day congratulate themselves for having given so happy a reception to the truths sent from the Lord. Does it not seem that the kingdom of heaven approaches for the poor inhabitants of Oceanica. With the little knowledge that I already have of their happy dispositions, I am tempted to believe that clear miracles are not necessary to lead them to the faith; the good example of the apostolic virtues, the zeal, the disinterestedness, the patience, the practice, in a word, of all the virtues which become a missionary, and of which, unfortunately, I am only too destitute, become for these poor Natives marvellous truths which dispose them to receive the religious instructions. These examples of charity, so new to

them, have something about them which astonishes them nearly as much as did the miracles that Our Lord promised to His apostles when He said to them: 'You shall heal the sick, you shall raise the dead.' The harvest is ripe, it is ready to be gathered; it is abundant, but how the heart suffers in thinking how few are the laborers! Oh! if I were able to let my voice be heard by many of those whom Providence urges interiorly to consecrate themselves to the missions, how I should induce them not to be frightened by the apprehension of difficulties which exist often only in the imagination; not to fear a voyage of which the dangers are more exaggerated by those who consider them from a distance, than by those who actually risk them. May all truly pious souls unite with us in imploring the Lord to send laborers to His vineyard.

Letter from Rev. Father Servant to Very Rev. Father Colin:—

Saint Mary's, Hokianga, N.Z., October 15, 1839.

Very Rev. Superior and dear Father,—The letter dated August 1, 1838, with which you have honored me, has given me an incredible joy. I bless God a thousand times for the paternal sentiments you have expressed to me, and for the anxiety you have for my spiritual advancement. How much I am touched by your exhortations! How grateful I am to you for your orders and your advice, which breathe only charity. I am only too happy to be remembered by you and to be the object of your zeal and vigilance. I am always at Hokianga. Father Baty, to whom his Lordship has given the direction of this mission, has been here since June. Already he knows the language well enough to instruct the Natives. Shall I speak to you to-day of the life led by the missionary in New Zealand? The crosses, the happy lot of the apostles, are everywhere great and abundant, but the consolations are greater than the crosses. In a preceding letter I made known to you the beginning of our mission; to-day my intention is to give you some details of the people to whom we are called to preach the Gospel.

The religious system of the New Zealanders presents some remarkable peculiarities; nevertheless, I shall say few things about it, because my instruction on this point is not complete enough. The Natives, whom I have consulted, agree generally in saying that the worshipping of idols is unknown in New Zealand; the spirits alone are adored by them. As to the figures and statues that are met with in the country, these are so many memorials of their ancestors killed in battle. They are usually placed on the tops of the palisades which surround the villages, and which serve for fortifications. The pirogues of war, the arms, and even the

commonest utensils are ornamented with sculptures and designs of a work more finished than varied. The forms that they produce are nearly always strange and sometimes frightful—a huge tongue, with shining eyes made of the shell of a large oyster; this is, for the Natives, the most magnificent effigy. They have a pronounced liking for music, but they are wanting in instruments. The only one on which they play is a worthless flute with four notes, and from it they draw only monotonous sounds. Their song, modulated in a language as sweet as it is poetical, has for them charms with which Europeans appear little touched. When they express the affection that they have for their parents, their friends, or their country, their faces are inflamed and impressed with an inimitable sensibility. Nothing equals the vivacity of their imagination. If they are telling a story, it is not only the mouth which speaks: it is the whole body, and the silent language of the latter adds to the interest of the recital; the words of the personages that they put into action are repeated word for word; their tone of voice and their gestures scrupulously imitated. The whole scene, in a word, is reproduced under your eyes with the most minute exactness. When a chief approaches a tribe to whom he goes to pay a visit they cry to him from afar, 'Come! come!' At his arrival long lamentations commence; they sing, they weep, sometimes they tear the forehead and the cheeks with shells. It is their cry of affection, and the prelude of a song called the cry of tenderness. The chiefs then sit on some mats prepared for them, and after some instants of silence the most distinguished among them speaks. Later on the conversation is animated; it always languishes at his first appearance, each one appearing more preoccupied with what he ought to say than with the desire to speak. The most used forms of salutation are very simple. The 'good-day' is expressed nearly thus: 'It is then thou.' 'Remain there,' they say in taking leave of someone. 'Go away' replies the person who receives the good-bye. In order to deliver me from the importunities of a Maori, without always wounding his self-love, here is my method:—'Is thy discourse ended?' 'No,' replies he. 'Ah, well, speak; and when you shall have finished, you shall go out, because I want to write.' If he does not give in at this first invitation I add: 'You have said enough; be off with you.' If he is still obstinate in remaining, at last I say to him: 'Do you wish to trouble me?' At this last word he always leaves.

Two things easily provoke the anger of the Natives; these are offensive words and the violation of ceremony. They look upon some words as being so offensive that they revenge themselves by the death of him who has uttered them. As to etiquette, I one day rather gravely compromised myself by a deviation from

it. In the middle of a dance which my neophytes executed in my honor, I was begged to preside at the reception of a great chief who came to visit them. As yet, too little accustomed to their habits, I happened to be wanting in Native politeness. This was enough to excite their anger; but peace was not long in being re-established, and I was left to address the assembly with some words of justification. Each tribe has many chiefs who recognise among them one superior to them in dignity and in power. This one has authority over the life and the death of his slaves, his children, and of the inferior chiefs of his tribes. When he thinks of declaring war, the people are summoned in council. In the middle of the circle that the subjects form, the principal warriors are seen walking around and greatly excited. They speak in a loud voice, and express by their animated gestures, by their looks, the punishment they intend to inflict on their enemies. Once the decision is taken, it is made known to them to what condition they ought to submit to preserve peace. On their refusal war is declared in these terms: 'Go into the woods,' which is equivalent to saying: 'We shall reduce you to slavery; your names will be forgotten, and you shall be governed only by women.' The Maori's respect for the dead goes so far as to punish as a crime even a shadow of a profanation; thus, one runs the risk of one's life in going into a cemetery at any other time than when a funeral ceremony is taking place. The last honors consist, besides the song of grief, of laying the corpse in a coffin painted red and ornamented with divers figures, and exposing it for some time on a pillar, the height of which is in accordance with the dignity of the deceased.

How shall I describe to you the happy influence that religion exercises on the Natives? You shall judge it by a few facts I quote. A tribe resolved on having a war. The chief harangued the people, and they heard only words of blood. Then one of the principal warriors came to me and said: 'True, missionary, we are wicked people; speak, speak for peace.' I spoke, and a complete reconciliation followed my discourse. 'Father,' a young man of the Wirinaki tribe wrote to me, 'I am sad on account of my wickedness. Every day I ask God that my sins may be destroyed. I must go to Papakawau (residence of the missionary) to see you and consult you.' 'True missionary,' said a good neophyte to me, 'say the evening prayer for this sick man that he will become better.' He was a sick man little disposed to receive Baptism. What could be more touching than these words of a young chief: 'If my body experiences hunger after having spent a day and a half without eating, my soul feels yet more vividly the need of being instructed; make known to me the proofs of the Catholic religion, because when they ask me the

reason of my faith I support my head on my hand, and I seek, but as I find nothing I remain dumb.' The news having been spread that the Protestant ministers had intended to drive us from the island, a great number of the islanders came to Monsignor Pompallier. 'Bishop,' said one of the principal chiefs to him, 'you have left your own country and your family to bring the light to us; stay, stay; we are all here to defend you, and shall perish to the last on the threshold of your dwelling before they lay a hand on you.' But God watched over us with a solicitude which rendered this devotion unnecessary. He did not permit that our enemies dared to show themselves.

Extract from a letter by the Rev. Father (afterwards Bishop) Viard to Father Noailly, of Guillotiere:—

Bay of Islands, January 6, 1840.

Bishop Pompallier has acquired still more rights to the esteem and affection of the New Zealanders. The entire pacification of a tribe (already under arms, and wishing to repay injustice by violence) was obtained by the authority and virtue of our saintly Bishop. Four Natives had looted a Frenchman's house, and had, by force, tied the owner's hands behind his back. All our compatriots who lived on the island regarded themselves as being personally outraged, and gave the chief notice that if the stolen objects were not returned they would take them back by force. The chief understood the justice of their claim, and promised he would see to it. But these good intentions were frustrated by the evil counsels of some who were unfavorably disposed. A second answer came to the French, which stated that instead of satisfying their request they, the Natives, possessed arms, which they intended using against the threats of the French, whom they ordered to leave the district. The Bishop, foreseeing to what extremities the dispute would come, resolved to prevent such a misfortune. He embarked with two captains, whose vessels were in the harbor, and who had charge of the aggrieved Frenchman and the chief of the Bay of Islands. On approaching the tribe they perceived a multitude armed with hatchets and rifles. The companions of Bishop Pompallier advised him to escape so imminent a danger by making some sign of peace. 'Do not fear,' he answered; it will suffice for me to show my pastoral cross.' Strange to say, the Natives, who had been determined to fight, shouted with joy, and prepared to give him a hearty reception. Scarcely had he put his foot on the shore, when about three hundred Natives crowded around him. They begged pardon for

their fault, and the chief, after a moment's silent reflection, declared that he would not only return the stolen goods, but that he would also give to the stranger a piece of land as reparation for the insult he had received. 'Now,' he added, 'we seek his friendship.' The Natives threw up their arms and cried, 'The Bishop is with us; he will make us happy.'

The day before yesterday the Rev. Fathers Epale and Petitjean left for Hangoura, about twenty leagues from the episcopal residence. To-morrow Father Comte will visit the tribe of Wirinaki. A deputation of the leading members of the tribe a few days ago asked the Bishop to send them a missionary. The prelate said that he had no priest who knew Maori. 'But what does it matter?' they said. 'We will teach him. It is a long time since you promised one, and if you do not keep your word we will not leave you.' The Bishop consented to the ardor of their desires, and now they are very happy. Whilst my brethren are converting the savage tribes I am edified at the sight of the virtues of our Bishop. What admirable sweetness he displays in the midst of envious people who distrust him at all times! These islanders are truly children, whose indiscretion is equalled only by the patience of the devoted prelate.

Letter from Rev. Father Epalle to Bishop Pompallier:—

Wangaroa, N.Z., January 14, 1840.

My Lord,—Shortly after my arrival at Kuaru with Father Petitjean the great chief, Ururoa, came to find us, intending to make us retrace our steps to the Bay of Islands; but before he arrived at our dwelling God had inspired him with better sentiments. He showed us benevolence; told us that he had been deceived, and that he recognised the falseness of all that had been reported about us. Yesterday he presided in our bay at a committee or meeting of chiefs, which lasted all day. I have never yet seen anything so solemn in New Zealand. The business was serious; it was questioned among the chiefs of the party of Ururoa of depriving him of Kuaru, a good part of his land, and that by the sole reason that he had made us welcome. Ururoa gave new proofs of his happy change in our regard, and appeased the resentment of his chiefs. He came to visit us after, and offered me his boat to go to Kororareka to bring the Bishop. He wished your Lordship to come to live on his land, and become the friend and protector of the mission.

We commenced our exercise at Wangaroa on Sunday, January 4. They had made of the chapel a depot for clothes, but by the

intelligent cares of Amoto we soon saw it tastefully adorned with leaves and flowers. On Sunday we had few; the weather was bad, and the news of our arrival was not yet spread about. The neighboring tribes came in the course of the week, and on the demand of their chiefs books and medals were distributed to them. Instruction and prayer take place every day, morning and evening. The class for the little children of the tribe commences with the same regularity. Already seven young boys ask to join us. Among them is the son of a non-Catholic. One day his father came to see us, and said to me on entering: 'I am a Protestant, and I have four children. I give them to you, but I remain a Protestant.' Two of his sons have been admitted to the grace of baptism; the elder has received the name of Werahiko (Francis), and the second that of Penetito. This last name was repugnant to the poor child. He informed me that others simply called him Tito by mockery. But he was fully satisfied when I told him that Tito or Titus was a famous warrior of antiquity, because here, as in the whole of New Zealand, nothing is more esteemed than the title of a warrior or a great captain. Another who showed the same repugnance for the name of Rutowiko (Louis) consented to receive it because it was the name of the King of France. Amoto renders me great services; he appears to me full of intelligence and modesty, and to be a noble and generous character. With three of his friends he formed the project of establishing a sawpit to prepare all the wood necessary for the construction of a church, of a house for the two priests and the Brother, and, lastly, of a little school similar to that which he saw at Kororareka. He possesses the most beautiful trees of the country, and destines them to the accomplishment of his project. Yesterday I met him going with his friends from one side of the bay to the other, measuring the land and fixing its boundaries. 'See,' he said to me, 'the view is beautiful here. There are the boundaries of the land I give you for a church and a house.'

Letter from Rev. Father Servant to Rev. Father Colin:—

Bay of Islands, March 5, 1840.

Since my last letter, dated from Hokianga, I have made frequent voyages among various tribes. That of Wirinaki, composed of three hundred souls, received my first visit. With what happiness I saw again these poor people whose natural cruelty seemed to exclude them, more than other people, from the blessings of the Gospel; and yet over them grace has made its first conquest. The chapel which they built in our absence does not suffice for their

piety; it is soon going to be replaced by a larger edifice. At the instructions all show the greatest eagerness, the young men above all being never tired of listening to the Divine Word. More than once they have passed a considerable part of the night in fighting against doubts and in satisfactorily answering the many questions which present themselves. For one chief who refuses our ministry, twenty others proclaim it as their help. The chief of Mototapu, a little village of one hundred and twenty persons, was one of the first to ask the favor of our ministry. When I visited his tribe, I was accompanied by a chief well known for his frank and candid character, for his jovial humor and his bravery. He is one of the first New Zealand converts, and he received at his Baptism the name of Francis. The missionary found in him a sure and zealous guide. This time, after having answered the questions of my audience for more than an hour, I asked Francis to speak. He did so with as much firmness as ardor. He founded his reasons on texts from Holy Scripture with which I had furnished him. This is how he replied to the accusation of idolatry, so often brought against us by our opponents: 'The chief Hinematiora (one of the ancestors of the New Zealanders) had two daughters who had died while young. In order to lessen his sorrow, he had two life-sized statues of his daughters made, and he kept them with a kind of veneration, because they always reminded him of his two children, whom he had loved so much. So it is in the Catholic Church. We have crosses, which are not as gods to us, but as souvenirs of Jesus Christ.' 'Again,' he added, 'when chiefs fall on the battlefield, people place their statues on high walls, to remind the children of the glorious death of their fathers. Has not the Church the same right to place before us images of saints, so as to remind us of their struggles and their virtues?' It was easy for Francis to triumph over the attacks of non-Catholics. He met with the same success when speaking against the superstitions of paganism. His eloquence forces his audience of infidels to laugh at themselves for the strange contradictions of their religious system. The chiefs and their people held a consultation, and decided unanimously to embrace the Catholic faith.

'We want a priest,' is the cry heard all over the island. The great chief of Ahipara repeated it to me when I was leaving. He accompanied me for some distance, and every minute would stop me and say again and again that it was necessary for him to have a priest, and that the Bishop could not refuse so just a request. If our priests have their days of fatigue, they also have moments of sweet consolations. I had left Maraewae, and evening was coming on as I approached the tribe of Pawera. The Natives assembled and said their evening prayers together. My companion and I stopped to listen in a religious silence to this concert of

voices ascending to the throne of the Most High. Oh, how I was affected by their prayers and by their singing of the canticles. I could not admire sufficiently the miracles of faith which had wrought such a change in these people. At Kororareka the mission is becoming more prosperous every day. Each morning and evening the faithful assemble to recite the common prayer and to hear the Word of God. However numerous our instructions may be, the fervor of these good people still find them insufficient. But never does their faith shine more lively and more touching than when the Church calls them to the celebration of the Holy Mysteries. On Sunday they may be seen in tribes making journeys of more than six miles, and until Monday morning their villages remain deserted, Sunday being to them too holy to lose part of it in travelling. A spectacle which always moves and edifies me is to see the Natives grouped around the fires which they have lighted on the sea shore, preparing their simple meals, and ready to suffer any privation so long as they could perform their religious duty.

Letter from Rev. Father Forest to Rev. Father Colin.

Bay of Islands, June, 1842.

My Very Rev. Father,

I had the honor of writing to you from Cook Strait on the 3rd of last month, that being the first occasion which had presented itself since our departure from Falmouth, where we had passed nearly three weeks in waiting for a favorable wind. As you see, our passage has been very quick, since we have been travelling only three and a half months. At 9 a.m. on April 6 we arrived at Port Nicholson. Hardly had we anchored when we saw five boats approaching us. The Governor of the port was in one, and he told us in French who he was, and offered us his services. We had two letters of recommendation for him, which had been given to us at Falmouth. In another boat were two gentlemen, who smilingly and amiably boarded the boat, and who held out their hands to us in sign of friendship. They asked us if we were going to live at Port Nicholson, and on our replying that we were not certain they seemed a little displeased. 'But,' added they, 'can you not stay here a few days at least? There are many unbaptised children, many anxious couples waiting to be married, and many sick people to be attended to.' So we promised to stay as long as we could. Providence seems to have blessed us to an extraordinary degree. We remained for five days in that little town of 2000 inhabitants, and during that time we baptised a large number of people, heard many confessions,

married several couples, celebrated all the Sunday offices, and visited a large number of Catholic families.

It would be impossible, dear Rev. Father, for me to express the joy of these good Irish people. They even cry with joy in assisting at the offices. When we went to see them they rushed to meet us, saying, with tears in their eyes, ' How long it is since we have seen priests!' They took us into their small houses, which are built of planks, begging us to bless them, their children, and their houses.

There are about 200 Irish Catholics at Port Nicholson. They have land on which to build a church, a presbytery, and a school, and enough for a cemetery. When Bishop Pompallier paid us a visit, the people collected enough to build the church and the presbytery.

On April 11 we boarded a vessel bound for Auckland, where we hoped to see Father Baty. Generally the voyage can be made in six or eight days, but we were not so fortunate, for we were sixteen days on the voyage, which was very rough. On the 12th arose a frightful storm, which lasted four hours, and we were on the point of being swallowed up by the waves, for on either side of us were mountains of water, which were, without exaggeration, from 60ft to 80ft high. The second danger we encountered near Auckland, which was greater than the first. This port is surrounded by rocks, the position of which must be known to go round them. Our captain, who had never made the journey before, each day expected to reach the rocks; but during the night a very strong wind suddenly sprang up, and at 2 o'clock in the morning the sailors saw an enormous rock a short distance in front of the vessel. We screamed and all sprang to our feet. In vain the sails worked. The wind drove us between two rocks, through which there was just room enough for the vesesl to pass. Happily, these rocks go down perpendicularly into the sea so deeply that we did not touch them, but if they had been, as is usual, only 7ft or 8ft deep we would have been lost. The captain did not know his route. A very thick fog made the night very dark, and the strong wind drove the vessel along. He decided to advance, but the more he did so the more he was confused, and the more rocks he met with. At last the wind abated a little, and the boat stopped; but for a long time we could not recognise each other. The sun did not rise till midday. Then we saw that we were far out of our way, and that we had to return to the open sea, where we would have to pass six days on account of the contrary winds. At last, about 10 o'clock one morning we arrived at Auckland. There, as at Port Nicholson, we celebrated Holy Mass, and the Government gave us a small piece of land on which to build a church and a school. They have already built

a small house for Father Baty. There are about 400 Catholics there, while the European population is about the same as at Port Nicholson.

We left Auckland on May 3, and on the eve of the Ascension we arrived at the Bay of Islands. There we met Father Epalle, Father Viard (the Bishop's vicar), Father Garin (Provincial), and Father Petitjean (the curate, who instructs the Natives). Father Comte arrived from Akaroa a little while ago, where he left Father Tripe, who is still by himself. Father Epalle will give you the details of this station, where Bishop Pompallier suffered such a great deal. This suffering spoilt all the remainder of the mission. Brother Yvert is also at the Bay of Islands, and is occupied in writing a book, which will not be published for six months; while Brother Perret, who acts the part of doctor, desires to return to France. Three or four Brothers are occupied in building a large house, which will be moderately solid.

The Bishop has been twelve months at the Islands of Oceanica. The missioners are in the most frightful poverty. Our poor Fathers have suffered much, and they have to go like the savages and beg a few pieces of biscuit from strange ships which sometimes pass.

Fifteen days have passed since I commenced this letter, so I must conclude. I recommend myself to your prayers, and to those of all my beloved and dear Brothers in France. I have the honor to be, dear Rev. Father, the most unworthy of all your children.

Letter from Rev. Father Tripe to a friend.

Akaroa, Port of Banks Peninsula.

My Very Dear Friend,

Towards the end of September, 1840, I had the honor of accompanying our Bishop in his pastoral visit to the North Island. He had not intended to leave me on the way, but circumstances obliged him to change his mind, and I am now curate of Akaroa, having as parishioners sixty French colonists and the crew of two French ships.

One would say that I am not destined to be a missionary, for, while other missionaries receive great merits by their works and by the trials which accompany them, Providence seems to send only little ones to me.

Arrived at Akaroa, we were invited to take lodgings on the 'L'Aube.' One of the officers let me have his bedroom, while he slept in a common one. You know enough about the kindness of our sea officers to understand the kind attentions which have been constantly lavished on me during the month and a half which

I passed with them in waiting for the schooner to be repaired. The commander is very much pleased with the generous conduct of his staff to us, and he himself overwhelmed us with kindness during our stay on board his ship.

The feast of All Saints has just been celebrated for the first time on these shores. The Bishop officiated, the place being decorated by a great number of ferns, which were provided by the ' L'Aube.' A place was reserved for the musicians, and during the whole of the Mass we had music and hymns, in which the military staff took part. I had the honor of being leader of the orchestra of this noble band of amateurs. This circumstance made me forget that I was on a barbarous land, 5000 leagues from my birth place.

My position, it is true, is not quite so laughable since my landing. The ' L'Aube ' continues to provide my means of living, but my dwelling in the island is far inferior to the humblest of your presbyteries. You would be astonished if you happened to pay me a visit, for I have neither armchair, chair, nor bench; but I have a bed, which is not hard to make, since it is a simple mat spread near the fireside, which, owing to its bad position, spreads its smoke into all parts of the room. My cabin is constructed of little pieces of wood, and is ornamented by a trellis of bamboo, with a roofing of bulrush. It is so well constructed that I am sheltered from the rain when there is no rain, and from the wind when there is no wind. To avoid having doors and windows, there is one opening, through which we enter by crawling on our hands and knees. But, although I am so badly off, no one is better off than I.

Let us pass to the mission which is entrusted to me. Akaroa is a bay and a port of Banks Peninsula, in the South Island, about the 43rd degree of latitude, and it is thus the antipodes of Toulon. The peninsula has been bought by French and English Europeans for very moderate sums, but the Natives do not appreciate the land very much. Towards the further end of the bay there are two colonies of two different nations, each being protected by its own Government. The colonists, as well as the Catholic crew, are my parishioners.

Although the climate here is milder than in Provence, it is subject to frequent variations. The sudden changes expose strangers to many sicknesses. When we are enjoying summer weather there suddenly arises a furious south wind, accompanied by hail and rain, which causes us to feel the rigorous colds of winter, while snow remains on the summits of the mountains. The next day the summer weather returns again, lasting several days. Such has been the weather we have had during the three months that I have been in this country.

The soil is fertile and very suitable for cultivation. Of itself it produces a kind of thick fern and trees of great thickness unknown in France. It is extremely difficult to travel, whether in the forest or amongst the ferns, and a hunter who goes beyond his usual limit finds himself often forced to camp under a tree and to pass the night in the cool air. But he is often compensated by shooting sometimes as many as thirty pigeons, which will not make him run much, as a rifle shot frightens them very little. Birds are numerous here, their cries and warblings making a continual concert. But the voice of the swallow is wanting. I call this music the ' Birds' Morning Prayer.'

The Natives of the South Island, less civilised than those of the North Island, are also less numerous in consequence of the disastrous wars which are fought. We must hope that as soon as they lend an ear to the voice of the Gospel they will leave off these cannibal habits, which they maintain to this day.

A word in conclusion concerning what the Natives felt at the sight of the first vessel which entered the bay. Having no idea of a great ship, and not being able to explain how so heavy a mass could move towards them, they believed that it was a demon, and fled into the forest. One of them, braver than his comrades, after having passed several days in the woods, saw that the ' demon ' had stopped, and he approached to the shore, little by little, taking great care to hide himself behind the trees. He saw something approaching the shore from the ship. ' It was a boat!' He awaited its arrival, and recognised beings having arms and legs as he had. He immediately ran to warn his brothers, and to inform them of their mistake; and all approached, with great precaution, the unknown mortals.

Letter from Rev. Father Garin to Very Rev. Father Colin:—

Kororareka, August 9, 1842.

The letters which the Fathers of Tauranga, Maketu, and Matamata wished to send on the occasion of the voyage of Father Epalle were too late, so I sent them back by a whaling vessel, the ' Pallas,' which is returning to Havre, and which will arrive there in six or eight months. I addressed a letter to you dated the end of July, 1841, which you should have received. In any case, I will relate briefly the news which I gave you of the missions of New Zealand: For two months I have been the only priest at Kororareka with Frère Yvert, who helps me with the accounts. The principal superiors of the mission have now dispersed to all parts, and from whatever coast vessels arrive we anxiously watch to see if there is a priest on board. Monseigneur and his pro-vicar,

Father Viard, are in the north, just about to end their long journey to the Islands of Wallis, Futuna, and Ascension. Thirteen months have passed by since their departure, and for ten months we have awaited their return to Kororareka. In the west Father Petitjean begs assistance from the Catholics of Sydney, while from day to day we await his return. In the south, Father Baty put our patience to a long trial of ten months, but he is now ready to return to put the last touch to the work, which we have long been trying to have printed. Yesterday I received news that he is at Auckland, and, perhaps, on the return voyage to Kororareka. In the south Father Forest is doing Father Baty's work at Auckland until the latter can go to settle there. Yesterday I received news from nearly all the Fathers—those at Tauranga, Maketu, Matamata, Opotiki, Auckland, and Hokianga, and I may as well tell you that, after being seated two hours reading the account of all the bodily and spiritual sufferings which weigh upon our poor Fathers, I was not able to restrain my tears. Let us hope on. 'Trials are of good omen,' said St. Ignatius, when he found himself in a position almost the same. Yes, dear Father, our missions are very trying. I sent £25 sterling to Father Borgeon so that he might return with Father Rozet and Frère Deodat to Port Nicholson, but the money and several letters were stolen at Auckland. To manage that Father Borgeon may arrive in this town is to put myself in great embarrassment. Father Baty, so long expected at Kororareka, announced to us at last that he is already at Auckland, and that he dare not come, for fear that we may have no money with which to pay his passage. Father Petit has asked us for many things. To-day I sent him a little flour, some rice, some tea, etc.—all bought on credit at Kororareka. Our greatest trials and crosses are that we cannot go among the Natives as often as we would wish, when they want a little tobacco, some blankets, and, above all, books. You cannot imagine the eagerness with which these Natives try to find the truth in books, which we spend a great deal of time in translating. However, Providence mingles some consolations with our trials, it is true. Tribes are generally composed of both Catholics and Protestants, and when the missionary goes to visit them, he must arm himself with much courage and patience. After arriving with much difficulty, he jumps out of the boat, and then draws it to the shore, while the Native squatting watches the performance. The missionary then advances, and shakes hands with each one of them. Some clasp his hand with cordiality, others with indifference. The priest then commences the instruction. Often he is mocked and his words turned to ridicule, but he is also often listened to with much interest. They say to him: 'Speak to us. Say a prayer for us.' In my last instruction one of them asked me to say a prayer for

someone who was sick, and when I had finished, the chief said to me: 'Is that all? It was not very long.' In this bay there are about three chiefs favorably disposed towards the priest, and a large number of Natives who pray very fervently.

Extracts from a letter of Rev. Father R. P. Chataigner, S.M. (first pastor of Christchurch), to his brother, and translated from the original French:—

To understand the nature of the journey described in the narrative which follows, it would appear that Father Chataigner took passage from Lyttelton on board one of the small sailing coastal craft, which landed him somewhere in the vicinity of Port Chalmers, this being evidently the speediest method of reaching his destination. Finding himself, however, much farther south than was necessary, he turned, again northwards, on what proved to be a long, toilsome, and dangerous journey. Dating his letter from Christchurch, November 19, 1860, he wrote:—

At the moment your letter was delivered to me I was about to proceed to a sick call at a distance of about a hundred leagues. This voyage of two days shortened the distance and spared my strength. On arriving at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I found that before reaching my destination I had yet another sixty miles to travel on foot through bush, across bays and valleys, over mountains, and through rivers. 'The road, in order to go to Moeraki?' asked I of the first Scotchman whom I met on my arrival. He showed me a high mountain covered with large trees. 'But it is too far,' added he; 'you cannot set out on your journey to-day. Here is a hotel, and to-morrow you will have eighteen hours of daylight before you, and will not run the risk of losing yourself.' 'Are there any houses along the road?' 'Yes, but they are far apart, and perhaps you will not find them.' I thanked my man; and three minutes later, my little sack on my shoulder and my inseparable umbrella in my hand, I had disappeared under the trees in the forest. All went well with me until night. I scaled the mountain, and descended on the other side at Blueskin Bay. When the shades of night fell across my way, already so difficult to follow, I had no other thought in my mind save my road and my sick call. Finding a path through the ferns and scrub, I followed it until I found myself in a swamp; but by the aid of the twilight I found an open way, and at the same time my appearance here gave fright to a troop of

wild pigs that rushed into the bush. There was still enough light to enable me to cross a river, and thus shorten my way. Behold me now in the middle of the forest, with the hope of soon coming across a house; but in vain. The longer I walked the more I sank into the mud, which had now become knee-deep. The darkness of the night was complete, and my way was now only a miserable bit of a path where I pulled like an ox in order to release my feet from the mire. I understood then that my friend the Scotchman was right. After four hours more of walking I at last left the mud behind me, and soon reached again the summit of the mountain, where more than ever it was impossible to find a road or a house; so I sat down under a bush, and my little sack served me as a bolster; and as I was almost on the summit of the snow-covered mountain, I had no other protection from cold save my umbrella. At 4 o'clock I had no difficulty in rising, and behold me again on the path I had lost the evening before, which was only two steps from my couch! At 10 o'clock in the morning I arrived at 'Cherry Farm,' on the border of the sea, where there were three or four houses. I knocked at the door of one, and asked for a piece of bread, and found that the woman was a Catholic. She gave me a piece of bread and a cup of tea, but no more, for it was Friday, and she had only meat to offer me. Eleven miles further I found at Goodwood a hotel, with a better table, and a bed on which to rest my weary limbs, for I had walked forty miles. The following day I reached Mr. G——'s at Moeraki. Alas! it was too late. Mr. G—— conducted me to the room, and on opening the door said to me, 'Come and see.' We knelt down before the coffin, for Mrs. G—— had passed away ten days before. The following day, Sunday, we recited together the Office of the Dead and the funeral prayers. The interment will take place in three or four months' time in the family vault at Sydney. All that they told me about the good woman made me believe that my presence here was not necessary. Two years previously this good man had sold for £60,000 his property in Australia in order to come to this country for the benefit of his wife's health. He had time to build a fine house in a cluster of trees bordering on the sea, and in the middle of an estate 100,000 acres in extent, on which he had already 9000 sheep and some hundreds of horses and cattle.

[In reference to the experiences of the Rev. Father Chataigner during his overland journey on foot, Mr. T. Handley (Coromandel, Auckland) writes:—' " Cherry Farm " belonged to the late Mr. John Jones. I had personal knowledge of the hardships the missionaries had to endure in the early days. Father Chataigner describes the road or track fairly well, but not any worse than it really was. I also tramped the distance from Dunedin to

Oamaru, but cannot say if it was before or after Father Chataigner's memorable journey. In any case, I was more fortunate in having no fewer than twenty-five companions. We left Dunedin on September 19, 1860.']

My return was by a long course of 250 miles, nearly always in the midst of an immense plain from 10 to 20 leagues in length, extending from the sea to the foot of the snow-covered mountains. Some posts placed at a distance from one another, a ploughed track, or the footprints of some horses, were the only signs by which a traveller could assuredly say, 'I am on the right track.' I found on my way only two villages, both situated on the border of the sea—Oamaru and Timaru.

[It may be here mentioned that a well-known old resident of Waimate relates having met Father Chataigner in the bush, when he was on this particular journey. He (the old resident) was working in the district where the town of Waimate now stands.]

As a rule (continued Father Chataigner), after walking 20 or 25 miles one came to a house, which was called a hotel. In crossing some of the rivers the men rowed over in a boat, at the stern of which the horses were led. Others, again, are crossed either in a boat or on horseback, but when the rivers were rapid and deep one would have to shout in order to attract attention; and, this failing, it was necessary to set fire to the scrub, and the smoke being seen, a man would come to your assistance. I, however, know by experience that this appeal was not always understood, for such was my case near Ashburton, when I tried the experiment. What to do I knew not, for I still had some 20 miles yet to go on, and night was fast closing in. To sleep in the open a second time did not seem to me very inviting. I entered the water, asking God to aid me, and in this way I crossed four rivers. I had only another one to cross, but it was very deep and very rapid. I entered on my task with some misgiving, and had not proceeded far when I heard a shout of warning from a man on the opposite side, who was waving a white flag, giving me to understand that I was attempting a perilous feat. Ten minutes later he was near me on horseback. 'Do you wish to cross over?' he asked. 'Yes.' 'You will be lost.' 'Perhaps, but what shall I do?' 'Hold on to the strap of my stirrup; are you afraid?' 'I believe not.' 'Then it will not be necessary to tie you.' 'I believe there is no necessity if your horse holds good, but if he gives in it would be more than useless.' We crossed in safety, although it was evident the horse was greatly exhausted by the struggle to bear us both against the strong current. Here and there on my journey I came across some Catholics, baptised some, and heard the confessions of others.

The country in South Canterbury appeared to me to be very mountainous, because my way lay across an open and seemingly endless plain, on which, at rare intervals, I met with shepherds and their flocks. It was not altogether devoid of trees, for in many places it was fairly well covered, especially on the slopes of the mountains. On my way I found a species of tree, which the colonists call cabbage-tree, and which in some instances attains fairly large proportions. It seemed to me to resemble the palm tree, and, like it, produces a flower. Before finishing this narrative, I must tell you a little about the runholder in New Zealand, or, rather, of his run, and then you will be able to say that you know as much as I do of the country and its inhabitants. All the country through which I have passed is divided into runs. Happy are those who possess them. These are the 'kings' of the province; it is for them that New Zealand yields milk and honey. New Zealand has forest land, but where bush does not exist there are large areas of natural pasture, which make excellent grazing lands for horses, cattle, and sheep. Large areas can be leased from the Government at a small yearly rental, but most of the people buy out their holdings, upon which in a short time they can live comfortably, and in fact become independent in the quiet and philosophic occupation of sheep-farming. I shall send you some seeds of a species of tree which greatly resembles the myrtle, and which bears pretty pink flowers.

The following passages have been extracted from a letter of Father Chervier, 5th January, 1862, to a friend of his family:--

On Christmas Eve I set out to say Mass at Lyttelton, a little town eight leagues distant from Christchurch. The next day after breakfast I started again, and went towards Port Levy to aid a Maori who had asked for my assistance. Before leaving the town I asked the distance to Port Levy; a man told me it was but three miles. I journeyed on for a long time, and seeing that I could not find this Port Levy, I asked someone else if I was far from it. 'You will have five hours more to travel.' The three miles of my first informant were sadly lengthened. Towards seven o'clock in the evening I came to the house of a family of Irish Catholics, where I supplied the deficient ceremonies of Baptism to one of their children. They pressed me to pass the night with them. Seeing that I could not get to my journey's end that evening, that I did not know the road, nor where I could

find a place to lay my head, I accepted their offer and filled them with joy. They bestowed every kindness and attention on me.

I started at an early hour the next morning, but the weather had changed; it had rained during the night, and the roads were in a wretched state; in one place I had to wade up to my hips. I got rid of the mud by washing in the first stream I met. Further on I came to a river which I must cross, and there was a man there going in the same direction. We sought a ford which should not wet us much in crossing, but could not find one. My companion tucked up his trousers and told me to mount on his back. I would have declined at first, for I perceived that my hero had not contented himself with water that morning. He insisted, and I accepted at length. The river was not flooded, and only a few yards in breadth. In spite of some zigzags in the current, we reached the opposite side without an accident. I thanked my companion the best way I could, and hastened on that we might not journey together. In the evening a terrible storm burst forth, and I took shelter from the rain behind a rock. This was not the end of my troubles; hardly had the storm passed when I saw before me an immense precipitous mountain, which I had to pass by a difficult and dangerous path. I took three hours to cross it, and arrived at length at Port Levy, where I found my poor Maori dead and buried. They had waited too long to send for me; he was dead before the messenger arrived. His wife told me that the night before his death she spent in reciting to him the Rosary and other prayers, and that before his death he had made his act of contrition and his profession of faith. There are only two Catholic families at Port Levy. After having addressed some words of consolation to the poor widow, I went to the other family and said to the man, 'Give me a corner to lie down in and something to eat, for I am dying with fatigue and hunger.' I took some refreshment and then slept; I had the greatest need for both. When night came, the host roused me to say prayers for the two families who were assembled. I did so, and was edified by their piety and the manner in which they answered to the prayers. Before lying down, we again joined in saying the chaplet. The next morning we prayed together again, and so on. The man said to me, 'Every day we do so; when we rise we say our morning prayer, at night the evening prayer, and before going to bed we recite the chaplet. Besides, on Sunday we meet together to read the prayers for Mass, and after dinner we recite the Vespers.'

I have admired these poor people, and I believe they live in a manner worthy of the religion they profess. Oh! how I would have wished to speak the Maori language better to tell them the joy I felt in seeing them thus faithful in praying to the Lord!

The two days I spent with them were days of contentment. Many times my host told me, ' My love for you is great.' I quitted them, promising to return soon to see them. I visited other families in different villages; I saw also some Irish families on my way. Everywhere I was well received. Amongst the Irish there was one man who was suffering from rheumatism of the shoulder; he made me bless the shoulder which was suffering. I came back to Christchurch on the evening of New Year's Day. Do not believe that the time passed heavy with me during my journey; it could not. I was always speaking; I said my Rosary, then I sang a canticle, so that the time flew without note.

Amongst the Maoris, men and women, every one smokes. You meet some old women, bent down with age, with the pipe in their hand. The man with whom I stayed would never eat until I entreated him, and the woman did not eat till after us. We had new potatoes and oysters for dinner. These were not equal to a good dinner in France, but I had my appetite, and with that sauce all meats are delicious.

From a volume of the ' Annals of the Propagation of the Faith,' dated 1865, giving missionary details of the previous year, and kindly sent me by an esteemed friend, I extract the following interesting narrative (in reality a condensed history of the state of the Church in New Zealand at the time), written by the Visitor-General of the Marist Order:—

Letter from the Rev. Father Poupinel to the Rev. Father Lagniet, Marist.

New Zealand, 14th July, 1864.

It is now time to fulfil my promise and give you some particulars of my last journey to New Zealand. Though I was very anxious to do so before, I was obliged to wait until, finding myself once more at sea, I should have leisure for the task.

On the 17th December I left Sydney. The sea was calm, the passage agreeable and uneventful, and on the 24th (Christmas eve) the ' Prince Alfred ' steamer arrived at Nelson. I had the happiness of spending the Christmas with my fellow-priests; a feast of great solemnity it is in every part of the world, but a real family festival among the English people. As you may guess, I sang the midnight Mass, a celebration at which Protestants are very fond of assisting.

I was obliged to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the departure of the same vessel, which left Nelson the day after the feast. Your friend, Father Garin, accompanied me, and on the morning of the 27th we arrived at Wellington, where I found Monsignor Viard and the Rev. Fathers Petitjean and Séon. Neither was I able to stay there. At noon next day I was once more at sea, and the steamer—' Wonga-Wonga,' one of my earliest acquaintances—brought me the following (which was Sunday) morning to Wanganui, where I had the consolation of singing High Mass. On a former occasion I spoke of the fine church erected in this little town by the devoted zeal of Father Pezant, who was generously assisted in his efforts by the Catholic population, both civil and military. The interior of the building and the principal part of the ornamental work has just been completed, and the joy of the festival of Christmas was all the more sensibly felt under these circumstances. The midnight Mass was attended by numbers of Protestants, who crowded every avenue to the church. Very proud the Catholics of Wanganui are of this edifice, which the secular journal of the locality calls a cathedral, and says is an honor to the Catholics; whilst the Anglican Bishop of Wellington points it out to the rich members of his flock at Wanganui, to stimulate them to build on their own part a temple more worthy of their city. Father Pezant took advantage of my presence to congratulate his congregation on the zeal they had manifested, and to rejoice with them on the success they had so happily attained. In the evening Benediction was given in thanksgiving, the church being brilliantly lighted for the occasion.

I was not yet able to make any stay. Next morning I embarked once more, but this time it was to sail up the beautiful river of Wanganui. Instead of being on board a steamboat, I found myself in a Maori waka, which I must inform you is the long trunk of a tree hollowed out, in the bottom of which it is possible to sit, or rather to lie down, taking care, however, not to budge an inch. Father Pertuis accompanied me on the voyage, our crew consisting of three good Catholic Maoris, who managed in turn the sail, the paddle, and the boat-hook. The Wanganui is a noble river—wide, deep, and with very picturesque banks. If anything like a considerable white population were to settle on its shores and cultivate the soil, many beautiful sites could be obtained. According as the sea is left in the distance, the hills rise to a higher elevation, soon become mountains, and increase to a great size. Thick forests cover the summits. Here and there pahs, or Maori villages, are to be seen, perched on little plateaus, with their cultivated fields, showing corn and barley and other crops ready for the harvest.

The wind being favorable, the men spread out one of our coverlets in form of a sail, thus taking advantage of the providen-

tial breeze, which, however, did not last long. It was not to the paddle that we oftenest had recourse; our usual help is the boat-hook whenever the water is not too deep; but, when it is very deep, especially near the steep banks, they make use of the hooks to propel the waka, resting it against the shore. In this way they have more power, fatigue themselves less, and advance quicker. Thus it is they ascend the rapids, the paddle not being able to contend against the strength of the current. Nearly seven leagues above the town the rapids begin, and very numerous they are on the Wanganui, which, on this account, was formerly very much dreaded by the Natives themselves. Hard work it is to ascend these rapids, but there is more danger coming down; for the current, being strong, sweeps along the waka very rapidly, and the paddles, which then do service for the rudder, have to guide the little skiff with great skill. The danger is of striking against one of the rocks on a level with the surface, among which the river rushes, bubbling and boiling; or in meeting one of the numerous trunks of trees, which the river drags into the hollows, and which come just in the wrong place, near the surface of the water. One can easily understand that a waka going at full speed, if it strike against one of these unseen obstacles, upsets in the twinkling of an eye, and precipitates men and merchandise into the water.

Our voyage was agreeably accomplished, the weather being favorable. From time to time we met the Maoris who came down to the town to sell their productions, and on these occasions there was invariably an interchange of good wishes and a communication of intelligence. We took our dinner in the very spot where the Catholic station was first placed, but which Father Lampila and his neophytes had to abandon, in consequence of a war among the tribes. A mill is still to be seen there, built by Brother Elias-Regis. That night we slept at Athens. Father Pertuis knew a Catholic there, who happened to be absent; however, we took possession of his house and passed the night there.

We were at Athens then, as you perceive, and next day we passed before Corinth, Galatia, London. If we had continued to ascend the river, I should have been able to say that I had seen in New Zealand, Rome, Jerusalem, and Galilee, for all these names are to be found on the shores of the Wanganui. Whence come they? And why have the Maoris adopted them? Near London our guides stopped to pay a visit to their relations. When the Maoris pay a visit, they begin to weep and lament for having been so long separated from one another. The new-comers squat down at a certain distance from the house, the relations remaining within doors; and then, without expressing any sentiment whatsoever, or making use of any of the demonstrations which are usual among persons who have not met for a long time, the tears begin on each

side, the women especially doing the thing in a wonderfully charming and natural manner. Leaving our worthy people to cry at their ease, draw gradually nearer and nearer, until at last they mutually embrace, rubbing noses together, and while waiting for them to have finished their repast, I shall relate a little bit of local history of which you already know the first part.

Doubtless you remember, my dear Father, that the Protestant tribes of this river had made war on the neophytes of Father Lampila, and also on Father Lampila himself; for the end they proposed to themselves was to weary out the Father and oblige him to quit the country. They did all they could to injure him with the English authorities. But an old soldier who has fought in the Morea knows better than to fly before the enemy in that way. They had forbid him the passage of the river, but you have not forgotten, I suppose, that in the month of April, 1859, he succeeded in getting down to Wanganui. He had, however, to reascend and take with him Father Pertuis, and a box containing a great many vestments. London was the hostile village, and was carefully guarded. The men passed through and saved themselves by crossing the mountains and woods, but the box was taken, which prize in a very strange way was the cause of bringing the war to an end. The Protestants were so wonder-struck at the sight of a large altar-cross that they proposed terms of peace on the moment. It was a long time before the articles thus taken were restored.

Next day, about two o'clock, we arrived at Kauaoerea (long-chin). Generally speaking, it takes two and a half or three days to get from Wanganui to Kauaoerea; but, as I was greatly pressed for time, I took an additional oar, and our men promised not to spare themselves; they kept their word, too. Since my first visit to New Zealand I had found it impossible to visit this station, so I wanted at all hazards on this occasion to see Father Lampila and the good Brother Elias-Regis, who were not expecting me so soon. This station requires devoted zeal, and our fellow-priest expends a great deal on it. All along this fine river the Maoris dwell in small villages, and were nearly all Protestants when the mission was established. Moreover, the Catholics are scattered up and down and nowhere in any great number, so the difficulty of instructing them and teaching them to lead a Christian life is much increased thereby. The only remedy for this state of things is to visit them frequently; and this our zealous missioner certainly does. But his strength has failed before old age has come upon him, and these long journeys have become extremely fatiguing to Father Lampila. Fortunately the Maoris of these parts have a new missioner who has been associated with Fathers Pezant and Lampila, for the purpose of visiting the Catholics dis-

persed through these vast districts. The charge has been confided to Father Pertuis, who is district missioner, considering that he likewise goes to Taranaki to visit Father Trésallet.

But to return to our Kauaoerea. I was greatly pleased with the pretty little chapel which the Maoris have built, and with the liberality of their subscriptions towards its decorations every year. Thus it is that they have procured chalice, ciborium, and monstrance all in silver, handsome candlesticks for the altar, two statues, a bell, and even a harmonium. Our priests have a good house, a school, and a corn mill, which is a great resource to the station and the neophytes. The cultivation of the vine is also likely to become a means of support for the mission. The captain of the steamer which had brought me to Wanganui had with difficulty given me three days for my journey, so that, however reluctantly, I was obliged to bid adieu to my friends next day, the first day of the present year. In less than twelve hours we were back at Wanganui.

While calm and peace reigned along the upper part of the river, a terrible north-east wind prevailed at Wanganui, blowing in a way known only in New Zealand, the land of violent storms. Great uneasiness was felt by the inhabitants, for the 'Wonga-Wonga' had left for Taranaki, having on board a company of the 65th Regiment, with the women and children. It was quite evident that with such a wind blowing it was impossible for the vessel to reach Taranaki and land the passengers in safety. Ten days this state of anxiety lasted, the delay naturally causing it to increase from day to day. At last the 'Wonga-Wonga' reappeared, having been obliged on two different occasions to fly before the wind and take shelter behind the island of Kapiti, and also to repair to Nelson to take in provisions. In a word, a passage of eighteen hours had occupied eight or nine days of suffering for some and agony for others. How much I regretted having left Kauaoerea so soon!

During my stay at Wanganui, I had more than one opportunity of coming in contact with and appreciating the English soldiers. I was delighted to see the Catholics amongst them coming to the church unarmed, under the command of an officer, taking their place with the rest of the congregation, and reading their prayers with attention. What an advantage they enjoy, thus praying and hearing the word of God, and learning to vanquish human respect! They likewise come in great numbers to Vespers. During the week they are often to be seen praying in the church; and what pleased me most of all, every Sunday very many of them approached the Holy Table in presence of the whole congregation.

Certainly in New Zealand the soldier does not hate the priest, nor the priest dread the soldier; a kind of family feeling exists

between them. Before the departure of the two companies, Father Pezant publicly expressed his gratitude to the good soldiers, whose constant and generous assistance had been so useful to him in bringing his great enterprise to a happy termination. Neither did he forget to wish them from his heart every happiness, and to ask his parishioners to remember them in their prayers. I was quite touched by their visit to the priest, in which tears were not unfrequently mingled with their simple farewells, and good advice given with charity and received with gratitude. And when they were on the point of leaving, the priest, who had been present at the farewell dinner, went down to the place of embarkation, to shake hands for the last time with each of the soldiers, who called him their Father, and with good reason, for he loved them tenderly. The scene so pleased and affected me that I could not, dear Father, refrain from telling it to you.

I could not leave until January 14, for the ' Wonga-Wonga ' returned to Taranaki, with another company of the same regiment. This time the passage was short and agreeable. On the morning of January 15 I found my dear Father Trésallet waiting for me on the shore. Alas! we had to make good use of our time, for we had only a few hours at our disposal. The captain, tired of the delays caused by the bad weather, wished to leave the same evening for Wellington. Taranaki affords but indifferent anchorage; the situation of the town is, however, agreeable, and the view very beautiful over land and sea. A little to the south the Sugar-Loaf is to be seen, a rock rising 400ft right out of the sea, surrounded by other rocks of lesser dimensions. Then you have directly before your eyes the old Taranaki (Mount Egmont), which rising out of the plain, rears, 8000ft high, its noble head, perpetually white with snow and frequently covered with clouds. I have been told that in no part of New Zealand is the climate so agreeable as at Taranaki, and that the soil of the province is very fertile.

So soon as Father Trésallet found himself free from the continual journeys and anxieties caused by the war carried on by the Government against the Maoris—a war, during the course of which our dear fellow-laborer never spared himself, and had the satisfaction of seeing his zeal crowned with marked success—he turned his energy and activity to the task of establishing a Catholic station in this little town. There were considerable difficulties in the way, for we had arrived too late, and every spot seemed pre-engaged. St. Joseph, to whose care it is confided, has come to our assistance, and obtained for us a large and well-situated plot of ground. A very pretty little building has just been erected on it, which by and bye will make a nice priests' house, but at present serves as a neat little chapel. I congratulated him

cordially on his success, which certainly has not been obtained without trouble and difficulty of all kinds. Like Father Pezant at Wanganui, he has been generously seconded by the Catholic soldiers. Indeed, I may say his congregation is composed nearly altogether of military men; for the settlement, formed principally of English people properly so-called, had very few Catholic inhabitants, and even out of the number several had to fly on account of the war. The Catholic part of the garrison is very numerous, and gives a good deal of occupation to the Father.

Taranaki has been the theatre of the recent and unfortunate war of the Maoris against the Government. I must say a few words upon this subject, and in order to explain the origin of the troubles I must go back some length of time.

In the beginning, a certain number of English subjects came to settle in New Zealand, and then companies were formed for the purpose of founding different settlements in the most eligible situations. But I have been told, and also read, that this enterprise was not very agreeable to the English Government. Circumstances, however, obliged them to add this new colony to the many already possessed. It was not the intention to allow New Zealand to be the scene of such horrors as had been committed in other English colonies on the Natives. Here, moreover, was felt the presence of a homogeneous, intelligent, warlike, and numerous race. The rising of 1845 and the burning of Kororareka soon proved that the Maoris were not to be despised, and, accordingly, they were treated with consideration and respect.

The Colonial Government had decreed that they alone should have the right to purchase land from the Maoris, which they could afterwards sell by auction to the colonists, or dispose of on certain conditions; but they would not consider legal such purchases as were made directly with the Natives or without their participation. This was a prudent measure, calculated to obviate many causes of trouble, and to prevent disputes and injustice. The pity is that it was not done from the very beginning, for the first settlers took gross advantage of the ignorance of the Maoris. A colony requires land, and even very extensive tracts, the more so as the great speculation being the rearing of cattle, vast ranges are wanted for the flocks and herds, situated, too, at a sufficient distance from the lands properly speaking devoted to agriculture. According as the colonists increased in number, and their establishments and stations were extended, the need of new possessions became a pressing want. Besides, it became necessary to open up roads for the convenience of travellers and the safe transport of merchandise. Naturally, the aim of the settlers was to persuade the Natives that it was to their direct advantage to give up their lands. The latter, who are children, but very formidable ones,

understood little at first what was meant by alienating their property for ever—a thing, moreover, quite contrary to their customs—and sold their possessions easily enough. But at last they perceived that their lands were disappearing little by little, that the strangers were considerably increasing in the country, and that in the end they would be absorbed into the foreign population and rapidly lose all influence. The chiefs wished to take measures to prevent this misfortune, and in 1857 the tribes of Waikato held a great assembly. They resolved to try and unite all the Maori tribes in federation, and for this purpose decided on establishing a national sovereignty in presence of the authority of the Queen. A king was elected, declaration being made that all the lands of the Maoris belonged to him, and that they could not be alienated without his consent.

This was a very serious resolution on the part of the Maoris, and especially their decision in the matter of the sale of land was a subject which might easily lead to contention; an event which, as we shall see, was not long in coming about. In the early part of 1859, Teira and the other chiefs announced their intention of selling to the Government 800 acres of land, situated to the north of Taranaki, on the right bank of the river Waitara. The Governor came to the spot, held a meeting, and allowed a year, that all parties interested in the sale might have time to make their objections and put in their claims. William King (Wiremu Kingi) since become a celebrated character, protested against the sale as being contrary to the laws of the Maoris. A year having gone by, and the Governor having satisfied all who could put forward any claim to the land, wished to take possession by surveying the ground and drawing boundary lines. Wiremu Kingi opposed the plan with all his might, and the war thus began, at the end of February, 1860, just as Father Trésallet arrived at Taranaki.

But what am I to say of the war, which has certainly been particularly disastrous to the province of Taranaki, and has very much injured the northern island? It is fortunate for the Colony, in my opinion, that hostilities were confined to the above-named province, and that the tribes of that locality were almost the only ones that took part in the contest. The other localities were thrown into a state of great alarm; but Taranaki was the only place that suffered many of the evils of the war, and relatively these were serious enough. If I were to credit the English journals of these Australian colonies, which take the liberty of saying everything they like, I should conclude that the manner in which the war has been carried on, does little honor to those who conducted it. It is easy enough to criticise, and I take good care not to pronounce any opinion on the subject. It must be confessed that the success has not been brilliant, though the con-

test has lasted nearly eighteen months. Each party claimed the victory; but the Maoris have remained masters of the territory which was the occasion of hostilities, though they have restored it since the armistice concluded between the two belligerent powers.

No one knows what is to be the end of it all. The war has considerably raised the Maoris in their own estimation; they are quite proud of their pretended success. Some of the chiefs said very modestly to one of our missioners: 'We have made up to France for her defeat at Waterloo; the French ought to enter into alliance with us.' Is not that a charming speech? They seem determined to preserve their programme intact—namely, to keep their king, to forbid the sale of their lands, and to prevent roads being opened through their territory. In case these rights are disputed, they hold out a threat that they will effect a general rising, and carry on war through the whole length and breadth of the island.

Government cannot agree to these conditions, for that would be to relinquish their power. Sir George Grey, who formerly ruled the Colony, and who had more influence over the Natives than any of his predecessors, has come back with full powers to resume the government of New Zealand. Many people expect great results from his prudence, his well-tried ability, his moderation and energy. But the Maoris are by no means the same people they were when Sir George left them eight years ago. If his policy does not succeed, an appeal must be made to arms once more. The Maoris will not listen to any advice, and they despise the English forces. The contest will ruin them, and perhaps destroy the whole race. England must conquer; for her honor and the future of the Colony require it. The struggle may be long and disastrous for many of the colonists. Go and look for the Maoris in their mountains, in the depths of their forests, or along the banks of their great rivers, and you will see they have nothing to lose: the burning of a village they look upon as a mere trifle, for they can get what is strictly necessary in the interior of the kingdom. On the contrary, they, like the Bedouins in former times, can suddenly fall on all the isolated inhabitants, and destroy whatever comprises the true wealth of the Colony. Should the war begin again, the whites must of necessity abandon their estates and take refuge in the towns, as was done at Taranaki. I pray the Lord that He may bestow on Sir George Grey the gift of good counsel, and give the grace of understanding to the Maoris. We all are greatly in need of peace, the missioners as well as the colonists.

Certainly there has been, and there is still, much exaggeration on one side and on the other, and it can hardly be otherwise. The English argue on English ideas, and the Maoris on notions of their

own, if I may so express myself. There is a gulf of separation between them; how, then, can they understand one another? Years have passed away, and yet the latter cannot understand the alienation of their lands according to our Euorpean ideas. They are irritated because in the beginning advantage was taken of their ignorance, and their property exchanged for mere trifles, tobacco and such like things.

Dr. Selwyn, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, and some of his clergy, have been accused by the press, and I believe by the authorities, of taking part too much with the Maoris, and asserting that they had justice on their side. The latter have not, however, shown much gratitude. At the period that I found myself at Taranaki, the Protestant Maoris of the Province refused, and very unhandsomely, to let Dr. Selwyn pass through their territory when returning to Auckland, and his Lordship was obliged to retrace his steps. Should the war recommence, they do not seem disposed to receive them among them and treat them as friends.

I quitted Taranaki on the evening of January 15, and early on the 17th I returned to Wellington, where they had begun to be uneasy about us. But the delay caused by bad weather had made me miss the steamer bound for the south. Fortunately, there was a brig about leaving for Port Chalmers, and I embarked in it early next morning. On the 24th I arrived at my destination. Port Chalmers was formerly very much frequented by parties engaged in the whale fishery, which is still carried on successfully. It is likewise the port of the Province of Otago, where the Scotch established a settlement in 1842. The capital, Dunedin, is situated at the extremity of a long bay, which is a continuation of Port Chalmers. Towards the month of July, 1861, the population of the province numbered about 15,000 inhabitants; it had reached 30,000 the end of the same year, and when I arrived it was rapidly increasing. And how had this come about? Simply because gold had been discovered in the high, cold mountains of the province; the steamers, journals, telegraph had carried the news into all the goldfields of Australia, and immediately the diggers struck their tents, rolled up their blankets, packed their trunks, and took their way, full of high hopes, to the new El Dorado. These gold-seekers are very like wandering Jews; they never settle anywhere. No sooner are they installed in a goldfield than they begin laboriously to harrow up the earth, in which, as may be supposed, they find more blanks than prizes, hope supporting them all the while. Suddenly a newspaper comes to hand, a new goldfield has been discovered, and a nugget of fabulous price found in it. On the moment a rush is made to the heaven-favored mountain, and a whole population come over in search of the much-desired metal. From north, south, east, and west they come flock-

ing in crowds. It is true they have been many times deceived, completely mystified. But there is no use preaching prudence, exhorting them to wait for more precise information: nothing will stop them; the rush continues. Moreover, speculation does its work. After all his endless journeys and removals, the digger sees his previous gains melt away from him; but then, like his patron, he has always some cash in his pocket and fresh fields to dig in. Probably you trouble yourself very little about the mines of Otago. The future will decide the question of their comparative value. The Lord does not seem very highly to favor the gold-seekers; for, instead of placing the treasures in places of easy access and favorable climate, it is among the high mountains of Otago, cut up by precipices and intersected by abrupt valleys, where fogs are thick, snow abundant, and cold intense, that He has hid the golden stores that men seek with so much ardor. And remark, that on these mountains of which I speak, there is no wood for building or firing, and the roads, which are far from being perfect, do not afford facilities for procuring any but a small quantity and at a very high price. So you see, my dear Father, that gold is like virtue—one must suffer a great deal to gain it. They came, then, in great crowds to Otago, but the approaches of winter caused the retreat of a great number of miners; the hope, however, is that they will reappear of themselves in the spring.

I found myself at Dunedin at the end of January, just at the moment of its greatest glory. Gigantic plans were on foot, but extravagant hopes exceeded them. The future grandeur of Dunedin was to surpass Melbourne, and Dunedin was to be ere long the capital of a vast British Empire in the Southern Hemisphere. Whatever it may be, the situation of the town is very picturesque, but by no means convenient, being formed of high hills, separated by deep, narrow valleys. They set to work in earnest; there was a general commotion, and a grand town arose at once; the adjacent country looked like one vast camp; on all sides tents were to be seen, or little huts made of mud and branches of trees. I assure you it was no easy matter to lodge oneself, as you may easily judge.

Otago could never boast of a resident priest. Each year a missioner came to visit the Catholics of this province, as well as those of Southland, a new province, and quite distinct from Otago. Father Moreau came in this way in the month of April, 1861, to these parts, and traversed the vast territories, having no settled place of domicile. On his return to the chief town the mines had been already discovered; he wanted to rent a small house, and he was asked £1 10s a week; the price astonished him very much, and he went his way. After some days he returned again, and this time they wanted £2. In less than fifteen days the rent was

raised to £4. He was obliged to take up his abode in a hotel, especially as he was absent more than half the time, out visiting the Catholics. In this hotel I spent some days with my dear brother priest, sharing the same room with him, as did likewise another gentleman. And I assure you, we had every reason to be very well satisfied, for the day of my arrival I had the not very pleasing prospect of being obliged to sleep on the floor of a large parlor, in the midst of some thirty diggers, smoking, drinking, and singing. Fortunately, I discovered in time the residence of Father Moreau, who was then absent.

Alas! at Dunedin there is not to be found even the smallest Catholic chapel, and during the few days I passed there it was not possible even once to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. So you may judge whether Father Moreau is to be pitied or not. At first, when he wanted to gather together the Catholics and say Mass on Sundays, they gave him a dancing room, which they afterwards changed for a dining room in a hotel. When I was with him he had the use on two Sundays of the month of one of the reception rooms of the Town Hall.

Things have been changed since that, you may guess. Meetings were held, a subscription opened, and Father Moreau has got a lodging, while waiting for a house to be built for him. He will also soon be in possession of a little chapel, which, later, will be turned into a school. I am in hopes that he has by this time a priest with him to share his labors. The number of priests will soon be increased in the province, if the gold mines are found to be really valuable. A great number of Catholics have arrived from Australia. A little chapel had been erected for them at the mines, and also a dwelling for the missioner, who spends a fortnight every month there. The chapel, as well as the house, was nothing more than a simple tent, which any storm might overturn; indeed, such an accident did happen, and Father Moreau was obliged, in consequence, to sleep in the same tent with no less than six diggers. Since that time two large chapels have been built in this quarter, in as solid a style as the situation and the difficulty of transporting materials would allow.

I was obliged to leave, but I did not want to wait for the steamer, which would have only left me four-and-twenty hours to spend with my brother priests at Christchurch. A little vessel, of not more than fifteen tons' burden, was on the point of sailing for Lyttelton, and I threw in my bag and embarked, in spite of all my friends could say to the contrary. Unfortunately, we were kept two days in the road by contrary winds, and I need not tell you that people do not feel very comfortable under such circumstances in a vessel of the kind. At last, on Saturday evening, the 1st of February, the wind being favorable, we set out, and in

twenty hours the 'Julia-Ann,' with moderate winds, made the passage of 230 miles, and I landed at Lyttelton. This is a very small town, and must always remain so, literally from want of room, shut in as it is between the sea and a very high mountain, of particularly abrupt descent. It is situated on Port Cooper, or Victoria, and forms part of the Peninsula of Akaroa (Banks Peninsula). This peninsula is very mountainous, but beyond it extends an immense, fertile, and very beautiful plain, at the entrance of which is situated the town of Christchurch, the capital of the Province of Canterbury. Lyttelton being the port, they are at work to connect the town with the capital by a railroad, and to effect this it was necessary to tunnel through the mountain, a long, difficult, and expensive work. While waiting for it to be finished, I had made up my mind to take my way painfully over the mountain, from the summit of which a beautiful view is to be seen, and in the evening I had the happiness to find myself with Fathers Chataigner and Chervier.

It was in 1850 that a settlement was first established in this province. The census published in the month of September, 1861, returned a population of 18,000 souls. The vicinity of Otago contributed to increase it, as it contributed in many ways to the prosperity of the province. As the land is fertile, many of the diggers who were fortunate and wise at the same time (for there are such people) came to settle in the province of Canterbury; and, besides, Otago is likely to become an excellent market for the produce of the place. Canterbury is, therefore, a fine province, with good prospects of becoming rich and populous; but the climate appears to be very damp.

During the course of many years the Catholics of the country used to receive the visit of a missioner from time to time; a station was established in it in May, 1860. As usual, the difficulties were great in the beginning, and the priests found many obstacles in their way. I have been quite astonished by the progress that has been made in so short a time. The mission has now a nice plot of more than five acres in a single holding, situated, however—and it is a trifling drawback—at one of the corners of the town. A fine large house has been built, and for the present the best part of it serves as a chapel. The worldly affairs of the mission are on a very good footing, which will not astonish you much, as you know how active and clever Father Chataigner is; but I can assure you that our brother priests have left nothing undone to attain that end. Father Chataigner has concentrated all his strength and prepared his plans for laying the foundations of a church without delay, and his congregation have generously seconded him in this.

You will be still more pleased to hear that the Catholic population has very considerably increased in this province during the

last three years, and is now over 1200 souls. Father Chataigner, indeed, thinks that it amounts to 1800. True, it is very much scattered; but this is the case likewise in the other stations. Here at least, owing to the situation of the country, there are not so many difficulties in the way of visitation as in many of the other provinces. The poor Catholics had remained, for the most part, so long deprived of the succors of religion that they had well nigh lost all desire for its ministrations. But now a very observable and consoling change has taken place, and I hope that Christchurch will soon have to boast of a very respectable and edifying congregation. There will be a struggle, no doubt, but we have every reason to hope that neither zeal nor the grace of God will be wanting to our priests or their flock.

I left Christchurch on February 7, and reached Wellington early on Sunday morning, 9th inst., after having experienced a violent storm on the preceding day. I wished to visit Napier, and had engaged a passage in a large ship, and sent my luggage on board, intending to sail the next morning, when during the night previous, the whole city of Wellington was aroused by the sound of the tocsin, and, behold, the 'Arabella' was in flames! However, assistance having been speedily procured, the fire was extinguished before it had done much injury; but as the crew were suspected of having wilfully caused the mischief, the ship would not be permitted to leave the port, and I was obliged to sail in a little yacht, in which we reached Napier on the 24th inst.

Great changes had taken place in this quarter during the four years which had elapsed since my previous visit. Napier then consisted of a few houses, but it was now become a little city, the metropolis of a province called Hawke's Bay. Here I found our excellent Father Forest, who, notwithstanding his infirmities, having exhausted his strength by his missionary labors, still continues to work with all the energy and activity of a young man, in order to perfect all he has already established in the mission. He has furnished and decorated his church, and just taken possession of a dwelling-house which has been erected for him, after causing him much trouble and anxiety. As the site was chosen on the top of a steep hill overlooking the chapel, he was obliged to make a long winding avenue and to sink a deep well, besides more difficult works to accomplish; but he was fortunate in finding several good Catholic soldiers in Napier, who, like their comrades of Taranaki and Wanganui, are devotedly attached to their Faith. They not only gave the labor of their hands, but also contributed according to their means to the many collections made in this station for the church, presbytery, schools, etc., and besides all this many of them are associates in the work of the Propagation of the Faith. Monsignor Viard recommended in his seventh pastoral of

1861 to the piety and charity of his parish priests this admirable work, which has been the visible providence of many others as well as of this rising diocese. True it is that the number of Catholics are still few, and even these few are generally poor, and have many weighty burdens to support, but notwithstanding all these obstacles the faithful of Wellington, Napier, Nelson, and Hutt have contributed more than 900 francs. The soldiers of Napier were distinguished particularly for their generosity.

We may rely on the zeal of Father Forest to keep the sacred flame burning. I assure you I was very much pleased with my Sunday in Napier on February 2. I assisted at the offices, and listened to the organ of the little church. There is nothing approaching it, I am sure, in either New Zealand or several other missions. I was deeply edified, though at the same time pained, to witness the zeal of the good Father. His church being too small to contain all the Catholic population, in consequence of the garrison, he is obliged to say two Masses on Sundays—one at 9 o'clock for the soldiers, and the other at 11 for the civilians. He preaches at each Mass, and this does not prevent his attendance at catechism, and preaching again at Vespers. You can easily imagine how all this fatigue must prey upon an already delicate constitution. Fortunately, he has now to assist him Father Sauzeau, who is delighted to be formed for the missionary life by such a model; and Brother Athanase is also with him, and will be most useful under the present circumstances of the mission. At present all Father Forest's interest seems to be directed to the schools, for which he has already made many sacrifices, and suffered much anxiety; but all this labor is necessary in order to gain souls to God.

I must now give you some account of Father Regnier's labors; he has continued his visits to the Catholic settlements dispersed in the various parts of the province, and also to the Maoris who belong to his mission, and are scattered amidst the mountains and the valleys; but, in the meantime, he has not neglected his great work, one which is probably destined to contribute largely to the spread of religion in the province. I told you four years ago of his having removed his house to the land he had purchased from the Government; that he had extended his property to 400 acres in all, and that it was surrounded by a river or roads so as to be isolated from the rest of the country. [This evidently refers to Meeanee.] I was able to congratulate the Father and the two Brothers on the success of their labors and devotedness. All his large territory is surrounded by a deep trench, with an entrance only by a large gate of galvanised thick iron bars. The land has been cultivated, and the live stock seem thriving. Of course, what has been as yet done is little if compared with all that

still must be accomplished, but progress is made every year, and the establishment will become more fruitful. A road that passes by the land, and a bridge thrown across the river, render easy access to the town. I was not a little surprised to find that in this vast plain, which four years since presented nothing but bog, covered with furze and bushes of phormium-tenax, was now dotted with pretty houses, meadows, corn, and numerous herds of cattle. The weather was beautiful, and everything around beamed with life and vigor. Such has been the improvement in the land, that what was sold by Government for 10s 6d could now easily bring twelve pounds sterling an acre, even for the part not yet cultivated.

Father Regnier invited me to accompany him to a great festival of the Maoris, which took place in the environs, and at which a good many Catholics attended. I could not accept his invitation.

I intended to leave Napier on March 3, but a violent tempest broke out on the night of the 2nd, and lasted for three days, causing terrible ravage in several places. I have often heard the climate of New Zealand lauded as being the most beautiful and agreeable in the world, possessing the winter of Naples and the summer of London: the latter is not very wonderful in the way of temperature, and I can equally aver that if the winter of Naples is like ours here, it is not so very desirable. But it must be remembered that New Zealand lies between 33 degrees to 49 of southern latitude, so that the temperature must consequently vary in its different parts. It is, however, take it all in all, a beautiful country, though it is damp and exposed to violent winds.

During the afternoon of March 5 the heavens became clouded, the wind seemed to change, and the storm bird was seen on the sea in the evening. We were soon obliged to take shelter behind a cape, for to have tried to make head against the storm would have been only to burn our coals uselessly. We made another attempt to sail on Friday, but were again obliged quickly to seek a second refuge, and it was with great difficulty that we were able to reach Wellington at 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening. I began to feel very uneasy, as the steamer for Sydney was to leave the very next day, and had I not reached Wellington in time to go in it I should be delayed a month, and perhaps longer, in New Zealand.

Father Petitjean was absent visiting the Catholic Maoris of Otaki. Monsignor was unceasing in kind attentions to me. To my great regret, I was unable to go to see Father Séon. I have already told you how I met him for a few moments on the first day of my arrival in Wellington. On my return from the south, the Father was in the Wairarapa visiting this distant part of his parish. I went to spend a Sunday at Hutt, but our dear old

friend was not there. It so happened that he who is generally the easiest to be found of all others was not permitted by Divine Providence to meet me. When I was returning I spent two days at Nelson. Father Garin was in the Wairau, Father Michel very often ill, and Father Martin only awaiting orders to depart and exercise his zeal in a large sphere. On the 18th I arrived safely in Sydney in time to celebrate with the missioners, newly arrived from France, a family feast in honor of our glorious and kind protector, St. Joseph.

Before concluding, allow me, dear Father, to say a few words on the emulation, activity, and even ambition exhibited by each of those little provinces in New Zealand, in their efforts to surpass one another. On all sides searches are being made in order to discover gold mines, and a large reward has been offered to him who shall indicate where such are to be found. Then, when any gold is found, we hear on all sides the cry: 'Come here and you will make your fortune.'

The southern provinces consider themselves very fortunate not to have been visited by the troubles of the Maoris, and they are anxious to separate their interests from those of the northern provinces, so that they may not be obliged to share in the expense of the war. Auckland insists on remaining the capital, being already in possession of the title. Wellington, on the other hand, puts forth claims to that honor, founded on its beautiful harbor and central situation.

I have already told you of the hopes of Otago. Canterbury will assuredly put forth reasons for claiming the first place. Nelson, proud of its little railway, exports chrome to England while waiting for some more precious metal. What zeal and what perseverance they give evidence of! The objects of interest they seek to secure are, I am well aware, very important; and we may well praise their energy and imitate their example. May we also be animated by a holy and noble emulation for the salvation of their souls, while enlightening them, and may we not allow our courage to fail either when exposed to sacrifices, or privation, or contradictions, no matter from what quarter they reach us! Above all, may we, in the midst of the various and powerful sects, keep our eyes fixed on God, and rely on Him alone to grant us strength and patience, for in Him and by Him alone is salvation to be obtained.

Since the Rev. Father Poupinel visited New Zealand, each year the number of the population has become larger. In 1860 there were but 73,000 Europeans, and at the beginning of 1864 their number amounted to 109,000. The emigration is directed chiefly to the south, whither it has been drawn by the discovery of new gold mines. From January 1 to November 30, 1863, there

were 26,738 emigrants landed in the province of Otago alone, and at the end of 1863 the population of that district has been stated to be from 60,000 to 80,000. A new province has been created at the mines; this is called Southland, its capital Invercargill. This little town of 500 inhabitants is situated on the sea, at the opening of a magnificent plain which stretches to the mountains, where the richest diggings are. A brilliant future is in prospect for this town, and its population will be speedily tenfold what it is. Other towns have sprung up as if by enchantment in Southland, and become larger every year. Dunedin, the capital of Otago, had but 3000 inhabitants in 1862; at present its population amounts to 30,000. The following list gives the names of the nine provinces of New Zealand, their capitals, and the population of each:—

North Island.	
Auckland; capital, Auckland	15,000
Wellington; capital, Wellington	8,000
Hawke's Bay; capital, Napier	1,500
Taranaki; capital, New Plymouth	3,000
South Island.	
Nelson; capital, Nelson	6,000
Marlborough; capital, Picton	500
Canterbury; capital, Christchurch	6,000
Otago; capital, Dunedin	30,000
Southland; capital, Invercargill	500

The war between the Natives and English was ended on March 18, 1862, but began again towards the close of the year, in spite of all the efforts of the Government to avoid it, and continues to the present day. The principal theatre of the first war was the province of Taranaki; this time hostilities commenced near Auckland, and are continued in Waikato. The Natives of the other provinces of the north, whilst preserving their sympathies for the Maori king whom they have elected, have taken no open part in the contest; they will not mix in it unless they are first attacked. The result of this unequal war, disastrous to both parties, is no matter of doubt; the English Government have about 10,000 soldiers or volunteers, the Maoris have scarcely half the number. Sad will be the fate of this population, so worthy of sympathy, and which excites the deepest interest in the English Governors. To the war which decimates them are added diseases, which destroy life and bring on an ever-increasing mortality. There are but few children, and those which are born die at an early age. There were 56,000 Maoris alive in 1860; it is to be feared that the approaching census will show a considerable diminution amongst their number.

We now proceed to point out the actual state of the nine districts or principal stations of the diocese of Wellington:—

1. Wellington, residence of Monsignor Viard, of Father Petitjean, and of Father O'Reilly, an Irish priest, having the title of Vicar-General, and of Brother Aubert, specially attached to the service of the Bishop; two churches, two schools, a boarding school, directed by the Sisters of Mercy, and a providence home, in which twenty young girls (Maoris) are educated. This station serves Otaki also, where there is a little chapel. The Catholic population is about 1200 to 1500.

2. The Hutt, eight miles to the north of Wellington, is the residence of Father Séon. The Catholic population is only 360, scattered over different districts; in the Lower Hutt there is a chapel and a school for girls; in the Upper Hutt, or St. Joseph's, twelve miles to the north, there is a chapel; in the Wairarapa, further north, a chapel is building.

3. Wanganui, residence of Father Pezant and Brother Euloge; a magnificent church, a school for boys, a house which the Natives frequent when they come into the town; many chapels in the important places of this district; about 700 Catholics. The Father ministers to the spiritual wants of the secondary stations of Waitotara on the west, and of Rangitikei to the south on the sea coast.

4. Wanganui River, or Kauaeoroa, 50 miles north on the river, residence of Father Lampila and Brother Elias-Régis; a church, a school, and about 650 Catholics; scattered along the river and up to Waitara and Taupo to the north.

5. Napier, residence of Fathers Forest and Sauzeau, and of Brother Athanasius; a beautiful church, two schools; the girls' school will be soon entrusted to the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions. Father Regnier and Brothers Basil and Florentin reside with 40 Maoris in a large farm; here all the Natives of the country assemble on Sundays and on festival days. About 800 Catholics.

6. Taranaki, or New Plymouth, residence of Father Pertuis; a little chapel, a school, and from 500 to 600 Catholics. Father Michel, at present in Nelson, will be sent soon to Taranaki.

7. Nelson, residence of Father Garin and Trésallet, and of Brother Claude Marie; a church, a school for boys of high reputation, a girls' school, three chapels in the interior. The Fathers in Nelson have to do duty in Waimea and at Wairau, now the province of Marlborough. From 500 to 600 Catholics.

8. Christchurch is the residence of Fathers Chataigner and Chervier; a beautiful church is being built, a schoolhouse for the little girls destined for the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions, and from 1800 to 2000 Catholics. The Fathers strive with the

utmost zeal to put their stations on a respectable footing, and their labors are crowned with success. Father Chataigner wrote to the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Marists to tell him of the difficulties he had to overcome:—'After having lived in public houses or at their expense for four months, we felt the necessity to have a home for ourselves. To stop in the town it would cost us from ninety to one hundred pounds a year, and that only for a temporary arrangement. It was better to build to secure our position. But to build we must have money, and we had none, our congregation being small and composed entirely of the poor. We had to manœuvre to get the necessary funds, and we have succeeded. At present the house is built, serving for a residence and for a church, waiting better times from the beneficent God. We have entered on undertakings and have labored beyond our strength: we never know how the following week will suffice for the expenses of the present and of its own, and yet the Lord has never seen us want; thanks to Him, we have been always able to pay our debts. And, nevertheless, we have had to pay for house, for fencing, for cultivation, etc., more than £480. I have consequently become more daring, and when I have sixpence I give it for an improvement. Our functions were very poor up to Easter Sunday. No singing, no Vespers, nothing but a Low Mass! Well, Providence sent me the directress of the choir at Auckland, who plays beautifully on the harmonium, and sings divinely. Thus we have, since that time, music at Mass and Vespers. We had only borrowed a little instrument, or rather one offered to us and brought by a non-Catholic whom I did not know. This was not enough: to aid the good Lord, Who had assisted me so well, I have risked, if not sacrificed, my salary for a whole year. We shall live as we can, and we are about to become the owners of a magnificent harmonium with thirteen stops, which will cost us fifty pounds sterling. We are trying to build, not a cathedral, but a church, for which we shall have to expend £480. I am now trying, hesitating; but, when the moment comes, we shall dash into it with our eyes closed, that we may have no fear of the difficulties to be overcome; and when we shall cease, it will be, I hope, to sing a "Te Deum" in a Catholic church at Christchurch.'

This church is being built, and the Father hopes that God will suggest to some pious soul to come to its aid. He will not stop there; he has no schools. A public school was scarcely wanted at first, the congregation consisting of a few families of emigrants without children. Since 1860, 260 children have been baptised, and very few of them died. A school, therefore, is necessary at present. He has asked the Sisters of the Mission to take charge of it, and he will not, I hope, be refused.

9. Dunedin. This is the residence of Fathers Moreau and Aimé Martin. Father Rolland went to Sydney in last April to share our labors there. The Fathers have a house, a chapel, which has become too small for the wants of the Catholic population, and they have commenced to build a school for the Sisters of the Mission, who have been invited to direct it. Besides the chapel of Dunedin, they are building others, with a house in the principal diggings. At Tuapeka, at Nanukirira Junction, at Koworou, at Dunstan, at Fox Diggings, these have been erected; others are being built at Queenstown and at Invercargill. The Catholic population of this district is from 15,000 to 20,000 souls.

Whilst one of the Fathers remains in the town, the other goes about the mines to administer the Sacraments to the Catholics and to instruct them. These examinations are long, difficult, but consoling to the heart of the missioners, from the happy results they produce.

We here present a letter from Father Martin, 17th January, 1863, to give an idea of the duties the missioners have to fulfil in this country:—

I arrived in Dunedin in the middle of the month of June, 1862. After having passed a week with Father Moreau, I set out for the Tuapeka diggings. Half the journey was done by carriage, the remainder on horseback. I arrived at my post safe and sound, but not without the dread of rolling over a precipice some ten times. It was winter; the horse galloped quickly, the rain fell, the wind blew, and the road was frightful. But God protects His own. It was my first ride, and the first day of my journey; I was full of courage.

I remained seven weeks at Tuapeka, first tranquilly at home, then, putting on my boots, I ventured to go to the mines, seeking the Irish. The Irish, you know, love the priest; we were soon good friends. This was useful, for I was no great hand at English, but when I spoke to my diggers their countenances so expanded with joy that, pressed though I was for time by the various occupations of my ministry, confessions especially, I ventured twice to preach to them without being prepared. It was the feast of the Assumption. I spoke of the Holy Virgin, and I was not eloquent, but was understood, better understood, they said, than in my common conversation. Having come back to Dunedin, I waited for the return of Father Moreau, who had been to visit Southland, at Invercargill, where he stayed eight weeks, and I again set out for the Tuapeka diggings and the newly-discovered mines. These mines are from 120 to 150 miles from Dunedin; and from one mine to another it is 20, 25, 30, and even 50 miles, over mountains, through rivers, without a track or a road. I bought a horse and set out the 7th of November. I

stopped in a village 40 miles from Dunedin, where I remained till Sunday to say the Holy Mass, and I arrived on the 11th at Tuapeka. The two following days I spent in visiting the mines of Wetherston, of Gabriel Mouroi, called Waitahuna, and I returned to Tuapeka. Before quitting the country, I wished to visit the hospital, but, at 400 yards from my hotel, the horse took fright and flung me off. I fell on the right side, head foremost, my arm having luckily acted as a protection to my head. I escaped with a contusion of the face and a fracture of the wrist. I went then to the hospital, not as a visitor, but as a patient. The physician gave me his own room; the nurse, who was a good Irish Catholic, lavished her attentions on me. I remained there fifteen days, and then stopped five weeks at the mines, taking care at the same time of my arm and my face. On Christmas Day I was able, thanks be to God, to say Mass, although as yet unable to put on the vestments without help. Half of the miners came to the Holy Table on Christmas Day or the following Sunday; there were in all seventy Communions.

During my convalescence I replaced the roof of our church, which was of cloth and used to be torn away by the wind, by one of zinc. This repair cost about £80. I asked that sum from the congregation. I sent subscription lists. I do not know whether they had compassion on my bodily suffering (my arm was still in a sling and my face poulticed); the fact is, in lieu of £80, more than £120 came in, although the number of Catholics is small—150, I believe—but the Protestants, and even the Jews, did not refuse to subscribe. This will give you a notion of the generosity of the Irish, and of what they can do in this country with a wise administration.

INDEX.

THE CHURCH IN AUCKLAND.

THE CHURCH IN CANTERBURY.

INDEX.

THE CHURCH IN WELLINGTON.

THE CHURCH IN OTAGO.

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The Church in New Zealand