

and that crystallises into solid and enduring concrete form the history, birth, progress, and development of the faith in the Auckland province. Hence, on an occasion like this, instead of the carping critic with a Judas cry on his lips, 'Why this waste?'—why this expenditure?—I have set myself rather to draw out and dwell on the story that is written indelibly by trowel and chisel on these walls and foundations for our future generations, and to sketch in rapid and reverent outline, at least, the work and the worth of those associated with St. Patrick's from its inception to its completion to-day. We read in the Book of Josue that when the people of Israel crossed the Jordan and entered the Land of Promise, they took stones out of the river-bed, and set them up as a memorial to God in Galgal. Josue said: When your children shall ask you to-morrow, what mean these stones, you shall answer them and say, Israel passed over the Jordan through a dry channel, the Lord your God drying up the waters thereof; therefore were those stones set up for a monument of the children of Israel for ever. Your children will ask you, and your children's children will ask their fathers, unto many generations as they pass under the shadow of this hallowed pile, or view its grateful transepts from afar, What mean those stones, what memories hang round them, what lessons do they convey, what story do they tell? You will answer: The time was only little less than seventy years ago, when the light of Catholic truth had not penetrated this beautiful and luxuriant land, when the noble, warlike race had little knowledge of the Creator beyond what the untutored savage mind might glean from gazing on the face of Nature that, like an exquisitely colored and variegated chart, might lead the reflective mind from the contemplation of nature's beauty and its marvels to the conception of nature's God. You will tell them how at last on the ever memorable January 10, 1838, Bishop Pompallier, with a priest and a lay catechist, landed at Hokianga with the same credentials from Pope Gregory XVI. and the same faith that Augustine and his monks brought from another Pope Gregory to England, or that St. Patrick brought to Tara. You will tell them how within three years after landing, a mission station was founded in Auckland, and a little wooden church was erected as a memorial to God in 1842, on the very site on which this Cathedral stands. You will tell them how five years later Bishop Pompallier, at the request of the Catholics of Auckland, laid the foundation stone of a scoria church, which would be a more worthy and enduring memorial of God's goodness, in having visited and wrought the redemption of His people here, which church was opened and dedicated to St. Patrick and St. Joseph, on March 19, 1848, under the administration of Bishop Viard. At the building of this church a literal reproduction of a scene described in the Book of Josue took place, when Father Forrest and the Irish Catholic soldiers of the gallant 58th Regiment literally took the stones from out the harbor bed, and carried them on their shoulders, and gratefully set them up as a memorial to God in Auckland. I may pause here in my narrative to reverently point out

Some Grand Old Pioneers of the Faith—

men of renown, as the Holy Scripture calls such—who instructed the people with most holy words in those days, and whose forms memory calls from the dead past. First of all they unfold to our gaze the noble form of the intrepid and apostolic pioneer, Bishop Pompallier, who first got the commission from St. Peter's successor, Gregory XVI., to bring the message of divine truth to these lands, and who, by preaching, instruction, and what I may truly call his omnipresent zeal, dispelled the mists of error and pagan darkness from all native tribes where his influence extended, and who opposed to the wild fury, the cruel calumny, the undisguised threats of those whose ranks he depleted, the meek demeanor of his Master, and the resistless logic of unadulterated truth. There he stands before us, as he was in the provincial days, dignified, courteous, majestic, and snow-clad like Ruapehu or Tarawera, casting off the pearly mists that enshrouded them; the restless fires within their volcanic bosoms symbolising the restless fire of faith, charity, and zeal that thrilled through his frame and burnt in his apostolic heart. They remind us more vividly and eloquently than my poor cold words could of that great Bishop and apostolic band of Marist Fathers, who sundered the dearest, sweetest home lies at the call of God to spread the faith throughout New Zealand. An account of their journeys by land and sea, through a country without roads or railways, by means of schooners of only a few hundred tons' burden over stormy seas, is like reading an account of the journeys of St. Paul and his companions in the Acts of the Apostles. When we

think of the long voyages from Hokianga to Bank's Peninsula and far-off Otago, full of peril, discomfort, and adventure, of the land journeys to Tauranga, Opotiki, and Matamata; when we try to compute the miles of tangled bush, interlacing creeppers, 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 unto life everlasting; we are simply appalled by the magnitude of their labors, dazzled by the heroism of their lives and their virtues. Assembled as we are here on a spot sanctified by their tread, surely it is meet and just to pay a passing tribute of admiration, gratitude, and veneration to these men—Bishops Pompallier and Viard, Fathers Petitjean, Servant, Forrest, and many others, whose names should also be embalmed in the New Zealand Catholic heart. They bring before us again the rugged frame of another great prelate, whose name is a household word in two hemispheres, who built the transept which this spacious and noble one replaces—

The Illustrious Archbishop Croke.

He it was whom God raised up at a time of stress and strain, and who put on a secure basis the Church property, and quickened the faithful with new life and courage. Undaunted and undeterred by a crushing debt and financial embarrassment, he threw his great mind and characteristic energy into his work, and the result is seen in the magnificent property possessed by the Church to this day. Though his years in Auckland were few, the stamp of his zeal, genius, and energy is deeply scored on the diocese. His name will ever be held in benediction here, where his grand voice often resounded with prescience of the future's needs. He collected over £2000 for building a new Cathedral, which, in the capable and generous hands of the honored trustee, Mr. Darby, was £3000 at the time his successor was appointed. Our memories again bring up before us the unobtrusive, saintly forms of Bishop Steins and Bishop Luck, who built the nave and spire, and searched the treasure spots of Italy for the materials for that gem of marble and mosaic—the exquisite altar on which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up this morning. They softly and reverently breathe names holy, zealous, and apostolic—secular priests, whom many of you have known, who broke the Bread of Life in this Cathedral—Fathers Pines, O'Hara, Paul, Dr. McDonald, your own 'Father Walter' McDonald—though dead they still live on in the virtues they exhibited, in the kindly deeds they performed, in the spirit of faith they fostered among you. Through the Communion of Saints—that, with a bond stronger than steel, warmer and intenser than blood or human life, binds the members of the Church triumphant in heaven with the members of the Church militant below—we may believe that they are cognisant of, and interested in, this ceremony from their thrones on high. They beckon to us, who wear the priestly garb, to walk worthy of our vocation; they bid you, whose eyes are filled with tears at mention of their names, to rejoice and be glad. To-day the eyes and heart of God are centred on you, as the wise man says, and his hands are raised to bless the cheerful giver; they speak most eloquently of all of

The Young, Energetic, Zealous Prelate

who now adorns the See of Auckland, whom the Holy Ghost has chosen and placed in this exalted office to hold the reins that have fallen from the dead hands of his saintly predecessors, to consolidate and ensure the strenuous efforts made by them to erect a worthy memorial of God here; to guide the destinies of this diocese in an era of rapid expansion, the limits of which no man may yet mark. His presence forbids eulogy, and makes anything like a spoken estimate of his worth and work constrained and inadequate. In the conception of this present undertaking, his Lordship has firmly grasped the principle that no material creation of human genius is good enough to be a worthy shrine of the Lord of Glory, and further that money, material, art, aye, and human brain are consecrated to their noblest use in planning, erecting, enriching a temple for the great God to dwell in. He has learned from the pages of Holy Writ how the Almighty God prepared and enriched the material for the temple and the living shrine which He deigned to dwell in even for a short time. There no riches of a material kind were deemed by Him too great to lavish on adornment. When it pleased Him that a temple should be built by His own chosen nation, that would

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