

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 Pro-

testant 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.

(To be continued.)

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND

A GREAT RELIGIOUS FUNCTION

Not Xenophon's retreat of the ten thousand; yet a retreat of ten thousand men. So, indeed, might be styled the German Catholic Congress which was held in the closing days of August in the romantic old city of Frankenthal—Wursburg on the Main. Ten thousand men, there gathered together, went through all the exercises of a retreat with the orderliness and regularity of a Jesuit or Benedictine novitiate—10,000 men gathered from all the various provinces of that Empire of sixty millions, gathered from all its various professions. The long-suffering Pole was there, fresh with laurels won in his noble fight for Catholic education; the Hamburg or Berlin merchant had abandoned for a while his widespread business and his anxious search for new markets; the Rhinelander from his wine-clad hills; the Westphalian from his rich mines; the Alsatian and the Bavarian from their river valleys and golden harvest fields—all had wended their way to this quiet city of the waters, built at the foot of the Marienburg, the Holy Mount consecrated to the Mother of God, under whose protection stands this old city and its staunch Catholic population.

Not these only, but others too, though in smaller numbers, yet from more distant countries, had come hither to join in this great retreat. Frenchmen from beyond the Rhine, Italians from beyond the Alps, and even Americans from beyond the ocean, mingled there with the elite of Catholic Germany. All these had gathered together; they had come hither in quest of a high ideal—a twentieth century quest of the Holy Grail, an ideal of such importance to the Catholic world that its discussion by such a body of men cannot but command our deepest interest and claim our most careful study. Thirty years ago the Catholic Church of Germany was passing through

Its Baptism of Fire.

A modern Titan was once more attempting the impossible feat of heaping Pelion on Olympus, and by this means scaling the forbidden heights where there dwells the Counsel of the All-Wise, the All-Mighty. The world is witness of the fact, and history has registered the complete failure and overthrow of this sacrilegious attempt. The mailed hand that smote the proud descendant of the Hapsburgs, and laid low the Imperial crown of the Buonapartes, the hand at whose beck two million warriors had sprung to arms, was stayed when it attempted to invade the sacred threshold of conscience and of faith. Windthorst, the Reichenspergers, Mallinckrodt, and countless others of smaller fame, yet of no less resolute courage, rose up; and in a warfare that united all that was best in the Catholic Manhood of the newly-born Empire drove back the Man of Blood and of Iron, who had never before known retreat.

Those days are now past and gone. The armor of the brave has been hung up, the trappings have been laid aside, and the sword, which for twenty-five years knew no rest, has once more been sheathed, and a peace, honorable and well earned, once more reigns within the confines of that mighty Empire. But the institutions which had sprung up during that fierce conflict have not been allowed to die. No longer, indeed, is it their aim and purpose to meet outside foes, but a great constructive work remains to be done, a task no less arduous than that which faced them of old—the task of building up within the Catholic body the spirit and the ideals of a truly Catholic life. And thus it came about that the German Catholic Congress of 1907 found itself confronted with the great task of finding ways and means by which the Catholic ideals might be kept alive in the family, and from thence transplanted into

The Political and Social Life of the Nation.

A stupendous task, indeed, when one considers the world in which we of to-day live and move. In a world which has hailed with joy the negations of Strauss and Renan, which has showered its brightest rewards on Darwin and Haeckel, and even found a place in its temple of fame for a Zola, what place can there be for our Catholic ideals? Carlyle, indeed, has taught us what true hero worship ought to be. Yet neither his generation nor ours