

the schools are only teaching, What must I do to get a piece of land? What must I do to improve my mind or drive away disease?—all necessary and most useful, but still with the most important thing left out. . . . We are becoming more and more convinced that the Church out here should build her own schools. In a matter of such importance we must not look to the State. . . . Our leaders—both clerical and lay—have acquiesced so long in the present state of things that we realise there are tremendous difficulties ahead of us. Yet with God, nothing is impossible.'

For our Young Men

'Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.' So said the (momentarily) conscience-stricken Falstaff to his friend Bardolph in the play. Even the elegant pagan, Lord Chesterfield, realised how much a young man's life is shaped by the company he keeps. 'The next thing to the choice of your friends,' said he in his twenty-third letter to his son, 'is the choice of your company. Endeavor, as much as you can,' added he, 'to keep company with people above you.' And by 'people above you' he meant people superior in merit and manners and virtue. In a book for young men, recently noticed in our columns (*Four Square, or the Cardinal Virtues*), Father Rickaby, S.J., touches upon this question of companionships with the robust good sense and the incisive clearness that make his works a charm for ever. 'A pair of friends,' says he 'are not often of equal power. Usually one or the other leads and the other is led, though under protest. It is a responsibility to lead, it is a risk to be led. Responsibility and risk should be both taken up with prudence. Therefore be prudent in making friends. And what shall I say of prudence in making love? Not to make it to one who can never be your wife, or who, you are resolved, shall never be your wife, is a point of prudence and one or two other virtues besides.' . . . On this whole matter there is a proverb to bear in mind, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." Here is another 'wisdom' from the same work, which our young men would do well to cut out and paste inside the crown of their hats: 'Aim at being too busy for temptation to settle on you; labor hard in your profession, have hobbies, take exercise, be manly, and play outdoor games. But remember—be this said by way of warning, not of reprobation—for the matter of purity, athletes have dangers all their own.'

In this connection we might usefully quote another wise caution from Canon Moyes' Introduction to Monsignor John S. Vaughan's book, *Dangers of To-day*, just published by the Ave Maria Press: 'A certain writer describes how artillery mules, having brought their pieces into action, are often found to graze quietly on the turf, concerned only in whisking away the flies with their tails, while shot and shell are ploughing furrows in the ground all around them. The mule is not brave, but merely danger-blind. A man may be found who, without any motive to compensate the risk, will balance himself on the edge of a precipice, or pirouette upon the summit of a chimney-stack. The man is not brave: he is merely stupid. In moments of self-examination, when the light is more fully turned on, we may discover that there is a fair measure of mulishness and foolishness in the way in which we deal with temptations or habits of sin, or other sources of grave spiritual peril. We allow ourselves to become fretful over the flies which disturb our comfort, when danger of death and eternal destruction is terribly close to us. We walk on the brink of the precipice, and try to find a mock security in turning away our eyes, and in seeking to forget the depth of the abyss which yawns beneath us. Such forgetfulness is neither brave nor rational. Far from lessening, it adds to the risks that we are running.'

To the writer of those quoted lines we might apply the words of Ruskin—to the effect that he who couches in happy phrase a useful and helpful thought, does more real service to his fellow-men than does the man who made three blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

In its obituary notice of the late Lord Justice Mathew, the *London Daily Telegraph* says: 'The debt of English law to Irishmen during the last half-century is far greater than might have been expected from the size of Ireland's population, or the English estimate of Irish character. No greater Chancellor has ever sat on the Woolsack than Cairns, to whom must be added Keating, Willes, Martin, Shee, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Macnaughten, and the former Master of the Rolls, Lord Collins. Sir James Mathew was thoroughly Irish, though he was actually born at Bordeaux, and both Lord Halsbury and the late Lord Bowen may be reckoned, at least in part, as Irishmen.'

THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(Contributed.)

AUCKLAND.

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.'

The Opotiki Affair.

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 Hauhaus. '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.'

An Echo of the Maori Wars.

Considerable diversity of opinion was expressed in leading English journals concerning the rights and wrongs of the Maori War in the late sixties, especially with reference to the massacres 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

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