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MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.
Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.
April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

LEO XIII, Pope

Current Topics

The Late Dean Rolland

The aged and saintly missionary, Dean Rolland, has passed away.

'Dust unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant hath resigned
His faded form
To waste and worm.'

The military funeral accorded to him was a public recognition of the gallant part which the fearless missionary played in the New Zealand wars of the sixties when acting as chaplain to the Catholic troops. Under fire he was a miracle of cool bravery and of zeal for the souls of the wounded and dying, and once, when Major Von Tempsky met his death by a Maori musket-ball it was the fearless and resourceful chaplain that took the lead of the retreating troops, saved the wounded from their dusky foes, and brought the whole command past watch and ward through a hostile country to headquarters.

This gallant feat of arms is alluded to in the pages of Colonel Gudgeon's 'Heroes of New Zealand.'

'Among those attached to the colonial forces,' says the author, 'and who never flinched from his duty, more particularly if danger was apprehended, was Father Rolland. 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 both 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 the 21st of August, 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 covered the whole country side. This being even better for our purpose than darkness, the order was given to start. The column consisted of detachments of Nos. 2, 3, and 5 divisions of Armed Constabulary, the Wellington Rangers, and Wellington Rifles—in all about 300 men, accompanied by Father Rolland.'

In the same volume, and in his 'Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand' (p. 179) Colonel Gudgeon re-

calls an incident of this trying march which was described as follows by Major Von Tempsky in the columns of one of the newspapers of the day: "On a grey and rainy morning, when the snoring waters of the Waingongoro were muttering of flood and fury to come, when our 300 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 garment; an old waterproof shirt hung loosely on his shoulders; weapons he had none, but there was a warlike cock in the position of his broad-brimmed old felt, 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 the 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 a man dropped he was by his side. He did not ask, "Are you 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?—Waihi, August 24th, 1868."

Presbyterians and the Pope

In describing the volcanic 'ructions,' that broke up 'the society upon the Stanislaw,' Truthful James lays down the following rules of controversial courtesy:—

'Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent; Nor should the individual who happens to be meant, Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.'

Hancock's "BISMARCK" LAGER BEER.

NEW ZEALANDS
NEW INDUSTRY