

which would be a constant source of gratification to the Havelock Catholics, and of legitimate pride to the whole district in which it was situated. The Very Rev. Dean then went on to thank all those who had contributed in any way to the successful completion of the church, mentioning particularly the contractors, the workmen who had frequently faced drenching rain in order to complete the building by the date set, the choir, who had contributed so much to the solemnity of the occasion, the O'Sullivan family, whose gift of a magnificent chalice was a touching link with the past, and the early pioneers of the district; Mrs. Perry of Havelock, whose long and faithful service of the old church had rendered her perhaps the most interested participant in the opening of the new, and the gentlemen who had placed their cars at his disposal to make the trip to Havelock.

At the conclusion of Mass, his Grace delivered an impressive discourse, taking for his subject "Truth and Grace as exemplified in the Catholic Church." He pointed out that the Church was the guardian and expounder of the truths of faith, and the dispenser of the mysteries of God in the Seven Sacraments, which were the principal channels of grace. He dwelt particularly on the Blessed Eucharist, the centre of Catholic life, and the great reason for all splendor and beauty in church architecture.

In conclusion, his Grace recommended his hearers to seek within the walls of the church that day opened to them, the words of Eternal Truth, and the means of grace contained in the Sacraments. The Archbishop then imparted to the congregation the Apostolic Benediction, according to faculties given him recently in Rome, at his audience with

the present Holy Father. Speaking of that audience, his Grace said that though he had personally known five Popes, having been appointed to the episcopate by Pius IX, he had never met with anything approaching the gracious welcome he had received from the present Pope, who rose at once from his seat, not giving time to perform the customary genuflections, and, bidding him welcome, warmly embraced him. His Holiness then seated him beside his armchair, and conversed with him for a considerable time on the history and present state of Catholicism in New Zealand, in which land he had seen the Church develop from a mere mission to savages, to a flourishing province of the universal Church, with a hierarchy of its own.

Before giving the Apostolic Benediction, the large congregation recited the Confiteor in English in an impressive and edifying manner. There was also a large volume of voice in the prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father, and in the hymn "Sweet Heart of Jesus," sung before the congregation dispersed, the new church being, like the old, dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

The majority of those present made a point of waiting outside the church to pay their respects to the venerable Archbishop, to whom they were presented by Very Rev. Dean Holley. At 3 p.m., his Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, three candidates being presented.

The fine afternoon tempted a large number up to the park, shortly after dinner, to listen to the sacred music rendered by the Regimental Band, and about 4 p.m. the different cars began to make their way back to Blenheim, thus closing a most successful day's function, which will long be remembered in Havelock and the surrounding districts.

Laymen's Retreats

(Contributed.)

The other day, I met a business friend—he had been successful—owned a motor car, of course—said it was indispensable in the running of his business. It was a long time since we had a chat—his life was a whirl—a wave, as he passed in the car had just kept our friendship alive for quite a while. This day he was walking. "Had a smash-up," I queried, expecting a rehearsal of some harrowing details of Auto misery.

"Hardly," he retorted, "can't run those luxuries: true the car's in the garage, but it's only a fool who uses the garage as a casualty ward and no more. Cars, like businesses, must in great part be run on thought—and forethought. That's how I've gone ahead. Take these motor accidents—they're generally called unavoidable, but are they? You'll counter nearly all these 'couldn't-be-helped' people with a 'why didn't you?'—of some sort or other, and ten to one you'll get the answer, 'I never thought.'"

"Well, I think a lot of my machine, and after a grinding year in she goes for a spell and an annual sweetener."

"But," I ventured, marvelling at my busy friend's loquacity on this occasion, "you'll be lost without it."

"Better that," he replied philosophically,

"than being lost with it. But, as a matter of fact, I am going to lose myself for the next few days and for the same reason. I'm looking ahead—right ahead—to the everlasting side of things. Many men turn to this side, only after a smash-up. They have the 'casualty ward' view of the Church. It was poor Father Terence Shealy, the great New York Jesuit, who put me right on this matter. I was one of 2000 men—by the way the great American doctor, James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., was one of us, and what he doesn't know about life—better ask New York about him. It would do you good to meet our Catholic professional men in the States. Well, 2000 of us blew along to a most wonderful "Garage" on Staten Island in one year. Such an assortment—all 'dead-beats,' in a sense—worn down with 100 different interests. The good Father told us to take a spell and to 'invite our souls' to Mount Manresa to think—to think of the meaning of life—he said we were just going through it like a Christmas Eve crowd in the streets. We took the hint—somehow Father Shealy's hints had to be taken, and spent the three happiest days ever. Sweetened up? I should say. After three days' recollection we left with a consciousness of new power—throbbing with it—Rotorua? Te

Aroha? Mount Cook?—not in it! New power, I was saying, to face our every day problems, and a definite recognition of the mystery of things so dark to the men of our times—who have no Faith to guide them."

Then I got thinking, too, for my friend had had a long say and had given me a good chance. "But," I objected, "you haven't got to be a Manresa Cave-Man to do that job—a mission every three years is all you want."

"I'd have agreed with you once," was his answer, "but not now. You see you are looking at things speculatively—as an outsider. I've been through the mill. You can't think long enough during these missions. Mind you I don't underestimate them—wouldn't miss them. But during the mission, it's business as usual. You can't concentrate sufficiently—a mission is a makeshift for those who want to get out of the rut, in comparison with a Retreat. I don't do my work at meetings. My biggest strokes are pulled off in my den—out to everybody—silence—thought. You see the soul that runs my business—they say I am the soul of it—has to run the salvation side of things as well. It gets overstrained—run down—ridden to death. It's running my business during Missions—two minutes overtime on a sermon gets it on edge. During a Retreat there is nothing else on. You concentrate on the salvation side. It's a real change, and a change is a holiday. Yes, the anxieties of business eat into the soul—sounds like cancer—though some one speaks of "life's fitful fever." Perhaps he was right—believe me, sometimes I'm very near delirium.

Take my advice—it's a straight tip from one who knows—stave off the delirium—there's nothing so bracing for the tired, washed-out soul as mountain air—it's mountain air in the house of Retreat—when it's the sermon on the mount that's in it."

* * *

I never thought he had it in him—never thought he mixed religion with business—but there was always something about him. He hated and despised the man who hid his religion, who said a Catholic couldn't get on. By sheer hard work, by taking the straight road, which every Catholic should take, and will command respect and a following in taking, he had got on, got ahead. His secret was out. The man with something in him was off to St. Bede's, Christchurch, for the 16th January, or to Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on the 30th January, just as Dr. Walsh and the men who matter in America, are off to Mount Manresa—to learn how their light should shine in the pagan darkness of our times. By his influence I'll fit in a visit to Wanganui at the same time and be right with him in spirit, and it won't be my fault if that brother of mine doesn't hie him off to St. Pat's on the 23rd.

SECOND EDITION Price 3/3 (post free).

Catholic Missionary Work in Hawke's Bay
By REV. JAS. HICKSON, S.M., with a Preface by His GRACE ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD. A contribution to the History of the Church in New Zealand. Highly commended by the Catholic Press. Obtainable from the author: REV. JAS. HICKSON, S.M., Catholic Presbytery, Wanganui.
Second Edition. Price 3/3 (post free)

W. E. Evans

TAILOR and COSTUME MAKER

IF YOU APPRECIATE BEING WELL
DRESSED LET US OUTFIT YOU.

Waimate