

whose sins you shall retain they are retained." The Chasuble was then unfolded with the words, "May the Lord invest you with the stole of innocence."

Another touching incident was enacted here. The Bishop took the folded hands of the young priest between his own hands and said in a deeply impressive tone, "Do you promise to me and my successors reverence and obedience?" The answer, "I promise," was given in a voice equally impressive, whereupon the Bishop, kissing him, said, "The peace of the Lord be always with thee," to which Father Norman answered "Amen."

The rite of Ordination was not yet quite finished, for the Bishop still wearing the mitre and holding the crosier in his left hand pronounced upon the young priest the solemn blessing:—"May the Blessing of God, the Father Almighty, descend upon you that you may be blessed in the Order of the Priesthood and that you may offer to Him acceptable sacrifices for the remission of sins. To Him be honor and glory for ever and ever.—Amen."

With some directions as to the three Masses he was to offer up in thanksgiving, the beautiful ceremony ended.

It is needless to say that we eagerly assisted Norman's mother to the altar-rails to receive his first blessing. She was so stunned and overcome by the solemnity of what she had seen that we had no small difficulty in making her understand what we aimed at doing. When Father Norman was laying his hands upon her head, his voice quivered with emotion. How he looked at that moment I cannot say with any authority, for I felt a moistening about my eyes that did not help acuteness of vision. After he had blessed his own special group, he proceeded to give his blessing to each member of the large congregation. By the time the vast assemblage were satisfied, we felt that our temporal wants needed a little attention. The Ordination breakfast could not be truthfully pronounced a dull affair. On the contrary, it was brighter and more genial than any breakfast—not excluding wedding-breakfasts—to which I had ever sat down. We were calling out "Norman" on this side and "Norman" on that, joking him, congratulating him, asking him questions and answering some of his numerous inquiries. But his mother, with a twinkle in her eye, corrected us, "Father Norman, please." "I'll call you Mother Norman," said the poor fellow and kissed her reverently on the forehead.

Next morning we assisted at his First Mass in the convent chapel and received from his hands the Holy Communion. I had one distraction coming to me off and on during Mass: I was thinking of his mother's happiness, and do what I could, I failed to expel that thought once for all from my mind. His parish priest was his guide through the trying ceremony, and he seemed to me more excited even than the young celebrant. The good nuns had prepared the breakfast-table with the delicate taste for which nuns are unequalled. Two of the Sisters had taught Norman in his tender years and regaled us with several little in-

cidents about him which were either very amusing or distinctly edifying. It is now many years since these events happened and I recall several of them with no little difficulty. One incident, however, made an indelible impression upon me, but what effect it had upon the others I cannot say. It was this:—The Rev. Mother asked the good old lady whether she had prayed at Mass that Father Norman might be a Bishop some

day. Mrs. O'Donnell's answer came on the instant, "No, Sister, I only asked God to make him a good priest."

His pious mother's prayers were answered; for during the few years that God spared him, he was a good priest and a zealous priest; and when he went to Heaven he met there, no doubt, many souls who, under God, owed their eternal happiness to his ministrations.

The Church in New Zealand

THE CHURCH IN TARANAKI: A SKETCH PREPARED FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE PARISH OF HAWERA.

The province of Taranaki was singularly fortunate in the priests and people who laid therein the foundations of the Faith. The priests were sons of that "Gentle France" which had for centuries been carrying on the Divine Apostolate among the Native races of the world, even among the most barbarous peoples. The priests who went out from France gathered in harvests of souls, so rich in every generation that they might well claim for their race the title adopted for his History of the First Crusade by their illustrious countryman, Guibert de Nogent, in the twelfth century.—*Gesta Dei per Francos*.

The people to whom these first priests ministered in Taranaki were Irish, sons of heroes who had fought the good fight and kept the Faith in face of persecution and atrocities lasting for centuries, and which, on the testimony of England's leading statesmen and historians, had been unparalleled in the history of the human race. What Guy H. Scholefield wrote of the Irish is particularly true of the early Irish settlers in Taranaki:

"If ever political despair and economic necessity, extending not over one year or a decade, but over centuries, could drive a people from the land of its birth and traditions, to renew its institutions and its glories under different skies, these motives were present as a goad to the Irish. Possibly there never went forth to the making of new nations so potential a body of men—such a force of character and individuality. Irish ability and common-sense have been at the root of democratic institutions in every part of the new world; Irish bravery and industry have carried entrenchments of difficulty and despair unsuspected by soldiers; Irish intellect has been in the van of culture wherever leisure has succeeded to the arduous struggles of the pioneer."

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Father Pezant of the Society of Mary was the first priest to visit New Plymouth, and this in the year 1852, when there were not more than forty European Catholics in the whole province. He has the distinction of being the first European to travel from Hawera to New Plymouth by the direct route. In his book, *With the Lost Legion in New Zealand*, Colonel G. Hamilton-Browne has the following reference:

"The late General had not deemed it expedient for the regular troops to enter

the bush—that is to say, to follow the Maoris into the trackless mountains that, covered with enormous forests, constituted the interior of the North Island and surrounded Mt. Egmont. . . . Sir Trevor Chute, however, saw the absolute necessity of carrying the war into the Natives' own country and compelling them to sue for peace.

He had, therefore, determined to force his way due North through the bush to Taranaki and show the Hau Haus that the difficulties of their natural fortifications were not insurmountable. By this march he would pass to the East of Mt. Egmont, and penetrate a country that had never previously, except on one occasion, by Father Pezant, been crossed by a European. On another page he goes on to say: "Every yard of the journey ran through dense bush, and Father Pezant had, with the assistance of Maori guides, walked the distance in two days. . . . The Natives themselves rarely used the route. Father Pezant declared the country to be quite deserted."

He had the whole district from Wanganui to New Plymouth under his charge; and his many journeyings were always on foot, his own shoulders taking the place of pack-horses to carry necessities for Mass and for his personal use. The country was very rough, and the Natives, who almost exclusively inhabited it, were far from friendly with Europeans. Before this time several Catholic families came to the province, but finding no schools in which their children could receive a sound Christian education, they left one after another for more favored districts. They rightly believed that no schools could be called educators, which ignored the first essentials of education. Herein above all lies the chief glory of the Irishman in New Zealand, herein lies his chief contribution to civilisation in Taranaki. The exile from Erin is a traveller for Christ: Saint Brendan's motto is his—*Peregrinari pro Christo*. He is a missionary whose zeal is unbounded; he is an apostle rather than a colonist, and he lives and labors for the things of the spirit rather than for those that appeal to sense. He cultivates his fields and feeds his flock, but he knows that he and his family have souls to nourish, and before he gathers into his own house what is necessary for the first demands of social comfort he builds a modest school into which he brings one or other of the many Sisterhoods in which the Church is fruitful to train his little children in the ways of purity and

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