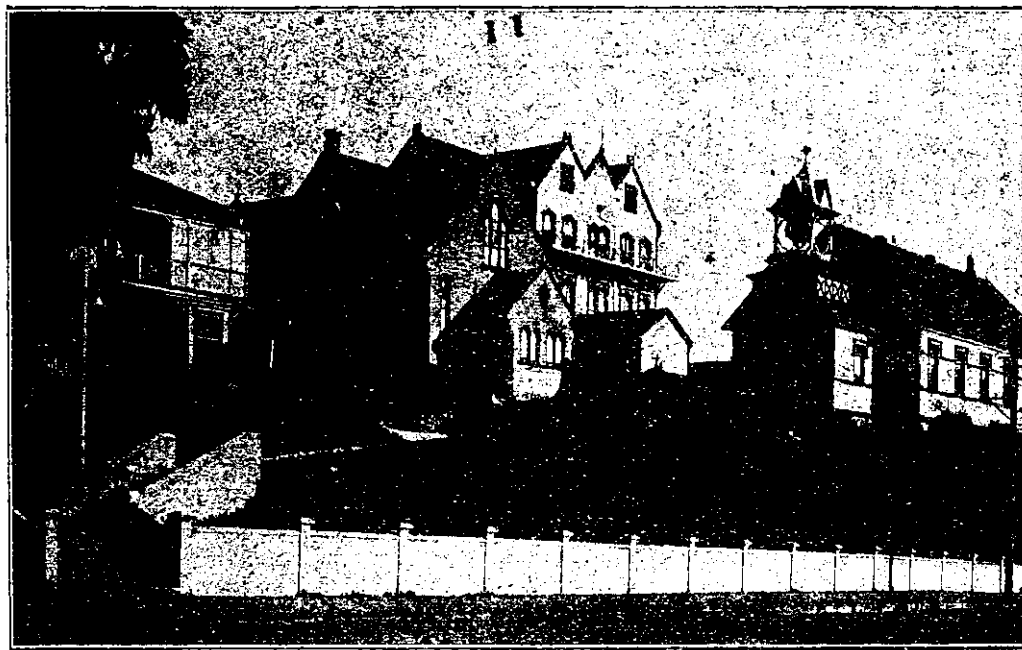


grace. Round about the slopes of Mt. Egmont, that stands like a monarch in the midst of the province, there are in this year 1925 thirteen convent-schools, crowded with happy, bright-faced children, who are in full enjoyment of their Christian heritage, and whose increasing knowledge and love of God encircle with a spiritual beauty our mountain and our fields already so enriched by the lavish hand of nature. If nature and grace are made to commingle in every acre thanks are due to the Irish builders of the Christian schools.

glad to have back the sections in Courtney street, but in 1860 the priest and the soldiers did not foresee how the town would extend. The congregation still increasing, the church was again enlarged by Father Pertuis, who relieved Father Tressalet in 1863

FATHER LOUIS ROLLAND.

In 1865 came Father Louis Rolland a man of martial bearing and vigorous intellect, whose name was a household word with the soldiers and their families, and whose memory is still revered throughout the province.



CONVENT AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, NEW PLYMOUTH.

In 1856 a grant of a town section in the eastern end of New Plymouth was made to the Catholic Mission by the Government. This was supplemented by a donation of four sections adjoining it from Mr. Richard Brown, a local merchant. Mr. Brown was treacherously shot in 1860 by a surprise party of Natives, the man who killed him being Tawatiki, who had been recently in his employ. About this same year one or two companies of the Fifty-sixth regiment were sent from Auckland to deal with the Puketapu Feud, and being composed of a number of excellent Irish Catholics, signs of active life soon began to appear in the little mission. The soldiers built a little church out of their pay on the land in Courtney street. These pioneers must have been proud of their new church which was large enough to seat thirty persons, and the one day in each month when Mass was offered must have been a red-lettered day for them.

FATHER TRESSALET.

In 1860 when the Maori Rebellion broke out and a large number of troops, amongst them many Catholics, were stationed in New Plymouth, it was found necessary to appoint a resident priest; and so in 1860 Father Tressalet came to attend to the spiritual needs of the people. The soldiers, finding it inconvenient to march to Mass from Marsden Hill to Courtney Street, lifted the church in their own hands, set it down on the present elevated site on Devon street, and then enlarged it. Father Lynch would be now

His parish extended from the White Cliffs to Kai Iwi, and he travelled it several times a year from end to end. He was not only parish priest but military chaplain also, for he loved the troops and was with them wherever there was a likelihood of fighting. He knew no fear. More than once his hat was riddled with bullets, but he would continue his ministrations with that same smile which in after years continued to charm his friends. I often tried to get the old bullet-riddled hat, contending that the church in Taranaki had a right to it. "I am no saint," the old priest would reply, "and I intend to leave no relics behind me." He was the subject of a classic eulogy from Major Von Tempsky; it was published simultaneously with the account of the gallant Major's death, which took place a few days after he had written it:

"On that grey and rainy morning, August 21, 1868, when the snoring water of the Waingongoro were muttering of floods and fury to come, when our 300 mustered silently in column on parade ground, one man made his appearance, who at once drew all eyes upon him with silent wonder. His garb was most peculiar: scant, but long skirts shrouded his nether garments, and an old water-proof sheet hung loosely over his shoulders. Weapons, he had none; but there was a "warlike cock" in the position of his broad-brimmed, old felt hat, and a self-confidence in the attitude in which he leaned on his walking-stick, which said here stands a man without fear. Who is it? Look



THE LATE FATHER ROLLAND.

underneath the flap of his clerical hat and the frank, good-humored, brave 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 had brought him there? He said that in holding evening service he had told his flock he would accompany them on the morrow, and there he was. True, there stood a Good Shepherd! Through the rapid river, waist deep, along the forest track, across ominous looking clearings where at any moment a volley from an ambuscade could have swept our ranks, Father Rolland marched cheerfully and manfully on, ever ready with a kind word, a playful sentence, to any man who passed him. And when at last in the clearings of Nautu-o-te-Manu the storm of bullets swept 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 any man dropped, he was by his side. He did not ask 'Are you a Catholic, or are you a Protestant?' but, kneeling, prayed for his last word. 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 of many a text preached? What Catholic could have felt otherwise than proud of being a Catholic on that day on Father Rolland's account?"

(To be continued.)

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