

many musical instruments he played—I have some faint recollection of a fife and drum band in the South Island later—but he certainly was a master hand at the concertina, and often accompanied himself on it as he sang at Benediction. Many still laugh at the memory of it, and himself had to put up with much chaffing over it, but I have no doubt at all that the angels would rather join in the harmony of Father Pertuis and his concertina than in much of the music that is now called ecclesiastical, and with which our ears and our souls are assaulted in every part of New Zealand. He was not long in acquiring a fair grasp of the English language; he had an excellent tutor in the late Colonel Malone, who was himself a good French scholar. The pupil sometimes startled the tutor, even from the pulpit. It was at Mr. Casey's house at Normanby he made all the children scream, when announcing a death, he said that such a one had "kicked the bucket." When their mother proceeded to rebuke them after the priest had left, and suggested what a poor attempt they would make at the French or even the Irish language, they protested that it was not at the slang they had laughed at all, but at the fright the dear priest looked when clad in their father's Sunday clothes. Getting wet through and through on many of his journeys, he had to change into whatever he could get, even into the clothes of a fall man like Mr. Casey.

The first name in the Baptismal Register of the new parish is that of John O'Keefe, born and baptised on the 13th of June, 1875. Of the 72 baptised within the next 24 months most are still living, but they are scattered far and wide. The first marriage recorded is that of Edward Collins and Margaret Cunningham, which was celebrated on the 2nd February, 1877. Mrs. Collins, who survives her husband, is now living with her daughter in Disraeli Street. Mrs. Redding, the bride of the second marriage, does not look as if she had passed her eighty winters. She was received into the Church on Christmas Day, 1924. Patrick Gilligan and Ellen McNamara, who married young in 1878, give promise of seeing another quarter of a century; they are eagerly looking forward to our jubilee celebrations.

Father Pertuis was not long in Hawera before he established a Catholic school. The first teacher was Miss Coakley, now the wife of Mr. Thomas Lloyd, the well-known barrister of Wanganui. She was succeeded by Miss Guerin, now Mrs. Austen Whittaker, of Auckland. After her came Miss Boylan, who later became Mrs. Kirk. These good ladies were responsible for much of the early training of Archbishop O'Shea, Father Malone, and of many others who are now excellent Catholics in various parts of the Dominion.

Father Pertuis was a saintly and zealous priest; his name is still revered in many homes, and many of us pray that he may still continue to help the parish of which he was the founder. After leaving Hawera he spent several fruitful years on the West Coast. He died in Wellington on February 28, 1906, at the Home of Compassion under the kind care of Mother Mary Aubert.

Father Ryan, from the American mission, was in charge during the greater part of

1878. He added a little two-storied building to what had been Father Pertuis' house and first church. This new building had two rooms on the ground floor, whose walls were only eight feet high. The walls of the upper rooms were five feet high with a slanting ceiling eked out of the roof. It was the finest building of its day in Hawera, and was said to be the cynosure of all eyes. It was sold some 25 years ago to Mr. John Finlay, who had it re-erected on a beautiful site above the Waingongoro beach. When Mr. Finlay, who is a broad-minded and scholarly Irishman from the "Black North," was asked by me what he intended to do with it, he replied: "I mean to sanctify it by turning it into an Orange Lodge." Mr. Finlay dearly loves a joke, and his jokes are always good. He loves to be serious too, and he was quite serious when he organised a public function a few years ago to honor the memory of Father Rolland. On that occasion he presented the parish, the Borough Chambers, and the public library with an enlarged photograph of the valiant priest, underneath which was inscribed the eulogy from Von Tempsky which I have quoted in the beginning of this sketch.

When accepting a tender for additions to the presbytery, Father Ryan seemed to think that promises were as good as actual payments—they should be, but seldom are—so he advanced from his own purse about one-third of the cost; but when, after several protracted enquiries, it was clearly shown that the promises had been made and not redeemed, he was on the eve of his return to America recouped by his successor and the church committee, who made the amount a parish liability.

The late Dean Grogan came in January, 1879, and remained five years. A man of powerful build and vigorous constitution, and like most Irishmen a lover of a good horse, he spent most of his time in the saddle. His predecessor travelled on foot and was much handicapped; the parish register shows that the second child baptized in Hawera, though the parents were excellent Catholics, had to wait six months for the Sacrament of Regeneration. This could not happen in Dean Grogan's time, for on his good horse "Tom," he would be in Kai Iwi and Oamui in the same week. The Dean acquired some of the present fine property in Hawera, enlarged the church, and built the beautiful little church in Patea, then one of the finest in the archdiocese. With voice and pen he was a valiant defender of the faith, and in many respects he might have sat for the portrait of "Father O'Flynn." A story is told of a certain hotel-keeper in Patea, who laid a wager at a late hour one Saturday night, that no one in the company would have the pluck to go to the presbytery and wake up Father Grogan. One took up the wager: it was ten pounds. Now, the Dean had long since retired for the night in view of the busy day that was before him. The sportsman called and called in a rather unsteady voice, for he had been imbibing somewhat, but the awakened priest would not answer. The voice still persisting, like the householder of the Gospel, he arose and came to the door, not with a loaf, however, but with the riding-whip which he always

kept in his bedroom; which, when the visitor saw, he said: "I have come, Father, to give you some money for the new church." "How much?" asked the Dean, throwing away the whip. "Five pounds," was the reply. "No, you rascal," said the Dean, "since you have given me nothing for six months I won't take less than ten," and he looked towards the whip. The visitor handed over the ten pounds and went away quite pleased, he was no poorer and the Dean was the richer, the loss was his who had made the injudicious wager. Not many of us could get a subscription for a new church so easily in these days: I would gladly be aroused every night in the year at such a price. But it is too generally known that I was never the owner of a riding-whip.

The best years of the Dean's life were spent at Napier, where he left many memorials of his zeal, notably the fine church near the Railway Station with its commanding tower and steeple. I should like to write more on the character and work of one who had always been a good friend to me, though we were not of the same generation, but Father Hickson will do all this when he brings his excellent story of the Church in Hawke's Bay up to date.

Among the active canvassers for Church work during the pastorate of Dean Grogan, I find that Mrs. O'Shea was easily first. After her came, in order of merit, Mr. Milmo, Mr. Dolan, Mr. Whittaker, and Mr. John Malone. There was also a very flourishing Confraternity of the Sacred Heart and Living Rosary. The attendance which was carefully marked shows that the members were faithful to their consecration promise. Mrs. O'Shea was head of the first guild, Mrs. Guerin head of the second, Mr. John Malone head of the third, and T. O'Shea head of the fourth. T. O'Shea must have been a very young boy then; that he was a good shepherd is seen from the fine record of attendance made by Guild Four. The heads of Guilds One and Three gave each a son and daughter to the Church. Sister Aloysious O'Shea has now for many years been head of an important branch house of the Mercy Order in Wellington; Sister Xavier Malone, who was for several years Reverend Mother of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Wanganui, is now head of their branch house at Hastings; Sister de Sales Casey, who was for several years head of her own convent in Hawera, is now head of the convent at Taihape; while a second daughter of Mr. Casey has now charge of the Hawera Convent School. The late Tom Malone gave two daughters to the cloister. Mrs. Brick gave two, Mr. McLoughlin gave two, and Mr. Tom Whyte, Mr. Roche, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Hogan, Mr. Crompton, Mr. Dan King, Mr. Whitford, Mr. Hamerton, Mrs. Doyle, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Clarkson, Mr. McComsky, and Mr. Connell gave one each.

(To be continued.)

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