

praise in pronouncing which I am but discharging an obvious and pressing duty.

His life has fulfilled in action the words of the Psalmist, "I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Though he has erected many churches in the diocese, the one that will stand out as his "masterpiece" is the noble church in which we are assembled. The Basilica—the King's Hall, as the word implies—stands as a monument to his courage, zeal, ability, patience, piety, and generosity. The stately building—so symmetrical both within and without—recalling and vying with many notable churches of the old world, will remain, from the material point of view, as his greatest work. From the spiritual point of view, his quiet, unassuming piety and his scrupulous fidelity to duty will, in the memory of his parishioners, be regarded as an equally striking monument.

As an instance of the patience and painstaking he lavished on this building, I might call your attention to the Stations of the Cross. The elaborate search that he made for suitable representations of our Lord's *Via Dolorosa* furnishes one with a fairly adequate idea of what the undertaking, as a whole, must have cost him in the way of thought and anxiety. He visited a large number of towns in Italy, France, and other countries in his search for stations that would be capable of breathing piety and sympathy into the hearts of the faithful, and nobody will say that his taste was at fault or his search in vain. From this laborious pilgrimage, we can judge what the whole work must have implied, a fraction of it involving so vast an amount of toil and foresight.

Monsignor Mackay, in the name of the people of this parish, I thank you to-day for your unselfish devotion to duty during the thirty-three years you have been in Oamaru. I thank you for your regular and helpful instruction of the people, your unstinted services to them in the confessional and the sick-room. I thank you for your profound interest in their children, securing for them suitable schools and accomplished, devoted teachers.

In the name of the Sisters, I thank you for the fatherly care you have profusely shown for their spiritual and temporal welfare, your encouragement to them in their various undertakings, your simple piety which showed them the way to Heaven not merely by your words but by your acts.

Speaking for the priests of this diocese, I thank you for your undemonstrative hospitality, your genial companionship which taught them that a priest's best companions are his brother-priests, your taste for clerical studies which tends to preserve the freshness and vigor and vitality of the priestly spirit. You have always been the "minister of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God," a true priest and an example to your brethren in the ministry.

I thank you in the name of the deceased bishops of this diocese, of the intrepid pioneer Bishop, Dr. Moran, whom you befriended when friends were few and labored with when the harvest was great and laborers not many; and in the name also of his saintly successor, Dr. Verdon, I thank you for having given him the treasure of your long experience and your store of wisdom.

Lastly, I thank you for your kindness to myself. It was reserved for me to see you only in your old age and to witness a pastoral activity that we generally associate with the prime of life. In spite of the great load of years you carry, you have consented to rule this diocese in my absence. For this and for your sound advice on many occasions, and for the opportunity you have given me of seeing old-age in its most attractive setting, I thank you and I say, "May God reward you."

I am pleased that the occasion has been afforded me of stating what this parish, this diocese, nay, this country owe to your labors and your example, and we all to-day join you in thanking God for his favors to you and we pray that He may still watch over you until, in His own good time, He takes you to Himself.

modest and likes to make itself as little as possible.

HELD OVER

Pressure on our space obliges us to hold over till next issue several of our diocesan correspondents' letters and other matter.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 3.

Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., will open his new hall (St. Francis's), Hill Street, next Saturday, the 10th inst., with a picture entertainment. It is Father Smyth's intention to hold these entertainments every Saturday afternoon and evening.

The Marist Fathers of the archdiocese, numbering 47, commenced their annual Retreat at St. Patrick's College last Monday. Rev. Father Walsh, C.S.S.R., is the preacher.

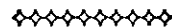
Rev. Father S. Mahony, S.M., has decided to complete St. Mary of the Angels' Church, and has accepted a tender for the outside plastering.

Rev. Father Connolly, of Kilbirnie, is just completing a new building at Seatoun to serve as a church and school. The school will be opened on Monday, and will supply a long-felt want in that rapidly growing district.

Everything possible is being done to make the St. Patrick's Day celebrations for 1923 worthy of the great saint who is to be honored. Various sub-committees are engaged in working up the necessary details to ensure success.

The Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, was in Wellington during the week.

The annual Communion of the members of all the Wellington branches of the Hibernian Society will take place on Sunday, March 11, at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Thorndon. The annual breakfast will be held after Mass at the new hall (St. Francis's), Hill Street, and will be provided by the members of the Thorndon branch.



Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

February 1.

The garden party held at Mr. H. E. Zeisler's residence, Gonville, in aid of that district's church-building fund, was not the success it would have been had the sun shone. Following up a succession of more or less bad days, the day of the party started off well enough, but just at mid-day the rain began and by two o'clock it was simply pouring. Town friends who had been looking forward to the afternoon's outing and who were ready for the road when the heavy rain came on, could have wept also. However, some of them did the next best thing—sent in their small donation to Rev. Father McGrath—which he thought was a good sort of idea, and likely to be followed by all who were unable to go to the pretty grounds and be fleeced artistically.

Rev. Father Riordan is looking after us while our Father Mahony and the others are attending the Retreat. Rev. Father Boyle left last week for Sydney, where he is to take up duties for the present.

After a break of something like three years we are to have a grown-up choir, and the juvenile choir is to become part of it. There are so many new folk in the congregation—men and maids—and so many of the choir that was still with us that it should be easy to get a very fair collection of voices together. Meetings have been held, office-bearers elected, and nothing remains now but to "let her go." A little word of appreciation can't hurt the girls who, under the Conductress, Sister Charles have stuck to the work so faithfully. They did their big best every bit of the time, and if the rest of us do as much, Heaven will have to be enlarged for requirements.

Rev. Father Vincent, S.M. (Wellington), was here for several days, he having preached the Retreat to the Sisters. This is over now, many changes have been effected and the Sisters have dispersed to their various convents as school begins in a few days. How the holidays have flown; especially for those of us who didn't have any. January is gone, here we are at Candlemas and looking forward to Lent in less than a fortnight.

(Continued on page 31.)