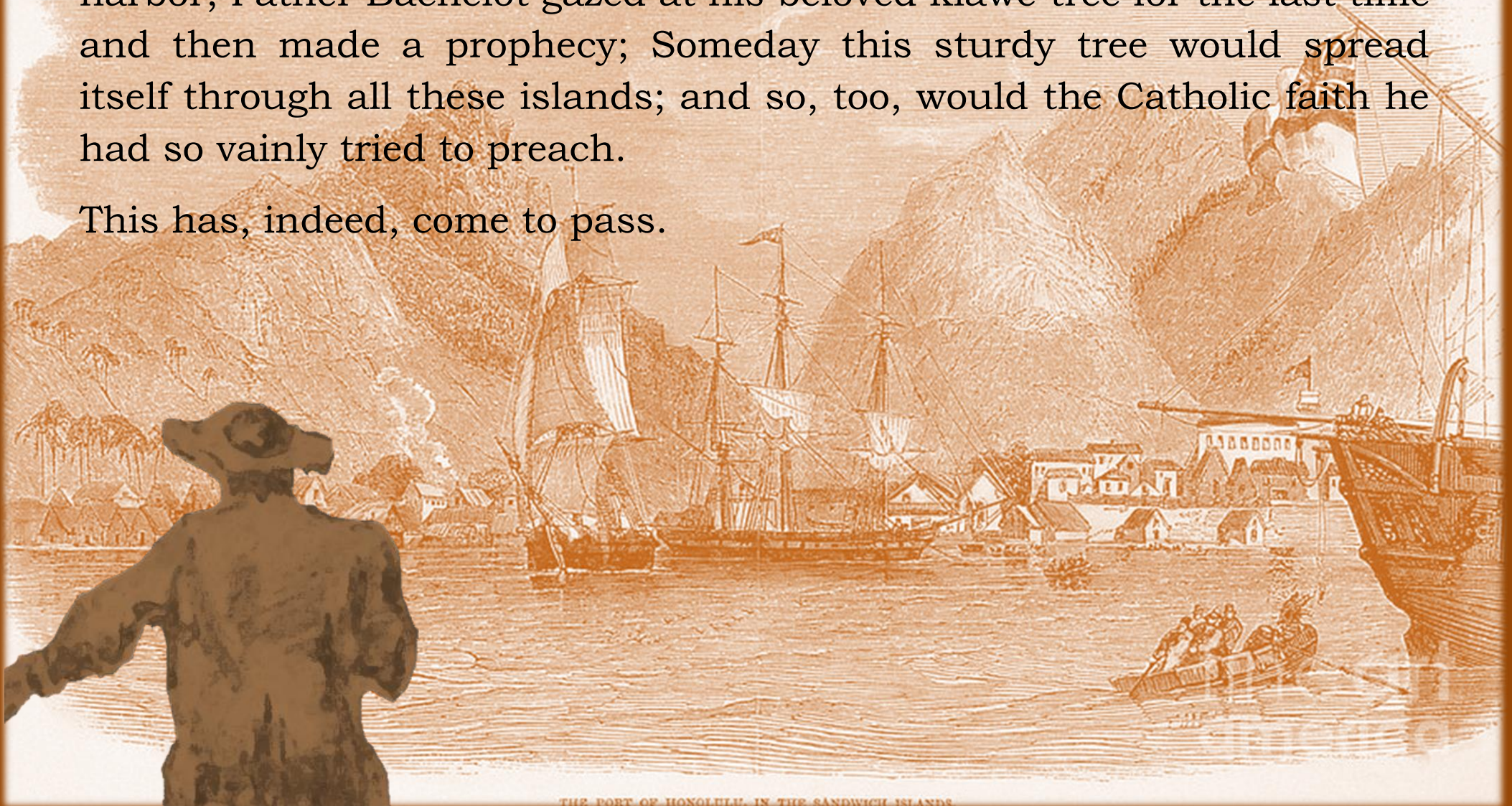


There is a legend told that on the day of his departure in 1837, as he left the Fort Street mission grounds to board the ship at Honolulu harbor, Father Bachelot gazed at his beloved kiawe tree for the last time and then made a prophecy; Someday this sturdy tree would spread itself through all these islands; and so, too, would the Catholic faith he had so vainly tried to preach.

This has, indeed, come to pass.



THE PORT OF HONOLULU, IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS