

KATHERINA:

A STORY OF IRISH VALOUR AND CATHOLIC VIRTUE IN THE MAORI WAR.

BY M. W. KIRWAN,
Author of "La Compagnie Irlandaise."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

"Know ye the land of the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their climes,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now trodden to crime?"

"Katherina," said the Maori king, as he brushed back the raven tresses from the temples of his daughter, and looking into her dreamy eyes with all the fervour of paternal love, "to-day you have become the greatest woman of our race, your path through life may be an eventful one, and may the God of the Pakeha and the Maori guard and protect you, my child," and the old man kissed the nut-brown cheek of Katherina, while she, with a show of tenderness which was not native to her people, clung closer to the giant form of Potatau.

"Father," replied Katherina, indulging in the language of similes to which her people are so much prone, "your words are to me as the voice of Ueuku, who speaks to the untutored Maories in the thunder, and whom they believe lives in the rainbow that spans the heavens, the earth, and the sea."

"Those words are ominous, my child," said Potatau, looking through the open door into the murky atmosphere, as a storm cloud passed over the surface of the lake, and was sweeping towards the whare of Iwikau. "See, a rainbow spans the heavens upon the right side of our people, who are still engaged at the war dance, Ueuku is satisfied with our actions, the Maories shall be victorious in their coming contest, if contest there must be."

"I thought that the father of Katherina had deserted the gods of his nation, the Atua of the Maori, for the faith of the Christians, and sorry indeed am I to hear Potatau appeal to the old spirits of his race for help and protection," replied the daughter, removing herself gently from the side of her father, and looking somewhat doubtfully into his deeply tattooed face.

"Hush, child, hush," said Potatau, placing his hand gently yet firmly upon her shoulder. "I know not what I am, nor must you! Sometimes I think these Pakehas must be right. They are wise and great, while we are ignorant and rude. Trust me, Katherina, and let no simple ceremony or crude tradition, induce you to disobey the one great law of Pakeha and Maori which teaches obedience as the first duty of a child."

"My heart is still Maori, father," replied Katherina, while her hand again rested upon the vigorous arm of Potatau, "but my soul is Christian in hope, in faith, and in charity. When I spoke of Ueuku, I made use of a Maori faith, to show how deeply your words weighed upon my mind."

"These comes of your constant visits to Auckland, where the priests have made you desert your father's faith for their own. I tell you, Katherina, that we want their goods, their horses, their guns, their implements, and all their civilization; but I have not as yet said that we want their faith. What Maori god teaches a child to disobey her father's word? Is this your Catholic teaching? Is it not thus that Tangarora speaks to the children of our race. Katherina, beware of Potatau's eyes, and for a few seconds the old man fixed his eyes upon the now flushed countenance of his only child, and then walked out of the hut, leaving her in a chaos of unhappy thought.

"It has come at last," she thought, as she stood looking out of the door, into the open space beyond, where the now rippling waters of Lake Taupo leaped in miniature waves upon the beach: "the fight between the duty to God and the duty to man has begun. If I desert my father's people, I am an outcast on the world, left to the mercy of what is often a too cold Christian charity. If I remain I must participate in the worship of false gods, and apparently acquiesce in their forms. O God of the Christians, God of the Catholic Church, you in whom I have learned to believe, you to whom I turn, as the affrighted birds return for succour and protection to the shelter of their parents' wing; you who protect the weak and guide the innocent, inspire me in this hour of trouble and anxiety. My father's people on the brink of war, a threatened outcast from the laws and homes of my race, away upon the ocean of life, God of the Pakeha look down upon me and elevate my soul to battle against the evil spirits that everywhere surround me," and the troubled girl knelt upon the earthen floor and poured out her simple and touching prayer in the earnest utterances of her native tongue.

Batevil eyes were watching the pious attitude of Katherina. Potatau had enemies in the camp. The hokas on Lake Taupo was not unattended by men who were foes to his kingly aspirations. Spies had been set to watch the movements of Katherina and her father. There were people who doubted the sincerity of the newly-made Maori king, and who pointed at the half-civilized dress and bearing of his daughter in testimony of their belief. It was even currently reported amongst a few of their class that Potatau was a pensioner upon the Government of the colony. The hut where Katherina and her father had their somewhat painful interview was upon the margin of the belt of timber which surrounded the Maori settlement, and behind the deep forest and intricate bush spread miles away over the adjoining mountains. Through the tangled and elastic "supplejack," crawling through the deeply-rooted fern-trees, and working with stealthy action among the luxuriant flora of the forest, a young man, dressed and ornamented in all the fantasies of the Maori race, was stealthily crawling towards the whare or hut of Iwikau. His head was ornamented with dyed flax, and an eagle's feather gave a somewhat graceful look to its well-moulded outline. His face was deeply tattooed, and the dark blue curvatures traced deep channels along his swarthy countenance. His person was covered with a matting of birds' feathers, which was tied over his left shoulder and fell to his knees, while a girdle of flax encircled his waist, and showed a figure in which activity and strength were conspicuously combined. From his girdle hung a tomahawk, the only weapon which he wore. He crawled through the tangled bush with the stealth-like action of a feline animal whose savage instinct teaches it to pounce with death-bearing spring upon its prey. He writhed through the interwoven scrub like a serpent, and glided through the lattice-like undergrowth, like the shadow of the God of his forests and birds, Tane Mahuta. Occasionally he stopped and turned his head from side to side, or bent low to the ground, as if he were listening for some signal on either side of him, but he quickly resumed his onward movement towards the hut of Iwikau. He gained the wicker fence which surrounded the whare, and lay more than half concealed under the shelter of some dwarf fern-trees that skirted the wood. The evening was well advanced, and the sun had already sunk behind the giant trees, whose roots were nourished by the agitated waters upon the other side of the lake. The sky was beautifully dotted with clouds of varied hue, blending into each other with that artistic finish which nature alone can accomplish. It appeared like waves of gold, green, and purple, rolling with easy and gentle swells, into scarlet, orange, and blue. The storm cloud had passed away, and "like a hooded fiend, told its beads in drops of rain." Night was closing upon the scene, and as the sun sank below the hori-

zon the clouds changed their hue to sable, having here and there a silver lining, as if in parting salutation to the dying day. The noise in the village had ceased, and the Maories were grouped about their huts in anxious conversation. Like all men destitute of a written language, the Maories were loquacious, and the travellers of the different tribes related in a flow of words the haps and mishaps of their journeys to the settlement of the Pakehas, while the warriors discussed the chances of the expected coming campaign against the power of the Colonial Government. Before the whare of Iwikau, the chiefs of the Waikatoes were assembled around Potatau, and smoking and chewing narcotic substances with savage zeal. Potatau himself was chewing pure bitumen from the bituminous springs under the sea near Taranaki, a substance, which the natives call "He wako mo te kokeno," and which they believe to be the material of which the nest of young seals is made. Potatau had just taken his seat after leaving Katherina, when the stealthy Maori crawled towards the whare, keeping the hut between him and the group of chiefs. To all Maori huts there are two doors, and towards the one that faced the forest the young man stealthily made his way, and, peeping through a crevice in the joints, he saw Katherina at prayer, in the attitude of a Christian, worshipping the God of the Pakeha, who to him appeared as the enemy of his race. When Katherina rose she was calm, but she had scarcely collected her scattered thoughts when she heard a gentle "Coo-ee, coo-ee" at the door facing the timber behind the whare.

"Heki," said Katherina, shrinking in alarm, and standing image still, with distended eyes looking towards the now dreaded outlet.

"Coo-er, coo-er," again came in scarcely audible strains through the crevices of the door, towards which Katherina now advanced, her troubled countenance expressing deep interest upon its every lineament, while her lips trembled as she asked who she was there.

"Coo-ee, coo-ee" replied the voice outside, while the figure retired to the shadow of the timber, although the night of this cloudless clime had now fairly clothed the prospect in its sable folds.

Stealthily Katherina looked out of the still open door facing the assembled chiefs, while she took out the rude bolt that fastened the other door to its frame, and then stepping towards the bush behind her, made direct towards the spot where the noise of a cricket could just be heard by her well-strained senses. The chirrup retreated as Katherina drew near, until well concealed in the depth of the forest, when at last it ceased, and the Maori whose stealthy action towards the hut of Iwikau we have watched, stood before her. It was Heki, the leader of the war dance of the morning, the handsome but savage son of her father's host, Iwikau.

"Katherina, I have come to you once more," said the young man in tones of coarse accusation; "I have come to you for the last time to ask you to share the whare of Heki. What is your answer?" and the young man approached a step nearer towards the shrinking form of the girl before him.

"Heki," said Katherina, with a new-born firmness, which surprised the hearer as well as herself, "we must never meet here again. I have given you your answer before. I care not for you, and even if I did I could never marry a heathen."

"Beware," said Heki, advancing still nearer to Katherina, while he caught her fearless arm in his brawny hand. "Potatau's head sits lightly upon his shoulders, if I but tell the secret of his daughter's faith. His head would decorate the pole of our Pa upon the summit of that hill above you, if I gave to my father's tribe the history of your secret prayers to the god of the Pakehas. Potatau is already suspected of treachery to our cause, and one word from me, and his fate is doomed; his last speech will have been made, his last hakari attended, and Katherina will be last of his family left to the mercy of her father's enemies."

"You will need all your strength against the Pakeha, instead of turning it against each other," replied Katherina, affecting something of civilized ease in her manner. "If it be thus that your god of war, Tumatawenga, councils the sons of your chiefs, I fear the Maori race will never learn wisdom in their campaigns."

"You can avert the danger to our people and to Potatau. Become the wife of Heki and your country and your father are saved. Refuse, and come what may, I swear by the spirit of Maori that the life of Potatau shall pay the forfeit of your act."

"Heki, you are mad. Potatau is faithful to the Maori cause, and so am I. I am a Pakeha only in religion, but I am a Maori in heart, and in my desire to see the prosperity of my race accomplished all over the land. But," she added, "this can only be won by peace and friendly intercourse."

"Do you then refuse to work mats and make baskets for the son of Iwikau?" said Heki, drawing back and releasing the arm of Katherina from his hold, while his hand with savage instinct sought the handle of his ornamented tomahawk.

"Heki, Heki, what do you mean?" and the half-terrified yet majestic carriage of Katherina stood calmly before the savage attitude and rude manner of the son of Iwikau.

"Mean," replied Heki, in hissing accents, and he almost overbalanced himself in his untutored anger, "mean, I mean blood, the blood of the traitor Potatau," and he quickly turned into the recesses of the forest, while even the half-penitent call of Katherina could not arrest his furious and ill-judged footsteps.

The moon just lit up the tops of the trees, and spread a silvery coating over the forest, as Heki and Katherina parted, one bent upon a mission of ill-judged revenge, the other alarmed at the fierce threats against her father's life. Clouds scudded across the face of the "inconstant arbiter of night," and the gentle ocean gases rustled through the dense foliage, as if the spirits of past generations were revelling among the giant timbers of the bush. Numerous cicade made loud and incessant gnatting sounds upon the ear of Heki as he hurried along, and the owls and bats flitted about his head in close but unheeded proximity. Upon the margin of a small tributary of the Waikato, he stops, and after a little search among the rank vegetation upon its bank he finds and floats a small canoe upon the almost placid waters. A way over the surface the stout arms of Heki propel the light vessel, while his thoughts are full of mischief to Potatau, and he conceals twenty schemes by which he hopes to destroy the popularity and sacrifice the life of the Maori king.

The canoe of Heki is speeding away over the now gently rippled waters, as Katherina, anxious and troubled, again seeks the shelter of Iwikau's whare. With native courtesy the host of Potatau had given up his whare to the occupation of the Maori king and his daughter, while the village maidens gathered around the door to give a parting "Hoka" or song in honour of their distinguished guests. They assembled with flowers and feathers in their hair, red paint, charcoal, and petals of flowers upon their faces. The singers arranged themselves in a row in front of the whare, and the best voices commenced the verse while all joined the chorus—

Potatau, King of the Maori,
Like the sun in the heaven is he,
Bright in the councils of his people,
Great in the hearts of his nation.
Chorus—He-ah-ha-ah-ha-ah.
Katherina, Queen of the Maories,
Like the evening star is she,
Bright in the home of Potatau,
Great in the hearts of our young men.
Chorus—He-ah-ha-ah-ha-ah.
Her eyes can pierce the Tangarora,
Her voice is sweeter than the song birds,
Her feet are lighter than the Te Hio's,
Her life is dearer to her people.
Chorus—He-ah-ha-ah-ha-ah.

But the wild song of the Maori girls was soon at an end, and Potatau was once more left alone with Katherina, in whose anxious look he traced the measure of her troubles. He was unusually reserved to his daughter, and just as he was about to enter the room prepared for his accommodation Katherina broke the embarrassing silence.

"Father," she asked, "have you enemies among the tribes who have assembled at your command, or does this Hoka mean a mockery of your power, or an insult to your name?"

"Katherina, your face betrays more anxiety than your words convey. Among my people I know no enemies, unless, indeed, there be some Christians lurking in our camp," said the stern old man, looking keenly at the down-cast countenance of his child.

"Is Iwikau your friend?" she asked, scarcely daring to look into the face of Potatau, expecting to encounter a frown for daring to doubt the fidelity of the Taupo chief. For a minute the countenance of the Maori king was overcast with deeper anger as if annoyed at so unwise a suspicion, and then something like a shade of alarm traced its well-defined lines through his deeply-lined countenance, and advancing towards Katherina he placed his hand gently upon her head, and said:

"My poor child, what makes you think that the chief of a nation could be betrayed by the priests and chiefs whose tapered tongues are sacred against the falsehood of the white men. But why does Katherina ask the question?"

"Not without reason, my father," replied Katherina. "you know Heki, the son of Iwikau?"

"I do," replied the Maori king, somewhat anxiously looking into the expressive face before him, "what can the son of my kinswoman wish to do to the preserver of his people. It was I who saved his tribe when Hongi, from the Bay of Islands, was overrunning the fair lands of the Waikatoes. Surely, Heki cannot be untrue to the tradition of his people and the salvation of his father's race."

"Heki means to take your life unless I become his wife, abandon my faith, my civilized habits, and the customs of the Pakeha," said Katherina, while she almost imploringly looked into the now deeply troubled countenance of the Maori king.

"Child, this cannot be. Great Tangarora, how do you know that what you say is true?"

"Hush," she replied, as she caught her father's arm, and her dilated eyes told him that her strained senses heard something unusual outside the whare. Without a word she extinguished the rush-light that illumined the inside of the hut, while she gently drew Potatau to the inner room of the cabin, and there whispered the conversation she had had with the ungodward Heki.

"It may be so," said the Maori king, as Katherina concluded, "I do not doubt your word, my child, and I already know that his father is not satisfied at my election, and that he already aspires to the office I hold. Iwikau is a man of war. He is Maori in every act and office of his life, and he would preach a war of extermination to the Pakeha amongst our rude and untutored people. If he succeeds, our race is doomed. The Pakeha is great and can sweep us from off the land. Here in the depth of our native bush, we could indeed baffle the enemy, and limit the effect of his destructive weapons of war; but every where beyond, on the plains, near the course of our streams, all along our sea coast the Pakeha is all powerful, and must for ever remain so. 'Katherina,' he added, his civilized habits again mastering the rude tutelage of his early days, while he kissed the forehead of his daughter, "you, at least, will not desert me in my old age. You, my child, will share my troubles and my triumphs, and bless my declining days with habits and customs which I long to see established amongst my untutored countrymen."

"As you command, Potatau, I shall obey. I am as the pliable cane of our native bush: as you bend me so shall I grow; as you direct so shall I follow, even to marrying Heki, a man who is obnoxious to every thought and temper of my life. But hush," she added, as the chirrup of a cricket outside the whare attracted her attention, and caused her to start in alarm towards the door facing the bush, the same that she had passed through to meet Heki in the evening. The chirrup was repeated, and a gentle rustling of the flax which composed the walls of the hut gave evidence that it was no mere insect that caused the disturbance.

"It may be Heki again," whispered Katherina into her father's ear, while her agitated frame almost trembled with anxious excitement, as she clung to the arm of Potatau, whose heavy eyebrows were deeply knitted in angry folds, while his hand instinctively sought the keen-edged European dagger that hung from his belt.

The "chirrup, chirrup," outside still kept on, while Potatau moved towards the other door to pass around the whare, Katherina trying to dissuade him, and failing, accompanying him on his way. The moon was shining with all its full blown beauty. Everything around was plainly visible for three hundred yards away, save where the deep timber skirted the rear of the hut of Iwikau. At some distance from the whare a sentinel walked up and down, his unmeasured tread and gait corresponding with his rude and semi-savage costume. But Potatau's quick eye had seen a form gliding into the undergrowth; he had seen enough to cause him to understand the necessity of being forewarned against lurking danger and hidden foes. He knew that his movements were watched, and that the sacred taper that guarded his person was now the only safe protection against the maddened passions of some infuriated member of his tribe. By virtue of the taper, Potatau was excluded from social intercourse with his people. The house in which he rested that night would be in future unfit for use, until he removed the sacred influence himself. Everything he touched was rendered sacred by the contact. But if he violated his tapu then the gods of the Maories would punish him with sickness and death, or his own people would inflict upon him loss of property and expulsion from society. Thus the day of his elevation to the purple was the day of deepest anxiety to Potatau. If the Maories once suspected that he entertained any Christian doctrine his doom was sealed, his race had run. Whether he did or not was known only to Potatau himself, but his daughter's conduct would be strong presumptive evidence in favour of the assumption that he did, if that conduct once became known amongst the tribes. An insidious enemy might easily adduce proofs of his abandonment of the faith of the Atua of the Maories. Heki had seen Katherina pray to the god of the Pakeha, and what more natural than to suppose that Potatau had known of her acts, or perhaps, participated in her offerings. Those thoughts made Potatau reflect upon the singular and dangerous position he that day was elected to fulfil by the almost unanimous voice of the tribes of Waikato.

"Now you see, Katherina, how troubles accumulate by your untimely conduct. If it is even suspected that I, in any way, violated the sacred tapu of my office, and I am lost," said Potatau, somewhat nervously; "not even my office as priest nor chief could save me."

Potatau and his daughter at last parted for the night, Katherina occupying the inner room of the whare, while to her anxious senses the hours passed slowly to morning. Everywhere through the Maori village "deep sleep hath fallen upon men," while to Katherina alone the weary hours coursed slowly and heavily along, and as the earliest dawn heralded the approach of day, she left the hut and cooled her fevered temples by bathing in the refreshing waters of a running stream close by. It was a lovely summer morning, the December sun had just begun to climb over the horizon that bounded the evergreen forest beyond Lake Taupo

and the thousand insects of the field and bush had commenced their melody of discordant noises, when Katherina had again turned towards the hut of Iwikau, refreshed after her early ablutions. As she walked in the direction of the whare, she took a slight circuit, so as to bring her nearer the place of her meeting with Heki, for some shadowed vision hung over her senses as if it was all a dream. Her route now brought her close to the beaten path, marked out for the sentinel, whose duty it was to guard the outer margin of the village. A slight shrub at first partly hid the form of the Maori from her view, when a gentle bend in her way brought her face to face with the guardian of the spot. It was Heki!

"Tenaquai," said the handsome warrior, using the accustomed salutation of his race. Katherina's lips failed to utter the half-measured "Tenaquai" that faintly came to her senses in reply. She was amazed at the audacity of Heki, and would have passed him unperceived had he not again used the familiar word which Katherina just audibly returned.

"Katherina is troubled this morning," said Heki. "Like the leaves upon the branches of the sacred korokio tree, she trembles at the gentle pressure of the morning air."

"Heki knows too well why Katherina trembles; his words are like the words of Whiro, the evil spirit of our race. He speaks what he does not think."

"What has the son of Iwikau done to the daughter of Potatau that he is thus compared to the worst enemy of his people. Katherina, why do you turn upon a warrior of your father's people thus?"

"Heki, do you forget last night?" asked Katherina, in astonishment.

"No, I do not forget last night, Katherina, for it was the anniversary of my grandfather's murder, and every season he comes, just as regularly as the moons; comes in form and dress as you see me now, and works some mischief upon my head. And so it shall continue until his blood is avenged in the homes of the Pakeha."

"Heki, can this be true," said the affrighted girl, shrinking away as if in doubt that the form to which she then addressed herself was real or only a shadow of something that was.

"True," said Heki, with savage earnestness. "The son of Iwikau is not given to the practice of the Pakehas; a Maori does not lie."

"But he held my arm as firmly as ever did you when you tried to press upon me your unwelcome affections," said Katherina, looking steadily into the eyes of Heki, who returned the gaze with a show of haughty pride, and turning upon his heel left her alone. There is some deep mystery in this," thought Katherina, as she nervously walked towards the whare of Iwikau. "I am not prepared to believe all the traditions of my people, nor can I easily uproot the deep-seated belief of my father's people for centuries before the Pakeha trod upon our shores. 'This strange, 'tis very strange.'"

A Maori tradition.

[To be Continued.]

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE R. C. ARCH-BISHOP OF TORONTO ON THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

To the Venerable Clergy, Religious Communities, and beloved Laity of Our Diocese, salvation and peace in Our Lord:

On the third of June next the Church of Christ will give another exhibition of its Catholicity in celebrating the Episcopal Jubilee of its head on earth, our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. What other sovereign or monarchy in the whole world could be surrounded with the affection and devotion of two hundred million of spiritual children, scattered over the entire globe, but Christ's Vicar on earth, who may be well termed the universal Father of the Faithful. Christians who disown his authority proclaim themselves as not belonging to the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

It is meet for us to celebrate this festival with all religious joy and devotion, but as our Holy Father is in difficulties and in chains for Jesus Christ, therefore, we must mingle our joy with prayers and supplications to God for his deliverance.

The Italian Government, not content with usurping the patrimony of St. Peter, has, with cruel injustice, confiscated 2,382 religious houses, colleges, and seminaries, 1,506 of men and 876 of women containing in all 28,991 persons, who were shamefully robbed of the fortunes which they brought to those convents and monasteries, and to add insult to other crimes, promised a starvation pittance of seven cents a day, which is seldom paid. The cry of distress on the part of the Holy Father and the clergy is interrupted by the Italian Government as "criminally disturbing the public conscience."

Napoleon I. expelled the Pope from Rome and named his infant son its King. The King, who neither reigned in Rome nor succeeded his father, lived unrecognized, and though the grandson of the Emperor of Austria died neglected, he is by fiction called Napoleon III., to requite the Pope for many signal favours towards himself and his family, being even godfather for his son, abandoned Rome, not to the Romans, but to the [standing] force of a stranger, Victor Emmanuel, who is riding in the whirlwind of a revolutionary demagogism that may at any moment burst on its own drape. This poor Savoyard Prince, if report speaks truly, feels already the hand of God upon him. If it be a dangerous proceeding to unjustly touch the least of God's anointed, how much more to lay sacrilegious hands on His anointed Vicar on earth.

There is an old proverb amongst the Jews that "he who pulls a stone from the Temple is blinded by its dust." The sacred halls of the Quirinal Palace, built by Catholic money for the use of the Popes, and in which the most solemn deliberations were held, such as consistories, the Popes, elections, &c., are now turned into ball-rooms, reception bedrooms, where wickedness and criminality revel. The Pope's private chapel was made a storeroom or pantry. But what affects the paternal heart of the Holy Father with profound sorrow is that the youth of Italy are forced to godless universities, colleges, and schools, to be corrupted and infidelized, and the clerics are dragged from the few seminaries that are left to serve as soldiers, so that the sanctuaries are devoid of priests, and the people will soon be left without pastors. The revenues of the College of the Propaganda founded for the education of priests for the whole world, are taxed 30 per cent. in order to crush it, and so with other institutions owned by foreign corporations. Rome was neither rebuilt from its ruins nor embellished by either the Romans or Italians. The Popes, from the resources willingly given them by the Catholics of the whole world, did it, and are therefore the rightful owners of Rome. The clergy who are by their office charged to instruct the people in their duties to God and their neighbour, are threatened with imprisonment and fine if they attempt to instruct the people properly. This unfortunate infidel Government has sunk the country in inextricable debt, and it is pressing the poor to the earth; but a God of pity, who is also a God of vengeance, will one day demand a rigorous account and these evil deeds must be atoned for.

The expenditure of Victor Emmanuel's profligate Government is £33,015,484 sterling per annum, and the taxes £53,766,564 per annum, being a deficit of £20,751,080. In 1868, before the war of invasion and rapine commenced, the debt of Italy was only £27,480,000. At this time it is above £400,000,000, an increase of debt of £322,520,000, consequently an additional taxation to meet interest and deficit expenses, and the extraordinary speculations

of the Government officers, from the highest to the lowest, as public prosecutions attest: these are the blessings conferred by a robber King and his accomplices.

The real value of these confiscated religious houses would go far to pay off the debt, but the one-fiftieth part is not realized from their sale, because they are of little use to any except religious communities. Beautiful churches, adorned with marble and precious stones, are turned into manufactories, hotels, and stables. When robbers dispose of their spoils they realise but little, "ill got, ill gone." If the Government of the country had built these houses and endowed them they might claim them back if the public good demanded. But these establishments were built and maintained by private individuals for sacred purposes; many sunk their fortunes in them, and hoped to end their days beneath their peaceful roofs. It may be said did not England do the same thing about 300 years ago. To our shame we must acknowledge it, and mournfully add that the foundations of the public debt of England with degrading poor houses and heavy rates were then laid.

This wholesale and unmitigated plunder, condemned by every right-thinking man, if it were not denounced by the Catholic Bishops our people could liken us to dumb dogs on the watch towers of Israel. The sovereigns of Europe that can tolerate the unjust invasion of a friendly but weak State would seem to proclaim to all nations that robbery on a large scale and its quiet possession give a just title, thus favouring the revolutionary principles of secret societies, which upset Governments when it will serve their purpose. The recent speech of the Prime Minister of England attests this fact. God is slow but sure in His chastisements. States like individuals, do not prosper except for a brief period, by plunder and usurpation. Catholics are perfectly aware that the Church has been persecuted from its inception. The Popes of the first three centuries were put to death, as their Divine Master was, for right and truth; many others died in exile, but the Holy See, being of divine origin, will always re-vivify, and shall last to the end of time, so faint-hearted people need have no fears. This is only a passing storm, like many others. The last Pope was often proclaimed and predicted by the lovers of anarchy and disorder, but the last Pope will always have a successor, till the Archangel's trumpet sounds the world's doom.

The clergy will invite the people to offer up a holy communion for the intention of the Pope; these may commence to be celebrated on the 21st of May, the day on which our Holy Father was named Archbishop, until the 3rd of June, the date of his consecration. On this day you will please recite after Mass, the Litany of the Saints, to invoke the Blessed Mother and all the saints of heaven to pray to God for our Holy Father. The clergy will add to the collect *Oratio Pro Papa*, and when it is convenient a *Te Deum* should be sung after Mass.

This Pastoral is to be read in all the churches on the first Sunday after its reception.

Given at St. Michael's Palace, on the Festival of the Ascension, 1877.

By order of His Grace the Archbishop.
P. CONWAY,
Chancellor.

A NEW CHURCH.

BLESSING OF A CORNER-STONE AT ST. CUREGONDE.

This interesting ceremony took place on Tuesday in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, in all about three thousand persons being present. The new church is situated at the corner of Bonaventure and Vinet streets. The walls are already raised to a height of 7 or 8 feet. It is being built of blue limestone, upon foundations of great thickness. The basement is expected to be finished in October next, and will then be occupied for public worship. It is impossible to say, as yet, when the building will be completely finished.

The dimensions are to be as follows:—Length, 160 feet; breadth, 80 feet; height, 30 feet; tower, when completed, 120 feet. The total cost is estimated at \$30,000; cost of basement, \$9,000. The front is to be of cut stone. Precisely at three o'clock, the time appointed for the ceremony to commence, the procession left the church of St. Curegonde, in Delisle street, in the following order: St. Henri band; Mgr. Fabre, bishop of Montreal, and clergy; choristers, St. Vincent de Paul Benevolent Society, Members of the Council of St. Curegonde and St. Henri, men of the congregations of St. Curegonde and St. Henri.

The streets along the route of the procession were profusely decorated with flags, as were also the walls of the new structure. On the north side of the building a roomy platform had been erected, in the centre of which was a large evergreen cross, bearing upon it the insignia of the Catholic Church in Canada. The procession having arrived at the Church, His Lordship was conducted to a raised dais at the left hand side of the platform, surrounded by his clergy. The proceeding was opened by prayer by the Bishop, after which addresses were made by Revs. Rouleau and Salmon. The following was the substance of his discourse:—All Christians ought to place all their enterprises under the protection of heaven. To-day a monument was being erected which would play an important part in their future history as Catholics and citizens. In this temple would be taught the fear of God, and the marvels of His goodness would be exhibited. Here there would be union of soul, of belief, of heart, and there would also be participation in the sacraments, whether in days of sadness or of joy. The Sovereign Pontiff asked that the true faith should flourish here together with the fear of God and his united praises. Such was the mission of this temple in regard to the true faith. He spoke upon the consequences of the loss of faith in Europe, and dwelt on the fact that it had saved Canada. The fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom; it kept man in the good way, and preserved him from the evil.

The Rev. Father Salmon, in opening his discourse, said that the ceremony which his hearers had come to-day to witness was both solemn and impressive; it was calculated to re-animate their veneration and devotion. The erection of a building or temple in which to worship God was one of the greatest acts which it could be permitted poor fallen man to do. The bountiful Saviour whom we shall worship within these walls, had blessed us with all manner of good. He referred to the approaching ceremonies, and said His Lordship would, in a few moments, deposit the stone, and afterwards would bless it in order that Christ might come and protect this house, and assist you in your worship. He shall pray that you be given strength of body and soul. The stone will be placed with the prayer that the true faith may always remain and flourish. His Lordship will then bless you and the building, and this will close this interesting ceremony. The reverend gentleman concluded by inviting all to contribute liberally to the good work. The ceremony of depositing and blessing the stone together with the walls and doors, was then proceeded with, after which the Bishop and clergy came forward, one by one, and deposited in the cavity at the top of the corner stone their contributions, at the same time striking the stone with a silver hammer. This was afterwards done by the laity, and a large amount of money was given towards the building fund of the Church before the ceremony concluded.

The musical part of the service was under the direction of Mr. F. X. Theriault, Mr. J. R. Bellefleur presiding at the organ. The singers were Messrs. J. B. Menard, L. Seguin, A. Larriere and N. Bourque, tenors; L. S. Berubé, A. Larriere and A. J. Pigeon, basses.