

KATHERINA:

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

BY M. W. KIRWAN,

Author of "La Compagnie Irlandaise."

CHAPTER VII.

"Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent."

SHAKESPEARE'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

Passion and tenderness appeared reflected from the bronzed countenance of Katherina, as she bent over the prostrate form of the man she loved. "All the wild feeling of her race seemed imprinted upon her swarthy face as she applied her untutored fingers to the pulse of the wounded officer. She cut the raven tresses from around the deep gash that had been caused by the tomahawk of Iwikau, and bathed the dangerous looking wound in water, taken from a never failing spring close by. Her native strength, not yet enervated by the weakening customs of civilized life, had enabled her to lift George Bellow into the trench near which he had fallen, and there to secure him from an accidental shot from the pah which still stood out defiantly before the English position. The night was as still as the grave. Not a leaf was stirred in the giant forest, and the screams of the captured soldiers of the 99th regiment rang through the air with maddening effect. Throughout the night the shouts of "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" nearly drove the British troops frantic, as the prisoners inside the pah were being tortured every half hour with burning Kauri gum and red hot iron. Even weary nature refused to sleep under the horrible disposure, as if the drowsy god had fled in horror from such a scene. Katherina was still in front of the English lines, beside the unconscious form of George Bellow, who had fallen nearest the Maori foe. It was his lot to be the last to leave the contest, and it was his fate to be the last to fall in the front ranks of the detachment he commanded. And so it has ever been with the sons of the land which claimed George Bellow as its own. Irish valour stands foremost in the records of the military history of the world. It was the same at Clontarf, at the Blackwater, and at Aughrim, as it was at Luzzara, Cassano, and on the slopes of Fontenoy; the same at Dunboy and Limerick, that it was at Guillestre, Embrun, and at the gates of Cremona; the same at Marignella, where the French commander Casteln admitted that it was the Irish Brigade that had secured the victory for his arms, as it was in Barcelona and Valencia. Driven from seeking military enterprise in their own land, they shed a ray of lustre over the flag of every nation in Europe. They served in Germany against the Austrians, in Holland against the Prince of Orange, in Luxembourg against the Swedes, and in Catalonia against the Spaniards. Even the brave Tyrolese found their native fastnesses insecure against the followers of Dillon. The lofty crags which appeared impregnable in front, and in the rear steep precipices lifted their summits in the clouds. There the eagle built her nest, the chamois bounded from cliff to cliff, but man was never seen on these inaccessible heights. The Irish regiment of Dillon scaled these cliffs, came upon the rear of Tyrolese, and scattered their forces, who fled with the utmost precipitation. At Ypres the ramparts yielded to the efforts of the Irish Brigade, and covered them with glory, and in Spain, in Austria, and Valitri their deeds are the records of heroic chivalry. An Irishman conquered the Crimea for Catherine of Russia, and an Irishman defended India for the French, and was murdered for his devotion and his zeal. You may even go to Chili, Bolivia, and Venezuela and trace the gallantry of O'Brien, Dillon, and Devereux, and hear their praises sung in the softening influence of the Castilian tongue. On the banks of the Orinoco, and in the mountain fastnesses of the Andes, the names of these Irish soldiers of fortune are still remembered with reverence and pride. But later still, there were about one hundred and seventy-five thousand Irishmen in the service of the Federal armies alone, during the late great American rebellion; scattered from the Rappahannock to the prairies of the West, or down amid the cotton fields of Georgia and the swamps of the Carolinas. The heights of Fredericksburg attest the fervour of our race, when up nearest that dreadful stone wall, up into the very mouth of the rebel guns, lay the men with the green sprigs in their hats—the soldiers of the Irish Brigade. Look at them checking the advance of the Confederate army at Malvern Hill and Fair Oaks, or making that fearful dash at Antietam, or rescuing the abandoned cannon at Chancellorsville, or sweeping Darby from the Shenandoah Valley, or in planting the Stars and Stripes on the walls of Atlanta and Savannah, and who can say that the Irish soldier does not hold his own in the military records of the nations belonging to civilised man? The whirlwind of valour which swept over Europe from 1691 until 1745 had gathered to its embrace the cherished laurels of European heroism, and deposited them on the graves of Irishmen. Both in the New World and the Old the Irish soldiers have waded through streams of blood, and have carved their names upon monuments of glory.

Her matchless sons whose valour still remains, On French records, of twenty long campaigns, Now from an Empress to a captive grown, She saved Britannia's rights, but lost her own.

It was no wonder then that it was an Irish soldier who had fallen nearest the Maori position. George Bellow had done his work and fallen at his post. A faithful hand had, indeed, sent his murderer to his last resting-place, but still the unconscious mind of the wounded officer was unaware of the deed. As the refreshing water washed the now clotting blood from around the open cut on the scalp he appeared to revive, and as his lips opened he appeared to feel some gentle influence hovering around him, and he half consciously said the one word, "Florence." Katherina knew enough of the customs and the names of the Pakeha to understand that "Florence" was the name of a female, and her keen perception at once jumped at the cause why the name had first come to his lips. All the wild passions of her race were instantly revived, and in her own soul she cursed the fate that caused her to betray her people, and all for such a man. For a second or two she almost contemplated the finishing of the work begun by Iwikau, and even nervously played with a keen-edged dagger that hung from a belt she wore around her waist. At that time Katherina was again all a Maori. Her eyes glared on the face of the half-conscious man who lay before her, and her nostrils distended with wild and exciting passion. "Murder" was almost written upon her expressive countenance, and might have been worked were it not that the wounded officer piteously begged for "water, water." In an instant the traces of savagery vanished from the countenance of Katherina, and in its stead the look of Christian charity took its place, and she bent over and poured a refreshing draught into the half-opened mouth of Lieutenant Bellow.

"Who are you?" he asked, as he slowly revived, and saw the dark countenance of the Maori girl, under the influence of the moon's rays.

"I am Katherina, the girl whom you saved from the rude attentions of the Pakeha in Auckland,"

she replied with a tenderness from which every tone of jealousy had departed.

"Yes, yes, I remember; but how did you come here? have I not been wounded?" he asked, placing his hand upon his head and shoulder, and then again looking keenly at the still, calm countenance of Katherina.

"Hush, hush, replied the Maori girl, 'if you speak aloud you will expose our position, and we are still between the Pakeha lines and the Maori pah.'"

"Well, then, what is to be done?" asked the officer.

"Wait, wait," replied Katherina, "if we attempt to stir our lives would be sacrificed, and we must remain here until the moon sinks behind the snow-capped summit of Tororongo, and then I shall return to the camp and send assistance."

"Stay," said Mr. Bellow, as his mind appeared to wander over the incidents of the combat, "where were you, Katherina, when the Maori struck me, I have some faint recollection of seeing our native guide by my side; yes, yes, now I remember, and yet it could not have been he," she thought as his wavering recollection brought him back to when he heard the words, "Pakeha, you die."

"Your guide," said Katherina almost fiercely, "he was your would-be assassin rather, for it was he who struck you to the earth; but look," she added, pointing to the still form of the dead Iwikau, "he shall never again dance the war dance of the Maori, and heki, his son, will moan his haunga over the chieftain's grave."

"Heki, the fierce warrior of the Waikatoes, the son of our guide; how do you know this, Katherina?" asked George Bellow, with an interest excited, which she regarded as unusually singular.

"How do I know that I am the daughter of Potatau, the Maori King," replied Katherina, with a somewhat lofty air, the native dignity of her race giving a queenly bearing to her graceful form.

"You," said George Bellow, his eyes looking keenly at the calm countenance of Katherina, while he half-raised himself upon his elbow and stared at her with a newly-born interest.

"Yes, Pakeha, I am the daughter of Potatau, and yonder Maori," she added, pointing to the still form of Iwikau, "was the father of heki, to whom my father's people were anxious to see me married. But you are too weak to be excited by these things now, be quiet and you shall know more before the moon again rises from out the paps, or earth of the Maories, or climbs the rangi, or heaven of my father's people."

"I am, indeed, weak, Katherina; my head aches and my left arm is powerless, and," he added, sinking upon the ground as his right arm became weaker under him, "perhaps, I may never see my poor Florence again."

The fierce eyes of Katherina looked passionately at the prostrate form of the wounded officer as he uttered the last words, and again all the wild jealousy of her race mastered her actions, and again the providential call for "water, water," from the lips of the stricken soldier banished the envious thoughts from her mind, and she became once more the Christian, ministering to the wants and even anticipating the desires of suffering humanity. The man who appeals to the pity of a true woman, seldom appeals in vain. Directly or indirectly, there is in the female mind a desire to lighten the load of grief under which we struggle, and even a willingness to share the burden with ourselves. When we are steeped to the lips in misery, it is the gentle hand of compassionate woman that relieves the pressure from around us, or, if she cannot smooth away the difficulties of our path, generously shares with us the troubles which we too often create. When man appeals to the pity of a true woman, he conquers her prejudices, subdues her passions, and joins a friend to the cause.

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill To turn the current of a woman's will," writes the poet. Neither "force nor skill" can accomplish what pity can do; for of all the paths that lead to a woman's love, pity is the straightest. It is, indeed, "akin to love," and at one impulse starts all that is generous in woman's nature into her every action. Katherina pitied the wounded man beside whom she stood, and as she again bent over his almost unconscious form, she looked indeed the ministering angel that she was. She remembered the teaching of the pious old priest who had converted her to Christianity, and the struggle between her early training, and her Christian instructions was of short duration. God's word guided her actions. She watched over George Bellow with all the tender solicitude of a sister, and throughout the night kept alive the dying embers of life by her care and such rude comforts as the situation afforded. His head was bathed and his lips were moistened with water diluted with brandy, and his form was wrapped in the blankets taken from the dead who lay thick around the spot. At last the darkness increased, and Katherina looked towards the position of the Southern Cross and she knew that the first streaks of the earliest dawn would soon light the horizon. All this time George Bellow tossed about upon the improvised couch that Katherina had made for him, and his fevered mind wandered about Auckland, Florence, and water. Once or twice, indeed, he mentioned the name of Katherina, but it was not with the passionate tenderness which marked the utterance of a dearer and a purer love. The howling dogs inside the pah were, meanwhile, yelling vigorously as if they were coursing through the bush, and the Maories were secretly leaving the stockade. Katherina had departed and succour was soon at hand for George Bellow. His wounds were dressed, and under cover of the darkness he was removed to the rear, where his anxious comrades had already given him up as dead. We shall leave him on his road to Drury, attended by Katherina, and once more return to Florence Hastings at Parnell.

The early sun of January had shed its "all ripening rays" around the fertile district upon which Auckland is built, and the pleasure grounds around Parnell looked unusually brilliant as the refreshing showers swept over the town and fed the thirsty earth with welcome moisture. The fuchsias and geraniums dotted the open space in front of Mr. Hastings's abode, and the odour from the beds of sweet-smelling flowers sent a delicate perfume through the open window of the drawing-room. Let us loo inside. Near the curtain attached to the window facing the sea sits Florence Hastings, a dreamy look covers her eyes, and her face is somewhat paler than it was two weeks before. In her hand she holds a miniature photograph, encased in a locket, and as she looks keenly at the outlines of the face it contains, the tears trickle down her cheeks, and trouble and anxiety impress itself upon every lineament of her handsome face. Her dress betokens the carelessness which has marked her attire for the last fortnight and her hair is carelessly arranged in easily made tresses which fall unattended and uncared for over her sylph-like shoulders. She is looking still towards that bend in the avenue which she has begun to regard as fatal to her happiness, and as somehow identified with her hopes and her fears. It was there she last saw George Bellow, and it was there she last saw his assassin, Iwikau. It was there, too, Captain St. George first made his appearance, when he brought the dreaded tidings of George Bellow's fate. Her frame of mind was just then so tempered that she almost feared to look towards the spot.

We poor pensioners on the boundaries of an hour are often the victims of some wild hallucination at times when all the energies of our boasted understanding vanish before some undiscovered force which plays with our reason, and leaves us at the mercy of that golden power, which we attribute to the lower animals alone. With all our boasted civilization and progress there are myriads of things around us that exceed our comprehension, and act as reminders that even the greatest amongst

us—the Miltons, the Shakespeares, the Shakespeares upon the shore of a vast ocean of mysterious truth, and occasionally pick a pebble from the strand. Florence Hastings felt some secret influence drawing her thoughts towards that bend in the avenue which had been the turning point in some of the darkest chapters of her life. She even counted the branches on the trees and the variety of leaves, and noted the shade and colour of the surroundings. She looked even keener still, and the anxious eyes penetrated the foliage, and with a spring of sudden alarm she drew back from her posture and uttered a scream of alarm. The cause was soon apparent.

A native girl of graceful mould and easy carriage met the eye of Florence Hastings as she turned the dreaded bend, and her costume, too, indicated something unusual in the rank of the native wearer. She approached the open window, near which the surprised lady was sitting, and seemed no way disconcerted as she stepped into the room.

"You are Miss Hastings?" said the new arrival, looking at the beautiful girl with an air of keen interest, not untempered with sorrow.

"I am," faintly replied the lady in a tone of surprise and alarm; what do you want with me?" she added, the haughty courtesy which had been taught to observe towards the natives gaining control over her finer feelings.

"I have come from Mr. Bellow," replied the girl.

"What?"

"I have come from Mr. Bellow?"

"He is alive, then?"

"He is."

"Thank God," and Florence Hastings wept tears of generous joy and pious thanksgiving that the life of George Bellow was saved. The bearer of the joyous news was quickly pressed by the hand, and at that moment the Pakeha and the Maori felt as if the one God had indeed made the savage and the civilized heart after the one pattern. "Tears such as angels weep" coursed down the face of blonde and bronze, and the surest influence of sympathetic magnetism drew the two hearts together in pious thought.

"But who are you?" asked Florence Hastings, as the native girl stood before her, wiping the first tears of her womanhood from her eyes.

"I am Katherina, the daughter of Potatau, the Maori King, and at one time a lover of George Bellow's."

"You," said Miss Hastings, now shrinking back from Katherina, as if some unwelcome tidings was about to dash the cup of happiness from her lips.

"Fear nothing, Miss Hastings; my love for Mr. Bellow was as pure as your own, and never has he by word or deed outraged the simple confidence of Katherina. I have never wandered from the path of Christian virtue and Catholic parity. The good priest who brought me into the fold of Christ, taught me the value of morality and few need fear for the purity of my conduct. I loved him for his virtues and his manliness, for he was the first Pakeha gentleman who had ever raised a hand to protect me from insults or injury. I come here to tell you that his wound is not dangerous, and to give you this letter," she added as she produced a note directed in the well-known characters of George Bellow's handwriting. Hope told no "flattering tale" in tender words which George Bellow penned to Florence Hastings. His was not the flatterer's art, the "food of fools," but the truthful offering of an honest man. His wound was not "dangerous," and he "hoped the cool air of Parnell would soon restore him to activity and strength." Again the tears coursed down the fair cheek of the reader, and again the pious offering bathed their hands in an offering to the god of love.

"Miss Hastings," said Katherina, interrupting the tenor of her thoughts, "Miss Hastings, see, who is this man," and the native girl pointed towards the avenue leading up to the window through which she had entered.

"Captain St. George," said the lady in a tone of unguarded horror. "He here again."

"Stay," said Katherina, and she went to the further end of the room as the handsome soldier entered the apartment, and again accosted Miss Hastings with all his usual urbanity of manner.

"At last, Miss Hastings, I am the bearer of good news," he said, taking a chair by her side, as Florence Hastings rang for an attendant to call her father upon the scene.

"I think I anticipate you, sir," said Florence Hastings somewhat uneasily.

"Then you know that Mr. Bellow is recovering?"

"Oh, yes."

"Your informant must have come with wondrous speed," said Captain St. George almost incredulously. "I have only just received a dispatch by special messengers, and, knowing your interest in the accident, I came at once to tell you that he is recovering," while his penetrating eyes wandered to where Katherina sat.

"My information came from Mr. Bellow himself."

"It is strange that the Government would not have the first information."

"Not at all strange, Captain St. George," said Katherina, stepping forward and confronting the handsome soldier who sat beside Florence Hastings. "It is not at all strange that a messenger should come with what you call 'wondrous rapidity,' when it is in the service of a man who has been a friend."

"Who are you, pray?" asked the gentleman while his contracted eyebrows and half shut eyes told more than the mere utterance of the question.

"For your own sake you should not have asked the question, sir," said Katherina, "but as you wish to know, I am the girl whom you in your drunken carousal insulted in the streets of Auckland, and whom the manly arm of George Bellow saved from the vile embrace of your libertine arms."

"This native girl insults me, Miss Hastings," said Captain St. George, with a cool superciliousness which became the half averted sneer with which he heard the charge.

"The insult which you offer to me has but recoiled upon yourself, Pakeha, officer," replied Katherina, "and if my father's people were not at war with yours, the insult would meet another award."

"Will you not order this rude creature from my presence, Miss Hastings," appealed Captain St. George, turning towards the lady whom he now addressed.

"I cannot, sir, she has proved my friend."

"Then I must say good day," and confused and confounded he left the room and passed out of sight, just where the avenue bends, and for once appeared to act as a friendly shade for the troubled Florence Hastings.

Days rolled on, and weeks were numbered since George Bellow had led the storming party at the pah on the shores of Lake Taupo. His name resounded through the colony, and his services brought promotion and distinction upon their wake. January had lapsed into February, and Parnell was still brilliant in all its semi-tropical beauty. A coach rattles over the neatly arranged woods in the suburbs of Auckland and pauses before the home of Mr. Hastings. It is an open vehicle, and there are two military men sitting inside. One has his arm in a sling, and the other wears the badge by which the medical branch of the service is distinguished. The gate is opened by an old man who recognises the somewhat attenuated face of one of the inmates of the carriage, and they drive up to the house, where they are evidently expected. A lady rushes from the house, even before the coach had stopped, and the wounded man jumps from the carriage and folds her in his arms, and does not even hesitate to impress a kiss upon her now flushed countenance.

"Florence," whispers the young man. "I have

made all arrangements since yesterday, and you are ready to go to-morrow."

"Yes, George, to-morrow," and two days following the Auckland papers contained an interesting announcement of the marriage of Captain George Bellow, V.O. of her Majesty's—th Regiment, to Florence, only daughter of William Hastings, Brookville, Parnell, Auckland.

THE END.

HIS EXCELLENCY DR. CONROY

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

FROM THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF LONDON, Ont.

ELOQUENT AND CHARACTERISTIC REPLIES.

(From the Free Press.)

The presence in this city of the Most Rev. Dr. Conroy, the Apostolic Delegate to British North America, was taken advantage of last night by the clergy and laity of the Diocese of London to present that gentleman, as the representative of the Holy See, with addresses of welcome to this part of Ontario. Shortly after eight o'clock, His Lordship Bishop Welsh, His Lordship Bishop Crinnan, of Hamilton, Vicar-General Bryere, Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford; Rev. Father Flannery, of St. Thomas; Rev. Father Eric and numerous others, entered the reception-room at the Episcopal Palace, on Dufferin Avenue, and with them Messrs. Hugh MacMahon, Q.C., Ald. Egan and Regan, Major Starr, Thos. Drought, J. J. Gibbons, J. M. Drungole, T. E. O'Callaghan, Andrew O'Hara, R. Dinahan, J. M. Kearney, Alex. Macadam, Jun., John Wright, S. Dwyer and several others. A few moments afterwards, His Excellency Dr. Conroy was introduced, and thereupon His Lordship Bishop Welsh read and asked his acceptance of the following address:—

To His Excellency the Most Reverend George Conroy, D.D., Bishop of Aradagh, and Coadjutor and Apostolic Delegate to British North America.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—On behalf of myself and clergy, I bid you a most sincere and heartfelt welcome to this diocese. We welcome you as a gifted and distinguished bishop of God's Church; but we welcome you chiefly and especially as representative of the Holy See, with which, as St. Ignace teaches, the faithful that are on every side must agree, because of its more powerful principle; we welcome you principally as delegate from our Holy Father, the great and good Pius IX. to whose supreme and infallible authority in religious matters, we bow in humblest submission, and to whom, as well for his unimpaired misfortune, as for his great and sublime virtues, our heart's affections go out with an ever increasing flow.

Your Excellency, I regret to say, will not find here the splendid cathedrals and magnificent educational and charitable institutions that beautify and bless older lands. But you will find the faith and hope and charity of which cathedrals, however beautiful, and institutions, however grand, are but the material expressions, and of which, please God, when means allow will one day be the outcome here; you will find amongst our devoted people a living faith that has already removed mountains of difficulties from the pathway of our struggling Church, and an abounding charity and generosity that have deemed no sacrifice too great to promote the welfare of our holy religion.

The Church in this Western Ontario is as it were in its infancy. It is ours to plant and water, and to cast abroad in this virgin soil the divine seed of revealed truth; other generations will, we trust, witness the rich harvest covering the whole land; it is ours to lay the foundations, others will see arise in grace and beauty the superstructure of God's temple.

And even we ourselves behold the promise of a bright and happy future for the Church here. But forty years ago and there were only a few scattered missionaries in this section of the country. Catholic families poor and unfriended were tolling in the wilderness, striving to cut out a homestead from the primeval and reluctant forest. The voiceless solitudes that surrounded them were only broken by the sound of the axe or the howlings of wild beasts; for them "every floweret's hue had something strange, and every leaf was new." The Holy Mass could be offered up only at distant intervals, and then only in the smoky cabin, or in the humble log chapel. Children grew up without religious instruction, and in some instances, without baptism. The little ones of Christ were famishing for the bread of life, and there were no consecrated hands to break it unto them. Marriages were unblessed, the Sabbath was unsanctified, and Church holidays forgotten; the sick and the sorrow-stricken were unconsolated by the comforts and consolations of religion; the Holy Church was not there, like another Veronica, to wipe the sweat and tears from the faces of her suffering and abandoned children; the requiem for the dead was unused, and souls went to their dread account unshrined, unanointed and unanointed in the loneliness of the forest.

But how different is the picture which we now behold! Ontario is at present an ecclesiastical Province, with an Archbishop and four suffragan bishops, two hundred and fifty priests, and a Catholic population of about three hundred and thirty thousand. Happier than the faithful of other countries, we possess a system of Catholic primary education, established by law; we have a sufficient number of colleges and conventual academies for higher education, and also charitable institutions for the protection of orphans and for the healing and comfort of the sick and suffering. Churches have sprung up as if by magic in our cities, towns and villages, on the banks of our great rivers and inland seas, and crosses gleam from church steeples through the half-faded forest.

Of course we are sensible of the fact that much remains to be done. The system of education, both primary and collegiate, may require to be matured, ecclesiastical organization has to be perfected, and many deficiencies incidental to a new and hasty order of things have to be supplied. But looking back at the work done for the last forty years in this section of the country, and by a people struggling with the privations and hardships of early settlement, we have to thank and adore God, who has blessed the good work, and who has given it so large an increase. And from what has been already accomplished, may we not cast the horoscope of a bright and prosperous future. May we not humbly trust that the mustard seed of Catholic faith planted in this virgin soil, and watered by the sweat and tears of the early settlers, will grow up into a mighty tree overshadowing the whole land and divining its roots too deep into the soil to be uprooted or torn down by the fiercest storm? May we not hope that the Holy Church animated by the Spirit of God, who is her life, will go on prospering in her divine work from day to day, blessing this free and happy country with her heavenly ministrations, feeding the hungry human intellect with the food of revealed truth, healing the sin-inflicted wounds of the soul and preparing Christ's people for the happiness of heaven?

Such, your Excellency, are our present prayers, such our earnest hopes. And we bid your Excellency's presence amongst us as an augury that these hopes and wishes will be realized. You come to us

clothed with the authority of the Holy See, and on a mission of the highest moment for the interest of religion. We are confident that your mission here imposed on you by the Supreme Pontiff, and undertaken in a spirit of obedience and holy zeal, will, with God's blessing and the intercession of the most blessed Virgin, mark the opening of a new epoch of peace and happiness for our Canadian Church.

May the Divine Head of the Church grant that this may be the case, and that you may be enabled to return to your ancient and historic diocese, with the happy consciousness of having faithfully performed a heavy task, of having fully attained the objects for which you were commissioned, and of having largely contributed by your great talents and enlightened zeal to the welfare and progress of our holy religion in this country.

Again, your Excellency, we bid you a most hearty welcome, and thank you most sincerely for the high honor you have done us by this too kind visit.

JOHN WALSH, Bishop of London.

THE ADDRESS OF THE LAITY.

Hugh MacMahon, Esq., Q.C., then read the following address on behalf of the Catholics of London and Middlesex:—

To His Excellency the Right Rev. Dr. Conroy, His Holiness' Apostolic Delegate, to Canada:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—The Catholics of London and County of Middlesex have much pleasure in welcoming your Excellency to the "Forest City," and to tender our congratulations that your Excellency has been appointed by the Holy See to the exalted position of Apostolic Delegate to the Dominion at this particular juncture—a position which is not only the highest recognition of your Excellency's administrative ability, but also an eminent tribute to the Irish Church.

The recent visit of a large number of pilgrims from Canada to His Holiness on the fiftieth anniversary of His Episcopate is a convincing proof of the loyalty and devotion of the Catholics of Canada to the successor of Peter to the Episcopal Chair. And we beg to assure your Excellency that at no period in the history of the Catholic Church has there been more devotion to His Holiness Pope Pius IX. than at the present time, when the Church is being assailed on every side by the powers of infidelity.

We are aware that your Excellency is the first Prelate of the Irish Church who visited Canada, and we hope after the mission with which you have been entrusted by the Holy Father has been accomplished, you will be able to give a satisfactory report not only to the Holy See, but also to our fellow-countrymen in Ireland, of the advancement of religion in the Dominion of Canada.

Signed on behalf of the Catholics of the City of London and County of Middlesex.

HUGH MACMAHON, DANIEL REGAN, J. EGAN, W. STARR, THOS. DROUGHT, Committee.

His Excellency then made the following prompt reply:—

To HIS LORDSHIP AND THE CLERGY:—

My Lord,—I thank you for the cordial words with which, in your own name and in that of your clergy, you have welcomed me to your Episcopal city.

With you, I bless our Divine Master for the marvelous increase He has given the Catholic Church of this Province during the last forty years. With you, too, I recognize in the vigour your youthful Church displays a sure pledge of the strength to which in the future it shall attain. In the picture you have so admirably sketched of the progress of religion in Ontario there occurs, however, one noticeable omission, which, indeed, it is not becoming in you to have made; nor, I hope, in me to venture to supply. I allude to the part which, under God, the clergy has had in effecting this happy spread of God's kingdom on earth. If religion has flourished here in the past, it without presumption we may count on its continued prosperity in the future, it is chiefly to the virtues of the clerical body, after the grace of God, that the increase is to be referred. This diocese has long been blessed with a clergy whose zeal, at once active and prudent, and whose spirit of self-sacrifice, have been and are the admiration of their people. To you, my Lord, and to your wise administration of your diocese, these creditable results are pre-eminently due, and I esteem it as a special honor that I have been so kindly received by such a Bishop at the head of such a clergy.

The Catholic Church is wont to pray, in the Sacred Liturgy, on behalf of those who minister at her altars, that God would deign, in His bounty, to guard and preserve in their souls the gifts He Himself had given them.

For individuals, for the entire Church of God, the true and only safeguard of sacerdotal virtue is a close and loving union with the Holy See, which inherits the fullness of Christ's priesthood. With an unflinching recurrence of testimony, history proves to us that whenever the due course of the quickening influence of St. Peter's authority have been impeded in any nation, the church of that nation has speedily, saddened, by its corruption, the Holy Spirit of God. And the same history points out that of this separation from the centre of union there have been chiefly two causes, distinct in themselves, yet frequently united in their action, namely, the tyranny of the State, and un-sound doctrines concerning the prerogatives of the Holy See. I rejoice to see that from these two evils the Catholic Church of Canada is singularly free. The rulers of the country interpose no obstacle between the Sovereign Pontiff and you; no royal patent; no harassing exequatur is here to perplex your souls and fetter your liberty. And on your part you gladly render due obedience to the constituted authorities, and teach your flocks to be submissive for conscience sake to the powers advanced by God. And that no sound doctrines concerning the Holy See have ever cast its shadow on your minds, the language of your address, so full, so tender, and filial devotion towards the Sovereign Pontiff, is abundant proof. I pray that these advantages may long be yours, and that the church of which you are the pastors may continue to grow in grace before God and man, to the increase of the divine glory for the salvation of souls, and for your reward exceedingly great.

TO THE LAITY OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,—I accept also with great pleasure your address on behalf of the lay Catholics of this city and county. I desire, through you, to convey to all the Catholic citizens my thanks for the splendid reception with which they welcomed in their midst the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff. By word and deed alike you have proved yourselves devoted children of our Holy Father.

I observed with satisfaction that in this your domestic festival you have had proofs of kindly feeling on the part of your fellow-citizens who do not belong to the Household of Faith. "I trust that this harmony shall ever continue unbroken, and that all classes may cordially work together for the common good."

The kindness with which you have received me on this occasion will encourage me to labor still more to the best of my abilities for the good of the Catholic Church in Canada.

The gentlemen in attendance were then presented to His Excellency, after which the company separated.