

THE POPES DELEGATE.

MGR. CONROY IN NEVADA. HIS VISIT TO THE REGION OF BIG BONANZAS.

RETURNING EASTWARD TO OMAHA.

A SPLENDID LECTURE ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE NATIONAL SECTS.

THE PRESENT SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. Conroy, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, left San Francisco last Wednesday 17th ult. for Marysville. On his arrival in that city, he was received by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connell with some of his clergy, and conducted to the episcopal residence, where he remained during his stay. He pontificated and blessed the holy oils on Holy Thursday, and assisted at all the offices of the Church during the remaining days of the Holy Week. On Easter Sunday he afforded the Catholics of Marysville a good and lasting pleasure, by preaching for them the sermon of the day. Easter Monday he set out with a party of friends to visit the placer mines of the Excelsior Co., at Smartsville. He was met half way by Mr. McGahey, who owns about a fourth interest in the mines, and by Mr. O'Brien likewise a stockholder, and superintendent with Mr. McGahey, of the mines. Accompanied by these gentlemen, he went through all the works, and was struck by the enormous power of the hydraulic system of mining. After his visit, the Very Rev. Vicar General, Father Dalton and others were waiting to accompany him to Virginia City. Report ran before him, and the "golden carriage" of Mrs. Fair was at the railroad depot to receive him, but following the advice of his companions he had made the trip from Reno in a carriage. Rev. Father Manogue had assembled the clergy, Mr. Mackey and other prominent gentlemen, to meet him at dinner. After dinner, accepting the invitation of Mr. Mackey, his Excellency visited the mines, and was conducted by the same gentleman through all the works and wonders of the Comstock Mining Co. He left Virginia the same evening and took the train for Reno en route for Omaha, where he will spend a day or two, proceeding Northwards. In Omaha the Delegate delivered the following impressive lecture, of which we are able to furnish an accurate report. The principal paper of Omaha thus spoke of the impression which Mgr. Conroy has made even on non-Catholics:

Bishop Conroy, accompanied by some seven or eight of the clergy of the church, made his appearance and delivered an address admirable both for its Catholicism and its catholicity. Bishop Conroy is a master of eloquence in the sense in which great authority has defined it—as "the art of persuasion." His manner is gentle, tender and winning; but, behind it all—sustaining and enforcing its persuasiveness, is the discipline of the man of study and of thought, the exact knowledge of the scientist, the culture of the student of letters, the relentless logic of the schools and the information of the man of the world. We only wish that there was an art "in the types" to reproduce the exquisite charm of Bishop Conroy's spoken word. His elocution was simply exquisite—for modulation of voice, propriety of utterance, and vigor and strength of declamation in passage requiring it, and the audience was alike charmed and impressed with the entire address from beginning to end.

When brothers meet together in a foreign land, the first word that rises unbidden to their lips is the name of their mother, and if among them there be one whose privilege it is to have looked latest of them all upon that mother's face and to have been called to devote his life more unreservedly than the rest to their mother's service, he is sure to be questioned with all the eagerness of love concerning her welfare and the state in which he left her. You and I are here this evening, for the first time, face to face, and yet we meet as brothers, for we are all children of the same holy Catholic Church. And since we are brothers, I feel that your hearts interrogate mine, asking from me how fares it with the mother of our souls? The more so because you have heard that powerful enemies have arisen against her, and that violent hands have been laid upon her, and her cries and lamentations in her distress have reached your ears. Perplexed by the inroad of so many evils, you fain would cry to me as the Idumeans cried to the prophet out of Seir: "Watchman, what of the night! Watchman, what of the night! Think you that the dark night of persecution that has come down upon the Catholic Church will last ever long? Can you discern any sign of peace appearing as yet amid the storm? To this questioning I would in words like those employed by the prophet, yet coming from one who speaks with more than a prophet's authority: "The morning cometh, and the night." (Is. xli. 11.) Without doubt Christendom is passing at present through a crisis dark and drear as the night. "We are dismayed," says Leo XIII. in his noble allocution of 28th March, "we are dismayed by the most sad condition to which has been reduced almost everywhere, not merely the civil society of the world, but also the Catholic Church, and especially this Apostolic See." But though they may be dismayed, Catholics are not to be discouraged at the gloomy prospect before them. Although the light is there, the morning cometh, and already the first gracious harbingers of the dawn may be seen in the brightening sky. Hope is the life of Christian prayer, and our Holy Father bids us join our prayers with his to "that God who is rich in mercy that he may always assist us by His kindly grace, guide towards good our counsels and acts, render happy the years of His Pontificate, and finally subduing the storms and calming the angry billows, conduct the bark of Peter to its wished-for haven of tranquility and peace." It is not necessary for me to remind you that the Catholic's confidence in the indestructibility of the Church is not based on any trust in human power however mighty, but on the teachings of faith. On the one hand we have been forewarned that in this world the Church is never to enjoy absolute repose from the persecution of men. "If," says Christ, "they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." (St. John, xv. 20), and "in the world you shall have distress, but have confidence; I have overcome the world" (St. John, xvi. 33); and on the other hand we are assured that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church," and that Christ Himself will be with her "all days, even to the consummation of the world." It is sweet and consoling to mark in the course of history the working of this law, which in the Church has wed together weakness and strength in a union so wonderful that, like the Apostle, when she is weak then she is most strong. And it is especially sweet and specially consoling in the very crisis of a persecution such as that which now weighs her down, to contemplate the tokens of unexpected strength she exhibits at the moment in which, humanly speaking, her strength would seem to have departed from her. To some of these tokens of this supernatural strength in weakness I would invite your attention this evening. And first of all, it is impossible not to be struck with the favorable position the Catholic Church holds today.

conveniently distributed into three classes; first, established or national Churches; second, Churches not established, and retaining some fragments, more or less considerable of Catholic doctrine, while rejecting the rest; and third, Churches which consider religion to be a matter of sentiment or emotion rather than of precise or definite doctrine. It was from the side of established or national Churches that the Catholic Church, for a long time, incurred the greatest dangers and suffered the greatest evils. In them were embodied the principles of the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century, which, as it was itself chiefly due to political rather than religious results. According to the Catholic conception, the Church was an universal world-wide society, free from the trammels of the State, and in its own sphere independent of all control not strictly ecclesiastical. According to the new doctrine, the Church in each country was the slave of the civil power—"cujus est regio, illius est religio." For many decades of years the national Churches established by the State lorded it over the persecuted Catholic Church. But time has at length wrought a remarkable change.

THE NATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE DAY

have become, all of them, merely political institutions, without life or influence on the souls of men, while some of them have sunk to the lowest depths of moral and social degradation, like the Russian Church, and others, like the Anglican, have become nests of foulest simony, through which they have lost all dignity and spiritual vigor. We have even begun to see the hand of disestablishment applied by the State to these cumbrous and noxious parasites of its power, and the case of the Protestant Church in Ireland seems to be a type and forerunner of a reaction against established Churches, even on the part of the Governments whose creatures and slaves they have hitherto been. Not so with the Catholic Church. While her proud rivals are falling, stricken by the poison of State control, her youth is being renewed as of an eagle. In Holland, in England, and in other countries she has restored her ancient hierarchy, while in the virgin fields of the new world she has found millions of children to comfort her for those who had been torn from her in Europe.

NON-ESTABLISHED CHURCHES.

Nor is the condition of the non-established Churches that have retained some fragments of the old faith better than that of the established Protestant Churches. These in which we live is an age of critical solvent scepticism. There is no man outside the Catholic Church whose soul has not been thrown in upon itself, and forced to test the grounds of his religious belief by asking himself the awful question: "What reasons have I for my faith in the supernatural? Why do I believe this and reject that doctrine? This stern investigation must result in one or the other of these issues; either he finds that he believes on divine authority, and then he has the seeds of Catholicism sown deep in his heart, or he discovers that his faith rests on historical or esthetical arguments which have no other than a human value. In the first case, the grace of God, rightly corresponded with and made fruitful by prayer, will lead him to the fulness of Catholic truth, as we have seen the kindly light lead on some of the imperial intellects of our age. In the second case he passes insensibly to the ranks of the infidels. Not so with the Catholic. He knows who it is whom he has believed. Built on the rock of Peter, secure in possession of God's gift of faith, which satisfies at once intellect and heart, he rests secure in the one unvarying teaching of a Church which while it speaks with authority carries with it, as if in its hand, the motives of credibility that win for it the homage of the mind. He halts not in his belief, choosing to profess this portion of revelation and to reject that according to his own capricious fancy. He holds fast by the entire body of revealed truth because God has revealed it in its integrity, and the Church proclaims it without mutilation or change. Nor is he shaken by the teachings of

THE UNBELIEVING SCIENCE OF THE AGE.

It is distressing to every believing mind to observe how the science of the age, as taught in such universities as are not Catholic, has become absolutely sceptical or materialistic. For one who is not a Catholic it is next to impossible to resist the current of modern infidel thought, because nowhere outside of the Catholic Church is it held that there is any other order of knowledge save that which is purely human in origin as well as in object. Now whoever starts from the principle that there is no second order of truth divine in its origin and in its object and under this conviction undertakes to voyage over strange seas of thought alone, must inevitably end in materialism. This is precisely the characteristic of modern science. It is only the Catholic who can unite his faith in God with the fullest and freest study of the natural sciences. For he knows from his Faith that there are two orders of truth, one divine, the other human, and he knows that the God who is the author of revealed truth is the same who is the Lord of sciences. He can read securely the two books in which our Heavenly Master has written His thoughts, and to him the pages of the one are but a supplement to the contents of the other. Hence it happens that to day by the very force of logic, science sinks into unbelief wherever it has been removed from the influences of Catholic discipline. I think it is plain therefore that we Catholics have no reason to be discouraged by the place the Catholic Church holds in the world of modern thought.

THE INTERNAL VITALITY OF THE CHURCH.

In the next place, I think that considered in herself and in her internal life, the Catholic Church has never been stronger at any period of her history than she is to-day. When St. Cyprian would describe in what the Church's vitality consisted, he defined her to be "A people made one with its priest; a flock closely clinging to its shepherd" (St. Cyprian, Ep. 49). Never before in the entire range of the Church's history has this marvelous unity been more complete, or more splendidly conspicuous than at present. Never before was the laity, united in itself, more thoroughly and heartily one with the general body of the clergy than it is to-day. Never was the general body of the clergy more united with the Episcopate; never was the Episcopate more united with the Pope, and never so far as the Church's members are concerned, was the authority of the Apostolic See, as centre of unity, more clearly asserted or more loyally sustained than at present. Each separate element of this complex unity is in truth a magnificent exhibition of power. That more than 200,000,000 of believing men, differing in age, in country, in habits, in language and in interests, should freely continue, century after century, bound together as members of one great corporation, submitting to the same laws, and calling each other brothers, is in itself an historical marvel.

THE EMPIRE OF ANCIENT ROME,

because it held together some 120,000,000 of men by the force of stern laws, and strong legions, and by the inducement of incalculably valuable privileges of citizenship, has been ever regarded as perhaps the grandest expression of human power the earth has seen. And yet, after a few centuries, it was ground into the dust beneath the heel of the barbarians, while the Catholic Church, century after century, has but waxed stronger in the ever increasing number of her united children. The foul spirit of Revolution is now abroad in the modern world, setting class against class, and stirring up between labor and capital, between the rich and the poor, between the masses and the civil authority, dis-

sions, which, in their mad outbursts, will shake modern civilization to its centre, and endanger the very existence of society. No organization but that of the Church has shown itself possessed of strength sufficient to meet these mighty influences of disunion, and to repel from itself their destructive force. She alone panders not to the passions of the rich or of the poor, she alone condemns unjust acts, whether they be committed by the holders of capital or by laborers' organizations. She alone rebukes the excesses of rulers, and teaches subjects to obey for conscience sake. She will not allow her children to belong to those secret societies, which usurp to themselves, over their wretched adepts, the dread functions of supreme power and it is well for the world to-day, and it will be well for the world in the near future that her hold upon the consciences of two hundred millions of men, instead of being weakened, grows stronger in this period of social crisis. And if the strength of her unity be great, the secret by which she created and by which she maintains it, reveal a strength more glorious still. The secret of the unity of the Catholic masses lies in the frequentation of the holy sacraments of God's Church; for, as the Apostle says (1 Cor. x. 17): "They are one body all that partake of one bread." Now, never perhaps, since the early ages of faith, have the sacraments been more generally or more worthily approached by the faithful than at present.

THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION INAGURATED

by the Council of Trent has now reached its almost full development, and if we contrast what we read in the episcopal acts of St. Charles Borromeo, with the details of the daily life of the Catholic masses that continually fall under our own notice, we shall find reason to bless God for the change that has taken place; and when we remember that the frequentation of the sacraments is but another name for an habitual, close and loving union between the faithful and the spiritual head of the Church, Jesus Christ Himself, by virtue of which the Christian man clings more tenderly to this Saviour, thinking the thoughts of Christ, loving what Christ loved, hating the evil that Christ hated; who would not rejoice at the sight of that marvellous strength of the Catholic Church, which I have attempted to describe? Who would not salute and bless her as the most powerful agent that lives and works to-day in the midst of a world rotting and perishing in its materialism?

And as the frequentation of the sacraments binds the Catholic laymen in the closest union among themselves, so the administration of the same sacraments binds the clergy to them, and them in their turn to the clergy. The Catholic naturally and without effort complies with the Apostle's exhortation: "Let a man so account of us as the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God."—(1. Cor., iv. 1). "What is a priest?" asks Balmeiz. "What is his character and functions?" What is the mission he has to discharge on earth? The priest is, as it were, a mediator between God and man. It is his office to offer a Almighty sacrifice and incense, to carry before the throne of infinite mercy the prayers of mortals, to appease the Divine Justice, incessantly provoked by their crimes, and receiving from the hands of the Eternal Father gifts most necessary and precious, to scatter them upon the world as unfulfilling treasures of consolation and of hope. Look at him when he is occupied in the discharge of his august functions, surrounded by his flock bowing low in the spirit of humility before the Holy of Holies, clothed in symbolical and mysterious robes, standing before the altar in the glow of lights, enveloped in the sweet and fragrant cloud that rises from his hand towards the throne of the Eternal, he pronounces with faltering accents the universal prayer; he intones the majestic hymn to the God of Sabaoth; he lifts up with trembling hand the host of salvation, and presents for the adoration of the people the Lamb without stain, whose blood has redeemed the world. Does not this sublime spectacle move to transports your entire soul? Are you not penetrated by a religious feeling; that humbles you before the Most High, and at the same time, is not your heart filled with profound respect for the dignity of His minister? These are eloquent and noble words, and powerfully depict the lofty conception of the priesthood, which faith and love impress upon the minds of the Catholic masses, and which binds them to their clergymen in bonds of affection, altogether unparalleled in any other religious body. Men say that their devotion to the priest is but a bigoted superstition. No! It is the outcome of faith in the great heart of the people, who, after looking on the face of their Christ, are quick enough to recognize in the priesthood the traits they have adored in Him. Men say it is a growth of ignorance. No! It is the enlightened homage which millions of intellects pay willingly to the sacerdotal virtues of humility, chastity, love of learning, zeal for man's salvation, the spirit of labor, union with God. They say that it is the result of fear. No! but it is the outpouring of a love that has been growing in the hearts of the faithful laity for eighteen centuries, fed year after year as the sea by the inflowing rivers, by the service of a priesthood whom gold could not corrupt, nor prosperity alter, nor persecution crush, nor labor tire, nor the fear of death itself sever from the flocks which God had committed to their charge! And, blessed be God, never at any other period of the Church's history has the clergy been more worthy of their people's love than in these days of ours, and never has their people's love and confidence been more unreservedly theirs. It is not too much to say that this wonderful union between the laity and the clergy is one of the most powerful elements of that heaven-given strength which sustains the Catholic Church under the pressure of the persecution which now so furiously assails her.

And as the laity is united in itself and with its immediate pastors, so the pastors in turn are united among themselves and with their bishops. Those who have seen the inner life of the Catholic clergy can bear witness how fully the Psalmist's conception of what is good and pleasing is realized by the spirit and practice of brotherly love that prevails among them: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." (Ps. 133. 1). And those who witness how faithfully and unreservedly the Catholic priest carries out the promise made by him to the bishop in the solemn hour of his ordination at once recognizes in this union of the two orders of the clergy the fulfillment of the counsel given by

ST. IGNATIUS, IN THE FIRST CENTURY

of Christianity: "Let all follow the bishop, as Christ follows His Father." In one word, the relations between the priests and bishops in the Catholic Church exhibits the latter as the living centre of an authority respected by all, and, as in every deed, "placed by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God." So true is this, that the efforts that are now being made to shatter the organization of the Catholic Church in several of the European States, are avowedly based upon this principle; that unless the clergy can be brought to break with the bishops, all the violence of the persecution will spend itself in vain. "We must give to the inferior clergy," wrote an Italian politician, on a recent occasion, "such a position of material independence as will secure for them dignity, strength of character, moral independence and liberty in the face of the episcopate and of the Papacy. . . . This would serve to transform the Church, which now belongs to the Pope, into a Church which would belong to the nation." And another politician of the same school wrote a few years ago: "There is no other way to fight the Papacy than destroying its influence, by emancipating the masses and the inferior clergy from

its tyranny" (Gazzetta della Capitale, 12 Aug. 78). And touching the same subject, a few months ago, another writer holding similar views distinctly declared that measures such as these, useful in other countries, are necessary in Italy, which, as he says, is the 'centre of the great struggle against Catholic reaction.'

But notwithstanding all the efforts of these men, sustained as they have been for some years by an unbridled press, encouraged by the favors and stimulated by the patronage of successive governments, the Catholic clergy has remained absolutely united with the episcopate, and through the episcopate with the Pope. In Italy alone, out of more than forty thousand parishes, but two were found in which the clergy proved false to the teachings of the Church, by accepting an uncanonical election. Before this sacerdotal firmness the mighty Kulturkampf itself has failed. And not Catholics alone, but all who profess the Christian religion, have reason to admire the strength of Catholic unity, as exhibited in the Catholic priesthood; for the enemy that has been vanquished by it is the sworn foe not only of the Catholic Church, but of all churches professing the Christian religion. This is candidly acknowledged by a recent German writer, Hartman, in his work on "The Religion of the Future." "The true meaning of this struggle"—he is speaking of the persecution of the Church in Prussia—"is the answer to the following question: Will mankind, as it is to-day, assign the first place to the next life or to the present life; to the spiritual or to the temporal, to eternity or to the things of this world? Which of these interests must prevail; those of Christianity or those of civilization? We shall now be in a position to measure how much of true Christian spirit remains in the Protestant sects by observing what degree of resistance Protestantism will offer to the State, and how far it will consider the interests of Christianity identified with those of Catholicism. Should the Ultramontanes win, their victory will involve victory also for the evangelical orthodox Protestants; but on the other hand, the triumph of the State over Catholicism would scatter their pigmy hosts, as a puff scatters the dust on an old book." Since then the most terrible persecution that has been unchained for centuries against the Christian religion has been guided by the keen instincts of hatred to deliver its most furious blows against the Church's armour in the place where the two orders of her clergy meet in union; and since, with a firm, constant unyielding spirit, the priesthood of the Catholic Church remains to-day more than ever steadfast in due and canonical accord with the Episcopate, we have reason surely to bless the Lord God of Sabaoth for the strength He has herein bestowed upon His Church.

It is not necessary that I should dwell here at any length upon the union that binds the members of the Episcopate together, and with the Sovereign Pontiff. All that could be said to describe the most perfect form of ecclesiastical unity is summed up in the mention of the results of the Vatican Council. The union which at the present time prevails between the entire Episcopate of the Catholic Church and the Sovereign Pontiff is absolutely without a flaw. There is not a single member of a hierarchy that girdles the whole earth, and counts in its members men, leaders in the world of thought and of action in a hundred different countries, but teaches his flock to-day, as the very word of divine truth, each and every definition issued from the mystic assembly of the Church's latest Council. There is not one of that illustrious throng who does not venerate the Roman Pontiff as the infallible teacher of Christians, and as the supreme ruler of the entire Christian Church. From a thousand episcopal thrones in the old world and the new, from the Oriental Churches in the mystic East; from the great European centers of modern civilization; from the bustling and prosperous cities of this American Republic; from the islands of the sea there rises up as one voice the same cry of greeting and of homage to the newly elected Pope. As St. Bernard asked, concerning the Pope of his day:

THEY ASK LEO XIII.

"Who art thou?" and then they themselves speaking for their flocks reply with one accent: "Thou art the Great Priest; the Sovereign Pontiff, the Prince of Bishops; the heir of the Apostles. Thou art Able in primacy, in government Noe, in patriarchate, Abraham; in order Melchisedech; in judgment Samuel; in power Peter; in union Christ." (De Con. 1.2.) And from the height of his Pontifical throne Leo answers with Gregory and with Pius: "My honor is the solid strength of my brethren. Then am I truly honored, when to each and every one of you, his due honor is not denied." (St. Greg. ep ad Eulog. Alex.) How surpassingly beautiful is this vision of perfect unity in the midst of the world's dimensions and strifes! Surely it is of no earthly forging the bond that links in full and perfect accord so many millions of men with each other and with their respective pastors; that gives one heart and soul to so many pastors and to their bishops; that unites these bishops to Leo, and Leo to them; and Leo and bishops and priests and faithful to the Sacred Heart of Christ! Can we conceive of a more perfect fulfillment of the prayer of Christ to His Father, that His followers should be one, even as He and His Father are one? Is not the Catholic Church to-day, in the living strength of its internal unity, the one fold and the one Shepherd which our Saviour promised to create?

A MEXICAN ADVENTURE.

I was riding along the Tuolumne River one summer afternoon, after "going through" half the claims on Sandy Bar, when I came upon a camp of Mexicans, some ten or a dozen in number. The day had been unusually warm. No, that is not the word; it was hot, smelting hot, and I felt tired and worn out with my long ride and hard exertions. In fact my condition was such that I determined to accept proffered hospitality of the Mexicans, rather than travel eight or ten miles to town. So, taking the saddle off "Gringo" my tough little mustang, I staked him out and rejoined the party, a portion of whom were busily employed getting ready something to eat. They did not appear to notice my presence particularly; treating me, however, with marked politeness which they generally show to a stranger. But one among them could speak English, and from him I learned that they were miners, who had come from an adjoining country in search of better diggings. On the way a quarrel arisen between two of the party about that fruitless cause of man's troubles as well as blessings—a woman. Antoine, my informant, stated that he had made every effort to stop the difficulty without effect and now it was proposed to fight it out early next morning with bow-knives. My arrival Antoine stated, had caused them some uneasiness, as I looked upon as an officer of the law; and they were even now undecided what to do, although the general idea was to postpone the combat until I had taken my departure.

Here, thought I, is a chance for me to play the part of a peacemaker; and there and then, through the medium of Antoine, as interpreter, my work began. The aggrieved parties were brought together, and the folly and madness of proceeding to extremes, strongly represented. My eloquence prevailed; mutual explanations followed, the Mexicans shook hands, and friendship was apparently fully restored. After this we all felt in such good humor that the bottle passed freely, and I fear that more than one of the number swallowed a little too much of the ardent. At all events, I

know that my head appeared to have attained a most remarkable growth the next morning.

During the evening, however, one of the Mexicans—a big, swarthy fellow, with an ugly scar on his cheek—evinced rather an unusual interest in a piece of personal property belonging to me—namely, a large-sized six-shooter, with a white ivory handle, and handsomely mounted. Twice he requested me to let him see it, and his eyes fairly danced with pleasure while examining and handling the beautiful weapon. Time and again, through the medium of the interpreter he wanted to know how much I would sell it for, until, worn out with his opportunities, I at last consented to trade the revolver for one that he had and six ounces of gold dust into the bargain. This, you will agree, was a pretty good trade, even for those days; but, then, I really prized the weapon very highly, and did not want to part with it. Tired with my journey, and drowsy from drinking, I finally rolled over in my blanket for a sound sleep, leaving the Mexican, including the happy possessor of my pistol, deeply engaged in a game of monte.

Despite the effects of the brandy, of which I had certainly got my full share, my sleep was disturbed and broken and I awoke early next morning, just as day was breaking, sick at stomach and with a racking headache. Looking around I could see my companions of the night, each wrapped in his blanket or serapa, and to judge from their heavy breathing, all fast asleep. Having a long day's ride before me and feeling vexed and disgusted with myself, I quietly arose and went out to where "Gringo" was doing his best to get a square meal from the stunted and scorched grass within range of his tether. To blanket and saddle him was the work of a few minutes, and we were soon galloping away, without the formality of leaving-taking, or so much as saying good-bye to a single one of the party.

I had not gone more than a mile or two, however, before I became conscious that some one was riding hard in pursuit, or at least, coming at a furious gallop from the direction of the camp. The sound of the horse's hoofs rang ominously in my ears. For some cause or other I felt all was not right, and apprehended danger. A sharp bend in the road brought the horseman into full view, and a glance served to show me that it was none other than the ugly looking customer with whom I had swapped pistols the night before. My first impulse was to draw my six shooter. But horror! I saw it was not loaded! The next movement was to strike the spurs into the flanks of poor "Gringo," determined on a race for life. Looking back, the swarthy Mexican could be plainly seen, urging his horse with lash and spur, while to add to my terror, he was brandishing my white handled revolver over his head in a threatening manner.

We had now entered a piece of woods which was but little travelled. In fact, it was nothing more than a trail, which I had no-vised to take as cut-off. I knew however, that a few miles further on we should strike a maining camp, and then I should be all right. But poor "Gringo" never much for speed at his best, and now jaded and broken down, was no match for the swift-footed animal in pursuit, and every moment I could hear the latter's hoofs sound closer and closer, while my pursuer shouted savagely in his barbarous lingo. At last, in utter despair of escape in this way, I threw myself from the saddle and sought safety by taking to the brush. Too late! Too late! The Mexican, with the hideous scar, and his horse covered with foam, was upon me in an instant. I had sense enough left, and courage, too, to not give up life without one desperate struggle. So, clubbing the old six-shooter, I raised my hand to strike, just as the big Mexican rushed upon me. When within a few feet of where I stood, however, he suddenly jerked his horse back upon his haunches, and then a wild laugh rang through the woods, loud enough to be heard a mile away. The fellow's eyes fairly rolled in his head as he looked at me, while he shouted and laughed as if his sides would split.

I confess to being a man of sensitive feeling, and ordinarily don't like to be laughed at. But this time the coarse peals of laughter sounded like music in my ears. I was stunned, stupefied, dumb-founded; but knew intuitively that the man who could laugh that way didn't have murder in his heart. A few minutes sufficed to put things in their true light, although I could not speak a word of Spanish, and he was almost as equally ignorant of English. He made me understand by words and signs that he lost all his money playing "monte" the night before, and now wanted to sell me back my pistol for a couple of ounces. He was awake when I got up, and intended to make the offer before my leaving. My sudden departure, however, prevented his doing so, and he therefore speedily jumped on the fastest horse in the lot and started in pursuit. Mortified and ashamed of myself, for having been so dreadfully frightened without cause, I gladly gave the fellow the money he asked and resumed possession of my revolver. He then assisted me to catch my horse, and on taking leave I gave him to understand that if he wanted to be my friend for life he must never say a word about this adventure.

EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY BY TWO BOYS.

The Allan steamer Sardinian, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, which arrived at Liverpool lately, and which was unfortunately been burned at Merville, on her outward passage:—

Brought with her two young lads, Richard and Phillip Valot, eleven and twelve years old respectively, who had found their way to England under the extraordinary circumstances stated below. The lads belonged to Montreal, and the desertion of their father and subsequent death of their mother left them destitute. They were received into St. Patrick's Home at Montreal, until they were sent for by their grandmother at Halifax. The fathers of the Home sent them off by the train which conveyed the passengers for the Sardinian, placing them under the protection of the conductor. The large number of passengers, however, and the consequent confusion, seemed to have so occupied the attention of this official, that he was neglectful of his charge, and the two boys, "going in the swim," were soon on board the Sardinian. They had a vague idea of having to cross to a ferry at Halifax, and meant no disrespect when they took the stately liner Sardinian for an unpretending ferry boat. This "ferry" however, proved unusually broad, and very soon attention was directed to the two poor lads, who crouched on deck looking very much scared and distressed. Their history was soon told, but as the pilot had left, there was nothing for it but to give them a trip across the Atlantic. The helpless condition of the two poor wails attracted general sympathy, and Captain Dutton placed them in charge of the stewardess, under whose motherly care they were soon lively and comfortable. The bracing Atlantic breezes, and the kindly attention of the passengers and crew, had a wonderful effect on the two boys, and they arrived in England in excellent health and spirits. Here they were comfortably lodged and rigged out by Messrs. Allan Brothers, who will provide for them until the 30th, when they will be sent back to Halifax by the steamer Nova Scotian. In the meantime the firm sent a cable message to their agents at Halifax, to acquaint the no doubt disconsolate grandmother of the safety of her lost boys.—Liverpool Daily Post.

IN THE WORLD OF MODERN THOUGHT

notwithstanding the attacks to which she has long been exposed, both from religious bodies outside her own pale, and from the schools of scientific unbelief. As far as religious bodies not Catholic are concerned, they may for our present purpose be