Constantini (Salida Sha

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE PILGRIMS. MAY, 1877. The farewells had been said, Beneath the cold grey cloud, That darkly did enshroud The heavens overhead :--And tears were on each tace: And many a heart-felt prayer Was wafted thro' the air, That God would keep them in His loved embrace. And as, thro' tear-dimm'd eyes The long last look was ta'en. The sun shone o'er the main Tho' clouds obscured the skies .----His rays the promise bore That on the boist'rous deep He would His children keep And bring them safely to the other shore .--A purpose childlike meek. Each heart with ardour fills: The "City of the Hills" In simple faith they seek :--The Holy Father's voice In benison to hear :---His failing strength to cheer With words and deeds that bid his heart rejoice. So forth they bravely went.---But oh! the saxious time From weary chime to chime !--And many a knee is bunt In earnest, hear:-felt prayer, That soon some answering word May f. om the deep be heard, To ease their brethren's hearts from weight of care. Oh! blind and hard of heart ! Could we not trust His power Who, in each trying heur, Bids anxions fears depart ?---'Twas His Eternal will To still their laboring powers, And thro' their pilgrim hours, Their swelling sails with Heaven's own breeze to fill The time was sad and long That our dull hearts might learn In trying hours to turn To Him, to make them strong ;---Trust Him in everything. And yield submissively To His divine decree Who perfected His Son through suffering. Then glory to the Power Whom winds and sear obey.-We'll trust Him tho' He slay. E'en in the darkest hour. His gift are all our days ; To Him we all things owe ;--In childlike faith we bow And in our holy Church glad orisons we'll raise ! Montreal, 14th May, 1877.

KATHERINA:

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

BY M. W. KIRWAN,

Author of "La Compagnie Irelandaise."

CHAPTER III.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, All things below, the saints above, For love is heaven, and heaven is love.-Scort

Auckland was the capital of New Zealand when the great Maori King movement was inaugurated on the shores of Lake Taupo in 1857. Like Folkestone in Kent, it is laid out up and down the sides of hills, with wide handsome streets, convenient wharfs, and substantial public and private buildings, built of scoria, presenting in all a solidity justified by the exemption of earthquakes which the province enjoys. The Government House was indeed, remarkbale for its dimensions alone, for of architectural beauty it had none, while the valleys between the hills are occupied with villas, with their neatly-arranged gardens and pleasant sea view. The streets present that activity which pervades all colonial towns, and the pushing energy of the enterprising colonists, manifests itself in every vein of the capital. Not far from the town the Bichmond of Auckland invites the successful trader or the Government employees to its somewhat sequestered shades, and the villas grow into houses, the houses into mansions, with elegant veranda, and all the cemforts of an Eure-The Waitemata opens its broad and scenic harbor below, and the ocean gales cool the atmosphere, which, rises to 90 degrees in the shade, under the influence of a December sun. Geraniums grow in minosas remind us of its bright yellow blossoms, which in winter frames the landscape in a girdle of gold. Step into an enclosure where the neatly-arranged walks, the finished care that accompanies good taste, surround a comfortable mansion, which bespeak the residence of a man of position if not of wealth. Seats of wicker work are placed at convenient distances under the veranda, and books and Berlin wool are strewn about the tables, while the handsomely arranged flower-beds dot the scene with their many shaped forms. At the furthest end of the veranda a young man in the blue undress coat the crimson sash, and the military undress of an English officer of the period, is engaged in anxious convertation with a lady who sits by his side. He is more manly than handsome in appearance. more athletic than robust, and his dark but slight moustache makes him look every inch a soldier. The lady is his junior by some years, and her fair countenance looks but poorly moulded to encounter in the sorrow that, pall-like, covers her face. Her eyelashes are perceptibly wet, and the heaven blue colour of her eyes are dimmed with tears which falling, baptize the joined hands of her own and the young soldier at her side. He mutters something inaudible to all save herself and then like a beacon of hope, a sorrowful smile traces its sad passage over her face, while she looks into the sun burnt countenance of her companion with an expression which speaks of passion tempered with regret and misery. "Your fears are unreasonable, Florence," said the young soldier, still holding the hand of the fair girl at his side. "Yeu must allow that I can speak from experience, and you know how little my regiment suffered before, when there was mire hard work on hands than we are likely to encounter from this Maori King movemeut." "But there is danger still," replied the lady, " and why should I not fear, George; you have be-come part of my very existence, and life without you would be valueless indeed." "Florence, you must not distress yourself this way?" answered the young soldier, while his hand | heart brave and dignified, and looks upon vigorous held the nervous fingers of the lady to whom he spoke, "every bullet has not its billet darling, and, like Desdemona, you may love me even more for the dangers I shall have passed through, when this silly little campaign is over."

"Ob, yes, George, I do. But I cannot help my couble. When those we love are in danger the trouble. measure of our unhappiness is fall," and the tears again flowed down the fair face over which the young soldier hung, with reasonable anxiety. Just then a regimental bugle sounded, and the notes caused the young man and his companion to start from their position. and look with saddened stonishment into each other's countenance.

"The time has come, Florence, I must go. have already said good-bye to your father, and now, darling, sdieu. Florence, Florence, cheer up. Don't tampt me to wish that I had not been a soldier, or cause me to seel that even glory pales be fore the passionate devotion of your love. There are few joys unseasoned by sorrow, Florence, dar ling, and fewer still that are not the more enjoyab e for the trial. 'The path of sorrow and that path alone, leads to the land where sorrow is unknown. Good bye now, dearest Florence," and the young man bent over the weeping form and kissed the tears from the fair cheek of his companion, and quickly turning left the scene of so much misery.

The lady seemed moved to stone. Once or twice, indeed, audible sobs stole through the fingers which now covered the tear-streamed countenance, and at last her head rested upon her arm, as leasing upon a small table she remained wildly thinking of the man who had gone. The measure of her troub es had indeed overflown, for all the wild frenzy of love possessed every crevice of her mind. and life appeared as cruel as the grave. It was her first great sorrow. Florence Hastings had never known a trouble. The path of her life had been strewn with flowers until she met with George Bellew the young Irish soldier. and her first great grief was on that summer's day when he left her to enter upon the Waikato campaign against Potatau and his followers. Her fears conjured up a thousand dangers, and every puff of wind that came from the great ranges of hills that surround Tangarori and Lake Taupo appeared to murmur some imaginary evil, and to whisper some lurking danger for the man she loved. George Bellew, too, was almost unmanned by the devoted passion of Florence Hastings. To him indeed, everything went down before the one thought-Duty ! No sentiment could cause him to swerve from the path of honour. Even the love of Flor-ence Hastings could not cause him for a minute to hesitate between duty and desire. But in his present frame of mind George Bellew had no desire to "go where glory waited him," for he, too, had surrendered a noble heart to the custody of the girl from whom he parted. To him her voice was sweeter music than the whistle of a bullet, her society dearer than the companions in the work before him. He had, too, won his honours in the bush, and the Victoria Cross that decorated the bosom of his tunic advertised how George Bellew led the attack upon the Bangaterl Pa, and was one of ten who, out of 94 men, escaped from the murderous fusilade of the entrenched Maories. As he returned to the barracks all was preparation for the departure. The men had already fallen in, fully accoutred for the field, and after changing his blue frock for his scarlet tunic, he took his place as lieutenant of his company, and then the command is given, the men step out, the band plays, and he is away for the field. The road was hilly for a while, and then opened out into the beautiful landscapes that surround the Manikau harbour. The strains of military music float upon the summer air, and the troops look in the best of spirits as they step out under the inspiring influence of Auld Lang Syne." The handsome villas are passed in quick succession, and the family group cluster under the veranda to see the troops en route The road points to Drury; a small bush is skirted, and then the timbers close in the view, and the giant kauri overhangs the road, while its dense foliage makes a tunnel like passage of the path. But let us leave George Bellew on his way to the Waikato, and return to the stricken girl from whem he parted, and see her when the quiet melancholy that follows passionate regret had settled upon her mind. The flowers bloom as freshly, the birds sing as sweetly, and carol their mission in as joy-

ous tones as they did before, but she neither saw nor heard, for she felt so keenly that her very being was wrapped up in the associations of the past. She noticed nothing, but only knew that

flushed countenance and unmoved expression upon the lady's face showed that the visitor was not a welcome one.

"Miss Hastings, I hope I am not trespassing upon your reverie," mid Captain St. George, sitting by her side. "Such intrusions are generally unwelcome visitants; and at best I fear my profession are but cooly received." "Captain St. George, I thought my father had

given you his own answer as well as mine. This continual prosecution is becoming annoying, and now above all other times is exceedingly disagreeable," replied Florence Hastings as her thought flew away to the line of march where George Bel lew was holding plous communion with himself thinking of the girl whose whole existence had been absorbed by her passion for him.

"I am quite sensible by your hesitancy to accept the attentions I have offered you, Miss Hastings; but until I am assured that your affections are en gaged, my excessive love for you will prompt me with bland expression, while something more than a leer shot out his keenly-arched eyes.

"Then, sir, if you must know, my affections are engaged. I condescend to tell you even this to secure myself from a repetition of those visits." "I thank you for your candour, Miss Hastings and I assure you that I shall trouble you no more your word is law to me, and I shall say good-bye,' and he raised his hat and once more left her alone It was mid-day. The sun poured down its gene-rous rays upon the inhabitants of Parnell, and the thermometer had mounted to 97 degrees in the shade. A refreshing shower had just swept over the land, and the gaping earth soaked in the luxurious draught with thirsty zeal. A few insectivorous birds, lately imported from England, hopped around the grounds of Mr. Hastings, and afforded a subject of interest to any young speculating colonist who had never seen a sparrow. The perfume from the beds of flowers pervaded the entire open space in front of the establishment, as if they were giving out their most valued gift in thankegiving for the refreshing rain. Nature appeared to don her daintiest garments, and for a few minutes time itself appeared to stand still, so quiet and calm did all the surroundings appear. Florence Hastings was thinking-thinking of the absent, and if a fervent prayer ascended to Him who rules all, it was for the safety of George Bellew. Beside the veranda a narrow walk led to an outer gate through which the workmen and servants passed from the house into the street or boulevard beyond. A Maori was slowly making his way down this path, and he carried baskets full of peaches, ripe and luxuriously mellow, for sale. He was a man of the old school, deeply tattooed, and understood nothing of English, except indeed a few blasphemies, which savage and semi-savage communities are sure to master early in their social intercourse either with the "pale face" of America, the "pakeha" of New Zealand, or the "sahib" of India. But Florence Hastings had been nurtered amongst the Maories, and had, like many of the early colonists taken an interest in the study of their language. She spoke the Maori tongue with some little ease, and could easily interpret the wild chants and rude similes of the Maories. She was fond of hearing the tradition of the people near whom she had spent the greatest part of her life, and she hoped now that her knowledge of the Maori character could in some way protect George Bellew in his dangerous work. Her ideas were, indeed, unde-

fined, but love suggests a thousand expedients, and the appearance of the old Maori worked hopefully, upon her mind, She could send him as a servant to her lover where his knowledge of native character might, in some form or other, be of service. "Tenacqui," said the old man in Maori salutation which Florence Hastings graciously returned, and after purchasing the contents of his basket she ultimately won his confidence. Rude and untutord though they be, the New Zealanders have learned to be suspicious, and had gained from experience the necessity of discrimination. " Maori," said Miss Hastings, "do you know that

a great war is about to commence again between your people and the Pakeha."

"Ob, yes," replied the swarthy New Zealander. the big guns of the great chief at Auckland have gone to level the pass of the Waikatoes, but I am

pursuit of material things, and too proud a feeling of independence. They prided themselves on being republicans (here there was a laugh, in which the Cardinals joined), but they must remember that all must bow the head to enter Paradise ; they must be humble and not let material things interfere with prayer. He blessed all the American people --Catholics that they might continue firm in the faith, Protestants that they might be illuminated, and prayed that good might descend in abundance upon them all.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE IN QUEBEC.

About 8.30 on Thursday the 24th inst., the special steamer, with His Grace Bishop Conroy on board crossed from South Quebec to the Grand Trunk Wharf. She was gaily decorated with flags and streamers. The passage from the Market. Wharf to the ferry pontoon was lined with policemen, who to hope on. Surely this is pardonable ?" he asked with difficulty restrained the impetuosity of the crowd. An open square was also preserved by the police immediately in front of the Grand Trunk shed; this square was lined by the officers of the shed; this square was lined by the onicers of the beld. He next dwelt upon the spread of religion, Irish national societies and the St. Jean Baptisto held. He next dwelt upon the spread of religion, Society, all in regalia. As the boat neared the wharf, His Worship the Mayor, Owan Murphy, Esq., attended by the other members of the reception committee, advanced to meet His Grace on landing. Amongst the other gentlemen present in the immediate vicinity at this time we noticed His Lordship Judge Taschereau, Messrs. Taschereau and Casgrain, M.P.'s, several members of the local Government, Hon. Thos. McGreevy, the Recorder, John Hearn, Esq., M.L.A. The Mayor escorted Dr. Conroy up the passage in front of the landing, to the open square in front above described, around which floated the colors of the various societies there represented by their officers. His Grace was received by the assembled crowd with uncovered heads, and Mayor Murphy, without further delay, formally welcomed him to Quebec, in the name of the citizens, in the following address :---

To his Excellency the Most Reverend Doctor Convoy, Bishop of Ardagh, Apostolic Delegate, Sc., Sc., Sc.:

May it please Your Excellency,-On behalf of the citizens of Quebec. I beg to approach Your Excellency, to extend to you, with feelings of the most profound respect and sincere gratification, a hearty welcome to this ancient and historic city. In greeting Your Excellency on your arrival in the capital of this province, it is my great pride to feel that I address not only an eminent divine, distinguished for his learning, wisdom and virtues, but the illustrious representative of His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth, to whom a very large number of my fellow-citizens are closely bound by the sacred ties of faith and obedience. The important and exceedingly delicate mission entrusted to you, and which has brought Your Excelleny among us, of itself affords the assurance that the interests of all concerned will be strictly and carefully guarded and we trust that the result will at least serve to show Your Excellency that the Sovereign Pontifi has no more faithful servants than the Catholics of Canada. It is the sincere wish of the people of Quebec that you may find in your intercourse with both clergy and people some slight compensation for your separation from your native country and flock, and that your sojourn here may be one of unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction.

Dr. Conroy replied as follows :---

Mr. Mayor,-I beg most sincerely to thank you, and through you the Catholics of Quebec, for the kind words with which you have welcomed me to your city. At any time the representative of the Holy See would find himself at home in Quebec, which, from its carliest history, has been a beneficent centre of religious authority in North America, and to which, as to their mother, some fifty Dioceses look up in love; but the representative of Plus the Ninth has special claims upon the affec-tion of its citizens. Four years ago, in the darkest hour of his own humiliation, he thought of honoring with a rare mark of honor the Cathedral church of this Metropolitan Sec. The Basilica of Notre Dame shall be for ages a sensible symbol of the special regard entertained by the Sovereign Pontiff for his faithful children in this province. The mission which it has pleased the Holy Father to confide to me is indeed one of grave re but the responsibility it involves is rendered lighter by its object, which is to make peace through the truth, and by the circumstance that it is to be discharged in the midst of a people who, on this, the first day of my appearance among them, have given such striking proofs of their reverence for the authority of the Holy See. For my own part, I shall account it an honor and a happiness to be allowed to labor to the best of my poor ability in the service of the Catholic Church of the Dominion of Canada, and I shall ever remember with feelings of the liveliest gratitude the reception you have this day accorded me. At the conclusion of this reply the Legate was escorted by his Worship the Mayor to his own carriage, the procession in the meantime being formed and started on its way by the marshals of the different societies, under direction of Colonel Amyot, Government Commissioner of Police.

salutation was almost insudibly returned, and the as in men, and he would remind them of two he received with a prolonged demonstration of ap-flushed countenance and unmoved expression upon had noticed in them : too great precipitancy in plause.

The Rev. Father OFarrell, after thanking his audience for the magnificent reception accorded to him, at once entered upon the subject of the even. ing, by observing that it seemed strange, in view of ing, by observing that it seemed strange, in view of the fact of the decline of small nations, to boast of the glories of Ireland. Referring to Russia, that semi-barbarous nation that had trampled upon the glorious Poles who had once saved Europe, he re. marked that a nation was illustrious and glorious not by extent of land, but by the upholding of and sticking to principle. He then alluded to the glorious faith of the Irish people-a faith fought for and maintained for 1,400 years; a faith which rivers of blood had not been able to extinguish in rivers of blood had not been able to exanguish in the hearts of its people. This faith had its exist-ence 400 years before the discovery of America, when the King of Ireland held high Court upon the summit of Tara's hill. Even in those pagan times its people were far removed from paganism, for the grand old melodies of its famous music had come down to our day. He then described in bold, come down to our day. He then described in bold, fervid, and startlingly picturesque language the ar-rival of St. Patrick, who, for the first time, told them of that faith which had been so sacredly upthe growth of the colleges and schools opened by these pioneers of Ohristianity. While this know. edge was being spread, nearly all the other nations were sinking into barbarism. Ireland sent out her scholars into Europe, into French, English and German cities, and it was admitted by eminent authors that Ireland was the saviour of science, and almost the saviour of religion for three centuries after St. Patrick had arrived. Then the Danes came, and for 300 years the struggle for existence was maintained. The persecutions of the early Irish Christians were most graphically pictured. Glendallough was thirteen times burnt and as many times rebuilt in the 10th century. At Bangor 900 monks were slaughtered at the foot of the altar by these ruthless Danes. He next reviewed the lending facts during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth which have become matters of history. As an illustration of the fearful extent to which this persecution, had been carried, he instanced the fact that in 1654 there were 28 Bishops in Ireland. In 1666 only two remained-John Burke of Tuam and Nicholas Plunkett. His audience would then be able to understand how strong was that faith and how magnificent was that endurance in its behalf. In the 18th century the Irish Protestants, to their great honor demanded the Act of Emancipation, in which Burke and hosts of noble Protestant men broke every link of the chain which bound their fellow-countrymen, and made them free for ever. Penal laws were abolished, and Irish Catho-

lics again stood on their own land-real freemen. In considering the second part of his subjectthe glory of Ireland's nationality—the speaker ob-served that while Irish Catholics had a greater share in her first glory, Irishmen of all creeds had a share in her second. Her nationality was the most ancient and illustrious that existed in Europe, and dated back long before the time of Christianity. The Irish nation came from Phonecia and settled in Spain, and learning by tradition they were to have a poetic island in the west, brought with them all their native honor and chivalry. They had a language so ancient that the best scholar could hardly decipher it. These laws were found by Sir Richard Mayne to contain the purest principles of jurisprudence and modern equity. St. Patrick found these laws so perfect that he only thought it necessary to substitute the offices of the bishops and priests in the place of the Druids. It was a singular fact that Ireland had never been invaded during the time of the Romans. But the Normans came, and for 300 years more the struggle was maintained at the expense of life. Torn by inter-nal strifes and divisions, Ireland's nationality was the occasion for a common union against a common foe, and the people united and it was found that the spirit of Irish nationality was as strong as ever. This contest was continued during Elizabeth's reign when, for ten years, O'Neill kept his standard floating against the armies of Clifford, Essex. Raleigh and many others. The efforts in behalf of her national existence was described throughout the periods of James I. and William. The Battle of the Boyne was as glorious a theme as could be found and one of which Irish Catholics could be as proud as any others. And here we must give more than a passing mention to some noble thoughts uttered by the speaker as expressive of what Irish nationality ought to be and what he wished to see it. 1 would grasp, said he, the hand of every Irish Protestant, here or in the United States, and say to him Brother, there should be no Orangemen, no Ribbonmen, no Fenians, or any other organization of that kind in this country. We are all men, governed by the same laws; there is the same freedom amongst us all, and we should bear a love for every citizen in the land. You in Canada have nothing to desire which you do not enjoy, in the shape of a free gorernment. (A perfect demonstration of applause followed the utterance of these sentiments.) He then resumed the subject of nationality during the years of '48 and '82, at which latter date a free parliament met at College Green, Dublip. The proudest names of which Catholics were fond were those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmett, Grattan, Flood and Plunket, and surely they (his audience) loved the men who came after them, in Thos. Davis, Wm, Smith O'Brien, John Martin, and, in our own day, Isaac Butt. They would feel proud, because the spirit of Irish nationality was not dead, but living. The third part of the subject, the glory of the land itself, was next touched upon. The beauty of Ireland's scenery has been so often described in several lectures given during the past six mouths, and published in these columns, that any further reference to it would be, to a certain extent, superfluous; suffice it to say, therefore, that the gifted speaker's descriptive eloquence was intensely interesting, increased by the narration of the various stages of confiscation, through which the four pro-vinces had passed. In this connection he referred to a book written by a Protestant gentleman of Dublin, Mr. Prendergast, upon the subject which had stirred up more national feeling than any other book that had been written in reference thereto. In conclusion he believed that Irish nationality was as bright as ever. It was the same old spirit that had survived the defeats of a thousand years. He held that Home Rule would eventually be realized He was no revolutionist, either here or in the States. but he believed that that which England would not grant in the cause of justice, she might some day grant through fear what she would not grant for love. Ireland asked only for freedom in a free land, for the development of her fisheries, and for the utilization of her waste bogs. If Irishmen could become prosperous here, why not on a land more favored by nature? Ireland's heart could be gained by love if England would only do her justice, and when that justice was done she would find the stiong, right arm of the Irish ready to aid her. He did not ask for separation but only for self-government. He held that union with England was desirable. When her desire was achieved he felt that the three glories of which he had spoken would be continued, and be the grand, beautiful land that God had made, but which had been prevented from becoming truly free by man's tyranny. The lecturer sat down amid deafening applause. A vote of thanks was unanimously awarded to Father O'Farrell, and it is but just to add a more truly patrictic and noble lecture has never been delivered in this city.

"Impossible, George; through life in all its phases I can love no more nor feel no less than I do now.'

bent even closer towards her now flushed counten. | towards the verands. He raised his hat with that hent even closer towards her now flushed counten-ance, through weal and wee, through joy or through joy or through easy courtesy that marks a man accustomed to be and how in the flower of its youth it had 'acquired Mr. M. C. MULLARKY, President of the St. Patrick's The Rev. Fathers Callaghan Beaubien, Loner-at ease in any society, and advancing towards her strength enough to arouse the jealousy of European National Association, under whose auspices the lec-gan, O'Rourke and numerous other gentlemen, O'

George Bellew had gone to face death. Before another day, perhaps, his bones would be left to bleach upon the shores of Lake Taupo. The being to whom of all others in this world the sympathie of her nature were most keenly drawn, around whom her young affections wound with ivy-like tenacity, he had gone to where his chivalrous nature might induce him to be brave to rashness heroic to a fault. In the cool grave-like quiet that followed these reflections, Florence Hastings was wretched beyond measure. With George Bellew her very soul appeared to go, and she looked the mere shell of what she was, while her daeamy eyes appeared to follow in the wake of some moving chimera around her. By nature she felt deeply upon all subjects, and her thoughts eat into her existence, and became part of her being. Tempered with sound judgment though they were, still her love was above all the deepest rooted feeling of her nature. If George Bellew was lost, the fair young life of Florence Hastings was blasted like a gracaful tree that is one minute beautifying the land scape, and is the next stricken by the electric fluid. slowly sinks its head and dies. She was too deeply moved to hear the heavy footsteps that passed along the gravel walk until it came to within a few feet of where she still sat. and then a sudden siart. as she looked tremblingly at the man before her, showed that she almost doubted the evidence of her own reason.

The appearance of the man was singularly hand. some, while the scrupulous care of his att. 's show-ed him to be a man of cultivated taste. He was not, perhaps, more than 25 years of age, and carried himself with that military ease which stamped him as a soldier. A heavy slash upon his right hand was presumptive evidence that he had seen service too, and his deep speaking eyes and firm set lip told of a purpose not easily swayed from its mission. There was, however, a lurking expression which originated in excessive vanity upon the wellchiselled features, and a close observer might notice now and again a look of superciliousness upon his handsome faco. He wanted, in fact, that stamp of mapliness without which the most handsome of men fail to win a lady's favour. A woman can trust and love a man whose rugged features impress her with a firm resolve and noble purpose-a being in whom she can see "man" impressed upon his face. Desdemona was but the interpreter of her whole sex when she looked for the "visage of the mind." Then there was Mirabeau-a monster of ugliness-whose boast it was ever to bear away the palm of the ladies' regards from the most crowded drawing-room collection of good looking fellows. A woman wants something to lean upon, some and intellectual manhood as her ideal, and not upon the expressive eye, nor moulded features. though they belonged to an Apollo.

Captain St. George, who stood before Florence Hastings, was not such a man as a true woman could love. Admiration was the highest feeling that she had ever entertained for the handsome soldier, and even that lapsed into indifference, and "Your fidelity to me must have its reward in my finally into dread, when she had discovered the fidelity to you, answered her companion, while he heartless character of the man who now advanced

from the Bay of Islands.

the Bay of Islands. "There away is the tide of Honipaka, Alas, thou [Honipaka] are divided from me, The only tie which connects us Is the fleecy clouds which drift hither Ower the summit of the island Which stands Clearly in sight. Let me send a sigh afar to the tribe Where the tide is now flowing -The leaping, racing, Skipping tide. Oh for the breeze, the land breeze, That is my bird, A bird that hearkens to the call, Though concealed in the cage. Oh, the wind of Matariki, These Le Wharporutu And the great Atiawa And the great Atiawa Will sail swiftly hitherward, So ends my song."

"Would you take service against the Walkatoes ?" asked Miss Hastings, anxiously watching the expressive countenance of the Maori.

"Willingly," replied the aboriginc. "I was one of Hongie's men when he swept down upon the chiefs of the Waikatoes, and carried off their cattle and their prisoners to work in the fields of the tribes who live in the Bay of Islands. My father's blood cries to Tawhaki for revenge, and the son has not yet slackened his thirst in the blood of the Waikatoes."

"When could you start?" she asked, somewhat nervously feeling for her purse.

"Now" was the ready reply.

A hurried letter, some instructions to the Maori, the promise of a reward, and he departed to weave a web of trouble around the path of Georgo Bellew. The pseudo Bay of Island Maori was a Waikato in disguise, it was Iwikau, who came to Auckland to find out the tone and temper of the people and the Government.

A dangerous enemy had been introduced into the English camp, and funeral clouds were hovering over the path of George Bellew and his affianced wife.

[To be Continued.]

RECEPTION OF THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS

The Pope received the American pilgrims on the 24th inst. The Archbishop of Philadelphia read an address expressing the devotion and affection of the American Catholics. Another bishop read the address of the Archbishop of New York, expressin the same sentiments. Subsequently nine of the Bishops presented the Pope the offerings of their dioceses, amounting to \$25,000. Other offerings were presented by the representative of the American Catholic Assciation. The Pope expressed joy at seeing himself surrounded by the faithful from such distant lands. He dwelt in detail upon the progress of the Church in America, and alluded to the persecutions to which the church was subjected in Europe.

After the address, the Pilgrims were presented to the Pope, who was seuted on a throne. 'His Holiness remembered how an eminent Cardinal had told him at the commencement of his Pontificate that from America would come the great comfort of the Church. 'He now saw the fulfilment of that prediction. He spoke in great praise of the American nation, the great things it had accomplished,

His Grace Bishop Conroy seemed to be in excellent spirits, and highly gratified at the magnificent reception accorded to him. He frequently returned with uncovered head the greetings of the crowds of spectators who thronged the line of march.

Arriving at Buade street, the societies opened out for the Mayor's carriage to pass through. At the door of the Basilica a beautiful canopy of green had been erected, and the Archbishops and Bishops of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec were assembled to receive the Apostolic Delegate from the care of His Worship the Mayor. Several of those who participated in the procession now dispersed to their homes, but many of them entered the Basilica, where low mass, was said, and Dr. Conroy pronounced the Papal Benediction. The sacred edifice was handsomely decorated for the occasion : colored streamers floated with long rolls of lace over the sanctuary, tastefelly looped up at the sides, while the archiepiscopal throne was beautifully adorned with the rich episcopal purple.

In the evening Dr. Conroy was present at the concert in the Laval University, after which he was driven by the Mayor around the city, to view the illuminations.

It is understood that it is the intention of the Apostolic Delegate to rent a house is Quebec, and to take up his residence there during his stay in Canada.

"THE GLORIES OF IRELAND."

LECTURE BY THE REV. FATHER O'FARRELL.

The Mechanics' Hall has seldom been filled by a more intelligent or enthuliastic audience than as sembled on Friday evening 24th inst. And rarely has any Montreal audience had the good fortune to hear a more eloquent or more liberal-minded lecturer than Father O'Farrell-a name woll known and beloved by so many of our citizens. To do full justice to his lecture is an impossibility, and as we cannot give it in full we are compelled to refer briefly to the principal points it contains. The subject was a masterly condensation of the

History of Ireland from the earliest age to modern times; a history divided into three headings : 1st. The glory and grandeur of its faith, 2nd. The glory of its nationality. 3rd. The beauty of the

scenery. Mr. M. C. MULLARKY, President of the St. Patrick's sorrow, throug good repute or had repute, Florence, at ease in any society, and advancing towards her strength enough to arouse the jealousy of European National Association, under whose auspices the lec-I am yours and yours only. Do you not believeme?" bade her good morning with quiet solicitude. The nations, but there were errors of youth in nations ture was given, introduced the lecturer, who was cupied seats on the platform.