

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 face: And many a heart-felt prayer Was wafted thro' the air, That God would keep them in His loved embrace.

"Oh, yes, George, I do. But I cannot help my trouble. When those we love are in danger the measure of our unhappiness is full, 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 astonishment into each other's countenance.

The lady resumed moved to stone. Once or twice, indeed, audible sobs stole through the fingers which now covered the tear-streaked countenance, and at last her head rested upon her arm, as leaning upon a small table she remained wildly thinking of the man who had gone. The measure of her trouble had indeed overflowed, 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 Bellow 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 the Maori and his followers.

salutation was almost inaudibly returned, and the 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," said Captain St. George, sitting by her side. "Such intrusions are generally unwelcome visitors, and at best I fear my profession are but coolly received."

"The time has come, Florence, I must go. I have already said good-bye to your father, and now, darling, adieu. Florence, cheer up, Don't tempt me to wish that I had not been a soldier, or cause me to feel that even glory pales before the passionate devotion of your love. There are few joys unseasoned by sorrow, Florence, darling, and fewer still that are not the more enjoyable 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.

as in men, and he would remind them of two he had noticed in them: too great precipitancy in 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 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 Irish national societies and the St. Jean Baptiste Society, all in regalia. As the boat neared the wharf, His Worship the Mayor, Owen 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 Conroy, Bishop of Aradagh, Apostolic Delegate, &c., &c., &c.: 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 Excellency 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 Pontiff 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 earliest 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 Pius the Ninth has special claims upon the affection 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 See. 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 responsibility, 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 Legats 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. 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, tastefully 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 in 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 enthusiastic audience than assembled 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 well 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 National Association, under whose auspices the lecture was given, introduced the lecturer, who was

received with a prolonged demonstration of applause. The Rev. Father O'Farrell, after thanking his audience for the magnificent reception accorded to him, at once entered upon the subject of the evening, by observing that it seemed strange, in view of the fact of the decline of some 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 remarked that a nation was illustrious and glorious not by extent of land, but by the upholding of and glorious faith of the Irish people—a faith fought for and maintained for 1,400 years—a faith fought for rivers of blood had not been able to extinguish in the hearts of its people. This faith had its existence 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, fervid, and startlingly picturesque language the arrival of St. Patrick, who, for the first time, told them of that faith which had been so sacredly upheld. He next dwelt upon the spread of religion, the growth of the colleges and schools opened by those pioneers of Christianity. While this knowledge was being spread, nearly all the other nations were sinking into barbarism. Ireland sent out her scholars into Europe, into France, England 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. Glendalough was thirteen times burnt and as many times rebuilt in the 10th century. At Bangor 300 monks were slaughtered at the foot of the altar by these ruthless Danes. He next reviewed the leading 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 1668 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 Catholics again stood on their own land—real freemen.

In considering the second part of his subject—the glory of Ireland's nationality—the speaker observed 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 Phoenicia 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 internal 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 flying 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. I 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 government. (A perfect demonstration of applause followed the utterance of these sentiments.) He then resumed the subject of nationality during the years of '48 and '52, at which latter date a free parliament met at College Green, Dublin. The proudest names of which Catholics were fond were those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmett, Grattan, Flood and Plunkett, 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 months, 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 provinces 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 benefit Ireland. 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 strong 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 patriotic and noble lecture has never been delivered in this city. The Rev. Fathers Callaghan Beaubien, Lonergan, O'Rourke and numerous other gentlemen, occupied seats on the platform.

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

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

CHAPTER III.

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

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, remarkable 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 air of commercial 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 Richmond of Auckland invites the successful trader or the Government employes to its somewhat sequestered shades, and the villas grow into houses, the houses into mansions, with elegant veranda, and all the comforts of an European abode, slightly toned with tropical luxury. 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 profuse abundance along the way, while the mimosa remind us of its bright yellow blossoms, which in winter frames the landscape in a girle 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 address of an English officer of the period, is engaged in anxious conversation with a lady who sits by his side. He is more than handsomely 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. "You must allow that I can speak from experience, and you know how little my regiment suffered before, when there was more hard work on hands than we are likely to encounter from this Maori King movement." "But there is danger still," replied the lady, "and why should I not fear, George; you have become 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 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." "Impossible, George; through life in all its phases I can love no more nor feel no less than I do now." "Your fidelity to me must have its reward in my fidelity to you, answered her companion, while he bent even closer towards her now flushed countenance, through woe and woe, through joy or through sorrow, through good repute or bad repute, Florence, I am yours and yours only. Do you not believe me?"

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, expressing 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 Association. 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.

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