

that influence which had its birth in Oxford had in a great measure died down again. The present Oxford was not the Oxford of his remembrance. It seemed to him to be now a place divided between what was called muscular Christianity on the one side and open agnosticism on the other. A portion was devoted to rowing and various athletic amusements, and the more thoughtful portion was following great egotistic leaders, seeing great beauty in some portions of the Catholic faith, but by no means making any active personal submission. This was a subject important and interesting in itself, and he would therefore claim from his Catholic audience now and then the prayer that minds which were on the move might find the door of their true home, and that those who had adopted at least a portion of Catholic principles might live to be crowned by their result.

BISHOP MACDONELL.

By W. J. Macdonell, Toronto.
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Of the public men of Upper Canada, some sixty years ago, few, if any, were better known or more highly esteemed than was the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston.

As this distinguished prelate occupied a more than ordinary position in the British Dominions, a brief memoir of him may not prove uninteresting to the readers of the Catholic Record.

This venerable gentleman was born 17th July, 1762, in Glen Urquhart, on the borders of Loch Ness, Invernesshire, Scotland. Being destined for the Church, he was, at an early age, sent to the Scottish College in Valladolid in Spain, where he was ordained priest on 16th February, 1787. During his stay in Paris, as the writer heard from his own lips, the students were brought from their peaceful retreat by some revolutionary enthusiasts, and forced to dance around a Liberty Pole. Young Macdonell, who was always an ardent Royalist, was very much shocked at such outrageous proceedings. He bound a handkerchief around his knee, and feigning lameness, managed to escape the threatened indignity. On leaving Valladolid, he returned to Scotland, and was stationed as a missionary priest in the Braes of Lochaber, where he remained four or five years.

A few years prior to 1790, a system of converting small farms into sheep walks, thereby dispossessing small tenants, was introduced into the Highlands of Scotland; in consequence a large proportion of tenants throughout the Highlands were ejected from their farms, and reduced to the greatest distress; the restrictions of the emigration acts preventing them from emigrating to the colonies. In May, 1792, Mr. Macdonell, understanding that many laborers were wanting in the magnificent city of Glasgow, and its neighborhood, travelled to Glasgow and waited upon the manufacturers, in the hope of procuring employment for the dispossessed Highlanders. On being informed that the greater portion of these people were Catholics, the manufacturers promised every protection and encouragement to such as would come down to their works. But as the excitement caused in 1789 by Lord George Gordon and his misguided followers, when at the Catholic Chapel and the priest's house in Glasgow were burned by a riotous mob, had not yet subsided, the manufacturers feared that some annoyance might be offered to the Catholic laborers. When Mr. Macdonell stated that a clergyman should accompany these men to afford them the consolations of their religion, he was assured that every encouragement possible would be given to such a clergyman, and that the penal laws against Catholics were still in existence, protection could not be insured or guaranteed to him. Mr. Macdonell, however, declared his willingness to accompany the Highlanders, and risk the action of the penal laws; accordingly some 700 or 800 laborers came down from the Highlands, and gave full satisfaction to their employers during the two years they remained in their service.

On the few occasions previous to the arrival of Mr. Macdonell, when a priest officiated in Glasgow, he was obliged to have his meeting up two or three pair of stirs, and to station at the door a sturdy Irishman or Highlander, armed with a bludgeon to overawe intruders who might attempt to disturb the service. But Mr. Macdonell, acting on the advice of Dr. Porteous (one of the most influential Presbyterian clergymen of the city, and a nephew by marriage, to Sir John Moore), opened his chapel to the street, and did not close the door during the service. About the year 1794, French revolutionary principles began to make rapid progress among men of all denominations employed in the manufactories, while the troubles in France, Holland and other parts of the continent having caused a stagnation in the export of British goods of all kinds, a general failure among the cotton manufacturers of Glasgow was the consequence; they were compelled to dismiss the greater part of their operatives, Catholics as well as others. The men, thus thrown out of employment, were obliged by necessity, to enlist in the numerous military organizations then being formed for the defence of the country. Finding that the Catholics, under his charge, were obliged to enlist in these bodies, and compelled, according to the then universal practice, to declare themselves Protestants, Mr. Macdonell conceived the idea of embodying them into one corps, as a Catholic regiment. With this view a meeting of Catholics was held at Fort Augustus in 1794, and a loyal address to the King drawn up, offering to raise a Catholic corps under command of young Macdonell, of Glenargy; a deputation was sent to London, and the address was most graciously received by the King, a letter of service being issued to raise the First Glenargy Fencible Regiment as a Catholic corps, the first raised since the Reformation. Mr. Macdonell, though contrary to the then existing law, was gazetted Chaplain. Four or five regiments which had been raised in Scotland having refused to extend their services to England, and having even mutinied when ordered to march, the Glenargy Fencibles, by the persuasion of their Chaplain, offered to extend their services to any part of Great Britain or Ireland, or even to the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. This offer was very accept-

able to the government, as it formed a precedent for all Fencible corps raised after that period.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1795, the regiment was ordered to the Isle of Guernsey, then threatened with invasion by the French; it continued there until the breaking out of the Irish troubles in 1798, when it was ordered to Ireland. The good conduct of the men combined with the activity derived from their motivations, might, induced the Government to employ the Glenargy regiment in the most important parts of the country—the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, and in the hills and morasses of Connemara, where many lawless characters had taken refuge, and who, issuing from their fastnesses during the night, harassed the peaceable inhabitants and burned their houses and outbuildings. Mr. Macdonell, in his character of chaplain, prevented the excesses generally committed by the soldiers of other regiments, especially by those of the Native Yeomanry Corps, and which rendered them the terror and detestation of the insurgent inhabitants. Mr. Macdonell found many of the Catholic chaplains in the counties of Wicklow, Carlow and Wexford, turned into stables for the horses of the yeomanry. These he caused to be cleansed and restored to their original sacred purpose, performed Divine service in them himself, and invited the clergy and congregations to attend, most of whom had been driven into the mountains and bogs to escape the cruelty of the yeomanry and of such of the regular troops as were under the command of prejudiced or merciless officers; the poor inhabitants returned with joy to their chapels and homes as soon as assurance of protection was afforded them from quarters and by persons who had no interest to deceive them.

During the peace of 1802, the Glenargy regiment was disbanded, and its members again reduced to great straits because the Scottish manufacturing trade had been so circumscribed by the late sanguinary war that the Highlanders could not find an asylum or employment in their own country, and Mr. Macdonell began to entertain the hope that he might establish for them a claim upon the Government so far at least as to obtain for them grants of land in Upper Canada, where many of their friends were settled on lands given as rewards for services rendered during the American Revolutionary War.

II.

The first emigration from the Highlands of Scotland to North America took place in the year 1772, from estates of Lord Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, and of Lord Sutherland, from Kintail and Loch Broom. These emigrants were all Protestants. They went to South Carolina in 1773. John Macdonald of Glenaladale, wishing to free the tenants of Macdonald, of Cianrodal, from the hard usage they experienced from their landlord, sold his property and took a ship load of them to Prince Edward, then called St. John's Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This island was taken by the English in 1758 and first colonized by them about 1770. Lord Selkirk, of Red River renown, in his "observations" on emigration from the Highlands, published at Edinburgh in 1806, gives an account of a settlement formed by him in the same island, in 1803. This colony, after undergoing the vicissitudes incident to such adventures, was ultimately placed upon permanent basis, as can be seen by its condition at the present day. The emigrants of 1773, however, did not meet much encouragement. As a consequence, many of them removed to Nova Scotia, where they remained until the breaking out of the American Revolutionary war in 1774. All who were capable of taking arms then joined the Royal Standard, some under Captain Macdonald and others under Major Small. Another body of Highlanders, under General Maclean, also joined, and the whole corps was denominated the 4th regiment. In 1773, at the invitation of the celebrated Sir William Johnson, a party of Highlanders emigrated from Glenargy and Knoidart, and settled in Schoharie county, on the Mohawk river, in the then British Province of New York. The writer's grandfather, Colonel John Macdonald, of Scottoe, or Scottoose, Glenargy, being as he says, of a roving disposition, and fond of adventure, was induced to join this expedition. Mr. Shaw, in his history of Moray, states that the "Macdonells of Glenargy, never, that I know, reformed. The gentlemen of that name have their sons educated in the Scotch colleges abroad, especially at Douay, and they return home either avowed or concealed Papists." Colonel Macdonell was born in 1728, and in 1740 was sent to Rome, probably to be educated for the church. His father and grandfather also had been educated in that city. It was a maxim of the Bishop that "a Macdonell should be either a priest or a soldier." None of the writer's paternal ancestors seem to have had any vocation to the ecclesiastical life. Many of them chose the profession of arms. Colonel Macdonell followed that course, and his religion being a bar to its practice in his native country, he entered the service of Spain and was also offered a general's commission in the Austrian service. He was familiarly known to old residents of Upper Canada as "Spanish John." He died at Cornwall in April, 1810, and was buried in the family cemetery at St. Andrew's.

His autobiography down to the time of his departure from Scotland abounds in strange adventures in foreign parts. At the instance of his old friend and fellow countryman, Dr. John Strachan, first Protestant bishop of Toronto, it was published in April, 1835, in the Canadian Magazine. Montreal. Colonel Macdonell was a great friend of Sir William Johnson, and to show his appreciation of that famous character, named the writer's father, who was the first of the family born on American soil, William Johnson Macdonell. An anecdote of Sir William Johnson may bear repetition:

He had just received from friends in the old country a brand new uniform resplendent with scarlet and gold. This brilliant affair took the fancy of an Indian chief, a man of great influence among his contemporaries, who went to Sir William and thus accosted him: "Sir William, I dreamt last night that you gave me that fine suit you wore yesterday." Among the Indians a hint like this is equivalent to a formal demand. Sir William was too well versed in the Indian

character to be ignorant of its meaning. He accordingly parted with the uniform. A few days afterwards, meeting his Indian friend, he accosted him in turn: "Chief, I dreamed last night that you gave me all the land from so and so, to and so, and describing a tract of great extent and value in the neighborhood. The chief was dumfounded:—After a moment's pause, "Sir William," said he, "if you dreamed it, you must have it, but I shall give up dreaming, as you dream too long for me." On the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, these Highlanders, heeding the threats and coaxing of the Americans, who wished to detain them, and actually imprisoned many of their influential men, fought their way, under the command of Sir John Johnson, son of Sir William, to the banks of the St. Lawrence. They endured great hardships, and living chiefly on the flesh of their horses and dogs, or on such roots as could be found in the forest. On reaching Canada, they were formed into a corps, under Sir John Johnson, and were called the "Royal Emigrants."

At the conclusion of the war, as a recognition of their services, and in compensation for their losses, lands were granted them in Upper Canada, and they settled in the Niagara District, some on the Bay of Quinte, and some on the shores of the St. Lawrence, in the section now known as the counties of Glenargy and Stormont, the former being so-called in honor of the immigrants from Glenargy in Scotland. The first band of Highlanders who arrived in Upper Canada had followed an Irish priest named McKenna. In 1776, M. Montgolfier, Vicar General at Montreal, and seventh Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, (died 1791) spoke of them in these terms: "That missionary, Father McKenna, has been charged to accompany a new colony of Highlanders, about 300 in number, who, they say, are going to settle in Upper Canada, where they hope to enjoy the Catholic religion without molestation. They have already arrived at Orange, and intend to fix altogether in the same place with their missionary, who alone understands their language. I have given him the ordinary power for ministering to his ambulatory parish." The next priest in that section seems to have been the Rev. Alexander Macdonell, ordained in 1768, missionary at "New Johnson, Upper Canada" in 1796—died at Montreal, 9th July, 1803, aged 61 years. The writer has a duodecimo book in two parts, containing respectively 60 and 75 pages, printed at Quebec, by Wm. Brown, MDCCXXXVIII (1778), and published with permission of my Lord John Oliver Bland, Bishop of Quebec. The first part is entitled "The Sincere Catholic's Companion," and contains prayers for mass, confession, communion, etc. The second part is "An Abstract of the Douay Catechism." Inside of the cover, (the property of Wm. J. Macdonell) (the writer's father) given to him by the Rev. Mr. Alex. Macdonell, in Cornwall, on the thirty-first day of August, one thousand seven hundred and ninety four.—Canada." This Rev. Mr. Alex. Macdonell is no doubt the priest who died at Montreal in 1803. The name is very prominent in the annals of the church in Upper Canada. The Abbe Turgeon, in his "Reposoirs Generaux de Clerge Canadien, Quebec 1805," gives an account of twenty Macdonells, Macdonalds who were on the mission in various parts of the province, from 1768 to 1806, and does not include all; one especially notable individual, the Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, Vicar General of Kingston, of whom more hereafter, being completely overlooked. Knowing that many of his countrymen had settled in Upper Canada, Mr. Alex. Macdonell, the subject of this sketch, went to London about the year 1802 to lay before the Premier, the Right Hon. Henry Addington, the claims of the disbanded Highlanders. Mr. Addington received Mr. Macdonell with great cordiality, complimented him on the bravery and loyalty of his countrymen, and assured him that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to afford "substantial proof of the good will of His Majesty's government towards them, inasmuch as of all His Majesty's subjects, the Highlanders were always the readiest to come forward to their country's call, and the only class from whom a complaint had never been heard. Mr. Addington further assured Mr. Macdonell that nothing gave him deeper cause of regret than to see such brave and loyal subjects forced by adverse circumstances to the necessity of quitting their native land to seek in a distant country subsistence for themselves and their families. Mr. Addington wished, however, to induce Mr. Macdonell to take his people to the Island of Trinidad, then recently ceded by Spain to England. Mr. Macdonell was offered eighty acres of land for every head of a family, as much money as would suffice to place four slaves on every farm, a physician and a school-master for the new colony, and for a period of three years as much was for the use of the colonists as he and the doctor should consider necessary for the preservation of their health. Moreover, for himself and a few special friends, such salaries as would make them independent. Mr. Macdonell, however, felt compelled to decline all these tempting propositions. He assured Mr. Addington that having devoted his life hitherto to the good of his fellow-creatures he could not think of inducing them to emigrate to an unhealthy tropical climate. Consequently he renewed his solicitation for the bestowal of lands in Upper Canada.

The only objection Mr. Addington could make to this request was that the British Government had such a slender hold on the Province of Upper Canada that he did not think himself warranted to encourage the king's loyal subjects to emigrate to that colony. Mr. Macdonell, on the contrary, assured Mr. Addington that the emigration of Highlanders to Upper Canada would form the strongest possible tie between that colony and the parent state. He also suggested the advantage that would accrue to Great Britain by organizing the disbanded fencibles into a military emigration to the British Provinces of North America, and granting them lands after a limited period of service. Had this suggestion been adopted, much subsequent trouble might, perhaps, have been avoided.

In March, 1803, Mr. Macdonell obtained the Sign Manual for a grant of land for every officer and soldier of the Glenargy Regiment whom he should introduce into Upper Canada. On this fact becoming known, the Highland proprietors took alarm, and endeavored by various means to prevent their people from emigrating. The regulations of the Emigration Act were rigidly enforced, and many of the Highlanders might be avoided, there being at that time a Provincial law which granted two hundred acres of land to every loyal subject entering Upper Canada from the United States with the intention to settle in the Province. Mr. Macdonell declined this advice, and, regardless of opposition, found his way to Upper Canada with his followers as best he could, in the years 1803 and 4. He may be said to have almost literally sprung into the world, many of his followers, vexatious were the restrictions placed upon their departure. Mr. Macdonell landed at Quebec in 1803, and was immediately appointed to the mission of St. Raphael, Upper Canada. There were then no warves on the river front at Quebec; the ship lay out in the stream, and Mr. Macdonell was considering the best way of getting ashore, when, to quote his own words to the writer, "a northeastering young fellow waded out to the ship, took me in his arms as if I had been a baby, and carried me ashore." This "fine strapping young fellow" was the writer's uncle, John Macdonell, in his time a renowned "North Wester," who died some forty years ago at his residence, Point Fortune, on the Ottawa. "There were giants in those days." Mr. Macdonell, the chaplain, was a man of noble stature, six feet four inches in height and stout in proportion. What, then, must uncle John have been? Of this same uncle, the Bishop in former days told the writer the following anecdote. Early one spring morning, when the ice was breaking up, Colonel John Macdonell ran into his son's room and cried out, "John, you are a pretty fellow to be lying abed at this time of day, while a poor man is being carried down the river on a cake of ice." Up jumped John, ran down to the river, and "unaccounted as he was," plunged in, rescued the man from almost inevitable destruction and returned triumphant to the paternal domicile. Many years ago, during the bishop's residence in Kingston, then a great hotbed of Orangism, he was one 12th of July, with his Vicar General, "Mr. William," called out to assist in quelling a riot; his splendid figure was conspicuous. One worthy disciple of King William, in a state of great excitement, pressed through the crowd, avowing his intention to have "a bit at that big anti-christ." The bishop looked at him, and in his calm, deliberate manner jibed out "It would be the dearest blow that ever you struck." King William collapsed instantly.

To return for a moment to uncle John and his North Wester experience. Writing to his brother William, in 1815, at the instance of Lord Selkirk, who was striving to procure Catholic emigrants for his Red River settlement, uncle John says: "To give you an idea of the number of buffaloes which occasionally frequent these parts, I may say that in May, 1795, I got on board of my canoe at sunrise, left the forks of the river Qu'Appelle, and put up at sunset the same day at a place called La Grand Boite, having killed 7,380, presented buffalo dead, drowned and mired in the river and on its banks; such a melancholy sight seldom occurs, for in the twelve years spent in that country, I witnessed it but once."

It has been well said that the life of Washington was the history of his country; with equal truth may it be said that the life of Bishop Macdonell, from the epoch at which we have now arrived, is the history of the Church in Upper Canada. Upon his arrival he presented his credentials to Lieut. General Hunter, the then Lieut.-Governor of the Province, and obtained the land stipulated for his friends according to the order of the Sign Manual. He took up his residence in the county of Glenargy, which remained his headquarters for some twenty-five years. His son discovered that very few of the emigrants who had previously arrived in the country had settled on lands allotted them, had procured legal tenures for their possessions. He was consequently obliged to repair to York, where, after much trouble, patent deeds for 160,000 acres of land for his new clients were obtained, and, after some further delay, patents for the lands of his own followers were also secured. Mr. Macdonell's next object being the building of churches and establishing of schools, for which purpose he subsequently obtained grants of money from the Home Government, but these grants were not permanent. On his arrival in Upper Canada, he found only three Catholic churches in the whole Province, two wooden and one stone, and only two clergymen, one a Frenchman, utterly ignorant of the English language, the other an Irishman, who left the country soon after arrival. For more than thirty years Mr. Macdonell's life was devoted to the missions of Upper Canada. He travelled from the Province line at Coteau du Lac to Lake Superior, through a country without woods or bridges, often carrying his vestments on his back, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot or in the rough waggons then used, and sometimes in Indian bark canoes, traversing the great inland lakes and navigating the rivers of God and of man, to preach the Word of God and administer the rites of the church to the widely scattered Catholics, many of whom were Irish immigrants who had braved the difficulties of settling in our Canadian woods and swamps. In his zeal, his prudence, his perseverance and good sense, these settlers as they multiplied around him were placed in that sphere and social position to which they were justly entitled. At that time there was but one Bishop in the whole of the British Dominions of North America; the entire country, from the

Atlantic to the Pacific coast, formed but one diocese under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec. The small oligarchy formed of men holding offices from the crown, and irresponsible to the people, but who ruled Lower Canada in the days of which we write, seriously attempted to suppress both the language and religion of the French settlers, and to govern the colony irrespective of the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives.

In 1806 Mgr. Joseph Octave Plessis, the eleventh Bishop of Quebec, succeeded to that See on the death of Bishop Denaut. He was a prelate of great vigor and capacity, and took the reins of ecclesiastical government with a firm hand, as a man who had long been accustomed to exercise authority. He saw at a glance the wants of his immense diocese, and undertook to provide for them without delay. One of his first thoughts was to divide the diocese, that the vineyard might be more efficiently cultivated. In announcing the death of his predecessor to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, Mgr. Plessis expressed a hope that the Court of Rome would soon come to an understanding with the Court of St. James for the erection of a Metropolitan and some bishoprics in British North America. Mgr. Plessis petitioned the Holy See to allow him three Coadjutors, one in Montreal, one in Upper Canada, and a third in Nova Scotia, his intention being to recommend as Coadjutor for Upper Canada Mr. Macdonell, who had already been placed among the number of his Vicars General.

Local difficulties, the particulars of which would be too lengthy to give in a brief sketch, as this is supposed to be, joined to the disturbed state of Europe, and the war which sprang up between England and the United States, delayed the accomplishment of Bishop Plessis' desire to divide his diocese; but he had, through the Government of the Mother country, obtained the recognition of a share of those rights of which the oligarchy comprising the Executive Council of Lower Canada had attempted to deprive the Church. On the declaration of war by the United States against England, in 1811, and the invasion of Canada by American troops, Mr. Macdonell prevailed upon his countrymen to form the 2nd Glenargy Fencible Regiment, which, with two militia regiments, raised also in the eastern part of the province, contributed much to the preservation of Upper Canada. By the activity and bravery of these men, the enemies' frontier posts of Ogdensburg, St. Regis and French Mills were taken, with their artillery, ammunition, and other military stores.

In 1816 Mr. Macdonell returned to England, and waited upon Mr. Addington, then Viscount Sidmouth, who introduced him to Earl Bathurst, then Colonial Secretary. Part of his mission was to induce the Home Government to favor the measure proposed by the Bishop of Quebec for the division of that diocese, in which undertaking he succeeded to a certain extent.

In July, 1817, the Holy See separated Nova Scotia from the Diocese of Quebec, and erected that Province into an Apostolic Vicariate. At the same time Lord Castlereagh induced the Court of Rome to erect two other Apostolic Vicariates, one formed of Upper Canada and the other of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Magdalen Islands. Mr. Macdonell returned to Canada in 1817.

In 1816 Bishop Plessis paid his first episcopal visit to Upper Canada. The province had but few villages, separated by almost interminable forests. Here and there were some groups of Catholics, the most considerable being at St. Raphael's (Mr. Macdonell's home town in Glenargy), at Kingston and at Sandwich. Kingston then contained 75 Catholics families, of whom 55 were Canadian and 20 Scotch and Irish. Sandwich had a Catholic population of 1,500 souls. The old parish of St. Peter on the Thames, (Riviere-a-la-Tranche) of which the wooden church still stands in the midst of the St. Catharines, contained, with the convent at Malden, about 450 souls. These two establishments were then on the confines of civilization. Beyond them commenced the great solitude of the West, known as the "Upper Country" or "North West," where many Canadians were employed in the service of the Hudson Bay and other fur trading companies. As the venerable Dr. Scadding, the historian of Toronto, pleasantly tells us, the wayward youth of little York. "Whenever anything went counter to their notions, running away to the North West was always proposed; but what the process really involved, or where the North West precisely was, were things vaguely realized. A sort of savage land of Cockaigne; a region of perfect freedom among the Indians was imagined, and to visit it takes Huron and Seneca were to be considered." Bishop Plessis had long desired to place a bishop in this immense district, but before doing so it was judged necessary to send missionaries to prepare the way. In 1816 Lord Selkirk, then living at Montreal, wrote as follows to Bishop Plessis: "I have been informed by Mr. Miles Macdonell, the old governor of Red River," (the writer's uncle) "that last autumn he begged you to send a missionary into that country, to give spiritual assistance to a great number of Canadians who are established there, and lead a wandering life, after the fashion of the Indians, and who have contracted with Indian girls connections contrary to law. I am persuaded that a zealous and intelligent ecclesiastical would operate an infinite benefit among these people, who have almost lost all religious sentiments. I shall be happy to co-operate all in my power in such a good work."

Accordingly in May, 1818, Messrs Joseph Norbert Provencher and Severe Nicolas Dumoulin left as missionaries for the Red River. Sir John Sherbrooke, Governor of Lower Canada, forwarded a letter of recommendation on their behalf to all public functionaries and local authorities. God was pleased to bless the work of these apostolic men; their little Christian community increased rapidly; half-breed families arrived from the sources of the remote West, and fixed their residence before the cabins of the "black robes." The morals of these children of the wilderness were ameliorated, and the nucleus of a Catholic colony was gradually formed upon the

banks of the Red River. M. Provencher was in 1822 consecrated Bishop of Joliette, and the nucleus has now become the flourishing archdiocese of St. Boniface. About the year 1830, Coadjutor Bishop Gaulin visited a section of the North West. He made a glowing and pathetic report upon the capabilities of the country and the spiritual destitution of the Indians, in whose behalf he advised the appointment of a regular Bishop. Bishop Macdonell was much affected by its perusal and turning to the writer said: "Mr. William, if you were to read Bishop Gaulin's account, you would quit the world and become a Missionary among the Indians." Bishop Gaulin's narrative appeared eventually in the annals of the Propagation of the Faith.

Not having been informed of the success which had attended Mr. Macdonell's efforts in favor of Upper Canada and New Brunswick, Bishop Plessis, at the earnest solicitation of his clergy, concluded to visit England and Rome. A voyage to Europe was then a very serious enterprise; like a journey from London to York, in the days of Queen Anne, no prudent man undertook it without first arranging all his spiritual and temporal concerns. Bishop Plessis took every precaution, and, leaving the affairs of the diocese in the hands of Mgr. Pautet, his coadjutor, sailed from Quebec on the 3rd July, 1819. Soon after arriving in London, he was very much surprised to learn by letter from Canada, that a few hours after his departure Bulls had arrived from the Holy See, nominating him Archbishop of Quebec, and giving him for suffragans, two Bishops, one for Nova Scotia and the other for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The erection of the Diocese of Quebec into an Archdiocese disarranged all his plans, for, as the British Government had not been informed of it, he feared that the ministry might raise objections to the new divisions which he wished to make. He accordingly called upon Lord Bathurst, Colonial Secretary, and explained the state of affairs, which was by no means pleasing to that minister. As told the writer by Bishop Gaulin, Bishop Macdonell's coadjutor and successor, the minister's words were to the following effect:—"If the Pope chooses to appoint you Archbishop we can't help it, but if you accept the title we must appoint an Archbishop who must have a certain number of suffragans, who must receive a certain state allowance; all this is too expensive; you had better, therefore, allow the title to remain in abeyance till some more convenient time." On arriving at Rome in 1820, Bishop Plessis asked permission to lay aside the title of Archbishop until the English Government withdrew their opposition. Pius VII. allowed the Bishop to choose his own time for its assumption; and it accordingly remained dormant till 1844, when it was revived by Mgr. Saganay, and has to this day been borne unchallenged by his successors in the See of Quebec.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEROINES OF THE CHURCH.

The painful pictures of suffering and death, printed in the daily papers, are relieved by the heroism of both nuns and priests. A Catholic priest, speaking of the heroes and heroines of the Church, very truly remarks that you will not find them among queens of fashion. Neither have they places in the assemblies where women are clamorous about rights and wrongs. The homes of elegant ease and idleness are not their dwelling, and the bewildering eloquence of human passion is to them a foreign tongue. They are not among the throng who seek a "mission" and "a field of labor." God chose their mission and called them to it, and at the sound of His dear voice they rose up gladly saying, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

Come with us to the plague-stricken cities of our land. The strong spirit of desolation is there; the rich have fled from the tainted atmosphere; the streets echoing with the din of traffic and populous with an ever shifting crowd are silent and deserted. Death is ruler, and all things bear the impress of his zeal. The priests are there—they are always there in the thick of danger. But they are only a handful already overtaxed, hastening from one death-bed to another, preparing the frightened, trembling soul to go to judgment. And the plague searches them out also and strikes them down at their post.

Who will aid them in their ministrations of mercy? Oh! thank God! the Sisters of Charity have heard the wail of the stricken cities; and the Sisters of Mercy, and the "valiant daughters of St. Dominic," and have hastened to their relief. Oh, what a terrible task is theirs! The dead and the dying ones are all around them—men and women, children and tender babies. The pestilence spreads and their work multiplies; but they do not falter.

And some of them are young and fair, and have left happy homes and loving kindred, and fame, and rank, and fortune for this dreadful life of risk and privation. But hush! one of them has fallen a victim to her charity—and another, and yet another—and now but a few are left. But still thank God, for new voices are singing His praise in heaven. And shed no tears for them; but rather rejoice, as ye place upon their graves the virgin's lily-garland and the martyr's crown of blood-red roses.

Woman as a Martyr.

History records the sufferings of countless martyrs, and we read of them with wonder and sympathy. But there are living to-day in our midst thousands of other martyrs who have far stronger claims upon our consideration—women who are sufferers from those ailments peculiar to their sex, our wives, daughters and sisters, perhaps, whose lives are an unrelenting round of suffering. "Is there no relief?" they cry. Yes, there is; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will remove that "dragging-down" feeling, will banish that backache, will restore every function to its normal condition. To all sufferers from female complaints—and their name is Legion—we say; get the "Prescription" at once; it will be worth far more than its weight in gold to you.