

2 THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE OR THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.) "Yes," said the abbot, "he must suffer; or," he added, in a low tone, which struck to my heart, "some one else must suffer for him; it is the only way."

"Werner is a German; his mother is Baroness Werner, a Bavarian; I made his acquaintance when I went out to England, before he came to the year after you left England. We got to be great friends; he is an excellent fellow."

"I went abroad the year after you left England. You know pretty well what I thought about things at that time. I had thought a good deal about money and society, and one day about such things, and how one could obey the Gospel, obey it to the letter I mean; but, Jack, I had thought of these things as a man, not as a priest."

"I was a young man, and I had thought of these things as a man, not as a priest. I had thought of these things as a man, not as a priest. I had thought of these things as a man, not as a priest."

"It was about a year after I returned to England that I received a letter from the baroness, written in great grief. Franz was at Florence, had been there for months; he was well received at court, in all the gay circles of the gayest of capitals, and though often recalled by his father, he continued to linger and defer his return, and make excuses; in

short they felt there was something wrong. Then she had privately inquired; and the long and the short of it was, he was taken in a crafty snare. In certain circles abroad, just now, men fish for one another's souls to give them to the enemy. They use all sorts of means, and not a few are caught and delivered over to perdition. The Marchese Zingari was just then a leading man among the Italian Liberals. It was a great object with his party to win over German proselytes, and so well their German conversion. Werner was worth the trouble of entrapping, and they played the game with cunning skill. The Marchesa was a bewitching woman, ten years his senior, and, on that very account, more dangerous. It was also safe, what could the world find to say against it? There was art and music, and flattery and beauty. An atmosphere, too, such as even to us, dull Anglo-Saxons, is a kind of new existence, but such, to a poet like him, is inspiration, intoxication. They took him on his weak side, fired his imagination, and quietly sapped his moral strength. A little more, and only a little more, would be wanted to plunge him into some fatal step which would for ever destroy his self-respect, and sense of honor, and which would deliver him up bound and captive into the hands of those political Beelzebubs."

"Strong language, Grant." "Not a bit too strong; why, I'm diluting the horrible story down to the strength which Christian ears can bear to listen to; but the thing goes on every day, in hundreds and thousands. The mother of all this, she had found it out; she hesitated to tell her husband, lest he should be betrayed into some violent, indiscreet act, which would forever cut off the hope of reclaiming the boy. So she wrote to me, to me 'who loved him so,' those were her words: 'would not I pity him, and, if possible, try to save him?' I read the words, and they burnt deep into my brain. Did I not love him? Yes, indeed; I did not stop to ask why he was (and is) so dear to me; but it was a love 'passing the love of woman.' I did not stop to think what I should do, or could do to save him, but the next day I started for Florence."

"It is a good thing to find one's self a duke sometimes, Jack; makes it wonderfully easy to get into places where one has a mind to go. As Duke of Leven, I had no difficulty in entering the charmed circle of Florence society. People were glad to invite, and make much of the rich English, and Werner and I soon met face to face. Oh! how his face was changed! What a stamp of evil was there? Not evil perfected, consummated, past the hope of recall; but I thought I saw the claw of the enemy on him—less of grace, loss of peace, of innocence. Yet I loved him as I ever did; one cannot, somehow, change. Of course he welcomed me; but he was always too busy to find time to give me a morning to myself. When we met, it was always in the company of others, the most charming people in the world, no doubt; but what did I care for charming people, when what I wanted was his soul?"

"At last, one evening—it was in the gallery of the Pitti palace—I seized on him, and held him fast. 'Werner,' I said, 'what are you about? Where are you going? Who are all these people among whom you find you?'"

"'People? What people?'" "Who are they? Why, my friends. Is not that enough for you?" he said bitterly. "'Friends!' I said fiercely. 'I thought I was your friend!'"

"'Well, and what of that? I really don't understand you, Leven; don't keep me here; I must be going.'" "You shall not go," I said. "You are deceived, bewitched, ensnared; that Zingari is a scoundrel; and as to the Marchesa—"

"'Say one word more, and you will repent it, he answered. 'I can forgive you your regard for myself, but I will hear nothing that can touch the honor of a lady.'" "I cannot repeat it all—my passionate appeals, his fierce rejection. At last he tore himself away from me in anger, and with a sick heart I left the gallery and the palace, and hardly knowing what I did, I found myself in the street, and walked on awhile, not caring what happened to my brain and heart in a fever. Yes, he was under a charm, a spell; I could not reach him, I could not save him. What misery! I saw an open door before me, and entered it; it was the Church of Sta. Maria Novella; such a change from the busy streets to find one's self in the dark, quiet church, only lighted by the lamps which hung before every altar, my brain reflected on the marble floor as though in water. I knelt before the first altar I came to; and resting my fevered forehead on the marble balustrade, I shed bitter tears. Why did I love him so, and what was it I loved? His soul! that soul, the innate beauty of which had revealed to me at our first meeting. Clouded over, and bespattered with many a stain, there still shone my brain and heart, and with his hands bound, as Pilate presented him to the people. It is generally called Gesu Zazareno. Some of those figures are marvellously devotional, with soft, wavy eyes that look kindly and pitifully on the worshipper. Such was the one on which I gazed. I met those eyes, and they seemed to fix on mine. I repeated my words, speaking now as if in prayer: 'O Lord, what can I do? Now, Abbot, I don't mean to say that I saw or heard anything—don't think it; but in my heart I did hear a word, and in that face I saw the thing it meant: 'Sacrifice.'"

TO BE CONTINUED. MEXICO'S GREAT SHRINE. MR. T. B. CONNERY DESCRIBES THE STRANGE PAINTING OF GUADALUPE.

A PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN WHICH CATHOLICS BELIEVE TO BE MIRACULOUS AND WHICH PAINTERS HAVE PRONOUNCED IMPOSSIBLE OF EXECUTION BY KNOWN HUMAN METHODS—FOUR DISTINCT KINDS OF ART HARMONIZED. New York World. One of the greatest festivals of the Catholic Church in Mexico was celebrated last Wednesday. It was the anniversary of the apparition of the Virgin at Guadalupe on Dec. 12, 1531, to a poor Indian named Juan Diego. She commanded that a church be erected in her honor, and, as a sign, directed the Indian to gather flowers on the barren hill where she appeared. On the tilma, or blanket, in which he carried the flowers was found a picture of the Virgin, and it has since been an object of veneration. More than \$2,000,000 had been collected for the coronation of this miraculous painting; but the ceremony was postponed. It is said, owing to instructions from the Vatican. Below is an account of the strange painting, written by Mr. Thomas B. Connery. In explanation of the statement contained in Mr. Connery's communications to the effect that special permission was granted by the Archbishop of Mexico to make an examination, a few words are necessary. At a dinner party given at the French Embassy in the City of Mexico the conversation turned upon the subject of the sacred picture. Mr. Connery, who had seen it often before, expressed a desire to be afforded a special opportunity to inspect and examine it under more favorable conditions than are ordinarily granted. Count de Viel Castel, the French Minister, and his extremely amiable lady volunteered to obtain the

desired permission. Many difficulties had to be overcome, and some irritating delays occurred before this permission was obtained. But finally Archbishop Labastida gave his official authorization, and the little party that had been formed at the French Minister's residence, including the Countess Viel Castel and her maid, proceeded to Guadalupe. The painting at that time was temporarily resting over the altar of the little Capuchin chapel next door to the Cathedral, in consequence of the repairs and redecoration then progressing at the latter. Mr. Connery, with one companion, had to climb the altar leaving the rest of the party on the church floor. The examination was made with much care, and subsequently repeated by Mr. Connery on two more occasions.

THE MIRACLE OF TEPYCAC. About a league northward of the city of Mexico the hill of Tepyac rises from the elevated plain like a huge pyramid. Around this barren rocky hill has grown up in the course of centuries the little pueblo called Guadalupe, which the Spaniards claim means "the River of Light" in the Arabic language, while Mexican writers assert it is derivable from two Aztec words, signifying "the Conqueror of Demons." It appears to be admitted that the word Tepyac is pure Aztec, meaning the "Mother of God." Before the conquest Tepyac was the site of a temple to the goddess "Tonantzin," the protectress of agriculture, worship of special remembrance only as the one deity in the Indian mythology to whom no human sacrifices were offered. To day Tepyac is the site of a magnificent Catholic temple dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and containing a famous painting, which all good Mexicans, in common with many other good people, believe to be miraculous.

It has endured for over three centuries and a half, always commanding the reverence and admiration of the devout, and now it is proposed, with the sanction of the Holy See, to enrich it with a crown of gold as a token of approval of the general Mexican faith that the painting is a supernatural work sent by the Virgin Mother of God to show her special interest in and protection of the native race of Anahuac. Towards this coronation ceremony an incredibly large sum of money has been contributed by the faithful, and whenever it is permitted to take place by the powers that be nothing will be spared to lend grandeur and picturesque to the event.

It is to this painting that I wish to direct the attention of the American people in a special manner through your columns, recounting, as briefly as is consistent with the subject, a recent inspection and examination I was permitted to make through the courtesy of Archbishop Labastida, of the Archdiocese of Mexico. To enable your readers to understand the subject, let me briefly explain the origin of the picture as described by all the authorities. On the 12th of December, 1531, the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared to a poor Indian named Juan Diego, while passing the hill of Tepyac on his way to mass. She told him she had selected him on account of his piety to be her messenger to Zumarraga, the then Archbishop of Mexico. She wished him to tell the Archbishop to build on Tepyac a temple in her honor as a special patroness of the Mexican race. The Archbishop, hearing the Indian was under a delusion, bade him ask the Virgin for some sign by which he would know the message was really from herself. The Indian obeyed, and the Virgin commanded Diego to gather flowers on the barren hills and bring them to her. Flowers had never grown there before, but now the Indian found them in abundance, and, filling his tilma, or blanket, he carried them to the Virgin.

"I said to the Indian, returning the tilma and the flowers to the Virgin, 'go to the Archbishop and tell him these are my signs.'" When at length Diego opened his tilma in the presence of the Archbishop the flowers tumbled on the floor, diffusing a delicious perfume, while the tilma itself was stamped, as to-day, the figure of the Virgin. No longer doubting, the Archbishop immediately caused to be erected on the spot designated a little chapel, or oratorio, as it is called in Mexico, as the temporary depository of the sacred painting, and there or thereabouts it remained until a grander edifice could be built.

THINGS HARD TO EXPLAIN. Over the high altar of the magnificently decorated Cathedral of Guadalupe may be seen this extraordinary picture inclosed in a crystal case framed with solid gold. On account of its conspicuous position it attracts the attention at once on entering the church. Millions of people have viewed it and in late years many Americans have hastily glanced up at the painting while wandering through the church. But very few have given more than a passing look, leaving the church with quiet sneer at the blind credulity of the natives. "Yes, it is a good picture, but there is nothing extraordinary about it," I have heard many foreign visitors exclaim. With all due deference to them I propose to prove that there is much that is very extraordinary indeed about it, and though personally I am not prepared to accept the theory of a supernatural origin, I feel compelled to acknowledge that there are some things about it that cannot be explained humanly—some things that have puzzled great painters and transformed many a sceptic into an ardent believer. Let me specify a few of these things: First—the painting has been executed on a piece of cloth the most unsuitable for such work—coarse, native fabric called "ayate," manufactured from the maguey plant. According to artists no worse species of cloth could have been selected as a canvas.

Second—The closest and most expert examination has failed to reveal any preparation whatever such as artists know to be necessary to dispose a cloth or canvas to receive colors.

Third—This painting combines four different kinds of painting, each kind requiring a distinct preparation or disposition of the canvas, and yet all four harmoniously blended, though inconsistent with each other according to the rules of art.

Fourth—Its preservation, clearness of outline and freshness of color are simply marvelous, after three centuries and a half of exposure in an atmosphere which has been fatal to all other paintings in less than one century.

Let it be noted here that I do not touch the theological reasons that have been advanced to prove the divine origin of the picture. I confine myself to a rational examination such as may appeal to unbeliever and scoffer as well as to the most devout, and I propose to offer facts that may be received and put to the test by the most scientific. Having done this I will leave the inferences to be drawn by the public.

From the body of the church the painting does not strike the beholder as possessing any unusual qualities. It looks pretty in the midst of its costly surroundings, with the magnificent altar as a sort of setting. The nearer one approaches the better it seems, and when one is close up to it the exquisite delicacy of the work is startling. So that whatever we may think of its origin the quality is such that any artist might be proud of his authorship. And here let me ask: is it not strange that no artist has ever yet claimed it? AN AZTEC TYPE. A modern writer says: "This picture belongs to no known school, nor does it recall any other image of the Virgin." This I can affirm from my

own observation, for there is no face better known through the great masterpieces than that of the Blessed Virgin. Cuevas remarks that the Guadalupe image is outside of all traditions, and yet the first glance leaves no doubt that it is intended to depict the Blessed Virgin. "It is the Virgin Mexicanized," says Cuevas, "transformed into Aztec sublimating the beauty of the Aztec race to the highest degree of which it is capable."

The Virgin is represented as a girl of about sixteen years—the face of inexpressible sweetness and piety. The back of the head is covered by a cloak, which falls gracefully over the shoulders covering partially the breast at either side. Under the cloak is her tunic, extending from the neck to the feet. The head and body are inclined to the right, the face directed toward the ground. The hands are joined as in prayer or supplication. The feet rest on a cherub's head, and the entire body is encircled by a resplendent halo of gold. To describe the colors is impossible. Somehow they are indescribable. The cloak is a sort of green and blue at the same time; the tunic or dress is pinkish and violet with rare flowers of gold here and there. The exquisite finish of the tunic is such that a painter of the past century declared no human artist could have formed it. The touches are finer than hair. Seen close the hands, and face are a delicate shade of brown like that of Indians, while in the distance they assume a paler tint. The hair, as left un covered by the cloak, is black and arranged somewhat in the simple style of noble Indian ladies. Strange to say the face is at the same time Jewish and Aztec, and has often been remarked, and the style of painting suggests something of the ancient Greek and Oriental figures, something of the figures of the middle ages and of the last centuries, as well as of the Egyptian and the Aztec. "What human painter," exclaims Cuevas, "could have united in his work all the art schools of the world in all ages, with a supreme originality of conception and execution?"

First, as to the cloth or canvas. It is both coarse and shabby woven, and some idea of its curious fineness to receive colors or serve as a background for anything like a painting may be formed when it is stated that one may go behind it and look through the fibres. As a matter of fact, standing on the reverse side of the picture, the church may be seen in much the same way as looking through the shutters of a window. This brings me naturally to my Second assertion, namely, that the cloth or canvas shows no evidence of having been prepared to receive colors in any way, certainly in no way known to artists. If the surface had been prepared or primed the view through the fibres of cloth would be obstructed, whereas I have shown that the fact is otherwise. A painter cannot work without colors or brush. Neither can he paint without a superficies properly prepared to receive the colors. A different preparation or disposition of the surface of the canvas is necessary in each class or kind of painting. Many an expert examination has been made without detecting a trace of preparation or priming, a fact which has filled the artistic world with wonder. Standing alone perhaps it would not be sufficient basis for declaring that the painting is of supernatural origin, but taken with the other extraordinary features, to which I shall next allude, it certainly staggers the mind and disposes one to view with less tendency to ridicule the startling claim that there exists really a work of art which owes its conception and execution to no human mind or hands.

FOUR KINDS OF PAINTING. Third—The four species of painting which it is asserted are combined and successfully blended in the painting are oil, distemper, water color and another form of distemper which the Mexicans call labrada al temple. My limited knowledge of art does not enable me to describe it or give the English equivalent. For the same reason, any opinion I might advance would have no weight. Therefore I must offer the opinions of men of recognized standing and fame as painters. The fact appears to be that on three different occasions, in three different ages, commissions composed of the ablest artists and men of learning and character, were appointed to make an examination and report under oath. In each case the report was the same, and on no point did they more strongly agree than as to the fact that four distinct kinds of painting were plainly visible on the canvas. The most notable of these commissions took place in the middle of the last century and was presided over by the great painter, Miguel Cabrera, with whom were associated also two other distinguished artists, Jose de Ibarra and Antonio Vallejo. Cabrera was a man of the highest character as well as a great painter. The conviction fell upon him by a selection imposed upon him that the painting was miraculous. He declared no human painter could have executed what he saw, and he confirmed the existence of the four kinds of painting. "The union or conjunction of these four"—I quote his own words in his sworn report—"is something unheard of; something that no artist has ever attempted on single canvas. * * * These kinds are so distinct that each requires a separate and different preparation, and, finding no preparation whatever in this painting, makes their combination still more marvellous and miraculous. For me this is an argument so strong that it convinces me that this painting is miraculous. * * * Very well do I understand how impossible it is by any human means to harmonize four distinct kinds of painting demanding preparations so different."

Everything Cabrera noticed about the work was a marvel; it was so also with Ibarra and Vallejo. "Such is the combination of perfections in it," says Cabrera in another place, "that it is impossible to suppose it a human work. Its originality of conception and execution and the extraordinary artistic effects produced, not only beyond the power of artists but in defiance of the very rules of art, place it altogether above human origin."

The perfection of the drawing amazed Ibarra, who declares also that no artist ever succeeded in making an exact copy. Even the perfect outline could not be obtained until oiled paper was used. But no one has ever succeeded in the attempt to imitate the conjunction of the four kinds of painting on one canvas, nor to reproduce the colors and shades and extraordinary effects. One of these effects alone may be noted in the gold and exquisite gliding, which are of such unique type that when first seen the gold appears to have been laid on in powder, but closer examination shows that it is incorporated with the wool of the cloth.

But I have said that there are four distinct kinds of painting, and, according to the experts who have made a critical examination of the picture, the head and hands are in oil colors, the tunic, or dress, as well as the cherub and the clouds that serve as a fringe or border, in distemper; the mantle, or cloak, which also serves as a veil, in water colors, and the field over which fall the rays appears to be in the other form of distemper called "labrada la temple."

Any artist who doubts the assertion can satisfy himself by a critical examination. UNKNOWN COLORING SUBSTANCES. Another strange feature appears to be the fact that the most minute expert investigation has failed to detect of what substances these colors are composed. All that is ascertained is that

they do not belong to any known coloring substances. "This is most evident," says Cuevas, "in the gliding (el dorado). By human means it is not possible to obtain metallic lustre (reflejo) without metallic substances prepared in one form or another, and yet in this painting the effect is produced without any metallic substance, so far as can be detected."

Again the same author, Cuevas (to whose little book I have been much indebted in my researches), writes thus: "With a single color it is impossible to obtain different colors, that is to say, different degrees of the same color or colors essentially different, with one single color. In the picture of Our Lady of the Guadalupe, as has been seen for ages, the colors that it displays are indefinite, and this is because they really form a diversity of colors under one base of coloration. It cannot be explained or understood, but it is a fact that the cloak is blue and green at the same time; the tunic, pink and violet; the face, brown, pearl and leaden gray, and in each of these colors is observed at the same time many shades or degrees of themselves. This effect cannot be ascribed to the light over the glass which protects the painting, nor to the light over the picture itself, because it is visible with or without the glass, and remains no matter by what light the picture is viewed. * * * Were it possible to make a complete analysis of the constituent elements of the roses it might be found perhaps that with them alone the miraculous image has been painted."

By this Cuevas means that with the natural colors of the roses gathered by the Indian, Juan Diego, the Virgin painted her own image on his tilma. I now come to my Fourth proposition, namely the extraordinary preservation of the painting. For 357 years it has been in existence and under the eyes of the Mexican people. During that period many other pictures have come and gone, destroyed by the salt vapors with which the air is impregnated from Lake Tezozuco, and by the variable temperature to which the region is exposed. The natural conditions are all adverse, and yet this picture is clear and distinct in colors and wonderfully preserved after more than three centuries and a half of existence, while no other painting has endured in the same place for more than one hundred years. One can well see that it is old, very old, but, what is again remarkable, it is both old and young at the same time. The colors are bright and fresh, though the cloth or canvas looks old and faded. Most paintings of great age decay uniformly throughout, the lustre dims, the colors fade and the cloth wears out in spite of all the precautions known to art. Not so is it with this remarkable picture. Nature has not made it pay the penalties. Time has dealt lightly with it, only encroaching on the feeble ayate or cloth, but leaving the picture itself still finer to-day, more cohesive, than many a canvas after fifty years of service. Why is this? From what cause has this one painting enjoyed such singular exception. No one has been able to explain it on any known principles of art.

ABOUT A CENTURY ago a somewhat noted Mexican, Don Jose Bartolache, who pooh-poohed the alleged supernatural origin of the picture, was allowed to have it copied by skillful artists and under conditions as nearly approaching as possible the original. That is to say, it was to be made as like the original as the best artists could make it. Bartolache declared he would have it hung up at Guadalupe and thus prove that it would last as long as the original. His copy was made and placed in the chapel of the "Posito" at Guadalupe. Before eight years it was so completely defaced that it had to be removed from its position, a total failure! This was not due to the tampering of human hands, but solely to the natural effects of the climate, the saline vapors from old Lake Tezozuco having quickly rendered the canvas mouldy, ash-colored and altogether unfit for exhibition.

Another curious proof may be stated. At one time certain people who had the custody of the painting, conceived the idea of improving (if by adding circles of angels to the *reglonda*) in order to represent the homage of the celestial beings to the Queen of Heaven. In an evil hour consent was given, and the circle of cherubs was added to the mysterious rays. But soon the circle of cherubs began to grow dim, and in a short time became such a disfigurement that it had to be blotted out altogether.

The fact of the wretched quality of the cloth itself must not be lost sight of in discussing the question of preservation. Of itself it should have perished long ago, for the material is flimsy and easily destroyed. Why it has not thus perished must be explained by those who scoff at the suggestion of supernatural preservation. They offer no explanation. I might go much deeper into this subject, but it would require more space than I feel warranted in occupying. It seems to me that I have as briefly as possible established the points I advanced at the outset. My aim has been simply to place this remarkable picture in a proper light before the American people. Whatever it may be, whatever its origin, no one after a real examination can pronounce it a fraud—a mere device of a crafty priesthood to practice a huge imposture on the credulity of the world.

My own private views are not easily communicable. I am not myself what any are, except that I find it difficult to assist to any theory of supernatural work. But the sincere faith of millions of people is not to be lightly ridiculed, and millions of Mexicans of the Indian race as firmly believe in the divine origin of the sacred painting of the Guadalupe as they do in the rising and setting of the sun. And certainly in their case faith is founded upon facts strong enough to embarrass the most learned. In conclusion, I would like to express a desire through your columns to hear the reasons of intelligent people in explanation of the singular facts I have tried to place before the public in as simple a manner as possible. I have given the conclusions of experts as well as my own observation, and their evidence at least is not to be slighted. *Peritis in arte credendum*. If there are any good American artists or other people whose judgement is entitled to respect ready with explanations, no doubt the public will be glad to receive them. Perhaps some American artist has examined the picture and can speak from personal observation. If the painting is really supernatural in the opinion of experts, the world should know it. If, on the other hand, it is only a clever trick, there is still more reason for making the fact known to the world. T. B. CONNERY. New York, Dec. 15.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Farnelle's Pills according to directions under the hand of 'Dyppopsis or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. Why go limping and whining about your corners, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD. CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANTHONY M'DONALD, LL. D., F. R. S.

PART II. GEORGE HAY, JOHN GEDDES, AND THOMAS MACDONALD, AND THEIR GOW. At this time the congregation was making favorable progress, it met with all encouragement. Bishop Geddes, who took great interest in and favored it with regular priestly visits. He even exhortations. He even exhortations. He even exhortations.

This year, 1786, there was much reason to trust the future. The early summer genial and there was ground for hoping that the harvest would be as good as those of 1782. Another such season, Bishop Geddes considered, and the country entirely ruined. Nor would it, his wickedness having gone so far, be one who knew the English language. The bishop replied that it gave him great pleasure to see such good accounts of matters going; but regretted that a prophet yet be found to supply the missing link.

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The bishops concluded the expressing an earnest desire missionary priests in Scotland, showing that religion was and the field for clerical labor from year to year. By Sept. Geddes was again at Edinburgh. The bishop, now in Canada with five hundred men. They also stated that the Polema was residing in which had been established man on the west coast of the island. The bishops concluded the expressing an earnest desire missionary priests in Scotland, showing that religion was and the field for clerical labor from year to year. By Sept. Geddes was again at Edinburgh. The bishop, now in Canada with five hundred men. They also stated that the Polema was residing in which had been established man on the west coast of the island. The bishops concluded the expressing an earnest desire missionary priests in Scotland, showing that religion was and the field for clerical labor from year to year. By Sept. Geddes was again at Edinburgh. The bishop, now in Canada with five hundred men. They also stated that the Polema was residing in which had been established man on the west coast of the island.

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