

BISHOP MACDONELL.

By the Chevalier Macdonell, Toronto. Reprinted, by consent, from the Weekly Catholic Review.

VII.

In 1836, Bishop Macdonell foresaw coming storm and considered it the duty of every citizen to exert the utmost effort to prevent the interests of justice from falling into unworthy hands. He issued an address to the freeholders of the County of Durham, in which he represented of sound and loyal principles, who would have the real good of their country at heart, and not a themselves to be misled by the politicians who were endeavouring to excite the Province into rebellion against the legally constituted authority. It was not, however, as supposed that he had the Bishop as such a strenuous advocate of law and order be acted with party attachment, or that he was unopposed of the many abuses which then weighed upon the country, imperilled its resources and checked its progress. On the contrary he acknowledged these evils at the same time, he maintained with equal force that they were foreign to and alien to the constitution; that they could be safely and permanently removed by constitutional means alone; and that, so far from redressing grievances, would only confirm, and aggravate them a hundredfold. As here mentioned, incidentally by the "Report" on Canadian affairs, his progress through the country in a short time in Kingston. When down the wharf, on his way to the boat, he noticed the Bishop, who was standing with his back to a warehouse, his hands behind him. Lord Durham considered a proud man, of high intellect, and with a powerful knack of keeping people at a distance. To everybody's surprise, he bowed to the shock hands with the Bishop, who naturally felt highly flattered at such a mark of respect coming from such a source, and given, one may say, in view of the whole community.

He never went to any church. He believed in all churches, to some extent; and as to himself, he believed that religion was an individual affair between God and himself. Also how much of this way of thinking has resulted from the spiritual freedom boasted of by Protestants! A soul that has once discerned the beauty of the Catholic Church and of its doctrines, can rarely, if ever, return again to spiritual darkness, doubt and uncertainty. The Catholic Church does not change with the whims of the age. It is not a human invention. The sects all change, being "blown about by every wind of doctrine." Were Luther, Calvin, and even Wesley, to revisit the earth, they would scarcely recognize the work of their own hands.

The Tory party in Ireland, as their title and lineage descend from Elizabethan infamy, Cromwellian outrage and Williamite spoliation, is to day, without exception, the most abominably brutal and inhuman organization on the face of the earth. It is a party, without principles, without courage, without consistency, without country. Begotten of plunder and violence, it subsists on robbery and blood. No other aim has it now but the maintenance of the effete and corroding aristocracy that has so long fattened on the wealth of Ireland's soil and the virtue of Irish manhood.

Since 1848 this country has contributed about \$100,000,000 to Irish landlordism. This money has been earned in America by Irishmen and sent to Ireland to help pay the rent of their relatives. Since 1850 Irish Americans have come to the conclusion that it is a better financial policy to starve for a landlordism than to feed it. They have decided to raise \$1,000,000 to fight the landlords and to contribute no more money which by any possibility shall find its way into the pockets of the rack renters.

Lord Randolph Churchill remarked at a coercion meeting this week: "The legislatures of New York and other American states were fond of passing resolutions expressing sympathy with the disturbed order in Ireland, but when similar events occurred at home the police speedily used clubs and the military rifles." There are two patent differences between the case of Ireland and the case of America. In the first place we have no laws suppressing the right of public meeting and free speech and consequently we never tolerate police clubs and military rifles for any such despotic purposes as they are employed in Ireland. In the second place we respect our laws, because we make them ourselves and do not have them forced upon us by a clique at home or a despotism abroad. There are no disturbers of order in Ireland, but there are patriots fighting the tyranny of despots and cat-throats.

We think it greatly to the credit of the Catholic Church in Prussia that out of the whole number of priests, estimated at 10,000, at the time of the Kulturkampf, not more than forty to fifty deserted the Church. About half of those were absorbed by the "Old Catholic" defection, the rest becoming "State" priests. Even these latter declined to join the "Old Catholic" heresy, stopping short at the line, not always easily discernible, between heresy and schism. Now they are practically gone. Three indeed still remain, of whom one is to be mentioned off at the end of next month; the rest have disappeared, some through death, some have been reconciled with the Church, and some have voluntarily withdrawn from a position which they felt was not tenable. Only two remain and it is to be hoped that they will soon be disposed of and cease to trouble the parishes which have so long endured their unwelcome presence.

St. John Chrysostom says of the Christian educator: "There is no painter, there is no sculptor nor artist, he who he may, who can be compared with the man who knows how to form the minds and hearts of youth. This is a work far surpassing the finest creations of human art—to reproduce in souls the living image of Jesus Christ." How can any Catholic parent, in view of these words of one of the greatest saints of the Church, conscientiously send his children to a school which ignores the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ?

We are glad to find that there are symptoms of an awakening in the Catholic body to the advisableness of carrying out the best of the proposals of the Catholic Congress in London. The idea of bringing together such a convention of representative Catholics originated, it may be stated, with Bishop Ireland, Bishop Keane, and the Rev. Father Nugent when the American Prelates were on a visit to Europe. It was felt that there were a number of questions, chiefly educational and social, affecting Catholics at both sides of the Atlantic upon which something like unity of action might with great advantage, be attained through the agency of a congress held under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Manning. The proposal was laid before the Cardinal and discussed by some of the bishops. His Eminence readily gave his approbation, and so also did the other members of the Episcopal body, notably the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, who expressed himself warmly in its favor. Bishop Ireland and Bishop Keane then promised that they would not only recross the Atlantic for such an object, but that they would take the necessary steps to secure the attendance of a representative of the Catholics of America.

Congress has enacted no law to restrain a person from going about in a badly constituted condition, or with a distressing sick headache, rush of blood to the head, bad taste in the mouth, bilious complaint, or any kindred ailment; but the laws of health and comfort will suggest to any one so afflicted, the wisdom of hearkening to the nearest druggist for a 25 cent vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the most potent of remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. Paralytic, pleasant to take, and perfectly harmless.

It is not unlawful. Congress has enacted no law to restrain a person from going about in a badly constituted condition, or with a distressing sick headache, rush of blood to the head, bad taste in the mouth, bilious complaint, or any kindred ailment; but the laws of health and comfort will suggest to any one so afflicted, the wisdom of hearkening to the nearest druggist for a 25 cent vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the most potent of remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. Paralytic, pleasant to take, and perfectly harmless.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

November 1, in a special manner, the poor souls' month. Prayers, fasting, and alms are the contributions of the devout child of the church. Every Christian has the means of sweet charity at hand, and occasionally employ them in their behalf.

Speaking of prayer—what has become of that beautiful Catholic practice of family prayer? Our old fathers and mothers used to gather the youngsters around the family hearth and there say their evening prayers, the rosary or some other prayers together. The foundation of many a pious and virtuous life was laid at the family hearth. This truly Catholic practice is fast becoming old-fashioned. It is a deplorable fact. Neither pulpit nor Sunday school is a substitute for it. The evening amusements, parades, illuminations, carnivals and theatres, are doing much to abolish this truly Catholic custom.

Mr. William O'Brien is in the infirmary of Fullmore prison, a very sick man. But, weak as he is, he is too strong to submit to the degradation of convict clothes, and convict work, and convict association. Condemned to a felon's cell, his soul, at least, is free. It is a noble soul, worthy of liberty and honor. His incarceration is known to the whole world, and all civilized people sympathize with him. His sufferings will draw universal attention to the workings of coercion, and the condemnation of mankind will drive from office the unworthy men who could so beat down a country and so ill-treat a patriot.

When our non-Catholic brethren read in the dailies a London dispatch of Nov. 3, that the Truro cathedral was on that day opened by the Prince of Wales, did the farther statement that it was "the first cathedral built in England by the Established Church since the Reformation," naturally suggest to their minds that every other cathedral in England was built by Catholics and only "consecrated" by the Reformation?

The "English Church Union" now numbers in its ranks 17 bishops and 3,000 clergymen. The English Churchman gives the objects of the organization: 1. To teach the advisableness of the re-union of the Church of England with the Church of Rome; 2. The introduction of the sacrifice of the Mass; 3. Recognition of the Real Presence; 4. Extreme Unction and Prayers for the Dead; 5. The practice of Auricular Confession.

"An Englishman's house is his castle." So says the popular tradition, and so thinks a plucky Englishman, Jasper Douglas, M. P. who is a Home Rule representative for County Waterford. Instead of practising the doctrine of passive resistance, as his Irish friends do, he has determined to resist a warrant for his arrest under the Coercion law by shutting himself up in an impregnable castle which he occupies, victimizing six months and defying the police. It is said that Pyn's castle is so strong enough to stand a siege, unless it be attacked with artillery, and he is not the man to surrender without a fight. It will make Balfour's campaign a laughing stock before the whole world if he should have to lay regular siege to this dogtrot Englishman's castle with his Krupp guns and all the panoply of warfare.

One of the abuses of our day is the custom of loading with flowers coffins of deceased relatives and friends. It is the outgrowth of mistaken kindness. Possibly they who originated the practice meant well, but the abuse seems to have become a habit with the Catholics. It is a vulgar term applied to Roman Catholicism, and does he forget that some of his own ancestors were Papists? He argued that the police would have no right to force their way into a meeting such as he was addressing but that their interference at Mitchellstown was perfectly justified. He went on to proclaim—but really we are half ashamed to have wasted so much honest time on the political weep. How soon will he be attempting the mountebank's trick of swallowing his own words? Perhaps he is at it as we write.

It is a most regrettable fact that a large number of our young people have—except at times when some stunning affliction overtakes them—very little idea of the magnificence, the beauty, the poetry, the meaning of the ceremonies of the Mass. They go to Mass on Sundays as a duty—to be gotten rid of. They have no adequate conception of the dignity and wonderful significance of this crystallization of all poetry, the Sacrifice of the Mass. The Mass is the "One Great Act of Life." Until we can arouse enthusiasm among our young people for the Mass, minor devotions will lose much of their effect.

The Churchman welcomes with a sigh the proposal of the Bishop of Salford to fund a seminary in Baltimore for the education of priests for the negro mission of the South in the following old-fashioned language: "So the work goes on. On the one hand the agents of a disorganized Protestantism have set apart this race of children into sects, which now count their bishops and ministers by thousands, and have colleges and seminaries, newspapers and reviews, all under the control and direction of negroes. On the other hand, the Church of Rome, stately and slow in her movements, building for the future, is laying off these foundations for future development. We are not prepared to say that the iron hand of Rome is not a better instrument for fashioning this crude material into Christian likeness, than the feather-duster of Protestant exhortation." It adds that "the negro Protestant religion" knows not the meaning of the word

Father Rouse had rallied but very slightly from his recent severe illness, and the bishop did not consider him to be in a fit condition to encounter the rigours of the remainder of the journey. He consequently, to his great regret, felt himself compelled to leave the invalid Father at St. Joseph's. This was a wise resolution, for now the chief hardships of their difficult expedition were to commence. The first storm note of coming winter was ringing over the desolate shores of the Great Slave Lake. The leader skis are about to discharge a snow-deluge over lake and land. The sharp air begins to bite keenly, as if a viper's tongue were in its every breath. The frost-kiss is soon to claim all nature as his domain, and to establish his empire everywhere. It is at such a season that Bishop Clute launches his frail boat anew on the waters of the Great Slave Lake. It may be asked, why choose he a barque so frail? The answer is brief and ready at hand—no other would answer to carry and to be carried. It is not only through waves on lake or river that the voyager's boat has to advance, but also through woods and over hills on dry land. Unable to mount or descend the rapid, it has to be carried empty over the portage. Hence the need of light portable boats for such journeys as we have been describing. But such boats, it must be acknowledged, are ill-suited to weather the storm on lakes, some of which occupy a larger area than the Irish Sea.

Monsieur Clute and his party resumed their voyage on the 21st of October. A great fall of snow took place on that day, but the wind was favourable, and they were able to reach the embouchure of the Ox River before night set in. There they landed and encamped for the night. Early the next morning they set sail, but they had not gone far from the shore, when a furious gale suddenly sprang up. Snow fell in thick abundance during the gale, darkening the air, and nearly blinding them. Huge waves wet over the barque, which threatened every moment to go to the bottom. From head to foot all were drenched with half frozen water. It was evident to them that their boat could not hold out much longer against the fury of such a storm.

If there was a harbor into which they could run for shelter then there might be some chance of escape for them; on the contrary, they knew that their route was interrupted with water, and that they could not run far from the shore, when a furious gale suddenly sprang up. Snow fell in thick abundance during the gale, darkening the air, and nearly blinding them. Huge waves wet over the barque, which threatened every moment to go to the bottom. From head to foot all were drenched with half frozen water. It was evident to them that their boat could not hold out much longer against the fury of such a storm.

The morning of the 22nd rose, and to his dismay he saw the vast sheets of ice, spreading far and wide over the surface of the lake. The wind had fallen, but the cold was intense. He renewed his entreaties to the crew to proceed on their voyage; one of them openly deserted him, the others were preparing to follow the deserter's example, but the bishop's influence held them back.

The morning of the 23rd opened with still more dreary prospects. The storm had risen to almost its first violence, and the ice had become thicker on the lake. One day's more delay will render it impossible, even for the most resolute and daring men, to work a passage through these thickening fields of ice. At present there might be done, but not an hour should be lost.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Angel Whispers.

God, the eternal, all-powerful Being, who created all things, who lived millions of years before creation, lives on the Catholic altar. He lived among men in human form during thirty-three years. His love for men was so great that He desired to remain with them; and He instituted a means by which He lives with them, and will live with them, until the appearance of bread, till time shall be no more. He lives on the altar to the children of men. He lives in His children of love to give comfort to the afflicted, strength to the weak and light to those who are in doubt. He lives in the Tabernacle to dispense among men the precious graces purchased by His Precious Blood. He lives in the Blessed Sacrament to draw men to Himself. He loves men with a love so great that no mind can understand it, and He ardently desires that men love Him in return. Men neglect and forget their hidden God in the Blessed Sacrament. During many hours of the day and night His only worshippers are the angels, but for men. Visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament every day.

A Woman's Charms soon leave her, when she becomes a victim to any one of the various disorders and peculiar "weaknesses" that are peculiar to the fair sex. The condition of tens of thousands of women to day is pitiable in the extreme; they are weak, bloodless creatures, a prey to mental anguish and bodily pain, in a word "broken-down." To this unhappy multitude we strongly urge the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an infallible, world famed remedy, for all "female" irregularities and "weaknesses," and which restores the worst afflicted to vigorous health, and renews her with all the charms of figure, face and complexion, that receive such willing homage from man.

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

For two days their voyage proceeded under favorable circumstances. On the 27th they entered the River of Marabe, when to their dismay, they discovered that, owing to the subsiding of the waters, there was not depth enough in the river for the floating of their barge. To lighten the barge all had to disembark. Brother Pontier had a narrow escape of losing his life by drowning on that occasion. Whilst helping the crew in hauling the barge up against the rapids, he being up to his waist in the river, his foot slipped, and he was carried away for some distance by the strong current. Fortunately timely help was at hand, and he was saved. With a willing and courageous crew, many of the difficulties of their voyage would have been easily overcome, but unfortunately a bad and cowardly spirit animated the crew they had engaged. After the first hindrance they met in the river, they declared their unwillingness to proceed any farther. At last, after much parleying, compromise was effected. The whole travelling party, including the Sister of Charity and the little orphan, her companion, had to disembark and pursue their journey on foot, on the banks of the river. Moreover, the Fathers and Brothers, and also the Bishop, agreed to give their help to the crew in drawing the barge up the rapids. The journey on foot by the river's banks imposed many hardships on the bishop and his party. It told very severely on the poor Sister of Charity and the little orphan. Precipitous heights had to be scaled; marshy ground, into which the travellers sometimes sank knee deep, had to be passed over. They had to strike their way for long distances through tall wet grass, or through clusters of brambles and briars that scratched their hands and faces, and tore their clothes. Sometimes huge piles of fallen trees completely obstructed their way, and progress could only be effected by the vigorous use of the axe. In the meantime the barge was slowly moving forward over the shallow bed of the sunken river. Frequently cries for help came from the timid and unmanly crew. In rendering the required assistance, the bishop and his companions had sometimes to spend whole days immersed to the middle in the cold water of the river, and laboring as common boatmen at the task of hauling the barge up the rapids, and of lifting it over the shallows.

The water was so low in certain places that the cargo had to be divided into four parts, and four separate journeys had to be made to the point where the river became navigable. On the 4th of September the barge was about to be started. The crew wished to remain only on condition that their demand for much higher pay was granted. Already their wages were exorbitantly high. Fearing to find himself and his party abandoned, and left to perish in the great wilderness, he had to agree to their terms.

On the 7th of September they arrived in sight of the great rapid. As it rose in view, the crew grew pale with terror; real dangers stared them in the face. Though the current came dashing down the inclined ledges of the rapid, the water was so shallow that the risk of the river could be seen bridling with roots and long sharp pointed stones. Here the cowardly crew carried out at last their threat, and forsook the bishop and his party. What a position for his lordship to find himself in! How is he and his companions to extricate themselves from the horrors of perishing in the wilderness, or to become the prey of the natives of the disabled barque? Are those supplies which he, with such difficulty had collected, and which in face of such great hardships he had succeeded in conveying thus far, to be abandoned? Is disappointment to be the lot of those hard-worked communities in the far north, who are awaiting the arrival of their supplies, and to add to the bishop's embarrassment, the poor Sister of Charity fell seriously ill. Also notwithstanding her heroic spirit, which bore her up amidst untold hardships, her delicate frame at last gave way under a succession of trials and fatigues, which were almost too much for the most robust of the travelling party. After much deliberation, and having taken the opinion of his travelling companions, the bishop came to the resolution of leaving Father Rouse and a lay brother in charge of the barque and its precious cargo, and of pushing forward himself, with the rest of his party, to the point of junction between the rivers in the Bleak and Athabasca, where a small party of the Hudson Bay Company had there been lately established, and where he hoped to be able to obtain help. A tent was erected on the bank for the invalid Sister and the little orphan girl. Monsieur Clute and his companions took five days' provisions with them on their journey, which was to be performed on foot, and which was likely to be accompanied by severe hardships. Painfully they advanced during their first day's march, sometimes over sharp cutting stones, sometimes knee-deep in mud, now amidst dense brambles, and now on the brink of precipices, or on the banks of rocks and steep declivities. Towards sunset all were exhausted with fatigue, and their feet were bruised and bleeding. They were thinking of preparing their encampment for the night, sat with the thought of having another such day of toil and fatigue before them, for the journey of the morrow, when they perceived the smoke of some Indian camp on the opposite bank, curling in the air. Some were quickly disarmed, and answered by similar signals. Presently a canoe shot through the water, and some Montagnais Christians landed. When they discovered who the bishop was, they invited his lordship and his party to their camp. The great "Chief of Prayer" was received, on his arrival, with extraordinary demonstrations of joy. Having of the straits to which his lordship and his party were reduced, these excellent Christians placed, on the following day, two canoes at their disposal. This timely aid was most providential, as Monsieur Clute and his companions were so exhausted by the fatigues of the previous day that they were incapable of renewing their march, and probably would have broken down on their way, if the gener-

ous succour named had not been offered them by the good Montagnais. The post of the Hudson Bay Company, which they had been seeking to reach, was at last arrived at. The Bishop and his party met there Mr. MacMurry, the chief officer of the company in that district, who had already rendered many important services to the missionary Fathers, and who he felt would not refuse to come to his aid in this critical position. But to his disappointment he found, on reaching the post, that Mr. MacMurry had not arrived there. Having waited for three days for that gentleman's arrival, he resolved to go forward to the Great Portage, with the prospect of meeting him there. Accompanied by brother Pontier, and a half breed named Bertrand, he set out for the Great Portage in a small canoe which he had equipped for the occasion. Five days travelling brought him to the Great Portage, which was twelve miles long, and which he crossed on foot. In the absence of Mr. MacMurry, his representative (Mr. Mackenzie) generously granted to Monsieur Clute the assistance he required. A boat, crew, and guide were placed at his disposal. The sign of the approach of winter was a warning to him that he should lose no time in seeking to complete his journey. He had still to traverse the Great Slave Lake, and to enter the Mackenzie before the ice took hold of lake or river. If he should fail to do so, then all his labours up to now would count for nothing, and he would find himself unable to supply the missions of the north with the supplies intended for them. But this was not, at that time, the sole cause of his painful solicitude. He could not forget the little encampment of his fellow travellers, which he had left more than a fortnight previously on the solitary banks of the Athabasca. How had it fared with them since his departure? What was then the condition of the poor invalid Sister of Charity? Must they not feel apprehensive and despondent at being left so long in their dreary solitude, without any news from him? Such were the questions which he then anxiously turned over in his mind. He resolved to shorten this period of suspense by returning to them by the readiest means of transport. Judging that he would arrive more quickly in his canoe than he could do by waiting for the luggage boat, he adopted the resolution of starting at once in the former, accompanied by Brother Pontier. This resolution nearly cost him and Brother Pontier their lives. The canoe was approaching a most dangerous rapid. Brother Pontier, who was rowing with the bishop, got bewildered and pulled some false strokes. The bishop saw the danger, and called aloud to his companion to row in an opposite direction. The latter did not hear the warning given him, owing to the roaring and hissing of the waters, and had become confused and lost his presence of mind. He continued still to row in the same fatal direction; one false stroke would have hurled the canoe and its occupants over the edge of the rapid, into the roaring abyss beneath. "Row as you see me row," cried out the bishop, with almost super-human strength, aided by the wind, the warning was understood and acted upon, just soon enough to avoid a fatal issue.