

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

He was the first to demonstrate the practicability of a roadway across the great desert lying between Saskatchewan and Fort Garry. He undertook to explore that then unknown region. He started with an escort of three or four Indians from St. Ann's, Manitoba Lake, and pursued his way for twelve hundred miles across countless rivers, and through swamps and forests and boundless prairies, until he reached Fort Garry. His object in undertaking this journey was to find out a direct way for the forwarding of supplies to the missions of the distant north. The caravans of the Hudson Bay company now follow in that route; but it should be remembered that it was the cartwheels of the humble missionary that first left a track upon that great highway to the north.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The example of Father Lacombe was to be followed, in many notable items, by his brother Oblate, the learned and devoted Father Pettit. To the labors of this Father we owe most important additions to the infant literature of British America, in the far north-west, as we shall see in its proper place. Early in April, 1864, we find Father Pettit at Fort Rae, engaged in the work of evangelizing the tribe of the Dog-ribbed Indians. The Indians of this tribe had all, without exception, been admitted to the grace of Holy Baptism by the Oblate missionaries. Father Pettit desired great consolation from the faith and fervor exhibited by them during his stay among them. He hesitated not to compare their true Christian piety to that of the early Christians. He writes:

"I was deeply moved at the compunction they manifested in accusing themselves of very venial faults, and also by the simple, child-like fervor with which they addressed their prayers aloud to God. I never heard prayers so earnest or touching, uttered by anybody. I had the happiness of preparing a young Indian for death shortly after my arrival. Before breathing his last he made a sign to me with his hand to signify that God was calling him to heaven. In seeing this poor youth as he lay dying on the bare ground in a miserable tent, with the cold wind playing around him, I was filled with a sentiment of entire confidence in the Divine mercy in his regard. 'No,' I said, 'it is not possible that God will be a severe judge for this poor savage. Those eyes that are now about to close, cannot open again without seeing heaven.' He is now covered with rags, and plunged in deepest misery, but when from under the worn deer-skin floor of his miserable tent, he lifts his eyes to heaven, and calls God by the name of Father, will He come to him as an angry Judge? Oh no, to that poor savage He will be all mercy."

On the 6th of May, about the time when Father Pettit's mission to the Dog-ribbed Indians closed, he was visited at Fort Rae by a detachment from the tribe of the Trakweline, composed of the chief, Sattle-Nakraya, and eleven young Indians, none of whom with the exception of the chief, were yet Christians. Their object was to induce Father Pettit to visit their tribe. Among other things, he said: "Our old people are dying without baptism. None of the women or children of our tribe have been as yet, washed in the water of God. Nobody has been married before the church." Father Pettit did not require further persuasion to induce him to comply with the request of the good chief, Nakraya. It should be remarked, that some of the men of the Trakweline tribe had been instructed and baptized by missionaries, whom they met when selling their furs at certain posts of the company. It had come to Father Pettit's knowledge that some medicine men, among the tribes, had the desire of the Indians of that tribe to have a priest, pretended that they were priests, and drew many into their snares. Knowing this to be the case, Father Pettit felt that he ought not to lose any time in accepting the invitation which he had received.

On the 9th of May he commenced his journey, in company with the twelve Indians who had come to seek for him. On the fourth day after their departure provisions began to run short. That day Father Pettit received only a few ounces of dried meat. The next day his only food was a small piece of a candle. They pitched their tents at evening upon the borders of the late Kamitze, which is situated about 61 degrees north latitude. They lay supplett that night on the cold ground beside the frozen lake. The next morning they resumed their journey without breaking their fast. "Have patience," his guides said to him, before this day you shall have plenty of the flesh of the moose deer to eat, for we shall meet before then with a large encampment of 'our tribe,' at the foot of yonder mountain."

At the hour they reached the mountain to which they had pointed, but its base was silent and solitary, and no sign of living man could be found there. They pitched their tents at evening upon the presence night to them of the remains of a departed Indian. On a gentle slope of the mountain's base, which ran out into the lake, they saw a cross enclosed by a palisade, within which was the grave of an Indian Christian. The fragments of a camp that had been hastily raised lay scattered around the spot. The Indians have a horror of remaining encamped night to any place where one of their tribe has been buried. The presence of the little cemetery accounted for the departure from their encampment of the tribe which Father Pettit and his Indian companions had been expecting to meet at the foot of the mountain spoken of.

Hungry, foot-sore and exhausted, they sat on the shores of the lake, looking with prolonged and searching glance into the little bays that expanded on every side, to discover, if possible, some traces of the missing tribe. But their search was in vain. Their dogs were dying of hunger. For several days the poor brutes had nothing to live on but some morsels of burnt parchment. After a rest of a couple of hours they resumed their journey, without knowing what direction was best for

them to take. They arrived at a long portage, through a thick wood, at the end of which they came in view of another lake, named Tarakastie. It was the swab of importance in the whole. Father Pettit discovered since he left Fort Rae. But no sign or sound of human life had become as yet visible or audible.

At last, as they were going to explore a distant bay in the last named lake, the keen glance of the Indians discovered in the snow the foot-prints of a moose deer. At a short distance in advance, human foot-prints also became visible. The Indians at the same time scented in the air the smoke of a near encampment. Immediately they commenced shouting with joy and firing shots in the air. Presently they were answered by a discharge of guns in the distance, and in a short time they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of Indians. Father Pettit was filled with liveliest sentiments of gratitude to God for this deliverance from the horrors of a death by hunger in the desert. He knelt and offered on the spot fervent prayers of thanksgiving before entering into communication with the Indians whom he and his party had thus providentially met. The main body of the tribe were collected at a short distance, on a small island in the lake. On Father Pettit reaching the island, he was quickly surrounded by a wondering crowd, scarcely any of whom had ever seen a white man till then.

We shall allow him to describe, in his own words, the scene that followed the events we have been relating, and also to give the narrative of his labors on that occasion: "The whole population was collected on a little island in the lake. Long files of Indians came down from the rocks. Little children were the first to gather around me. When I reached the little island I was literally besieged by the throng; everybody tried to shake hands with me. 'March, March, March,'—welcome, welcome—rang from every lip. I was deeply touched at such a reception. These poor savages had never seen a priest or a white man before. They examined me from head to foot, wondered at my beard and spectacles, but were chiefly attracted by my cross. I made a sign that I wished to speak to them, and immediately a corpulent old man, with long white hair, the great chief of the tribe whose name was Sannaid; ordered every body to sit down. When they were seated, I said to them, 'Knowing that my children of the forest wished to see their Father, in order to receive from him the water of God, the blessed sacrament of baptism, and to become Christians, I hastened to come among them, not regarding the distance or the difficulties of my journey. But that having come, I expected to find on their part docility to my words, the complete cessation of all practices of Inikrause,—society—and fidelity to the commandments of God. They answered me by repeated cries of 'Tanan, Tanan,' to express their satisfaction with all I had said."

"Although many thought of gratifying their curiosity by scrutinizing my exterior person, nobody thought of satisfying their cravings of my hunger, which now had become insupportable. I was forced to eat for every extreme morsel of food to the old chief. He took the matter very coolly, and informed me that the whole tribe, even the children, were then two days without food themselves, but that they expected that the young men, who had gone to fish and hunt, would return the next day with plenty of provisions for every member of the tribe. I gave an answer only whetted my appetite. I had eaten a piece of candle two days previously."

"Having spoken with me for about two hours, they bethought themselves of the necessity of preparing their encampment. I had their tents on their march as they were coming to meet me. Presently they were all sitting ready to go to the place of encampment. Each one went to his own sledges and yoked his dogs. The little children were placed in empty cauldrons or sacks, which were firmly tied to the sledges. The old men and women, and the children able to walk, as well as the able-bodied men, put on their greatest shoes, and the whole tribe set out in marching order. It was the first time I had witnessed a like spectacle, and it had a special charm for me. Far as the eye could reach along the frozen lake, stretched out a seemingly endless line of sledges and dogs. The women advanced, bearing heavy burdens on their shoulders, the men carried their muskets and tambours, and at either side of this singular procession the children and the young men bounded along joyously, some guiding the sledges, others amusing themselves in using their bows and arrows, which they always carried with them. They were dressed in red, and put on my snow shoes and my sledges. Having reached the place of encampment, everybody set about raising his own hut. I sat weary and forgotten in their midst. I was too much fatigued to construct my hut. At last a chieflain perceived my embarrassment, and gave orders to the young men to raise a hut for me, which was constructed of sufficient size to serve also as a chapel. That same day I opened the exercises of the mission, and baptized two Indians who were on the point of death. That evening I broke my long fast by eating a morsel of a beaver's tail and a few shreds of dry fish. The next day we had an abundance of food in the camp, owing to the passage of large herds of deer on their way to the seashore.

"On the Feast of Pentecost I sang high mass, which was preceded by a sermon in Montagnais. After the mass I baptized sixty children in three different batches. At the end of the ceremony I suffered from complete exhaustion of voice, being exhausted by the fasting and by the several discourses I had to deliver. The following days I baptized ninety-seven children, in all 157. This important duty accomplished, I gave myself up entirely to the instruction of adults. For this object I brought them together in groups of fifteen at a time, by ringing a little bell, and got them to repeat several times the answers of the little catechism, in their own language, together with the Lord's prayer and the Hail Mary. Such was their desire to become instructed in the truths of our holy religion, that day and night I used to hear them repeat over to themselves the instructions which I had given them. At the end of fifteen days the greater number of these poor Indians were as well instructed in the chief truths of the Christian religion as many Chris-

tians living in older missions. I judged them to be sufficiently instructed to receive Holy Baptism, which they earnestly asked for, and of which they showed themselves worthy by their good conduct. I had to hear the confessions of this multitude, and to pass several days seated in my poor tent, into which the rain and snow entered, with my feet in wet mud and my limbs half frozen. But my sufferings seemed to cost me nothing; I felt so happy in laboring for the good of these poor people."

Father Pettit thought it prudent not to celebrate the holy sacrifice of the mass in presence of the whole camp, but solely in presence of those who were already sufficiently instructed to be able to assist at it with proper reverence. This provoked the jealousy of those who were not permitted to be present at mass. In the camp there were four sorcerers—nadjimenes—who availed themselves of the irritation thus caused to raise a storm of opposition to Father Pettit amongst a certain portion of the tribe.

"They succeeded in assembling the majority of the tribe on a hill overlooking their camp. There they erected a 'Chronicle,' or Sorcery Lodge, within which they were permitted to raise the practice of jugglery, which the tribe had promised to renounce on the arrival of Father Pettit. He says:

"Being informed of the facts by one of my neophytes, I hurried to the spot where the sorcerers squatted on their heels, evading the bodies of the young boys, like idiots. On seeing me they appeared to be disconcerted, and half afraid to continue their proceedings. Nevertheless they did not give up their wild ridiculous chant, until, striking my hands together, I commanded silence, and ordered them to disperse immediately. All the Indians prepared to obey me, when suddenly the most ferocious of the sorcerers sprang forward, with a countenance purple with rage, and darting upon me glances flaming with anger, cried out, as one possessed with an evil spirit: 'Who are you come here to trouble us? You do not see dog, you acknowledge yourself, but I speak to Him face to face. You render no service to us, for you refuse to baptize us. Go your way and leave us.' I answered, 'I take you at your word, I will go away to-morrow, but I will leave you in the hands of God, whom no one insults unpunished.' I then withdrew from the assembly. The crowd, terrified by these few words, quickly dispersed, leaving me in the middle of the hill, not having long in my mind when I was visited by great numbers, who came to express their regret at what had happened. The three chiefs of the tribe came to me, one after another, to urge me not to leave them, and to assure me that everybody disavowed the words spoken to me by the chief sorcerer Ekwi takwa."

"Springing up in the arms of the storm, the sun began sensibly to warm the solidity of the ice upon the lakes. Further delay in their position would be full of danger to all the tribe. The camp was quickly broken up, and everybody, including Father Pettit, set out upon the march upon the still frozen lake. Though the ice was very thin, the travelers over the chief portion of the way, the ice surfaces they had to traverse, yet there was an unusual rising and sinking of the ice on which they trod, which was unpleasantly suggestive of imminent danger, and caused them to hasten their pace towards their journey's end. Sledges could not be used in consequence of the dangerous state of the ice. Father Pettit had to carry his effects upon his shoulders, over dangerous lakes and across rugged mountains. At last they reached the lake, by whose shores the tribe had, the previous year, at the approach of winter, stowed away their canoes, which they now came in search of. It was there that Father Pettit began his march to the tribe of the Trakweline to a close, by the erection of a cross, twenty feet in height, which the Indians themselves had constructed. With difficulty the devoted missionary withdrew himself from the embraces of these poor Indians, who wept loudly at his departure, and begged of him not to fall to return to them in the following year."

As Father Pettit's usual offenses led him into the midst of tribes that were only indifferent, but also hostile to Christianity, his life was frequently exposed to very great dangers. On one occasion, when approaching a great rapid on the Mackenzie river, the crew of his bark, who were twenty-one in number, and all pagans, conspired to murder him. They formed a conspiracy to murder him, and resolved to throw him into the rapid. They were not aware that he understood their language, they consequently spoke freely to one another of their design. Their seditious disposition had been worked upon by certain sorcerers, who had made promises to them of the escape of other misfortunes upon the decease of the priest. They resolved to kill Father Pettit; and afterwards Father Saguin and Brother Kearney, Father Pettit writes:

"I was acquainted with their plot, when I saw them preparing to lay hands upon me. Before they were able to do so, I openly declared to them that I was fully aware of what they were about, and that they might, if they thought fit, take my life, as under such circumstances I was not afraid to die, and that I would willingly offer up the sacrifice of myself in their behalf. 'Act now,' I said, 'if you think proper, I will not defend myself. This sudden display of energy on my part quite disconcerted them. They were profuse in their denial of any evil intentions, and in protestations of respect towards me. But they said to one another, 'It is now more than ever necessary that he should die, for he knows our secret. To save our lives from the white man we must kill him. It is useless to say I did not close my eyes that night. Our bark was left to follow the current, with one steered to guide it. Four were told off to watch an opportunity of killing me. All were not equally cruel; some manifested pity for me, but they were too afraid of the others, who, however, had the courage to say, 'Your project makes me sick, my head aches in thinking of it. I will have nothing to do with it.'"

"I prayed during the whole night, and begged of God, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady, to prevent so great a crime being accomplished. I counted my Rosary beads all the while. At the same time I prepared myself as well as could for death and felt joyful—oh, yes, very

joyful at the prospect of dying a martyr's death. Alas! I was not worthy of it. My would-be murderers put off the execution of their plan until they should find me asleep. Their courage to strike me failed them, as they saw I was awake. A gentle word or a smile on my part sufficed again and again during the night to hold them back, when they were about to lift their hands against me.

The day rose, and then they next to exact me overboard into the river rapid. They had already arranged about the division of my clothes and effects. Their courage again failed them, and I arrived unharmed at the sanctuary of our Lady of Good Hope, my protectress."

Father Pettit was, in September, 1872, at Good Hope. At the request of M. Levesque Olat, he translated the Catechism and the Prayer Manual into the Peaux de Lièvre language. A young Indian of that tribe, who was then a Catechumen, named Camillus, rendered him great assistance as a catechist. Other young Indians emulated the example of Camillus, and eagerly sought to become well instructed themselves, in order to be able to instruct others. At the end of November, Father Pettit undertook a long journey to the north-east of Fort Good Hope. His only companion was a little Indian boy named Tadigale, fourteen years of age. He walked nine hundred miles during that journey, in his great snow shoes. He visited on his way several camps of Peaux de Lièvre Indians. He traversed what on his missionary expedition, one hundred and sixty frozen lakes, and crossed over thirteen great rivers. He approached the barren grounds that border the Polar Sea, and arrived close to the banks of the Anderson river, which falls into the Bay of Liverpool.

On the fifth day after his departure from Fort Good Hope, he and his little companion were crossing a large frozen lake, surrounded by immense barren steppes. As they passed under the brow of a high promontory, they suddenly found themselves confronted by a pack of seven white wolves, of immense size. These monsters, who were raging with hunger, howled fiercely, and formed themselves into a semi circle around the travellers, as if to cut off their chance of escape. They then made three bounds forward towards their intended victims. Father Pettit and his companion had no weapon of defence ready at hand, everything was tightly packed up on the sledges. To undo his baggage and seize a few knives was Father Pettit's immediate object. He and his companion retained their self-possession, and kept their eyes steadily and boldly fixed upon the ravenous monsters, which still held back, but yet seemed ready to make the final spring upon their prey. Gaily and quickly Father Pettit drew his well-trusted dagger, and secured his companions. The dogs, which at first had taken the wolves for deer, were going to rush upon them, now discovering their mistake, sought to take flight, and had to be held firmly by the Indian boy, to be prevented from doing so. The sledges being in readiness, Father Pettit and his companion mounted them, and their reindeer were given to the dogs, and the frail quipage shot with the rapidity of an arrow straight through the group of wolves, who opened a passage for it, four standing on one side and three on the other. They received some sharp cuts of Father Pettit's whip as he passed unharmed in their midst. Their horrible howling, no doubt caused by regret at the escape of their intended prey, continued to be heard for a considerable distance.

A great portion of the vast regions traversed by Father Pettit during that journey had never been trodden by foot of a white man before. It was with ineffable feelings of devotion and thankfulness that he offered for the first time the holy sacrifice of our Lord's body and blood, amidst those lonely steppes that touched the northern frontiers of the earth, and proclaimed the Name of Jesus to races that had never heard that august name pronounced till then.

We are happy here to be able to state, on the authority of Father Pettit, that the four Indians who had been told off to murder him, had become penitent of their crime. For two years he kept them under probation, during which time he frequently instructed and exhorted them. They repeatedly expressed their regret and horror at the crime they had agreed to commit, and begged of him to spare them for the future to lead a christian life, and to give themselves, without reserve to the service of God. At the close of their period of probation, Father Pettit admitted them to Holy Baptism. He states, that during the journey last named, he received hospitality for three days in the hut of one of these men.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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M. A. St. Mars, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day. Can be relied upon to remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied."

Ten Years' of Torture. Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., writes for ten years a sufferer from liver complaint, which doctors' medicine did not relieve. After using four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters she was entirely cured, and states that she is like a new woman again.

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THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

FATHER ANDERSON'S LECTURES.

London (Daily News), Oct. 22. On Saturday night in the Drysdale Hall, Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle, the Rev. W. H. Anderson, S. J., M. A., lectured on the "Oxford Movement." Mr. Fox, President of the Catholic Young Men's Society, was in the chair.

Father Anderson said he had intended to speak upon some passages in his own life, but as that lecture would perhaps have produced more amusement than instruction, he readily put it aside, and he was sure they would be glad to hear something about the Oxford movement. The externals of the place had a very powerful influence in directing the movement and the minds in general of those who took part in it. Many things accounted for a movement like this being more likely to originate at Oxford than at Cambridge. Both the externals of the place and the course of studies conducted directly in a retrograde direction, as far as the course of time went, and of GOING UP THE STREAM OF TIME rather than down in a world constantly moving onwards. In order to show the approximate causes of the movement it would be well to introduce the audience to certain names. These were John Keble, who was the beginning, and to a certain extent the leading spirit; J. H. Newman, Richard H. Froude, the elder brother of the well known writer of history, or what was supposed to be history; Edward Bouverie Pusey, who lived and died out of the Church after all; then his own uncle's name, Henry Edward Manning. Manning was never exactly reckoned amongst the movers in the movement; at least, not at first. He joined it afterwards, as it were incidentally, or by what is called a flank movement, and was no doubt imbued by his Catholic principles, by the study of the fathers equally with the others. But his life at Oxford was rather later in point of date, and was of rather shorter duration. After leaving Oxford he had charge of a country parish. He took no step downwards, and always very slowly but very steadily advanced towards the truth, and when it was fully made known to him he made no delay in accepting it. These men formed the front rank of those in the movement. After them would come such as Oakeley, Ward, and HIS FRIEND FATHER FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

These were the dramatic persons. Keble was known very extensively by a beautiful book of poems for every Sunday and festival of the year, called "The Christian Year." It would not recommend the study of the book. It was not a Catholic book, but was a book with very Catholic tendencies. Keble advanced so near to the very threshold of his holy faith that the marvel was that he had not the final grace to step over the border. He lived and died, like his friend Pusey, outside; but in the meantime, he had been the means of drawing countless minds inside, because of the exceeding beauty and unconscious Catholic tendency of his writings. Catholic emancipation was passed in 1829. The singular thing about the whole Oxford movement was that there was no visible or outward connection between the Catholic emancipation and the movement in Oxford. The two things were absolutely independent, and all the more providential and remarkable was it that the movement should have sprung up out of the soil in the midst of Oxford, and at a time when the Catholic movement had not yet begun to be felt. This fact was strengthened by other facts, that most of those connected with the movement derived nothing whatever from any Catholic they knew. That which produced the movement—that which was

THE MATCH THAT LIT THE TRAIN—was this, the Government of Lord Stanley, the late Lord Derby, introduced a bill for the consolidation of certain laws in Wales. Wales, with the tenacity of the Celtic race in Ireland, retained the faith under all disadvantages, but unlike Ireland, lost it after a time from the want of priests, and simply from the want of enough priests in Wales to keep the faith alive. England itself was under such a strain of pressure that she was unable to help Wales, and hence the Principality became Protestant. In a certain dark moment John Wesley came, and put them, as it were, into one sack, and made them Wesleyans. The dioceses of Wales therefore contained about as many Welsh members of the congregation as those in Ireland. It is not to be wondered what that was (laughter). The cathedrals were empty, the Bishops had sinecures, and nobody had anything to do; and the Government thought it was time to consolidate some of these sees, and therefore proposed the consolidation of the dioceses of Bangor and St. Asaph. This was the bill for the consolidation of certain laws in Wales. This was the law that was passed at Oxford before the movement had been understood by Church; you see the Government has no power to come in and touch the things of God; keep to the things of Caesar. Therefore, hold your hand and

DON'T VENTURE TO TOUCH THIS." John Keble's voice it was that was raised in a sermon which he preached before the University of Oxford, which was called "National Apostasy," in which he showed that if England ever came to such a state that the Government should lay her fingers on things sacred, that would be the nation's apostasy. This roused the whole country, and the Oxford movement flamed into life in a moment. Pusey, who gave his name to the movement, to a certain extent, had not yet appeared; and at the time Newman began to ventilate his studies, Pusey was engaged purely with German and Hebrew study. Newman was a man who must needs rise to the top of everything he took in hand, in consequence of the gifts that were given him. If he (the lecturer) were to try to define Newman's special gifts, he would say Newman's was a mind of the most marvelous logical precision, subtlety, and refinement of thought, united with a disposition of extraordinary self-denial and with a grasp of the English language which he supposed had been possessed by the most striking and most energetic and effective of the Oxford tracts. The tract derived their origin from the necessity of expounding these new views. The views with which the tracts started were very much these: That "minister," if it meant

anything to the purpose, meant priest: that if the word "priest" meant anything to the purpose, it meant a man deriving his influence, not from mere secular position, not from any accidental learning or other qualities, but from the fact that he had come down in an unbroken line of succession from the Apostles, and that his position and authority were spiritual from first to last. Hence these men began to teach the apostolical succession.

THIS WAS QUITE A NOVEL VIEW. The Bishop had been considerably affected by the fact that they were governed by temporal Lords, and had seats in the House of Lords, and more particularly in some portions of the Catholic faith, by no means making any active protest against 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 in their result.

BISHOP MACDONELL. By W. J. Macdonell, Toronto. Reprinted, by consent, from the Weekly Catholic. He never 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 more than ordinary position in the British Dominions, a brief memoir of him may be of some interesting to the readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. This venerable gentleman was born 17th July, 1762, in Gien, Uxhart, on the borders of the Seine, in Normandy, Scotland. Being destined for the Church, he was, at an early age, sent to the Scotch College in Paris, and subsequently to the Scotch College in Valladolid in Spain, where he was ordained priest on 16th February, 1787. During his stay in Paris, the writer heard from his own lips, that students were brought from their parents' estates by some revolutionary enthusiasts, and forced to dance around a very Pole. Young Macdonell, who was always an ardent Royalist, was very much shocked at such outrageous proceedings and feelingly lamented, managed to escape the threatened indignity. On leaving Valladolid he returned to Scotland, and was stationed as a missionary priest in Braes of Lochaber, where he remained four or five years.

A few years prior to 1790, a system converting small farms into sheep was thereby dispossessing small tenants, 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 emigration acts preventing them from emigrating to the colonies. In May, 1790, Mr. Macdonell, understanding that many laborers were wanting in the manufacturing towns of Glasgow and its neighborhood, travelled to Glasgow, and was employed by manufacturers in the hope of procuring employment for the dispossessed Highlanders. On being informed that a greater portion of these people were Catholics, the manufacturers promised a protection and encouragement to such who would come down to their works. As the excitement caused in 1780 by the Geordie riots, and his misguided lower, when the Catholic Chapel and priest's house in Glasgow were burned a riotous mob, had not yet subsided, manufacturers feared that some assistance might be offered to the Catholic laborers. When Mr. Macdonell stated that a clergyman should accompany them to afford them the consolation of their religion, he was assured that an encouragement possible would be given such clergymen, but as the penalty against Catholic priests were still in force, protection could not be guaranteed to him. Mr. Macdonell, however, declared his willingness to accompany them, and accordingly the action of the penal laws willfully 700 or 800 laborers came down from the Highlands, and gave full satisfaction their employers during the two years they remained in their service.

On the few occasions previous to the arrival of Mr. Macdonell, when he officiated in Glasgow, he was frequently harassed by some three or four priests, and to station at the door a Irishman or Highlander, armed with bludgeon to overawe intruders who attempted to disturb the service. But Macdonell, acting on the advice of Porteous (one of the most influential members of the magistracy), he opened his chapel to the street, and not close the door during the service. Presbyterian clergymen, by the way, have this method of accomplishing their object. On the 16th of November, 1790, Mr. Macdonell, acting on the advice of Porteous (one of the most influential members of the magistracy), he opened his chapel to the street, and not close the door during the service. Presbyterian clergymen, by the way, have this method of accomplishing their object.

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