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Catholic Record.
LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1885.

- CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.
1. St. Stephen.
2. St. John the Evangelist.
3. St. Andrew the Apostle.
4. St. Thomas the Apostle.
5. St. Matthias the Apostle.
6. St. Simon the Apostle.
7. St. Jude the Apostle.
8. St. James the Apostle.
9. St. John the Baptist.
10. St. Elizabeth.
11. St. Decimus.
12. St. Nicholas.
13. St. Francis Xavier.
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19. St. John the Evangelist.
20. St. Thomas the Apostle.
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23. St. Paul the Apostle.
24. St. Stephen.
25. St. John the Evangelist.
26. St. Andrew the Apostle.
27. St. Thomas the Apostle.
28. St. Matthias the Apostle.
29. St. Simon the Apostle.
30. St. Jude the Apostle.
31. St. James the Apostle.

THE RECORD SUSTAINED.

From all parts of the Dominion, from the North-West, from Ontario, Quebec, from the remotest points in the Maritime Provinces, we have received expressions of hearty endorsement of our course on the execution of the Metis' chief. From priests venerable in their own towns and cities, and respected throughout the country, from laymen of prominence, acumen and foresight, from citizens of distinction and influence, many of whom have grown gray in the service of either one of our political parties, and others just entering the target and daikome path of public life, wherein to see one's way care and caution and conscience are all in demand, has come to the RECORD with a spontaneity and unobscured every expression of approval that the most ardent hopes could desire, or the most sanguine anticipations formulate. Our readers will understand our position. We have not justified rebellion, nor condoned murder and outrage, neither have we belauded rebels, nor fallen into line with their abettors, of whom we know not even one. But we have denounced, as we will ever denounce, as long as quill can speak our thoughts in terms loud, fearless, and energetic, the oppression brought upon a scattered, plundered and undone race, the poor Metis of the North-West. Weak and impoverished as they are, abandoned of all in the vast and cheerless solitudes of their prairie homes, without a friend at court, their condition is one that, we maintain, calls for the sympathy of every citizen who prizes patriotism more than party, and places country above faction. Did we say that they were abandoned of all? We mistake. In the darkest hour of their sorrow and tribulation they have not been abandoned by the noble and heroic band of missionaries that have carried the light of the gospel, with its saving truth and healing comforts, to the farthest North and West, and whose work has suffered more from the fury of civilized vandalism than from the obstinacy of Indian superstition—we mean the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. The zeal, the ardor, the devotedness and the apostolic heroism that become true children of Mary and characterize the Oblate missionaries in this far-off, ungenial and melancholy land, are personified in His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, patriarch and primate of the North-West, and in his venerable brother, the saintly bishop of St. Albert. The hearts of these apostles of the North bleed for this simple, frugal and injured race. We well know the efforts made by both of these prelates, and by many of their devoted priests, to secure justice for the despised and trampled Metis. Well also do we know the efforts they made as priests and patriots to stay the effusion of blood, and how they in the depth of the anguish and bitterness of their souls hid their faces when rebellion stalked through the land, for how could they, who had expended every effort to prevent this sad result, look on the desolation, outrage and murder scene to follow in the wake of revolt? When at last they raised their eyes the view that met them was appalling, the virgin soil of the prairie reddened with blood, the missions pillaged, churches profaned, priests murdered or dispersed, religious banished from their peaceful homes, the good work of half a century arrested and imperiled forever. But why repeat this mournful tale? Often has it been recited in these columns. The rebellion, whose origin and

causes we have more than once in this journal pointed out, ended with the capture of the Metis chief. Tried and condemned to death, a deep and general feeling prevailed that the death sentence should not be carried out. All good citizens felt that as grave doubts were entertained as to his sanity, as political crimes had in civilized countries long ceased to be visited with death, and as the uprising in which he figured as leader was provoked by white oppression, official insolence, and monopolist rapacity, the executive clemency should be extended to the unfortunate man. We were ourselves in this regard in hearty accord with His Grace of St. Boniface and with His Lordship of St. Albert, both of whom publicly expressed the belief that the rebel chief should not be made suffer the ignominious death of the scaffold, but be closely interned for the remainder of his days. In thorough agreement were we, and are yet, with all the devoted missionaries of the Northwest, whose words and sayings have been grossly distorted by fanatical partisans to condone outrage, and justify malignity. In harmony are we with the French clergy and people of Lower Canada, with the entire Irish Catholic body of Canada, and with every fair-minded citizen, no matter what his origin, in our reprobation of the Metis' chief's execution. That reprobation came not from sympathy, even the most latent, with either of the political parties. Neither of the two parties in Ontario is likely to benefit from the agitation in Lower Canada unless upon conditions that neither will, we think, accept. The leaven of fanaticism in each is too great, in our estimation, and we pretend to know whereof we speak, to permit a close alliance of any Upper Canadian party with the party of the majority in Quebec. In this we may be mistaken, and hope for the good of our common country that we may be mistaken, but that view we hold till facts oblige its relinquishment. Riel is now dead, and our wish, at all events, is to leave his ashes in peace. To the subject of his death we would not return but that by one party, and by one only, whose vagary should perhaps in charity be ascribed to a temper not even, and a mind not well balanced, have we been charged with condoning murder, justifying rebellion, and fomenting agitation for partisan purposes. Well, for the enlightenment of this party, who likens Riel to El Mahdi, the false prophet of the Sudan—Riel, whom we have never gone so far as to call a hero or a martyr—we publish a remarkable letter from Father Andre, of Regina, N. W. T., addressed to F. X. Lemieux, Esq., Q. C., Quebec, omitting, however, some severe strictures on the Premier and government of the Dominion. The letter appears for the first time in the English language.

Regina, Nov. 20, 1885.
SIR, AND DEAR FRIEND.—Before leaving Regina I wish to carry out the desire formally expressed by the late Louis Riel, and address you a few words. The night before his death, finding me alone with him in his cell, he requested me to write in his name to thank you, as well as Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Greenshield, for your noble and generous efforts to defend him and save him from his doom. In this testimony of gratitude he includes all those generous hearts, as well French as Irish, that felt interest in his unhappy lot. Throughout that remarkable night, the memory of which will never fade from my heart, he prayed with extraordinary fervor for you, dear sir, begging the Lord to bless you, your wife and family, in reward of all you had done for him. He was greatly moved when I told him of all the steps you took to save him from the gallows, and was keenly touched when I informed him that Mr. Fitzpatrick had successfully landed from England when he hastened to Ottawa to make a last effort in his favor. The thoughts of all these things passed clearly before the mind of poor Riel on the eve of his death, and his heart, though it must have been filled with anguish, was full of gratitude for those who had shown sympathy for him in his misfortune. Father Andre, said he, pressing me in his arms, be you the interpreter of my sentiments of affection and gratitude to the people of Quebec, to my many friends in the United States, to the Irish people in Canada, and assure them that Riel in dying had them all in mind, and that I ask of them as a last favor to remember me in their prayers. My dear Lemieux, our poor friend Riel died as a HERO and a SAINT. Never did death give me such consolation and edification. I thank God for making me the witness of the life led by Riel in prison. He spent all his time in prayer and preparation for the terrible passage from this life into eternity, and God gave him strength to die a heroic death. He has, indeed, if I can use the expression, ennobled and sanctified the scaffold. The punishment which he suffered, far from being a disgrace to him, has become by the accompanying circumstances a veritable apotheosis of Riel. The Regina Leader, which had not much love for Riel, has been obliged to render homage to his brave and heroic death. You will receive a copy that will acquaint you with all the details of that memorable execution. During the whole night preceding his death, Riel never manifested the slightest symptom of fear. He prayed a great part of the night with a fervor, a beauty of expression, as well as a suavity that transfused him, giving his countenance an expression of heavenly beauty. I cannot, my dear friend, convey you the sad impressions I experienced in keeping company with this prisoner for whom I had the respect and veneration felt for a saint. It is now a quarter of a century that I have exercised the functions of the holy ministry and never, I can assure you, have

I been at once so edified and consoled by a death. Throughout the live-long night there was not a single word of complaint against his condemnation nor his persecutors—gay and joyous was he as he saw his captivity drawing to a term. He often said "I cannot tell you how glad I am to die, my heart superbly jumps with joy." He laughed heartily and embracing me affectionately thanked me profusely for staying with him to the end. When I expressed a fear that terror might perchance seize him at the last supreme moment, he declared with emphasis, "Fear not, I will not shame my friends nor please my foes, nor the foes of religion, by dying as becometh a coward. For fifteen years they have pursued me with deadly hate and never will they make me flinch—less than ever will they to-day when they lead me to the scaffold and when I feel infinitely grateful to them for delivering me from this burdensome captivity that weighs on me. I most assuredly love my parents, my wife, my children, my country and my countrymen; the very thought of being free and being with my family fills my heart with joy. But the thought of spending my days in a lunatic asylum, or in a penitentiary, thrown in with the scum of society, obliged to bear every affront, fills me with horror. I thank God for having spared me such a trial, and I accept death with joy and gratitude. A new spirit in the situation in which I find myself gives rise to me a source of great affliction! He exclaimed as if dominated by a sort of religious enthusiasm, *Laetus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi; in dnum Domini sumus.* Be satisfied, Father Andre, I will die brave and happy. With the grace of God I will courageously meet death." Would you believe it? Although troubled by so many emotions that pressed heavily on my heart, and placed in a position naturally calculated to excite any man, I can honestly affirm that I passed the night in saintly happiness, and that the hours seemed to speed away rapidly. Riel was occupied at one time in prayer, at another in writing to his relatives and friends, and again in conversing with me on things spiritual. In the course of conversation he charged me with different messages. He showed the same courtesy and kindness to the guards, kindly consenting to write lines of remembrance for those who asked them. A singular and extraordinary fact was the extent to which he had acquired the esteem and respect of all those who came in contact with him. There was something about him that inspired respect, and though polite he was never familiar with any one. The Mounted Police, the ladies of the Fort, and some of the officers sympathized profoundly with Riel in his misfortune, and his death everywhere created a profound sorrow.

At five o'clock I said Mass for him, and he received Holy Communion with angelic piety. After six he asked permission to wash and prepare himself, regretting that he did not receive an earlier notice, so that he might have put together his effects, and in order, said he, to go to death with soul and body purified, as a gift of respect for the God who had been so good to meet. He wished that he was well dressed, so strongly rooted was his sense of neatness and order. But despite the poverty of his attire, he went to his doom, his clothing well brushed, his hair neatly combed; showing in everything that propriety, the symbol of his soul's purity. As a guard passed by, when the assistant was darting at the door of his cell, not daring to announce the fatal order of which he was the bearer, Riel, divining how much it cost Mr. Gibson to break silence to announce the terrible news, turning to him, said without the least emotion: "Mr. Gibson, do you want me to die with my hands tied behind my back? I am with you to the end, and with a firm step to ascend the long stair case which you remember could be seen entering the guard room. I feared this ascent, but he ascended without showing feebleness or hesitation. He left me far behind him, when suddenly perceiving that he was not followed by his spiritual adviser, he waited for me at the foot of the large room leading to the scaffold. When I joined him we continued our funeral march, reciting the proper prayers, till we reached the place fixed for the execution. Then in the very presence of the gallows we fell on our knees and prayed for a certain time. Riel was the only one who preserved his sang froid and presence of mind. He rose and took his place bravely on the scaffold, called me a last time to him, embraced me, and asked me not to forget Mr. and Madame Forget for their kindness to him. I then left him and having turned my back on the scaffold, he cried out: "Courage, good courage, father!" Recommending his soul to God, invoking the names of the Holy Trinity, of St. Joseph—the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph—his favorite ejaculation, the bolt was drawn, and he disappeared. His death was almost instantaneous, easy and peaceable. His features remained calm, and his body underwent no contortion. Never have I beheld a more radiant countenance than his, while he prayed at the moment he walked to the scaffold. The beauty of his soul was reflected in his face, and a ray of divine light seemed already to illumine his figure. His eyes shone with great brilliancy and seemed to lose themselves in the contemplation of the divine greatness. Never, I repeat, did the scaffold offer a spectacle so sublime and so magnificent. The lookers-on were moved and stricken by the grand spectacle under their eyes. Never did a religious ceremony touch and stir their hearts as did the sight of Riel going to death. The Sheriff, his assistant, the hangman himself, cried with emotion. I came away from the execution consoled and encouraged by such a death, thanking God for making me its witness. Everyone else felt a similar impression. Riel wished to speak to prove he was a prophet, and fulfill his mission to the end. It was for him a great sacrifice to keep silence at my request. "You have, in fact," I said to him, "a mission to fulfill, to show the world how a Catholic animated by faith and sustained by grace knows how to die," and this mission he admirably fulfilled, for he died as a *Leader* said, "As a man and a Christian."

I had to enter on a veritable struggle to get his remains. Sheriff Chapleau nobly sustained his part, and I may here say that he fulfilled his sad function with a tact and a charity that won him the gratitude of Riel. He showed himself

a man of heart and spirit, and I feel pleased to render him this testimony. The body was not given me till Wednesday evening, the third day after the death of Riel. It was impossible, notwithstanding the lively desire by him expressed, to have it sent to St. Boniface. It would be a long story to tell all the obstacles thrown in the way of my giving poor Riel Christian burial. The body having been brought to my place of residence, we opened the coffin to ascertain whether the rumor was correct that shameful outrages had been perpetrated on the remains of the deceased. Sheriff Chapleau, Mr. Davin, editor of the *Leader*, Messrs. Forget, Bourget, Bonneau and other citizens were present at the opening of the coffin. We were happy to find that the body was intact and that it was religiously respected. We were all struck with admiration when the remains were exposed before us to see the figure of the dead so calm, a smile seeming to illumine the countenance, as if to mark the peace in which his soul had left it when leaving for a better world. In the morning a great number of persons, men and women, came to visit the corpse, and left with this impression. That poor Riel was a saint, it required but to look on his remains to be convinced of the fact.

I cannot convey to you all we felt as we contemplated that body which excited none of those ideas of horror and repulsion to which a dead body ordinarily gives rise. The very children approached the remains as well without fear as without repugnance. Yesterday at 9.30 a. m. we celebrated the funeral service. Many of the leading men of the town attended. Sheriff Chapleau, and all the French Canadians of the place were present. It is, however, painful for me to state, but the fact struck and afflicted us all, Mr. Justice Rouleau refused to attend the service. He was the only one whose heart was not softened by a death such as that suffered by Riel whose bearing on the scaffold moved his very executioner.

I know that these details will to you be precious. For my part it is consoling to hold converse about my dear and unfortunate Riel. You have a right by virtue of the devotedness that you have shown him to know all that concerns the last moments of that client who was dear to you by so many titles.

Asking you to present my affectionate remembrances to Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Greenshield and to offer our best regards to your wife and children.

I am, your devoted friend,

A. ANDRÉ, O. M. I.
P. S.—*La Minerve* and *La Nouvelle* may attack the authenticity of this letter also—but these are truly simple people who put in doubt the existence of a letter that goes the rounds of the press without any protestation on my part. I again salute you most affectionately. I leave for St. Boniface to see the family of poor Riel before returning to my mission. Such the eloquent outpouring of a priestly heart. Such the simple but sublime speech of a man justly entitled a patriot, because a faithful minister, of God. Does he call Riel an El Mahdi? No! No! We commend his words to those who apply this term of reproach and of ignominy to the dead chieftain. We ask them to read Father Andre's letter with great care, to ponder over the sentiments of Christian charity he so beautifully enunciates to be just even to a rebel who has already met the just Judge before whom we must all one day stand. Not having known the unfortunate Metis leader as did Father Andre, we cannot speak of him in the language of that good priest. But looking on him as the victim of Orange hatred, we share with the heroic missionary in his sorrow at the sacrifice of his "dear and unfortunate Riel." Nor are we strangers to his consolation at the manner of his penitent's death. We thank our friends for their generous sustenance in this crisis. We feel we have done a duty that we owed ourselves and the country. We have struck hard blows at Orange domination. Nor will we be satisfied till every trace of its mastery in the councils of the nation have been effaced. Meantime, however, after the excitement that so naturally followed the death of Riel, the people require a season of calm thought and earnest reflection. This season let them have in peace. We fear not its result, for whatever party it is to hold power in this Dominion must be a party freed from the restraint, control and domination of every secret faction and every occult combination working in the silence of night and the darkness of conspiracy for the accomplishment of deeds suggested by hatred and born of rancor, deeds that have their life and being in minds to which patriotism is a stranger and Christian charity a myth.

ADVENT'S FIRST SUNDAY.

On Sunday last His Lordship the Bishop of London occupied the pulpit of St. Peter's Cathedral, and in a sermon of remarkable power and persuasiveness—even for so finished a pulpit orator—pointed out to his people the means they should take to preserve and increase the fruit of the mission. The Bishop took for his text the words of St. John, v. 14. "Behold thou art made whole, sin no more, lest some worse thing happen thee." He likened the mission to the pond of the Probatica. They had just been made whole by the saving waters of Penance, the Probatica of the new law. To them, therefore, with special application might be addressed the counsel of our Lord, that they should take heed not to sin again lest some worse thing might befall them. He pointed out the danger of relapse, its ingratitude and criminality, and urged his

hearers to persevere in the good resolutions they had formed during the retreat. They should not only be hearers but doers of the word, and doers even unto the end—for he only that perseveres to the end would be saved. They should fly every occasion of sin, have frequent recourse to prayer, refresh and strengthen themselves for the combat with the many and untrusting foes of their salvation at the fountains of grace, the Sacraments of Holy Church. If they did so, ever seeking and striving for the grace of a good death, that grace would be theirs, as also the never-ending peace of heaven.

MR. PARNELL'S LEADERSHIP.

In an address to the Irishmen of Liverpool Mr. Parnell laid it down that there were two conditions upon whose fulfillment depended the success of the Irish people in their present struggle for home government. The Irish should be, at home as well as abroad, united and free from all quarrels and dissensions among themselves—they should be true to the great traditions they had inherited, and as it rested in their power at this moment to deal a successful and lasting blow, they should not hesitate to strike hard and strike home. The second condition was that the men they sent to Westminster to represent their interests should be men ready to sink all personal considerations and maintain the same union in the ranks maintained by the Irish Parliamentary Party from 1880 to 1885. They should crush out with an iron hand every symptom of dissension, and above all, believe in themselves and the work they had undertaken. These two conditions fulfilled, the Irish people would soon have the gratification of witnessing the assembling of an Irish Parliament on Irish soil to guide the destinies of their nation.

The Irish leader evidently places little faith in the efficaciousness of Mr. Gladstone's declarations and promises on the subject of Home Rule. While admitting that Mr. Gladstone's Edinburgh speech was the most important declaration ever made by an English statesman on the Irish National question, that speech—looking at it from a practical point of view—fell far short of the exigencies of the position. In very clear terms the Irish leader stated his grounds for dissatisfaction with Mr. Gladstone's speech as vague and unsatisfactory:

"He said that it appeared to him if they took Mr. Gladstone at his word, voted for his candidature, and gave him the large majority independent of the Irish party, which he claimed to be necessary for any English Ministry before it could consider the Irish National question, they would find themselves in this position. They would present their claims for consideration to Mr. Gladstone, and if he agreed with them he would probably bring in a bill to carry them into law, and that bill after passing the House of Commons, goes up to the Lords, who would say to Mr. Gladstone, 'You never submitted the principles or the details of this bill to the judgment of the electors at the general election, and we consider it right in a question of such enormous gravity as this of the national relations between England and Ireland that the electors of England and Scotland should have an opportunity of passing judgment upon it, and we will throw out this bill and compel you to dissolve Parliament. That would be a very abortive result of the general election, but under the circumstances it appeared to him that the House of Lords would only be carrying out their constitutional right by rejecting the bill, the details of which had not been before the country at that general election. Mr. Gladstone could avoid all this trouble by simply bringing his great intellect to the promoting of a constitutional course. There was no living man better able to do it, and he (Mr. Parnell) invited him, with all seriousness, to lay his views as to the largest amount of self-government for Ireland, subject to the conditions and limitations which he had stipulated for regarding the supremacy of the Crown and the maintenance of the unity of the empire before the public, in order that the electors of the three Kingdoms might have an opportunity of judging of them and passing a decisive verdict at the general election."

Mr. Gladstone did not feel at liberty to take up the Irish leader's challenge for a definite statement of his views on Irish self-government, and in consequence of his failure to do so has lost the support of the Irish electors in Britain. From the present outlook, the Irish leader will in the next Parliament be in a position to dictate terms to both political parties. Each will—with all its antipathy to Ireland and the Irish, an antipathy it is impossible on this side of the Atlantic to fathom—each will, we say, be ready, through a craving for office, to make a bold bid for that support. With a party numerous, united and determined, Mr. Parnell can do great things during the next few months for his country. He now stands on the very threshold of success: Home Rule is within his very grasp; freedom—we may without exaggeration say it—dawns on Ireland, Mr. Parnell's success as a leader will be fully understood when in the next Parliament he confronts with a united Irish party an evenly divided British majority, just as Mr. O'Connell's genius for the guidance of a peaceful revolution was shown by his standing for Clare in 1828 and then confronting British bigotry at the bar of the Commons. Mr. Barry O'Brien in his "Fifty years of concession to Ireland," establishes a very interesting comparison between O'Connell

and Parnell. According to the *American*, O'Connell, in Mr. O'Brien's view, rendered by far the greater service to Ireland, as it was he who called into existence the public opinion by whose direction Mr. Parnell has achieved all his successes. On the other hand Mr. Parnell is far more tolerant of independence of opinion among his associates than the Liberator was; he allows his adherents to fight each to his own hand, as far as is consistent with party unity. But he shows less sense of responsibility for the general condition of the country. The reason for this is found in the far greater authority exercised by the Liberator; he could do what he pleased to an extent that has not been true of his successor, who is a Teuton of great talent, while Mr. O'Connell was a Celt of genius. Mr. Parnell is less exacting and autocratic, and limits his action to shaping and regulating the course of whatever force is the strongest in the movement of public opinion. Mr. O'Connell could take all sorts of risks and make all kinds of experiments with the loyalty of his followers, while Mr. Parnell knows that his leadership is conditioned on his close adherence to the popular wishes. He does not, like the Liberator, waste his time in repelling personal attacks on himself; he cares for no attack that does not imperil the success of the party, and for those that do, only in so far as they do. He is greater than Mr. O'Connell in this entire self-abnegation, while far his inferior in the brilliant gifts which made the Liberator the most delightful speaker in the House of Commons and on the hillside alike. He is also more anti-English, in spite of his closer kinship in blood. He never seeks to conciliate the public opinion of England, even to the extent of disavowing acts of violence with which he has no sympathy. It is enough for him that his own public in Ireland understand him in the matter, and he is stronger than the Liberator in that his policy has rallied around him a body of capable lieutenants, such as never before followed any Irish leader, and each of whom has the liberty and encouragement to use his gifts to the utmost. Mr. O'Connell, the *American* adds, produced upon his antagonists the impression of something theatrical and unreal, which they need not take in entire seriousness; Mr. Parnell, by his slowness and want of passion, affects them with the feeling that he is a fate and as inevitable as the operation of a law of nature.

Mr. Parnell is just the man for the present crisis which must result in the political, just as Mr. O'Connell was the divinely appointed leader in the trying time that closed with the religious emancipation of Ireland, and the names of both will go down to posterity amongst the noblest in the long roll call of Ireland's patriot leaders and benefactors of humankind.

NINETEENTH CENTURY PROGRESS.

We have a paragraph to which we respectfully draw the attention of Dr. Wild and other panegyrist of nineteenth century enlightenment in general and Protestant progress in particular. Here it is as published in the *London Free Press*: "Suicide is increasing in Berlin, says the correspondent of the *London Times*, to what may truly be called a most frightful extent. In one day lately there were no fewer than ten cases of self-murder, and attempted self-murder, while not a single day passes without bringing its repulsive story of suicide in some form or other. Nor are these cases of *foe desu* confined to the lower and the poorer classes. There have been several instances quite recently of stock-jobbers and other speculators moving in the upper ranks of society, who blew their brains out in a fit of despair at financial misfortune. To-day (November 12) also brings its own peculiar tale of the death of an aged and respected couple, owning a villa in the most fashionable street of the West End. The story is that Herr Markwald, a retired banker, suddenly expired in some mysterious way, and that his widow at once put an end to her life with a revolver. The couple, who have several married children, had left written instructions for the cremation of their bodies."

Now, let us examine into these statements with care. Berlin is the capital of Protestant Prussia, and one of the most thoroughly non-Catholic cities in the world, almost as much so as Pekin or Yeddo. Berlin is the head and centre of that land through which Luther first shed the light of the so-called reformation. It is the metropolis of a country of hble readers and believers in private judgment. Yet self-murder is fearfully prevalent in this great modern community. Christianity seems to have so far lost control over its population that even amongst the enlightened this dreadful crime is of frequent occurrence. The enemies of Romanism must find some other cause for this sad state of things besides the darkness and an pestition of Popery. We do not ascribe it ourselves to bible-reading or to any greater wickedness in the Teutonic than in other races. But we do ascribe it to the utter failure of Protestantism as a religious system to inform the hearts, enlighten the minds, and guide the consciences of men and thus bring great civic and national communities into conformity with God's holy law. In Berlin, as evidently, as well as in other places, Lutheranism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The elections in Britain are proceeding the greatest activity and earnestness being on all sides demonstrated. The result will not be known for fully three weeks. It is, meantime, quite evident that the two English parties will be closely matched in the new Parliament, while Mr. Parnell's strength will be even greater than at first anticipated. To enable us to understand the mutations in party strength that the elections will bring about, it is well to bear in mind that in 1880 there were 207 borough seats in England and Wales. Of these the Liberals carried 217. In 1885 there are 121 borough members. In 1880 there were 187 county seats in England and Wales of which the Tories held 123. There are now 253 so-called county seats, while however, have a considerable leaven of town population.

The *London Spectator* claims it is moderate estimate to assign to the Liberals a majority of 25 or 30 of the borough seats, and a majority of 25 of the so-called county seats, but the results thus far do not bear out this claim. Scotland in 1880 had 60 members. Now it has 72. In 1880 the Conservatives carried nine seats in Scotland. The Tories may now carry 12, leaving the Liberal majority of 60 in Scotland. Ireland has 103 seats; the same number as in 1880. Mr. Parnell expects to carry 80 to 85.

There were at time of the dissolution 640 members in the House of Commons divided as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. Includes English Boroughs, Welsh Boroughs, Scotch Boroughs, Irish Boroughs, etc.

Majority of Liberals and Home Rulers. There were 64 professed Home Rulers elected in 1880, but of these Messrs. O'Sullivan, Carlow; Fay, Cavan; O'Sullivan; Moore, Clonmel; Shaw and O'Donnell; Cork; Brooks, Dublin; O'Donnell, Dungarvan; Mitchell Hennessy; R. P. Blennerhasset and Mitchell Blennerhasset; Kerry; Meldin, Kildare; Sir P. O'Brien, Kings Co.; Gabbett, Limerick; Bellingham, Louth; Errington Longford; O'Connor Power and Nelso; Mayo; Smyth, Tipperary, and McNeill, Wicklow, did not acknowledge Mr. Parnell's leadership and generally voted with the Liberals. None of these gentlemen have the slightest chance of election in any part of Ireland, and very few of them seeking election elsewhere in the present contest. The Irish Liberals—elected as in 1880—were the following: Messrs. Richardson, Armagh Co.; Lee and Kinahan, Donegal; Whitworth, Drogheda; Lyall, Dublin City; Russell, Dundalk; Dickson, Dungannon; Lever, Galway City; Thomas McClure and Samuel W. Barry Co.; Findlater, Monaghan; O'Donoghue, Tralee; Dickson, Tyrone; Stuart, Waterford Co.; and Allman, Londonderry. Several of these gentlemen are candidates for seats in the next Parliament, but with very limited chances of success. Of the twenty-four Irish Conservatives the last House not more than half will survive the general slaughter of the nationalists just being consummated by the patriotic Irish electorates, determined upon being at last fully represented in the alien Parliament and securing for their country the priceless blessings of freedom and equality.

ATTENTION.

We beg leave, most respectfully, to call the attention of the government to the report of Riel's recaptured in the *Regina Leader*. It is reported in a statement concerning the conduct of certain members of the Mounted Police on guard at the Regina prison that calls for prompt action. "troopers," said the *Leader*, "stood in on the verandah of the prison, and conversation was not edifying. times a pause—but no sound came within—a sign but that the tragedy had finished. At last a thud was heard, one of the police said:—'here follows most horrible impression. 'Y another of the gang, as saying 'A this noble prayer.' Another bias was the amen uttered by this cowardly brute in human form. then," adds the *Leader*, "follows civilized laughter."

Was not the execution attended with horror enough without the addition of blasphemous, blood-thirsty and joy? These offenders against decency and humanity are in the pay of Canada supposed to be brave men. But Canada's uniform, they curse with fellow-being, who loved his country wisely but too well, is hurled into the matter. We demand a rigorous investigation into the conduct of these men, and the instant dismissal of any found guilty. It was, God kn