Ontario and partly in Quebec.

Dr. O'Hagan says:

"Fifty years ago it (the Church) was but a mustard seed: to-day it is a great cedar of Lebanon. Fifty years ago there were not more than sixty priests scattered throughout the province from Sandwich to Ottawa, and from Lake Erie to the Manitoulin Islands to minister to the spiritual needs of about one hundred and thirty thousand Catholics. To-day there are four hundred and fifty priests who have spiritual charge of four hundred thousand Catholics; yet these facts constitute but a segment in the great circle of progress which marks the history of the Catholic Church in Ontario during the past fifty years. What shall be said of the multiplication of churches of colleges, of convents, of hospitals, which tell of Catholic faith, Catholic toil, Catholic generosity?"

Dr. O'Hagan is a pleasing writer, and his essay, of which we have here spoken, will afford gratification and instruction to those of our readers who will have the opportunity to read it.

MRS. GOULD'S SISTER.

She is Going to Nurse the Lepers of China,—Strange Contrast in Life of Katherine and Ella Clemmons.

Blood may be thicker than water, but there are two sisters with the width of this continent between them who are as strangers to each other. So far apart, indeed, are they that the continent might be the world itself and yet not make their separation more hopeless in its completeness.

The sisters are Mrs. Howard Gould and Mrs. Overacker.

One of them is known throughout America and pretty thoroughly throughout the European continent as the beautiful Katherine Clemmons, actress, for whom, as everybody remembers, young Gould was willing to forfeit $5 000,000 of good Gould gold that he might marry her.

The other is known to a few people here and there in California as Ella May Clemmons, who has recently resumed her girlhood name and gone into the depths of San Francisco's Cainatown to teach Christianity to the Chinese.

Never did fate draw sharper lines of contrast between the destinies of two sisters than now divide the California women. Never were lines so directly antipodal as these.

One is the richest of the rich.

One is the poorest of the poor.

In New York city Mrs. Gould has passed the Lenten season in the most luxurious retirement, amid surroundings that a princess of royal wealth might envy. She has youth, talent, love, money, health and the happines that sometimes comes with the possession of this rare combination of blessings.

In San Francisco the sister of Mrs Gould dwelt during the days of Lent in direct poverty, unrelieved by anything more cheering than met her gaze in a small, bare, comfortless attic room.

IN THE HEART OF THE CHINESE QUARTER,

to which no breath of pure air could come over blocks of rickety buildings swarming with Asiatic humanity. The blessings of life are not hers to enjoy. Her time has been divided, when away from the four walls of this Chinatown tenement, between worship at Church and teaching God's word to the pagans around her.

Katherine Clemmons is a society queen.

Ella May Clemmons is a religious recluse.

The one sister dines at the Holland House on the daintiest food that money can provide. She is courted and feted as only the wife of an American multimillionaire can be, and her jewels are the envious despair of women less fortunate.

The other dines frequently if at all in the Chinatown attic. Sometimes, though, there is a loaf of bread, with no butter, on the rough board table. She is alone always, and well-nigh forgotten by the small world that once knew her. Her jewels have gone to the pawnshops, and her sole ornament is a small silver cross.

Ella May Clemmons was once a belle. Her home in Niles, after her marriage to Charles Overacker, was a social centre, and herself the best gowned, best groomed woman in that part of Alameda county. She was extravagant in her expenditures, and led a life that knew no ambition beyond the ephemeral pleasures of society. After some years there was whispering of a mutual arrangement whereby two lives that began at the altar were to diverge. And eventually it was announced that Chinatown had a new missionary, a most

ZEALOUS CONVERT TO CATHOLICISM,

who had been received into the Church by the Paulist fathers.

She was known as Ella May Clemmons. Mrs. Overacker of Niles had burned her bridges.

In Chinatown it was that a Sunday Journal representative found her the other day. It was a strange place in which to seek for the sister-in-law of a money king.

On the floor in a corner was a pallet; on a candle box a coal oil burner; a chair, a small table, an inkwell, pens, a few worn books, a curtainless window. On the walls and about the room were articles of religious significance; newspapers, portraits of Catholic dignitaries, and gayly-colored lithographs of Mrs. Howard Gould in various theatrical costumes hung side by side.

"My work among Chinese women," said Miss Clemmons in answer to an inquiry, "must of necessity be gradual. Owing to my inability to secure apartments suitable for school purposes I cannot be established as I wished to be. What teaching I do is done at the homes of my pupils with the aid of books of the gospels simple in text, which they can comprehend. These I interpret for them into their own language. I have been studying Chinese for some time with a view to fitting myself for this work. Pictures I find of great help, and I use them profusely."

Miss Clemmons then exhibited some fine specimens of religious art, purchased at her own expense.

"I give them the best," she continued, "and I find these little brown sisters of ours very bright. They take kindly to Catholicism, their ideas of religion in this country having been derived for the most part from the Salvation Army, Holiness Bands and such organizations as have appeared in their quarter.

WHY SHE BECAME A CATHOLIC

"I became a convert to the faith when I felt that all outside it was dross and delusion. I knew that to take this step was to separate myself, because of religious differences, from my family, but I was convinced that I must become of practical value to others, so I set to work in a systematic way to train myself for teaching."

"And are you maintained by teaching?"

"No. I have not received one cent as yet. However, I have consecrated my life to the work, and some means of maintenance will be given me. You see, if I belonged to one of our religious orders the matter of support would be settled; but being married I am barred from being a nun, hence my work must be entirely independent and self sustaining."

"Meanwhile you have had to live?"

"Yes, and to do so I have parted with every article of value which I possessed. Plate, furs, draperies, pictures, vehicles, furniture, jewelry, all have been sold, little by little. My only ornament now is the crucifix of gray metal."

"And you do not regret them?"

"Not for a moment," was the eager answer, "since by such small sacrifices I have gained eternal life."

"Now that the plate, the pictures, the jewels are gone, what then?"

"I have offered my services to Father Conrardy of Oregon as nurse and teacher, to accompany him.

TO A COLONY OF LEPERS

situated in the central part of China, where fifty thousand souls suffer from that dread disease. Father Conrardy has accepted my offer and arrangements for the journey will be completed in a few days."

"But do you realize what is in store for you in choosing such a lot? You cannot hope to escape the disease. Remember Father Damien's lot."

"No, and it is in his footsteps that I wish to follow. Father Conrardy was Father Damien's assistant during his last years at Molokai."

"Your sister—Mrs. Gould—does she sanction this plan?"

At mention of that name the eyes of the missionary filled.

"My dear sister does not communicate with me, nor will she permit my name to be spoken in her presence."

"Have you offended her?"

"Yes, grievously, by adopting my religious faith. She used to call me her dear little sister, and oh, how kind she was! How I worshipped her! Whenever I now read in the newspapers of her charities I say: 'That is just like my noble sister.' She can never be anything to me but great and good. I am so glad she is rich. I pray God she may always be happy. You see, she does not understand that the Church cannot care for the physical needs of all its converts. Once, when I was ill and behind in my rent, and nearly starving, as I had eaten almost nothing for two days, I wrote to my sister, explaining the situation and begging her to help me just a little for the sake of old times when we were children. My letter had to be forwarded, as Katherine was away from her home with her husband. When she received it she did not wait to write send her answer by the slow mails but cabled immediately.

HER SISTER'S MESSAGE.

"And she cabled money enough to drive all the hungry wolves from your door?"

"No. Here is the message:

"'If you are sick why don't you go to a hospital?'"

From the leper colony in central China to the palace of the Goulds in New York is a far cry. And blood is not always thicker than water.

The leper colony in Asia to which Ella Clemmons is going is said to be the most unspeakably horrible place on earth. The leper colony of Hawaii, where Father Damien died, had the picturesque settings of tropical foliage and was swept by the cooling health of the sea and mountain breezes. But this Asiatic colony is in a desert region, with wretched huts of mud and straw, in which its tens of thousands of wretched inhabitants give themselves up to slow death.

Yet for Christianity's sake this is the lot which Mrs. Howard Gould's sister has chosen.

NON-CATHOLICS AND THE MONTH OF MARY.

Some kind friend has sent an extract from a book styled "The Women of the Bible." It is a startling illustration of the impossibility of the Protestant mind to understand the devotion of Catholics for the Blessed Mother of God during the month of May. In it occurs this astounding sentence: "By a vast section of Christendom the Blessed Virgin has been, and is adored, and that in the highest sense of the word, as an object of Divine worship"—words that must fill every true Catholic's heart with horror. The writer, however, adds: "And though we may not approve of this"—a sufficient mild way of putting it—"*still we can hardly wonder* that this admiration has gone so far as adoration, for surely—viewing her simply as a woman—no more womanly, or, in other words, true woman ever lived." It will suffice to add, here, that the vast section of Christendom alluded to in this amazing passage, meaning the Holy Catholic and Roman Church, do *not* adore the Blessed Virgin, either in the highest sense, or in any sense at all, and with all their love and veneration for the most Blessed Mother of God would shrink with horrow from the blasphemous thought of offering to her Divine worship.—American Herald.

WAS MR. MOODY DEFINITELY INVITED TO ENTER THE CHURCH?

"Few persons are aware that a definite proposition was once made to Mr. Moody to enter the Catholic denomination."

The above sentence, taken from an editorial mention in the Herald of the new biography of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, written by his son, is so worded as to give the average reader the impression that nothing less than a General Council of the Church, or the Supreme Pontiff himself, after mature deliberation, approached the late Mr. Moody, and formally and solemnly invited him to enter the Catholic Church. As a matter of fact, the biography makes no such assertion, neither does it imply that any such "definite proposition" ever was made. Its account of the occurrence wherein the Herald finds ground for making its exaggerated, if not absurd, statement is as follows, and it is apocryphal enough, as we will show, without having erroneous conclusions drawn therefrom:

"A source of very great annoyance to Mr. Moody in pioneer Sunday-school work at this time was the frequent disturbances which came from the lower class of the Roman Catholic element. Many of the boys would try to interfere with the meetings—broken windows and such disturbances being not the least troublesome expression of their disapproval. At last he felt that extreme measures must be taken, and he called on Bishop Duggan, who was prelate of the diocese. It was not an easy matter to gain access to so high a Church dignitary, and a maid who answered his call at the door was not ready to promise him the audience he requested. Bishop Duggan, he was told, was busy and could not be seen, but young Moody had taken the precaution to step over the threshold and was not so easily thwarted. 'Well, never mind,' he said, 'I will remain until he is at leisure,' and without waiting for further invitation quietly passed into the hallway.

"The maid was not all sure that the Bishop would care to be interviewed by the self-constituted missionary, but it was useless to attempt to dissuade him. He had come to see the Bishop, and would wait, if necessary, for the remainder of the day, or until the Bishop could find it convenient to give him a hearing. When at length the Bishop appeared in the hall, the young man very briefly related his mission, and said that he was engaged in a work for children in a part of the city that was neglected by everybody else. It was therefore a pity, he said, that he should not be allowed to continue the work unmolested, and he requested the Bishop to give orders to the parish priests to prevent all future interferences.

"Bishop Duggan refused to believe that any of his people were to blame for the disturbances, to which Moody answered that his only reason for believing that the boys were Roman Catholics was their own statement to that effect. Bishop Duggan then replied that they represented the worst element in the Church and that he had no control over them. 'Your zeal and devotion are most commendable in benalf of these people, however,' he added, 'and all you need to make you a great power for good is to come within the fold of the only true Church.'

"'But,' replied the young missionary, whatever advantage that would give me, among your people would be offset by the fact that I could no longer work among the Protestants.'

"'Why, certainly you could still work, among the Protestants,' was the reply.

"'But surely you would not let me pray with a Protestant, if I became a Roman Catholic?'

"'Yes,' replied the Bishop, 'you could pray with Protestants as much as ever.'

"'Well, I didn't know that,' said the young man. 'Would you, Bishop, pray with a Protestant?'

"'Yes,' said the Bishop, 'I would.'

"'Well, then,' replied Mr. Moody, "I wish you would pray for me now, that I may be led aright in this matter," and forthwith knelt where they had been standing in the hall. The Bishop and Mr. Moody both prayed.

"The result of that short conference was a cessation of all further annoyance from the Roman Catholic element of the city, and a life-long friendship between the two men."

WHAT IS A DEFINITE PROPOSITION?

Now, we have carefully read and re-read the fore-going passage from the biography under discussion, and we fail to see why the remark made by Bishop Duggan to Mr. Moody (granting that the story is true, which we very much doubt) should receive the importance which the Herald gives it in calling it a "definite proposition." It is, in fact, no more deserving of the title, "definite proposition," than if it had been made by the humblest layman in the country. Propositions, of that kind are made by Catholics to Protestants and unbelievers every day in the year. Few are the good-living Protestants with any extended Catholic acquaintance who have not been told at some period of their lives, "You ought to be a Catholic."

BUT IS THE STORY IN THE BIOGRAPHY TRUE?

From the beginning of the foregoing remarks we have been granting the truth of the story in the Moody biography; but as our readers will observe, there is every element of improbability therein, and it is doubtful if any Catholic or any Protestant knowing anything about Catholic life would be willing to accept it in its present form. For instance, the writer tries to foster the impression that a Catholic Bishop is such a high and mighty personage that it is rather difficult for an ordinary man to see him. As a matter of fact, to those who have legitimate business with him, a Bishop of the Church is as easily approached as the humblest parish priest; and no maid, such as the writer of the book portrays, as any sensible person will admit, could retain her position twenty four hours who would impertinently assume the right to say whom the Bishop would or would not see. That should be plain enough. Then the assertion that the Bishop gave orders to the parish priest to have the disturbances at the Moody meetings stopped is very diaphanous. The Review admits that it does not believe it. And as we have been for some time making a collection of curious ecclesiastical documents, we are willing to pay at least $50 for the order mentioned. Such orders are not private. Some of them ought to be in existence, if ever they were issued. But Bishops have more important matters to attend to than giving such orders, and we again assert that we do not believe any such were issued by Bishop Duggan.

WHAT IS LIKELY THE TRUTH.

The fact is, that the story was written in order to show off Mr. Moody's determination and zeal in bringing the light of the Gospel even to such a high Catholic dignitary as the Bishop of Chicago, and with little regard to the facts of the case. No doubt, Mr. Moody had an interview with the Bishop; but we would like to have the Bishop's side of the story. Bishop Duggan, of course, being dead, and Mr. Moody, also, the real truth will possibly never be known, but even the casual reader will recognize on the part of the author of the biography an attempt to so color the incident as to show up Mr. Moody in the best possible light, and to try to have it understood that, like Bishop Duggan, Catholic authorities have the power, if they so exerted it, to put a stop to all the disturbances that "evangelists" themselves invite by the sensational methods they adopt in preaching the Gospel. While we have, however, no means of knowing just exactly what the Bishop said to Mr. Moody, we do know what we ourselves would say, and what others have had occesion to say to such pious, well-meaning, but very much misinformed messengers as Mr. Moody. The reply in substance would be as follows: "My dear sir, you have my sympathy in your troubles. I regret very much the annoyance these boys cause you. They may or may not be Catholics, but obviously you come to the wrong person for protection. It is the business of the police, not mine, to give you the protection you seek. Good day, sir." There is scarcely a statement in the whole story that does not breathe a spirit of improbability, but to us the most impossible as well as ludicrous incident in the whole affair is that which represents the Bishop on bended knees, at Mr. Moody's invitation, praying for the very "fresh" young evangelist.—Sacred Heart Review.

A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

Youth Marvelously Regains Use of Speech, Sight and Hearing.

Some excitement has been caused in the South Side of Glasgow, Scotland, by the wonderful and sudden recovery of a boy who had lost his speech, his hearing and his sight, says the Catholic Herald of Manchester, England. The following facts in connection with the case have been elicited: The lad's name is Edward John Jordan, twelve years of age, who resides at 158 Ruthergien Road, in St. Francis' parish. In February last his sufferings were accentuated by the loss of the power of his left arm. He was given up by the doctor, and all hope of life disappeared. During his illness one of the Fathers from St. Francis' parish attended the lad, and when the doctor pronounced the case hopeless, the Father attending the patient commenced a novena in honor of the venerable Duns Scotus.

After praying for about a fortnight the answer came to the glory of God and the honor of the holy Franciscan Doctor. On the day of his cure the little boy was much worse than before. He was seized by one of his usual violent fits, and in the middle of it he suddenly regained his lost faculties. His first word was a request for the Father who had been attending him. The moment the priest heard what had happened he knew his prayers were answered, but till he had seen the boy he thought it might have been but a lucid moment he had received in his sufferings before death. At 6 o'clock the same evening strength suddenly returned to the withering arm.

On Saturday the doctor examined the boy, and declared the cure a marvelous one. The little ever since his cure has not had a pain or ache of any kind. His appetite is good, and he is now able to partake of meat. When we sought permission to publish the facts of the miracle—for such it appears to be—we were warned to add to the statement that in accordance with the decrees of Pope Urban the Eighth and the Congregation of the Sacred Inquisition, no trust is to be placed in this cure except in so far as human judgment and authority, both liable to err, allow, and that we were to speak of the wonderful fact in the broad sense of a miracle, and not in the strictness which the Church uses.

JESUS AND MARY.

I will assert that never is our love for Jesus so feelingly excited as when we contemplate Him in conjunction with His Blessed Mother. Never has the eye of art seen Him so amiable, never do our hearts so warm to Him, and feel so familiarized with Him, as when He is represented to us as a lovely infant reposing in the arms of His Virgin Mother. Never do we so feel what He underwent, how He bled, how he died for our redemption, as when we gaze upon His pale and bloodless corpse, laid upon the lap of his heart-broken Mother, and read in her countenance a grief such as all the world else could not contain.—Cardinal Wiseman.

THINKS MIRACLES POSSIBLE.

Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., Preaches at Holy Family Church.

Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., delivered a lecture Sunday evening at the Holy Family Church, upholding the possibiitp of miracles. He said in part:

I recently read in one of the leading un Catholic magazines this sentence: 'There are few in this age of enlightenment so simple minded as to believe in miracles.' This is a specimen of the stereotyped expression in which assumption of superiority passes for argument and imposes on the unreflecting reader. How would this do in answer: 'There are in this age of enlightenment so ignorant as to deny miracles.' or this: 'There are few in this age of honest inquiry and generous acknowledgment of established truth so narrow-minded and bigoted as to dispose with a sneer of a truth which has been acknowledged in every age by the most enlightened minds and substantiated by arguments that have never been answered.'

Catholics offend less against reason by credulity than scoffers do by skepticism. Some blasphemons infidels have challenged God to work a miracle that they might subject it to scientific scrutiny. But they will receive only the answer which Christ gave to the licentious Herod when asked for a miracle for the entertainment of his menial court.

"What is a miracle? An effect, manifest to the senses, contrary to what would occurr according to the laws of nature, beyond the power of any created cause, produced therefore by the direct intervention of Him who is Lord and Master of nature, whose can over rule it.

"Are miracles possible? He who believes in the existence of God, in His infinite power, in His supreme dominion, needs no further proof. What can reason advance against their possibility? Will some pretend that it conflicts with the unchangeableness of God? In the same eternal decree which determined the order of nature were contained the exceptions we call miracles. Does it imply that God did not build wisely at first and must correct His errors? No. God made no mistakes in creation. The purpose of miracles is to remind man occasionally in a striking manner of what he is so inclined to forget, that there is a power above nature, a Providence overruling all, to reward His faithful servants, to make an example of the wicked, especially to furnish incontestable testimonials to His messengers—in a word, to promote man's spiritual welfare.

"Miracles, they say, would change the physical order of nature. Suppose they did. The physical laws are not absolutely unchangeable like the moral laws. The latter regulate the essential relations of intelligent beings to one another, while the former affect only the contingent relations of material things. If the librarian can change the order of books why cannot the Creator do so to the order of the universe if He will?

"But, further, the miracle does not change the physical order. The preservation of the three Hebrew children in the Babylonia furnace did not change the nature of fire, for it burned their executioners and has been burning things ever since. A miracle but makes an individual exception, suspends the law in a particular case. This does not change the physical order any more than the occasional and temporary removal of a book from the shelf changes the order of a library.

"But, then, miracles would destroy all certainty of human knowledge which depends on the uniformity and constancy of the laws of nature, for we would never know when the miraculous exception would occur. There is no danger. When miracles happen within our own sphere of observation we shall know it; when they are told us by others only the strongest of proof can convince us. They do not occur so often as to shake our confidence in the uniformity and constancy of nature's laws.

Reason can offer no solid argument against their possibility."

"Next month there will be an eclipse of the sun. Suppose a skeptic about eclipses should try to disprove it. He might have resource to ridicule and call the observers credulous dupes. If urged for reasons he would claim that an eclipse is a violation of the laws of nature which make the sun shine. You could answer that an eclipse does not consist in extinguishing its light, but in obscuring it by the interposition of the moon. It is absurd, he would say, thata comparatively small body like the moon could obscure so immense an orb as the sun. He would have to abandon that assertion if you could induce him to hold a nickel half an inch from his eye and try to see the building across the street. But, he would argue, it would imply a miscalculation on the part of the Creator to allow such a disturbance of the order of nature. In reply you could ask, how has the order of nature been disturbed? Things go on as before. Should he deny that we could know the fact even if it did happen, you could ask him why not? Those who were within the belt of shadow had eyes to see, and those without could learn it from the testimony of the millions of observers. Can we not trust our senses and the word of others? Could not the disk shaped shadow of the moon be distinguished from a cloud?

"Now, why is it, my dear friends, that such reasoning and skepticism sounds so absurd when applied to eclipses or other natural phenomena, and not when used against miracles and other religious truths? It is, perhaps, because the admission of religious truth entails practical consequences which the truths of natural science do not?

"For the admission of a miracle two things must be established: the occurance of the fact and its miraculous character. If the fact is plain, public and striking, witnessed by many, what is to prevent our certain knowledge of its occurrence? Those who are present can perceive it by their own senses, others can know it from testimony of reliable witnesses. To question it skeptics are driven to the absurdity of denying the reliability of our senses and of human testimony, and to the inconsistency of admitting it, at least in practice, for all purposes but those of religion.

"To be certain of the miraculous nature of the occurrence we must be sure that it cannot be accounted for either by fraud or by the forces of nature or by the power of the evil spirit. Now, there are cases in which this is plainly manifest. Take, for instance, the raising of a dead man to life, the restoration of a limb completely severed from the body, the instantaneous cure of one really and dangerously sick. Such marvels can be accounted for only by the direct intervention of the power of God.

"Fraud cannot counterfeit them. Forces of nature, either known or secret, cannot explain them, for they are contrary to nature, and occur, not uniformly or under given natural conditions, but independently of such conditions in obedience to the word of God's servants; neither can the power of the evil spirit accomplish them, for they exceed his power. He, like every created cause, can produce effects, not by the mere command or efficacy of will, but only by the use of means. And there are no means, no matter how skillfully used, that will effect these results."—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

The most important news of the past week from the seat of war is the relief of Mafeking on or before the 18th inst. This was the day announced by Lord Roberts some time ago to the people of the beleaguered town when they might expect relief if his plans should not miscarry, yet the doubt which must always exist as to the result of future operations in warfare threw an uncertainty over the prediction until it was actually accomplished.

So far there is not an official announcement from General Roberts himself of the fact of relief, as the obtaining of certain news from Mafeking is difficult for him, because it has to be brought a long distance by runners; nevertheless it has been officially announced by the Pretoria Government that the siege has been abandoned, and a British force from the South has taken possession. Further, Col. Baden-Powell's brother who is in London has received a telegram from a friend in Pretoria to the same effect, so that there can hardly be now any doubt that the news is true. There are also despatches from Lorenzo Marquez to the same effect.

In London and throughout England, Ireland and Scotland and indeed in Canada, and all parts of the British Empire, the news was received amid the wildest excitement and enthusiasm.

The sufferings of the Mafeking garrison and population was intense, especially during the last part of the seven months of investment, but it was borne with a fortitude which cannot be too greatly admired. Colonel Baden-Powell, to whom the successful resistance against the besiegers, from the 14th of October last, is due, is the lion of the hour, and the manifestations of joy in London, England, were probably never so enthusiastic as when it was announced first from the Mansion House that the beleaguered garrison and citizens had been rescued from their distressed position.

The Lord Mayor of London at once wired to Col. Baden Powell, "Cable me what money is wanted for the needs of the garrison and inhabitants after long privations," and the whole city was absolutely wild with delight when the welcome news was made public. Particulars of the losses in the battle which resulted in the relief of Mafeking are not yet given, but it is stated that the German corps fighting for the Boers lost 80 killed.

The foreign brigades in the Boer service have suffered especially during the whole of this war, having lost many officers of note, and during the recent operations, beside the heavy loss of Germans just mentioned, the American scouts numbering 100, have lost 37 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Irish brigade under Col, Blake, 400 strong, was also badly cut up during the battles before Kroonstad, and most of the survivors were captured when the city was taken.

The main body of General Lord Roberts was still at Kroonstad at last reports, but the advance forces were pushing forward vigorously, and General French is now in the presence of a large Boer force 30 miles north of Kroonstad. Generals Botha, Delarey and Olivier are in command of the Boers at this point, and it is expected that there will be a battle here.

General Rundle is engaged in clearing the eastern district of the Orange Free State of Boers, and in this he is meeting with great success. The country in which he is operating is described as being "alive with cattle, sheep, and horses," and will be a source of supplies for the British. Among the prizes captured here are mentioned 10,000 bags of corn.

Lord Methuen is advancing eastern along the south side of the river Vaal to meet General Roberts' force at the point where the Transvaal territory is to be entered by Lord Roberts' army. General Hunter who has been operating within the western Transvaal territory, has hoisted the British flag at Christiana, which is in the Transvaal Republic. It is believed that the next vigorous resistance of the Boers will be at Johannesburg, from which the British are now only 50 miles distant. Johannesburg is 26 miles from Pretoria, and in view of the near approach of the British to the Transvaal capital, preparations have been made to remove the capital to Lydenburg in the mountainous country to the north. President Kruger proclaims his intention to make his final stand there.

General Buller has met with great success in driving the Boers out of Natal. Moving northward, he successively occupied Glencoe and Dundee after several brisk engagements. Thence he went forward to Newcastle which he also occupied, the Boers retreating before him. The number of Boers in the retreating army is announced to be 7000.

Buller's expectation is to join his forces with those of General Roberts, and to take part in the advance to Pretoria.

It was General Buller's intention to enter the Transvaal by Laing's Nek, which place has been reached already by the brigade under General Dundonald, but the tunnel at this point, which is 2213 feet long, has been blown up by the Boers with dynamite, and is now a complete wreck. The explosion was terrific, and the tunnel is choked from end to end with huge masses of earth and rock which will require months of hard labor and great engineering skill to remove them. Notwithstanding that the difficulty of entering the Transvaal by this way will be greatly increased by the destruction of the only railway communication, the attempt to effect a passage will be made. The Boers express confidence that they can repel any attempts of this kind.

It is now stated by the London Daily Express that President Kruger has telegraphed to Lord Salisbury personally, proposing terms of peace. The war office has not made any such proposal public, but it is not supposed that any other answer will be returned except that "unconditional surrender" is required. It is asserted also that at Kroonstad General De Wet offered the submission of 1000 burghers on condition that they should not be sent to Capetown or St. Helena. Lord Roberts refused the conditions, saying he must first submit, and he would then learn the disposition that would be made of himself and his men.

The latest intelligence is that Lindley, which was before mentioned as being the place to which the Free Staters had removed their capital, has been taken by General Broadwood. The capital, however, was not established at Lindley but at Heilbron. Vrede has now been proclaimed the capital. As this town is not far from Laing's Nek, where General Buller's forces are now, it is probable that another removal will have to take place very soon, and that by that time there will be no point left to the Free Staters to which they can remove it.