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REV. JOHN F. COFFEY, Editor.  
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**Catholic Record.**

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#### THE MONTH OF MARY.

This beautiful month, dedicated by the Church to the special honor of the Virgin Mother of God, has already opened with all the effulgence of calm, tender, and assuasive loveliness. No fitter time could be chosen for devotion to Mary Immaculate. May is the month which crowns the sweet and balmy days of spring-tide with a roseate diadem of more than terrestrial splendor. It is the month in which nature joyfully proclaims its deliverance from the chilling sway of arctic blasts and the rude tyranny of winter's long and dreary rule. It is the month of all others in which man himself participates in the joys of nature thus delivered and disenthralled. Fitting indeed is this month of peace and holy joy for honor and devotion to the Virgin Queen—a month lit up by light of celestial radiance—the light of the never ending morn of which Mary is the splendid figure. Stella Matutina is she termed. This sweet spring tide is the morning of the year and has its light the Queen of Heaven, of whom the poet sings:

Fair herald of a brighter sun,  
And pledge of Heaven's own day begun,  
When 'th' ancient world's long night was o'er,  
So shone, above death's dreaded shore,  
And life's now ever-brightening sea,  
The lowly Maid of Galilee.

Lost now in His effulgent ray,  
Bathed in the brightness of His day,  
Morning Star, still sweetly shine,  
Through that dim light, but yet is mine;  
Precede for me His dawning light,  
Who only puts all shades to flight!

Mary Immaculate is *par excellence* the Queen of Mercy, therefore is this month a time of mercy and reconciliation. It should be a month of deliverance from the shackles of sin and sway of Satan. How gladly should not the sinner hail the advent of this month of grace and joy and peace! How readily should he not throw himself at the feet of that Mother who loves the sons of God, which we are by virtue of Holy Baptism? With what confidence should we not have recourse to the mediation of her to whom Christ made over the Kingdom of His Mercy? Assured we must be that whatsoever we may do, or may have done, in the Holy Virgin's honor, will not be forgotten. It will be of celestial record, and will for us win the mediation of the Divine Mother when most we need it, when sinking into despondency we should without it perish. This thought brings to mind the lines of James Clarence Mangan, lines that will live at least as long as the language in which that gifted child of Erin penned them, lines that clothe thoughts as noble as ever fired the brain and stirred the heart of poet:

There lived a knight long years ago,  
Proud, capricious, vain, detestably;  
Of God above, or hell below,  
He took no thought, but, undismayed,  
Pursued his course of wickedness,  
His heart was proud and his ear proud,  
To be forgiven for all his treasons;  
He only said, at certain seasons,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Years roll'd, and found him still the same,  
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl;  
Yet felt he now no more shame;  
The torment of the Undying Worm,  
At which he woke in his trembling soul;  
And then, though powerless to reform,  
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest  
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,  
And Loathing now came after Sin,  
With locks yet brown, he felt as one  
Grown gray at heart, and oft, with tears,  
He tried, but in vain, to win  
From the dark desert of his years  
One flower of hope; yet, morn and evening,  
He still cried, with deep meaning,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A happier mind, a holier mood,  
A purer spirit led him now,  
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,  
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,  
And, under a religious vow,  
Travell'd his way to Pommerland;  
There enter'd he a humble cloister,  
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moist,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowl'd, he laid his cares  
Aside, and wrought for God alone,  
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,  
Nor matin hymn nor loud could learn,  
He mortified his flesh to stone;  
For him no penance was too stern;  
And often pray'd he on his lonely  
Cell-couch at night, but with ear only,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with mass and song  
A little while ago;  
But, lo! a wonder-sight!—Ere long  
Rose, blooming, from that verdant  
mound,  
The fairest lily ever seen;  
And, on its petal-edges round  
Relieving their translucent whiteness,  
Did shine these words, in gold-hued bright-  
ness,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power,  
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold  
The fibres of this holy flower  
Uprising from the dead man's heart,  
In treasured threads of light and gold;  
Then wouldst thou choose the better part,  
And thenceforth see Sin's foul suggestions;  
Thy sole response to man's questions,  
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

But May is not only a time of deliverance for the sinner—it is a time of rejoicing for the just. The joy of being a faithful servant of God.

To do her honor must be his purpose and duty, not only during this blessed month set apart for special devotion to the Mother of God, but throughout the year. The life of the just man must be resplendent with devotion to Mary. To daily honor her, and constantly seek her intercession, was the practice of all the saints. And this practice is characteristic of all holy souls at this present moment. It is because of this honor they render the August and Immaculate Virgin, that God so loves and protects them. There were in the middle ages many orders of knighthood devoted to our Blessed Lady, including many persons of the highest rank and greatest renown. One, the order of Servites, was in France called *les esclaves de Marie*. In fact all the medieval orders of knighthood were characterized by special devotion to Mary.

We have now no such orders of knighthood, but we may all become as devoted to our Divine Mother as were the cavaliers of old. We may all, through the graces to be obtained this month, deserve the signal privilege and unspeakably high honor of being enrolled among the true servants of a Mother to whose love there is no term and to whose power of intercession there is no limit.

#### THE DYNAMITE SCARE.

The Provincial capital was of late startled by the unexpected discovery of three dynamite cartridges placed in position to blow the legislative and departmental buildings of Ontario to atoms. The usual cry of "Fenians," "Invincibles," "O'Donovan Rossa," etc. etc., was of course raised. No thoughtful man in Ontario can, however, be oblivious of the fact, that every twelfth of July, for several years, Orange assemblies have been told in heated language that through Mr. Mowat Archbishop Lynch and the Pope rule this Province. Might not some fanatic excited by such appeals have taken it into his head to summarily rid Ontario of what he considers Popish rule, by hurling the present government into eternity through the agency of dynamite? We do not say, nor mean to imply in the remotest degree, that any association in the Province is responsible for the recent attempted outrage, but it is well not to forget that the fanatical crank is numerous enough even in this enlightened Province.

#### A STRANGE DELEGATION.

In the Ottawa Free Press of the 30th ult., we read the following:

"A delegation headed by Mr. Francis Clemow, ex-County Master of the Orangemen of Carleton, accompanied by Mr. J. Clarke, ex-warden, and Mr. Chas. Magee, waited on Sir John Macdonald yesterday and protested against the granting of the Commons restaurant for the next session of Parliament to Mr. Boquet of Montreal, who is a Frenchman. The deputation insisted upon the Premier that the claims of Mr. Alexander, of the British Lion, were more worthy of consideration. Sir John felt he was somewhat in a fix about the matter and could not give the delegation a definite answer. At any rate he has got into trouble with his constituents, as it is not likely that he can take the restaurant from Mr. Boquet now that it has been given to him."

Choice, very choice, indeed. Not content with pouring forth libations to the eternal confusion of Popery elsewhere, the brethren would fain have that privilege extended to the very precincts of Parliament. We have never seen any use for a restaurant in connection with the House of Commons, but if there must be one we feel strongly inclined to the conviction that a Frenchman is at least as well qualified to cater to the wants of our legislators as an Orangeman. The smallness and narrowness of Bro. Clemow's course in this matter is of a piece with his whole public course. An inveterate hater of Catholicity and of Catholics, he never loses an opportunity to vilify the religion of more than half of his fellow-citizens. One of his latest exploits was the proposing, some weeks ago, of a toast at an Orange banquet in a suburb of Ottawa to the honor of the assassins of Harbor Grace. Bro. Clemow is deserving of some little attention just now for the reason that his name is freely mentioned in connection with a prospective senatorial vacancy. We do not know that any such appointment is in contemplation. But we desire, in any case, to take this opportunity to tell the Premier, in language as plain and decisive as we can command, that the appointment of County Master Clemow to the Senate of Canada could not be otherwise looked on than as an outrage on public decency and as a direct insult to the Catholic minority of Ontario. The Senate cannot afford to lose any of its actual popularity or respectability, however extended either may be. If it require anything it is an increase of strength and efficiency. And it is not, we may inform the government, by such an appointment as that of Francis Clemow that either strength or efficiency can be secured for the Senate of Canada.

In connection with the prospective vacancy spoken of, we may remind the reader that there are more than one

hundred thousand French Canadians in this Province without a representative in the Upper Chamber. Is it not time that justice should be done the claims of this large body of people? We think it is, and feel convinced that to pass over their just demand, by making such an appointment as we have alluded to, were to add insult to injury.

The Conservative party in the Ottawa Valley is certainly not so poor in men of talent and respectability that the selection of a Senator should be restricted to men of the stamp and record of Francis Clemow.

#### ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

The Mail has again returned to its congenial task of abusing the venerable Archbishop of Toronto. His Grace has survived past attacks from the same source. As these attacks grew in bitterness and animosity, so day by day, the esteem and affection held towards His Grace throughout the country were intensified. Baffled in his first efforts to injure the Archbishop of Toronto, this supercilious, pretentious and disgustingly overbearing scribe returns to the assault again, however, to be discomfited.

#### SS. PHILIP AND JAMES.

This blessed month of May begins by the celebration of a festival honored and privileged even amongst the greatest in the ecclesiastical calendar—the feast of the blessed apostles SS. Philip and James. These heroic followers of the Divine Master, accepting his commission, went forth to teach the nations, and sealed, with their very life's blood, their ardor and fidelity. The career of both these saints suggest many very important reflections to all Christians. Their lives set forth the truth that self-sacrifice is the very groundwork of the apostolic life. It is also the very foundation of Christian life, for every Christian is called to be, in his own sphere, an apostle and a witness to the truth. In the lives of these saints is also shown the great glory of the apostolic vocation and career. They were persecuted, they were reviled, they suffered and they died. But all this Christ had foretold to them. "If the world hate you, know you that it hated me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember my word that I said to you. The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my word, they will keep yours also. But all these things they will do to you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me." (St. John xv. 18-21.) But if our Blessed Lord pointed out to his apostles the sufferings and ignominies they would have to endure for His sake, He also prayed to His Heavenly Father that He might strengthen and sanctify those He had Himself chosen. This prayer the blessed SS. Philip and James had in mind when persecuted out of hatred for their Divine Master.

"And," now said Christ, "glorify thou me, O Father, with thyself, with the glory which I had with thee, before the world was. I have manifested thy name to the men whom thou hast given me out of the world. Thine they were, and to me thou gavest them; and they have kept thy word. Now they have known that all things which thou hast given me are from thee. Because the words which thou gavest me, I have given to them; and they have received them, and have known for certain that I came forth from thee; and they have believed that thou didst send me. I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them whom thou hast given me; because they are thine. All mine are thine; and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am no more in the world; and these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep them in thy name, whom thou hast given me; that they may be one as we also are. While I was with them I kept them in thy name. Those whom thou gavest me I have kept; and none of them hath perished except the son of perdition, that the scripture may be fulfilled. And now I come to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they may have my joy filled in themselves. I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world; as I also am not of the world. Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. And for them I do sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth." (St. John xvii. 6-19.) In that admirable little work, *Lives of the Early Martyrs*, we read interesting sketches of the two saints whose virtues and whose glorious deaths the Church commemorates on the 1st of May. Of St. James, who was first bishop of Jerusalem, the writer says:

"The time was now come when the Gospel was to be preached in all parts of the

world. So the apostles assembled at Jerusalem to divide the different countries between them; and then each of them set out to preach in that place which God had given him charge of. This division is said to have taken place about twelve years after our Lord's death.

"But though the Jews had crucified our Lord, and had refused to believe the Gospel, which was preached to them by the apostles, our Lord did not yet quite cast them off, but still allowed one of the apostles to remain with them. This was St. James the Less, who was ordained Bishop of Jerusalem by St. Peter and the other apostles, soon after the descent of the Holy Ghost. He was the son of Cleophas, who was brother to St. Joseph, and was therefore supposed to be cousin to our Lord; and he was so like Him in face that people often came to Jerusalem to look at him, in order to see what Jesus was like. He was called the Less, to distinguish him from the other St. James, the son of Zebedee; and also Justus, or the Just, because he was such a very holy man.

"From his birth he was consecrated to God, according to a Jewish custom, and he had therefore never drunk wine or spirits, or eaten meat, or cut his hair, or used a bath. His tongue always spoke the truth, his hands were always ready to do works of charity; and his body was always mortified with fasting. His nights and days were spent in prayer, so that both his knees and his forehead, with which he used to strike the ground when he made acts of contrition, were quite hard, like the knees of a camel. Even the Jews looked upon him as a great saint, and as he passed through the streets they used to try to touch him and to kiss his clothes.

"He was Bishop of Jerusalem for nearly twenty-eight years. The holiness of his life led the Jews to listen more readily to his preaching; and he made many converts both among the common people, and among the rulers. The Scribes and Pharisees were now very much troubled to find that the Christians were increasing in number, and they feared that in a short time the whole nation would become Christian, and believe Jesus to be the Messiah. They therefore consulted with Annas, the High Priest, a fierce and cruel man, as to what was to be done. They all agreed that it would not be safe to oppose St. James openly, because the people thought so highly of him; and they accordingly devised a plan by which they hoped either to force him to deny Christ, or to kill him without making any disturbance. They spoke fair words to him as if they had been his friends, and told him that since he was so great a servant of God, and so zealous for the honor of the Temple, in which he spent so many days and nights in prayer, he ought to do something to defend it and the Old Law. "We entreat you, therefore," said they, "to tell all the people who come up to the Passover, that they ought not to run after this crucified man, Jesus. They will be sure to listen to you, because every one knows what a just man you are, and that you do not care for the opinion of men; and we have all the greatest confidence in you." St. James promised them that he would speak to the people about Jesus, and they were satisfied. When the appointed day arrived they took him up to the top of a very high part of the Temple, where he could be seen and heard by an immense crowd of Jews and Gentiles, who were assembled below. Then the chief priests, after saying many flattering things in his praise, cried out to him, "Oh! thou just man, whom we ought all to believe, since all the people are led astray after Jesus that was crucified, tell us what thou thinkest of this man, Jesus!" And St. James answered, with a loud and solemn voice, "Why do ye ask me respecting Jesus the Son of Man? He is now sitting on the right hand of God the Father, and will come again on the clouds of heaven." Many of those in the crowd who were inclined to be Christians, were very glad to hear these words, and they cried out, "Hosanna to the Son of David." But the Pharisees and priests said: "We have done foolishly in letting this man bear witness to Jesus. But let us now go and throw him down, so that the people may be afraid to believe him." So they rushed up to St. James, and making a great noise, they cried out, "Ah! Justus himself is deceived," and laying hold on him, they flung him down headlong from the height on which he stood. Though the fall hurt and bruised him very much, yet it did not kill him; whereupon his enemies began to stone him. But he, remembering how Jesus had prayed for those who were crucifying him, had no sooner reached the ground than he placed himself on his knees, and lifting his hands and heart to God, he prayed, "I entreat Thee, my Lord God and my Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The Jews, however, did not listen to his words, but went on stoning and beating him, till at last one of the priests, who was a Rechabite, cried out to them, "Stop! what are you doing? Justus is praying for you." But just at that moment a fuller fell upon him, and beat out his brains with the club he used to beat out clothes. Thus did the holy apostle die, and win his crown of martyrdom, on Easter-day, A. D. 62.

"By this murder the Jews filled up the measure of their wickedness in persecuting the Church. A few years after, the Romans sent an army to besiege Jerusalem, and after putting to death more than a million of Jews, they destroyed the city and left not one single stone of the Temple standing upon another. Many of the Jews believed that these misfortunes happened to them because they had murdered James the Just; but we know that they had all been foretold by our Lord, and were the just vengeance of God on them, for having rejected and put to death One who is infinitely higher and holier than St. James, even our Lord Jesus, God the Son Himself."

Thus did St. James perish as did his Divine Master at the hands of the Jewish populace. His mission amongst his people was not, however, unfruitful. It was fruitful in numberless good works, that compensated for the obduracy of a self-blinded and obstinate race. It was blessed in this that the memory of its heroic self-denial can never perish.

St. Philip had a not less difficult mission

than St. James. The work of evangelization in Upper Asia and Scythia fell to this great saint, whose fortitude seems to have known no bounds. Of him we read in the work above mentioned:

"The Church celebrates the feast of St. Philip on the same day as that of St. James the Less, though St. Philip's martyrdom took place ten years before that of St. James. Very little is known of St. Philip either before or after our Lord's death. It is mentioned in the Bible, that it was he who brought Nathaniel to our Lord, and that he also showed our Lord to the Gentiles, who wished to see Him after they had heard of Lazarus being raised from the dead. Thus, from the first he acted like a true apostle in bringing souls to Jesus. When the apostles divided the world between them, Upper Asia fell to him. Here, then, he preached for several years, and by his holy life, his heavenly doctrine, and the miracles he worked, he converted a great many people. He also went into Scythia, a part of which is now called Russia, and which was then inhabited by ignorant, uncivilized nations, who lived in huts, or tents, or covered waggon. Here, too, his preaching brought forth great and wonderful fruit; and many of these wild people, who knew nothing else, knew all that was worth knowing, when they learned from this apostle how to love Jesus, and to save their own souls.

At length St. Philip came to the city of Hierapolis in Phrygia, where he preached as he had done in all the other places. In this city there was a temple, and in it a strange and horrible serpent, which the people worshipped as a god, and to which they were in the habit of offering sacrifices of human beings. It was a sad sight to see so many people devoted to this serpent, and it was still more sad to see such a multitude worshipping the Devil in the form of this serpent, and offering to him the adoration which belongs to God alone. St. Philip was filled with pity for these poor deluded creatures, and prostrating himself before Almighty God, he prayed to Him with many sighs and tears to open their eyes, and to deliver them from the tyranny of Satan. Our Lord heard his prayers, and caused the serpent to fall down dead. At first the people were in great consternation at having lost their god; but when St. Philip spoke to them, and showed them how foolish they were to call such a poor beast as that a god instead of worshipping the only true God who had made heaven and earth, they began to see their folly, and listened eagerly to all he had to tell them about this true God and Lord, Jesus Christ. But when the idolatrous priests saw that all the people were running after this new teacher, they became frightened lest their own credit with them and their profits from the false religion, should be diminished. So they went to the magistrates, and persuaded them to seize St. Philip and throw him into prison. This, however, was not enough to satisfy them; for even in the prison St. Philip would go on preaching, and so long as he lived he would continue to fight against their master, the Devil, and to persuade people not to worship him. They therefore, scourged him very cruelly and crucified him, and as he hung upon the cross, they threw stones at him, and laughed at him, and reviled him. But even now they were not satisfied, for St. Philip did not seem to care for all they did to him. Instead of being conquered by them, it actually seemed as if he had the best of it; for as he hung on the cross he spoke joyfully and triumphantly, giving thanks to Jesus for having granted him the great honour of imitating Him by dying upon a cross. And while he was thus praising God, the earth began to quake and tremble, and the houses swayed backwards and forwards like ships in a storm at sea, and many of the finest buildings in the city were laid in ruins, and the ground opened, and swallowed up alive all the wicked men who had fastened him to the cross. The people of Hierapolis were dreadfully terrified, for all that St. Philip had told them about the great day of judgment rushed into their minds, and they thought that God was coming to judge them for their sins. Then they smote their breasts, and cried to God to have mercy on them; and some of them ran to the cross, and begged St. Philip to pray for them, while they made all the haste they could to take him down. St. Philip, however, was very sorry to be kept any longer alive; and while they were taking him down, he prayed to Jesus, begging Him not to disappoint him of the pleasure of dying on the cross, and not to keep him waiting longer for the bright martyr's crown which seemed to be almost within his grasp. His prayer was granted, for before the people could loose him, our Lord set him free in a better way; for He allowed his body to die, and took his blessed soul to Himself in heaven. The converts he had made carried away his body and buried it reverently, and many years after it was removed to Rome, where it lies in the church of the Twelve Apostles, together with that of St. James the Less."

To these glorious athletes of Christ are truly applicable the words with which Holy Church honors them in the divine office. *In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum et in fines orbis terra verba eorum.*

#### WRECK OF A STEAMSHIP.

Agents of the State Line Steamship Company have received a dispatch from Glasgow this morning showing that the steamer State of Florida, which left New York for Glasgow, April 12th, was lost at sea. The dispatch is as follows:—"The steamer Davon, from New York for Bristol, picked up on April 27th two life boats of the steamship State of Florida, without occupants or gear. A sailing vessel, bound west, signalled the steamer City of Rome, April 23rd in lat. 46, long. 42, and that she had the shipwrecked crew of the State Line steamer on board. The State of Florida was 4,000 tons burden and was built at Glasgow in 1879."

There are hopes that most, if not all those on board have been rescued by a passing vessel.

Rt. Rev. James Vincent Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Ont., is expected to return to his diocese with his secretary, Father Kelly, about the middle of May. He will come by Quebec.

#### "THE MISSION TO THE HURONS."

How the Jesuits Labored and Suffered Amongst the Indians.

ABLE LECTURE DELIVERED BY REV. FATHER HARRIS.

Irish Canadian.

The following brilliant and instructive lecture was delivered at Barrie by the eloquent pastor of Newmarket, the Rev. W. R. Harris. The occasion was a concert given under the auspices of Rev. Dean O'Connor, the proceeds of which were to be applied in payment of the debt on his church. During the intermission Father Harris rose and said:

A few weeks before your esteemed pastor, my large-hearted friend, Dean O'Connor, paid me the compliment to request that I would address you to-night, I read in the newspapers that the energetic and zealous parish priest of Penetanguishene contemplated building a church to the memory of the martyrs of the Huron Mission. I have since learned that this sacred work meets with the exalted approbation of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and that in all probability the foundation of the memorial church will be laid this summer. This monument will partake of a national character, and as such, will appeal to our good-will and to our pockets with an eloquence emphatically its own. My aim in selecting the

"MISSION TO THE HURONS" for the subject of this evening's discourse is to put you in possession of some facts in the history of the mission that are collected from authorities to which you have not convenient access, and which, if within your reach, you have not perhaps the time and opportunity of studying them.

I will speak to you then to-night, ladies and gentlemen, of the warlike and numerous tribes that centuries ago roamed the forests of Canada, and of the great men who dared the dangers of an ocean voyage, and, heaving their dreary way through a wilderness of nine hundred miles, brought the message of the gospel to a people that veritably sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. I will tell you of men made to the image and likeness of the Living God reduced by cruelty and the burden of human passions to the level of the brute creation, and of men whose purity and self-denial, whose sublime devotion to duty and unselfish labors in behalf of fallen humanity remain as memories to bear witness to the ennobling influence of the Catholic Church on the heart of man.

The student of human history can address himself to no more useful or interesting pages than those which, in language simple and unadorned, make up the three large volumes entitled the

"JESUIT RECORDS IN NORTH AMERICA." It is no exaggeration to assert that all that is known of the fierce and crafty race of warriors who, three hundred years ago, peopled this vast continent, and whose descendants, dispirited and reduced, are occasionally to be met with more like spectres of the dead past than living men, may be gleaned from the early Jesuit Missionaries. The historians of Canada—the Garneaus, the Perlands and the Parkmans—are unanimous in their praises of these self-denying priests, and acknowledge themselves indebted to them for all that is worth relating of those mysterious and savage tribes whose hideous degradation and insatiable cruelty mocked the sublime efforts of disinterested benevolence. From these annals, ladies and gentlemen, I have gathered the materials for the framework of the lecture you have done me the honor to come to listen to this evening.

When, on the evening of October 2nd, 1535, the French mariner, Cartier, anchored before the Indian village of Hochelaga, now the city of Montreal, he was told by an Algonquin chieftain that from there to the shores of the great lake of the Hurons and beyond, there roamed a numerous people broken up into many tribes that lived by fishing and hunting. On the margin of Lake Huron dwelt the Hurons, or the nation of the Wyandots. The Sioux—the still formidable enemy of civilization—occupied the land to the eastward of Lake Michigan.

THE NUMEROUS NOMADE TRIBES that ranged the forests from the Saguenay to the Ottawa and along its banks, belonged to the Algonquin or Nation of Lenni—Lenappes. Between them and the Hurons lay the hunting grounds of the Nipissings and the Neutrals. The Tobacco Nation inhabited lands to the west of the Wyandots on the banks of the Nottawassaga Bay. Southward of Lake Michigan lived the Nation of Fire. To the south of Lakes Erie, Ontario and the St. Lawrence dwelt the Iroquois, a confederation of Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas and Cayugas, a race of warriors crafty, cunning and treacherous, and the most ruthless opponents of the French settlers. The several tribes, their sub-divisions and families, were recognized by symbolic signs or totems. On the arm of the Abeniques were tattooed the bear and turtle dove. An Algonquin was known by the oak leaf on his naked breast. The Wild Cats of Lake Michigan bore an eagle perched on a cross. The Sioux carried an eagle, a black dog, and an otter; and to this day the tawny breast of the redoubtable Sitting Bull is covered with the same heraldic emblem. A remarkable fact which goes far to prove that the American savage was familiar with the

DISASTEROUS EFFECTS OF INTERMARRIAGE WITH BLOOD RELATIONS

was that no warrior ever took a wife from a family that bore the same token as his own. The moral debasement of a tribes was something appalling. A trifling heirloom of entailed and indefeasible accursedness, wrapped up in the folds of senseless ignorance and brutal customs, was the only inheritance to which they could look forward. All their lives the victims of unrestrained and fiendish passions that opened wide the door to every species of hard-heartedness and every degree of cruelty, their regeneration would never have come from themselves, and could only be accomplished by men endowed with tireless patience and God-