

MORE NEWS FROM THE PILGRIMS.

A contemporary in the United States has published the following particulars about the pilgrims. It was written on board the "City of Brussels" by a gentleman, who is, we believe, to supply regular information to the journal to which we have referred. After describing the passage down the bay and giving a list of the pilgrims, the correspondent continues:—

AN EMINENT SUIPICIEN PRIEST. Father Dowd, the chaplain of the pilgrimage, is the leading figure. He is a model of dignity and withal of good nature and kindness. He persuaded me to join the pilgrimage; so I am now formally a pilgrim to the Shrine of the Apostles. All are anxious to become acquainted with Gen. Newton, of Brooklyn, who is also a pilgrim. I have never met a man of a finer Christian philosophy or a more edifying Catholic. He is perfectly unostentatious, a thorough gentleman and soldier, and a most delightful conversationalist. The few Protestants on board are, I think, a little astonished to find the singularly gifted and distinguished engineer of Hell Gate wearing the simple Sacred Heart badge of the pilgrims.

Laboring under the difficulties of a swelling sea there are no special exercises; we are finishing the ocean.

FACILITIES FROM THE HOLY FATHER. All the pilgrim priests are to say mass to-morrow, and have facilities from Rome to hear the confessions of the pilgrims.

The documents have been given to me by Father Dowd. I translate them from the Latin:

Most Holy Father, Patrick Dowd, priest of St. Sulpice and parochus of St. Patrick's, in the diocese of Montreal, prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, humbly shows that he, with many Irish-Canadians, desire, if God wills, in the month of May next, to visit Rome to reverence Peter. But to consult for the piety of all the faithful who are about to undertake this journey, the above-mentioned petitioner, supplicantly asks both for himself and all the priests approved in their respective dioceses for hearing confessions, the faculty of hearing the confessions of the pilgrims from the day of their departure to the day of their return. Moreover, the same petitioner asks for himself and all the other priests accompanying him, permission to say mass during the sea voyage as often as this can be done.

At an audience of His Holiness on the 18th of January, 1877, our Most Holy Lord, Pius IX., by the providence of God, Pope, on the relation of the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, grants as a favor this petition.

Given at Rome, from the office of the Sacred Congregation, on the day and the year above mentioned.

Gratis sine ulla pensione quovismodum libet.

J. B. AGNOZZI, Secretary.

THE EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

The executive committee for the journey of the pilgrimage consisted of Father Dowd, President; Francis H. McKenna, Montreal, Treasurer; W. Brennan, Montreal; B. Tansey, Montreal; Rev. T. J. Dowling, Hamilton; Rev. J. Egan, Toronto.

In consequence of a resolution passed by the central committee at Montreal, three gentlemen of the United States were added to represent the American pilgrims. These were Rev. Daniel J. Sheehy, Brooklyn; Major General John Newton, U. S. A., Brooklyn; P. F. O'Brien, Brooklyn.

MASS ON THE GREAT DEEP.

At five on Sunday morning, April 22nd, the altar was erected in the forward end of the saloon. Priest after priest gains his first experience of offering up the Holy Sacrifice on the waters. The lay people seemed riveted to the spot during all the masses. The waves were dashing against the port holes. Father Dowd said the community mass at seven o'clock. One honest pilgrim said to me: "There was never anything like it before. We have more masses than any cathedral in the country." I said the last of the masses in the room of Father Crombleholme of Montreal. His altar was a most ingenious contrivance which it will interest your readers to have described. It was rose-wood box, and looked like a large dressing-case. It contained every article necessary for the celebration of mass. When opened, it was seen that on the cover was suspended a fair-sized cross, and the altar cards were attached to it. Between these and the solid cover was a compartment for all the sacred vestments. The vestments were light but beautiful. In the body of the box was contained the chalice (which was silver and constructed in three parts), the missal stand, cruets, lights, a flask for wine, and a box with altar breads. Between the cover and the body of the little box was a light board folded in three parts. The central one of these contained the altar stone. When the wings were unfolded, you had the Epistle and Gospel sides. Branches for candles were attached to hooks on the cover. The little altar was perfect.

PRAYING TO THE STAR OF THE SEA.

The following was the order of exercises: Breakfast 8.30; recreation; lunch at 12 o'clock. At 2 o'clock all assembled in the saloon for spiritual exercises, the Rosary was first said. Then priests and people sang the Ave maria stella, and afterwards the Magnificat, and as the deep musical tones were borne out in the waters, the wind blew harder, the waves dashed, the ship rocked. There was little comfort outside, but within the kindest captain, officers, and crew that ever crossed the sea. Many came to the exercise. The names of the priests they knew already, and gave them the title "Father." Father Dowd sang the "Hymn of St. Joseph," and all rose from their knees and sat down. Father Dowd said he had some communications to make. The community mass would be at 7 o'clock every morning, and others and before that hour. By the kindness of the New York Committee a telegram had been sent by Major Kiely, to Rome, asking a blessing for the pilgrims about to depart. The blessing came before we left New York, and had visible effects. He had never heard before that seven masses had been said in one morning on the ocean. This would be spoken of hereafter. It was gratifying not for our sakes, but because of the motive that takes us to Rome, the honor and good of the Church. We served the Church already. Even the Protestant press spoke favorably, edification was given. It was a proof of our unity. He then spoke of the great weapon we were to use—prayer. We go to protest against the injustice done to the Pope and the Church, not to use swords or cannons, but prayer. One sword may be as good as another; one cannon may be as good as another; but nothing avails against prayer, because it enlists God's power on our side. We have not only to be true pilgrims, to pray for the Pope, but also for ourselves and friends. He had left a charge behind him; he should pray for them. You have your children or charges or friends behind. You must bring blessings on them. All have objects and friends that are dear to them. He ended by asking three Pater Nosters for our Holy Father, that God may bless him and prolong his days for the good of the Church. We then separated.

Night prayers, 8.30: North-easter; strong breeze, which may take for a storm. Acts of Faith Hope and Charity, and Litany of the Blessed Virgin; meditation from Challoner. The illusion "little rants in a ship often bear on to sinking," added to the impressiveness of the meditation. At eleven o'clock we had a good blow and some of our land-men

did not understand it. One pilgrim from Montreal said "If this is pleasure, if ever we return safely I want no more of it."

THE DISASTER.

On Monday morning, 23d inst., there was but one mass owing to the strong wind. Immediately after that mass, which commenced about 7 o'clock, the event of the voyage occurred. There was heard a noise on board as if the ship was among rocks. She trembled and rattled. We thought the vessel was "caving in." She stopped about five hundred miles from New York. There was mystery and doubt for a while; then it was ascertained that the shaft of the screw was broken. The wheel of the shaft revolved three hundred times a minute. No resistance; the machinery was in danger. We thought of returning to New York; the wind was not favorable. It was formally determined by the Captain and passengers to steer, under sail, for England. We have two hundred tons of meat on board for English market; no fear of want of provisions. We look out for a passing ship to bring the tidings to our friends. The weather is calm. We are more silent, but pleasant. We hope, if adverse contingencies do not arise, to reach Liverpool from New York in less than a month.

Two o'clock—Exercises as on Sunday. Monday night—General depression; fog; heavy sea; little wind; two miles an hour or less; ladies perfectly cool and courageous; men serious; tacking southward; officers and crew cool.

POLYTRONS.

At 11 o'clock on Tuesday, April 24th, we sighted a French steamer, about eight miles distant. We hoisted our flags; the Frenchman answered, but then passed on. The officers are angry with such fellows.

Our amusements included quills, shuffle-board, cards, piano and violin. The exercises as usual, slow transit. Recalled.

April 25.—General gaiety; good appetites; mass and exercises as usual.

April 26.—Sighted a sailing ship eight miles distant. The sun shone on her full white sails. She reminded one of a Prospect Park swan with outstretched wings.

April 27.—The broken fan prevents the helm from working. I said the community mass. The sailors worked all day, trying to make the broken shaft and fan revolve. They succeeded at 4 p. m.; 6 p. m. met at close quarters a Norwegian bark, 850 miles from New York. Evening; north-west wind, favorable. General buoyancy. Eight knots an hour. Expecting the City of Chester, en route, for New York. Wind increased to stiff breeze. At midnight a half gale; sea very high. The captain a glorious sailor.

April 28.—Saturday, no mass; wild waves. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." We rock properly. The timbers creak; the ship trembles; the ladders rattle; the sheets are silent and full. The sailors seriously whistle, sing and dance from one point of duty to another. Some passengers are at prayer at 4 o'clock in the morning. Full gale. The waves white crested and majestic seem to laugh and wail and sing. They lash the sides and renew the charge, and run away disappointed. They hold councils, roar and return. No Chester; no vessel.

It is Sunday.—There are two masses in the steerage and sermon. The community mass is said in the saloon. Five knots an hour. Mother Cary's chickens come alongside. We cannot disturb them. They are always treated by the seamen with superstitious respect. Exercises and Amusements as usual. On Monday became again. Practising for the May devotion.

THE MONTH OF MARY AT SEA.

Tuesday May 1.—At 2 o'clock p. m., May Devotion; Rosary; Litany; Hymn; prayer. All the ship's flowers have been given. The statue of our Lady was put on the midst on the beautiful altar. Four candles were burning. The effect was splendid and most devotional.

Evening, 7:30 p. m., a meeting is held for the purpose of showing our appreciation to the captain. The officers and crew are simply magnificent fellows.

The following address was adopted and handed to the captain by a committee consisting of Rev. Thos. Taaffe, Rev. D. J. Sheehy, and Major General John Newton, U. S. A.

AT SEA, May 1st, 1877.

Captain Frederick Watkins. DEAR SIR—It is simply proper that the passengers on this steamer, whose safety, under Divine Providence, has been committed to your skill and prudence, should express their high appreciation of the manner in which you have acquitted yourself of these obligations since leaving New York on the 21st, and particularly since the unfortunate breakage of the shaft, which occurred about 7 a. m. on the 23d ult. The screw making an ordinary number of revolutions and the sea being moderate, the accident cannot be attributed to any fault in the management of the ship.

Since that moment the wind has been too light to make effective progress, or even to give steerage. Interested as the passengers are in a speedy and safe voyage, they have necessarily been close observers, and although not entirely qualified to judge of matters of detail have yet been able to appreciate your careful and skillful management, and beg leave to tender you their thanks and their expressions of their entire confidence in you as commander.

Your obligations are due for the great courtesy and kind consideration which have uniformly marked your intercourse with them. And likewise for the exact discipline maintained in their safety and comfort. We beg leave to convey to the officers of the ship, through you, our thanks for their uniform courtesy, and we remain faithfully yours, J. D. Dev. Pres., John Newton, Bt. Maj. Genl., U. S. A. Rev. Thos. Taaffe, Rev. Daniel J. Sheehy, John Egan, pt., W. J. Crombleholme, Herman Schwauk, James Porteous, P. F. O'Brien and all the other priests and gentlemen.

The Captain acknowledged in a short but neat speech. If he spoke for an hour, he said, it could not convey his thanks.

HAPPY VOYAGERS AND CONTENTED.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, uncharacterized save by the appearance of three whales, each twenty feet long. Going faster. Having happiness and comfort.

Sunday, May 6th.—There were two masses in steerage. The last at 11 o'clock. The sermon was preached by Father Crombleholme. The community mass was said in the saloon at seven, a. m.

GOOD NEWS FOR HOME. May 8th.—A steamer in sight!!! I will try to send this. All well. High sea. Nearly 1500 miles from Sandy Hook.

Love to all our friends in Brooklyn. All happy here. Remembrances to— D. J. S.

LECTURE.

ROME AND HER PONTIFF.

The following is a synopsis of a lecture on the above subject delivered in Pembroke, on the 10th inst., in favor of the Convent of Mary Immaculate in that town, by the Revd. Father St. Lawrence, O. M. I. Professor of Literature and Eloquence in the College of Ottawa:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—There is but one feature in the aspect of this evening's entertainment which I fear you must deem disproportionate. When the priest, in his capacity of God's minister, addresses you, he feels, notwithstanding his being aware of the high and holy nature of his mission, a confidence, a strength that he cannot under other circumstances command. He then speaks not his own language, but the word of Him by whom he is sent. It is otherwise with me this evening. The subject chosen for your consideration is, in truth, grand, and the occasion on which we are assembled is a grand one. Therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, I rely upon the intrinsic interest of my theme, and upon your admirable forbearance for my encourage-

ment. The large numbers in which you have come to this evening afford ample testimony of the lively interest which you take in "Rome and Her Pontiff." It is highly just and reasonable that it should be so. We should as men and as Christians have little kindred feeling with the world at large did we manifest indifference to the noble objects of attention which at present attract the gaze of all mankind. Nor is the end for which you have been assembled unworthy of the occasion. The charitable ladies who in your midst have devoted their lives to God and hitherto labored to lessen the burden of life for the ignorant and the distressed, come this evening in the person of the speaker to enlist your sympathies and your aid in their own behalf and to offer for your pleasure a glance at the city of God's choice and at the representative of His goodness.

To form a just estimate of Rome and Her Pontiff we must not content ourselves with that too common appreciation thereof given in our own day. We had better take a retrospective view of our subject and trace Rome from its early position to its present state.

Under the Caesars the Queen of the West was distinguished for her unrivalled strength, and unity, and prosperity. Under the Pontiffs her Eternal City is renowned as the source whence peace, the offspring of security, and unity, and happiness flow forth to all the world. As Pagan Rome, though of obscure origin, rose to a height of dignity unequalled by any other nation, so Christian Rome, founded by a humble apostle, has attained an eminence unexampled by any other institution. There were definite limits to the Roman World, or to the physical dominion of Pagan Rome, but her empire, her sway, her influence was bounded only by the extremities of the known world. So has it been with Christian Rome. Whilst she claims certain nations as her own to whom she has extended her own rights and privileges, and whom she governs by her own laws, she is endowed with an irresistible power, by which she acquires foreign territory, and pushes her spiritual conquests to the farthest ends of the earth. There are, as there were to Pagan Rome, regions hostile to her power; but even therein, she is respected, if not through love, at least through policy.

By her physical position in the heart of one of the most highly favored countries of the world, being situated in the centre of a land protected by the Mediterranean and the Alps. Rome is naturally endowed with all the requirements of a powerful nation. Her rivers became veins by which the entire system communicated with the heart, and received all that was needed for luxurious existence. They bore into the great artery of the Mediterranean and thereby distributed to all the members of the Roman body the social, political and intellectual elements for which Rome was so distinguished. This source may be traced that security for which Pagan Rome was remarkable both at home and abroad. Her strength lay in her unity, and her prosperity was their offspring. Whithersoever Rome went, barbarity fled before her; forests disappeared, rivers became navigable, and cities sprang up. To this day monuments of the civilization which Augustus and Agrippa introduced even into France and Spain, bear witness to the beneficent influence of Pagan Rome upon the world. The ruins of Druidism still proclaim how Tiberius subjugated the barbarous Britons and planted in the land the standard of Rome and civilization. The impress of her strength and of her security was left on that last conquest, and is to-day the characteristic of the Briton in war and in peace. But Rome conquered rather for the benefit of the vanquished than for the glory of victory. She indeed subjugated her enemies by her stupendous power; but she charmed them by her superiority and ennobled them by the advantages of alliance with herself. She reorganized them and conferred upon them peace and unity which should reign in their midst and secure for them all the blessings of civilization. Thus was Pagan Rome by her physical power, her political unity, and her social prosperity the prototype of that Christian Rome whose spiritual power is irresistible, whose unity is indestructible, and whose prosperity is supernatural and eternal. Thus were Caesar and Augustus raised up by an all-wise Providence to conquer and rule that they might civilize the world for the reign of the lowly fishermen of Bethsaida. Thus did great Rome in her pride and her beauty fall; but she fell into the hands of Christian Rome only to be exalted far above her former dignity. Thus did Rome remain the Queen of the West, the sovereign power and became the Eternal City. Henceforth was she destined to carry her glorious banners more triumphantly under the pastoral staff of the humble Galilean and his representatives, than she ever bore them under the sceptre of Caesar and his successors. Thus in Christian Rome was perfected that civilization the rude beginning of which was the glory of Pagan Rome. Regenerated by the waters of Baptism and clothed in the garments of grace, she felt a new life and wore a new beauty that have not waned with time, but have unto this day attracted the admiration of men and the blessing of God. Henceforth shone out with new vigor the qualities of Rome. Neither the Elbe nor the Tigris before which her soldiers halted of yore shall be a barrier to them in the future. Armed, not with the sword, but with the word of God, and bearing, not the eagles of Caesar, but the cross of Christ, she shall go forth and plant the standard of Salvation upon every land made holy by the blood of the Lamb of God. Henceforth her peace shall be, not an internal security maintained by armies, but a peace which the world cannot give; her unity shall be, not a political cohesion of divers states, but a unity of belief, and of hope, and of love; her prosperity shall be, not earthly, transitory riches, but spiritual and eternal treasures. Her laws shall no longer be the code of the twelve tables, but the commandments of God. Her baths shall be, not marble basins luxuriously kept for the health of the body, but fountains of everlasting life for the soul. Her places of public resort shall be, not amphitheatres, the scene of brutal sports, but the temples of the true God where souls shall strive in prayer to gain an eternal recompense. No longer shall there be innumerable shrines, and divinities, but only one God, and one Church, whose representative shall be unto the end, one Roman Pontiff.

Such, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a faint sketch of Rome as she was and as she is. As we attribute to her rulers the glory of Pagan Rome, so must we with greater justice accord to the Sovereign Pontiff the merit of having raised Christian Rome to that perfection in which she is the admired of the world. To the stranger, or the superficial observer, she may seem changed. Yes! It is said that Rome has declined, and that she is at present tottering to her fall. Were she depending upon such strength as they can boast who taunt her so, long ago must she have fallen. But Christian Rome is not maintained by the weak hand of man. She is a divine institution supported and defended by the strong right arm of God. When the furious Attila beheld her clothed in the majesty of her pontiff, he withdrew in respect from her gates. When the sacrilegious hand of Bonaparte was raised against her, all the powers of Europe were necessary to turn it to his own destruction. Is it then reasonable, even to think that the united strength of Europe which scarcely sufficed to vanquish a powerless enemy of the pontificate, can prevail against unconquerable Rome; that the puny instrument which the secret powers of darkness are using in the person of Emmanuel to undermine the power of God, can have any other end than the ignominious destruction which has ever been the lot of all inveterate rebels against the authority of the Most High? Wherefore are the eyes of the world so anxiously

turned to Rome to-day? They are watching the gigantic struggle between heaven and earth, between good and evil, between light and darkness; but the light must prevail. Do they not see as of old the Sun which should long since have sunk below the horizon of human life by a very miracle of God stayed in its course? Do they not know that the Leader of God's people is upon the mount with hands uplifted in continual intercession for His people? Do they not see that already the hand of God has been made visible against his enemies, and that before long the night of death and perpetual darkness shall overshadow their destruction? Both the friends and the enemies of Rome are watching the course of events in that most hallowed spot of earth; for, it is in the holy City itself that the battle rages most fiercely. Her friends look upon her with admiration, with confidence and with love. They see in her ranks the noblest men of the human race. It is rare to find men living in all their nobleness; but they are found in Rome. At their head stands the noblest of the noble of the earth, who is in mind the master of what is true and of what is just, of what is good and of what is beautiful, and who preserves in his heart the love of every age for what is justly worthy of esteem. It is he who in virtue of his sacred character governs the minds and hearts of men throughout the world. It is he who at present warns and threatens the leaders who walk in darkness, and allow themselves in evil doing.

In saying this of Pius the Ninth I but describe the action of every Roman Pontiff concerning the Liberty and Independence of Rome. They must labor under grievous error who would insinuate that he has made any innovation upon those depositories of truth which are the eternal and unchangeable lights bestowed by God to enlighten the world. Pius the Ninth upholds to-day all that the Pontiff of Rome has maintained in every age, and nothing more; viz, the liberty and independence of the Church. He declares what the great St. Anselm also announced who said that God loves nothing more than the liberty of his Church. He maintains what Pope Gregory and Innocent the Third maintained so heroically in their gigantic struggles against princes and emperors who strove to rob the church of her spiritual riches. He defends the liberty and independence of his temporal dominions, as they strove who were themselves the founders of his dynasty. To-day he withstands the encroachments of Germanic despotism which would fain reduce Europe to its primitive state of barbarism. But despite the unwearied efforts of his enemies, the aspect of Rome remains essentially unchanged; for, she is inseparably one with that divine institution of which Christ spoke when He said—"The gates of hell shall not prevail against thee." Rome is still, as she has ever been, and as she shall remain unto the end of time, the repository of eternal truth. She still asserts as her right the same liberty and the same independence as she asserted under her Pontiffs Gregory and Innocent. Undoubtedly she has still her enemies great, numerous, and persevering as of old; but Pius the Ninth has, by divine aid, shown himself eminently equal to the dangers and emergencies of his reign. He has combated long and gloriously the enemies external and internal of the Church, and Rome stands to-day that house placed upon the height which whilst the wind beat it, and the storms assailed it, by its firmness attracts the admiration and the praise of every beholder. As it is testified, the history of Rome is the history of civilization; the history of civilization is the history of Christianity; the history of Christianity is the history of Catholicity; the history of Catholicity is the history of the Pontificate, and the history of the Pontificate with all its wonders and its splendors is the history of one and every Pope sent by God to solve all great religious and social difficulties for the benefit of mankind, and in accordance with the designs of Providence. In keeping with this historic truth, will you, therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, expect to find the character of our great and glorious present Pontiff of Rome, Pope Pius the Ninth.

The arm of God is not shortened. The Almighty has eminently endowed the present Pontiff with the qualities which should adorn and which have adorned every representative of His divine Son in the chair of Peter. That trait of unshakable firmness, emblematic of that faith, strong and true, which has ever distinguished the long series of Pontiffs, that have adorned the Church, and, therefore, Rome by their lives is admirably visible in Pius the Ninth through that holy confidence, of which his words and actions have ever been the expressions. "The Faith," says he, "accepts no compromise. It is neither vague nor uncertain, but clear and defined. It is by its nature exclusive; but charity is expansive, including all." And, again, seeing unusual troubles for the Church, he expresses his convictions in this wise: "It is growing dark around us; but God will not permit His Faith, His Justice and His Right to be destroyed." Alluding to further troubles, he says: "Ere long the Lord will arise and command the wind and the waves, and then shall ensue a great calm." In the same strain he once said, "I may die; but the Pontificate shall last unto the end of time. St. Peter was crucified, but the Pope is living still." Such is the strength, such is the faith, such is the holy confidence which enables Pius the Ninth to warn and to punish even the Kings and Emperors of the world. Men take umbrage at his actions, because he alone has the courage and the power to act so uncommonly. But he will not bend to concession. He will make no compromise. No! not even to prevent the loss of his temporal dominions. He himself alluding thereto says: "It is not the loss of our temporal power which causes us greatest anguish. The perversion of men's minds is our most cruel affliction."

Combined with that firmness which no tribulation or persecution can shake, there is found in Pius the Ninth, as father of the faithful, all the mildness and meekness of the best of parents. Were you not familiar with them I might here cite many striking instances of such for your edification. But suffice it to say that his every-day life furnishes ample proof of what I assert. Whilst he withstands the requests of kings and of emperors, he hearkens daily to the supplications of the needy and the distressed. These are traits which are illustrative of strength and unity and happiness; for they are prompted by the divine virtues of Faith, of Hope, and of Charity. Behold the condition of his city to-day, bereft of his government, and shackled by the presence of an impious usurper! Her wonted peace has fled. Discord and crime pollute her atmosphere and desecrate her holy places. The penalty of death continually paraded before the public gaze is found an inadequate incentive for the maintenance of social order. This is the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place. How different was the state of Rome when governed by the clemency of Pius the Ninth! He himself has said that it afflicts him to tolerate the punishment even of a criminal. Like His Heavenly Master, he wins men to righteousness rather by tender mercy than by rigorous justice. By his long experience he has proved to the world that the laws founded upon the laws of God are the only sure means of securing social order, and promoting the temporal as well as the eternal well-being of mankind. And this is the king whom the world would detest! This is the leader whom the world would cast aside! The rabble cry aloud, "Away with him, away with him. Release unto us Barrabas." Yet the powers of the earth, though instigated by the powers of darkness, must know the consequences of what they would do when they despoil Rome, threaten the Vatican, and strive to usurp the throne of God's representative. A hundred times before has the same been attempted, and a hundred times has the effort of evil been thwarted, and the armor of God been victorious

Discord and division have proved weak instruments wherewith to undermine the foundation of unity, on which rests the chair of St. Peter. To-day the spiritual prosperity of Rome is more attractive for the world than all the temporal power and political alliance and despotic show of happiness wanted by the princes of the earth. The world is envious of the spot of earth which is sheltered by the Vatican. But its ravenous appetites shall never be satisfied, for the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff is the guarantee of the spiritual independence of the Church. It is not adhered to for its own sake. Pius the Ninth has said, "I am not concerned about royalty for royalty's sake; but in the order of Providence the liberty of the Church is indissolubly allied to the Pontifical monarchy. My ambition is to maintain amongst my people the spirit of faith, and the spirit of love to teach them respect and obedience, and to give to the princes of the earth an example of what is right and just. Therefore, it is that the Pope has need of his kingdom. To that kingdom no one else can lay claim. I shall proclaim justice and truth to the end."

The throne which men are so eager to destroy shall never be overturned. Its fall would shake to the ground every throne in Christendom. The princes of the world, no doubt, have received their crowns from God, and shall one day be obliged to lay them at the feet of the King of Kings. If they would render a pleasing account thereof to their judge and merit to wear a royal diadem to all eternity, there is but one course open to them. They must govern their subjects according to the laws of justice and of wisdom; they must protect the religion which alone upholds the thrones of the earth, which secures strength, and union, and peace, and prosperity to kingdoms and to empires, by dispensing to the world at large the spiritual treasures of Faith, Hope and Charity, of which the qualities of ancient Rome are emblematic. They must cultivate the virtues which should adorn the character of the rulers of a Christian people. They must look to Rome, not with an envious eye, but with an affectionate anxiety to see her, whose career has been so long and so glorious, relieved of the shackles by which she is fettered at present. They must, with the entire world to-day, admire that calmness so expressive of security, and that peace of soul, that happiness which ever distinguished the Pontiff of Rome. Like his predecessors he has had, and has still, untold difficulties to overcome, and like them he has succeeded gloriously to the present, and like them he will be finally victorious. But as it is the duty of the ruler of God's people to lead in the battles of the Lord, so is it the obligation of his subjects to combat manfully at his side, and without counting their enemies, to place their confidence in God, to whom in His justice they may certainly look for victory.

LETTER FROM PROF. O'DONOGHUE.

MENDOTA, MINNESOTA, U. S. A., May 7th, 1877.

To the Hon. P. Power, M. P. for Halifax, N. S.:

SIR—Although an entire stranger to you, you have seen fit to pay your respects to me on the floor of the House of Commons at Ottawa, and I now deem it my duty to write to you through the columns of the public press.

I cannot believe that your action in reference to Mr. Costigan's resolution to grant me amnesty has been the result of vindictive consideration, as it appears, but infer that you were deceived into a course unbecoming a gentleman occupying a position you do; and regret in refuting your slanders, I cannot avail myself of so broad a publication as that through which you gave your expressions, and resort to the columns of *The Irish Canadian*—the faithful champion of Irish interests in Canada—where Irishmen can best see and understand our claims for consideration at their hands. I quote the following from the published report of the debate in the House on Mr. Costigan's resolution:—

"Mr. Power said he believed that he had felt as much sympathy for O'Donoghue as the hon. member for Victoria (Mr. Costigan), until he was shown a letter written by him (O'Donoghue) to a member of that House, in which he would be able and willing to give evidence against Riel and others. When he (Mr. Power) saw that letter he came to the conclusion that O'Donoghue had been treated as he deserved."

Now, sir, you accuse me of being a traitor to the cause for which I have lost everything, but my good name, and you have, in your mock sympathy, destroyed that by representing me as ready and willing to play the role of informer, in order to purchase the privilege of being allowed to return to Canada unmolested. In my native country, which is yours I presume, traitor or informer is the most despicable perversion of God's creation; and you must be proud of the privilege of applying it to a fellow countryman, the victim of circumstances and design.

Now, in the name of all that I hold dear in life, I challenge you to make good your charge, or retire behind the thin wall of sympathy which you profess to bear for me, and to feel as much as Mr. Costigan. Mr. Costigan is a stranger to me, and I must conclude that his manly course in my behalf, which has no elements of true sympathy, is stimulated by the noble desire that right and justice be done a fallen countryman. Can you say as much for yourself?

You profess to have seen a letter of mine written to a member of the House. Produce it. I give you and every one else full privilege to do so. But you cannot, for I never wrote such a letter to a member of the House or any one else. If you have been shown any such paper, purporting to be a letter from me, and I cannot believe you have stated a willful falsehood when you said so, I pronounce it a deliberate forgery; and for your own defence, from the presumption of falsehood, you are bound to produce even this forged letter, if you saw such a one.

But I can now satisfy the readers of *The Irish Canadian*, and you too, that I never wrote such a letter as you speak of or any letter, to any one, conveying any such design or instruction, even by implication, as you accuse me of. What would be the object? In 1874, while amnesty to Riel, Leprie and others was pending, I was offered by Attorney General Clarke complete amnesty and governmental consideration on my return to Manitoba if I would deliver to him certain papers in my possession deemed necessary to prevent amnesty to them, or give him the names of the members of the Provisional Government, and others, who signed my commission as their representative to this country. Now, sir, were I disposed to play the part of traitor or informer this was my opportunity. If you will take the trouble to consult Mr. Clarke or Mr. Brokovski of Manitoba, who was present when the overtore was made, you will learn that I spurned the offer. I prefer that Riel, Leprie and my other associates in their battle for the rights of Manitoba, should enjoy the most complete immunity from punishment, than that I should purchase favor at the sacrifice of my honor. Men, whose minds were unjustly prejudiced against me, and whom I did not expect under the circumstances to be my friends, have voluntarily, in the interest of truth and justice, on the floor of the House, vindicated my character from a foul aspersion, while you, a fellow-countryman I regret, have slanderously denounced me as a traitor and informer. Now, sir, poor as I am, while adventurers enjoy, my worldly goods, outcast and exiled from their possession, and the country I risked my life for, I would not to-day exchange places with you. Hard and unjust as my lot is, it is not near so deplorable as that of the Member for Halifax, who must confess himself either a slanderer or a dupe. I remain still the object of your sympathy, W. B. O'Donoghue.