At the Door.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low
down,
I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,
A bonny, fairy sprite, in dress of white,
Who said, with lifted face, "Papa, good
night."

She climbed upon my knee, and, kneeling
there,
Lisped softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips,
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtile chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could call each star and tell its
place,
My child's "Our Father" bridged and gulfed
the space.

I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my
breast;
How faith would fade
If God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage.

Only the women wise; no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisping song; no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat.

Then if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at the heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Bend low to meet
The little feet,
To clasp the clinging hand; the child will
be
Nearer heaven than thee—nearer than there.
—*Lillie E. Barr.*

A MARTYR OF CROW CREEK, ILLINOIS.

FATHER GABRIEL, RECOLLECT FRIAR,
KILLED SEPTEMBER 19, 1680.

The Pilgrim.

A saintly Franciscan butchered by the red men into whose haunts he had penetrated when three score years and ten—the soil of Marshall county watered with the blood of one of the many martyr-priests in America—how few of our Illinois readers are aware of this page in the primitive history of their State! How few the voyagers up the sluggish though besutiful Illinois river, who pause to recall that, near where Crow Creek gushes down from the prairies and forests of the east, there did the aged Father Gabriel de la Ribouade, over two hundred years ago, fall beneath the knife and tomahawk of the Kickapoo Indian! Yet neither the thousand wild flowers whose exquisite beauty enchants the traveller on the prairie, nor the rich basswoods and sycamores which perfume and shade his path in the forest should have an odor half so sweet to the Christian as the death of such a pioneer of Holy Church. No cross or tombstone, it is true, marks the spot where he fell—its exact location is even unknown,—but his is a memory which, for very gratitude, the Catholics of Illinois cannot neglect or fail to reverence.

Father Gabriel de la Ribourde was born in 1610, of a noble and wealthy Flemish family in Burgundy. At the age of thirty, though he found himself the scion of his house, he joyfully abandoned his honors and riches, and took upon him the humble garment of St. Francis. His life in holy religion was marked by much tender charity and the exact fidelity to rule that, after filling various offices of trust and importance, he was appointed master of the novices in the Recollect branch of his Order at Bethune. When some years later the autocratic Louis XIV, obliged the Flemish Recollects to quit their convents in the territory which he had newly won from Spain, and to affiliate themselves to a French province, his needless cruelty sadly embarrassed the spiritual work of the Order. This embarrassment it was which gave Father Gabriel a long-coveted opportunity, and in 1670 he set out with several companions for the mission of Canada.

He was then sixty years of age. He well knew that only in a career of pains and privations could he hope to spread the light of the Gospel. The same ardent fire, however, that thirty years before had urged him to take up his cross and follow Christ, still flamed in his bosom. Many a missionary had already plunged deeply into the primeval forest; the insatiable children of commerce were following them; and fresh recruits to the missionary bands were being constantly called for, not only to teach and baptize the poor Indian, but also! how often! to stand between him and his rapacious white brethren. Father Gabriel soon became Commissary or Superior of his Order in the colony, his government being marked by unusual skill and virtue, and on the expiration of his term of office, his successor sent him to Fort Frontenac, on the St. Lawrence river, at the head of Lake Ontario. There he met the famous Father Hennepin, the discoverer of Niagara Falls, who had been engaged together with another Recollect, Father Zenobius Membre, to accompany La Salle in a protracted expedition into the almost unexplored West. This indeed was his opportunity. With his weight of years upon him, the holy old man joined the party. Here at last, he might receive the crown for which he yearned.

The tale of Father Gabriel's many journeyings and sufferings would form an interesting chapter in itself. The route of the expedition lay along lakes Erie, St. Clair, and Huron, as far north as Michilimackinac, the Fathers laboring unceasingly in behalf of the natives wherever they were allowed by the various halts which La Salle's fur trading demanded. From Michilimackinac they sailed down Lake Michigan to the mouth of Joseph's river. The beautiful rolling character of the scenery along this river and its great fertility invited the party to a long cruise on its serpentine course, after which they transported their boats by portage south across the country to the Illinois river.

La Salle had met with many disappointments and physical hardships, but was still sanguine of opening up a great trade with the Illinois Indians. He accordingly arranged his fleet so as to present an imposing and powerful appearance as they swept down what is now Lake Peoria; and suddenly, on January 1, 1680, by a turn in the river he came upon an encampment of the full tribe in war costume. It was not difficult to win their favor, and La Salle's men were soon engaged in the erection of a fort on a piece of rising ground a little below the present city of Peoria. To this fort they gave the touching name Crevecœur, or Heart-Break.

Father Gabriel and his two companion at once began their missionary labors. They raised a rude chapel of boards, but were, to their intense sorrow, deprived of the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice. Their store of wine, made from wild grapes which they had gathered on the shores of Lake Michigan, was exhausted, and they could only wait hopefully for the autumn, when the wild vines about them, should ripen. The chapel services consisted of occasional sermons given after the morning prayers and of the singing of vespers. Disheartening as this first loss was, their ill success among the savages was even greater. At seventy years of age the venerable Father undertook the study of the language of his new people. As may be imagined, however, the task was almost impossible. Adding to this the gross and violent habits of the Indians, he found no natural consolation in his work; but he and his companions struggled on bravely. They accompanied the Indians in their summer hunts, and Father Membre made a long excursion into the country of the Miami, but the same sad repulses met them everywhere.

Meantime La Salle's merchant efforts were hardly more successful. After a short time he built a litttle vessel, in in which he sent Father Hennepin with two of his men to push down the Illinois to the Mississippi, while he with another band set out to return to Niagara, leaving the Chevalier de Tonty in charge of Crevecœur. The prospects of the missionaries grew darker and darker. The greater part of de Tonty's garrison deserted him one day without warning, and Fathers Gabriel and Zenobius were forced by their necessities to accept the hospitality of two chieftains, Asapista and Oumahouha, whom La Salle had previously won by bountiful presents. The adoption by these chiefs might have proved of some value if long continued, but even this was destined to be rudely destroyed.

In the midst of their disheartening struggles, however, they had the unspeakable happiness of seeing their grapes ripen in the heats of August, and of making wine from them for the Holy Sacrifice. Father Marquette alone, and his successor, Father Allouez—at Kaskaskia—had preceded them in the celebration of Mass within the present limits of Illinois.

Thus far the only fruits of their eight months of exhausting and untiring labors had been the baptism of a few dying infants, and in the beginning of September what lingering hopes the valiant priests still nourished were blastered forever. A war party of one hundred Iroquois, the deadly foes of the Illinois, appeared on a sudden from the eastern woods. The greater part of the Illinois were already on the war path in another direction, and the comparatively defenceless remainder saw that their only safety lay in flight. De Tonty managed for some time, chiefly by the aid of Fathers Gabriel and Zenobius, to avert the threatened conflict, but only for a time. After one of the conferences a hostile brave had the audacity even to stab the Chevalier. This specimen of bad faith was followed shortly by a declaration from the Iroquois that they intended to invest Crevecœur as well as the Illinois village.

De Tonty then recognized that nothing could be done except to retreat up the river, and on September 18, 1680, the few men that were left him set out with the Fathers, in a miserable canoe of bark, provisionless and well nigh broken-hearted. Fort Crevecœur had indeed deserved its name.

After paddling along the Illinois for about fifteen miles, Father Gabriel and his party drew near the mouth of the present Crow Creek. Here, on the 19th, de Tonty ordered them to pull ashore to repair the boat and to dry the furs which they still carried. While Father Zenobius and the others were engaged in these tasks, Father Gabriel withdrew to the seclusion of a grove of trees at some distance and there began the recitation of his breviary.

The venerable Recollect was never seen afterwards. Three prowling braves of the Kickapoo tribe, who were at war with the Iroquois, fell upon him while at his prayers. A few blows of the terrible tomahawk soon did their work, and Father Gabriel's loving soul took its flight to God. He had earned and obtained his crown. The savages despoiled him of everything, carrying off even his breviary and diurnal, and then threw his body into a hole, whence it has never been recovered. His breviary and diurnal afterwards came into the possession of a Jesuit missionary, but in spite of the most diligent search no trace of his body could be found.

After another long series of hardships, de Tonty's party reached the Jesuit mission at Green Bay, where they were hospitably received and entertained. Father Zenobius Membre lived many years afterwards, and, amongst other consolations granted him by God, enjoyed the privilege in the year 1681 of planting the cross at the mouth of the Mississippi river, and of intoning the *Vexilla Regis* and the *Te Deum* as La Salle's expedition, which he accompanied, sailed into the Gulf of Mexico. Everywhere, however, he drew inspiration from the memory of the patience and sufferings of the holy old priest who, at the age of sixty, had come to a foreign land to preach the Gospel, and at seventy had fallen a victim to the malice of those whom he had sought to save.

In conclusion, when we contrast the wilderness which covered the heart of Illinois at the time of his death with the the flourishing state of the Church there at the present day, may we not justly attribute much of the change to that heavenly seed, the blood of the martyred Recollect? May not the toiling priests of to day thank God for the example given them in the life and death of Father Gabriel de la Ribourde?

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Send a 2 cent stamp to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a set of their attractive album cards.

CATHOLIC OR ROMAN CATHOLIC.

From the Liverpool Catholic Times.

A discovery has sprung up in the Ashton *Reporter* between the Rev. Canon Edgar and Rev. R. Smith, St. Anne's, Aston under Lyne, as to the question as to what should be the proper designation of the Church against which the former protests and of which the latter is a priest. On the official illuminated programme published in connection with the Queen's Jubilee, and intended to be preserved as a memento of the occasion, the Catholic schools were so styled, to the intense disgust of the Rev. gentleman, who calls upon the people to add the prefix "Roman" thereto. In last Saturday's issue of the *Reporter*, Father Smith replies to Canon Eagar as follows.

Canon Eagar publicly protests against the Roman Catholic schools being called Catholic schools. Now I am prepared to maintain against Canon Eagar that the name Catholic belongs exclusively to those whom he designates as Roman Catholics, and that no other religious body in this country has any title to the word Catholic. Does Canon Eagar not know what such words as Irish Catholics, English Catholics, Spanish Catholics, German Catholics, French Catholics, American Catholics, Chinese Catholics, Roman Catholics, and Italian Catholics mean? Does he not know that they mean natives of these countries who possess the Catholic faith, an are in communion with the Pope of Rome? Surely Canon Eagar is not going to persuade the people of Ashton that he is an Anglo-Catholic, that is in modern English phraseology, an English Catholic. Why, I was under the impression that the people generally considered him to be an Irish Protestant, but the proverb says, "We must live and learn."

He says that everyone ought to know that the word Catholic means universal, that is, the Church of Christ throughout the world. Now I hope that every one will remember that. But I should like him to tell us in what countries the Catholic Church of that country, or any other Church, acknowledges him as one of its members. His explanations of all the different religions and sects being branches of the one Catholic Church will require a little proof. If that were the case we should find such combinations of adjectives as a Protestant Catholic Englishman, or an English Protestant Catholic, or an English Catholic Protestant. Then, again, we should meet with Presbyterian Catholics, or Catholic Presbyterians, Methodist Catholics, Nonconformist Catholics, etc. What contradictions would Canon Eagar's wonderful babel of a Church introduce into the English language! I am sure it would be knowledge for many of the people of Ashton to learn, on the authority of Canon Eagar, that the Catholic body numbers 190,000,000, while all the other Christian sects together (which are counted by the hundred) are only 10,000,000, more. But I should like to know where he gets his information from, for Lord Macaulay, a Protestant historian, says: "It will be difficult to show that other Christian sects amounted to 120,000,000" Now, the Catholics can show that they number 219,242,531, (about 220,000,000). All these are one in faith, have the same sacraments and sacrifices and are all under one head; while the Protestants in England and Wales alone numbered in 1882 one hundred and seventy-seven distinct and contradictory sects. I suppose that Canon Eagar knows that unanimity and antiquity are two good tests of truth as of facts, while disagreement and novelty are very doubtful ones. The Churchman expressing twice every Sunday his belief in the "Holy Catholic Church" proves very little, except that he does not understand what he says, for he likewise expresses twice every Sunday his faith in the "Communion of saints and the forgiveness of sin," yet he mocks and ridicules the doctrines these words imply as the Catholic Church throughout the whole world has ever explained them, and as the very saints mentioned in his own Book of Common Prayer likewise explain them.

I am very glad to see the Queen's Jubilee committee, which was made up of representatives from all the religious bodies, the friendly societies, etc., of the town, was not bigoted, but gave us our true name of Catholic, though we are not ashamed of Roman Catholic, a name we have got because we acknowledge the Pope of Rome and not the Sovereign of England as our head in matters spiritual.

I hope that the people of Ashton will have more sense than either to spoil their illuminated jubilee sheets to suit Canon Eagar, or to believe his unproved statements.

The Balfour Medal.

The London *Universe* has published this amusing paragraph: Mr. Gould, the clever artist of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has met Mr. T. D. Sullivan's suggestion that a Tullamore Club should be formed of Irish political prisoners by a happy design for a medal to commemorate the distinction of having been sent to jail for the love of country by the chief secretary for Ireland. On one side there is a side face of Balfour (eye glass included) surmounted with a halo of bayonets and rising from a harp emitting lightning flashes. The inscription is in Latin, but we prefer to give it in English: "The Evictor Balfour Tyrant and Prevaricator." On the reverse is a representation of a bastile flying the Union Jack, with the word coercion (in Latin) underneath a shamrock and the motto: "Honor from the cell."

Confidence Begot of Success.

The confidence possessed by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure the worst cases of nasal catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is attested in a most substantial manner by their standing reward of $500, offered for many years past, for an incurable case of this loathsome disease. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

ANNEXATION OF CANADA.

A NEW YORK HERALD REPORTER'S INTERVIEW WITH CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec is a picturesque figure among American ecclesiastical.

A correspondent called on the venerable prelate at the Archiepiscopal palace, in the rear of the Lesser Basilica used as the Cathedral of Quebec. The palace is a large edifice, constructed of the cut gray stone everywhere used for building purposes in the province. There is an iron gateway separating the cloister-like yard from the street, and the tall posts, with large balls of stone on the summit of each, have the appearance of the park entrance of an old French chateau. Then the high stoop, with its massive flanking stone columns and heavy protecting portico and to the illusion.

The interior possesses more of the characteristics you would expect in the residence of the prince of the Church than any other Bishop's house in the country. There is a lofty hall, with numerous apartments opening from it, and a massive staircase, with an antique mahogany hand rail, leading to the upper stories. The reception room is large and cheerful. Numerous old-fashioned mahogany chairs and sofas are scattered about, and an open wood fireplace is heaped with logs ready for the burning. Floor, furniture and walls shine from the elbow polish of the numerous caretakers.

The Cardinal was clad in his long soutane when he came in. Cardinal Taschereau is a remarkable man in more than one sense. There is probably no more aggressive and fearless priest in the world than the Cardinal Archbishop. It was he who opened fire with his ecclesiastical batteries on the Knights of Labor.

He is a man of medium height, strongly built and vigorous, seemingly, as a boy. There is nothing of the feeble, trembling prelate about him, and his extreme vigor is displayed in his long, active strides and in his firm, clear voice. His face is Gallic in its lines, his mouth clean cut and as hard as marble in its firmness. His forehead is high and board, and his iron gray hair is cut closely. An image of Torquemada in inflexibility and a Loyola in zeal.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU'S VIEWS.

It was currently believed at Quebec that the Cardinal would never communicate his sentiments to the press. Several prominent French Canadian citizens were positive in their expressions of disbelief that an interview could be obtained. The *Herald* proves as an open sesame, however, and its representative was received with courtesy by the proud prelate.

Especial inquiry was made as to how the Church regarded the tendency shown by a large number of French Canadians to look with a favor on closer relations with the United States.

"We have no ill will towards the United States," was the reply. "Of course we are Canadians, subjects of another secular government, and it would scarcely be proper to discuss the possibility of joining in the movement toward the United States. I may say that there is no organized movement toward annexation. What the people desire is a commercial nearness to the United States. I think the mass of the French Canadians are happy and contented as they are. The young people go to the United States to find an improved labor field. They deem the old home dull and they endeavor to better their condition. This, perhaps, is but natural. The families are large and all cannot obtain a living on the farm. Those who remain at home are not dissatisfied with the government."

"Does the Church openly discourage thoughts of Union with the States?"

"No. The Church flourishes in the States as elsewhere. I do not see that it is hampered there. It is not well to think of changing one's government, you know," and here His Eminence faintly smiled.

"Do you see any increased tendency towards annexation?"

"Mankind inclines to restlessness," was the diplomatic response.

The Cardinal was disinclined to talk freely on the annexation question, but enough was dropped to accord with the intimations received prior to the interview that he sees annexation a not improbable result of the progress of time.

A prominent citizen of Quebec informed the correspondent that he had heard Cardinal Taschereau say that "if not commercial union he can see annexation looming up." However, the astute old prelate was not disposed to go as far as this in the conversation of yesterday.

In politics he is a mild conservative, probably from the force of old associations. He is surrounded by a staff of priests who are liberals, and if hostile to the dissemination of liberal principles Cardinal Taschereau would not tolerate the presence of sympathizers with that political creed in his immediate household.

A young priest, who has been settled in a New England parish for several years, said that he saw far more intolerance and bigotry among the Montreal Protestants than the Protestants of the United States displayed.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

"My relations with the ministers of the various sects in the town in which my church is located are entirely agreeable. We respect each other and dwell in harmony. The Canadian Protestants evince a deal of the old time energy of the Covenanters of Scotland. Scotch Presbyterianism flourishes in this province, you know, and the characteristic stubbornness and narrow bigotry is shown toward all who differ with them. I personally think French Canadians, as a Roman Catholic people, would be better off under annexation than under the Dominion government."

"Then you are an annexationist?"

"Did you ever meet a French Canadian who lives and prospers in the United States who is not?" was the reply.

Summarizing the views of the members of the clergy and the laymen who have been interviewed on the subject of annexation, it may be said that the opposition of the Church is rapidly creasing to be a factor against the step. The older clergy have not gotten over their fears and prejudices. To many of these worthy, simple men, whose lives have been spent in their rural parishes, a republican government recalls the so-called French Republic of '93. They still fear "the license and ungodliness" of the government of the people, and, with the extreme conservatism of the average Canadian, they read but little outside of their own newspapers, which give everything but news. This is but the result of education and custom. The future will change the retrograde tendency, and it is not too much to say that ten years hence the Catholic priesthood throughout Quebec will favor annexation quite as strongly as the younger ones among their number do to day.

It is rapidly becoming a question of pocket. The population in the villages is generally decreasing throughout the provinces. Quebec city is holding her own, but the rural districts cannot bear the strain of the constant exodus to the States and to the Northwest. The young men and women are leaving one after another. The time will come when, unless something is done to check the depopulation, the province will be seriously injured. The annexationists will tell you that by union alone will prosperity return.

FATHER DAMIEN AND THE LEPERS.

ANOTHER PROTESTANT FRIEND OF THE HEROES OF MOLOKAI.

Boston Pilot.

Readers of the *Pilot* will remember the substantial aid and generous sympathy which the Rev. H. P. Chapman, an Anglican clergyman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, England, has, within the past year or two, extended to Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers at Molokai. They will be interested, therefore, in the following correspondence, which we quote from Mr. Labouchere's paper, the London *Truth*:—

The Rev. H. B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, sends me a letter from Father Damien which I gladly publish for the information of all those who feel an interest in the heroic work to which the Father has devoted his life. Mr Chapman himself writes:

"In another letter to a friend of mine he (Father Damien) says: 'The disease is now pretty well all over me, but so far only exteriorly, and my interior pains are greatly relieved. I continue to be strong and robust, though somewhat disfigured.'"

My friend to whom that was written sails for Molokai on October 18, and I am anxious, if possible, to send by him sufficient to relieve all the good priest's anxieties as to his church. It appears to me the least one can do to show one's practical admiration for a heroism seldom equalled, and never surpassed. . . . I shall be most happy to receive subscriptions for the "Leper Catholic Church" at Molokai, and I earnestly trust I shall be enabled to send £1,000 as a thank-offering to this dying man for his example to the world at large. . . .

The Father has made a request for some "Stations of the Cross," and Catholic readers will probably know of suitable pictures. . . . All letters and parcels should arrive at this address (St. Luke's Vicarage, Camberwell, S. E.) by October 1. They will be acknowledged immediately.

The following is Father Damien's letter:—

Kalawas, Molokai, Hawaiian Islands, July 19.

REV. H. B. CHAPMAN.—*Dear Sir*:—Your kind note of June 6, with enclosed checks for £54 3s 1d, equal to $265 has been duly received, and the said sum credited to my account at Bishop's Bank in Honolulu, were the balance of last year's leper fund remains on deposit, and on which I draw little by little as necessity requires.

I thank you very much for your kindness in keeping up this deposit for our future wants. We have received several hundreds of new inmates in our asylum, and more are expected. The number of orphan boys, all lepers, under my direct care is now about eighty, for whose accommodation our Board of Health has helped me with two large dormitories (seventy-two feet in length). The leper children in general, and especially the orphans, have had their good share of your generous contribution. I have read with deep interest and with tears in my eyes the large packages of letters you have had the kindness to send me; the large box of illustrated papers, too, has been received, and has very much interested our people, and with thanks have found therein many useful articles. Having received from your reverence so many signs of unbiased friendship I beg leave to expose to you what is just now weighing somewhat on my mind, viz., the falling of our old steeple, the arrival of a well finished (American) altar, and, above all, the increase of our lepers, have compelled me to start the building of a new church, 73 feet by 30 feet, part in mason work, part in wood work, to be covered with corrugated iron. Some American friend has sent me £100 for that work, but now I find I am far short. Being unwilling to take any money from our Leper Fund for that purpose (although this church is exclusively intended for lepers,) I beg you to have the kindness to see Cardinal Manning (with whom I am persuaded you are quite familiar) and lay this matter before him; perhaps he might find, and your reverence might induce him to come to my assistance for that especial purpose.

Begging your pardon for this trouble, and recommending myself and people to your prayers, with the assurance that we will not forget you, I remain, dear Chapman, your most thankful servant in our Lord. J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER.

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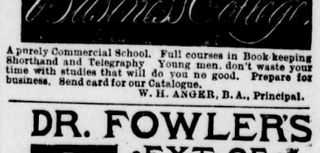

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Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Autumn.

The Autumn leaves are falling fast
And edying in the air,
And with faint sighs are borne past,
Sad emblems of despair.

The robin and the humming bird,
The lark and whippoorwill,
And bobolink, by nature stirred,
Are quitting vale and hill.

The corn stands in ghostly shocks,
The russet apple gleams;
Thro' shivering branches winter mocks
Departing Summer's beams.

Prim city maids but seem to live
For pets and flowers alone,
And by the care to roots they give,
For human slights atone.

The country girl finds receipts
For cann'd and pickled fruit,
And tho' she longs to change her name
Can't find a man to suit.

Thus passeth Autumn weird and drear,
But still it hath its joys,
The men have hoarded food and gear,
And hopeful are the boys.

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD.

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND

BY THE REV. ÆNEAS M'DONELL DAWSO
LL. D., F. R. S.

PART II.

JAMES GRANT, J. MCDONALD, GEO. HA
ETC., AND THEIR TIME.

Everything seemed to show that th
age was improving and a more friend
feeling towards Catholics arisin
throughout the country. The titul
"Duchess of Perth" having died at Sto
hall in Perthshire, it was feared that th
mission there, so long one of the mo
important in the country, must nece
sarily be abandoned. There was on
one Catholic tenant on the estate
whose house a priest could have a suit
able lodging. This man, despairing
the continuance of the mission, hasti
threw up his lease on the death of th
duchess, in order that he might estal
lish his home near some Cathol
station. Now came the advantage
living in the midst of the world, witho
being of the world, worldly. Such wa
the case as regarded our Bishop, wh
resembled in this respect the celeb
brated Bossuet, of whom it was tru
said that he was a bishop in the ga
court of France (*un Eveque au milieu de
cour*) Mingling in the higher worl
while not neglecting the poorer an
more humble, Bishop Hay had becom
acquainted with Lord Kames, who ma
surely here be mentioned, as one of th
celebrities of the time. Lord Kame wa
one of the commissioners charged wit
the administration of the forfeited land
Bishop Hay, therefore, applied to him fo
a renewal of the lease of the farm fro
which the tenant, John Cruikshanks, ha
retired, and that it should be renewe
in the name of Cruikshanks. H
acknowledged, at the same time, th
his object was to secure the residence
a priest in the place Both Lord an
Lady Kames, particularly the latte
entered warmly into the scheme; an
through the friendly services of Mr
Colquohoun Grant, obtained the co
operation of Lord Gardenstone, anothe
commissioner. By the advice of thes
friendly parties the bishop drew up
petition in the name of the retired ter
ant, and presented it to the commissio
The land steward, who had alread
granted a new lease, brought consider
able county influence to bear against
Catholic being established in the plac
This led to memorials and replies tha
were presented to the commissioners
At last, after a year's delay, Lord an
Lady Kames, knowing how friendly th
Government now were towards th
Catholics, pleaded the cause more zea
ously with several of the principal com
missioners, and thus secured a decisio
in favor of the bishop. Not only was th
old lease renewed in the bishop's favo
in the name of the former tenant, bu
fifteen acres more, which had been unde
planting, were added to the farm in orde
to supply summer grass for the bishop'
horse. He was also supplied with
quantity of timber for putting the far
buildings in a suitable condition.
rather odd scene occurred at the boar
of commissioners when its final decisio
was intimated. It will be best told i
Bishop Hay's own words: "After th
order was given to let us have the place
one of our friends added, 'they mus
also have plenty of wood to build a mas
house,' upon which some of the other
expressed surprise. To which on
replied: 'They are better subjects tha
the Presbyterians;' and another said, 'a
for the best religion, that will not b
known till the day of judgment.' S
orders were given to see what wood wil
be wanted, and let us have it. This, yo
will say, is a changed world. It is s
blessed be God for it, and may we b
grateful for so great a mercy. It is true
indeed, it will cost me a great deal o
money to get the place put into prope
order, but I hope Providence will pro
vide, and when all is to right, it will b
as comfortable a settlement as any w
have." . . .

The war with the American colonie
put an end to emigration; and hence th
Highland proprietors were encourage
to renew their oppression of their poo
tenants. This led to a change in th
distribution of the Catholic populatio
all over the country. There being n
field for the distressed people i
America (Canada with its boundless re
sources, was, at that time, a *terra incog
nita*) flocked in great numbers to th
towns of the Lowlands, where the
found employment as day labourers an
street porters. The Catholic populatio
of those towns was thus considerabl
increased. In Edinburgh alone, ther
was an increase of four hundred, a
shown by a census of his congregatio
taken by Bishop Hay in February 1777
Almost all the newly arrived stranger
were ignorant of any language excep
their native Gaelic. They were, at once
however, provided with a pastor wh
was thoroughly acquainted with thei
language. This was the Rev. Rober