

Continued from first page. awakened the dormant consciences of rulers, and we find them drawing nearer to the Pope—Russia, Germany and England are again assuming diplomatic relations of a more or less pronounced character; for they recognize in the Pope and the Catholic Church the one great moral power which is ever assailed, but is ever the victor; and which alone can save society.

The classic ground of controversialists of Mr. Osborne's calibre is Spain. Here they revel in a wealth of abuse and misrepresentation. But Mr. Osborne is not satisfied with abuse; he must also be profane. We know that there are some who think profanity a good substitute for ability; but we had not thought they were to be found in the ranks of the promoters of morality. We are undeceived. Here is what Mr. Osborne is reported as saying: "Spain is not yet ready for the Bible, and does not want it: she is willing to sit in darkness as far as religion is concerned. The women have their show every Sunday morning in the Parish Church, and the men have their bull-fight on the same day." We give the profanity the benefit of italics. We do not think it is precisely original; we have an idea that we read it before. Hence its "smartness" is somewhat diminished in our regard. Had Mr. Osborne modified the first sentence in this way: Spain is not yet ready for a Bible which her people believe to be mutilated, and does not want such a one; she is willing to sit in darkness so far as my peculiar form of religion is concerned, we would quite agree with him, and we would add a prayer that she might long continue in the same admirable dispositions. For the sample of Christian charity which Mr. Osborne has given us in his speech, leads us to desire that no one may ever be imbued with its spirit. We ask our fellow-countrymen what they think of speaking of the most solemn service of Roman Catholics as a "show." Who in Charlottetown, excepting Mr. Osborne, would speak of Catholics attending a show on Sunday mornings at St. Dunstan's Cathedral? Yet it is in every particular, words, language, ceremonies, precisely the same service as that which is held in the Parish Churches in Spain. Catholics, as Mr. Osborne surely knows, consider the Mass the highest and most holy act of religious worship which can be paid to God. Is it, then, worthy of a Christian, of a gentleman, of a man of self-respect, to speak of it as a show? But we can safely leave this grossly offensive, and altogether unprovoked language, to be dealt with by the good feeling of the community.

Mr. Osborne insinuates that Spanish Catholics do not value the Bible. We are quite confident that in every household in Spain, when its members can read, there is a Bible in the popular language. It is the same in Italy and France. Moreover, in their prayer books they have the Gospels and Epistles of each Sunday and Feast Day, and they read these books at the show on Sunday mornings at the Parish Church. One feels it a degrading task to have to meet worn-out objections, and to re-state facts known to every man of average ability. Mr. Osborne's sole reason for saying that Spain is willing to sit in darkness, as far as religion is concerned, is because the people will not abandon the Catholic Faith. They are intensely Catholic, and hence their crime in the eyes of so many. If to be well instructed in the Catholic Faith, is to be in darkness, then the majority of Spaniards are hopelessly in the dark; otherwise they walk in the light, and Mr. Osborne it is who is groping and stumbling in a religious twilight. Let us hope that like so many of the noblest intellects in England and America, he may yet find his way to the full and perfect light in which the soul of the Spanish peasant rejoices and waxes glad.

Anyone whose misfortune it has been to be obliged to read the publications which mirror the views of such men as Mr. Osborne, and who has had no antidote, has a most grotesque idea of Spain, Italy and all Catholic countries. Many Catholics, owing to their surroundings, are much in the same condition. We have been asked more than once to defend, or explain, the state of some of these countries. Our answer is, that they require neither explanation nor defence, more than other nations. It is our knowledge of them which requires refurbishing. We have heard well educated Italians speaking of the English as clever commercial barbarians, devoid of arts and literature. The reader will exclaim, monstrous; not one which more monstrous than Mr. Osborne's idea of Spain. Both ideas are the offspring of ignorance, and were nursed in an atmosphere which excluded all proper knowledge of the domestic history of other countries. The public history of nations is, generally, well known; but there is no knowledge so rare as that of their domestic history. The popular notion in any nation, regarding another which differs from it in language, is a most disparaging one. What idea of France was prevalent in England until our own day? Everyone now laughs at it, because relations have become more intimate, and very many have acquired a knowledge of the French language, and have touched the literary and scientific treasures of the country. Mr. Osborne's idea of Spain is an outgrowth of the lower strata of the popular one. A lengthened stay in that country, or a knowledge of its language, which would unlock its literary wealth, or a diligent perusal of truthful works, and truthful newspapers, could alone eradicate such an idea. We will, however, place a few facts before our readers, which will serve to show, if they choose to use their reason, the groundlessness of so many charges often made against Spain.

Let us compare England and Spain. England has produced no theologian worthy of being named in the same day with Vasquez and Suarez; she has produced no philosopher equal to Baluzac; no novelist superior to Cervantes; no poet of greater merit than Calderon; no painter fit to carry the colors to Murillo. The glory of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge is not brighter than that of Salamanca. The navigators of England must give place to those of Spain; the Spanish merchants were as enterprising and as successful as those of England. The kings of Spain were as brave on the field, and as able in the council, as England's greatest (and England's greatest kings were of the same religion as Spain's.) In Architecture the Palace of the Escorial, and the numerous gorgeous Cathedrals, bear witness to Spain's superiority over England. In all the high and noble walks of life the poor

Spaniard, who is supposed to be buried in chimney-darkness, either leads or marches side by side with the sons of Albion. Let it not be said that there are exceptions. Great men are always from a barren soil, lofty trees do not spring from a barren soil, nor are they ever surrounded by dwarfs; neither are mighty minds produced by an uncultured race, nor are their contemporaries ever pigmies. If Spain, for general culture must be equal, at least, to that of England. This is a simple argument based on the relation between cause and effect. It is quite sufficient to refute the silly charge about darkness, etc.

In the beginning of this century, Spain was for years the battle ground of Europe. Hence she was broken, impoverished and plunged into difficulties. Then arose, and partly through foreign intrigues, the wars of the "Spanish Succession." These wars, disastrous as they were in a commercial point of view, are yet one of the best vindications of the Spanish character. They are an effect of the strong conscientious convictions of the people. Each party believed, and believed yet, its Prince to be the legitimate heir to the Throne. There is an error of judgment, but no error of heart. Believing their Prince to be legitimate, they cannot conscientiously desert him. England might exile her king and welcome his ungrateful daughter and rebel son-in-law; or she might lop off the head of her king and how to a despotic Protector; but the Spanish conscience leads the people to fight for him whom they believe to be legitimate. We must regret the occasion for these wars; but we cannot withhold our admiration of conscientious convictions, sealed with blood, in a part of that Latin race, whose "peculiarity," Mr. Osborne has said, "is absence of conscience." For the last few years Spain has enjoyed internal quiet. She has a king who followed lately through the streets, bare-headed, and carrying a taper, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Bishops occupy their place in the Senate. What are the results? The public credit of the country is rising; commerce is fast reviving; seacala are flourishing; the recognition of Spain as one of the Great Powers is talked of; life and property are as secure as in any country; morality and public order are conspicuous. These are the facts concerning Spain, and they prove the undying power of the Catholic religion to purify and rebuild; to promote social happiness, and to diffuse the light of true knowledge.

Mr. Osborne speaks as though bull-fighting were an occurrence of every Sunday; in point of fact they are very rare. The only possible objection to them must be on the score of cruelty to animals. We are not to judge of cruelty by the size of the animal, but by the amount of pain inflicted. Hence a bull-fight which lasts twenty minutes or half an hour, must inflict immeasurably less pain than a fox, or hare hunt which worries, for hours, a timid, sensitive animal. In a moral point of view, a bull-fight is superior to a horse-race, or to an uncharitable speech. If we could only convince ourselves that our own special weakness is no more excusable than our neighbors' we would be spared a world of back-biting. Bull-fights and Sunday sound gloriously damnable, but they are seldom verified together; and when verified, only prove that some Spaniards prefer to spend a portion of the Sunday in a manner of amusement less sinful than thousands in all English-speaking communities, who turn gin dens into an arena of battle, with their wives, or companions, for victims, instead of tough-headed bulls.

Indian River, April, 1882.

Church Directory, Charlottetown.

ST. PAUL'S (CHURCH OF ENGLAND)—Queen Square—Morning and Evening Service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2 1/2 p. m. Rev. David Fitzgerald, Rector; Rev. Alfred Osborne Curate.

ST. PETER'S (CHURCH OF ENGLAND)—Rochford Square—Sunday Services—8 a. m., 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Daily Services—Matsins—9 a. m. Evensong—5 p. m., except Friday evenings, at 7.30 p. m. Rev. George W. Hodgson, Rector; Rev. Edmund Rev. D. Bambrick Assistant Curate.

ST. DUNSTAN'S CATHEDRAL—Low Mass every Sunday at 8 a. m. High Mass at 10 a. m.; Vespers at 3 p. m. Mass at 7.30 a. m. throughout the week. Rev. A. McMillan, Pastor.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—Prince Street.—Service and Sermon every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Week Day Services—Tuesday and Thursdays at 7.30 p. m. Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, A. M., Pastor.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH—Prince Street.—Service and Sermon every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Week day service on Wednesday evening. Rev. William Tippett, Pastor.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN)—Powdell Street.—Service and Sermon every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6 1/2 p. m. Sabbath School and Bible classes at 2.30 p. m. Weekly Service in the Lecture Hall on Wednesday evenings, at 7.45 p. m. Rev. Kenneth McLennan, Pastor.

ZION CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN)—Richmond Street.—Service and Sermon every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6 1/2 p. m. Sunday School at 2 1/2 p. m. Rev. John McL. McLeod, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Prince Street.—Rev. Dr. Murray, Pastor—Hours of Service, 11 o'clock, a. m., 6.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Cor. Prince and Fitzroy sts.—Services and Sermon every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6.30 o'clock p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Week day services—Monday at 7.30 p. m.; and Friday at 8 p. m. Rev. D. G. McDonald, Pastor.

BIBLE CHRISTIANS—Prince Street.—Service and Sermon every Sunday morning at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Rev. John Harris, Pastor.

PRAYER MEETING in Y. M. C. A. every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST met in New Church House, every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Elders presiding.

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THE WAR-TRAIL!

CHAPTER LXXIII.

TRANSLATING THE "SIGN."

This discovery brought us to a halt. A consultation ensued, in which all took part; but as usual the others listened to the opinions of the prairie-men, and especially to that of Rube.

The old trapper was inclined to balk for some time, and acted as if he meant to withhold his advice. Nothing "huffed" him more than to have his word contradicted, or his skill called in question, I have known him to be "out of sorts" for days, from having his woodcraft doubted by some one whom he deemed less skilled than himself; and indeed there were few of his kind whose knowledge of the wilderness was at all comparable with his. He was not always in the right, but generally where his instincts failed, it was idle to try further. In the present case, the man who had thoughtlessly doubted him was one of the "greenest" of the party, but this veridancy only aggravated the matter in the eyes of old Rube.

"Such a fellur as you," he said, giving a last dig to the offending ranger—"such a fellur as you oughter get yer head shet up; that ur tongue o' yours keeps a gwine like a bull's tail in fly-time. Wagh!"

As the man made no reply to this rather rough remonstrance, Rube's "dander" soon smoothed down, and once more getting cool, he turned his attention to the business of the hour.

That there had been Indians upon the ground was now an ascertained fact; the peculiar shoeing of the horses rendered it indubitable. Mexican horses, if shod at all, would have had a shoeing of iron—at least on their fore feet. Wild mustangs would have had the hoof naked; while the tracks of Texan or American horses could have been easily told, either from the peculiar shoeing or the superior size of their hoofs. The horses that had galloped over that ground were neither wild, Texan, nor Mexican: Indian they must have been.

Although the one track first examined might have settled the point, it was a fact of too much importance to be left under the slightest doubt. The presence of Indians meant the presence of enemies—foes dire and deadly; and it was with something more than feelings of mere curiosity that my companions scrutinized the sign.

The ashes were blown out from several others, and these carefully studied. Additional facts were brought to light by those Champollions of the prairie—Rube and Garey. Whoever rode the horses, had been going in a gallop. They had not ridden long in one course; but here and there had turned and struck off in new directions. There had been a score or so of them. No two had been galloping together; their tracks had been converged or crossed one another—now zigzagging, now running in right lines, or sweeping in curves and circles over the plain.

All this knowledge the trackers had obtained in less than ten minutes, simply by riding round the place. Not to disturb them in their diagnosis, the rest of us halted upon the spot where the new tracks had been first observed, and there awaited the result of their scrutiny.

In ten minutes' time both came back to us; they had read the sign to their satisfaction, and needed no further light.

That sign had disclosed to them one fact of more significance than all the rest. Of course, we all knew that the Indian horsemen had gone over the ground before the grass had been burnt; but how long before? We had no difficulty in making out that it was upon that same day, and since the rising of the sun—these were trifles easily ascertained; but at what hour had they passed? Late, or early? With the steed, before, or after him?

About this point I was most anxious, but I had not the slightest idea that it could be decided by the "sign." To my astonishment, those cunning hunters returned to tell me, not only the very hour at which the steed had passed the spot, but also that the Indian horsemen had been riding after him! Clairvoyance could scarcely have gone farther.

The old trapper had grown expetive, more than was his wont. It was no longer a matter of tracking the white steed. Indians were near. Caution had become necessary, and neither the company nor counsel of the humblest stand in need of the strength even of the weakest in our party.

Freely, then, the trackers communicated their discoveries, in answer to my interrogations.

"The white hoes," said Rube, "must 'a been hur' 'bout four hours ago, kalkerlatin' the rate at which he wur a gwine, and kalkerlatin' how fur he hed ter kum. He haint 'a stopped nowher; an' 'ceptin' i' the thicket, he hez gallipt the rest o' the way—thet's clur. Wal, we know's the distance, thurfor we know's the time—thet's clur too; an' four hour's 'bout the mark, I reck'n—prehaps a little less, an alser prehaps a little more. Now, furrermore to the point. Them niggurs hez been eyther clost arter 'im, in view o' the critter, or follerin' 'im on the trail—the one or the 't'her—an' which 'taint possible to tell w' this hur sign, no-how-cum-somever. But thet they wur arter 'im me 'Bill's made out clur as mud—thet we sartinly hez."

"How have you ascertained that they were after?"

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TIME TABLE NO 17.

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Table with 4 columns: STATIONS, MIXED, MIXED, MIXED. Lists train schedules for various stations including Ch'town, Royalty Jc, N Wiltshe, Hunter R'r, Bradalbe, Co'ty Line, Kensington, Summ'side, Wellington, Port Hill, O'Leary, Bloomfield, Alberton, Tignish, Mt. Stew't, Cardigan, Georget'n, Mt. Stew't, Morell, St. Peter's, Bear River, Souris.

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L. B. ARCHIBALD, Superintendent, Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 26, 1881.

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