

markable contributions read at the recent Sydney Congress being his paper on Divorce. He is also an occasional contributor to the pages of the *Australasian Ecclesiastical Record*.

RIGHT REV. P. O'DONNELL, D.D.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell is Bishop of Raphoe, Ireland. He is a native of Donegal County. He received his earlier ecclesiastical education, we believe, in Letterkenny, and while still in his teens—in the early seventies—entered the great national ecclesiastical institute of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. His course there was a very distinguished one and marked with the high promise which his later years have so fully realised. At the close of his theological course in Maynooth College he had not yet attained the canonical age for ordination to the priesthood, and this circumstance, together with his conspicuous ability, induced the College authorities—chief of whom was the present Archbishop of Dublin—to send the promising young student for a special course of study to the Catholic University, Stephen's Green, Dublin. Dr. O'Donnell was raised to the priesthood in June, 1879. He acted as *locum tenens* or substitute in one or two of the professorial chairs in 1879-80. On the restoration, in the following year, of the Dunboyne Establishment for the higher course of ecclesiastical studies, Dr. O'Donnell was placed in charge. He conducted the struggling young institute for seven years with much ability and gratifying success. In 1887 Cardinal Logue—then Bishop of Raphoe—was translated to the primatial See of Armagh. Dr. O'Donnell was appointed his successor, and was consecrated bishop of Raphoe in the Cathedral, Letterkenny, on April 3, 1888. He was then the youngest bishop among the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, being only about 32 years of age. He is now about 44 years old. From the date of his consecration the zealous and gifted young prelate threw himself *con amore* into the struggle for Irish rights, and some of the most notable utterances on the land and university and other burning Irish questions of the past twelve years have proceeded from the voice and pen of the Bishop of Raphoe.

THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

BITS OF CHINA, OLD AND NEW.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHINESE WAR.

Pierre Loti, the celebrated French author, writes the following in the *Outlook*—

In the sinister yellow country of the Extreme Orient, during the worst period of the war, our boat, a heavy ironclad, was stationed for weeks at her post in the blockade in a bay on the coast. With the neighboring country, with its impossible green mountains and its rice fields like velvet prairies, we had almost no communication. The inhabitants of the village or the woods stayed at home, defiant or hostile. An overwhelming heat descended upon us from a dull sky, which was nearly always gray and veiled with curtains of lead.

One morning during my watch the steersman came to me and said:

'There is a sampan, captain, that has just come into the bay, which seems to be trying to speak to us.'

'Ah, who is in it?'

Before replying he looked again through his glass.

'There is, captain, a kind of priest, Chinese, or I don't know what, who is seated alone in the stern.'

The sampan advanced over the sluggish, oily, warm water without haste and without noise. A yellow-faced young girl, clad in a black dress, stood erect and paddled the boat, bringing us this ambiguous visitor, who wore the costume, the head-dress and the round spectacles of the priests of Annam, but whose beard and whose astonishing face were not at all Asiatic.

He came on board and addressed me in French, speaking in a dull and timid way.

'I am a missionary,' he said, 'from Lorraine, but I have lived for more than thirty years in a village six hours' march from here, in the country, where all the people have been converted to Christianity. I wish to speak to the commandant and ask for aid from him. The rebels are threatening us, and are already very near. All my parishioners will be massacred, it is certain, if some one does not come promptly to our aid.'

Alas! the commandant was obliged to refuse aid. All the men and guns that we had had been sent to another place and there remained on board just enough sailors to guard the vessel; truly we could do nothing for those poor parishioners 'over there.' They must be given up as lost.

The overwhelming noonday hour had arrived, the daily torpor that suspended all life. The little sampan and the young girl had returned to land, disappearing in the unhealthy vegetation on the bank, and the missionary had, naturally enough, stayed with us, a little taciturn, but not recriminative.

The poor man did not appear brilliant during the luncheon he shared with us. He had become such an Annamite that any conversation with him seemed difficult.

And to think that, without doubt, we should have to keep with us for several months this unforeseen guest that heaven had sent us! It was without enthusiasm, I assure you, that one of us went to him to announce on the part of the commandant:

'They have prepared a room for you, father. It goes without saying that you will be one of us until the day when we can land you in a safe place.'

He did not seem to understand.

'But I am only waiting until nightfall to ask you to send me to the end of the bay in a small boat. Before night you can surely have me put on shore, can you not?' he asked uneasily.

'Landed! And what will you do on land?'

'I will return to my village,' he said with sublime simplicity. 'I could not sleep here, you know. The attack might be made to-night.'

This man who had seemed so vulgar at first grew larger at every word, and we surrounded him, charmed and curious.

'But it is you, father who will be most in danger.'

'That is very likely,' he replied, as tranquilly as an ancient martyr.

Ten of his parishioners would wait for him on the shore at sunset. At nightfall, all together, they would return to the threatened village, and then, at the will of God!

And as we urged him to stay—because to go was to go to a certain death, to some atrocious Chinese death—this return after aid had been refused, he became indignant, gently but obstinately and unchangeably, without long words and without anger.

'It is I who converted them, and you wish me to abandon them when they are persecuted for the faith? But they are my children!'

With a certain emotion the officers of the watch had one of the ship's boats prepared to take him to shore, and we all shook hands with him when he went away. Always quiet and now insignificant again, he confided to us a letter for an aged relation in Lorraine, took a little French tobacco and went away.

And as twilight fell we watched in silence over the heavy, warm water the silhouette of this apostle going simply to his obscure martyrdom.

We got ready to leave the following week, I forgot for where, and from this time on events gave us no rest. We never heard more of our visitor.

MASSACRE OF CHINESE IN THE AMUR PROVINCE.

The Moscow correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphs:—

Authentic accounts have now reached here of the actual state of affairs at Blagovestchensk, and I am able to give the following details about the destruction of Chinese in the Amur region. There were resident in the town of Blagovestchensk 5000 Chinese including women and children. For a number of years past the old rules have been relaxed, and an entire quarter of the town was in the occupation of Chinese families. Formerly no Chinese women were allowed into the town on any pretence, and the men had to leave it at night and cross over to the Chinese village of Sakhalin. It would have been well for the luckless people, who trusted to the honor of their Russian hosts, although they must have been perfectly aware what was on foot on the other side of the river, if these old regulations had been still enforced. But it was convenient for the Russian to have his servants, clerks, dock hands, and petty merchants close by, and the industrious Chinaman speedily took advantage of the opportunities for profit and labor offered by the chief town in the Amur region, the largest town, indeed, in the whole of Siberia east of the Lake Baykal, neither Vladivostok nor Khabarovsk equalling it in size or population.

When the trouble began, the people, at first in isolated cases, and later in larger bodies, sought out Chinamen under the pretence of seeing that they had no arms; and resistance meant sudden death. No Chinaman's life was worth a minute's purchase, and private houses were even forcibly entered in search of supposed lurking Chinese, who were largely employed as cooks. Not a few cases of robbery of non-Chinese occurred in the course of such pretended searches. Any Chinese found were put to death on the spot. At this point the authorities stepped in. Police notices were sent to all Chinese residents in the town to repair to the police station.

This was in the evening. At an early hour of the next morning the entire body of Chinese, 5000 in number, were escorted out of the town to a spot about five miles up stream, and being led in batches of a few hundred at a time to the river bank, were ordered to cross over to the Chinese side. No boats were provided, and as the river is a mile wide and by no means sluggish in its flow, the meaning of the order was plain. The Chinese were not only unarmed, but had been stripped of everything they possessed of value, either at the police station or by their escort of armed 'volunteers,' on their way to their death. Men, women, and children were flung alive into the stream, or on the least show of resistance stabbed or shot, and their bodies thrown after their living victims. The volunteers—Russian workmen, employees, etc., of the town, and some peasants from the immediate neighborhood who had not already been taken as soldiers under the mobilisation orders—lined the bank and clubbed or shot any of the poor wretches who attempted to land. Not one escaped alive, and the entire length of the river bank, for miles above and below Blagovestchensk, was strewn with corpses.

UNBIASED TESTIMONY.

A Fellow of the Royal Historical Society writing to a Home paper:—Some years ago I served nearly five consecutive years in China, and am well acquainted with the greater part of that Empire from Tientsin to Canton. Among the most pleasant of one's recollections is the profound respect evidenced by the European residents, for the most part—probably 95 per cent.—Protestants, towards the Catholic clergy. I have never heard a British merchant or trader speak in any but terms of the deepest goodwill and admiration of our missionaries, and, considering that the largest part of our commercial interests in the Far East are represented by hard-headed Scotchmen of the middle classes, whose early training has certainly not prejudiced them in favor of Catholicism in general, or of foreign Catholic priests in particular, I regard their testimony as very much to the point. Was it not that sturdy and good Protestant, the late General Gordon, who said, 'that Catholic missionaries were the only clergy of any denomination he had ever come across who approached, even remotely, the Apostolic Standard.'

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