

donned the uniform when the corps to which he belonged was ordered to make ready for the distant Philippines. The order smote him like a crushing bolt, but outwardly he showed no sign of quailing. It was unsoldierly, he reasoned, to depart with tears in his eyes.

His going away was an event in Astorgia, no one worked in the village that day. High Mass was sung in the old, yellow mountain church, and the priest, for a parting gift, handed Estaban a bright, new play-book, published in Dublin and printed in the English language. It was a curiosity to the young conscript, and he laughed as he read his name, Nueces de los O'Donoghues, written inside the cover. Dinner time came and so tables were spread in the open air. Hagar, the inn-keeper, came too, with a cask of red wine, so that everybody, young and old, might drink a health to the soldier boy. Songs devotional, bacchanalian, amatory, patriotic, were sung in impromptu choruses. In the afternoon the parting was made. All the young men of Astorgia trudged down the valley, escorting Estaban as far as Bena; there he took the mule-coach for the city, waving back to his mountain comrades kisses and fond adieux.

II.

The town of Casayquia lies high in the island of Luzon some 60 leagues from the main sea coast in a salubrious location, swept by refreshing winds from the neighboring plateau. It had ever been a prosperous settlement, thanks to its lucrative products, and its people, given to peaceful industries, had little sympathy with disturbers who wished the island to break away from the domination of Spain. It was only when the startling news of Manila's downfall came that Casayquia caught the fever of Filipino independence. A junta was formed, a militia was organised, and the little garrison of Spanish soldiers was surrounded and made prisoners. Among the latter was Estaban, a member of the engineer corps. He had served in that department ever since joining the army, displaying a genius that soon caught the eye of keen superiors. A military road was projected in the vicinity, and so all through that memorable spring Estaban, with a little detachment in his charge, had been out doing the work of map-making and surveying. It was quite a change to find himself suddenly shut up with his men in the refectory of an old monastery and kept under surveillance by a guard of native patrols.

Eight months of dreary prison life passed, when one afternoon, Estaban coming in from some work at which he had been set, discovered to his surprise, that there were seven new inmates in the refectory gaol. They wore a uniform which he had never before seen, and this, together with the fact of their English speech, made him conclude at once that the new-comers were from the American army. One of the strangers, moreover, came brusquely toward him.

"Is this Mr. O'Donoghue?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes, I believe I can answer to that name," replied Estaban in astonishment.

"Put it there!" exclaimed the other, reaching out his hand. "My name is Maguire. Captain Maguire. Well, you got here evidently a little before we did."

"I am a prisoner here, a prisoner of war."

"And who are these niggers who are with you?"

"You mistake, sir, these brave men must be spoken of respectfully. They are soldiers of Spain, not niggers."

"Well, it's about the same thing, ain't it? Niggers and dagos—there's only the difference between six and half a dozen. What regiment do you belong to, Mr. O'Donoghue?"

"Royal Valencia, Engineer Corps." "Never heard of it. Must be a down East regiment, hey?" We are Wisconsin men. All of Milwaukee where the good beer comes from. What State is your home in?"

"Pardon me, perhaps you take me for an American. I am a Spaniard."

"Why, no. That cannot be; you speak English like ourselves."

"A mere matter of education."

"And your name—O'Donoghue—is it not an Irish name?"

"My great-grandfather was Irish."

"But even your face is not a Spanish face, nor are your blue eyes Spanish eyes."

"I have heard the same thing said many times before when at home in the Pyrene Mountains. I wish I was there now."

"Are you an officer?"

"Merely a sergeant. Not much of a command just at present."

"Well, I'm a captain, but you've got the advantage of me, for you can speak the lingo and make yourself understood. My rank is simply ignored by these niggers. We have been treated like Hobbies ever since we gave up to the rascals."

"How did it happen?"

(To be Concluded in our next.)

Catholic World

CANADA.—Kingston Cathedral.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, Canada, is being rebuilt after a curious plan. The inside walls remain while the other walls are built outside them. When completed the edifice will present an appearance altogether new.

CEYLON.—Catholic Census.

The Colombo correspondent of the London 'Times' writes some interesting particulars to that paper regarding the recent census of Ceylon. The correspondent has been favored with an advance copy of the census tables, and from an analysis of the document gives the number of Christians in Ceylon as 349,239. He says "Of the Christians, 287,414 are Roman Catholics, leaving 61,825 for all 'Protestant' denominations (including 1718 'independent Catholics' who repudiate the Pope). In 1891 the Roman Catholics numbered 216,214 and other Christians 55,913, so that the former have increased in a greater ratio than the latter." Even as they stand (says the Catholic Messenger) these figures are striking testimony to the progress of the Church in Ceylon, and to the overwhelming preponderance of Catholics among the Christian inhabitants. But we have to make one important correction in the statistics we have quoted. The London 'Times' correspondent includes among the Protestant denominations 1718 'independent Catholics.' But since the census was taken, and after the 'Times' correspondent had written his summary of the returns, the 'Independent Catholic' schism in Mannar has ceased, and these misguided people have been solemnly reconciled to the Church by his Lordship the Bishop of Jaffna on the 25th ultimo. This leaves only about nine families in Colombo still adhering to the schism. It is a very generous allowance to fix the number of 'Independent Catholics' still remaining in Ceylon at 50. As the census returns give the number before the end of the Mannar schism as 1718, and the 'Times' correspondent adds these to the Protestant denominations, it is necessary to readjust the figures to arrive at a correct estimate of the relative strength of Catholicity and Protestantism here, and to get the correct rate of increase. Allowing 50 of the 1718 to the Protestants we have to add 1668 to the figures for the Catholics and deduct the same number from the Protestant total. This gives

289,082 Catholics and 60,157 Protestants of all denominations. The increase amongst Catholics since 1891 is therefore 42,868, or 17.4 per cent. The number of Protestants has increased by 4244, or only 7.6 per cent.

ENGLAND.

The Lady Alice Fitzwilliam has presented to Westminster Cathedral a superb Spanish monstrance magnificently jewelled. Another monstrance of solid gold, valued at £1000, has been sent by an unknown donor to the Cardinal-Archbishop, through Messrs Garrard, Crown jewellers.

Those Jesuits Again.

The editor of the 'Rock' (says the 'Catholic Times') has been terribly shocked by the verdict in the libel action. He can only explain it by the supposition that the judge and jury were either Jesuits in disguise, or at any rate, under the Jesuit influence. The situation, he is convinced, is very grave, and things have to become worse before they can become better. Never did Mahatma exercise more magical and irresistible skill than those Jesuits. To-day they are, comparatively speaking, but a mere handful in England, yet they sway judges and juries and have public authority in the hollow of their hands. This is an ancient artifice of theirs.

A Bungle.

The bungle with regard to the blessing of the colors of the Irish Guards has provoked sharp comment from some of the papers. As we ('Catholic Times') announced some time ago, the Right Rev. Dr. Brindle, D.S.O., Bishop of Nottingham, was invited and consented to perform the ceremony. The King, it appears, expressed a hope that when the Bishop blessed the colors he would not wear his episcopal cope and mitre, since these would prelude his wearing his displaying his numerous hard-won decorations and war medals. His Majesty's desire was received by Bishop Brindle as a command, and arrangements were in progress for the function, when it was intimated to the Bishop that the Anglican Chaplain-General was to take part with him in the service. All Catholics are well aware that the Church is decidedly averse to joint services of Catholics and non-Catholics, inasmuch as they tend to foster the idea that one religion is as good as another. The Bishop of Nottingham, therefore, found that he could not accept the invitation that had been given to him, and he was entirely in accord with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster in coming to this decision. Application was then made to the Catholic chaplain, Father Cyril Foster, and after representations on his part, it was agreed that he should bless the colors and then leave the parade ground. A feeling of strong indignation has, it is stated, been aroused among the members of the regiment by the action of the War Office.

Westminster Cathedral.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan has addressed to the Catholic public an appeal—the last that will be made—for funds to complete the new Cathedral. He intends that the building shall from the outset be free of debt, and, therefore, that he shall be enabled to consecrate it. To meet outstanding liabilities and to complete structural and other works that must precede consecration it is estimated that a further sum of £16,000 will be required. Upon the contribution of this amount depends the date of the consecration and of the formal opening. Considering what has already been done, it is a small amount. The success that has crowned the Cardinal's efforts in the erection of the Cathedral is a marvellous proof of his power, great though we ('Catholic Times') knew his energies to be. Without fuss splendid