

and yet more than one half of the Irish representatives are Protestant, although the Catholics are almost five to one. We are curious to learn how those things can be explained away, for no doubt the attempt will be made.

"ATTACKING THE VOLUNTEERS."

A country sheet has startled the world by declaring that the "editor" of the Post has "disgraced himself" by attacking the volunteers as he did. Evidently Bumpkins knows nothing about it. We never attacked the volunteers. We are the friend of the volunteer organization, and rejoice at everything that tends to its organization and its worth. But we attack a certain number of men who belong to the volunteers in violation of the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army. We attack men who wear her Majesty's uniform, against her Majesty's command. We attack men who, in spite of all law, are retained in the service, and who are the cause of almost irreparable mischief to the Dominion. It is an insult to her Majesty, it is an insult to the military authorities, it is an outrage against all decency, to see men wearing uniform, against the positive orders of the Queen's Regulations. The law says that—officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers are forbidden to institute, countenance or attend Orange Lodges, or any other meetings, whether for party or political purposes, in barracks, quarters, camp or elsewhere."

There is the law, plain, distinct and unequivocal. No soldier can be an Orangeman, and there is no use in attempting to shuffle the issue. And because we wish to see this law enforced, we are "attacking the volunteers," and Bumpkins from the ditches, and "military editors," save the mark! "go for us." As an Orange parade is illegal, so is every Orangeman, or Young Briton or True Blue now in the volunteers, illegally enrolled. There is no getting out of it, and we expect our "Independent" M.P. will have a nice row to pick in Ottawa about it when the next session opens. Then, the Orangemen in the volunteers, the men who are there against the Queen's regulations, the men who disgrace a uniform that has won glory upon a thousand battlefields, the men who are Orangemen before everything—then, indeed, these men will be attacked, and with all the vigor which earnest men are capable of. We want the law to be enforced, and we shall see how the "loyal" association will take it. No soldier can be an Orangeman, or no Orangeman can be a soldier, put it as you like; but the law is clear, and we mean to fight it out upon the lines of the "Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army." Nor can the authorities by any chance escape from the plain issue. We have before quoted the Dominion Act which places the armed forces of this country under the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army; but, without that Act, no men could be armed or organized in this country unless they were subject to Imperial control. In the Articles of War, No. 154, we read:—

"The officers and soldiers of any troops which are or shall be raised, or serving in governments, colonies, or dominions, or in countries or places in possession of or occupied by our subjects, or any of our forces, being mustered and in pay, shall at all times and in all places, when joined or acting in conjunction with our British forces, or under the command of any officer having a commission immediately from us, be governed by these Rules and Articles of War, and shall be subject to be tried by courts-martial, in like manner as the officers and soldiers of our British troops."

That puts the question beyond doubt, and so the issue stands thus: "The volunteers of Canada are under the Articles of War; these Articles say that no soldier can be an Orangeman; thus Orangemen in the army and all branches of the service is illegal, and this is the way we intend to 'attack the volunteers.'"

PARTY FEELING.

Now that party feeling is cooling down, it may not be inopportune to review the situation. We do so to allay rather than to excite the public mind, for it appears to us that the quiet which succeeds the storm is desired by all. When men's passions run high, and the turbulent elements of party strife are lashed into fury, there is some excuse for the frantic energy of party warfare. Unfortunately, such are the conditions of affairs by which we are surrounded, that to make such an excuse is necessary. In well ordered society an excuse for that frantic energy would be unpardonable; but here it is commendable, because society is not well-ordered nor well arranged. It is a pity that it should be so; but so it is. Montreal is unhappy in its population, and yet it ought not to be so. We are not destitute of intellectual culture. Our schools are numerous, and our religious edifices top "the neighboring hill" in clusters. We boast of our commercial wealth, and we hold first rank in the Dominion. To Montreal all eyes look for a good example, and they receive it in the shape of skull-crackers. To an outsider who is not in the whirlpool, the situation must be regarded as comical and foolish. Here we are after eighteen hundred years of Christian teaching, cutting each other's throats, and all for the love of God. After all that the Son of Man suffered for our sakes, here we are crucifying Him anew, and all because we like to have our little ways. It is odd, very odd. Of course we hold to the opinion that the fault is all on one side. We think that the aggressors might let well enough alone, and that all new elements of party strife should be avoided. We believe that Protestants and Catholics got on well enough before, a new brand was thrown into the community, and we believe that Protestants and Catholics will get on well enough again, just as soon as this brand is extinguished in our midst. Until then peace is hardly possible,

for times will come when men will be men and not philosophers, and while we may to-day place ourselves upon a pinnacle from which we could, as John Keats said, "clip an angel's wing," yet to-morrow we may be spluttering ourselves with that frantic energy of party spite which we may then regard as worthy of laudation. But there are, it appears, stages in the life of man when he makes a pause in his career—a pause which, while it may be prophetic of his end, is also full of instruction. This pause, the *Witness* of last evening appears to think, the majority of this Province made when, through its representatives in Parliament, it passed the Party Processions Act. Until then Catholic tolerance, if we interpret the *Witness* correctly, was the usual course of Parliamentary usage. But the Party Processions Act was a pause, a departure, and for the first time in the history of the Catholics of the Province, a "wrong" was inflicted upon "one portion" of the Protestant minority. Well, we here come back to the old question. Was it not the introduction of the brand into our midst that caused this "wrong"? Before the brand was introduced, the *Witness*, we think, will admit that Catholics and Protestants lived as they should live—as good neighbors and as Christians. Then there was no "wrong" committed in Quebec by the majority, and there was no "wrong" to excite a minority to indignation. The *Witness* admits that the brand did Protestantism no good, and thinks the idea that it did any good very "cool assumption" indeed. On the whole, we think our contemporary would be better pleased to see all the elements of social irruption removed rather than retained. It knows, or if it does not it ought to know, that the talk about Catholic intolerance is simply nonsense, for in no country in the world are the interests of the minority more secure than they are in the Province of Quebec. And long may they remain so, say we all. But don't let the *Witness* threaten retaliation "in influential quarters." That is bad taste, and then it gets the demon up again. If the Protestants were wronged, for being Protestants, then, indeed, the *Witness* would be right, and we would support it. We want to live at peace with our neighbors, and we back our assertion by expressing our willingness to sustain Protestant rights if we can be shown where they are assailed. We may be thought crazy upon one question, but we are not crazy upon all, and if Protestants generally could resent the insults of men, who do them no good, and who offend us, we would all be very soon restored to those senses which the outside world must think have abandoned us.

VENGEANCE IS OURS.

A day is fast approaching when the independent politicians of Montreal will be able to say—"Vengeance is" not "mine"—but "ours." The sun-dial of political revenge will soon mark the coming of the dawn, and so sure as it does, so sure will vengeance be ours. Two years of terrible trial have weaned the independent politicians of this city from the slurs and arrows of the ins and outs of office, and to-day a goodly number of this community cry, "a plague on both their houses." Soon, very soon, will the consummation so much wished for be upon us, and in that day of trial, no recent hand must be raised in favor of either *Rouge* or *Blue*, but independent vengeance must be taken, and both sides made to feel that we no longer consent to be whipped at the political cart-tail of either one party or the other. And why not? What do we owe to either *Rouge* or *Blue*, to the Orangeman Sir John A. Macdonald or to the abettor of Orangism, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie? Granted that there is some difference in favor of the Premier, but he must be made to experience that that difference is not enough. Sir John A. Macdonald encouraged Orange immigration from Ireland; the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie would "protect" Orangism in violation of the law. Have we not often said that they were both the same, and have events not proved it? Where now are the friends in court, or where the men who, in the hour of our need, stretched forth a helping hand to rescue us from our peril? Not one! Reformers and Conservatives, *Herald* and *Gazette*, all slyly hissed their venom into our faces and slunk, like whining things, behind the pale faces of an Orange crowd. Not honest enough to take a bold stand on either side, they sometimes throw a crumb of comfort at our feet for which we thank them not. When we wanted them they were not with us, and when not with us they are against us, and now it must be an open war upon them all. No doubt some of them may yet throw a sprat to catch a salmon, but it is too late, a long way too late. Pat will not be fooled this time if we can help it. The time is come when the Irish nominees are no longer to be decided upon in the back offices of the *Herald* or *Gazette*. It is high time to put a stop to this juggling, and to take the power of doing harm out of the hands of the men who have deserted us every time we wanted a friend. No more leaning upon broken reeds; we must stand alone, and if we mean to hold our true position in this country, Montreal Centre goes by the board for the Reformers and Conservatives alike, and an Independent member, one who will fight our battles, should be placed at the head of the poll. There is no other remedy for us. If we mean to hold up our heads in this country, we must have at least one man who will give our views to the world, and grapple with the difficulties which are strangling us. Orangism must be fought in parliament as well as out of it, if necessary, and the Government of the day must be made to experience that the Irish Catholics of the Dominion must be taken into consideration in all things that affect the administration of the laws. We have won one victory, but we must

win another and another, and register blow after blow, until the men who would trample upon us, are made to feel the dangers of the task they have undertaken. At present we count for nothing. Denied the use of arms, while our city is invaded by bands of armed Orangemen thirsting for blood; refused permission to form a corps of our own, when companies were disbanded for that purpose; hauled over the coals for lending a few rifles to a theatrical company, while corps after corps cheer for King Billy and show all the sympathies of partisanship; our lives in danger at the hands of men who disgrace a glorious uniform—and still snubbed by the Government of the day when we ask that which all freemen are entitled to—the right of carrying arms. This volunteer business must be overhauled from beginning to end, and we want independent politicians to do it. We must see if the articles of war which prohibit Orangism are to be enforced in this country or not? We are the friend of the volunteer system, as it should be, but not as it is. But this is only one—although a big one—of many questions to be fought, and we must all brace up for the work, pitch party politics to the winds, and prepare for the day when we will be able to obtain justice. Six independent men in the House might be able to teach any Government more philosophy than they dream about. If parties are nearly balanced, as is more than probable, six men can do mischief, and it is to do mischief, if necessary, that we want to see them there. But if we cannot get six we can, at least, get one, and the sooner the better.

THE ST. HENRI AFFAIR.

Still no news about the Sherbrooke boys—the heroes of the St. Henri shooting affair. Is it because the evidence is too direct that the delay is taking place, or what is the reason? And the press, the guardians of the morals of the people, what of it? No calls for investigation now! No threats about being "dirt" when the occasion required it. The evidence about this shooting business is so direct that a stain will forever rest upon the Sherbrooke volunteers, unless they court inquiry and remove the stigma, if they can. It may be fine amusement for men in uniform, and it is currently rumored that some of them were not sworn in, to shoot down innocent boys, but it is cowardly as well. If there is any justice left in this country this enquiry cannot be buried, or, if it is, the Catholics must come to the conclusion that once a man has a uniform upon his back he can do just as he pleases. Well, it is such acts as these that produce discontent. It is such things that raise storms. Demagogue like Catiline could raise an agitation, but it takes a Cromwell to rule it.

CRIME IN IRELAND.

From Ireland we learn that the Assizes which have just concluded, have been remarkably free from criminal business. The *Irish Times*, which is a Conservative and anti-Home Rule paper, says that "were it not for the unhappy affair in Donegal there would, in fact, have been hardly any serious crime worth mentioning, compared with that which exists in every other community of the same dimensions in the world." This is satisfactory, and were it not for the insane faction fights which disgraced the midland and southern counties, serious crime in Ireland would have been unknown. The misfortunes of the Irish people have been largely centred in the condition of the occupier of the soil, and as the old noblesse lost their estates, through extravagance for the most part, the condition of the poor man became worse when he fell under the lash of the land jobbers with which the Landed Estates Court overflowed the country. But even this appears to be improving, for agrarian crime is year by year becoming less, and, altogether, the condition of the people is as satisfactory as could be expected under the circumstances. But, above all, it is pleasant to read in such a paper as the *Irish Times* that "the country is one of the most moral, peaceable, and honest that exists. In many assize towns the judges have almost had nothing to do. In most towns they have had only two or three cases to hear, and these very often such as might more properly have been disposed of by the magistrates at petty sessions." These are facts which the enemies of Irishmen would do well to ponder over.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Pacific Railway should turn out a good thing for contractors. We notice that the Department of Public Works has called for tenders for the construction of that part of the road lying between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. It is a gigantic undertaking, but there is money to be made, and contractors will be abundant. But would it not be well for the Government to take some steps to prevent the shameful treatment to which some contractors subject their workmen and which the building of the Pacific Railway will give them abundant opportunities of practising. Out in these wilds the working-man will be at the mercy of the contractors for everything he requires. Every necessary of life must be supplied by the contractor, and unless the working-man is protected, his labor will be fruitless for himself. We cannot forget that it is, in some cases, the harshness with which the laboring man is too often treated, that makes him give a ready ear to the wiles of demagogues who seduce him from his allegiance to society, and pour the venom of communism into his ear. Treat labor fairly and communism is dead. We hope the Government will take precautionary measures to prevent the contractors on the Pacific Railway from treating their laborers badly.

THE "VICTORIAS."

We cannot be charged with heaping fulsome flattery on the volunteers. We leave that to somebody else. We think a fair criticism is necessary for them, just as it is necessary for every other public institution. When they do wrong we expose them, and shall continue to do so, for their own good, and for the benefit of the service. But as we do not hesitate to censure, so we must not hesitate to applaud, when applause is deserved. For instance, we have abused the "Victorias," and now it is only fair to give them a little credit, where credit is due. At present, the "Victorias" are encamped on the St. Helen's Island. Of the internal economy of the camp we know nothing, but it has all the appearance of being in good condition. It is of the exterior appearance and general good behavior of the men that we would write. Individually the men are neat, carry themselves with soldierly grace, and salute their officers, and indeed all officers, with prompt and soldierly attention. The men bear all the outward evidence of efficiency, and while we may be obliged to abuse them next week, yet it affords us pleasure in having an opportunity of praising them to-day.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

BIGOTRY.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.
Sir,—I think you will agree with me that a man's religion should not have anything to do in this country with either giving or taking from him jobs or contracts. It certainly does not matter in Dominion politics, but it is beginning to obtain here. I have had small contracts from the corporation, which I had faithfully performed, but on making application since the 12th of July I was asked by one of the assistant surveyors—Mr. McKenzie—what side I took on the 12th? I answered that I took no sides, but was a Catholic, whereupon he informed me I could not get any more jobs. Now, the petty bigotry displayed by this individual is neither here nor there, but I want to know if he is empowered to let or refuse jobs on behalf of the city, the more especially because the seeker is or is not of his peculiar way of thinking.

Yours,
ENGINEER.

Montreal, July 25, 1878.

THE QUEBEC ROUGHS.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.
Dear Sir,—Having seen a great many reports and letters in the Montreal journals about the Quebec "roughs," as they style them, allow me to venture an opinion. I was at Montreal on the arrival of the Quebecers, and saw no roughs among the young men belonging to Quebec, but on the contrary, men of good standing in the city, and what is more, knowing all persons residing in Quebec, I watched them particularly to see who had arrived and how they conducted themselves during their stay in Montreal. I found all to behave well, both in sobriety and respect for themselves, as well as for the city they had left. I am no party man, and if they acted otherwise, I would not now defend them. It is true they left Quebec for Montreal so as to be there for the 12th, but when they saw everything was intrusted to the safe hands of the Mayor, and that he would act without partiality, they seemed to content themselves, and acted as if they were on an excursion—that is to say, they amused themselves, and as far as respectability is concerned, I consider them far ahead of the Orange Young Britons and their followers, as I look upon them as an illiterate set of boys, who know as much about the Battle of the Boyne as the Sioux Indians, their only knowledge being how to insult Catholic citizens. It is time, Mr. Editor, this sort of thing had a stop put to it. We live in Canada as Canadians, and not as religious bigots. Why don't the Orangemen allow Orangism to die in Canada? It is almost dead in Ireland, the place where it originated; and what is more, Mr. Editor, instead of the Montreal papers speaking about the Quebecers and special constables, they should also speak of the volunteers at Montreal on that day, including some of the home regiments. But no; they cannot say anything to their credit and, of course, would not say anything to their detriment—which they richly deserved. As a spectator, I was disgusted with the manner in which some of the regiments acted; that is, by showing their partisanship. They seemed from their actions mostly composed of Orangemen, and were only waiting for a chance to fire on the Papish mob—as many of them expressed themselves. It is well there was a man to consult, and that man the Mayor, before they could revenge their hatred, or else they might have witnessed their humiliation.

Yours truly,
A COSMOPOLITAN.

Quebec, July 25, 1878.

[We have inserted the foregoing letter from Quebec because it comes from a highly respectable citizen, and one who never, in the slightest degree, has taken any side in party troubles. The 12th of July is now over, thanks to Providence, and we shall publish no more letters pertaining to it, for we are happy to observe the chasm that opened between Catholic and Protestant is decreasing every day, and will shortly close up.]

THE VOLUNTEER SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.
Dear Sir,—I receive your paper punctually and am thankful for it, as I sincerely believe you give a fairer and more impartial opinion of events as they occur than any paper in Canada. I am particularly pleased with the stand you take on the volunteer question. I am myself an officer in the force, and know pretty well how the system works, and I can safely say that it is almost an Orange Association from beginning to end. In the cities I am aware are many gentlemen who have no connection with Orangism, and the same may be said of the staff of the force, but yet it must be confessed the great body is Orange. Some people are ashamed that a people like the Irish, with military predilections, do not take advantage of the opening of the volunteer force of Canada affords them of bearing arms; but they are merely superficial observers, for any one that looks beneath the surface well knows that it is hard for an Irish Catholic to obtain admittance, and still harder for him to stay when he has gained it. This seeming phenomenon is easy of explanation. When the Fenian invasion occurred there was a stupid jealousy of admitting Irish Catholics, which kept them back, and the Orangemen held a monopoly of the position, which they now retain. In my humble opinion, there is only one cure for this evil, and that is reorganization. Let them put the Queen's Re-

gulations in force, and the whole thing is at an end. Then, instead of having an Orange militia, we shall have a national one, and Catholics and Protestants alike will crowd into the ranks to defend their common country. I think it is high time a deputation should wait on the Premier and have an understanding. If he refuses to adopt their views on the reorganization of the militia, why then they must at least have the consolation of having done their duty.

Yours, &c.,

CAPTAIN.

London, Ont., July 21, 1878.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

DEAR SIR,—I observe that you are agitating the volunteer question, and for my part I assure you it is about time something were done, for the system is disgraceful. When the 50th Battalion was ordered from here to Montreal the Catholic volunteers (of whom there are few) were excluded, while Orangemen, never sworn in, and who had never before appeared in uniform, were pressed into the ranks in indignant haste. When the force came back they were mad because they were not allowed to shoot, and swore at Mayor Beaudry, the Queen and the country.

I am glad to see the stand you are taking.

Yours, &c.,

EYE WITNESS.

Atholstan, July 22, 1878.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

DEAR SIR,—I wish to call your attention to the fact that the volunteers here hoisted Orange colors and received men into their ranks who do not belong to them, when leaving here for Montreal, in the anticipation of troubles on the 12th. Catholics had no show. They did not require their services.

Yours,

TRUTH.

Maitland, P.Q., July 22, 1878.

IRISH CATHOLIC LOYALTY.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

DEAR SIR,—The editor of the London (Eng.) *Family Herald*, when writing on the subject of Fenianism, stated that the most loyal defenders of the British Throne and Empire in times of real peril, were to be found among the Celtic Irish and Scotch Catholics; that the sluggish Anglo-Saxons can have no real conception of the burning enthusiasm to fight the Sovereign's enemies, implanted by nature in the bosom of every Celt, and that they are really more loyal to their anointed monarch than the English themselves, who would, unlike the Irish, drive their Sovereign from her throne to-morrow, if they so chose to do, on any pretext. I have quoted from memory, but I remember it well, for the noble language made a forcible impression on me at the time, coming, as it did, from a journal which is admitted to be one of the best and largest, circulated ultra-Protestant English periodicals. Many of our Canadian fellow-subjects, who are Protestants, deceived by a mischievous loyalty of the Orangemen, have an idea that the Irish Protestants only are loyal, and the Irish Catholics are nearly all a seditious treasonable lot. Is it not strange, sir, that history, plain unvarnished Protestant history, tells us the exact reverse? Need I point out that the leaders in all attempts at sedition in Ireland during the past eighty years have been almost invariably Protestants. *Irish Protestants*, from Lord Edward Fitzgerald to Stephens, that in '98, when England was engaged in her death-struggle with the French, the flames of civil war, of treason mind ye, were lighted among the Irish Protestants of Ulster, and small blame can be given to the men of Westford, when the example was shown them from the North, the birth-place of Orangism, how to give sore trouble to England in her time of peril. Sir, these are facts, which not even the Orangemen can deny, and which should be well pondered by all Canadians. Again, take our leading Irish Catholic families, among the nobility and gentry, think of the faithful treatment they were subjected to during that century of Protestant ascendancy. Surely, when they had the chance to excite and abet rebellion in Ireland during the American revolution or rebellion of *Protestants*, again, mind ye, they had good right to do so, and in '98 also, but did they do it? No; at these times the best, the noblest of Irish Catholics sternly held aloof from *Protestant* treason, and turned the full force of their influence and power in favor of the English Crown. What Irish Catholic of rank, and name and power could be named among the traitors of '98? None, sir; none. Then, again, think of all the gallant services rendered in the long wars by Irish Catholics in every part of the world. Was it for or against England? Have not the Irish Catholics spent their blood like water to preserve and to extend the British Empire? Sir, they have, and the most rabid Orangemen cannot deny or lessen the services rendered in, say, the Peninsular War, by the wild, ungovernable bravery of such regiments as the Connaught Rangers, the Royal Irish and others recruited from the Irish Catholics, and called at that time the wild Irish regiments. I often notice the Scotch papers, especially the Scottish-American ones, giving long histories of the Scottish Imperial regiments, I should like very much that you would do the same for the Irish Corps, it would put a stop to a great deal of this talk about Orange loyalty and Catholic treason, for the plain truth would then come out. During the American Revolution, a regiment of Irish Catholics was raised, called the Loyal Irish, they were sent to fight England's enemies in the West Indies, and did the job so well that they were almost exterminated in some battles fought with the York Rangers, an English regiment, against the Spaniards in Honduras in 1780 or thereabouts. Could you not give their history, for something ought to be done to show how hollow the claim of the Orangemen is to be the only loyal Irishmen. I know that many of our leading Protestants take the Post, to read both sides as they say, and you could not do the Irish Catholics a greater service than to give these entertaining histories which prove, at every page, may every line, the stern unswerving loyalty of Irish Catholics, when meeting their Sovereign's foes.

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

BADJOZ.

BURGLARIOUS.—Soon after the city bells had chimed the hour of 12 Monday night, Sergeant Gladu and others of the police force, while on Sherbrooke street, heard several whistles, which seemed to proceed from the direction of Montcalm street. The officers of the peace, without delay, hastened to the locality designated by the sound, and took into custody a man named Hormidas Robillard, whom they found loitering about the premises of Mr. Faust. This gentleman was aroused by the police, and, having made a survey of his premises, discovered that a back window had been broken open, and the sum of \$100 in Canada currency abstracted from the drawer of a desk in his dining-room. The prisoner refused to make any statement as to his guilt or innocence, and shortly after his incarceration a friend of his family, named Mansart, was arrested on suspicion of having been implicated in the burglary.

FATHER BURKE.

THE GREAT DOMINICAN IN MEATH.

BLESSING A BELL.

Sunday, June 30, was the day fixed for the consecration of the great bell cast by Messrs. Murphy, of Thomastown, Dublin, for the pretty parish church of Ardath, built upon an eminence in the richest of the Meath plains.

Rev. Father Burke ascended the pulpit after Mass, and preached from a text taken from the 83d Psalm. "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts; my soul hath loved and fainted away for the courts of the living God." Having showing how peculiarly David, "the man after God's own heart," was consumed by a love for the beauty of God's house, he pointed out that in the same way the Catholic Church, because she was conceived by our Divine Lord as His fairest work upon earth, and governed by His own special providence, so that no stain of error should ever come upon her teaching, and no stain of sin should ever taint her moral laws, is burning over with zeal for the beauty of God's house, and for the place where his glory dwelleth, and among the signs of predestination, by which her true children are recognized, there is this pre-eminently—that in proportion as a man enters into the mind of the Church, in proportion as he masters her spirit, and is influenced by her doctrine and her devotions, in the same proportion shall the Catholic man labour for the beauty and the majesty of the house of God. Above and beyond the material essentials of a temple, the strong battressed walls and strong protecting roof, there are a thousand features of beauty and ornament which are necessary to God's house. The altar itself must be an act of faith in stone, so long as it stands there it enfold in its golden tabernacle gates the Eternal God. How is that altar to make that act of faith unless it be made itself of the finest, costliest, and purest material?—unless the heart of the hills be opened that they may yield their treasures of purest transparent marble—unless the sea is searched, and from its hidden depths those gems of purest rays serene are brought out of their unfathomed caves, and strewn lavishly in orient pearls upon the altar of the living God? The windows of the house of God must bear sacred legends. The very light of God's sunshine must be sanctified, that while it illumines it must also flood the soul with holy meaning stained on the storied panes. The tower crowned with its spire must uphold the sacred Cross of Jesus Christ—that Cross that triumphed over all the powers of hell upon Calvary—that Cross that, uplifted in air, confounded and blinded the enemies of God and of his Church as it shone over the Pons Milvius, near Rome—that Cross that to-day, repudiated as it is by the untamed pride and intellect of man, is still the greatest power in the world, the only power that can bow down, as St. Paul says, and annihilate the pride and stubbornness of man. Coming to speak of the beauties that still remained to be added to their own church by the labors and zeal of their good pastor, and especially of the great bell which they had heard toll for the first time to-day, he said the bell is the tongue and the voice of the Church. The message she sends forth by the lips of her consecrated bell upon the wings of the air is threefold. First of all it proclaims to the whole parish around that God in Heaven is coming down upon earth. As the Almighty commanded Moses to make trumpets of beaten silver to announce the passing of the Ark, so the Catholic Church every day of her existence upon ten thousand altars offers up to the Eternal Father His co-Eternal Son in the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, and while the priest in the sacrality is clothing himself with the character, the voice, all but the very person of Jesus Christ, while the Lord in Heaven is preparing to move from His throne and the angels were preparing His coming, the Church upon earth is ringing out from the consecrated lips of her great bell the message which is told to all the hills, which sweeps over the valleys to the ears of the man in his little cabin and the laborer in the field; and thus the note of the bell, like the voice of an angel, goes before the Lord. Having dwelt in beautiful terms upon the second great purpose of the church bell, the daily commemoration of the great central mystery of the Incarnation by the sound of the Angels, the preacher said this consecrated bell would be like the angel guardian not only of the church but of the parish. It would become a familiar sound to them and would express various emotions. It would be busy in the midst of them ringing in the festivals; in the crisp, frosty air of Christmas morning it would gladden their hearts with its exultant swing; the Easter morning would be ushered in for them by the joyous notes. On only one day would its voice be silent—on one day it would hang sorrowfully and sadly silent in its lofty tower—on only one day it would refuse to gladden the ear, for there was no gladness on that day; it was the day when the angels in Heaven were silent with amazement, and the very voice of praise was hushed around the throne of the Eternal, when the Heavens themselves seemed dumb because God was dying on the cross. On Good Friday no sound would be heard, the silence of the grave would be upon the voice of the Church, that that same silence of the grave might fall upon all their ears. Not only the festivals of the Church, but their own sorrows and joys, would find their voice in this tongue of the Church of God. The young bride coming in gladness to put her virgin hand in that of her bridegroom, when all was joy, would be telling of how the bell pealing out its notes telling of how the heart made happy in God. When the aged lay upon the bed of sickness, dying, feeling that the soul was ebbing away into eternity, when the terror of judgment were before the eyes of the dying man, when the uncertainty of his doom made the present sorrow all the more terrible and the agony of death all the more insupportable, the bell would ring out its sad, deep note, calling upon all who heard its voice to put up a prayer, to assist their brother in the agony of his dissolution. And when they and their children after them were brought and laid dead at the foot of the altar, while the Church repeated over them the words of Jesus Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believes in me shall not die," the sad note of the bell tolling in its high tower would sound forth like a prayer that He who was the resurrection and the life might raise them up again. Thus this voice of the Church would mingle itself with all the joys and all the Christian sorrows of their life until they would realize how essential, how necessary, as well as how beautiful, was the great addition that they had made to their church to-day. Remember that the bell would be consecrated with chrism and holy oil, that its sound might go forth with the power and potency of God's blessing upon it to dispel the evil spirits of the air, to scatter the spirits of the storm when they were abroad, to save them from the business that walketh about in the dark, to save their crops and their flocks and their houses and their families from any devastating angel that might have spread his wings upon the blast over them.

A generous collection was taken up after the sermon.