

## The True Witness

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.  
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Dec. 10, 1875.

## ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Friday, 10—Fast. Of the Octave.  
Saturday, 11—St. Damasus, Pope and Confessor.  
Sunday, 12—THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.  
Monday, 13—St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.  
Tuesday, 14—Of the Octave.  
Wednesday, 15—Ember Day. Fast.  
Thursday, 16—St. Eusebius, Bishop and Martyr.

## OUR LOSS.

Again we come to our readers in mourning. But a few weeks ago we deplored the loss of one good man who had occupied the Editorial Chair during many years; to-day we have to lament the death of another, who, during the short time he conducted this paper, proved himself—and it is saying much—a worthy successor of the late Mr. Clerk. Amid the general grief occasioned by the death of the Reverend Father Murphy, we will not obtrude any expression of our own personal sorrow. His death has deprived Ireland of one of her most devoted and most gifted sons, Canada of one whose large and increasing influence amongst her citizens, used as it always was to make them better and more united, must have been to her of incalculable benefit, and the Church of a learned and zealous priest. The loss of such a one as he, is more properly the loss of the community at large, than that of any individual or individuals however close may have been the relations with him while living. And such being the case, although we have placed at the head of these few lines the words "Our Loss," we feel that his death—while it deprives our paper of an editor of distinguished talent and ourselves of a friend most dear to us—is so general a calamity, that it behooves us to merge our grief in the common sorrow, and not to solicit sympathy from our readers in an affliction which they must feel as acutely as we.

We therefore content ourselves with giving below a short account of the manner of his death, and some details of his life for which we are indebted to his particular friend, the Rev. Father Salmon, the worthy Pastor of St. Gabriel's.—We give also extracts from our contemporaries of all creeds, showing in what general esteem the Reverend Gentleman was held. May the Lord whom he served on this earth receive him into His Kingdom!

## DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES J. MURPHY.

It is our painful task to have to announce the premature death of the much beloved and talented Editor of our journal, the Rev. James J. Murphy, which occurred on Saturday evening last under the most shocking and painful circumstances. The Rev. Gentleman, in company of the Rev. Father Lynch of St. John's, Newfoundland, a young priest of great promise, left town to spend the Sunday with the respected Pastor of St. Teresa. On their way they stopped at Lajeunesse's Hotel so as to have supper. As it was fast growing dark, and not being sufficiently acquainted with the road, they resolved to remain over night at the Hotel, and start early next morning for St. Teresa, where Rev. Father Murphy was to preach at High Mass. But alas! scarcely had they retired to rest when a terrible explosion of gas took place, and both gentlemen were suddenly launched into eternity. Nothing remaining of them but their charred bones which it is impossible separately to identify.—Thus was brought to a close the short though brilliant career of the good, the kind and brave student, scholar, writer and orator, Rev. James J. Murphy, who during the short period of his residence in our midst had secured the affections of his own people and won the esteem of all classes. Rev. Father Murphy was born in the County of Wicklow 25 Dec. 1842, was educated in Maynooth College, where he graduated with the greatest possible distinction. He was elevated to the Holy Order of Priesthood, in 1870 and shortly afterwards appointed to the high position of Professor of Moral Theology and Sacred History, in Cardinal Cullen's own Seminary, at Clonliffe, which calling he fulfilled with marked ability and success. A few years later he visited England where he was introduced to his Eminence Cardinal Manning, who gave him much encouragement. During his stay in England he formed the acquaintance also of the foremost literary men of the day, all of whom much admired the young priest's literary attainments; subsequently he crossed over to France, where he spent some months the guest of the late lamented author Dom Gueranger. He next visited America to see his two brothers, one of whom is a distinguished physician in Washington, the other resides in Boston. It was during this visit to the United States, that he became intimately acquainted with the Rev. Jesuit Fathers and conceived the idea of becoming a member of this respected Society, for which he entertained the highest regard. He consequently, at the advice of Rev. F. Bapst, the then Superior of the Mission in New York, came on to Montreal and entered the Novitiate at Sault au Recollet. The Rev. Gentleman passed some eight months in this institution under the spiritual guidance of Rev. Father Peron, during all of which time he had endeared himself both to his superior and fellow-novices. Not finding himself called to do the Lord's work in this noble Order, he retired from the house in July, 1874, and was immediately introduced to His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal by the Jesuit Fathers. Our kind and saintly Bishop

gave him a most cordial reception, and offered him a position in the Diocese, which Father Murphy was pleased to accept, and was appointed Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology at Terrebonne College. He filled this position with usual ability until the sad burning of this flourishing institution. We next find him in the city, distinguishing himself as a pleasing and cultured lecturer. On the demise of the late much-respected Geo. E. Clerk, Editor of the True Witness, Father Murphy was offered the Editorial Chair, which offer he accepted, and was conducting the Journal with great success when this suddenly torn from our midst. The Rev. Gentleman was acknowledged to be a profound theologian, a powerful and graceful writer, a remarkable poet, and an orator of high rank. His premature death will be a severe loss to the Catholic Church and Press, and a subject of deep regret to the community at large.

The following tributes to the memory of the deceased gentlemen are paid by the contemporaries of this city:—

(From the Gazette.)

It is with sincere regret that we record the death, by a horrible accident, of the Rev. Father Murphy, and to many persons, of various religious creeds and nationalities, who saw him not long since in the full pride of health, the news will be a painful shock. In the comparatively brief period, during which he was a resident of this city, the deceased gentleman won the esteem of all classes of the community and the affection of those to whom he was bound by ties of religion and race. His intellectual endowments were superior to those of the generality of men, and he made good use of the advantages of a careful training in their development. As a pulpit and platform orator he had not many equals, and, though, of course, many were opposed to the views which he so ably advocated, there were few indeed who could find fault with his candid, yet courteous manner of expounding them. He had but lately taken charge of the editorial management of *The True Witness*—a position long honorably held by the late Mr. Clerk—and the culture and easy grace of his style, combined with gentlemanly regard for the feelings of his adversaries, had already begun to win for him a fair reputation in the ranks of journalism. To the Roman Catholic press and to the Church at large to which he belonged, his premature death will be a severe loss, while by the mixed community, to which his lectures and public addresses on many occasions and subjects had made him known, his loss will be universally deplored.

(From the Sun.)

With the sad certainty made manifest to us, we still can hardly realize this new calamity which has come upon our land and race. Estimating the popular loss by the popular love, we know not in what language to express our sense of it. Last night when the rumor began to spread that Father Murphy was one of the victims of the tragedy at Sault-au-Recollet, hope refused belief; and, even as circumstantial detail upon detail kept accumulating the unwelcome evidence, people still hesitated acceptance of the news as true: and the great mass of our citizens retired to rest, hopeful that the morrow would dissipate doubt and bring relief.

Alas! the doubt has been dissipated. All that was mortal of the Rev. James J. Murphy is now an indistinguishable heap of ashes. The eloquent tongue is still for ever; the heart that beat largely and loudly for Motherland can give no more pulsations for her imperilled future; the graceful utterances that, in his Church ministrations, enforced Christian love and Christian obedience, can no more save in their memory, move the multitudes to devotion, and the man, whose genial, kindly presence won for him an affectionate regard beyond that given to most men, has left nothing to friendship but the love that will live through time, and the remembrance of great gifts, and good feelings, and generous aspirations that will remain green for ever, not only in the hearts of his countrymen, but in the appreciative recognition of the stranger in a strange land.

In the overshadowing sorrow for the death of the gifted Father Murphy we had all passed over the accompanying calamity of the loss of the Rev. Father Lynch. He, too, a young Irish priest—of marked favorable antecedents and high promise for a future—perished on that fatal Saturday night here, where he was but partially known during a brief visit to St. Bridget's parish, his death is deeply deplored—but we can understand by our feelings in Father Murphy's regard how, in the scenes of his special labors and amongst the people of his own ministrations, the blow will be felt and sorrowed over. We can anticipate how the sad news of the fate of both will be received in Ireland where both, with fellow students in college and with fellow patriots out of it, had made themselves a fame and a favoritism.

(From La Minerve.)

It is with extreme regret that we learn the death of the Rev. Fathers Murphy and Lynch, who both perished in the fire at Lajeunesse's Hotel at the Sault au Recollet, where they had put up en route for St. Theresa. The Catholic cause loses in the Rev. Father Murphy one of its most eloquent defenders, and the sad circumstances which have put an end to his days, still adds to the profound feeling of sorrow caused by his loss. The Rev. Father Lynch was a young priest, 28 years of age, and gave to the Church and to the clergy of his adopted country the brightest hopes.

(From the Evening Star.)

THE LATE REV. FATHERS MURPHY AND LYNCH.—The fearful catastrophe at the Sault-au-Recollet on last Saturday night will carry grief to the hearts of all those who enjoyed the privilege of knowing the late Father Murphy either personally or through the medium of his lectures and writings. We sincerely sympathize with the numerous friends of the deceased, and join in the general regret at the untimely and terrible end of the very promising young clergyman whose names head these remarks.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

It is with deep regret that we announce this morning in our columns the terrible fate which has overtaken the Rev. Fathers Murphy and Lynch, who, with another victim, were burned to death on Saturday night. Both the reverend gentlemen were young men, and are thus sadly cut off in the prime of life. Father Murphy, who had made himself well known throughout Canada by his talents as an orator and lecturer, had but recently succeeded the late Mr. Clerk as editor of the *True Witness*, and his loss will be deeply felt on that journal, as well as by his numerous friends.

## A DIRGE FOR FATHER MURPHY.

Written for THE TRUE WITNESS.

He is dead—he is gone—he is gone—he is dead;  
We repeat the cold words that can scarce realize,  
That the soul of the eloquent father has fled,  
Till we look in the face of each other, and eyes.

For the faces betray an emotion profound  
And the eyes of the mourners are liquid with tears,  
Our hearts throb with pain that a genius new found,  
Has been snatched from our midst in the bloom of his years.

A star has pale'd out from our national sky  
Just risen above the horizon of fame,  
It blazed and then vanished for good and for aye,  
Which religion is really true, God must in some way

Though its lustre still shines round the orator's name.  
Oh! ye who have hung on the words as they fell  
Sour and sweet from the lips of the man  
Say, where was his peer? Who could weave such a spell  
Round your hearts with such simple yet consummate plan?

He spoke of the times and the men that are fled;  
We breathlessly listened to catch every tone,  
While he sketched with bold hand the illustrious dead  
In language as graphic-sublime as their own.

God richly endowed him with gifts of the rarest;  
His path seemed strewn with the flowers of youth;  
He lifted his voice for an isle that is fairest  
And the church that's the ground and the pillar of truth.

We grieve for his loss who was kindly and true  
We weep for the priest of our race and our faith,  
We mourn that the genius but granted to few  
Was wrenched from our cause by a merciless death.

Be the will of God done; let him rest in the grave  
Far away from the land of his birth and his kin,  
May flowers bloom above it, the grass may it wave  
Their brightest and greenest when cometh the spring.

When cometh the spring; Aye and many a spring  
Shall come and depart ere his memory fade  
From our hearts where he reigned more supreme  
Than a King  
Enthroned by the power his eloquence made.

JOHN C. FLEMING.

## ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's Society, held in the St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday evening last, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—

Whereas—This Society has learned with feelings of the most profound regret of the demise of the Rev. James J. Murphy in the sad catastrophe that occurred at Sault au Recollet on last Saturday night; be it

Resolved—That the St. Patrick's Society feels that the Church has lost one of her brightest ornaments and Ireland one of her most gifted sons;

Resolved—That the members of this Society do wear mourning for three months, and that the Society's banner be draped in mourning;

Be it further Resolved—That the Society mourn the loss of another gifted son of Ireland, the Rev. D. J. Lynch, who met his death by the same catastrophe;

Be it also Resolved—That this Society attend in a body the funeral of the said deceased Rev. Gentlemen, and that the Officers do wear their regalia.

JAMES KEHOE, 2nd Vice President,

Chairman,

SAMUEL CROSS,

Recording Secretary.

## MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES.

[The following is one of a series of articles commenced by the lamented Father Murphy for the *True Witness* in his editorial capacity, and referring to a contribution also, by CLEVICUS—as the name implies another reverend writer. Unhappily the propositions are disposed of by a Higher Power. Editor and contributor are gone from us. The brothers in the Sacred Ministry—the earnest co-workers in literature—the fellow-students in old time, and the fraternal associates in these latter days—are beyond further work for religion or country save that what the example of zeal and sincerity leaves to those for whom they labored. The Editor, Father Murphy—and "CLEVICUS," Father Lynch—cannot, unhappily, carry out their design. May they rest in the Peace of the Just.]

## THE TEST.

In our issue of last week an article contributed by one of our friends, a distinguished ecclesiastic writing over the signature CLEVICUS, was inserted. The article treated of "The Question of the Day." The question of the day, in the mind of CLEVICUS, is Papal Infallibility. With that opinion we necessarily agree. And because the expression of it fits in satisfactorily with our own plans, we make it the occasion of commencing that series of articles in which we propose to do our friends of the *Witness* full and final justice. If our introductory remarks be somewhat heavy, that must be attributed to our desire to be exhaustive.

A principle, by insisting briefly upon which, we may start our enquiry, is the principle that in religious matters no such thing as Indifference is allowable. To discover proof of that principle it is not necessary to interrogate scriptural texts about "the one thing necessary," and about the criminal folly of the man who "suffers the loss of his own soul." The proof for every one who believes in the Providence of God and the Immortality of Man (and with such only are we now concerned) is on the very surface of a man's mind. We are essentially created. We are created by a God all-sufficient and all wise. But such a God could not create us without a purpose of His own. He could not, if He be God, leave us independent. He must, if He be God—essential Lord and essential Master—create us to serve His own will. Nor can He transfer our service to another than Himself alone. Not only sons and worlds, but particles of light and atoms of air are under law; under law too, and that law God's, must necessarily be a man's whole being from side to core, a man's whole life from beginning to end. But by that law of serving God, of wearing, so to speak, and working in, God's liver, every human creature must be bound. To the fulfilment of that law, therefore, no human creature can be indifferent. And thus is the sinfulness of Indifference shown, not merely by the awful sanction of punishment or reward which God has attached to doing His Will or refusing to do it, but from the essential connexion of Master-ship on the one side, and servant-ship on the other, between God and Man.

It is, therefore, true that Indifference about serving or not serving God is essentially unlawful. But neither is Indifference allowable about the manner, precise and definite, in which God, (Who is not by any means a careless being,) must wish our service of Him to be performed. Consequently among the many modes of serving Him, (that is to say Religions,) which profess, each to be the mode which He desires to have adopted, it is obligatory upon every man to examine, if he have not the true mode already, and to choose that one which his conscience, after reasonable enquiry, approves as true. But it follows thence that, for the determining which religion is really true, God must in some way

have supplied us with "Test." That Test whatever it be must be reliable. But it must also be both easy of acquirement and easy of application. If it be difficult to discover, or difficult to apply, either its discovery or its application require much learning or much intelligence, it will be simply useless to nineteen-twentieths of the human race. Even without going farther we have here a principle started which almost at once points to the Roman Catholic Church as the only one which can be true. But we, for the present, remit that inference to another time. We confine ourselves to repeating that for the discovering of the genuine religion of God, among the many which are of necessity not genuine, there must be, somewhere, some abiding test, and that test must be reliable.

It is here the momentous importance of discussing the question of Papal Infallibility becomes apparent. By claiming to be infallible the Pope claims to be the Sovereign Test. If therefore his claim be good, and if his Infallibility be admitted, the religious question is settled forever more. It will henceforth be quite unnecessary to examine the various dogmas of the various creeds in detail. It will be only needful to enquire of each dogma what the Pope decides about it, and his decision, being infallible, must be sufficient and must be final. Every Christian, therefore, to whom an argument for Papal Infallibility is presented, and who sees in that argument after fair consideration, no flaw, is bound, as well in his religious as in his logical conscience, to become at once a Roman Catholic. To this we beg our Protestant readers to attend.

It is not our purpose to give positive proofs for Papal Infallibility except as they are specially demanded or necessarily arise in carrying out our promise of replying to certain objections. Such positive arguments we have already supplied in our public Lectures. But as it would be scarcely methodical and scarcely worth while to commence our answers in the fore-end of our article, we shall conclude what we have to say just now by proposing two arguments, which our present article suggests, and which, though we have to propose them briefly, it will, we think, be difficult to solve.

The first relies on the principle that if the Church did not really know that God has made the Pope infallible, the Church would never have the effrontery to say so. The very magnitude of the claim proves that the claim is well founded. Napoleon Buonaparte once said that for Jesus Christ to have called Himself divine was the clearest proof of His divinity. The same audacity in a mere man, says the great Emperor, would prove that the man was insane; whoever now arises claiming to be the Deity, we send to a lunatic asylum; but Jesus Christ made the claim and to a lunatic asylum no ever thought of sending Him. Similarly here. The Church is by no means in a state of lunacy. Those eight hundred Bishops of the Vatican Council required no treatment for insanity; the Pope himself, even his enemies admit, is anything at all but an imbecile; yet these 800 Bishops with 200 million Catholics of all classes claim for the Pope, and the Pope claims for himself the possession of a privilege so stupendous that to claim it Protestants can call nothing less than a blasphemy. We Catholics, and the Pope among us, should get credit for a little modesty and a little sense. Not much of either would be our property if, without knowing it to be true, we pronounced the Pope infallible.

The second argument which we propose rests upon a very different ground. It is this. Popes and Bishops, no matter how holy, are still men. No one can know better than these Protestants who write so much about it, with what sternness the Roman Catholic Episcopacy insists upon what it considers its just rights. The unjust infringement of those rights it has always resisted with the most admirable determination. That is a Protestant fact. But there is yet another Protestant fact; that, namely, that the definition of the Papal Infallibility has quite abolished, or quite absorbed the power of the Bishops, making them, as Mr. Gladstone says, mere puppets of the old man who pulls the Vatican wires. Putting these facts together we would have the inference, that it would have been the interest, a it would be the natural tendency of the Bishops to oppose the declaration of the Pope's Infallibility, unless they knew that, though the doctrine was a restraint on their own power, it was still true. But they did not oppose it. Among these 800 arrogant Hierarchs (we use a Gladstonian phrase), each jealous of his own privileges and his own position, only two or three (and these only for a time) resisted the definition of a doctrine which (according to Protestants) destroyed half their privileges and degraded their whole position. That phenomenon we humbly submit, could not have arisen except in one way. The Bishops must have known that the doctrine of the Papal Infallibility, no matter how it affected themselves, was undeniably true. If it were false, its definition would have been the most impudent usurpation of the Bishops' own powers. And such a usurpation the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, supposing them human, were very unlikely to allow.

We commend these arguments to the earnest attention of our Protestant friends. Their refutation we shall be extremely glad to hear.

## MOODY AND SANKEY.

People were long thinking that nothing good could come out of Chicago. But they have been undeceived. No longer is the "City of the Lake" bad or barren. She has, we might almost say, become perfect in the shortest time. For though it be but a few years since she sprang into life on the dreary prairie, where can her superior or her like be found? In many respects indeed she is the marvel of the age. A place of yesterday, she yet outstrips in wealth and commerce some of the oldest cities of the world. But even were she poor in material things as an African village, she would still be famous with an undying fame. Chicago is the mother of prophets—indeed of prophetic twins. Their "call from God," their "divine vocation," their "preparatory studies," their "youthful training," are not, it must be admitted, quite discernible. But these are antiquated things. They were suited to the barbarous age of Jesus Christ and St. Paul; but

they are quite out of keeping in that progressive period, where it is our happy lot to listen to the outpourings of a newer and politer inspiration. Blessed indeed are we that we have seen the days of those mighty men whom we now introduce unto our readers, and for whom Chicago has our thanks,—Moody and Sankey.

About two years and a half ago the people of the British Isles received the news, that two eminent evangelists were to visit their shores. "Oh how beautiful the footsteps of those who evangelize," was the happy cry of the inspired prophet of old. So thought many whom the news reached. The evangelists were coming. Dublin was their first field of labor. The papers—we mean the Protestant papers—became pregnant with great expectations. All Ireland was soon to be sanctified. Preparations were made in all directions. The Episcopal and Presbyterian, "the high-churchman and the low-churchman, the broad-churchman and the narrow churchman, the lofty-churchman and the flat-churchman," narrow-gauge and broad-gauge,—all met, all fraternized, all shook hands. A great good was to be done. The young church of the 16th century was to show a life and vitality equal, if not superior, to the best energy of the Old Church of Rome. Rome boasted a Bernard, a Dominic, a Francis of Sales, an Ignatius, a Francis Xavier, a Philip Neri, a Vincent of Paul, an Alphonsus Liguori; but the church of Luther and Calvin, of Latimer and Ridley, of Knox and Zuingli, of Beza and Beecher, were to outstrip them all. We were to behold "an awakening" such as had not occurred in latter times. And Moody and Sankey were to be the new trumpets before the Lord.

To make the "revivalists" visit a success nothing was left undone. Money came in in torrents. Good wishes, felicitous hopes, and many God-pros-pers were in abundance. The "Exhibition Palace Hall," one of the largest in Dublin, was selected for "the holy work." Placards were printed and posted on every available space in the city, numerous hand-bills were circulated, "tracts" were distributed, and white-neck-tied parsons of all denominations set about making sanctimonious prayers for the happy meetings. Young pious ladies of doubtful age, and virgin aunts of sixty, commenced to think of preserving their friends from "the wrath to come." At length "the wrath" came. Moody and Sankey arrived in Dublin. They appeared to the expectant eyes of the Dubliners as quite plain,—not to say vulgar-looking—men. True, the Twelve Apostles were poor and plain, but there was a something about them peculiar, that touched men's hearts. Peter had neither silver nor gold; yet he had a something greater which he gave, and in the name of Jesus he made the lame and crippled walk erectly. Francis Assisi was not a priest, nor as far as we know more than a shop-keeper's son, when he started on his mission of bringing souls to God; yet he could by merely kissing the loathsome sores of the lepers and the cancerous, cure their maladies and bring their souls to God. His namesake, Francis Xavier, could also do and suffer much for God and his neighbor, dying alone, as he did after a most useful and laborious life, on a barren island. Philip Neri was only a poor priest; Vincent de Paul was still a poorer priest. Their God was their all. Yet the former reformed Rome, and the latter reformed France, and taught the world how to be really charitable. And Liguori, and numberless others like him, taught all the way to Heaven by word and example.

Now, what have Moody and Sankey done? What have those modern reformers effected? "From their fruits you shall know them." Such is the standard for testing preachers given by the Son of God. A bad tree bears bad fruit, a good tree good fruit. What sort of fruit have Moody and Sankey borne? Or rather, what work has protestantism, of which they are the embodiment, produced? They came from Chicago to convert Dublin. Even taking into account the fact of prophets not being able to do much in their own country, we would naturally expect these apostles to convert their own city first. The phrases: "Doctor cure thyself," and, "Si vis me perire, flectere tibi primo," ought certainly to have been in this case remembered. Nobody will or can say Dublin is remarkably unholy. On the whole it is admitted to be a city passing good; nay, one of the best cities in the world. Now, a godless, graceless soul might be tempted to think it would be better for Messrs. Moody and Co. to commence at home, instead of going to 'convert' Dublin, which could afford to wait.

The cities of England were next visited. In Dublin all the pious ladies and tender hearted gentlemen went to the "meetings." Of course the parsons went in numbers, and forgot little differences of belief, burying for a while that ugly hatchet of dissension introduced by Jesus Christ:—"He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned."—Like the Jews of old they believed, each one just as he pleased but not as Jesus taught; yet they were all happy on a common ground of faith, a ground, by the by, which some might suspect was either too broad, or too long, or too small, or too slippery to suit the needs of such various performers.

Some few, it cannot be doubted, went to pray; but the great majority went through curiosity to see a specimen of Yankee preaching. Indeed we learn that on a certain occasion one godless wretch asked Mr. Moody in the "consulting room," if he could work miracles. It is needless to say that the holy revivalist, inspired from on high, answering, "no, but I can cast out devils," gave at the same time the "lost one" a most practical proof of his power to eject the spirits that are of evil.

The reader will easily conceive how Liverpool, London, and other places were next evangelized. Protestant papers and protestant medical doctors gave us the fruits. Some who really felt like sheep without a pastor—and, oh how many such are there! attended the meetings of the prophetic twins. With what fruits? The lunatic asylums were soon crowded with religious maniacs. Some souls were sent to the mad-house, instead of being sent to heaven. Such the fruits of these revivalists. In Dublin, in Liverpool, in London, crowds undoubtedly attended. But these crowds were drawn by curiosity, or some perhaps by