

have been upwards of two hundred years in Canada, and we manufacture nothing, not even a pin or a button. I have been ashamed while travelling in the United States, and seeing their extensive manufactures, to think that we are yet in our cradles. Last year I heard a party of gentlemen on board of a steamboat conversing about some great progress, which turned out to be the establishment of a manufactory of tobacco pipes! We suffer from a want of nationality, a want of union, and a want of energy.

During the last three or four years, £50,000 have been sent to Europe for straw hats—straw hats for a country where straw is so plentiful. No home manufactures are thought fit for use: all must come from Europe. Will not this lead to ruin? As this is not a formal lecture, you will pardon me for being familiar. I love to clothe myself with Canadian, home-made cloth, not from vanity, but because the farmer gives me the money, and I will return it when I can. If all would do so, Canada would be one of the richest countries in the world. We are poor because we have sent our money to Europe. Remember, lawyers, doctors, notaries, etc., that your means have been brought out of the ground by the sweat of the farmer's brow. Half of the farmers are indebted more than the value of their property.

A movement has begun, and it is for you of Montreal to forward it. Some may say, you are a patriot, and speak like the patriots of 1837. Love of my country is naturally strong in my heart, and it is strengthened by religion.

4000 or 5000 have been obliged to leave their country because they could not get work, and had no land—because the rich would not employ their own people to make a straw hat, etc., but must send to Europe for them.

He then stated that letters had been received from those who had been compelled to expatriate themselves, and seek for employment in the United States, complaining of their solitude, and the want of the means of grace. Bring them back, my brethren! send me to bring them back. Yes, we will clothe ourselves with country stuffs, and not with broad cloth, to bring you back. Young men! hope of your country! lead in this good work. I do not wish to destroy commerce, but to encourage domestic manufactures. By making a little sacrifice at first, they would be established.

I speak in the hearing of some Protestants,—as they love their religion, so I love mine. As a Catholic, I wish the country to remain Catholic. After heaven, I love my country. Some think a priest has one foot in heaven, and that all his thoughts should be fixed there—that he should love all mankind alike. No. Did not God love the Jews more than all other nations? May not a priest, then, love his country more than any other? No part of the Scripture affects me more than the lament of the pious Jews contained in the Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down," &c. Jesus Christ preached only in Judea, and wept over Jerusalem, although he loved all men.

My heart bleeds to see so many leave their native country. Many who inherited estates from their parents are now in want, and obliged to leave from lack of economy.

Returning to the subject of Temperance, he informed the audience that this afternoon the number who had taken the pledge, since he commenced preaching in the church on Sunday, amounted to 15,945. I had the pleasure of seeing 2000 children of the schools of this city come up, with flags in their hands, and joy in their eyes, singing hymns, and take the pledge. They know that Temperance is their bread and all their comforts. This has been a joyful day for Montreal. You who have not yet joined, come forward. Will you separate from your friends? Perhaps you say, "I need not join; I can be temperate by myself." You are neglecting your duty to God and to your friends by doing so. Alone you can but sin,—without God you can do no good. You cannot, without the Divine aid, be temperate. If you can be temperate by yourself, join, therefore, for it cannot be

any sacrifice. It would, perhaps, be better for your children that you were a drunkard than a moderate drinker—for then your example would not lead, but disgust them.

A man alone in a forest meets a bear, and it destroys him. Another meets a bear also, but he calls his friend, and they deliver him, and destroy the bear. A member of the Temperance Society is attacked by the demon Intemperance—150,000 brothers fly to his aid, and strike the enemy, but a man temperate alone, has no one to pray for or aid him. Come, join this excellent society, and you will all be safe from the teeth of your enemy.

He then said that 390 priests had joined the Temperance Society, and had agreed to say one mass each, monthly, which makes ten masses daily, in favor of those who join the cause, that they may be strengthened to persevere. Your Bishop will also say masses for you. Jesus Christ has promised to reward those who renounce the world, and deny themselves for his sake. Is a glass of rum better than all the blessings of Temperance, and all the consolations of religion. The philanthropy of God will lead the true Catholic to give up his drink for the love of God, of his family, and of his country.

Canadians! our great curse has been want of union;—unite now in the noble cause of Temperance.

He then gave the Scripture narrative of David and Goliath. People of Montreal! you have this day fought Goliath. Satan has an army—the demons of intemperance, luxury, etc.; the Goliath is intemperance. Strike, then! Destroy Goliath! Destroy drink, and the tears of wives will no longer flow, and children will all have bread. See the staff of David (raising the crucifix with which he administers the pledge) to strike the giant. Leading men! lead in this good work—the people call you. Wives! dry up your tears! Mothers! rejoice! for your sons and husbands are going to strike Goliath. Children! rejoice! for your fathers are not going to labor for taverns, but for you; your fathers are going to strike Goliath. Pastors! rejoice! for Goliath has received the blow.

THE GROWTH OF NEW YORK.

New York is increasing with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled, and bids fair soon to be among the first cities in the world. New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City and Hoboken, are essentially one city, as much as London, with its conglomeration of towns, is one city. These multitudes, gathered round the magnificent harbor at the mouth of the Hudson, are spreading rapidly on both sides of the East River and of the North River, and within five years will probably number one million of people. The marts of merchandise are crowded into the lower parts of the Manhattan island, extending one or two miles up the island, and from river to river; while the dwellings of the merchants are rising like spring vegetation, in long lines of princely streets, on the shore of the Jerseys, upon the Long-Island shore, where they receive the name of Brooklyn and Williamsburg, and along the magnificent avenues of Bloomingdale and Harlem. Greenwich and Chelsea, on the North River side, and Yorkville upon the East River, formerly thriving towns, four or five miles from the city, are already swallowed up by the swelling inundation. But in addition to this horizontal growth, there is a vertical growth, which is very important, though but little thought of. New York is daily rising into the air, as well as spreading along the ground. The roofs are daily torn from the houses and from the stores, and two or three additional stories added. Thus a new city is being