

## The True Witness.

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
AND WEEKLY EDITION OF THE  
"EVENING POST"  
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## NOTICE.

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## THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Volunteers of Belleville have done something which must have a good effect on the mind of every subject of the Dominion who loves law and order. Two companies, mostly Protestants, attended mass on Sunday last, when Vicar-General Farrelly preached, and the welcome he gave them, and the tone in which the Belleville *Intelligencer* writes, warrant us in saying that the incident has had an excellent effect. We can all rejoice at circumstances such as these. When men know each other they must get the madness of ascendancy out of their hearts. We are satisfied that men do not mean each other harm although they may fight each other's principles. If we could only understand to retain our personal regard for each, while fairly combatting for our own conviction we would exhibit an order of intelligence which should commend itself to well regulated minds. It is not long since Hamilton showed us a good example in the manner of the formation of one of its societies, and now Belleville shows us a good example in another way. To be sure Catholics cannot do as Protestants can. Their religion prohibits them from that freedom of opinion which Protestants are permitted to entertain, but Protestants should not construe that into a feeling of antagonism to them, or if they do, they are very much mistaken. We hope, however, that the people of Belleville will experience the good result of the incident we have so much pleasure in recording.

## THE KHYBER PASS.

The Khyber pass is thirty miles long. The pass is simply a dried-up water-course; here and there it is very narrow, while in other places it broadens into plains. The sides of the pass are in some places inaccessible, while in others they open into plains capable of being used for pastoral purposes. Beyond the Khyber pass, and within a day's march of Cabul, is the Khoord Cabul pass, and it was there, and not in the Khyber pass proper, that the British army was cut to pieces in its retreat from Cabul in 1840. From the Punjab (the five waters) it was never very difficult to get into the Khyber pass proper, and the fact of the British troops having already obtained some successes in that direction is not of much significance. The real danger is at the Khoord Cabul pass and it is there that the Russian troops now in Cabul, and the Russian guns presented to the Amir, will fight. The news this morning is by no means reassuring, and the fact that it is rumored that the communication has been cut is significant. Again, the Russian press is frowning, and altogether we still incline to the belief that we are on the verge of a serious war. But it is a mistake to suppose that the Khyber is the only pass from the Punjab into Afghanistan. There are in all seventeen passes, but the most used is the Khyber Pass. The distance from Cabul to the southern end of the Khyber Pass is only 195 miles, but it is through a country where a well-organized hostile force could seriously impede the march of the best army in the world. However, we do not doubt the result if it is left between the British troops and the Afghans. Yet, in the spring, if the war continues, we shall be hearing of Russian troops having been found among the Afghans.

## TWO WITNESSES.

The New York *Witness* is angry because the Catholic bazaar in New York has been a great success. Its anger is increased because its own appeals to charity "in the name of the Lord" have been a failure, and it smites its peripatetic breast in horror at the degeneracy of an age which impudently encourages bazaars and yet refuses to drop a ten cent piece into the maw of the New York *Witness* sustentation fund. Again, the Montreal *Witness* is in doubt as to whether the Temperance people should welcome the Marquis of Lorne as Temperance people should, with banners fluttering in the breeze, because three hundred dollars' worth of wine has been ordered for the use of the vice-regal party en route from Halifax to Ottawa. Now, piety and temperance are no doubt excellent institutions, and we never see men turning their attention heavenward or riverward without feeling an inspiration of our own unworthiness. But it is somewhat odd that the New York *Witness*, while loftily condemning bazaars outside the pale of its own pious ways, has existed because of a little bazaar of its own, and that failing, the pious proprietor knocks his head against everything and anything that looks like an opposition institution. Again, the Montreal *Witness* writes about temperance, and yet it advertises James' patent corkscrews, and no doubt accepts payment for the advertisement as innocently as if patent corkscrews were only used for drawing covers of the boxes of Holloway's ointment or anti-bilious pills. Piety is, we repeat, a virtue, and temperance is a virtue ennobling; but in the case of the New York *Witness* its piety appears to consist in "covering up the track" of its own misdoings, and in the case of the Montreal *Witness*, its temperance has the suspicious look of not caring about corkscrews so long as the books balance to the satisfaction of the proprietor.

## FREE TRADE IN ENGLAND.

The "Manchester School" originated Free Trade, and the "Manchester School" is likely to return to Protection. The agitation which swept over England in favor of a "freebreakfast table" is likely to be succeeded by another agitation in favor of protecting the industries of languishing manufactures, which Free Trade has driven to the wall. Many of the great commercial centres in England have now societies organized to put an end to the policy of Free Trade, which policy answered England for a while, but which policy is ruining England to-day. Even Free Trade journals admit that England's commercial supremacy is passing away, and the news comes with startling effect upon the men who came to regard the commercial supremacy of England as a settled institution in the order of the world's existence. Nor is that supremacy going by slow degrees, but it is going with a rapidity that has brought before the people the painful reflection that the England of the future cannot be the England of the past, and as her commercial supremacy passes away so must her empire be endangered. Strikes multiply, factories close by the dozen, many of the great blast-furnaces are out, while Belgian iron and American cotton stuffs undersell English iron and English cotton stuffs in the very heart of England itself. About the "black country," which at one time was a hive of industry, the accounts are appalling, while thousands of the agricultural laborers are out of work, and destitution is general. And one remarkable fact is, that the four countries which are wresting the manufacturing supremacy from England are countries where the Protective policy prevails. France, Germany, Belgium, and the United States, are all protected by fiscal legislation. This fact alone is significant. Protection has enabled these countries to beat England in her own market, and if France, Belgium, Germany and the United States continue this Protection policy, the only hope England has of winning back the position she at one time occupied is to treat others as others treat her.

## "BRAND."

The Kingston *News* is of late very fond of using the "brand" argument in reply to the arguments of the Post. There was a time when the *News* reasoned out its opinions although, at best, these opinions were by no means original. It prefers to attack other journals' views rather than originate views of its own, and in these attacks it flourishes the "brand" argument as a footpad wields his bludgeon. One opinion is "branded" as this, another opinion is "branded" as that, and a medley of opinions are "branded" with the other. Such choice expressions as "falsehoods," "lies," and other classic folk lore are bandied with prodigious profusion, and these, prefixed with the "brand," give a burning complexion to the face of the *News*. The latest "brand" hurled at the Post by our fretful contemporary is a reply to an article we wrote a few days ago about "Some Errors." We enumerated what we considered to be a few popular mistakes, and the *News* picks out three of them for criticism. Of those three the *News* agrees with two of them, and inferentially with all the other errors which were in the same article, but which the *News* did not notice. The only one of the "errors" the *News* brands is the one which questions the loyalty of Canadians. We see that the people of this country are not as loyal as they appear to be, and the *News* brands this as a "wholesale something." It supplies no argument, gives no rebutting evidence, sustains its opinions by no reasoning, but it simply "brands" and there its logic ends. Now, if we could induce our contemporary to give up the "branding" we might discuss the question upon its merits. It is certainly a question of importance, and its discussion must do good. We held to the view that the people of Canada are by no means as loyal as they pretend to be, and that a large proportion of them are either Annexationist or Canada First men. This, we repeat, we are forced to admit with regret, yet it is our reading of the handwriting on the wall. We may be asked—What are our proofs? and we reply—Speak to the merchant, the bank clerk, the mechanic or the labourer, in their own time, and under circumstances where they will freely express their opinions, and it is there you will find out the truth of what we say. And this feeling is more prevalent, we believe, among Protestants than among Catholics. The *News* may "brand" this if it likes, but we have just as many opportunities of knowing the feelings of the people in this regard as our Kingston contemporary may have. Men will tell you that they are loyal to their own interest first, and that the instant their interests are in danger from their connection with Great Britain, that instant they stand prepared to throw that

connection overboard. These views are not bellowed from the house-tops, but they exist, and every man who has wit enough to read as he runs may see them for himself. It should be the mission of the press to combat, rather than to close its eyes, to these facts. We believe that we can combat, and combat successfully, the opinions of the disaffected. Canada, in our opinion, can be made one of the most perfect of governments. Here we can enjoy the stability of a monarchy without any of its attendant evils. The head of a state should be above all the conflicting strifes of party warfare. We are no advocates for the dangers and the corruptions of the elective system. The United States furnish us with sufficient examples of the evils of a republic, and it should be our mission to combat rather than to screen the growing tendency in this regard. If the United States had not had the experience of a civil war a few years ago, there would, in all probability, have been one over the Tilden and Hayes election. It is not our wish to rush into the arms of institutions such as these, not more than it is our wish to see Canada adrift from the empire, whose glory she shares, while being free from some of its evils. All Canada wants is statesmen who will reform the civil service, introduce competitive examination, make merit and not party the ladder to success, place the bench above the breath of suspicion, and make party subservient to the nation, and all will be well. But if Canadian politicians are incapable of rising to this standard, then of a surety a day will come when the words of Goldwin Smith will be regarded as prophetic, and they will be written in letters of gold in every household in the land. The Kingston *News* may go on "branding" these statements until it is tired; it will not alter the fact that opinions, not antagonistic to England, but certainly, clearly and distinctly, placing Canadian interests before all, exist, and are held by a large proportion of the thinking population, and it is not by "branding" facts or "lies" that the Kingston *News* or any other paper in the country can alter what everyone knows to be a living fact.

## THE "EVENING POST."

In times such as these all new newspaper ventures are likely to be regarded with suspicion as to their ultimate success. For a fierce party paper, one that is prepared to stand by the winning side, through good repute and through evil repute, there may be some hope, but for independent journalism, hope, in too many cases, is but a fleeting dream. Party influence supports so many papers in Canada, that no one can be very much surprised that Canada supports so many fierce, blind adherents to one or the other side of the House. Party appeals directly to the pockets of the individual newspaper proprietor, and the heads of party say: "I will stand by you if you stand by me." Papers are not exactly owned, but they are subsidized, by the party in power, and the result is that this subsidy causes the party journals to hide every evil and to magnify every good the Government may do. We suppose this system is not considered politically immoral. In fact, it should be something very bad indeed, that could be considered politically immoral where political immorality appears to guide so much of public life. But such a system of wholesale government support to party journals would not be tolerated in England, and yet here, where we pride ourselves so much upon English ideas, the ministers of the day fly into direct antagonism to the system that England pursues. But, fortunately for the people, there are some papers that are, perhaps, not worth buying, while there are others that will not be bought, and it is to such journals, whether from pique or independence, that the future of Canada is to be moulded. It is to papers that will expose the wrong and applaud the right, no matter from whence they come, that the people of this country will be saved from the dangers which fierce and fanatical partisanship entail. For such a purpose the *Evening Post* was established, and notwithstanding the hardness of the times, the people have recognized the necessity for such a journal and have given us such a generous support, that we find our present form unable to meet the increased pressure which at this season of the year is usually made on newspaper columns. In a few days we will enlarge the paper and we will continue to keep it enlarged until the Christmas holidays are over. One thing we may, too, add for the Post. Perhaps no paper ever started in Canada obtaining such a large circulation as we now have in so short a time. It is not long since the circulation was up to 12,000, and we hope, now that we are about to increase the number of columns in the paper, that in a short time, we hope to be able to work up to, or beyond, that figure again.

## DECLINED.

Some time ago we invited the Rev. Mr. Bray to discuss the Home Rule question. That gentleman had condemned Home Rule, and, having condemned it, we formed the opinion that he understood the subject against which he wrote. But, when brought face to face with the issue, the Rev. Mr. Bray declines. This is essentially English. Englishmen will condemn anything and everything Irish, because it is Irish, but tax them with their knowledge, or want of knowledge, and they collapse. How often have we heard a conversation such as this: "Are you a Home Ruler?" "Not I," was the answer. "Home Rule would be Rome Rule," continues the objector. But let the enquiry be pushed home, and let the enquirer invite discussion, it will turn out, in all cases—mark you, in all cases—that the gentleman who condemns Home Rule knows nothing at all about it, but that it is Irish, and that is quite enough to make him

pose as an opponent. The Rev. Mr. Bray is, no doubt, an able man, but, like all Englishmen, he condemns the Home Rule movement, and he fails to "shame his boasts or prove them true" in a fair contest. This little incident is simply a parallel of the treatment Irish subjects have received from Englishmen for centuries, and it is one of the causes of Irish discontent.

A New Society.—A proposition is on foot to start a new society, which is to be designated "The Grand National Union of Canada." The idea of its promoters is to start an association which shall include every class, irrespective of creed or nationality. It is intended to be protective as well, probably, as benevolent.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HON. MR. BOWELL AND THE "HERALD."

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post.  
Sir,—Hon. Mr. Bowell is a Conservative minister. The *Herald* is a Grit paper, out of pocket by the change of government. That might be enough to close the matter referred to in your editorial of last night. The *Herald* states Mr. Bowell intends leading next year's 12th of July procession. Then evidently the *Herald* intends getting up an Orange procession of its own, and forcing Mr. Bowell to lead it; as it is not likely that the Orangemen will. However, Mr. Bowell personally told me during two conversations I had with him, that he is opposed to any public demonstration, or to any line of conduct savouring of a desire to flaunt obnoxious recollections in the face of any class or creed. I am sure that Mr. Bowell, like all of his followers, would fearlessly do and dare anything in defence of their civil and religious liberty; but to say that Orange processions, or any Orange demonstrations of any kind or even the existence of the Orange Association are necessary to the maintenance of civil and religious liberty is to state an untruth and a most ridiculous absurdity. I have known Mr. Bowell to employ Irish Catholics often than Protestants; I have known him to be that sort of an Orangeman who is his own judge of what Orangism means, and yet who is as generous and liberal to Catholics as to Protestants, who is not a toady to the fanatical appeals of either. At least do him the justice of doubting the many assertions made against him until able to prove them, or we will believe that you are not disposed to be fair and generous yourself. The existence of Mr. Bowell and Orangism have to be accepted. It will not shorten the longevity of either to spread false assertions about them.

Yours truly,

TRUTH.

## GAMBLING AT CHURCH FAIRS.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post.  
Sir,—I am neither an Irish Catholic nor a subscriber to the Protestant *Witness*. Therefore, my remarks touching the caption of this letter may be presumed to favor, at least, of impartiality. The occasion for this letter arises out of an article reprinted from the New York *Witness* which appeared in the Montreal *Witness* of last night. In this reprint, the New York *Witness* sneeringly criticizes an editorial article from the New York *Tribune* upon the subject of church lotteries. The article in question (viz., that from the *Tribune*) takes exception to the various processes suggested by the smart wits of church members for raising money for charitable objects, and among them lotteries, raffles and kindred allurement, which it says are in contravention of the (United States) law.

I do not purpose discussing the problem whether church lotteries are right or wrong, but it seems to me that a well regulated scheme, with all possible security from imposition and fraud, is a feasible proposition, whether it be for a Catholic hospital or a Protestant church. People nowadays expect (as human nature is always prone to selfishness) some inducement to subscribe before they will give. Concerts in nine cases out of ten are financial failures, and the same difficulties which beset the Catholic public of New York are also experienced by the Christian people of Montreal. Therefore, the primary question arises: How is any religious organization going to accomplish its charitable objects so as to leave a surplus to the good in such a manner as to induce the public, as a whole, to assist in its furtherance? With regard to private lottery schemes, they being for individual profit, the promoters are not over-scrupulous in "taking in" the dupes who expect a fortune for fifty cents, and who very properly get bitten. The law rightly punishes such as "frauds." On the other hand, no one is taken in by the church lottery systems, which are clearly set forth, and nobody is beguiled by vain pretences. The law, as I understand it, only contemplates a fraudulent intention to make the organizers of secular lotteries criminals. Fancy the holy horror of a Methodist at hearing a Catholic term the inevitable "Post Office" at the Bazaar, or the "Fairy Bag," or anything else from which a prize may be drawn, as a "fraud."

But what will you say when I tell you that a wholesale merchant and member of one of our fashionable, but almost bankrupt Protestant churches, having subscribed five hundred dollars (\$500) towards this particular church (you will observe I enclose the name, so that you can enquire for yourself) goes to his warehouse after a season of prayer and tells them the *bonus* he promised this year, "because business is so bad that he really cannot afford it," but that he will do so next year, for sure. Then, with a still longer face, he goes to his clerks, who receive an average salary of twelve dollars per month, and tells them, that for the same reason, they must not expect an increase for another twelve months; that if they don't like it they can go elsewhere, he would be sorry to stand in their way," etc. And yet this man expects his young men to dress genteely and to be honest. Now, this man, who is an officer and Secretary of some of our largest Protestant institutions, and notwithstanding a few losses, and one of them a large one—for I still wish to be impartial—has been doing a business this season averaging (\$450,000) four hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year! Out upon such hypocrisy and "large hearted Christian philanthropy!"

My reason for referring to this individual is to show a comparison between the lottery "fraud" on the one hand and the "Christian fraud" on the other.

So the New York *Witness* sneeringly alludes to the great benevolent work recently undertaken in the magnificent Cathedral of New York.

Now, I would like to ask the itinerant proprietor of the New York *Witness* how his own lottery in ten-dollar bonds, which were to pay such a remunerative interest to investors, is progressing? How many have been paid? What was the rate of interest? What has he done with the money? And how much is

their present value? I should think they ought to command a fancy price. So this peripatetic newspaper proprietor has the consummate cheek to boast of having excluded all kinds of church lottery schemes from his columns. Surely his is only another form of making Peter pay for the poverty of Paul. It would bear even a harder name, and I question very much if there is not a clause also in the United States law to meet just such a case as this.

The fact of the matter is, that this form of Christian journalism is about on a par with the most repulsive features of secular swindles. Of the two, I would rather buy a dozen tickets in the Grey Nuns' Lottery than the tenth part of a share in the financial vicissitudes of the New York *Witness*.

Yours truly,

AN ANGLICAN.

## VILLE MARIE CONVENT.

THE VISIT OF THE VICE-REGAL PARTY—A FAIRY SCENE—ADDRESSES IN PROSE AND METRE—A CORDIAL WELCOME—A PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise visited the Villa Maria Convent on Saturday afternoon, escorted by the Montreal Troop of Cavalry. The road was decorated both with flags and arches, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. The arch erected at the entrance to the Convent grounds was a splendid specimen of architecture. In addition to the fame this Convent has acquired for the education and varied graces imparted to its pupils, the Sisters have added to its renown by the magnificent reception it has given to distinguished personages, the recollections of their visits there being among the many happy souvenirs which Lord and Lady Dufferin have carried away with them from Canada, and the efforts of the Sisters on Saturday eclipsed, if possible, their happiest ones on former occasions. The grand hall enclosed a galaxy of beauty in the rows of convent girls, with happy expectation beaming in their countenances, seated facing the entrance in the form of a semi-circle, and on a stage in an enclosure at the farther end were placed the little ones, forming a charming background to a charming picture. Above all was placed the majestic statue of the Queen surrounded by flowers and jets of gas. Festoons of flowers and evergreen adorned the walls; appropriate mottoes fantastically worked, among which were, "Our gratitude will endure for ever," "Fama semper vivat" were placed at conspicuous points, and prominent over the enclosure at the rear, facing the throne, was the greeting, "Welcome to our beloved Governor-General," worked in large letters on a broad silken band. The emblazoned arms of His Excellency and the Princess Louise adorned the centre of the hall.

The windows were closed, and the room was brilliantly lighted. At three o'clock the royal party entered, and were received at the entrance by Bishop Fabre and the Lady Superior. An expression of pleasure literally beamed forth in the countenances of the Marquis and the Princess as they surveyed the fair scene. The rippling music of the many voices, in murmured comment, had now ceased, and in silence all arose and curtsied simultaneously, with a precision which did credit to the mistress of ceremonies, and then remained standing while His Excellency and his royal consort acknowledged the salute, and took their seats on the raised dais.

The programme was then commenced. A piece for forty hands, on organ, pianos, harps, guitars, etc., was the first performance, the effect of which was very fine. Then, four little messengers of Flora advanced, the Misses E. Bissonnette, H. Mullarky, A. McCready, and E. Gelinas, who curtsied gracefully on bended knees, laid at the feet of His Excellency and Princess a graceful tribute from their sender, a large basket of exquisite workmanship, containing choice flowers. They formed a pretty picture. Hardly had they retired, when Miss Letellier and Miss McGirr came forward, and each read an address of welcome, the one in French and the other in English. The following is the latter:—

To His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, Knight of the Most Ancient and Noble Order of the Bath, Lord High Commissioner of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, &c., &c., &c.

AND  
To Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, &c., &c., &c.  
The earth, the air, are fraught with music grand,  
A welcome blazes forth from every hand,  
Along the Atlantic shores, both far and wide,  
We hear it soar above the surging tide,  
Columbia grand takes up the thrilling strain,  
Its echoes ring along the western main.

The lofty Andes, hear the jubilate sound,  
And from its towering peaks, the notes rebound.  
But, in Mount Royal's holy favored shrine,  
It rings from hill and dale, with murmurous rhyme,  
And in ten thousand rapturous notes awake,  
Sweet choristers of grove, and silvery lake.

Such peerless guests, to view with mortal eyes,  
Has never been dreamt of 'neath Canadian skies,  
Then from the depth, of each young soul to-day,  
Ten thousand voices, as voices of old lay,  
Our garlands fling, of every dye and hue,  
Before your regal throne we gladly strew.

And in the name of our most Gracious Queen,  
And brightest gems do now adore the scene;  
The Rose and Thistle, Shamrock, Maple here,  
We'll twine around you with a love sincere.  
A home of bliss, sacrifice bring favors grand,  
In this fair land 'neath smile of gracious Heaven.

And royal subjects round you day by day,  
With homage meet to cheer your royal way;  
To courtly halls we know you had to add,  
To Queen Victoria, loved mother, too!—  
A home of bliss, sacrifice bring favors grand,  
While loving subjects bless your scepter'd hand;

Long may your royal path be strewn with flowers,  
Your praises ring from hall and lofty towers;  
Your happy reign in golden numbers shine,  
Throughout this favored land for endless time!

The Marquis of Lorne, in reply, said:—

I will speak in English, because I consider the young ladies and the nuns the most formidable critics in the world. I thank you for the very beautiful reception you have given us to-day. I have heard very much of this great convent; I have often heard Lord Dufferin speak of the charming reception you had prepared for him; he never forgot the kindness you showed him, and the zeal manifested in your reception; but as much as he has praised everything here, the reality has far exceeded any expectation I could have formed from his praise. It reflects the greatest honor upon those who have cultivated the beautiful garden from which these flowers were culled. I hope the happiness I see in so many faces before me will never suffer from transmission, and may ever reign in your Canadian homes, which I am confident you will grace and adorn. We may repeat still further, on your indulgence by repeating our visit on some future occasion.

After this presentation the hall resounded with vocal music from the choir of fresh young voices, which drew forth favorable comments on every side. Miss Brotherton

then advanced and read the following address in a clear, sweet voice:—

To His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, Knight of the Most Ancient and Noble Order of the Bath, Lord High Commissioner of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, &c., &c., &c.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, &c., &c., &c.  
Throughout our fair Canadian land,  
There rises up an Anthem grand,  
In which as with one single voice,  
A loyal people all rejoice,  
The lowly and the high in place,  
The sons of every creed and race.

From stern Newfoundland's coast, dark, steep,  
To where Pacific waters sweep;  
From cabin poor and home of pride,  
That welcome's heard on every side,  
While joy-bells peal and cannons roar,  
And bonfires blaze from shore to shore.

Gladly each youthful voice we raise,  
In this grand song of joy and praise,  
With loyal hearts our presence greet,  
Our sweetest flowers strew 'neath your feet,  
With fervent prayers and vows sincere  
Blessed softly in your kindly ear.

My Lord, already in your kindly name  
Known unto Canada and time,  
On these do honor, genius smile,  
Hope of the great house of Argyle,  
Winning all hearts by gracious mien,  
Fit envoy of our Empress Queen.

Oh, Royal Lady! can youst, tell,  
The thoughts that in our bosoms swell,  
On greeting in this august hall,  
The daughter of our much-loved Queen,  
Receiving in our convent walls,  
The Pearl of royal Windsor's halls.

All hail! In England's heart enshrined,  
In our own now, with love entwined,  
Truest child of, of science,—art,  
In all their triumphs, taking part,  
Yet rich in charms of womanhood,  
Gracious and lovely, noble—good.

His records of our Convent old  
Will be inscribed in lines of gold,  
Illustrious guests, this happy day,  
And ever will our young hearts pray,  
That peace and bliss, and sunshine clear  
Surround your rule and sojourn here.

The finest musical performance of the evening, one which demonstrated beyond doubt the excellent musical tuition given at this convent, was the music on the harps by the Misses McGarry, Stubbs, Hayden, Mullarky, A. Royal, J. Boucher, C. Cusson. The music consisted of selections from Scottish airs, "Auld Lang Syne," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "The Campbells are coming," and others. As the "Campbells are coming" was rendered, Her Royal Highness cast a smiling glance at His Excellency, who enjoyed the musical allusion immensely. An address by Miss De La Naudiere, delivered in a graceful manner, in admirably modulated tones followed, the Misses Selby, McElhorne, Sweeney, Ste. Marie and Daly. The two youngest of the group, little cherubs arrayed in pink and white, each read a few verses of welcome as follows:—

[BY MISS McELHORNE.]

May it Please Your Excellency:  
In fairy tales, we have been told  
Of princes grand, of knights of old;  
And in our convent circles, too,  
Your names we've learned to revere.  
But Fairy, in her wildest flight,  
Could never send us such a sight.  
Nor think such joy would come to ours  
To call for you sweet, fragrant flowers.  
The rose and thistle, from our hand,  
Would reach to you, your grace, your grand;  
A princess royal by his side,  
All hearts would hail, with noble pride,  
The daughter of our much-loved Queen  
To grace in person this fair scene.

[BY MISS E. DALY.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:  
Ah, little children that we are,  
Your royal names reached us afar,  
And in our merry, childish glee  
How we did wish your face to see,

And promise, in our artless way,  
How good we'd be and what we'd say,  
No scene more lovely could we bring,  
With flowers of every clime and hue.

Delight, then our bouquet to receive,  
And in the language sweet believe;  
In every tongue flowers have a spell,  
The heart's fond wishes best can tell.

As the words came tripping out of the mouths of the little ones, their naïveté and the artless manner in which they were uttered caused a general smile, and His Excellency and Her Royal Highness returned a few short words of thanks, which made the little ones happy. This concluded the entertainment. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness advanced and spoke to several of the pupils, after which they withdrew with their suite, followed by the other visitors present, after a parting glance at the bright scene. A number of visitors principally relatives of the pupils, were present, among whom we noticed Mounseigneur Fabre, His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Edward C. Murphy and the Misses Murphy, Mr. Arthur H. Murphy, of Quebec and Miss Murphy, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Mullarky, Dr. Hingston, Hon. Mr. Baby, Chief Justice Dornan, Mr. Reynolds, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Mrs. Selby, Mrs. Sadlier and daughters, Dr. Trudel, and others. The Rev. Mr. Baile, superior of the Seminary, the Rev. Mr. Deaubien, and other priests, were also present.

## LECTURE BY FATHER BURKE.

"THE SECRET OF IRELAND'S CATHOLICITY."

(Dublin Irish Times, November 9th.)

This was the subject of a lecture delivered on Wednesday, in the Lecture Hall of the Catholic University, and which attracted one of the largest audiences that since the opening of the new and spacious apartment assembled within its walls. The lecturer was the distinguished Dominican, the Rev. Thomas Burke, who, on presenting himself in the habit of his order, was received with loud and prolonged applause.

The Lord Mayor, on being called to the chair, said he felt it a high honor to be called on to preside on the occasion, and he was proud to say that he and the reverend lecturer hailed from the same province. (Applause.)

Father Burke said that the subject on which he proposed to lecture was one of the most important of the many mysteries which the history of the human race propounded to them for their consideration, and, if possible, for their solution. He need not tell them that there were many mysterious passages in the history of mankind. Many strange changes that from time to time came over the face of the world, but, perhaps, in the whole history of the world there was no stranger or more mysterious fact than that which occurred more than 200 years ago in these countries. Two islands lay side by side with each other in the Western ocean, associated by conquest and by years under the same Government, in a great measure assimilated to each other by ties that sprung up between peoples living under the same Government and under the same laws. England and Ireland, for weal or for woe, mostly for woe for Ireland, lay bound together. Conquest had in a certain measure been achieved. The foot of the stranger lay firmly planted on the soil in spite of Irishmen. By some strange fatality the arm of the nation seemed paralysed for his expulsion or