

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

Brutality is increasing, and crime in its most revolting aspect continues to shock the public mind. On Wednesday one Damien Bonin was sentenced to death for an outrage upon a child, and public opinion demands the carrying out of the sentence. The *Witness* of yesterday calls for an example being made of the unhappy culprit, and public opinion generally appears to go in a similar direction. Maudlin sentimentality will not meet the exigencies of the case. Society must be protected, and if the carrying out of the death sentence is the only means by which that protection can be secured, then let it be done. The sentence may be severe, but it is deserved, for the crime is worse—ten times worse—than murder. In the olden times criminals, such as these, were burned at the stake, and while such a death would be repulsive to modern ideas, yet it would not be undeserved. But when we look to the exigency of the hour, and when we see outrages increase, and when in some cases the sentence is light, it is time to become alarmed and to call upon the law officers of the Crown to inflict even the death punishment if that is the only means of saving society from outrage. In the present case, the contemplation of the death sentence is forced upon us by the frequency of crime, and, perhaps, one example would cause men of the class of the one now in prison, to pause in their wickedness.

Since writing the above, the sentence has been committed to penitentiary life.

IRISH CATHOLIC VOTE.

Lord Dufferin has again given a rebuff to the men who attempt to disparage the loyalty of the Irish Catholics of the Dominion. His reply to the Archbishop and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario is another proof of the fidelity which, Lord Dufferin knows, the Irish Catholics entertain to their adopted country. Lord Dufferin, it is to be presumed, knows Canada well. His opportunities for knowing the people have been more ample than those of men who have lived here for generations. He is a keen observer of character, and he looks beneath the surface for the causes of trouble. After all his experience in this country he must be satisfied that the Irish Catholics are loyal to the core, and it must be no small satisfaction to him as an Irishman to carry home with him the conviction, that he has himself done much to bring about the peace and contentment of the community. There may have been a time in Canada when a few of the Irish Catholics were regarded with doubt. Some of them may have been looked upon with suspicion, and their opinions may have been suspected, to be in some sympathy with outside action. But, if that time ever has been, it has gone for ever. Such a state of affairs cannot, we believe, ever exist in Canada again, and the few, if any, who may have had any sympathy with outside pressure have turned over a new leaf in their career or left the country. If we understand the Irish Catholics of Canada, we believe they will justify Lord Dufferin's opinion of them, and that to Canada and its laws they will ever remain loyal. In fact, the question is not a debatable one, for such a thing as Irish Catholic disloyalty does not exist, and it is only agitated now and again by some enemy, who would not, perhaps, be so eager to prove his own loyalty if the time for doing so had come.

CABINET-MAKING.

All the reports published thus far exclude Mr. Costigan's name from the new Cabinet. The Hon. Mr. O'Connor's name is always present, but that of Mr. Costigan is absent. We have, however, reason to know that Mr. Costigan's name has been canvassed in private, and that there is yet a likelihood of his appointment taking place. Sir John A. Macdonald cannot afford to treat the Irish Catholics with less consideration than they were treated by the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie. If he does, then the Irish Catholics will be taught another lesson. They will be made to drain the cup to the dregs again. They will see, what we have often told them, that between Reformer and Conservative there is no difference. We hope we shall be mistaken, and if we are we shall rejoice; but if Mr. Costigan is not taken into the Cabinet, it will be because he is an Irishman and a Catholic. He is the most eligible man, and as such his religion or his nationality should not tell against him. It is rumored, however, that Sir John intends to wriggle out of the difficulty another way. It is thought that the Hon. Mr. Ryan will be made Speaker of the Senate. Such an appointment would give general satisfaction, and we are sure that the Hon. Mr. Ryan would fill the position with dignity and ability. But that will not settle the question of the Cabinet, nor will it answer the question—Who has done most for the Irish Catholics? Sir John A. Macdonald or Hon. Mr. Mackenzie.

THE AFGHAN WAR.

The British troops are marching to the Afghan frontier. This looks like a winter campaign, and a winter campaign for the troops engaged in it. In winter there is, very often, six feet of snow in the territory of the Ameer, and we cannot forget that Afghanistan is associated with the most terrible defeat that the British troops ever suffered in India. But this is not the worst feature of the case. In the spring of this year England was the champion of Mahomedanism. Then the Mahomedans of India were enthusiastic in their applause of England's defence of Turkey. Now, however, all this is changed, and England is to-day about to make war upon a Mahomedan prince, and thus comes the danger. How will the semi-independent and Mahomedan state of Hyderabad like to see England make war upon the Ameer? In all probability, Hyderabad will sympathize with the Ameer, for Hyderabad is not over-friendly

to our rule in India. There are 13,000,000 of people in Hyderabad alone, and the danger from such an element cannot be mistaken. Again, we see in Afghanistan a country difficult to enter, of which the Khyber Pass of 1846 gave a fearful illustration. Then, again, we see Russia and the Ameer on friendly terms, and Russia is to-day the friend, and England the foe, of Islamism. If Russia can intrigue so as to pass as the champion of Mahomedanism in India, the situation may become serious. There is at present a great deal of dissatisfaction, and many of the native princes simply accept the situation, but would be glad of a change. There are thirty millions of Mussulmans in India, and they will probably all sympathize with Afghanistan and with Russia. The Central Asia Khanates, who constituted Russia's weakness in Asia, have become her strength, and they will probably thirst to assist the Ameer. The situation is full of complications, and the turn of events may plunge England into a fierce fight for Northern India.

WANTED THE LASH.

There are a class of ruffians in this country, and in the United States, who should be flogged, after conviction, and occasionally during the term of their imprisonment. To show these mercy is an evil. Flogging has done away with garroting in England, and it would not doubt have a similar effect upon the characters to whom we refer. A term of imprisonment is no terror to them; the lash, and the lash alone, is the only means of knocking terror into them. To ordinary men, the lash is demoralizing. A man never shakes off the disgrace of a flogging. But to men such as we refer, men who attack young girls, all sense of manhood is dead, and corporal punishment is only regarded as a punishment, not as a degradation. It was only yesterday the New York papers contained an account of how a negro was rescued from a mob that was going to lynch him, and if Lynch law was ever justifiable, it was in that particular case. But as Lynch law is not justifiable, a speedy punishment is. Public opinion is shocked when justice is tardy, or the sentence which these men receive light. The law must put safeguards around Society, and for the particular men to whom we refer, the law cannot be too severe. Formerly their crime was punishable by death, and in some cases, that punishment was not too severe. Here, however, we are sometimes shocked at the leniency with which the law treats some cases which should be severely dealt with. Yesterday a man was sentenced to "six months at hard labour," for attacking and assaulting a little girl who was coming from school. The Recorder could give no other punishment, as the law did not allow him. The man should have had three years and a flogging every six months. But there is a great deal too much talk about the "degradation" of the cat, when the fact is that there are a class of criminals who can only be kept down by a vigorous application of it. The lash in the army was bad, but the lash for the class of criminals to whom we refer would be the best antidote they could get.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TARIFF.

DEAR SIR.—Now that a Conservative Government is going into power, and as a change of tariff the chief plank in their platform, would it not be just as well to have Montreal public opinion in the matter, as being the city chiefly interested. I would suggest that a meeting of our manufacturers, merchants, traders and business men generally, be held at as early a date as possible, so as to let the Government know what the public actually requires. If this movement does not lead to any good it can scarcely do harm, and may elicit opinions from other places in the Dominion.

Yours truly,
MERCIANT.

To the Editor of the *True Witness* and *Post*.

SIR.—As the Conservatives are now in power, I hope they will do their duty, and not act like Mackenzie who, in my opinion received his coup-de-grace over the Montreal business. Now that John A. is in power, let him do something with Tom Robinson, the Government official, who has nothing to do at night but lead the British Band through the streets, playing all sorts of insulting tunes and offending Irish Catholics and English and Canadian Catholics by his gross expressions. He was rampant under the daffin regime, let us hope for decency's sake he will now receive a check. If Government officials are allowed to act in this way it is about time to give up. I hope Sir John will pay attention to this matter and not treat it as he does everything else. There is quite an assortment of the Robinson class in Kingston, John Flanagan, Deputy Warden, and Messrs. Smith and Dunbar, Post Office. Such men as these are not fit to hold Government offices, when they can parade the streets on the 12th of July, and assist in insulting the Papists.

Faithfully Yours,
KINGSTON BOY.

Kingston, Dec. 8, 1878.

ARE THE IRISH CATHOLICS LOYAL?

To the Editor of the *True Witness* and *Post*.

SIR.—I notice with great satisfaction the stand you are taking upon the question of Irish Catholic loyalty to the Dominion. You once said very truly that "the man who could not be loyal to Canada, could be loyal to no country in the world." All this I endorse. Irish Canadians owe allegiance out of gratitude as well as duty, and allegiance they unquestionably give. But loyalty is one thing, and love is another. For instance: I am a loyal man, and would to-morrow risk my life in defence of Canada; but you cannot expect that I can love England as an Englishman is supposed to love her. I may take my stand beneath the Union Jack, and do one man's share faithfully and honestly. This is my duty, but do not expect that that Union Jack can inspire me with the emotion which it must inspire Englishmen with. You may call this a distinction without a difference, if you like; but it is my policy.

OUR SOLDIER.

MR. COSTIGAN, M.P.

To the Editor of the *True Witness* and *Post*.

SIR.—Your advocacy of Mr. Costigan's claims to a seat in the Ministry is giving general satisfaction in Quebec. Mr. Costigan has the confidence of everyone who has a personal knowledge of his character. The grounds of your advocacy appear to me to be the proper grounds to advance his claims upon—that of being the best possible man. I know New Brunswick well, and I know that of the four Conservative candidates; after the Hon. Mr. Tilly, Mr. Costigan's claims cannot be overlooked with any show of justice. He career as a politician is stainless, and his appointment would give universal satisfaction.

I am,
Yours, &c., &c.,
J. F.

Quebec, Octob. 9th.

THE TANNERIES SHOOTING AFFAIR.

To the Editor of the *True Witness* and *Post*.

SIR.—Now that the 12th of July troubles are over and their effects happily disappearing, and that the general elections and the turmoil attending them belong to the past, I would beg to call your attention to the fact that never a step has yet been taken to bring the perpetrators of the abominable outrage at the Tanneries to justice. God forbid that I should revive bad memories or engender bad feelings in connection with this sad business, but I am one of those who believe in the axiom, "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall." Is it not a negation of justice to let those who shoot down poor boys at play to escape unwhipped of the law? If it were a mob of Catholics shot down and wounded a few volunteers, would the law be rushed to sleep? Would the Government ignore the matter? Would the *Witness* and *Sar* and other papers that stir up the late and prejudice of their readers, would they be silent one and all? I guess not. Yet Dufferin says that the Catholic is one of the most loyal, if not the most loyal, of the loyals of Canada; and if this be so, if we are loyal subjects and true citizens, why should we not be protected? I am not aware that a bill of indemnity has been passed in favor of the rioters of the 12th of July, nor am I aware that when a man wraps himself in the Queen's uniform he ceases to be amenable to the law. If people understand that an individual or a body of men can perpetrate a crime with impunity, and that the Government of the country winks at the act, then good-bye to law and order.

Yours, &c.,
JUSTICE.

MONTREAL CENTRE ELECTION.

To the Editor of the *Montreal Herald*.

SIR.—In an editorial in your issue of to-day, headed "Montreal Centre," regarding my late decision in returning Mr. M. P. Ryan, you are not well informed in stating that I have accompanied my return by a special statement of the irregular manner in which I have acted. Although my return to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery has gone forth with such remarks as I deemed necessary under the circumstances, and which were called for by law; you will pardon me, I trust, if I tell you that I must have a higher authority than your own before I can be convinced of having done wrong, or having in any way in my judgment prejudiced Mr. Devlin's chances of election. I agree with you that the election law may, in some measure, be likened to the Gospel, of which, though seemingly simple, St. Paul informs us that some portions are hard to be understood; and this opinion is confirmed (as far as the reading of the election law is concerned) by the opinions held by myself, as well as those held by the different lawyers I have consulted.

Coming to the merits of the case, Mr. Ryan's majority, by taking the returns from the Deputy Returning Officers, is about 800, and my count, ascertained before Mr. Devlin and Mr. Ryan and their representatives, gives Mr. Ryan only about a score less, which latter count is in Mr. Devlin's favor. But whether we take the Deputy Returning Officers' count or the subsequent one, it can matter little to Mr. Devlin, as Mr. Ryan's majority is so great that assuming uninitiated votes (if these latter are to be thrown out in all cases, which I very much doubt) and the bad votes to be in proportion to the number of votes polled for both candidates, though Mr. Ryan's aggregate majority would be reduced, Mr. Ryan's proportional majority remains. So that you can readily see that Mr. Devlin has really suffered nothing from what you may choose to call my irregularities.

Your obedient servant,
J. E. MULLIN.

Montreal, 11th October.

CITY ITEMS.

CURIOS.—Councillor Ward, of Outremont, has a tree which is bearing apples for the second time this year. The second crop is not much either in size or quality, but still it is a very singular circumstance.

CHANGE OF POSITION.—Mr. Brehaut has been appointed Associate Clerk of the Crown, and his successor in the bench is not expected to be present for a few days. During the interval, Mr. M. C. Desnoyes will preside in the Police Court, as well as attend to his other duties.

MONTREAL CENTRE.—Mr. J. E. Mullin, the Returning Officer for Montreal Centre, has made his return for the second time, and declares Mr. M. P. Ryan elected for Montreal Centre. He has sent the papers connected with the election to Ottawa, and when it is known that they weigh forty-nine pounds on the aggregate, we pity the train that will take them.

ABURGER OF PROTESTANTISM.—On Sunday last, at the Church of the Gesù, took place the imposing ceremony of baptizing Mr. H. G. Cole, who had abjured the errors of Protestantism. The neophyte had for a long time been in doubt as to the true religion, but after considerable serious study he came to the conclusion to embrace the Catholic faith. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Loptino, and Mr. Cole had for sponsor Mr. M. Desnoyes, bookseller.

DISAPPEARANCE.—Mr. William Turner, for many years Secretary of the Mount Royal Cemetery Company, and Secretary Treasurer of the Commercial Mutual and Provident Mutual Building annual meeting of the Commercial Mutual last Tuesday night Mr. Turner was not present, and on investigating the books a deficit of \$1,813.90 was found to have existed for the past five years. Mr. Turner is a man of 70 years of age, and this present mishap is much to be regretted.

RECEPTION OF A RELIGIOUS.—On Tuesday the 8th inst., a very interesting and imposing ceremony took place at the Grey Nuns, the religious profession of Miss Maria Costello, of this city. Mgr. Fabre officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Tambrault,

chaplain of the Convent, and the Rev. Father Reilly, of St. Patrick's Church. There were present other reverend gentlemen and a great number of relatives and friends of the Sisters. The chapel was most tastefully decorated and the singing and music was all that could be desired. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Giband, of the French Church. He dwelt at some length on the sanctity and purity of the religious life; the great sacrifice young ladies make in giving up their parents, brothers, sisters, friends, all for God, and to become servants of the poor. He carried his hearers in spirit to the cemetery and back, and then look around and see what had now become of these great people of the world. He again bade them look up to heaven and see which was nearest God. He held the Virgin following the lamb.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

The following particulars in connection with the tragedy at St. Anne des Plaines have been ascertained:—

The murdered man, Damase Depatie, had been a member of the police force some time previously, and was also a widower. He has a brother, Dostie Depatie, at present on the same force, stationed at the Grain Street Station. He had a cousin, Louis Depatie, who resided in the village of Ste. Anne des Plaines, and at his request, accepted an invitation to visit him. The reasons for this invitation are briefly as follows:—

Mr. Louis Depatie had been a widower for about six years, and for some time had paid his addresses to a widow of L'Assomption. In February last they were married, and took up their abode at St. Anne des Plaines. They both had children by their former marriages, and this led to discontent, and the rumor went around the village that Louis Depatie was in the habit of ill-treating his wife. In order to mark their displeasure of his conduct, the young men of the village assembled, and having disguised themselves, proceeded to the house and with tin whistles, tin pans and so on, commenced what is termed a *charivari*, producing the most unearthly noises possible. The old man, starting from his sleep, remonstrated with them. They answered by accusing him of ill-treating his wife. She came to the window and assured them that such a statement was false. After some considerable trouble they retired, but repeated the act next night. Mr. Depatie, becoming alarmed, communicated with his cousin, Damase, and this led to the unfortunate visit of the deceased. Last Thursday night Damase left the city, and arrived at his cousin's in safety. Shortly after midnight the gang appeared, and began their insolence again. Louis Depatie went out and remonstrated, but to no effect. Damase then joined him, with a heavy stick in hand. A short but angry altercation ensued, a rush followed, a shot was fired, and Damase fell.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.

This finished the contest, and as soon as Louis could recover from the effects of the appalling sight, he lifted his cousin up and took him into the house. Upon the ground he noticed a double-barrelled shot-gun, and also a revolver. After some considerable time the gun was identified as belonging to Frederic Leveille, a grocer in the village. Immediately on learning of the affair, Dostie, the brother of the wounded man, and policeman of the city, proceeded to Ste. Anne des Plaines. In the meantime, Leveille left for Montreal. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning the wounded man died and intelligence was at once despatched to the city that Leveille was in town. Immediately Sergeant Gladu and sub-Constable Lortie proceeded to the house of Joseph Leveille on Beaudry street, a brother-in-law of the deceased and there arrested him. The body was brought to town by Saturday evening's train and an inquest will be held at once.

THE ALLEGED MURDERER.

is a man of about five feet eleven inches in height and of a rather prepossessing appearance. Was a resident of St. Anne des Plaines village and kept a small grocery store there. He was well liked and was looked upon by all the inhabitants as a quiet and steady man and was doing a good business. He was the last man that one would suppose to be guilty of such a crime as murder.

INTERVIEWING THE ACCUSED.

Last Saturday, our reporter, hearing of the fearful tragedy, effected an interview with Leveille, and had the following conversation:—

Reporter.—How did this affair take place?

Leveille.—What affair?

R.—The shooting of Depatie.

L.—I don't know anything about it.

R.—But you are accused of the crime.

L.—Je ne sais rien. I don't know anything about it.

R.—But a gun was found on the spot, and it is identified as yours.

L.—That may be, but it has to be proved.

R.—That will be very easily done, I believe. Had you any feeling of animosity against deceased or cousin?

L.—No, no.

R.—Well, why were you present at the *charivari*?

L.—Je ne sais rien. I don't know anything about it.

With this statement the prisoner turned away and flung himself down upon the wooden berth, provided in cells. Several other questions were asked, but nothing further than a grunt could be elicited in reply, and therefore our enterprising reporter left.

APPOINTMENTS.

An extra of the *Canada Gazette* contains the following appointments:—Hon. H. E. Taschereau, heretofore one of the Puisne Judges of the Superior Court in Quebec, to be Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, vice the Hon. J. T. Taschereau, resigned. R. L. Weatherbee, of Halifax, N. S., to be Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, vice the Hon. Lewis Morris Wilkins, resigned. Hon. Maurice Lafontaine, of Montreal, to be Puisne Judge of the Superior Court of the district of Gaspé, vice Hon. L. B. Caron, removed to Quebec. Henri Thos. Taschereau, of Quebec, to be Puisne Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, vice the Hon. Henri Elzeur Taschereau, appointed to the Superior Court. Archibald Bell, Chatham, Ont., barrister, to be Judge of the County Court of Kent vice W. B. Wells, resigned. W. Buckingham, Ottawa, to be Deputy Minister of the Interior vice E. A. Meredith, superannuated. J. B. Beaubien, of Cacouna, to be official assignee for the Judicial district of Kamouraska vice J. Pouliot, resigned.

—Lt-General Sir E. Selby Smyth sails from England on the 27th inst.

—The Y.M.C.A. of Quebec have commenced the erection of their new hall.

There are six Catholic bishops in town, attending the session of Public Instruction. The Hon. Jas. McDonald, of Picton (N.S.), has been summoned by Sir John Macdonald. It is supposed that a joint address from all the national societies of Ottawa be presented to the Marquis of Lorne on his arrival.

FATHER GRAHAM'S LECTURE.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE CHAMPIONED—A LARGE AND ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE.

The Reverend Father Graham, now so well-known as a poet and orator, delivered another of his splendid lectures Thursday night in St. Bridget's Church. The subject was "Temperance." The church was crowded to its utmost capacity by a very attentive audience, who were kept in breathless suspense throughout, and at the close were highly delighted. St. Ann's and St. Patrick's Temperance Societies marched to the church in a body, and St. Bridget's attended in force. We regret our space does not allow us to give the lecture in *extenso*, but we give the following copious extract:—

The lecturer carefully defined what temperance was, and warned his hearers to avoid exaggeration. God alone can lay down principles of morals, though Puritanism and heresy have again and again strove to usurp that Divine prerogative by making sins when there was no sin, and excusing when there was real prevarication. Ancient Manichaeism and some phases of modern Methodism and kindred forms of human enthusiasm, teach that wine is of the devil. We have, unfortunately, a very observable tendency to that error here in Canada, among certain fanatics, so-called Catholics, who have the name but decidedly not the spirit of the Catholic Church. This wrong principle is worse than ten thousand drunkards, for an evil spirit vitiate the stream of human action for generations. It has its origin, 1st, in weakness of intellect which fails to see the real limits of this question; and, 2nd, in the natural reaction from a life of drunkenness. Your convert is always on the boundary line of thought, and is ever forgetful of the old adage, "*In modum stat virtus*." Because we have got drunk if we touched liquor is no legitimate reason for calling a neighbor who can trust himself to a glass a wretch or a reprobate. That is a kind of Fifth Monarchy man zeal and morality, and it is this furious and fanatical spirit which is the greatest enemy to the success of the temperance movement. Why, there can be no temperance without using a thing. The very word itself supposes this. He who totally abstains is not temperate; he is simply an abstainer. Let us be guided by the Catholic Church; she is the great moral authority of the world. Principles of morality must have their *raison d'être* in God's revelation, and the Church is His divinely constituted interpreter.

But for him who abuses his liberty and gets drunk, there is one, and only one, safeguard. We must absolutely fly, with all the powers of our soul, the occasions of spiritual death. Liquor for such a man is both moral and physical death—an occasion of mortal sin. Such a one must never touch stimulants; they will be for him temporal and eternal destruction. Liquor for that man is a deadly poison. He must shun the company of those who drink; he must avoid the places where liquor is sold. There is not a saloon in the land which might not write over its door the line which Dante places above the entrance to hell: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Hope for this world—hope for eternity—is there shipwrecked forever.

After having treated of the question at great length, showing the efforts of modern nations to legislate against the evil of drunkenness and the awful ravages, in every walk of life, caused by drink, Father Graham instanced the following

TERRIBLE CASE.

of the consequences of this vice. Its impression must remain stamped indelibly upon the minds of all who listened to the sad recital. A shudder of horror passed through the audience, and all felt relief when the dreadful tale was ended. Of itself, it is enough to terrify any drunkard who has a remnant of heart left in his bosom:—

"I recall the picture of a fair young boy, whose sunny face and laughing blue eyes delighted all who looked upon him. Beautiful in body and bright of mind, he was one of those special creations which seem to reveal, in a more than usually striking manner, the perfection of the Creator. All were attracted by the child. Strangers lingered in the street to gaze upon his face and form, and many a proud, wealthy lady wished in her heart that she could call the pretty boy her own."

If it were this with those who knew him not, imagine, if you can, how much his mother must have loved him. She was a widow, faithful to the memory of the husband of her youth, and this child had blessed their union, ere the strong young partner of her soul was wrenched from her side by pitiless death. All the great love which she had for her husband, together with a mother's tender affection, was now lavished upon the boy; she could hardly bear his absence for an hour. When old enough to attend school, the day seemed to that poor, fond mother, weary and unendurable until her beloved child came bounding merrily across the threshold to receive his accustomed kiss and relate his school-boy history of the day. No misadventure seemed more eagerly to the tale of boundless stories, sometimes rather roundabout and confused, as children's narrative are wont to be, which her darling told her. He was all she possessed in this world—the joy of her maternal heart—the golden link which bound her to him, who she fondly trusted, would, in God's good time, meet her with the smile and the greeting of the olden time. Her life was in deed and in truth, wrapped up in her boy. She was poor, very poor; yet her skill at needlework secured for herself and child the necessities of life, and she was content. Love lightened every labor, sweetened every sacrifice, and crowned her humble path with peace and joy. A good wife and mother she unfolded to him those moral obligations, incumbent upon all Christians, which make our happiness here and hereafter, and she was careful to inculcate the precept by her own faithful example. Each Saturday evening found her—little one beside her—among the chosen of God's children at the Holy Spirit, and the light of her meek face as she returned, happy and at peace, to her humble home. And the doctrine of her life was appreciated by her son. As he grew from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, and felt that ever-fading, ever-loving influence standing by his side, being for him the principle and motive power of all that was good and attractive in his life, he gave all the strength of his love to his good mother; and often vowed that, as she had guided his infant steps when tender and weak, he too, when her honored feet would fall beneath the weight of well-spent years, should be to her a comfort and support. And he was perfectly serious. At church, at every innocent amusement, the young man was ever to be found with his mother by his side. His filial devotion became a proverb, especially among the ladies, who, like all true women, though they pleasantly bantered him, felt a strong admiration for the good son. His mother often spoke to him about his getting

settled in life, but he always answered that he would never marry while she lived. Thus, a good son, a fervent Christian, a skilful, industrious mechanic, respected, admired and esteemed of all men, he happily reached his twenty-eighth year. Time, which had strengthened him, had silvered his mother's hair and marked her face with lines of care, but her was a green and peaceful old age, not less attractive than youth's freshest charms.

Would to Heaven, I could close here, and leave before your minds this picture of virtue and blessed contentment! The young man was of a free, generous, hearty temperament and, on several occasions, returned to his home in such unusually high spirits that a foreboding of coming evil began to fall heavily on the anxious mother's soul. Nor were her fears unfounded. He had begun to taste wine—not much, but sufficient to stimulate him to an exhilaration of spirit, seductive and pleasant. His mother gravely hinted at the subject, but, for the first time in his life, he answered somewhat impatiently that there was no danger; that it looked ridiculous to refuse a glass of wine in company; that he was no longer a child, but a man who could take care of himself. The good parent made no reply; but when he had retired, she prayed a long time with strong faith and tears that the dark temptation might pass away from her dear child's lips. A few months afterwards he was brought home intoxicated. The shock was so great that the afflicted mother almost died. Would to God that she had died at that time. The catastrophe, which I fear to approach, would never have been. One year, two years, three years of mind-bloated, disgraceful drunkenness, where poverty strove with appetite and ruin over all, and then came the dreadful end, accused forever in the annals of crime.

In a miserable garret, pale, thin, careworn and in rags, though very clean and neat in her sore distress, sat the once happy mother. She had bowed submissively to the great trial which crushed her heart, and prayed night and day for the unfortunate wretch who had once been her beautiful boy. She had felt nothing untended to save him, but all had been in vain, and now she could only weep and pray. The demon drink had transformed the noble youth into a brutal, blasphemous, cruel-hearted monster. Presently, she heard his heavy, stumbling steps upon the rickety stairs, and a moment afterwards he stood in the room. Is this the once comely boy? Blasted and red, with lank-lustre eye and diseased flesh, he staggers up to the table on which the scanty supper was spread. "Is this all you've got to eat?" he growls. "That is all," his mother replied, quietly. "You damn it!" he suddenly roared. His trembling mother signed herself with the blessed cross. "You have good things when I'm out, only this for me! Go and get me something worth eating!" "I have not the means, my son," she replied. "Well, here's the ivory-handled carving knife you've always kept for a keepsake of the old man; go down it and get something!" "I cannot, I will not." The son stood for a moment with a fiendish expression on his face, and then—and then—to that bosom where he had found life, which had been a loving pillow to his infant head, into that great, loving heart which had throbbled for him alone, the child of her womb plunged the murderous knife and with a patient moan, she fell dead at his feet! Oh! whiskey, hold your work!

I see him now in his cell, under sentence of death, and it is a terrible experience. With sobriety, have returned all the old feelings and instincts of his innocent youth—his bright manhood—grovelling in agony upon the cold stone floor, beating his unhappy head upon the pavement, moaning with an awful despairing cry, more like a wild beast than a man, day and night are passed in fruitless lament over the irrevocable past.

"O God, O Christ, Redeemer! Murdered my mother—my mother! My darling, beloved mother! And we were always so happy together, mother! Let me see! I fear my head is not right!" Here he would laugh a terrible, freezing laugh, fearful to hear. "Here, come all the devils from hell, come! There is the man that murdered his mother! Ha! they are trembling with fear, those devils! they are afraid of me! Now, mother! I see you! Don't try and hide the wound with your white hand! Look! look! the blood is upon your hand! I see it—I see it! And it is upon my hand, too—my mother's blood! O God!"

Thus, over and over again, did the terrors, engendered by crime, take possession of his faculties, and inspire such language of woe and misery as drove the most hardened prisoners who heard him to destruction. But the prayers of the good mother, and the protection of that greater Mother of Christians, Mary, brought comparative calm to that despairing creature. He died on the gallows, crying for forgiveness, and wishing he had a thousand lives to offer to God in expiation of his awful crime. And he fills a dishonored grave in a corner of the jail yard.

Ye who offer the seductive cup to the lips of youth, and with smiles and entreaties tempt the thoughtless to drink—Ye, who take from the drunken hand of labor the subsistence of the poor mothers and children of the land—Ye, whose drinking dens fill your pockets with ill-gotten gain, while pollution goes forth from them as from a pest house—Ye who grow wealthy by transforming God's innocent grain into madness, robbery, impurity and murder—Ye who flourish by a traffic which drives old age to the poor house, young men to the gallows, and simple maidens to prostitution and premature impotent death—Ye who laugh at the warnings of pastor or father or mother, or husband or wife, or brother or sister, and drive desperately on to the certain end—Pause and reflect! Your death-beds shall be haunted with disorder and despair. Out of the shadows of that awful moment shall appear a ghastly troop—the souls ye have ruined and damned. And, as surely as to-morrow's sun shall rise, so surely shall they crowd before the tribunal of the Eternal Judge, and call down upon your guilty heads the measure which ye have meted out to them!

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE CHINESE ENVOY.

On the 25th of August His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. gave audience to a special envoy of the Chinese emperor. The Holy Father, profiting by the occasion, expressed with characteristic frankness the grief he felt at the situation of Chinese Catholics, and his desire to see their tribulations ended. He even declared that he should feel happy to have an understanding reached upon the base of a diplomatic convention. The Chinese envoy on his part promised to report the desires of the Sovereign Pontiff to his sovereign, and to do all in his power to effect their realization.

Mr. Horton, M. P. for Centre Huron, has been appointed chief clerk in the Finance Department, vice Mr. Patterson, appointed assistant auditor.

An effort is being made to reinstate Sergeant Hornidge, dismissed from the Ottawa police on charges arising out of the religious riots in August.