Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland

(Continued from first page.)

The king of the fierce Picts, that is painted, tatooed people, as I have mentioned before named Brude. He dwelt in the midst of rude magnificence in a strong castle or palace, deep buried among the stern, sombre Highlands. Some of his people brought him word that the christian stranger was approaching his stronghold. He sought not the Apostle's life, but resolved,—no doubt advised thereto by his Druid priests—to close his massive gates and refuse admission to the great herald of Christianity. Columba arrived before the palace, the hills and valleys resounding with the psalms of praise which the saint and his companions chanted. He made the sign of the cross upon the gates and they fell open before him. King Brude terrified and amazed, hastened to welcome Columba, assured him of his protection, and gave him permission to preach christianity throughout the length and breath of his rugged kingdom. But the Druid chief priest sought to destroy Columba, and persisted in his enmity, until he stood almost alone in the midst of a converted people.

Then the Druid chief and Columba met face to face, Heathenism and Christianity looked upon one another, not for the first nor last time. Through mournful ages of illusion and moral death Druidism had come down the offspring of human pride, passion and ingratitude. The agonized shriek of human victims filled the gloomy groves, when the light of the full moon poured down upon the Druid's unholy rites. It was a system of terror, abject and degrading, as the devil worship of the African tribes It proved to what awful depths man falls when left to the ever changing caprice of his own opinion. Men turned away from the authority of God, revealed in primitive revelation, and became Heathen; Christians despised and rejected the authority of God, revealed in the Catholic Church, and are becoming demons. And the judgment of the latter shall be worse in that day than that of the former.

Columbia represented light, life, moral regeneration, truth, authority, Peter, God. And, though the struggle was long and the suffering great, the issue was never doubtful. Thirty-two years passed; the end came for Columbia; his death crowned with the smile of heaven, and the ministry of angel myriads sealed the labors of a noble life. The Highlands were christian, and the savage passions of a barbarous people had grown calm and peaceful beneath the divine enchantment of truth. The cross of calvary's infinite victim had once more triumphed.

By degrees, the different people of Caledonia became christian, and consequently, Catholic. The unmeaning forms of paganism passed away, for no form can exist without a real substance to perpetuate it. The church of God having converted, began to elevate, civilize, and enlighten the people of Scotland. Highlands and lowlands and the isles of the sea were soon dotted over with abbeys, monasteries, cathedrals, shrines, schools, and hospitals. Nearly two hundred establishments of holy monks and devoted nuns attested the prolific life of a christian people, and the living faith of a favored race. Truth in herself is one, and leads all things to unity. The people of many races coalesced, and love of God, Church and fatherland was written upon the banners of the land. The ancient feuds of the Pict and Scot, the Alton, and Attacotti, the Briton and Meatre, were forgotton. The labor of Columbia was successful; like the work of all the great Irish apostles, it remained. The lowlands, with its cities, forget their faith, and denied their God, but, the land blessed by the apostles of Columbia,—the gallant highlanders,—held to the faith, through centuries of trial, and chose the sad alternative of exile, rather than betray the religion and the altar which St. Columbia defended and illustrated.

SCOTLAND'S MOST GLORIOUS ERA.

Will any man dare assert in the face of truth and honest history, that Scotland, since the so-called reformation, can be favorably compared with the Scotland of pre-Calvinist times? I unhesitatingly proclaim, that, in material prosperity, real enlightenment, and in national liberty and honor, Protestant is immeasurably below Catholic Scotland. I do not mention religion, for the simple reason that Protestantism can never furnish us with any term of comparsson in such a matter.

Some will say:—"Why, if you want material prosperity, look at Scotland's manufactures! Look at her big cities! Her shipbuilding! Surely, you will not compare modern with medieval Scotland as far as material advancement is concerned!" Yes, I repeat: Scotland was more prosperous in Catholic times than she is to-day. That she has more wealth now, I do not deny. But are the assertions "a wealthy country" and "a prosperous country," the same? Not according to the meaning I attach to the terms. Wealth and material prosperity are not similar terms. What makes the difference? The distribution of wealth. England is wealthy but the English people are not. A few great centres, a handful of individuals, a small minority of a privileged class or, rather, caste, possess all. But the people? Are they materially prosperous? He speaks a falsehood before the light of facts who says so. A political economist of the United States describes the present situation of England, Scotland, &c., exactly, when he says:—"The rich are getting richer, and and the poor poorer."

Now, Catholic Scotland was prosperous according to the proper signification of the term. No immense fortunes, but every man had the means of gaining a livelihood. Ever man had a chance. So, all were comfortable and prosperous. Some one may hint at fewer inhabitants. But, right principles are absolute; they are not modified by numbers or time. A sophism is never an objection, only an insult to truth. But I shall let an authority speak on this subject that cannot be easily rejected. The *Edinburgh Review*, for 1867, speaks as follows about the condition of Scotland in the thirteenth century:—

"Tradition points to the days of the Alexanders as a time of great well-being. There had been peace with England more than a hundred years—a blessing never again enjoyed until the Union. The burgs had risen into affluence and importance, eminent over the English burghs * * * Berwick, called "the Alexandria of the North," held a foremost place among the commercial cities of the island. During the reign of the third Alexander her customs are said to have been farmed for a sum amounting to more than a quarter of the whole revenue of England from similar sources, and the story runs that in the middle of the 12th century a citizen of Berwick fitted out no fewer than 14 vessels for the rescue of his wife, who had been carried off by Orkney pirates. The purity of the coinage and the absence of all mention of voluntary aids afford strong evidence of the wealth of the nation. Everything in short, which we can learn points in the same direction. The castles of that period, and still more, the whole ecclesiastical buildings, bear witness to peace and riches. The tariff, which was very complicated, is proof of the luxuries in which the inhabitants were enabled to indulge, and a country which at that date imported such things as pepper, almonds, figs, bear or sable skins, and which carefully provid d for the regulation of taverns, must have been pretty well to do in the world. On the whole, all the facts which can be ascertained lead us to the conclusion that Scotland was a rich, prosperous, happy country at the close of the thirteenth century."

We may be pretty sure that the ablest Protestant review of the the ceatury, wedded as it has been to the principles which wrenched Scotland violently from her holiest and noblest traditions, would have liked to have been able to point the finger of scorn at the condition of Scotland in Catholic times in order to strengthen the argument in favor of the necessity of the pseudo-Reformation. It was not love of justice that moved the *Edinburgh Reviewer* to pen the foregoing line; it was the irresistible authority of facts. As the time has gone by when Protestant *historians* may distort whole centuries with impunity, we need not thank the *Edinburgh Review* for saying what it was compelled to say. And, the weight of its testimony is conclusive, inasmuch as it is from the mouth of a bitter enemy of Catholic ages and the church which created them.

Let me furnish some further authority on this subject, and, mind you, it is Protestant authority.

Tytler says:—"Oats, wheat, barley, peas and beans were all raised in abundance. In the innumerable mills that are mentioned in the cartularies (monastic lists or schedules) great quantities of oats and wheat were ground. *Wheaten bread was principally used at table.* In addition to these crops, extensive districts of rich, natural meadows, with the green sward which clothes the forest glades and furnished grass which was made into hay, the fields, the mountains and the forests were amply stacked with corn, sheep and large herds of swine. Even the poorest possessed the *right* of commons pasture. * * * Immense numbers of horses also contributed to the wealth of the country. Poultry must have been exceedingly plentiful, for the price of a hen was one half penny, cheese was manufactured very extensively. * * * In the reign of David the first, we are told the Frith of Forth was frequently covered with boats, manned by English, Scotch and Belgian fisherman, attracted by the great abundance of fish. In this, *as in all other branches of national wealth*, THE MONKS were the great improvers, and, by their skill and enterprise, taught the great barons and landed proprietors, their vassals and servants and the people, how much wealth and comfort might be extracted from the seas, the lakes and the rivers of their country."

"All the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life were cheap and abundant. The poorest of workingmen had plenty of bread, beet, pork, mutton, veal, poultry, fish, eggs, cheese when the Catholic Church ruled in Scotland. The Protestant spectre, Pauperism, was unknown, and the very poorest and most disabled were carefully attended to and their wants supplied at the convents and monasteries.

Hallam says:—"After every allowance that can be made, I find it difficult to resist the conclusion that the laboring man is much inferior in the ability to support his family now than his ancestors were four centuries ago."

Chalmers says of those times:—"The people were well fed, and the lower classes had a much larger supply of animal food than they partake of at present; cattle, swine and poultry were raised by them in great abundance, and were all consumed at home, along with plenty of bread, cheese and beer."

"It must be evident," says Tytler, "that in those times the laboring classes lived comfortably."

And it was from this deplorable state of things that John Knox rescued the Scottish people, and very effectually rescued them, as stattistics of the present day amply testify. The Scotch farm laborer or cottier is at this moment a slave, and, what is worse, a starving slave. When the Princess Louise entered the Argyle family a pamphlet was written by an author, whose name I cannot now recall, which appealed to her to do something for the miserable tenants of the Argyle estates. The description of the hapless condition was appalling, and was written with all the warmth of indignant truth. No doubt his grace answered that appeal with a third-rate disquisition on Primeval Man or some other practical remedy of a like nature. Though Whig of the Whigs for centuries, your titled greatness is always conservative of the pocket! Their ancestors appropriated the monks' property, but not the monks' charity, and the "rascaille mob" of Knox who cheered them on, are finding it out to their cost ever since.

But, I have said enough, my friends, touching this point of material well-being. The Scotch people had plenty to eat in the old Catholic times and sufficient raiment. And, thus being well fed and well clad, they were naturally prepared to lend an attentive ear to the instructions of their benefrctors, the Monks. Even kings and legislators had a respectful hearing, not by reason of any extraordinary attraction in kings and legislators, generally speaking, but because of the Church. The happies of all eras in history were those in which we find plenty of monks, respected and worthy of respect, and bishops, statesmen. I speak not now of your Wolseys, Richelieus, and Mazarins. I speak not of men whose brilliant services to mankind stand side by side with colossal vices. I cannot forget Wolsey and the Divorce; Richelieu and his ally Gustavus of Linden; Mazarin and his alleged avarice. I do not refer—Heaven forbid!—to such courtier bishops as feared to speak the truth to the base Bourbons on their bacchanalian march to '93; to none such as those do I refer. But, I recall from the sacred silence of their honored tombs men like Ximenes, St. Thomas-a-Becket, St. Dunstan, St Columba, St. Peter Damien, Reginald Pole, Rinucini, St. Lawrence O'Tuathal, and such Scotchmen as the bishops and chancellors Fraser, Lamberton, Elphinstone, whose immortal services to mankind will only be known when the Son of Man shall appear with His Cross in the heavens, which stretches its blue veil over the erring millions of Adam's race.

(To be Continued.)

On account of the new measure law, which compels us to sell by the Imperial measure, the price of our Altar Wine will be $1.80 per *Imperial* gallon, which is one-fifth larger than the old measure. The price remains the same, as 1 1-5 colonial gallons, at $1.50, is equal to one Imperial gallon, at $1.80. COUTU & Co., 245 Notre Dame street. ecw17-G

"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyist on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best. This is the only pure brand in the market, all others being what is called "Mustard Condiments," that is mustard mixed with farina etc.,—and do not possess the pungent aromatic flavour of the genuine article—Be sure you get "Colman's" with the Bull's Head on every tin. 11-G

IRISH NEWS.

An evicted farmer named Walsh was on the 21st September reinstated in his farm, at Lissanno, Ennis, by a crowd of several hundred persons. He was threatened with death should he again leave.

The Sarsfield Memorial Committee met on September 19th in Limerick and authorized Mr. Ambrose Hall to proceed to London and obtain professional assistance with the object of inspecting the cast of the pedestrian statue, which is now ready to be sent to the foundry.

Three hundred men assembled on Wednesday at the farm of a man named Martin Walsh, residing near *Liscanor*, County Clare, to reinstate him in his farm, from which he he had recently been evicted. They set to work, and put the roof on his house, it having been left roofless by the landlord. Walsh was reinstated amid great rejoicing. The police were present, but did not interfere.

M. de Molinari, a correspondent of the *Journal des Debats*, who has been visiting Ireland, gives in that paper his impressions of Cork. He praises Cork city, but deems it an irony of chance that so many public houses should degrade the neighborhood of the statue of Father Matthew. M. de Molinari more than insinuates that Ireland sadly wants at present another Apostle of Temperance. Cork is the Marseilles of Ireland, but her politics do not seem to spoil her pleasures.

The registar of Kilshannig, Mallow, reports the death of Cornelius McC—— at 111 years of age, and says the age is well authenticated, it being well known in the family that he was born in the year in which his father took a lease of a farm, and that was in 1769. The people in the neighborhood, some of them nearly 90, never knew Cornelius except as a grown-up man. A fortnight before his death he walked to his brother's house, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, and a few days afterwards he walked ten miles more to see another relative.

A Land League demonstration was held in Loughrea on 20th September to celebrate the discomfiture of a farmer named Murty Hynes, who had had the temerity to occupy a farm on Lord Dunsandle's estate from which a previous tenant had been evicted, and who had consequently been made the object of a visitation, and had consented to give up the farm. Murty attended the meeting and read a paper expressing a public apology for having acted in ignorance of the rules of the Land League, and submitted to forfeit £18 which he had paid for the hay.

Intelligence has reached town on September 22nd of the burning of about fifty tons of hay near Kildorrey, the property of Mr. Daniel Quirk, of Castletown, which is suspected to be the work of an incendiary. Reports current in reference to the deplorable affair are to the effect that the owner recently purchased the farm of an evicted relative of the same name. Possession was taken by the latter soon after, and it appears the Sheriff and a posse of constabulary had to come and reestablish the wealthier Quirk in the farm. Later on Mr. Quane, an auctioneer, failed to dispose of the meadowing thereon for want of bidders, and subsequently the produce was drawn home and made up on the old farm above named.—*Cork Herald.*

A determined attempt to hold the harvest was made on Sunday, 19th September, at Ballinvoher, a village about two miles from Swinford. The oats of an evicted tenant named Foy were cut and put into the haggard by the landlord. Mrs. Foy, whose husband is in England, accompanied by about a score of her friends, male and female, proceeded to retake the oats, when a most exciting scene occurred. The landlord and three of his sons, having among them three guns and a revolver, resisted the attack. For some minutes a fight, in which stones were freely used on both sides, ensued, with various results. A car containing some police, returning from the Louisburg land meeting, however came in sight, and the attacking party sounded a retreat. The landlord has obtained the protection of the constabulary.

The Right Hon. Mr. Childers was presented with an address of welcome from the towns-people of Donegal. The hon. gentleman, in replying, said, as regards the important questions which so intimately touch the interests of the Irish people, he could not promise more than to assure them that nothing was so strongly and so firmly impressed on the mind of the present Cabinet as to give the Irish every means and facility of developing the latent resources of the country. The attention of the Government would be seriously engaged during the winter considering these questions, and he hoped measures which would give entire satisfaction to the Irish people would be introduced in spring during the next Parliament. Several other points of the address were too important for him to give an opinion on, but he would bring it as a memento and guide to consider over at some other time. He came to get more information on questions on which the Cabinet would be called upon to legislate.

On the 23rd September, the anniversary of Colonel Patrick Leonard, a leading figure of the late Fenian movement, and the chief officer in this district, was commemorated in Monknewtown Cemetery, where, beneath a massive and excellently carved Celtic cross, his ashes lie. When the procession started only three bands and a couple hundred people composed the demonstration. The police in town were reinforced by contingents from the country stations, and, as a precautionary measure, they went in pairs upon their beats. Early in the day a contingent with a brass band and flags arrived from Virginia, County Cavan; while at twelve o'clock the ordinary train from Dublin, as well also as a special, brought great numbers. The Young Blood Fife and Drum Band, of Dundalk, arrived in a two horse van. At two o'clock the procession got in order at Dublin Gate, and, headed by the fine banner of the Drogheda Labourers' Society, set out for the trysting place at Monknewtown. The Martyrs' Brass Band, of Dublin, clad in sombre uniform, marched after the Drogheda banner; next followed the Virginia Brass Band, and the West Gate Fife and Drum Band. The other bands remained in town during the day, playing occasionally through the streets. Arrived in Monknewtown, the Martyrs' Band made a circuit of the churchyard, playing the Dead March in "Saul," and appropriate airs. A short prayer was then said at the grave of Leonard. Many present plucked a sprig or a sod from off his grave as a memento of the visit.

HOW TO GET SICK.

Expose youiself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL,

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.

The Montreal Catholic Club.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The usual annual meeting of the above Club was held on Wednesday last, the 6th of October, at which several changes were made in the executive. The following address was delivered by the President, F. A. Quinn, advocate:—

Rev. Father Moderator and Gentlemen:

It is, I am sure, an occasion of satisfaction to us all to meet again after our summer vacation. We are united in a great and holy work, that of mutual improvement, the study of science and religion, and the acquisition of all the knowledge which can be grouped under these comprehensive headings. To find ourselves again assembled within these walls, in order to continue the work so auspiciously begun last year, should be to us not only a source of satisfaction but a reminder that our object is not pleasure but study. In the course of this, my inaugural address, I intend to indicate as briefly as possible, and under their scientific names, with short definitions and brief explanations, some of the principal sciences which may be the subject of our meditations. After this review you will agree with me in saying that we have a vast horizon to explore, and wherever we will direct our eyes we will have ample matter for contemplation and study.

In looking over the list of our members we find still the same names, and we are rejoiced to think that they with whom we inaugurated this work will continue it with us, striving after knowledge, the knowledge of the good and the beautiful. One name alone will we miss—fortunately it is replaced by that of another whom we are confident we will respect and love as we did his predecessor.

The Revd. Father Ryan has been removed from our midst to another sphere of duty. The soldier, enrolled in the ranks of the grand army which St. Ignatius founded, knows not what the morrow may bring forth; his orders may call him from the midst of the brightest civilization to that of the darkest barbarism; for between the two there is no choice for him; he follows the Cross; his mission is to introduce civilization into barbarism, and to remove, by education and example, from civilization itself any remnants of barbarism which, like sin, cannot be crushed out, but ever crops up. Science and religion are his great weapons, the Cross his standard, the truth his aim—that truth which makes men free. His home is the station to which his superiors may direct him; and if a false Republic, making mockery of Liberty, exiles him from one land he finds in another a congenial home, for in every land there is work to be gone, his Master's work, and where his Master calls him, there is his home.

Our first Moderator, the Rev. F. Ryan, has heard the call and abeyed; may God's blessings follow him, as surely they will; our respect and gratitude will accompany him wherever he may go; and we trust that he too will remember us. Our regrets are tempered with the thought that he leaves behind him a successor animated by the same zeal as was his; pleasure and hope follow in the footprints of sorrow. With the men of the old French monarchy we can say *Le Roy est mort! Vive le Roi!* We will continue, kind Father Doherty, under your eyes and guiding hand, the work which we have attempted under your predecessor.

Our object is culture, not the false culture of the nineteenth century, which has become with many almost a religion, or rather their only religion; for culture in the modern sense is knowledge, and power, and virtue; it is an end and not a means to higher and greater things. Culture, in the opinion of modern scientists, is all that is required to make man virtuous and happy. How far they are mistaken, we will easily perceive if we look into the biography of the most cultured men of almost every age, for among them we find the very worst examples of vice, rapacity, dishonesty and selfishness. Bacon was, perhaps, the founder of modern culture, for his system of philosophy and [illegible] is their greatest shibboleth, and yet Pope could find no other words truthfully to describe him, than by saying that he was the wisest, brightest, and meanest of mankind.

The culture we seek is that culture which the Rev. Father Ryan, in his thoughtful and magnificent lecture given here last spring, has so well defined as the "Development of the intellectual and moral faculties, according to well-regulated reason, for the purpose of enabling man to do well his part in the constant fight on earth between good and evil."

In this field are comprised all the services which men boast of so much in our day, all the knowledge and power which they glorify so constantly, and much more.

For with that culture we learn how to perform well our parts as members of society, as intelligences to whom Nature ever presents an open book for their study, as moral beings, responsible to a higher power, and as destined to greater knowledge than the perishable wisdom of this earth, to greater pleasure than the fleeting pleasures of the flesh, to greater glory than the vague renown of history, and to more lasting happiness than the inconstant and uncertain joys of this mortal existence. Modern culture is of this earth, earthy; true culture has its aim and being and reward in immortality.

To cultivate our intellectual faculties, to stimulate our moral faculties, by example and study, we have before us the whole history of mankind, the birth and struggles of peoples, their triumphs and defeats, their laws and their customs, their trade and their commerce. We will learn to see in all history, in every age and every country, one mighty struggle for liberty on the part of the multitude and one constant effort on the parts of the few to restrain that spirit; this struggle was old thousands of years ago and it still goes on. Truth and error, vice and virtue have ever contended and ever will contend—if we rise above names and places, details and dates, one will see that the history of every people is that of its neighbor, that the same lines will draw out the leading facts, that the same few colors and the same few touches of the brush will give a tableau of history, common to all countries and to all times. Small nucleus forms itself, a slow accession at first adds to the population, then wars on the neighoring peoples annex new territory, then conquest extends, till finally it dominates, then follow luxury and corruption, on their footsteps loss of courage, of renown, of territory, the rise and fall of nations, they are seen no more, they are remembered only as a name, a few monuments perhaps remain to point a moral and tell how fleeting is earthly power and earthy glory. Do we look into details, we will see on the one hand honor, bravery and virtue, on the other shame, cruelty, treason, crime and all unholiness. In the centuries gone by, force ruled the world, as it rules many parts of it to this day; treaties were then no more expected than in our times; the Bismarcks and Gambettas, the Czars and the Emperors of the past past were as those of the present; the peoples were their victims as now, their war were as cruel and no more cruel than needless and no more needless than the wars which have desolated contemporary countries. From the pages of history, we will learn how hollow is the fond hope, how vain the belief of the perfectibility of man and mankind. As man was at the birth of things so he is to-day—weak and sinful, a creature of passion, great and grand only when he conquers passion and conquers himself.

The earth opens up her bosom to our enquiring eyes; gealogy and minerology now lead us back to pre-historic times, tell us when and where and how were formed the minerals, the rocks and the clays upon which we tread. Botany will display to our admiration the laws of the growth of the trees, the grasses, the flowers and fruits which, while they give food to our bodies, fail not to give delectation to all our senses. Zoology will lead on before our eyes in a grand procession all the animals which people the earth, will give us their genera and species, their habitation and their mode of life, their sphere in the economy of nature, the uses they are to man and his proud dominion over them. The sea will give up its secrets to our search; ichthyology, like zoology for the earth, will render familiar to us the forms of life which in myriads fill the depths of the waters, and conchology will whisper to our ears the music of the shells lying in endless variety on the sea shore and in the bosom of the ocean.

Astronomy, most sublime of natural sciences, will present to our delighted view an eternity of wonder and miracles. Chemistry will reveal the thousand laws of affinity and repulsion, which have operated, and still operate, through all existing things and beings, these laws which have rendered possible all the wonders shown by the other natural sciences, laws which have plunged into the depths of the earth and have worked upon its surface, which, from the bed of the ocean to the highest altitudes of the heavens, have governed matter, its union and formation and permanence. These sciences have taught us the nature of things through their effects, through what was visible to our eyes, and through the deductions and conclusions which our minds may have formed by their observance. We can go farther and higher and learn the nature of things through their just causes; here we have philosophy.

But in order to be enabled to scale the heights of philosophy, we should learn the use of the instrument which we are to employ in the achievement of that great end. Our reason should be an object of careful study; Logic will tell us of all the operations of our mind, will show us all our intellectual facuities, will give us the laws of reasoning, the rules of discussion, its modes, whether analytical or synthetical, and will aid us in our arduous task of distinguishing truth from error, light from darkness. Then we may advance with a freer step, but let us beware, not with a confident step, however, into the vast realm of metaphysics, for, here we speak of immaterial things, of abstractions, difficult of comprehensions, the misunderstanding of which have led to thousands of deplorable errors in thought and action.

Things are immaterial by mere abstraction of the mind, such as the notion of a being, the idea of quantity, quality and other ideas which are inherent to existing things, but, which we consider in a purely mental operation, independent of all idea of actual existence, and only as creations of the mind; here, we have the science of ontology. Things may be immaterial by themselves, such as the idea of God of the human soul. The study of the existence and attributes of God forms the science of natural theology. The existence of the human soul, its powers, its qualities, its immortalities, and its final end, we may consider in the study of psychology. The world, its origin, its permanence, its laws can be studied in the science of cosmogeny.

These four last sciences, it is true, are usually confined to colleges and seminaries, more's the pity, as they are fundamental, and loose notions, false beliefs on fundamental points lead invariably to fatal consequences.

But should we find their study too arduous, or not to our tastes, we have vast subjects before us in the field of political economy. The pursuit of wealth has ever been and shall ever be one of the principal, if not the principal of the aims of mankind on earth. How to regulate this fierce striving for riches so that it may tend to the benefit of the whole people, has ever been a question of gravest moment to thinkers and statesmen. If we cannot throw light upon the subject, and add something towards the solution of this mighty problem, we can at least see what has been said by the *great thinkers* who have preceded us and learn wisdom at their feet. Intimately connected with political economy is the great question of law in all its relations. If political economy studies man's actions in their attempts to possess the earth and its treasures, law regulates his conduct in every relation in which he comes in contact with his inferiors, his equals and his superiors.

Municipal law will lead him as a member of the smaller communities. Civil and commercial law will guide him in his daily life at home and abroad, whether as a private individual in the midst of his family, as a son, a brother, a husband or father, or whether abroad as a workman, a merchant, an employee or employer, the law will surround him with its safeguards. At his birth it will register his name and establish his legitimacy; in his youth it will see to his education, and protect those rights which his inexperience might imperil; in his manhood it will walk before him at every step; when old age comes upon him it will be a staff to his weakness; and when weary of strife he lays him down, the law will endow him with a species of immortality, and make his wishes be fulfilled from beyond the grave.

The comity of nations has, especially in modern times, formed and recognized a new code of laws, regulating the conduct of nations between themselves. This international law will present ample matter to our meditations. But law regulates the outward man, in as far as he comes in contact with others; it can only concern him in what our French friends so aptly call "*le for exterieur*;" the only tribunal before which law can bring him is man-made, fallible, uncertain.

And yet there are two more tribunals before which man must needs appear; the one fallible, it is true, but less easily deceived, more severe and more certain in its judgments than any which human ingenuity can design; it is the "*for interieur*" conscience, conscience, which makes cowards of us all, which knowing our motives, the circumstances under which we act, can gauge our conduct and pass true judgment upon our actions. The other tribunal is still greater and grander, supremely just, supremely merciful and infallible; at its bar the creature before his Creator renders account of the days which he has passed in the Flesh.

Ethics and theology supply the laws, which will be the standard, according to which man will be judged by himself and by his creator; they are of all the sciences the most exalted and the most beautiful. Designed not for time merely, but for eternity, they deserve and have received at the hand of genuis in all *times, the most careful consideration*; and of all sciences of ethics and theology are those which have attracted the greatest number of minds, and the most intense study on their part.

And now, gentlemen, I have sketched with rapid pen, some of the many subjects upon which our intelligences can exert themselves; we cannot hope to touch upon them all, but, we can with the reverential spirit of the student approach at least some of those mighty themes, and draw from them lessons of knowledge, wisdom and virtue. By true culture, we can make of ourselves better men, better citizens, and better christians; we can make of our club a bond of union, where love of the beautiful and refinement of feeling will be the guiding motives, and where we form friendship which will ever be remembered with the greenest pleasure in after life, for these friendships are formed in the midst of pursuits to the most pure and the most enobling.

These evenings will be ever a pleasant memory to us all, for

"We spend them not in toys, in lust or wine,
But search of deep philosophy
Wit, eloquence, and poesy.

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED IN THE CASE OF A MAN FOUND IN THE RIVER.

OTTAWA, Oct. 7.—An inquest was held last night by Coroner Corbet, at the St. Lawrence Hotel, on the body of Ignace Petehent, who was found dead in the Ottawa River Tuesday morning. Some evidence was taken, showing that the deceased's life had been threatened by a man named Larievre, on account of the latter having superseded him in the affections of a disreputable character named Grace Baldwin. There were no marks of external violence on the body and the jury ordered a *postmortem*, and then adjourned until to-night It is supposed that the deceased was struck in the body with a slab, and immediatly afterwards thrown in the river, in which case the body would neither show marks of violence nor present the appearance of having been drowned. This supposition is based upon the remark of a Frenchman who, in conversation with several men, stated that it was very likely the cause of death. When questioned about the matter he said other parties had told him that such a result would follow from a blow in the stomach. A number of witnesses are to be examined.

The easy manner in which Scotch paper, vilify their neighbors at the expense of truth has had a very striking illustration. Of all other papers in Scotland, the *Scotsman* would be expected to be the last to descend to the low task of lying in regard to a subject not collateral in order to disprove an adverse proposition. This is what the *Scotsman* has done in a recent issue. Professor Blackie and others complained the other day of the sad relations between landlord and tenant in his country, quoting as a proof the depopulation of the Highlands. The argument, of course, was not palatable to the *Scotsman*. In order to prove that the Highlands were not depopulated it proceeded to show why, after all, it did not matter whether they were depopulated or not. It did it in this wise:—"A numerous half-starved, wholly wretched population is not strength, but weakness. Would any one dream of regarding the West of Ireland at this time as a source of natural strength? Yet it is to such a state of things as exists there that all the wild talk about depopulation and the rest of it leads. Perhaps it may not be amiss in this connection to call the attention of Dr. Begg and the Rev. Mr. M'Millan to an interesting fact and a possible corollary. The overpopulation and the attendant misery of many parts of Ireland is due in part to Roman Catholic priests. They have discouraged emigration, encouraged early marriages, and done their best to keep the people on the land. The only means by which the priests could eke out a living was by the contributions they got from the miserable creatures who belonged to their fold, and the more they had, they stronger did they seem to be against Protestantism. It is not meant that there was any general prevalence of selfish motives in what was thus done. The Roman Catholic priests, doubtless, believed that they were acting for the best for the people; but their religious views blinded them to the evil of what they were doing."—*Ulster Examiner.*

This is argument with a vengeance.

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The Irish Government have been seriously considering the grave step of a very extensive series of State prosecutions in connection with the Land League proceedings in Ireland. A decision is withheld solely because of Mr. Forster's positive objection to any such course until at all events he has personally perused the formidable reports said to have been laid before the law officers of the Crown. It is not for seditious language the prosecutions are contemplated or rather suggested, but conspiracy to prevent the letting of land. Seven of the Dublin leaders and no less than forty-two provincial Land League members are incriminated.

A newly-married couple riding in a carriage were overturned; whereupon a bystander said it was a shocking sight. "Yes," said the gentleman, "to see thore just wedded fall out' so soon."

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"But I pass," said a minister recently, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then, I make it spades!" yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of Napoleon.

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