

the eastern townships, in the District of the Three Rivers, in which vocation he laboured with eminent success until September, 1831.

Subsequently to this he was appointed to the cure of all the missions on both sides of the Ottawa as far as Bytown, which he held for two years.

In September, 1833, he was inducted to the charge of the Parish of St. Martine, in the county of Beauharnois, where he labored with marked success for six years, when (in 1839) he was promoted to the Parish of Lapararie, of which he was the incumbent until his consecration, on the 8th of May, 1842, as Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto; which ceremony—gratifying to his flock and the members of the Church generally, and reflecting like credit on the deceased's exertions in the ministerial office, took place in his own Church at Lapararie. He formerly entered into possession of his See in the Church of St. Paul, Toronto, on the 20th of June of the same year, and was officially acknowledged by Her Majesty's Government as Catholic Bishop of Toronto, in the month of September next following.—*Mirror*.

We take the following from the New York Freeman's Journal:

The following is from a paper which we do not like even, to name in our columns. But if it uses such a communication to stimulate the thirst for Mexican gold, we will use it for a better purpose.

*THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.

The Americans in possession of the imperial city of Mexico and the neighboring hill and fountain of Guadalupe, have a peculiar hold on the old Mexican race. By immemorial tradition the lord of the spot on which the Atzec eagle paused in its flight, is master of the Mexican valley. In the eyes of the masses, as in military science, Mexico falls with her capital. The prowess and skill that has reached and struck down the heap may easily reduce to submission the broken members. The second pledge of final obedience is in the guardianship of the dearest and most sacred object of the national veneration—the Church, rock and fountain dedicated to "Mary, the mother of Jesus, patron saint and perpetual intercessor of the Mexican people." This site has been always esteemed as highly hallowed ground by the native races from the date of their earliest records. A temple dedicated to a benignant goddess, the mediator between man and the higher duties, crowned at the time of the conquest, the remarkable hill now sacred to the name of her whom Scripture styles "blessed among women," and the medicinal fountain that boils continually at its foot, has ever been to the inhabitants of the plains a centre of religious pilgrimage. The stones of the heathen temple have been remodeled into a Christian Church, and science has explained the healing virtues of the fountain; but under all changes the natives throng to the place with reverential faith. Gen. Scott will find that his protection and respect for the sacred edifice of Guadalupe will do more to win over and disarm the populace than proclamations or bayonets. We started to visit the shrine of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" on one of those balmy cloudless mornings that are peculiar to the climate of Mexico, and after a delightful ride of three miles along a perfectly straight and level road, bordered by a double avenue of trees, glittering with scarlet fruit, our carriage drew up between the stately cathedral of Guadalupe and the over-brimming fountain of the Plaza. Not the fountain under the protection of "Our Lady," but such as belongs to many other towns of Spanish America, and which, with much less advantage of jet,

did not stop long, however, outside of the church, for it was a day of festival, and the Indian girls were celebrating with hymn and dance the praises of "the pure, the merciful, the sinner-pitying Mother of God." On entering the door the senses are confused and overwhelmed by the magnificence and profusion of the spectacle. Gold, silver, carvings, paintings, and statues crowd upon the eye in lavish display. Presently the towering columns and the noble symmetry of the vast arcades of the ceiling reveals their chaste splendor of pure white and burnished gold with brilliant distinctness. Then the eye turns with surprise and admiration to the wonderful choir, which stands, like a church within a church, in the immense central space of the nave. It is a miracle of rich carving and solid silver-work. A heavy balustrade, some feet high, of pure silver, rails in the passage from the choir to the altar, and the wide semi-circle in front of it. At short intervals silver statues with candle-holders in their hands crown the costly balustrade and the fence around the altar, while the altar itself shines an enormous mass of gold. More than a thousand pounds weight of gold and silver (some say more than a ton,) was used in the balustrade and altar ornaments of this splendid edifice, yet with all this outlay the church and shrine of Guadalupe are not so rich as Trinity Church of New York—has not had so many prosperous vestry men, nor affords to her Bishop a life so luxurious, or a house so elegant as our Trinity accords. * * * We state this from personal enquiry and observation, and only by way of parenthesis. This new church is at the foot of the hill of Guadalupe. On its sharp summit stands the original chapel built in consequence of an Indian named Juan Diego being directed in a dream or vision to call upon the Archbishop of Mexico to raise a chapel on that spot, to the honour and service of the "Virgin Mother of Jesus." At first the Archbishop hesitated, but when the vision was repeated to Juan Diego, with the gift of some roses gathered from the bare rock on which roses never grew before, which she threw in the lap of his mitta, or frock of native linen, and when on unfolding his mitta to produce the roses the copy of the vision was found impressed in glowing portraiture on its coarse texture; fate triumphed and the chapel rose. A steep and difficult path cut in the rock leads to this chapel which, like all the Mexican churches, is profusely decorated with gilding, paintings, and statuary, but has no special merit. The platform on which it stands commands a delicious view of the Valley of Mexico, smiling blandly on its bright vesture of eternal spring. At a few miles distance rises in solitary grandeur from the far-stretching level of the plain, the giant Chapultepec wearing like a helmet the fortifications that overawe the city. Such is the extreme purity of the air that we could trace with ease the long line of aqueduct that touches the base of the hill of Chapultepec as it passes into the city. Even then, as we fixed on it our admiring eyes, we spoke of Chapultepec as a lion in the gate to Mexico, and fixed the fourth of July as the period of its occupation by the American troops. We still think that expectation was but reasonable. The circular dome, rich in many colored mosaic-work, that covers the sacred fountain, attracts us at last to itself; and we descend the hill to partake of its waters. The edifice is of peculiar and most oriental character, as is natural, for it was erected by the descendant of the Moorish princes of Grenada, who died here in the odor of Christian sanctity. His portrait shows a noble looking man, and fitly decorates the interior of the building. The fountain