

The True Witness.

AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1870.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

We take this opportunity of informing all Subscribers in arrears to this Office, that, wearied out with reiterated and fruitless appeals to their sense of justice and common honesty, we have commenced handing over their accounts to a lawyer for collection; and shall for the future continue so to deal with all those who will not, except on compulsion, pay their just debts.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Telegrams under date 1st inst., announced the formation of a new Ministry for France, but later reports would indicate that the arrangements are not complete, and that the era of responsible government has not been inaugurated. Affairs in Spain are as confused as ever; no progress whatever towards the establishment of a settled government for that distracted country has as yet been made.

The Fathers of the Council of the Vatican continue their labors, but of the results, we as yet know nothing. Whether the question of the so-called "personal" infallibility of the Pope will be so much as mooted is still uncertain; but Catholics who believe in the assistance of the Holy Ghost, will wait patiently, content to accept with child-like faith whatever the Church may declare to be the truth.

There have been no disturbances in Ireland, though we regret to say that agrarian outrages of great atrocity are still rife. It may be hoped that the measures which Mr. Gladstone will soon lay before the country may have a beneficial effect.

From the Red River we learn that Mr. McDougall, we know not what his official title is, or whether he be really a Lieut.-Governor or no, is falling back, and that for the moment the policy of the insurgents is triumphant. It is a bad business, and has been sadly mismanaged.

THE COUNCIL.

To the exclusion of other matter, of very secondary importance, we give such accounts of the opening of the great Council of the Vatican, as we can glean from our Catholic exchanges. Again, however, we must warn our readers not to believe one word they may read upon the subject in any of the Protestant journals, whose editors and correspondents have no means of knowing anything that takes place amongst the members of the Holy Synod. The proceedings are secret, and will be divulged when, and in such measure, as shall appear fit to the Sovereign Pontiff, and his advisers. Our first extract is from the London Tablet, which publishes a supplement, during the session of the Council, under the appropriate title of *The Vatican* :—

THE OPENING OF THE OECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

Rome, December 10.—The Eve of the Immaculate Conception is the date from which anything like a detailed description of the opening of the Council, must begin, and it is difficult to give any just idea of the proceedings to readers at a distance and unacquainted with the localities and usages of the Vatican, unless they have previously studied the detailed order of the ceremonial and the description of the Aula Conciliaris which I forwarded to you last week. The very vastness of the Basilica militates against any single spectator witnessing the entire ceremony, while the musical and unfamiliar rites peculiar to the opening and which no previous experience assists him to follow is necessarily most confusing.

On the morning of the 7th of December every altar in Rome was crowded with communicants for the intentions of the Pope, thousands of persons choosing that day to fulfil their jubilee. From day-break the masses went on without interruption till nearly one, alike in the parochial and conventual churches, an immense number being celebrated by the foreign clergy and Bishops living within reach. The Vigil was observed as a strict fast, many of the more devout Roman families keeping it on bread and vegetables in the primitive fashion. At midday the batteries of St. Angelo and the bellies of Rome simultaneously announced that the day was come, which had been so long and so ardently desired by the lovers of the Church and feared by her enemies, which was set for the resurrection of many, and by God's mercy we may hope for the fall of none; which to the separated churches is a loving call to

Unthread the rude eyes of rebellion,
And welcome back again discarded Faith,
And which to every living Catholic is a message of hope, of courage, and united action for the latest and most deadly struggle the Church may perhaps be engaged in.

Towards two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the Piazza of the SS. XII Apostoli was thronged with soldiers, and the troops took up their position round the square. The balconies of the Odescalchi, Ruffo and Torlonia palaces, the French Embassy, and the

Palazzo Savorelli were draped with scarlet, and arras hangings, and the weather, which had been persistently rainy on the previous days, as it has been since, was fine enough to permit the Roman people to testify by their presence in unusual numbers their joy on the occasion and their loyalty to the Holy Father. Romagnoli, Milanese, Tuscan, and Umbrian visitors vied with the most enthusiastic among the French and German pilgrims in the heartiness of their cheers as the Pope's outriders came in sight at half-past three, by which time the church was densely crowded.

The Pope entered from the sacristy door and passed into the sanctuary, which was one blaze of light and there, surrounded by the Sacred College and the Prelates of his Household, assisted at the chanting of the Libanites and then, rising, in a clear and distinct voice intoned the "Te Deum" in which the choir and the whole assembly joined with a fervor which left no doubt of their love for the Immaculate Mother of God, or of their joy in the definition of her most glorious privilege. The Pope gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and then returned to the sacristy where most of the Royal personages present waited to receive his blessing and offer their congratulations on the anniversary and their warmest wishes for the Council and its success. The Pope's countenance was radiant with faith and courage and his voice was remarkably clear and free from weakness.

The canon of St. Angelo ushered in the morning of the Immaculate Conception, and the great Pontifical banners were run up on the bastions of the fort. The whole garrison of Rome was under arms, and had the weather been fine, the city would have offered a spectacle of outward rejoicing and gaiety, light and movement and colour, rarely equalled even in her long register of pageantry and festival celebrations. The rain, however, alas! fell in torrents during the previous night and continued without cessation during the whole day rendering the streets one mass of black mud, and rendering it difficult to reach St. Peter's save in a conveyance of some kind. In spite of all obstacles, however, the crowd did make its way there shortly after five o'clock and the doors were besieged by eight-seers long before the opening.

At seven the bridge of St. Angelo was blocked up with privileged carriages and foot passengers, among whom were to be distinguished more than one poor Missionary Bishop not able to find a carriage, and making his way to the scene of action under the shelter of an immense umbrella. The magnificent ornate of half their splendour by the oil-lick coverings necessitated by the weather, and a more dreary scene could scarcely be witnessed than the exterior aspect of St. Peter's in the grey of a December morning with the adjuncts of heavy rain and a full orison. All the beauty of the king's daughter was evidently to be within, and so we found it when on entering the Basilica by the door of St. Martha, the wonderful spectacle was revealed by the removal of the lower part of the screen which cut off the transept, leaving the Hall of Council exposed to public view.

A battalion of Zouaves was on guard in the nave forming the avenue along which the procession was to pass, the Comte de Nervaux being the commanding officer, with a company of the Swiss riflemen under Captain de Courten, and of the Swiss Guard under Captains Schmidt and Pfiffer, and two companies of the Palatine Guard, surrounded the Conception of St. Peter, on the high altar on which the Adorable Sacrament was exposed amid heavy wax torches and massive silver candelabra.

The statue of St. Peter was robed and crowned as on great feasts, and the Loggia of St. Veronica, St. Longinus, St. Andrew, and St. Helena were draped and illuminated, and on the former the major relics were exposed in the latter part of the day.

The crowd soon became dense, nearly 100,000 persons it is calculated having been present during the procession, which appeared to be the great point of interest, and a fearful crush took place near the Naricella in consequence of the Palatine Guard arriving too late, and having to dislodge an immense body of spectators who had taken up their places exactly in the line of the intended procession. I need not say that all could not be satisfied by a view of the ceremonies and the very limited space assigned to even the Abbots of Pontifical functions prevented any, save the Prelates, a few of the Roman princes, and a still smaller body of favored strangers, from obtaining a full view of the proceedings in the Aula itself.

At half past eight the boom of the cannon announced to us that the procession was forming in the Upper Atrium, and that the Pope was leaving his apartments. Your readers will imagine themselves on the line of the procession exactly opposite the Julian Chapel of the Basilica, where vesters are ordinarily sung by the canons, the light being the best at this point for witnessing the passage of the Fathers; and here, too, were assembled the deputations of Basilican and parochial churches whose clergy claimed the right to join the procession. They were vested in cotas and stole, and were headed in each division by their respective crosses carried by an acolyte, and waited the arrival of the great procession before the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, opposite that of the canons.

The great gates were thrown back, and through them came the sweet and powerful chant of the "Veni Creator," sung by the cantors of the Sixtine Chapel, who heralded the entry of the procession. Next came the Papal Crossbearer, carrying the Processional Cross, presented a few days since to the Pope by Lord Bute, and first made use of on the occasion of the Council.

The Prelates of the Papal household followed, among whom were Mgrs Howard, Stonor, Basilide, Daniel, Waelmont, and Patterson. As the long line defiled up St. Peter's the interest of the crowd of spectators increased. On every side were heard questions as to who were the different bishops, and the greatest curiosity was evinced as to which were Mgr Donanopoli and Mgr Maret especially, this principally from the Italian part of the audience, whose readings in the *Civita* and *Unita Cattolica* have led them to take a lively interest in the pending questions.

The royal personages present at the opening were H.R.M. the Empress of Austria, H.M. the King of Naples, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, the Duke and Duchess of Parma, the Counts and Countesses of Trani, Trapani, Girgenti, Caserta, Bari, H.M. the Queen of Wurtemberg, and H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Vera Constantinovna. Among the thousands of distinguished visitors, those best known to your English readers are the Marquis of Bute, the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, the Countess of Jersey, Lord De Tabley, Messrs. Howard of Gorbey, Boderham of Rotherwas, Stourton, Wegg-Prosser, &c. &c.

The coincidence of the words over the Pope's throne in the "Aula" was universally remarked yesterday. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." The words were there in 1867, and this coincidence is quite accidental.

The following is the Allocution pronounced by the Holy Father :—

ALLOCUTION PRONOUNCED IN THE VATICAN BASILICA AT THE OPENING OF THE HOLY OECUMENICAL COUNCIL BY OUR MOST HOLY LORD POPE PIUS BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE THE NINTH, ON THE EIGHT DAY OF DECEMBER 1869.

To the Bishops of the Catholic World in the same Council assembled.

Venerable Brethren,—What by all our vows and prayers have been continually begging of God, that, namely, We should be enabled to celebrate with you the Oecumenical Council which we have summoned; this has by the marked and singular goodness of God Himself been granted to Us, and filled Us with the utmost joy. Wherefore Our heart exalts in the Lord, and is filled with unspeakable consolation, for that on this most auspicious day, hallowed by the memory of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin

Mary Mother of God, We again see you before Us in greater numbers than heretofore, present in this stronghold of the Catholic Religion; and We are gladdened by the sight of you who are called to bear a part of our soliloquy.

You are here, Venerable Brethren, gathered together in the name of Christ (Matt. xviii. 20) that with Us you may give testimony to the Word of God and the Testimony of Jesus Christ [Apoc. i. 2]; and that with Us you may teach all men the way of God in truth (Matt. xxiii. 16); and that under the guidance of the Holy Spirit you may judge [Aot. x. 5. 19] with Us of the oppositions of knowledge falsely so called [1 Tim. vi. 20].

For at this time more than ever, now that the earth had mourned and faded away, infected by the inhabitants thereof [Isai. xlvii. 4. 5] zeal for the glory of God and the safety of the Lord's flock, requires of us to surround Zion, and to encompass her, and to tell her towers, and to set Our hearts in her strength [Psalm xlvii. 13. 14].

For you see, Venerable Brethren, with what fury the old enemy of mankind has attacked and still continues to attack the House of the Lord which holiness becometh.

To him is due that disastrous conspiracy of the impious so widely spread, which strong in union, powerful in resources, fenced round with ordinances, and making liberty a cloak for malice [1 Pet. ii. 16], conspires not to wage a cruel war, disgraced by every atrocity, against the Holy Church of Christ. You know well the nature of this war, its fierceness, its weapons, its successes; and its purposes. You have ever present before you, how those sound doctrines on which rests human society, in its various ranks, are disordered and obscured; how deplorably all the rules of right are turned to wrong; how manifold are the forms employed of falsehood and corruption, while the saving bonds of justice, honor, and authority are loosened; the vilest passions are inflamed, and the Christian faith is uprooted from the souls of men; so that if any schemes and endeavors of the wicked could avail for the destruction of the Church of God, we might at this very time fear her approaching downfall. But nothing is more powerful than the Church—these are the words of St. Chrysostom—"the Church is stronger than heaven itself. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My words shall not pass away." What words are these? "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—[Matt. xvi. 18. 19].

And although the City of the Lord of Hosts, the City of our God rests on a foundation that shall never be overthrown; yet when We see, and in Our inmost heart grieve over so vast an accumulation of ills, and the ruin of so many souls, to avert which We would willingly lay down Our life; as We exercise on earth the office of the Eternal Pastor, and therefore must needs be more inflamed than others with zeal for the House of God: We deemed ourselves bound to adopt that course which offered most hope of healing the many wounds of the Church.

And often turning in Our mind that word of the Prophet Isaiah, "Take counsel, gather a council; and considering that this remedy had often been successfully employed by Our predecessors in the utmost extremity of the Christian Church; after long continued prayers; after hearing the counsel of our Venerable Brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, and after learning the desires of many holy Bishops: We have thought right to summon you, Venerable Brethren, who are the salt of the earth, the guardians and pastors of the flock of the Lord, to assemble at this Sea of Peter; and on this day through the gracious providence of God, Who has removed all that might hinder Our great undertaking, We celebrate with the ancient solemn rites, the opening of our holy Congregation. So various and so abundant is the feeling of love, Venerable Brethren, which We experience at this time, that We are unable to retain it in Our breast. For seeing you, We imagine that we behold the whole Catholic family, Our own most dear children, gathered around Us. We think of the many pledges of love, of the many outbursts of fervent hearts by which, at your suggestion, under your guidance, and by your example, Our children have shown and continue to show, such admirable respect and affection for Us and for this Apostolic See; and full of this thought We cannot in this most honorable assembly, wherein you are gathered together, refrain from a solemn and public profession of Our great gratitude to them all; and We most earnestly beseech God that the trial of their faith much more precious than gold may be found unto praise and glory and honour at the appearing of Jesus Christ, (1. Peter, ix. 7). We think also of the wretched fate of so many men, who are led astray and wander far from the way of truth and justice, and therefore of true happiness; and with desire We desire to help and save them, remembering the example of our Divine Redeemer and Master Jesus, Who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Moreover Our eyes are turned to this monument raised to the honour of the Prince of the Apostles in which we stand; they are turned on this cherished city, which by the loving kindness of God has not been delivered over as a spoil to the nations; they are turned on this Roman people, so dear to Us, by whose love, fidelity, and reverence We are always surrounded, and We are moved to extol the goodness of God Who has been pleased at this season more and more, to assure to Us the hope of His divine protection. But Our thoughts, Venerable Brethren, dwell chiefly upon you, whose care, earnestness, and concord We now persevere to be of so great importance for promoting the glory of God: We notice the burning zeal which you have brought to the fulfilment of your task and in particular that admirable and most close union which exists between all of you and Us and this Apostolic See; and which union, in this season more even than in all our former afflictions, nothing can be more grateful to Us nothing more beneficial to the Church; and We rejoice vehemently in the Lord to see such dispositions in you, that We are forced to conceive a sure and well-founded hope of most rich and excellent fruits to be obtained from your coming together in this present Council. Never heretofore, perhaps, was war waged with more determination and more cunning against the Kingdom of God; and never was there more need of that close union between the Priests of the Lord and the supreme Shepherd of His flock, which imparts so wonderful strength to the Church; and, through the peculiar care of God, and through your excellent dispositions, this union has been maintained without breach; so that it has become, and we trust will daily more and more become, a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men.

Wherefore, Venerable Brethren, be strong in the Lord; and in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, be sanctified in truth [John, xvii. 19]; put on the whole armour of truth, and join with Us in teaching the Way, the Truth, and the Life, for which men, so long the victims of countless disorders, must now needs yearn; join with Us in securing a return of peace for all Kingdoms, law for the barbarian, calm for the monasteries, good order for the Church, discipline for the clergy, and for God an acceptable people [St. Bern. de Considerat. iv. 4]. God is standing in His holy place; He is in the midst of Us in Our councils and in Our acts; He, in this effort of His abundant mercy, has chosen Us to be His ministers and fellow-labourers; and it behooves Us to be so devoted to this service that We now consecrate Our minds, Our hearts, Our strength to Him alone.

But conscious of Our own weakness We distrust Our power; and Our eyes are raised, Our prayers are addressed, with confidence to Thee, Spirit of God, Thou Fount of true Light, and of the Wisdom of God, do Thou pour the illumination of Thy grace into Our minds, that We may see what is right, what is salutary, what is most excellent; do Thou rule, mould, and direct Our hearts, that whatever this Council shall do may have a right beginning, prosperous course, and a happy termination.

And Thou too, Mother of fair love, of knowledge and holy hope, Thou Queen and bulwark of the Church, do Thou take Our consultations and Our toils under the secure protection of Thy motherly care; and by Thy prayers to God gain for Us the grace to be ever One in spirit and One in heart.

Be you also with Us, ye Angels and Archangels; and thou, too, Prince of the Apostles, Blessed Peter; and thou, Fellow Apostle of Peter, Paul, Doctor of the Gentiles and Preacher of truth in the whole world; and all ye Saints of Heaven, ye especially whose relics we venerate in this place: by your powerful intercession procure for us that we may all faithfully fulfil our ministry, and may receive mercy from God in the midst of His temple, to whom be honor and glory for ever and ever.

The following extracts are from the pen of the *Times*' correspondent, who of course writes like a heathen, with no more understanding of what was going on before his eyes, if so much—as might have had one of the cattle in the lowly stable of Bethlehem, wherein, nigh two thousand years ago, unto us was born a Child, on whose shoulders is the government, whose name is called the Prince of Peace. Still the utterances even of such a one as the heathen *Times*' correspondent are worth listening to :—

It was 10 before the Pope and Council arrived. As the Pope descended from his airy throne at the atrium and also doffed his tiara in the presence of the Host, the Bishops also took off their mitres, and the procession did not show over the shakes and bayonets of the soldiers keeping the line. Gradually they took their place in the Council-hall, and through the vast portal—for all the world like the fronts of a sea in old books, I saw the first Council of the Vatican. They were all in white, at least all that I could make out, and as they had tall white mitres when I first saw them the effect was too "papery," too much like a thing done in cardboard. These mitres, however, were sometimes off, as the service required, and then the effect was better. The seats seemed nearly all occupied; indeed, there are more than 700 members of the Council here. Dap-dloop came yesterday, and I hear has a tail of 30 Bishops; but the Bishop of Poitiers also has a tail, and that a good one. Austria, Naples, Tuscany, Wurtemberg, and Parma were in the Royal tribune. As for the regulars and seculars that were to line the passage for the procession, as this was done by the soldiers, the clergy fraternized with the laity, and I have to day been in close communion and contact with every rank, every order, every quality of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the service in the Hall and the proceedings of the Council, all that we could perceive was the chanting and singing, which was above all criticism. It was most harmonious, most majestic, most sweet, most beautiful, most persuasive—all but convincing. It was seldom, indeed, and only in the most familiar parts of the service, that the multitude joined; for a good deal of the music was of that sort which rather defies popular admixture. I have not done justice to the crowd. Of course London, with its three millions, can get up a larger multitude of men on a good many occasions; but it could not be anything like so strange, so motley, so picturesque, and so surprising. Imagine all the figures in all the pictures of churches, countries, cities, villages, by all the Italian and all the Dutch artists, walking out of their frames, just as they are, and you have the crowd in which I have been wandering to-day, like a mole in a sunbeam. I have lived to day in company with Raphael, Titian, Paul Veronese, and also Teniers; for I have never seen more beautiful dresses, never more quaint, never more savage—and uncouth. Seven hundred Bishops, more or less representing all Christendom, were seen gathered round one altar, and one throne, partaking of the same Divine mystery, and reading homages, by turns to the same spiritual authority and power. As they put on their mitres, or took them off, and as they came to the steps of the altar, or the foot of the common Spiritual Father, it was impossible not to feel the unity and the power of the Church which they represented. The sight was impressive to those prepared to be impressed, though it must have disappointed those who came to see a show, and would hardly have satisfied the crowds who flocked into Rome to see the triumph of their Sovereign. What reached the ear could not but be imperfect. There were long and tedious intervals of silence. The sermon was injudiciously long, they say; and, of course, sound, and nothing else, to the outer world. The Pope delivered his allocution with much emphasis and gesture, but was interrupted by a cough, and probably did not say all he had on paper. He said nothing political, so I am told, though I don't see how he could avoid it. As to the singing, it was necessarily under difficulties. There could be no rehearsal or concord. The verses of the *Veni Creator* were sung at long intervals, but very impressive. The choir was there in one place, and the responses, with the chief volume of sound, in another. Where I stood I could not make out whence either came. The Pope was to chant the Litany, and the people about me said he was chanting it; but the voice rang so loud, so clear, and so musical that I could not believe it to come from so old a man. The truth is he chanted three petitions made for the occasion, not the rest; but I suppose he put the spirit into the rest, for nothing could be more animated. The *Te Deum*, chanted by the choir and the Bishops alternately, the congregation joining, was magnificent. But I have the good fortune or the ill fortune, not to have a very fine sense of musical harmony.

The *Times* makes a sad outcry about the arrogance and blasphemy of the words in the Allocution that, "the Church is stronger than heaven itself." The words are those, of St. John Chrysostom whom the Pope quoted, and are to be found in the IV. *Homily*—"Ecclesia ouranum malion errisotat." The Church and her indefectibility are stubborn facts, which of course the *Times* would be glad if possible, to ignore.

"It is a remarkable fact"—quoth the *Gazette* commenting on the composition of the Council of the Vatican—"it speaks well for what poor Mr. McGee once happily called 'the all conquering English tongue,' that when the last Oecumenical Council was held that language was almost unknown in Europe, but it is now represented at the present Council by upwards of three hundred Bishops."—*Gazette*, 29th ult.

It is not to the triumphs of the English language, but to those of "the all conquering Catholic Church," that this remarkable phenomenon is due. It is the victory, not of grammar but of religion; it is the proof not merely of the extension of an idiom, but of the faith. It is Christ who has conquered, and again her enemies may well exclaim "Vicitis Galilæe."

And not less remarkable than the number of Bishops speaking the English language present at the Council, is the presence of Fathers from other lands, whose very existence was almost unknown to the contemporaries of the last or Tridentine Council. From Canada, and Cochis

China, from the frozen regions of North America, and from the burning deserts of Africa, from France, and Chinese Tartary, have the Fathers of the Council come together at the voice of Peter. Bishops from the banks of the Tagus, and the slopes of the vine-clad hills of Italy, sit side by side with the representatives of the Church from Burmah and from Pennsylvania, from Ireland and from Japan, from Egypt and from Hudson's Bay. Such a mingling together of nationalities has never been heard of; and the wild dreams of Anacharsis Clootz who at the great diabolic council, or Ecumenical Council of democracy in 1790, appeared as the representative of the *genre humain*, at the head of a motley crew dressed up in theatrical costumes to represent the different nations of the world—have been fully realised by the gathering together on the banks of the Tiber, from the uttermost parts of the earth, of the pastors of that One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church in which all who recite the Nicene Creed profess to believe; of that Church which is in deed, as well as in name Catholic, and therefore not national, or limited by either geographical or political boundaries: which knows no difference betwixt Greek and Barbarian; and within whose ample fold there is room and equal welcome for Arab and for Celt, for Mongol and for Teuton, for the children of Ham, and for those of Japhet, and of Shem. It is as if again the whole earth were of one language, and of one speech; and to the Church brings the glory of having reversed the curse of Babel, or confusion, that the sins of our forefathers provoked.

RITUALISM.—On Wednesday evening, Dr. Rodgers delivered a second lecture in the Academic Hall beneath the Church of the *Gesu*. In spite of the weather, and the horrid state of the streets, the attendance was good.

The lecturer explained that, as his first lecture was on the Philosophy of Ritualism, so his second should be on Ritualism itself; and his object would be to justify his veracity from certain offensive imputations cast upon it, by critics in Montreal. He had to prove that the Ritualists of England, that is to say the Ritualists properly so-called, did hold all the characteristic doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, with the exception of that of the Papal Supremacy. For this purpose Dr. Rodgers quoted from the devotional works of the English Ritualists—works extensively circulated, commonly used, and so popular that some of them have already reached their twelfth edition—passages in which were explicitly set forth the doctrines of the Invocation of Saints, of Purgatory and prayers for the departed, and of the Real Presence. The lecturer argued that the latter doctrine implied necessarily one of two things; either Transubstantiation, or Consubstantiation. The latter, Anglicans rejected; and therefore, if they admitted a real objective presence in the Eucharist, they did in fact admit precisely what the Roman Catholic Church meant to express by the word Transubstantiation.

Dr. Rodgers also pointed out how indignantly the Ritualists repudiated the name of Protestant as applied to their party. They claimed to be Catholic, and abjured the name Protestant. Here the lecturer again quoted the words used by some Anglican clergymen with reference to Cranmer, Latimer, and other worthies of the Reformation, whom they denounced as servile hypocrites and as ruffians. The Montreal *Witness* with its usual regard for truth, attributes these strong words to Dr. Rodgers himself, and carefully abstains from mentioning what the lecturer was most careful to impress upon his audience, that the strong words in question, were not his, but the words of Anglican divines. The lecturer was so clear and explicit on this point that it is impossible that the *Witness* could have been mistaken: besides, the passages by him read with reference to the moral character of Cranmer, Latimer & Co., have often been published in the English and Protestant journals, as a proof of the intensely Romanising proclivities of the Ritualists.

Dr. Rodgers will lecture again on the 25th of January in the St. Patrick's Hall of this City, after his return from Quebec, whither he is about to proceed, and where we bespeak for him a hearty welcome.

The Irish Land Question is entering upon a new phase. Hitherto it has been the question of tenant *ver* landlord; now however it is becoming complicated with the question of agricultural laborer *ver* tenant farmer.

The latter demands protection against his landlord; that he be protected against exorbitant raising of rents, and capricious evictions. The agricultural laborer calls aloud for protection against the tenant farmer's illiberality; he demands as his "right," that a decent cottage with an acre or so of land be legally secured to him.

The fact is that the State or Government is no longer looked upon as merely a machine, or a contrivance for the protection of life and property against violence and fraud; but as a Providence that is to give everybody, everything. The fault of the British Government is, that it does not do this, that it does not profess to do

and holy hope, Thou Queen and bulwark of the Church, do Thou take Our consultations and Our toils under the secure protection of Thy motherly care; and by Thy prayers to God gain for Us the grace to be ever One in spirit and One in heart.

Be you also with Us, ye Angels and Archangels; and thou, too, Prince of the Apostles, Blessed Peter; and thou, Fellow Apostle of Peter, Paul, Doctor of the Gentiles and Preacher of truth in the whole world; and all ye Saints of Heaven, ye especially whose relics we venerate in this place: by your powerful intercession procure for us that we may all faithfully fulfil our ministry, and may receive mercy from God in the midst of His temple, to whom be honor and glory for ever and ever.

The following extracts are from the pen of the *Times*' correspondent, who of course writes like a heathen, with no more understanding of what was going on before his eyes, if so much—as might have had one of the cattle in the lowly stable of Bethlehem, wherein, nigh two thousand years ago, unto us was born a Child, on whose shoulders is the government, whose name is called the Prince of Peace. Still the utterances even of such a one as the heathen *Times*' correspondent are worth listening to :—

It was 10 before the Pope and Council arrived. As the Pope descended from his airy throne at the atrium and also doffed his tiara in the presence of the Host, the Bishops also took off their mitres, and the procession did not show over the shakes and bayonets of the soldiers keeping the line. Gradually they took their place in the Council-hall, and through the vast portal—for all the world like the fronts of a sea in old books, I saw the first Council of the Vatican. They were all in white, at least all that I could make out, and as they had tall white mitres when I first saw them the effect was too "papery," too much like a thing done in cardboard. These mitres, however, were sometimes off, as the service required, and then the effect was better. The seats seemed nearly all occupied; indeed, there are more than 700 members of the Council here. Dap-dloop came yesterday, and I hear has a tail of 30 Bishops; but the Bishop of Poitiers also has a tail, and that a good one. Austria, Naples, Tuscany, Wurtemberg, and Parma were in the Royal tribune. As for the regulars and seculars that were to line the passage for the procession, as this was done by the soldiers, the clergy fraternized with the laity, and I have to day been in close communion and contact with every rank, every order, every quality of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the service in the Hall and the proceedings of the Council, all that we could perceive was the chanting and singing, which was above all criticism. It was most harmonious, most majestic, most sweet, most beautiful, most persuasive—all but convincing. It was seldom, indeed, and only in the most familiar parts of the service, that the multitude joined; for a good deal of the music was of that sort which rather defies popular admixture. I have not done justice to the crowd. Of course London, with its three millions, can get up a larger multitude of men on a good many occasions; but it could not be anything like so strange, so motley, so picturesque, and so surprising. Imagine all the figures in all the pictures of churches, countries, cities, villages, by all the Italian and all the Dutch artists, walking out of their frames, just as they are, and you have the crowd in which I have been wandering to-day, like a mole in a sunbeam. I have lived to day in company with Raphael, Titian, Paul Veronese, and also Teniers; for I have never seen more beautiful dresses, never more quaint, never more savage—and uncouth. Seven hundred Bishops, more or less representing all Christendom, were seen gathered round one altar, and one throne, partaking of the same Divine mystery, and reading homages, by turns to the same spiritual authority and power. As they put on their mitres, or took them off, and as they came to the steps of the altar, or the foot of the common Spiritual Father, it was impossible not to feel the unity and the power of the Church which they represented. The sight was impressive to those prepared to be impressed, though it must have disappointed those who came to see a show, and would hardly have satisfied the crowds who flocked into Rome to see the triumph of their Sovereign. What reached the ear could not but be imperfect. There were long and tedious intervals of silence. The sermon was injudiciously long, they say; and, of course, sound, and nothing else, to the outer world. The Pope delivered his allocution with much emphasis and gesture, but was interrupted by a cough, and probably did not say all he had on paper. He said nothing political, so I am told, though I don't see how he could avoid it. As to the singing, it was necessarily under difficulties. There could be no rehearsal or concord. The verses of the *Veni Creator* were sung at long intervals, but very impressive. The choir was there in one place, and the responses, with the chief volume of sound, in another. Where I stood I could not make out whence either came. The Pope was to chant the Litany, and the people about me said he was chanting it; but the voice rang so loud, so clear, and so musical that I could not believe it to come from so old a man. The truth is he chanted three petitions made for the occasion, not the rest; but I suppose he put the spirit into the rest, for nothing could be more animated. The *Te Deum*, chanted by the choir and the Bishops alternately, the congregation joining, was magnificent. But I have the good fortune or the ill fortune, not to have a very fine sense of musical harmony.

The *Times* makes a sad outcry about the arrogance and blasphemy of the words in the Allocution that, "the Church is stronger than heaven itself." The words are those, of St. John Chrysostom whom the Pope quoted, and are to be found in the IV. *Homily*—"Ecclesia ouranum malion errisotat." The Church and her indefectibility are stubborn facts, which of course the *Times* would be glad if possible, to ignore.

"It is a remarkable fact"—quoth the *Gazette* commenting on the composition of the Council of the Vatican—"it speaks well for what poor Mr. McGee once happily called 'the all conquering English tongue,' that when the last Oecumenical Council was held that language was almost unknown in Europe, but it is now represented at the present Council by upwards of three hundred Bishops."—*Gazette*, 29th ult.

It is not to the triumphs of the English language, but to those of "the all conquering Catholic Church," that this remarkable phenomenon is due. It is the victory, not of grammar but of religion; it is the proof not merely of the extension of an idiom, but of the faith. It is Christ who has conquered, and again her enemies may well exclaim "Vicitis Galilæe."

And not less remarkable than the number of Bishops speaking the English language present at the Council, is the presence of Fathers from other lands, whose very existence was almost unknown to the contemporaries of the last or Tridentine Council. From Canada, and Cochis

China, from the frozen regions of North America, and from the burning deserts of Africa, from France, and Chinese Tartary, have the Fathers of the Council come together at the voice of Peter. Bishops from the banks of the Tagus, and the slopes of the vine-clad hills of Italy, sit side by side with the representatives of the Church from Burmah and from Pennsylvania, from Ireland and from Japan, from Egypt and from Hudson's Bay. Such a mingling together of nationalities has never been heard of; and the wild dreams of Anacharsis Clootz who at the great diabolic council, or Ecumenical Council of democracy in 1790, appeared as the representative of the *genre humain*, at the head of a motley crew dressed up in theatrical costumes to represent the different nations of the world—have been fully realised by the gathering together on the banks of the Tiber, from the uttermost parts of the earth, of the pastors of that One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church in which all who recite the Nicene Creed profess to believe; of that Church which is in deed, as well as in name Catholic, and therefore not national, or limited by either geographical or political boundaries: which knows no difference betwixt Greek and Barbarian; and within whose ample fold there is room and equal welcome for Arab and for Celt, for Mongol and for Teuton, for the children of Ham, and for those of Japhet, and of Shem. It is as if again the whole earth were of one language, and of one speech; and to the Church brings the glory of having reversed the curse of Babel, or confusion, that the sins of our forefathers provoked.

RITUALISM.—On Wednesday evening, Dr. Rodgers delivered a second lecture in the Academic Hall beneath the Church of the *Gesu*. In spite of the weather, and the horrid state of the streets, the attendance was good.

The lecturer explained that, as his first lecture was on the Philosophy of Ritualism, so his second should be on Ritualism itself; and his object would be to justify his veracity from certain offensive imputations cast upon it, by critics in Montreal. He had to prove that the Ritualists of England, that is to say the Ritualists properly so-called, did hold