

to make what they can and then leave. It will make labour dearer, say the Reformers; so much the better, say we, for dear labour is synonymous with good times the world over. It will make food dearer, we hear again, and still we see no harm in that, for if we pay more for what we eat and wear, so do we get more for what we do. What Canadians want is to put the money in circulation, and to keep it in the country. The working of the Pacific Railway and all its attendant consequences, should alone bring about a different state of affairs to that which we now experience. It would invite labor and thus create consumption, and if we were able, as we ought, in a short time, to make everything required for its construction, we might expect to hear the workshops busy, the farmers thriving and the people far more prosperous than they are. To allow outsiders to do the work, and then take away all the profits, because these outsiders undertake to do the work cheaper, would be a penny wise and pound foolish indeed. How a people can grow richer by allowing others to come and take all the money out of the country it is not easy to conceive, but there are people whose policy it is to believe it, and we suppose they will continue to express their opinions to the end. But it should be the duty of Canadians to see to themselves first. Their own interests should be paramount, and anything that interferes with these interests should be placed on one side. We should build our own railroads, dig our own canals and keep our money for our own uses, until such time at least as we succeed in building up a manufacturing industry which will enable us to compete with our neighbors.

STIRRING UP RELIGIOUS ANIMOSITIES.

What do some of our contemporaries mean by "stirring up religious animosities"? Is it "stirring up religious animosities" to draw attention to the neglect shown to one portion of the people by those in power? Is it "stirring up religious animosities" to remind the Irish Catholics of Canada that Sir John A. Macdonald has been making a fool of them? Is it "stirring up religious animosities" to draw attention to the fact that the first thing this Sir John A. Macdonald does is to appoint two sworn enemies of the Irish Catholics to positions—one in his cabinet, and another to a position of trust in Montreal? Is it "stirring up religious animosities" to remind the public that the Hon. Mr. Joly has been prosecuting a mock enquiry over the St. Henri shooting affair, and to point to the fact that he, too, is throwing dust in the eyes of the people? Is it "stirring up religious animosities" to defend principles which are held by a large portion of the population? We confess we are in a mist. What are "religious animosities"? Is it to shoot people in cold blood and pass it over? No, the cry of "stirring up religious animosities" comes from the wrong door, not from the wrong side. Injustice has been done, and if the people who have been outraged call for fair-play they are "stirring up religious animosities" forsooth. It is as if a footpad knocked a lady down and then begged her not to make a noise for fear of "stirring up" the police authorities. It is another of those cries which deceive the people. Few men think of charging the *Witness* with "stirring up religious animosities." Not at all, it is all right when it comes from that quarter! What matter if we refrain from being the aggressor; what matter if we are always on the defence; never the attack; what matter if the columns of our journal may be searched in vain for a single word at which Protestants could take offence; what matter if we deprecate religious discussions; but in *our* *review*, we suppose that we are "stirring up religious animosities."

THE SPECTATOR.

The *Spectator*—excuse us the Rev. Mr. Bray—is an independent man. He slashes at everybody, and everybody slashes at him. In the columns of his newspaper he writes as if singing the merry lay, "I care for nobody no, not I, and nobody cares for me." From a disputed question on theology, to a dissertation on Handel; from an analysis on cooking to the Home Rule movement, the Rev. Mr. Bray is, apparently, equally at home, driving a coach-and-four through other men's opinions, and sending them sweeping away like nippins. This is all right, says the editor of the *Spectator*, because journalists know everything; and what they do not know, they pretend to know, and outside of what journalists pretend to know is not worth knowing at all. In this we agree with the Rev. Mr. Bray. There is only one species of perfect being, and that species belongs to the fourth estate, and first of that estate, as a matter of course, editors take a stand. But, after all, editors like other men, must disagree and we have, at present, a disagreement with the editor of the *Spectator*. If the editor of the *Spectator* wrote as a modest "we," and hid his name under the blushing anonymous, we could not notice him as "Mr. Editor," but when he writes as the heroic "I" we are obliged to speak of him as he is, the gentleman who is—"I am." To all his other virtues the Rev. Mr. Bray adds the virtue of being an Englishman, and being an Englishman he must, as a matter of course, know more about Ireland than the mere Irish themselves. He is not a Home Ruler—no, not he—he is not an "Obstructionist," that is worse, but he appears to know to a nicety what the Irish people should do, that is, if they had the "common sense" which the Rev. Mr. Bray possesses in so eminent a degree. He says that "people on the spot" are not always "the best judges of their own affairs," and illustrates his remarks by telling us that he once went through a lunatic asylum and that he

did not think that "the people on the spot" were the best judges of their own business. It is a pity that the Rev. Gentleman was not more precise and tell us to whom he referred, himself or the lunatics. We presume the keepers and managers were "upon the spot" as well as the lunatics. If "people on the spot" are not the best judges of their own affairs, why not rule Canada from Downing street, or why should the *Spectator* not be edited from the office of the Post? Yes, but we hear that "people on the spot," Mr. Butt and others, have pronounced against "obstruction." Yes, but not against Home Rule. The Rev. Mr. Bray must confess that Mr. Butt, being "on the spot," the *Spectator*, we venture to say, may not feel the necessity of Home Rule, and the likelihood is that it does not understand it. But the Rev. Mr. Bray is an Englishman and a journalist, and these two qualifications justify him in pronouncing opinions upon questions affecting anything and everything over the world and under the world. If, however, he understands the Home Rule question so well we would like to break a lance with him, and by that means we might find out whether those "on the spot" would shiver their timbers or unhorse their assailants? Has the Rev. Mr. Bray time to accept the challenge?

THE LOTTERY.

Many a youth and maiden, many a lady fair and gallant gentleman reared in the lap of luxury had in their old age to eat the bitter bread of poverty, and to shiver on the streets through no fault of their own; and many there are also poor, infirm, and helpless who have to do the same, and who alas! have never known what comfort was. Which of us can be certain what to-morrow may bring forth, or that the millionaire to-day may not be the beggar of next week? It is for the deserving poor, not for those being destitute on themselves through idleness, drunkenness, loose, disorderly or dissipated habits, that we erect charitable institutions, and it is with that object in view that the Grey Nuns commenced a hospital for the aged and infirm some time since in Montreal, which, unfortunately, they had to leave off for lack of sufficient funds to accomplish it. When, however, the state of affairs became known several wealthy and benevolent persons came to their assistance and, advising them to have recourse to a lottery for the laudable purpose of making up the deficiency and completing the building, furnished them with valuable prizes for the same. Among those prizes are a fine lot and stone house near the village of Chateaugay, value for \$1200, twelve lots in and around Montreal, averaging in value \$500 each, a double action harp worth \$400, a draught horse, carriages, pictures, bronze statues, articles of vertu, and in fact five or six hundred things useful, ornamental or both. Tickets are given in books to agents of whom they can be had for fifty cents each, or five for \$2.00. The Grey Nuns appeal to all Canada for help in this emergency and to Protestants as well as Catholics, for all creeds will be eligible for admission to the Hospital. The directors of the lottery are Messrs. W. H. Hingston, M. D. H. Judah, C. C. J. W. MacGuire, R. Bellenger, R. J. Devins, Alf. Larocque, A. W. Ogilvie, C. S. Rodier, N. Valois, and the Rev. N. Bonissant, names that guarantee the success of this charitable enterprise. The drawing will positively take place on the 16th of January next, 1879. It may be as well to state in order to avoid confusion, that the Grey Nuns lottery is altogether distinct from the Sacred Heart.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL—THE AYLAARDS.

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

Sir—I am one of the party who brought the criminal murder of the poor Aylwards before the Montreal public, and had the subject discussed before the St. Patrick's Society in this city. Then the Grit Government, who hung the Aylwards, had their emissaries in this city for several days to crush out discussion on the subject, and were ably assisted in so doing by men who would to-day have to hang their heads with shame if the division list was published in the *Post*, on the subject of relief for the Aylward orphans.

I followed the case all through, and made it hot for the then Government, for their part in the brutal affair. I went to Belleville, made full enquiry into the matter, and I most solemnly declare that the name of McKenzie Bowell was never mentioned as being the author of the braggart saying that "if the Aylwards are not hanged, I'll bring 5,000 Orangemen to Belleville and hang them myself." The person who used the foul language was then an M.P., and to-day is a miserable drunken wretch.

Yours truly,
AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

Montreal, November 22, 1878.

[An Irish Catholic] should have completed his evidence by giving the name of the M.P.

—E. P.]

DESTRUCTION OF THE FOREST.

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

Sir—In the issue of the *Evening Post* of the 2nd instant, under the above heading, you briefly referred to that very important subject, "What will become of Canada when all the timber is gone?" Allow me, Mr. Editor, as one having considerable knowledge of the supply of timber in that extensive region, north of Montreal, from the district of Three Rivers to the Lower Ottawa, to offer a few remarks in connection with that subject.

Few, at a distance, are fully aware of the great devastation of that article, which has taken place during the last thirty years. That vast territory, once so densely studded with the pine and other timber, is at present almost totally denuded of its valuable production without any proportionate benefit to the land; in consequence of the little attention given by the Government to the preservation of the forest, throughout that long period, the rulers always adopting "the penny wise and pound foolish policy" so detrimental to the best interests of the country. The banks of the Rivers L'Assomption, Leveque and other large streams, abundantly covered with valuable pine timber in times past, are now beginning to look quite naked, without any prospect of being ever again restored. There still remains, however, a large quantity of spruce, cedar and other fine timber, which will be likely destroyed by trespassers, now that regular lumbermen are not doing much, owing to the great depression in

the lumber trade, for the last few years; consequently the danger is increased, that even these timber limits will be pillaged in the winter season by trespassers without much advantage, either to the trespassers themselves or to the revenue of the country; particularly as it is now understood, that the system of bush ranging lately adopted by the Government is to be dispensed with for the time being, under the pretence of retrenchment.

Although bush-ranging was not made as efficient as it ought to have been, yet it had the effect during the first year of its existence (1873) to increase the revenue under that head alone, viz., *trespass*, from \$2,186.67 to \$32,906.03, as well as to prevent in a great measure the wanton destruction of our forests so extensively carried out.

A BACKWOODSMAN.

Rawdon, Nov. 11, 1878.

THE CELTIC RACE.

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

DEAR SIR—I read with much pleasure the castigation you gave the *Quebec Mercury* in yesterday's issue of your valuable journal. As you very justly remarked, the *Mercury*, instead of boldly and honestly producing original attacks of its own against the Irish element and against Irish nationality at home and abroad, has recourse to extracts and clippings from other journals. This style of attack would lead one to infer that the editor of that paper entertains a prejudice but has not the courage of his convictions, and does that indirectly, for obvious reasons, he is afraid to do directly. As you have dealt with him on the Home Rule question, will you kindly allow me to make a few remarks on another article which appeared in the same journal some ten or twelve days ago, taken from the *Quarterly Review*, and treating of the Irish race. In that article it is stated that the great men which Ireland has produced have sprung with a few brilliant exceptions, from the Anglo-Norman or Saxon races. In proof of this assertion it mentions the names of a whole host of them who in one capacity or other rendered distinguished service to the empire at home and abroad, especially in the field and in the Senate. I confess I felt angry while reading the article, at the stupidity of the writer. It seems this class of people will not allow us to forget our wrongs but ever so willing, but keep constantly before the eyes of our memory the sad condition into which England brought our ancestors, and handi-capped ourselves in the race for wealth, honor and fame in the British Empire. I wonder does the man forget, or did he ever know, that out of all the landed Celtic proprietors of Ireland, there were only two who at the beginning of the present century had retained the remnants of their estates—how heaven only knows—these were the O'Connor Don, of Roscommon, and Daniel O'Connell, of Cahirciveen, in the County of Kerry. I wonder does he remember, or did he ever know, that Irish Catholics—Celts the greater majority of them—were not allowed commissions in the army until a comparatively late period, and that they had not the means of acquiring an education in their own country.

But if this scribbler in the *Review* or the *Quebec Mercury* would infer that Irish Catholic Celts did not all the time furnish statesmen, philosophers, soldiers and orators to the world outside the British Empire, he is egregiously mistaken. True, we have not heard of Irish Catholic Celts leading British armies to victory, guiding English navies to further conquests, thundering with their rare eloquence in imperial senates and simply because England would not let them; nor does she let them now. But we have nevertheless, heard of Generals, Counts and Marshals O'Donnell, in Spain; Marshal Lacy, in Russia, extending her frontier; Nugents, Browns and O'Reillys, in Austria; Ambassadors, Princes, Marshals and Ministers of the Empire; Lallys, Dillons and Thomonds, in France, soldiers and statesmen; all over Europe we have heard of them and their exploits, until the blood-mantled and choiced with pardonable pride in those glorious Celtic names which illumined the pages of European history. And it is not away back in misty stories we have to look for them either; they or their descendants live at present and assist in making history both for the old world and the new. It was only last year we read of McKenna closely pressing Campana for the Presidency of Chili; it was only a half century ago since O'Higgins ruled Peru; it is only a few years since O'Donnell guided the destinies of Spain, and I humbly submit that Patrick Mauree MacMahon, Marshal of France, Duke of Magenta and President of the greatest nation history has ever known up to this, has a fine old Irish-Celtic cognomen, all his own. Phil. Sheridan, the brilliant American General, does not derive his name from a Saxon origin. A few days ago the following cablegram appeared in the Montreal papers:—

"Andrassy presented the budget to the delegations yesterday. Count Taaffe is engaged in the formation of a new Conservative Cabinet."

Now, with all due respect to the *Quarterly Review* and its humble copyist, the *Quebec Mercury*, I submit that Taaffe smacks of Irish Celticism three thousand five hundred miles off. If Taaffe and Nugent, and O'Donnell and MacMahon, and Sheridan and McKenna, were born in Ireland, it is more than probable two of them would be working on the docks in England, two more of them might possibly be small farmers in Ireland living in mortal terror of eviction every day, and two others of them might be petty shopkeepers; certainly, none of them would lead an English army, and I doubt if the Leinster Taaffe were living in that province, would be engaged in the task of forming a British cabinet. Of course the *Quarterly Review* may turn up its insular nose at foreign titles and distinctions, but he may remember, for all that, that there were great men living before and after Agamemnon, and that there are great nations besides England on the earth. As for the Irish at home, that is to say, the real Irish Celtic natives of Ireland, they are politically ostracized; and if one of them possessed the genius of Napoleon, of Chatham and of Bismarck combined, not only would he not be allowed to act as Lord Chancellor of England, but he could not obtain a seat in the British Cabinet. It would be a funny thing to see an O'Neill Imperial Secretary of State or Chancellor of the Exchequer, but it is not at all funny to see him forming a Conservative Government in the Austro-Hungarian Empire or President of the French Republic. The writer in the *Review* need not be astonished to see Irish names absent from the list of British celebrities, the matter for surprise would be if they were there. When it is considered that in the formation of what is facetiously termed the Irish Executive or Government, which is composed of five members, three of them are generally English, one Scotch, and one West British, (or Anglo-Irish), it is not to be wondered at that Irish names do not shine. It is cowardly to let a man's hands and then taunt him with his condition; and yet that is what those logical reviewers do when they sneer at us because we cannot furnish a certain number of names to the imperial roll of fame.

There is A. M. Sullivan, whom all the English papers style the only genuine orator in the English House of Commons, and yet it was with extreme difficulty he was allowed to practice at the English bar let alone out a figure as an English statesman, while D'Israeli, the dazzling charlatan, because he happens to be an Englishman born, is allowed to mount to the top of the ladder.

Let us wait, however, and let the *Review* and the *Quebec Mercury* man wait and live and they shall see—when Ireland obtains Legislative Independence—the O's and the Mac's and other Celtic cognomens mentioned in European history and in Universal Encyclopedias, until they have revenge for the absence of such names in the past. We were slaves in the days of yore, at present we are little better, freedmen; but by-and-by we shall rise to our full level, and if England would consolidate her Empire she must allow us to lead her armies, head her Governments, and rule her Colonies in our turn as do the other nations, and then we shall satisfy even the *Quebec Mercury*.

Apologizing for trespassing so much on your space,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A CELT.

Montreal, 21st November, 1878.

SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

THE GREAT PREACHER IN WATERFORD.

HIS SERMON IN THE CATHEDRAL.

On Sunday, October 27, Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., preached in the Cathedral, Banrstrand street, Waterford, the object of his appeal being the collection of a fund for the erection of a spire and the purchase of a peal of bells for the Cathedral. The spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity. The Most Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford, was present, and High Mass, *coram populo*, was celebrated. The Rev. J. Dooley being celebrant; Rev. C. Morker, deacon; Rev. T. Kelly, sub-deacon, and Rev. R. Power, master of ceremonies. In the choir were a large number of clergymen of the several parishes of the city, as well as outside it, and immediately contiguous were the students of St. John's College, in soutans and surplices.

After the first Gospel, the Very Rev. Father Burke, having received the episcopal benediction, ascended the pulpit, and addressed the immense congregation as follows:—

My Lord, and dearly beloved brethren, this day the festival of the first saintly Bishop who lifted up his consecrated hands in Waterford to God—the great St. Otteran—should be a day of praise to God, and of great rejoicing to you who have the privilege of beholding no unworthy successor, seated in St. Otteran's episcopal chair, and none the less should you rejoice, although you, and all of us, are under the shadow of a great sorrow. God has been pleased to visit the island, and take to himself and to the Church triumphant in Heaven, the great and great prince of the church in Ireland, Cardinal Cullen, one who was a wonder to all by the greatness of his knowledge, and by his superhuman wisdom; a man whom the faithful and the clergy loved because of his exceeding meekness and gentleness, and of the spirit of God that was in him. With this great sorrow before us we cannot but grieve, but remembering that what was our loss was his gain, we have still much reason to rejoice on this great festival, for we are here today for a special purpose besides the ordinary purpose of worship, and the fulfillment of the law which commands us to keep holy the Sabbath day. You are assembled here today to take part in contributing to, and in organizing a system of contribution for the future, to an undertaking which will carry us to a splendid result, and that work is, the decoration of this church, and the erection of a tower the completion of your own magnificent Cathedral. This is a great work, and one that will necessitate a heavy expenditure, but the beauty of the house of God calls upon you, and the traditions of this great festival appeal to you to join heartily in its promotion. Look around you at the beauty of this church. This is no ordinary Cathedral in which I lift up my unworthy voice this day. Built before any of the other Cathedrals of Ireland of the present day, and that, too, at the end of a century that had thrown a shower of blood over this old land of ours, from the dark cloud of persecution, it is today, and has been nearly a century, one of the principal glories of Catholic Ireland; perhaps one of the most beautiful, as it is admittedly the most spacious in which Catholic worship takes place in this country. It is a grand monument of the faith of our persecuted forefathers, and a stately temple of the church which has conquered persecution. Let me tell you an incident to the history of your forefathers. Shortly before this church was built, the Catholics of Waterford ventured, with bated breath, to petition the Mayor and Corporation of that day for liberty to build a church for themselves, and as a matter of grace, and of supreme concession, the authorities gave leave, provided that the church should be a small one, of the meanest and lowest kind, and further, that it be built far away from public view, in a lane or some other secluded part of the city, so that it should not offend the eyes of their Protestant masters and fellow-citizens. To-day this grand edifice confronts us—a glorious emblem of the immortality of the church—built by your bishops, aided by their brethren of the faith, and we have seen the Mayor and Corporation come to worship in the house of God. From the first day that they received the Gospel from St. Patrick, no people ever loved the Holy Catholic Church with greater, purer, or holier love than did the Irish race; no people on earth have carried by the Divine action of Catholicity so deeply and so vividly impressed on them as the people of this country. Now, in order that the faith of this people may be vindicated, and that their undying love may be fully proved, I am here to-day to tell you, so far as I can, what it is that Ireland has so loved, and what it is that your fathers, and you have so well loved, as shown by the splendor of the church in which we are this day assembled.

Dearly beloved brethren, my text is taken from the 16th Chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel:—

"Thus saith the Lord, I decked thee with ornaments, and put bracelets on thy arms, and a chain about thy neck, and I set a jewel upon thy forehead, and adorned thee in flowers, and a beautiful crown upon thy head; and thou wast adorned with gold and silver, and was clothed in costly and embroidered work of many colors; thou didst eat fine flour, and honey and oil, and wast made exceedingly beautiful, and so was advanced to be a queen; and thy renown went forth among the nations for thy beauty, for thou wast perfect through thy beauty, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord of Hosts."

These words, dearly beloved, spoken to the people of Jerusalem in the Synagogue, were intended in their deepest meaning, to be ap-

plied to the Spouse of Jesus Christ on earth, the Holy Catholic Church. They have said of thee, "O! Queen by Him who has made thee His own spouse, the Bride of Jesus Christ, thou wast made beautiful, so that all nations wondered at thee, and thy renown went abroad amongst them; but thy beauty was not thine own, but Mine, which I gave thee," saith the Lord God of Hosts. Here, my dearly beloved brethren, we have a promise from on high that the church shall be exceedingly beautiful, and then, again, that her beauty shall be none other than the beauty of God alone. What is the beauty of the Holy Catholic Church? What is the secret that captivated nations, and prominent amongst them that of the Irish race? To understand that question, you must consider with me to-day what is that beauty which God has given to his church. "My beauty I gave thee; thou wert exceedingly beautiful because of My beauty, which I gave thee." When we look on the beauty and goodness of God we find three attributes of that beauty which He has said are foreshadowed in the Church, and form her Crown of Glory. First of all, that beauty, of which He speaks, is unchanged and unchangeable; it is immortal, and, therefore, unalterable. Secondly, this beauty of God is an all-comprehensive beauty which affects the sense and the spirit alike, not only fascinating the eye that beholds, and ravishing the ear that hears, but also satisfying and satiating the heart and soul and spirit of man. The third attribute of this beauty is, that it is a generous beauty which gives itself to those who behold it with a sincere spirit of love and of reverence. This beauty of God contrasts with all created beauty, and in the contrast shows its Divine origin. Human beauty is but a mere passing feature, while the beauty given by God, and of God, is unchanged and unchangeable because it comes from God alone. Created beauty—that beauty which belongs to earth—we see to-day; it is gone to-morrow, but the beauty of God ever remains the same. Christ has chosen the most beautiful plants of the earth, and has just put them before us as deserving objects of our contemplation. He presents to us the lilies of the field. How beautiful they are! Not Solomon in all his glory can be compared to one of these lilies; yet its glory is short lived. They are in all their beauty to-day; to-morrow they are withered and are cast away as worthless, and so it is with all created beauty. The wondrous storm of November are just upon us, where now is the beauty of the foliage? Where is now the faded both hill and dale? Where is now the rich foliage that, in its May colors, decked the low-lying meadow? It is gone, come for a time; but while we know that, in the coming Spring, it will return fresh and glowing from the hands of the great Creator, we know that the beauty is only of a passing character; it is not unchanging and unchangeable like the beauty of God. It is fair to the eye for a time, but then it fades away, and that is really beautiful which lasts forever. That is the beauty of the Church, that which she, as the spouse of Christ, enjoys for all time. In this there is no change, and no shadow of variety. Again, all created beauty is a beauty that is pleasant to the senses only. The eye sees them, and is charmed; the ear hears the rush of the sweet sound, and for the moment, is charmed with the harmony of the music; but neither the pleasure of the eye, nor the rapture of the ear, nor the delight of any other sense, can thoroughly satisfy or satiate the heart of man. All these things of earth pass away, and the soul of man is restless, as St. Augustine says, God alone commands the universal beauty which fills and satisfies the senses, as He does the elect who see their Savior face to face, as we hope one time to do, when we shall also look upon the face of the great God in Heaven. That will be our undimmed delight, for then heart and soul and sense will be ravished with pleasure. There and then body and soul will alike be ravished with delight. The beauty of God is a generous beauty, while that of created things is a selfish one; created beauty will give pleasure for a time, but it cannot make those who view it beautiful with its own beauty. Contemplate some picture in the great art galleries of Rome or Florence—some masterpiece of an old painter; you may examine it day by day and every day discover new beauties in it, getting more and more delighted with the wonderful work of art; but this very delight brings with it a feeling of dissatisfaction, leading to despair, that you cannot rival its beauty or its merit. So it is with all created beauty, while, on the other hand, God is not only beautiful in Himself, but He is generous of His beauty. He does not keep His beauty to Himself; He communicates it freely to us. In this way God, from all eternity, was the life and the light; He was the centre of eternal loveliness, and in the dawn of creation the Eternal God stood over universal darkness, and said, "Let there be light," and as He had said so He light immediately illuminated the world; He distinguished night from day, and His light proclaimed the glory of God. "The Heavens proclaim the Glory of God, and the work of His hands is announced by the firmament." The light and order and beauty of the creation are, after all, nothing more than a ray or scintilla of light from the unbounded beauty of God Himself, that beauty, with which He has adorned His Church. "Thou wast made Queen, and exceeding beautiful because it was My light which I put on thee." That is the beauty which God has given to His Church, and I here maintain that that the Catholic Church is exceeding beautiful because she is the Church of God. She is beautiful with an unchanged and unchanging beauty, an unbounded and a generous beauty, whereby she is enabled to confer upon her children every gift which she has received from God to make us lovely in His sight. These are the beauties, the unchanging and the unchangeable beauties of the Church of God which we can see in her teaching and her dogmas; in her moral law and sacramental observances; in her liturgy and in her public worship. These are the great means by which the Church operates upon us, and by which she is to be judged before the world. How beautiful is the dogmatic teaching of the Church of God. She begins with God in Heaven, in the adorable unity of His nature. She takes us through all the mysteries of God as the Creator, and then invites us to contemplate God, no longer in Heaven but dwelling on earth, through His Divine Incarnation, and through all the mysteries of His life for the redemption of man. She proclaims her infallibility, her inherent right to teach all nations, and the bounden obligation of all men to hear her voice, and to adopt her teaching. This is the beauty of the dogmatic teaching of the Church, and how beautiful is that teaching, for that teaching is an emanation from His light and beauty. There is nothing true but what comes from God, and this dogmatic teaching is true because it comes from God, and is taught to us by His infallible Vicar on earth. It has never changed because it is from God, and this is the first great attribute of its beauty. The Gospel which I preach to-day, under the blessing of your revered Bishop, and pastor of your souls, is, word for word, the self same Gospel that St. Patrick preached in Ireland more than

fourteen hundred years ago under the benediction of the Pope at Rome. The Gospel that Patrick spoke to our forefathers, to Prince and Druid on Tara's Hill, and which made them call out "this is the Word of God, and we will sing the praises of St. Patrick's God," is the same word that I preach to-day, for with her message from God the Church cannot change in her teaching. I am always glad—I am delighted, in fact, when I can meet an assembly of Irish Catholics like this which I see before me at this moment, composed of men who have not only the great gift of intelligence, but who have also the instincts of the faith that never apostatized, with the traditions of the great Church of Ireland. Consider the moral teaching of the Catholic Church. What does it tell us? It gives us the ten commandments of God, imposed by God Himself. By Her moral law she then imposes upon the duty of prayer, the frequenting of the Sacraments of Confession and of Communion; she tells us to fast; she binds us to purity, exhorting us to be pure in word, in thought and in act; and to what does all this lead? The meaning is to make every well-living Catholic the image of our Lord Jesus Christ, to make every Catholic man to be as if he were born by the Divine Grace of a virgin mother like Jesus Christ, and to make every Catholic woman like to His mother, who combined within herself all the virgin purity and grace of which human nature is capable. Can anything grander be imagined than this moral law, and this dogmatic teaching, unchangeable as the Church herself? The church never permits even one venial sin on the part of one of her children to pass uncorrected; the moment a sin is committed, that moment the hand of the Church is on the offender, and she tells him he must come to the fountain of penance for absolution; that his sin may be washed away and until that is done she is a sorrow-stricken mother, grieving for her child. She cannot reconcile herself to him till he be reconciled himself to God by penance. Our fathers heard from the lips of St. Patrick the precept for fasting, the obligation of prayer, the duty of keeping Lent, the Law to maintain the Sabbath holy, the necessity of confession, and the self same precepts, without one iota of change, are taught by her at the present day. See the grandeur of her liturgy, as it is sung by her priests here to-day, making her as bright on earth as she is in Heaven, the one difference being that she is militant, while in Heaven she is triumphant. When Jesus Christ was transfigured on Mount Thabor, the gospel tells us that He shone out gloriously—His body, like the sun, and His garments white as snow, but that a cloud shadowed them. St. Peter rejoiced and said, "It is good for us to be here," and he did not ask for Heaven, where he would see the unclouded majesty of God. When we come to the altar our Lord is really there, substantially, for a cloud overshadows Him—the cloud of the sacramental nature through which we can recognize Him by the rays of faith. The saints and angels cry out unceasingly in Heaven, "Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Hosts," and we here on earth, in the language of our liturgy, give forth the same glad cry. In the convent, in the cloister, in the home of the priest, all the world over, the praise of our Lord God is sounded at noon, and evening, and at midnight. There is not a period of the day that the Church has not dedicated to His praise in the most beautiful manner, so that all over the earth the song of praise is unceasingly wafted to Heaven, where it is echoed by the angelic choirs. This is the same voice of the Church triumphant in Heaven, and the voice of the Church militant upon earth. What is this ceaseless praise but the liturgy of Heaven upon earth—the liturgy that the angels in their choirs, and the four-and-twenty Elders sing before the great God? What is this liturgy but the perfection of Heaven's harmony, as it is observed on our altars, where it is sung night and day by the unchanging Church? You will find the same grand liturgy, the same grand worship, in every land upon which shines the morning sun in the firmament. Ah! the Church of God is exceedingly beautiful, clothed with the beauty of God, which He Himself has put upon her. What wonder, then, that she is the subject of admiration and of praise among all nations? What wonder that, having spoken her message in every land through her missionaries and apostles, her name is heard in every clime from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same? It is the glory of the Irish race—it is the peculiar glory of the Celtic people of this island, that no sooner had they taken that message into their hearts—no sooner had they formed a conception of that merited beauty of the house of God, than did they scatter themselves into every land, under the blessing of the Pontiff, to spread the light and beauty of the Gospel; and when, later on, dire persecution drove her priests into exile, and that the angel of death spread his gloomy wings over Ireland, her sons brought the Gospel with them, and brought it to those who sat in darkness, so that we may well say that what was death to Ireland was life to them, for they gained thereby the apostolate of brave and true Irish missionaries, who never tired of singing the praises of the Church's beauty. Now that the dark cloud is rent, and that we see the beauty of the light, will we not as children of those true men, uphold that for which they lived and died? Will we not add beauty to the temples they loved, to the house of Him who deigned to command live amongst us? Will we not try to surround it with everything beautiful that the mind can conceive, or the cunning of the hand execute? Will we not by our love for the altar, and for the temple of God, prove that we are worthy children of Ireland, of St. Patrick, and of Otteran, the first and sainted Bishop of Waterford; and whilst we weep for the loss of the first Irish Cardinal, let us rejoice for the beauty of God's house. Irish Catholics, I call upon you, on this great festival, to let nothing be wanting on your part to consummate the beauty of the house of God. Amen.

High Mass was resumed as the eloquent preacher retired from the pulpit, and at its conclusion the Bishop imparted the Episcopal Benediction, when the immense congregation retired from the church.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE EDITOR OF THE "POST."

The paper until lately conducted by the Hon. Mr. McKenzie Bowell, the Belleville *Intelligencer*, says "such men as the editor of the *Post* would be 'more at home clutching the assassin's knife or prowling in midnight darkness for robber's spoils,' and more than hints that the gentleman of the *Post* will get 'a taste of prison life,' a la chieftain, Mr. Boyle, and the Ottawa bastille. This is a precious morsel, but we are not surprised at anything we hear from that source.

Lord Justice Christian retired from the bench because of deafness.

A meeting of the Home Rule League will take place on Tuesday, 10th, December.

O'Connor and O'Kelly are the only prisoners now confined for complicity with Fenianism.

The corporation of Dublin proposes to borrow £100,000 for the purpose of paving the streets.