

either by himself or by his immediate relatives or friends, every thing connected with his church affairs was smooth and [comfortable! and this brings us to the case of Guibord.

Guibord was a printer, a fellow apprentice with ex-mayor Workman and John Lovell, and although he did not ascend the ladder of wealth with them, he nevertheless possessed that strong will necessary to the acquisition of wealth, had ambition been associated with his unconquerable faculties of mind. Guibord was a printer! he lived a printer,—he died a printer, not a wealthy one indeed, for had wealth been his, the Roman Catholic Church never would have selected him as the victim of its unrelenting persecution. Guibord died in November 1869, at a time when the blasphemous thermometer of papal infallibility was indicating a temperature of clerical fever heat,—at a time in fact when every priest of Rome imagined that he was not without his share of *infallibility*. In selecting Guibord as its victim, the Church of Rome singled out one whom it knew to be poor, one who it knew, had no children, no brother not even a sister. It singled out as its victim a poor journeyman printer, believing that as he was poor his friends were also poor. But still in all his poverty Heaven had blessed him with a wife, one who had not forgotten her marriage vows—but loved her husband though he was only a poor journeyman printer. She, alas, had no brother, no friends but those of her poor husband, and it required very little power of ratio-cination on the part of the Romish priests to consider his case as one most admirably adapted for displaying their authority.

The Roman Catholic Cemetery of Montreal is on the slope of Mount Royal, is approached from the road leading to the picturesque village of Côte des Neiges, and consists of two parts—the one known as consecrated ground—the other as “the potter’s field”—the latter mentioned being the final depository of drunkards whose corpses have been dragged from the gutter, and the spot where murderers and *friendless* suicides are thrown with disgust, in eternal oblivion—here the pious church of Rome was willing to bury Guibord the poor printer—here and here alone, and this, not, because he was a murderer, not because he was a drunkard, not because he was a criminal, not because he was a