

wholly unconscious of such influence, is to assume as true what is incredible, because contrary to the world's uniform experience and to all known laws of causation.

4. The assumption that disembodied spirits cannot communicate with persons still in the flesh, is opposed to the whole tenor, not only of Hebrew and Christian but also of Pagan history. The possibility of such intercourse—nay, the fact that it has occurred, has always been believed by the great mass of mankind. The assumption of the moral impossibility of communication between these we call the dead and individuals still in the body, is fatal to the existence of Christianity as a divinely originated faith, and cannot be entertained by any believers, however lax, in justification of the Scriptures.

5. The phenomena known as Spiritual are really caused by the spirits of the departed, but not by the spirits of the blest. It is essentially one with the demonic possession whereof the Gospels often speak—that is, by the control and use of the bodily organs of living human beings by disembodied human spirits, incorrectly termed "devils" in our English version of the scriptures.

6. The fact of the evil character of these modern spirits is demonstrated by their general denial of the inspiration of the Bible, of the great fundamentals of Evangelical Christianity, their disinclination towards vital piety, &c. &c. We have in the Bible an infallible test of spiritual pretensions, and whatever contradicts any portion of that Book, or denies it the authority and obedience due to the revealed Word of God, is thereby proved false and diabolical.

The Jacksonville (Fla.) correspondent of the *Laur-ensville Herald* sends to that paper a long account of a visit that he lately made to some mediums of spiritual intercourse, on which occasion some very interesting "rapping scenes" took place.—Amongst others "The question was asked 'If the Protestant religion is better than the Catholic, the spirit will rap three times; if not, once.' Three raps were heard!" We have read that the "spirits" elsewhere gave the like answer to all such questions. This must appear strange enough to all Protestants, who believe with Dr. Tyng, that the Evil One is at the bottom of all these rappings. How will they explain this orthodox confession of Satan, or account for his Protestant sympathies?

AN HOUR IN A CONVENT.

What I saw at the Hotel Dieu, when on a visit to Mr. Cameron, now in the hospital there, made me anxious to know more of the lives of those religious women who spend the morning and noon of life in works of unobtrusive but active charity.

The Calvinist (and Calvinism is the creed of the churches of England and Scotland) believes that a benevolent God has "fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass"—fore-ordained the eternal salvation of millions, elected to Paradise before the world began—fore-ordained, too, the eternal damnation of millions—so that whatever of good or evil is done in this life can in no way affect one's eternal lot, though a disposition to evil or to good may lead to imperfect inferences with regard to our future.

The Catholic, Roman Catholic, or, as others have it, papists, on the contrary, believes that no one will be condemned eternally, except through his, or her, own bad or guilty conduct; and provides a middle place between everlasting happiness and endless misery, a sort of probationary state beyond the tomb, where the troubled soul remains until it is allowed to ascend to the mansions of the just.

Concerning these different opinions or creeds, I offer no remarks; this is not a proper vehicle for polemics; and if it were I am not the man to meddle in such controversies; but all can understand and agree upon, all can readily appreciate works of entire benevolence.

I accompanied the visiting physician to the General Hospital, about a mile and a half from the Legislative Palace, last Friday forenoon; and strange to tell, we went in a sleigh, the face of the earth being covered with snow, which not even a warm April sun has had strength to melt. The Convent buildings are extensive—more so, perhaps, than the Asylum west of Toronto—and very ancient—they are close by the little river St. Charles—the Convent chapel, ornamented with beautiful pictures, is by far the oldest Church in or about Quebec.

In a ward of great extent; well lighted; and which for cleanliness, neatness, and the sweetness of the air one breathed in it, left nothing to be desired; I found, on the ground floor, many persons—old, decrepit, bed-ridden; the frail, the sickly, the infirm, the helpless; those who had none to care for them—none to aid them—not a few to whom life must surely be a burden, and a message for eternity a desirable relief.—Some of their beds were in the same ward, and neatly curtained; the dormitories of others were up one and two stairs, in the main house.

The lady who presides over the Convent is called the Superior; she was accompanied by six of the Religious Ladies called Nuns; they allowed me to see the several wards; answered my questions frankly and in good English; showed me the school, where there are forty-eight young pupils, boarders, receiving their education within the convent. They had, in one of the rooms some ten or twelve pianos. The nuns, and the lady superior, were dressed in pure white, and they cannot at any time pass without the Convent or its garden walls; nor could I enter the school. To see them flitting about among the poor and the infirm, whose pains and privations their lives are spent in lessening, was to me a really pleasant sight. If their charity is not active Christianity, what does the term mean? We of Upper Canada are getting a bill passed here (Mr. Hincks) to give the townships leave to assess themselves to relieve the necessities of the infirm, the blind, the halt and the lame. At the General Hospital I saw some of the finest women in America, who had abjured the world and its allurements in the morning of a blissful existence, and are constantly employed either in devotional exercises, or in spreading contentment among the dependent class whom misfortune sends to seek the shelter of their hospitable mansion. There was an air of contentment and resignation among the aged boarders that spoke volumes as to the treatment they get—and to this the sole exception was a narrow ward where the insane are kept, one of the patients in which was rather restive, being in one of the paroxysms incident to a mind diseased.

This charitable establishment has stood 160 years, and was in charge of another religious society before that, but for how long I was not informed. There is no respect of persons shown; the Protestant is as welcome to its comforts as the Catholic; the African as the Caucasian; in houses like this the feeble, the

forlorn, and the wounded in spirit have the words of kindness and compassion; the sick are cured and, cared for, the dying comforted.

As I left the house I could not help asking myself why it was that in the fair and unclouded morning of their fondest hopes, maidens lovely as a vision of celestial spirits, with eyes so bright and lustrous, that no sparkling gem from Golconda's mine ever emitted such heavenly rays of life and light, had freely chosen to leave this gay world of ours, and all its enchantments, for the wearisome sameness and perpetual seclusion of a convent and its hospital—bringing with them, too, as I was told, handsome fortunes, in not a few cases? It is to me incomprehensible—an unfathomable mystery!

Upon the important question of whether it is better to take one mode or another of comforting the bowed down, and healing the sick, I do not choose to enter. My impressions may be erroneous, but they were decidedly favorable to what I saw last week at the General Hospital and Hotel Dieu. Were I taken seriously ill here—far from home and its comforts—to one of those excellent asylums would I desire to be carried—for I have faith in this that better nursing and gentler nurses could not be found in Christendom. Before Mr. Brown shall begin to talk glibly about my "pandering to papists," than which nothing can be more untrue, he should visit, as I have done, the institutions of which he speaks.—Quebec April 4th.—*MacKenzie's Weekly Message*.

Kossuth and Mazzini are seeking to accomplish, in every Catholic country in Europe, that which Luther effected in Germany; Henry VIII., in England; and Voltaire, at a subsequent period, in France. They would cover the fair face of Catholic Europe with massacre and blood—they would let loose the passions and the cupidity of hell upon every Catholic church and Catholic institution—and they would, if they could, hand over civilised society to the despotism of Deists, and the lusts of Atheists. Their policy is a policy of demons, and they would carry out that policy in one place in the name of "liberty," in another of "nationality," in a third of "Parliamentary Government," and, in a fourth, of "propagating the pure reformed religion of the Church of England, as by law established." The fact is, that there is, at this moment, a great conspiracy carrying on, in all parts of the world, against Christianity; and the main object of the attack is, "the visible head of the Church on earth." That conspiracy has its instruments and its dupes everywhere, but its head-quarters are in London; and when an ardent, enthusiastic, greatly-gifted, but half-instructed, young man, like Mr. Meagher, declares himself an admirer of Kossuth, and gives to such a charlatan the advantage of his unpurchaseable eulogy, he is only acting the part of a dupe, of a despicable dupe, to that Anglican policy which first im-meshed him in a violation of the law, condemned him as a traitor, condemned him with banishment, and now describes him (in the *Times* of March 16th) as "an Irish convict who had broken his parole." If we would fairly judge of that policy, we must look to the diabolical deeds it has done, and the truly diabolical means to which it has recourse, for the purpose of making our religion, and all who sincerely profess that religion, odious in the eyes of their fellow men. In the course of the present year we have seen the Mazzini's of Milan plunge their daggers into the backs of Austrian soldiers, engaged at their devotions, whilst in Vienna the Kossuth assassin, with the name of the traitor on his lips, coward-like sought to deprive the unprotected, unsuspecting, generous, and youthful Catholic Emperor of his life. And then, if we look around us here—even in our own land—we find the admirers of Mazzini, and the eulogists of Kossuth, circulating libels on our faith, our priesthood, and our nuns—seeking to bribe the starving out of their sole hope of salvation—and, failing in that attempt, persecuting them to the death, and effecting "clearances" whilst quoting Scripture, and exclaiming against "the persecution of the Madiais!"—*Phil. Catholic Inst.*

A CHAPTER ON HOUSEKEEPING.—I never could see the reasons why your smart housekeepers must, of necessity, be Xantippes. I once had the misfortune to be domesticated during the summer months with one of this genus. I should like to have seen the adventurous spider that would have dared to ply his cunning trade in Mrs. Carrot's premises. Nobody was allowed to sleep a wink after daylight beneath her roof. Even her old rooster crowed one hour earlier than any of her neighbors. "Go-ahead" was written on every broomstick in the establishment. She gave her husband his breakfast, buttoned him up in his overcoat, and put him out of the front door, with his face in the direction of his shop in less time than I have taken to tell it. Then she snatched up the six little Carrots, scrubbed their faces up and down, without regard to feelings or pug noses, till they shone like a row of milk-pans. "Clear the track" was her motto, washing and ironing days. She never drew a long breath till the wash-tubs were turned bottom upwards again, and every article of wearing apparel sprinkled, folded, ironed, and replaced in the drawers of their owners. It gave me a stitch in the side to look at her! As to her "cleaning days," I never had courage to witness one. I used to lie under an apple-tree, in the orchard, till she was through. A whole platoon of soldiers would not have frightened me so much as that virago and her mop. You should have seen her in her glory on "baking days," her sleeves rolled up to her arm-pits, and a long, check apron swathed round her bolster-like figure; the great oven glowing, blazing, and sparkling, in a manner very suggestive of a lazy sinner, like myself. The interminable rows of greased pie-plates; the pans of rough and ready ginger-bread; the pots of pork and beans, in an edifying state of progression; and the immense embryo loaves of brown and wheaten bread. To my innocent inquiry, whether she thought the latter would "rise," she set her arms a-kimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, cocked her head on one side, and asked, "If I thought she looked like a woman to be trifled with by a loaf of bread?" The way I settled down into my slippers, without a reply, probably convinced her that I was no longer sceptical on that point. Saturday evening she employed in winding up everything that was unwound in the house—the old house clock included. From that time till Monday morning she devoted to her husband and Sabbath exercises. All I have to say is, it is to be hoped she carried some of the fervor of her secular employments into those balcony hours.

COOLNESS OF CAPTAIN DUNNE.—The grenadiers commanded by Capt. Dunne suffered a severe loss; but he, with immovable coolness, walked up and down in front of his company. When a man fell, he would turn round and ask his sergeant the name of the soldier struck down. At last a round shot passed through the ranks, and carried off the heads of two of the grenadiers. "Who is that now?" asked Dunne.—"Cassey and Dumphy," was the reply of the sergt.—"I am sorry for both, particularly for Dumphy, he was in debt to the amount of £4 15s 10d."—*Adventures of the Connaught Rangers*.

FESTIVAL OF BAAL.—The late Lady Baird, of Fern-tower, in Perthshire, told me that, every year at "Bellane" (or the first of May), a number of men and women assembled at an ancient druidical circle of stones on her property, near Crieff. They light a fire in the centre; each person puts a bit of oat-cake into a shepherd's bonnet; they all sit down and draw blindfold a piece of cake from the bonnet. One piece has been previously blackened, and whoever gets that piece has to jump through the fire in the centre of the circle and to pay a forfeit. This is, in fact, a part of the ancient worship of Baal, and the person on whom the lot fell was formerly burnt as a sacrifice; now, the passing through the fire represents that, and the payment of the forfeit redeems the victim. It is curious that staunch Presbyterians, as the people of that part of Perthshire now are, should unknowingly keep up the observance of a great heathen festival.—*Notes and Queries*.

CONJUNCTION AND AGREEMENT.—In a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "man counting the capacity of bliss, &c., the word counting came to a pert young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short, but the teacher said, "Very well; what does counting agree with?" Ellen blushed and hung her head.—"Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?" "Ye—ye—yes, sir." "Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?" Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen says, "It agrees with all the girls, sir."

SPRING CLEANING.

BY A SUFFERER.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near; Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dust lay quiet, Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the children's riot; But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top, The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented, Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cozy and contented? Alas! they've turned all upside down that quiet snits of rooms, With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms, Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round at sixes and at sevens, While wife and housemaid fly about like meteors through the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago; The carpets shook and windows washed, as all the neighbors know; But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books, Pens, ink, and paper, all about, peace in its very looks— Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men, And then they vanished all away—books, paper, ink, and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights, To find all things are "set to wrong" that they have "set to rights." When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still, And the carpet woman's on the stairs, that harbinger of ill, He looks for papers, books, or bills, that all were there before, And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her, who set this fuss afloat, And wishes she were out at sea, in a very leaky boat, He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and capawry, With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand; defiance in her eye, He feels quite small, and knows full well, there's nothing to be said, So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL, 45 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

WANTED, an ASSISTANT TEACHER in this School.—None need apply except those whose character and abilities will bear the strictest investigation. Apply to
W. DORAN, Principal.
April 12, 1853.

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FRESH TEAS, very Superior JAVA COFFEE, PICKLES, SAUCES, HAMS, BACON, and a good assortment of other Articles, for sale at No. 10, St. Paul Street.
JOHN PHELAN.
Montreal, August 20, 1852.

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WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.

N.B.—W. C. manufactures the Montreal Stone, if any person prefers them.
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The Ladies of Montreal are respectfully informed that, in consequence of the late fire, MRS. REILLY has REMOVED to the house occupied by Mr. JONAS LOUGHRY, as a Paint and Colour Store, opposite the HOTEL DIEU Nunnery Church, No. 164, St. PAUL STREET.
Montreal, July 3, 1852.

P. MUNRO, M. D.,
Chief Physician of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, and
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MOSS' BUILDINGS, 2ND HOUSE BLEURY STREET.
Medicine and Advice to the Poor (gratis) from 8 to 9 A. M.
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Office, — Garden Street, next door to the Ursuline
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Quebec, May 1, 1851.

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NOTICE.
The Undersigned takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his numerous Friends, for the patronage bestowed on him during the past three years, and he hopes, by diligent attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.
Montreal, May 6, 1852.
M. P. RYAN.

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REMOVAL.
DYEING BY STEAM!!!
JOHN MCLOSKEY,
Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer,
(FROM BELFAST,)

HAS REMOVED to No. 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street, begs to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the kind manner in which he has been patronized for the last eight years, and now craves a continuance of the same. He wishes to state that he has now purchased his present place, where he has built a large Dye House, and as he has fitted it up by Steam on the best American Plan, he is now ready to do anything in his way, at moderate charges, and with despatch. He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Grapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moroccan Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer.
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