

The Commissioners were removing to better quarters—the magnificent building in Plateau street. Their old building was put up to the highest bidders, and was purchased by a society of Catholic young men, for the purposes of a club. The club was well conducted and respectable, a place of recreation, of amusement, and of instruction, but what mocking demon pursues this man's soul that he could thus construe this commercial dealing to the wickedness of our clergy. Would not the Catholics of Montreal be ashamed to hold the Protestant clergy responsible for the uses to which some of their houses of worship have been turned? Are there not a few places now in Montreal—places which are a disgrace to the city, and were they not once dedicated to Protestant worship. And would not every respectable Catholic in the city blush to hear Protestant clergymen held responsible for the late uses to which some of those buildings had been turned?

And now Rev. Mr. Bray—man of unclean lips—I leave you. You have wantonly and without being provoked thrown the brand of discord among the citizens of Montreal. You have heaped insult after insult upon the Catholic people, and I leave you to the mercy of all impartial and peace abiding men. Your mission is war upon the “dominant” religion, and calumny and bigotry are your weapons of assault. There was a time in Montreal a time that even the pleasure of reading about, conjures up far different and more Christian emotions than those that are likely to be awakened by the Rev. Mr. Bray. I have heard that in the days of the late Metropolitan—the revered, venerable and beloved Dr. Fulford—peace was the order of the day. I have heard that earlier still when this Colony was emerging from its struggle with the wilderness, when here in Montreal in the Church of the Recollect Fathers in Notre Dame St. there was