Three things are essential to true manhood on this earth, lat., The possession of true principles; 2nd, Self-denial; 3rd, A purpose worthy of an intelligent, immortal being.

WEDNESDAY, 4TH JUNE, 1879.

As to true principles there is but one source of them for us Catholics, the Church. She is the guide to the immortal bliss of heaven and the divinely appointed interpreter of the ora-cles of God. Commissioned and aided by the Man-God, she contains every principle of human action necessary to the real development of man's whole being. She understands the wants and aspirations of man, for He who inspired her was the Creator of man. And it is this that gives the Catholic such an immense superiority over those who unhappily reject the guidance of the true Church. The Catholic obeys an authority which cannot err, he has no doubts; he cannot comprehend those terrible phenomena of Error where the human soul is torn by a thousand conflicting fears and doubts; he knows that innnite Truth speaks through the Church, and he walks secure in the unerring light of heaven. Where there is doubt there is uncertainty and an uncertain principle can never bea guide.

Next comes self-denial, the power of saying "No !" to the allurements of the world, sensuality and the devil. He who cannot rule the republic of self is, morally speaking, a mere captain of banditti, whose followers lead him whithersoever they please. He is at the mercy of every influence for evil, within and without. He is a coward and a slave. He listens to mere brute passion until he is simply a brother to the dog, although he retains the shape of man. He is a chip on the surface of the waves, tossed hither and thither at the pleasure of wind and water. He is the worst of traitors, because he betrays himself. The pith and stamina of robust manhood departs from his being until, at length, he is more dangerous than a wild beast to man and woman. He smiles, he claims to be a gentleman, he expatitaes about honor; he swells with conceit of his own funcied perfections, and all the time there is not a meaner, more slavish, more impure, more utterly despicable animal in the Zoological Garden or the Jardin des Plantes. If he could be seen, as he really shall be seen on the Last Great Day, true men and women would take to the words rather than suffer the dirty pollution of his society. What brings the rational creature to such degradation? The answer is very simple; he neglected to say " No" to temptation, and so forged, himself, the chains which bind him, a slave.

Finally, a man must have a purpose, an object in view, a motive, if he wish to fulfill usefully to himself and society the task allotted him by Divine Providence.

But, here let me make a digression. In this sceptical age every term must have its exposition and defence. There are thousands to-day who deny the existence of a Providence, and their grand argument, their heterodox piece de resistance—is thus worded : " Providence, indeed! Look at the world ; the terrible disorder, the anomalies, the contradictions, vice triumphant, virtue oppressed! Every-where, sir, disorder!' Now, those doubters; those "incredulous, the most credulous," as Rousseau said, stand convicted by their own reasoning. Disorder supposes order, and order is Providence, and Providence is in its final expression, God! (Applause.) Every child knows that the exception proves the rule, and everybody knows that disorder is and never can be a rule, for a rule is law, and law is order, which brings us back to the same place.

A motive, an object, let me repeat, a man must have, if he would be a man and not a drone in the human bive. All the failures of life proceed from the source, that man has not a definite purpose, of an ennobling nature, before him. If he have not, he is like an archer shooting arrows into the sky at random, hoping that a lark may happen along in time to be transfixed.

When I say his purpose should be of an ennobling nature dont imagine, for an instant, that I mean something aristocratic-something to mise him above common fellows,---an Olympus, whose select groves may not be fretted by the profamm culque. Not at all. Any honest occupation on earth is sufficient, for, whether high or low, the man should honor the position, not the position the man Give me manhood, true manhood before God and man, with honesty and virtue, and do what you like, for you are the noblest thing of creation and the acts of your existence are enpobled by the agent.

(Applause.) Now, just here lies the lamentable mistake of innumerable individuals. They fancy that a profession—a position which supposes the higher educational and social training,—gives honor. Thus, shall you see, ladies and gentlemen, swarms of pretty young gentlemen, pomatumed and befrizzled,—immense as to the cuffs and marvellous in the way of buttons,- bescented and becamed, - wearing shiny hats on their heads and puppies at their heels,-rushing into Law, Medicine, the Army, &c. attracted thither by the notion that Law, not the lawyer, is respectable,-that Medicine, not the doctor, is honorable,-that the Gold Lace, not the soldier, is praiseworthy. Of course, they never succeed, and the greatest favor they can bestow upon their protession is to abandon it, on the very legitimate ground of incompatibility. This inoterate Noudleism is the bane of this contury, for it is deplorable to see otherwise he mices youths --

who might even make thomselves useful with a great effort-on a caual boat, or in the back country-(great laughter) rolling up hill a great stone only to see it come thundering down again about their ears. Now, all this may easily be explained. These abortive efforts are due to the fact that the unfortunate. disappointed individual had no purpose in view, no earnestness, no singleness of motive. You shall hear them say :- "O one thing's as good as another!" Young man, Admirable Crichtons, Pie da Muandolas and da Vincis, are merely exceptions. Universal genius is a prodigy of rare appearance on this planet. Life is too short and talents too limited to admit of any individual's frittering away existence in twenty different, uncertain direc tions. Remember, that the most obscure wheel in the watch is as necessary to the exact keeping of time as the largest and most prominent. The vast majority of mankind march upon a monotonous level. If you wish to perform creditably the duties of life, the mule in the cider mill must be your model, not the lions who roam the vast plains of Ind nor the engles who gyrate high among the snow-capped summits of the Andes. Few are called to prominence, intellectual or otherwise. Keep this, too, in mind my good Young America,-no one cau speak like Demosthenes nor fiddle like. Wilhelm, of his , own single purpose and effort. It is the something both with the man—the affaius. the nons—that lends excellence to human effort. Should this

truth discourage us? Nonsonse! Goethe very admirably says:—
"If you think you can do a thing, begin it; boldness has truth and life and genius in it!"

et us be profountly convinced of one great Let us be profoundly convinced of one greativith. By Thought, True Principles, Self-Denial in the cause of the people shall be their cause; and Unity of Purpose, you can do what no other man can do, just as surely as you are yourself in its and no body else in heaven, on earth or beneath shad no body else in heaven, on earth or beneath shad no body else in heaven, on earth or beneath shad and of the cause. The rear of the wild beast will be echoed by your line earth. Similarity of work there may be, but let under the first of the white walls of your proud palaces plunking down into the red flames of your burning capitals, and the cry of triumph let under the proving the proving the control of popular vengeance. (Great applause.)

tom, you may get pearls that will make, you' and your neighbors rich for life. You must think more, Young America, for great good and useful thoughts are like the big fish; they lie at the bottom of the stream. When some one asked Newton how it was that he had, attained so astonishing a knowledge of the exact sciences, that great man replied:—"There is only this difference between my neighbors and myself, as far as I can see; I think more than they do." I do not say that thinking will make us all Newtons, but I do say that it will make us very different from what we are. In thinking, abyss calls to abyss, and thought engenders thought, and Originality is nothing more nor less than the Originality is nothing more nor less than the thing called Genius. Don't forget this, Young

Originality is bothing more nor less than the thing called Genius. Don't forget this, Young America!

But, if true principles, self-denial and a single alm be not accompanied by persevering industry—by that patient toil which is content to go slowly, provided it goes surely,—there will be little success. All the genius in the world is not worth an acre of wheat, if it be not wedded to work. Genius without labor is just like the unwritten Iliad in the mind of homer,—a very fine thing in itself, but not available to others. Genius without work is like Paganini deprived of his violin—a capacity—but no performance. (Great applause.) One penny is of more real value in the world than the Koh-i-noor diamond; the penny travels about providing bread for the poor; the diamond is a non-productive thing whose sole purpose is to feed the vanity of kings. Without genius one may be useful, any eniment—he can never be great; but without labor no man can be either useful, eminent, or great. Senius may be truly defined the capacity of doing, and the essence of doing is Thought.

Work, work, Young America! not, like hucksiers, for the present moment and the present penny, but with a larger, nobler purpose. Work for the future in doing your whole duty in the present. Be thoroughly convinced that Heaven and earth can only be conquered by Labor. America is the confinent of toil; the home of real democracy, not the bastard monarchism called Republicani-m in most King-living, aristocratic France, whose Dukes, with bosoms covered with ribbous and stars, discourse about Spartan freedom before the Sanx-culottes and princely jackeys, noble stable boys, and titled

aristorial: Traine, whose bakes, with obtains covered with ribbous and stars, discourse about Spattau freedom before the Sans-culottes and princely jackeys, noble stable boys, and itited hunters of the contisses spout elegantly about constitution and the ballot. This is a mere paying court to the latest popular cry: "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive Thiers!" "Vive In Commune!" "Vive MeMahon!" "Vive Grevy!" "Vive le Diable!" (Great laughter.) These are the gods of the Sans-culottes at each turn of the political kaleidescope, and the aforesaid dukes, jockeys, stable boys. &c., bow with infinite grace to the genial, and, with hand on heart, offer windy incense to the uncertain mob. And France is Europe.

Young America! If you should ever sink so low as that, I could find it in my heart to wish that Asia would send us a poisonous breath and leave America a continent of cities without a citizen to break the desolation of solitude. (Hear, hear).

being must be toned in unison with the Church to give efficacy to his words and works. The rebellion of Luther was an uprising of numan pride, ever impatient of authority, however legitimate. And the principle of disobedience, thus formerly introduced into the world with so-called religious sanctions, find in the burless nature of corrupt men a congenial soil for its development. Independence became the shibboleth of the pseudo-Reformers—independence of the family, of the civil ruler, of religious authority, of the did replaced by a nobler conception; was revived, and divorce, civil reheillen, heresy and atheism began to shape the intelligence of millions of human beings. From rejecting the authority of the

curbed their mud ambitton, and withstood their unbridled passions—who was the Mordecal of the ages ever sitting at the gates of tyrants and fretting their haughty souls with a sense of inferiority and authority. They resolved to use the people against the Catholic Church, and, having crushed the great mother of nations, revel in the thought which Francis I. expressed, when liberated from Spain: "Now, I am, indeed, a king!" Thus kings and the Synagogue re-olved to destroy Christ. They forgot that Christ was divine.

So admirably have rulers educated the people in rebellion against legitimate authority, that they find themselves somewhat embarrassed,

So admirably have rulers educated the people in rebellion against legitimate authority, that they find themselves somewhat embarrassed, not only by the aptitude of their pupils, but by the irregular tendency of their energies. Bismarck put himself at the head of the atheistic forces, of Germany and inaugurated a war against the Catholic Church. It was a rash undertaking. The Rock of Peter Is somewhat noted for a preulinr knack of passive resistance very trange and inexplicable to the kingdom of 1 uther, but easily understood by those who believe in a certain Being who walked some centuries ago by the shores of blue Gallice. Bismarck finds himself in the "fix" which Lord Chelmsford experienced at Isandlana. While marching into the enemy's country, the enemy are killing his guards and spoiling his camp. With this difference, however—Chelmsford's foes are Africaus, while Bismarck's are German atheists and free-thinking Liberals. In fact, they are nothing more nor less than Lutherized Young Europe. With the Rock of Peter before him and the raging devil, that Le has raised, behind him, the German Canneclier wit get a squeeze before long, or I am much mistaken. (Loud cheen.)

behind him, the German Cinncellor will get a squeeze before long, or I am much mistaken. (Loud cheege.)

"Lon, again, look at His Malests of Germany peeping cautionsly out of his halace windows,—taking the air stealthist in the midst of an army—starting at every shadow, and—yeing his very courtiers with swipleton. He can save the Ritino frontier, but he cannot save himself, for well he knows that regicles seldom stop until they have effected their purpose. All the legions of Germany cannot arrest a builet well-aimed. Yet, in his blindness, the old monarch distains to listen to the only voice on earth that has power over the worst as well as the best elements of society.

elements of society.

Let me addice another example. The mighty Tear of Russia—Holy Russia, blen entendu—dares not, this day, ex-reise the privilege of the poorest tramp within the borders of his vast dominions! He—the proud monarch of eighty millions of men—has become a mere target for Nibilist pistol practice. What a pitiful speech was that of his at the Winter Pulace, shortly after the latest attempt on his life! He was pule, he trembled, he wer, t, and he manifested to the world that Kings now-a-days are as poor and as weak men as the most wretched of their subjects. Such extilbutions as those rob royalty of its majesty in the ryes of the people, and we know what that means. When England called her King, Charles Stewart, and stance her's, Capet, their royal-heads were already within the shadow roy al-heads were already within the shadow

of the see. (Hear, hear).

The R-naissance,—that resucitation of ideas dangerously culogistic of heather works—Valtaire the Eucyclopedists, German atheism Goethe, Strauss, the Positivists, Secret Societies, there the Eucyclopeasts, territian attention Goethe, Strains, the Positivists, Sacret Societies, these things were the forerunners of Internationalism, Communism, Nihilism, Radicalism and the Carbonuria sassins. Kings patted all those elements of social disruption on the back, and encouraged them in their bitter attacks upon the Catholic Churce. O royal idio's! will people obey because ye are Kings? Is it not religion, the only agent of national and social ord-r? Call forth your serried masses of soldiers, what then? Times are changed, good Romanoff, Hohenzullem, Savoy, Bourbon, Braganza!-be lieve!t. times are changed! Soldiers bave cased to be automata; they are of the people; hopes, aspirations, tendan-ies, all of the people. In the hour of doom, when the mighty shadow that has so long celipsed the march of events, shall take form and consistency—the awful Nemesis of a rejected God—trust not to your battallons, for the cause of the people shall be their cause; the roar of the wild beast will be cehoed by your janissuries; when the background of black smoke shall set forth the white walls of your proud palaces planking down into the red fiames of your barrallors coulted.

There is a Providence, O, Kings; do ye need a awarning from the Past? Who was greater, who stronger than Alexander, called the Great? The ensanguined form of the mighty Macedonian is seen moving, amid dark, crimson-dappled clouds, towards the fater lands of the East, like some Northern eagle cleaving, with majestic wing, the space which divides him from his prey. The Medes and the Persians grow pale, the Assyrians tremble at the distant rattle of the spears—even the barbaric powers of India catch the furoff tramp of the invincible phalanxes! The brazen gates of Babyion look fearfully down upon the troubled waters, which seem to studder and chauge to dire, while men pine away before the destroyer! Darius lifts his pailled brow to the skies and strives to catch some portent of his coming fate; he cries to his hundred walled cities, and Porus summons the wild horsemen of his desert tribes. In vain! Empires hoary with age and crowned who the glory of the magnificent centuries, cover their faces and fall before the Conqueror. And Time writes, in their splendid ruins, the awful passage of the inspired son of Phillip—the mad boy of genius—the unconscious agent of a divine purpose! (Tremendons applause.)

For a moment he gleams, a meteor; then disappears. He took pride in himself and forgot means a produce a beneficial harvest in the future and pleates.

agent of a divine purpose! (Tremendous applause.)
For a moment he gleams, a meteor; then disappears. He took pride in himself and forgot justice, and the Lord swept him away in the breath of his wrath. Do Alexander and Napoleon teach ye no lesson, O Kings!

Another great emperor, Henry IV. of Germany, used the people, whom he had perverted, against the flaustrious Hildebrand, St. Gregory VII. The holy Pontiff died in exile with these words upon his lips:—"I have loved justice and hated indignity, therefore, I die in exile! And the emperor triumphed? Of course! But the disobedience which had rejected the spiritual, rejected the temporal authority. Tellus, Henry of Germany! who triumphed when the snows of a bitter winter's night covered your pauper form, as you lay dend and utterly forsaken on the steps of the Cathedral of Prague? "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "I will repay."

And you, Henry of England, where was mour triumph—you who had led Young England into the captivity of heresy and passion, and taught them the trick of rehellion against all authority—where, I ask, was your triumph at that dread last hour of your life, when your answer to the exhortations of the Catholic priest at your bedside was "Too late!—God! it is too late!"

In the future building up of our great country: lat. We do not wan those him-toned, gilt-

side was "Too late!—God! It is too late!"
In the future building up of our great country:
Ist. We do not wan those high-toned, gittedged gentlemen who scorn to soil their lovely hands with pleblen labor. They are select, you know, and, above all things, exclusive. They tak about "our set," and speak contemptious by of what they are pleased to cail "the lower orders." By "lower orders," ladies and gentlemen, you must understand those unfortunate mortals who cannot get unlimited credit without any hope, present or future, of paying their creditors. This class—favored of the gods—love Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise to that extent that no Eastern fakir ever worshipped his idol with more abject devotion. Her Royni Highness cannot have an Instant to herself. citizen to break the desolation of solitude. (Henr, hear).

Now, what, let me ask, has brought young Europe to the deplorable position which she occupies to-day? Ladies and gentlemen, the original source of all these evils was the rebellion of Luther in the sixteenth century.

The Catholic Church alone knows how to form men for earth and for heaven. She is the Godappointed mother of men, and, alone, comprehends the meaning of human destiny. Man is part of a great family within the Catholic Church; outside of her pale he is isolated and powerless for good. The greatest abilities need solidarity. Bossuet within the Church was a power; Bossuet tompering with schism was but Ishmael weeping in the wilderness. Man's being must be toned in unison with the Church to give efficacy to his words and works. walk when and whither she pleases. Not being gentlemen themselves, they forget that a Princess is not a piece of machinery—that, possibly, she may be a living, breathing, in elligent lady, with a lady's sensitiveness as to notoriety, and a lady's delicacy and feelings. Now, I know of an infallible way for scattering those gentry like chaif, and I trust these words will reach the ears of Her lioval Highness. Let her insist upon every one who approaches her bringing with bim—as bis card—a receipt in full from his tailor, his shoemaker and his hatter, not forgetting the lewe ler. My word for it, royal lady, theirs will soon be like angel's visits—few and far between. And, perhaps, the Princess imagines that these quiz-glassed nondescripts are Young America. No, no, kind lady, they are imported Bulls! (Great laughter.)

2nd. In the second place we want no youth that is conceited, faise, mean or cruck. No unformers, spies, whisperers, or detractors. No deg that is ever fetching and carrying; who sets his acquaintances by the cars, and creates disorders in communities. No practical lokes, for such a person is invariably both false, mean and cruel. We want no moral vitrol throwers, disfiguring not your face for life, but, what is a good deal worse, your rep-

a nobler conception; was revived, and divorce, civil rebeillon, heresy and atheism beran to shape the intelligence of millions of human beings. From rejecting the authority of the Church to cutting off the heads of kings, the step was short. Confounding license with liberaty, and anarchy with order, the doctors of the prounded Reform Impregnated young Europe with the seeds of dissension which are bearing such bifter fruit in the latter part of the nine-teeth century. After having rejected the authority of kings.

You have all heard, ladies and gentlemen, of the philosopher farmer who, finding a snake frozen by the roadside, took it home, warmed it back to life, and, while congratulating himself on his noble kindness, had to take to his heels presently, pursued by the ungrafeful scrient. Ho was happier than kings; he killed the viper; shus! their viper is killing the kings! (Applanus)

The most bitter enemies of the Catholic Church lave been and are kings When Luther's step Monitor of Heaven, who had ever curbed their melanthily, and were glad that, at last, they possessed a weapon by which they could coerce into silence and submission the Stern Monitor of Heaven, who had ever curbed their melanthily, and were glad that, at last, they possessed a weapon by which they could coerce into silence and submission the Stern Monitor of Heaven, who had ever curbed their melanthily, and were glad that, at last, they possessed a weapon by which they could coerce into silence and submission the Stern Monitor of Heaven, who had ever curbed their med annition, and withstood their unbridled passions—who was the Mordecal of the ages ever sitting at the gates of tyrants and fretting their haughty souls with a sense of inferiority and authority. They resolved to use the people against the Catholic Church, and having crushed the great mother of nations, revel in the thought which Francis I. expressed when liberated from Spain: "Now, I am, indeed, a king!" Thus kings and the Synagome received to destroy Cirist. They forgot that Che when she catches such a thick-witted on? But meet him on the street; all Is changed. He laughs, chats pleasantly, is monstrously gallant and much given to tipping his hat to the better half of creation. (Laughter.) He is quite the delightful nattle, you know, and as brilliant as popples. He has an immense reputation with school-girls, and will travel two miles and a-half, by the circle to carry a callow miss the hand-

as popples. He has an immense reputation with school-girls, and will travel two miles and a half, by the clock, to carry a callow miss the hand-kerchief she has dropped, (much laughter.) You observe, now and then a young fellow come up and pull his nose or treat him to a few contemptoous kicks. Where is the autocrat, the bully, the tyrant then? Why, it is Bottom tran-formed. He sheaks off, muttering fraful vengeance to come; he mentions cowhide and the law but in his heart of hearts he is a white livered coward, without sufficient manhood to lift a hand in his own defence. He goes home and revenges himself upon his family. If you ever hear of any poor thoughtless yating creature brought to ruin, search among this class of moral parichas and you will assuredly find the destroyer. (Heart hear.)

Foutthly, as you value your country and its future prosperity, have nothing to do with the Pretenders. They floutish everywhere, but especially in drawing-rooms of the favored few of earth. You and your friends are conversing admiringly about the last concert. Enter Mr. Pretender. "Why sir, why, madam, the music was execrable! Now, look at—aw—Hecthoven's Sonata in B. flat; how was that incerpreted? Shamefully, sir! The excression was misunderstood; the—aw—the technique was stif and unnatural; the melancholy or, rather, pensaroso—altem!—pensaroso idea of the morecau was missed totally, sir. To lead Beethoven, madame, one must have a soul—ahem!—and aw—" &c. &c. &c. &c. (Great laughter.) Now, after hearing the above criticism, ladies and gentlemen. would you helleve that Mr. Pretender Rnew as much about music in theory or practice as a druke." He has simply picked up a few musical terms, and out of that small capita he contrives to obtain in-mense credit, just like some of our Montreal bankers, in matters of dearnels!—He is the served in publing or practice as a drake." He has simply picked up a few musical terms, and out of that small capita he contrives to obtain in mease credit, just like some of our Montreal bankers, in matters financial. He is the same in painting, sculpture; in all the arts and sciences. He will show you where Father This or That's sermon was weak—where Biske, Macdonald, Mackenzle or Frazer put their foot in it—where Dr. Sterry Huni's geology is atfault—where Charle-O'Comnor is wrong at law, or Dr. Howard in medicine,—and'he whispers in your ear that Dr. Hingston. of Montreal, or ir Sullivan of Kingston—he is not sure which—had, in spile of his eminent knowledge of anatomy, mistaken the cervical vertire for the tibia and cut off the pavient's head instead of his leg! (Great merriment.) Now, indies and gentlemen, beware of a man who can furnish you an exhaustive explanation of everything under the sun. Hunc tu caucto: beware of him; he is Mr. Pretender. He couldn't speak in public to save his life; he couldn't july the ganut in F sharp on any instrument ever invented; he has plenty of ear, but none for music; he is not equal to drawing a respectable skeleton or elephant's effigies on a slate, which I take to be the easiest subjects for mascent art skeleton or elephant's effigies on a state, which I take to be the easiest subjects for nascent art possible. In short, practically he is a dead fallure; theoretically, he is Mr. Pretender. Shun him! Habet fanum in cornu. (Laughter.)

him! Habet fanum in cornu. (Laughter.)

5th. We want no sneerers at religion in the ranks of our young America. Here is some shallow-pated creatures, whose consuming ambition is is to pass for remarkable characters. They make it their business to be always differing from every body else. They imagine they are creating a sensation, when they are merely making asses of themselves. They like to have their photographs taken with a Byronic expression of eye. They imagine that a vacuous stare means profundity. They scorn to write legibly, for fear people might forget they are genuises. They are always on the point of schieving something marvellous, but never do it. They are pitiless critics of others' performances, and like to leave their friends under the impression that they could do better if they wished. They get a smattering of Voltaire and Palue, and ventilete their ginger beer froth skepticism on cars

a shrewd eye on the fellow. (Laughter and applantse.)
Sixthly, and lastly, we don't want more novel readers in our young America. Of novels we may say what the holy Bishop of Geneva said of balis:—"They are like mushrooms; the best of them should he used very sparingly."
I would never blame an occasional dip into Scott, or Dickens, or especially Thackeray, but nino-tenths of modern writers of fiction are simply sowers of seed which, I fear, will by no means produce a beneficial harvest in the future American mind. Reade, Collins, Trollope, Mrs. Southworth, Miss Browdon, George Elliott (mc Miss Evans), and fitty other authors are doing immense harm to the coming men and women of America. Perhaps I should have excepted Trollope, but as I have mentioned his name, e'en let him remain in the foregoing company. The translations from the French and German are, in general from a literary and moral point of view, extremely bad, and should be carefully avoided. As for the "mysteries" of This and the "adventures" of That—Reynolds, Suc. Sand, the Duchess D'Abrantes, &c., &c., &c., that is the literature of the bagnio, to be spurned by every honest man and woman. An intelligence fed by such swine husks becomes a devilish intelligence, the bane of the sout and the cancer of thought. May the shadow of such intelligence be ever far removed from Young america! (Hear, hear, and appiause.)

There is another character, not exactly criminal, but very impracticable and trondesome, whom it would be well for Young America to keep at arm's length, I mean the young men who, like Sitas Wegg, is continually dropping into poerry, or what he considers such. In this connection, I would warn young lades to have a care how they bestow their smiles upon the young gentlemen I describe. They are good-hearted,—none more so—and gentle as suck for doves, but I fear they are hardly litted for that very necessary condition of human existence—"putting the shoulder to the wheel. (Laughter). Don't, young ladies, I beg of you, don't let those interesting interesting youths ever got serious in conversing with you, for, ten to one, but they will ask you to take a step whose success depends as much on one's solveney as upon affection and esteem. (Great laughter.) They are not adapted -1 really do not think they are adapted to that interesting process commonly described as "keeping the pot abotting." (Laughter.). If you listen to them, you will run the risk of seeing an important benst at your door, known as "the wolf." And when that happens, alus! Cupid's darts are changed to that from, and the soft exchange of unitual sentiment takes the horrid form of a flying three-legged stool! (Shouts of laughter and applanse.) Let the poet, then, read yards, furlongs, miles of delicious nonscuse, but take you care to have an eye on the main chance. I never knew a man carn a dollar by glamoring at the moon or by egstatically watching the setting sun. The rising sun he never describes, because the fine frenzy of his inspired eye is generally captained at seven o'clock in the morning, being somewhat lazy, in fact a Sybarite, as becomes an ethereal client of the Muses. (Much merriment.)

If such a one desire praise, assert roundly that

what azy, in fact a synctric, as becomes all ethereal client of the Muses. (Much incrriment.)

If such a one desire praise, assert roundly that Homer never wrote anything like your good friend's last performance; and, if he sees one heauty, you must be sure and discover diffy. Then he will march off exultingly and solemnly informs the first company he meets that, though you may be weak in some points, you are an exquisite critic and a man of judgment. (Applause.)

Let me speak of another kind of person, whom Young America should blackball without pity. I refer to that species of humanity who carries across the Atlantic Ocean, with his household gods, a grievance. (Hear, hear!) He is usually a furlous radical, hating the idea of monarchy, even as an abstract form of government, and professing a cheerful willinguess to cut the throats of aristocrats without the benefit of elegy. You may be quite sure that those terrible champions of the Demos have falled to gain the smiles of royalty or the entree into the magic circle of the Aristof. There is an expressive compound word, derived from the sweet tongue of the Gael, that perfectly fits such cultured sans calattes, and that word is—blatter-skine. Though his reteoric he as unexceptionable as his kid gloves, and his imagination as highly colored as the old-time Place de la Greve, he is a speculator in principles, with honor ever on the lookout for the highest market price. (Cheers.)

In the beginning of my remarks, 1 spoke of

(Cheers.)
In the beginning of my remarks, I spoke of civil and social conditions which now, unfortunately exist in Old Europe, because Young Europe has inherited a principle of antagonism to constituted authority, which must, of necessity, and the proposition of the property of the proposition of the property of the

constituted authority, which must, of necessity, cause a perpetual jarring throughout the whole machinery of society. I also told you, if you will please recollect, that I would furnish you a practical illustration of this spirit of rebehion and the black depths to which it may push the most enlightened peoples.

The Catholic Church works like Nature, gradually; disorder works by violence and excess. Slavery, barbarism, fendatism, sliently, hupercentily, but surely passed beneath the gentle influence of Catholic teaching. It was the Catholic Church that was the foster-mother of Constitutions. She was the first great advocate of the rights of men. Just at the moment when Christendom was emerging from the fedal era, Christendom was emerging from the feudal era, and the first glimpses of representative government were caught by the people, a tructent monk rebelled against the Mother that had nourished, him and hurled Europe back centuries, for he threw his whole weight on the side of kings. From that moment a terrific collision between kings and people became only a question of time, for the kings were going backward while the people were moving forward. Where was the storm to burst forth first? In that kingdom which had gone farthest back and comprehended least the elements which theistendom was emerging from the feudal era and comprehended least the elements which she imagined she absolutely controlled. That

and comprehenced reast the elements when the imagined she absolutely controlled. That she imagined she absolutely controlled. That litingdom was France.

The king and his courtiers—the privileged class—on one side; the people on the other; two hostire camps. Warning voices werheard, but they were shut up in bastiles or lunatic asylums. The feast went on and the favored few rioted. Belshazzar blasphemed, and sought no interpreter for the handwriting on the wall. Silently, darkly, uprose an awful spectre, bloody, destructive and threatening. It was a shadow, gaunt with hunger, shivering with cold, and drawing about its fleshless ribs a mantle of rags. It held a toren and a dagger, while behind loomed up an engine of death, unknown in the annuls of man. It called to the depths, and there came forth an army of shapes, half human, half devilish, but altogether hideous. The forces of Destintion became invincible; her croy of despair pherced the heavens; courtiers laughed; her roar of rage and vengeance made her cry of despair pierced the neavens; courtiers laughed; her roar of rage and vengeance made the depths of hell tremble; the courtlers did not laugh. In her wild fury Destitution forgot the Most High; she was foolish, for by Him alone kings reign and people flourish, and for centuries France shall pay for the Goddess of Reason, enthroned upon the altar of Notre

turies France shall pay for the Goddess of Rea on, enthroned upon the altar of Notre Dame. (Great applause.)

The spectre stalked through France with blood-clog-ed foot and dripping hands, and never ceased until it had violated the sanctuary of Kings—until royalty passed headless and despised into history. (Applause.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, one example is better than a thousand arguments. Is it not of yast importance that Young America should be protected from evil principles and trained in paths of truth, vitue and mankind? The various characters I have slightly sketched may exoite a laugh, but, collectively taken, they furnish the material of rebellion, anarchy and disorder. We want Young America to be strong in every true principle, for the destiny of the world, the happiness of millions, lies in their hands. They must be firm, honest, vigorous and straightforward; free from self-concelt, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of popular institutions, God-fearing and brave. They must despise the "auri accra fames"—the accursed greed for gold. They must rise to the level of the great things expected of them. They must shun theories and useless speculations, and comprehend that life is a great and important work, not a poet's dream. (Hear, hear.)

The march of empire must cease with the

hear.)
The march of empire must cease with the continent of the setting sun. Young America is the heir of all the ages that have gone. The experience of centuries is theira, and the page of history, with its brilliant lights and deep shadows, is ever teaching, in majestic fones, the great lesson that virtue elevates peoples while vice destroys them.

A great Roman lady, when asked to show her jewels, pointed to her sons, and proudly exclaimed: "There are my jewels!" If the youth of the New Word be true to their exalted destiny, then America, that giorious Queen of

of the New Word be true to their exalted destiny, then America, that glorious Queen of earth's happier era, can point to them confidently as her mainstay and crown, and bid defiance to a world in arms. (Cheers.)

But not by arms and violence shall the future of America be encompassed. The arts of peace shall be hers, and her oblideren, while ever ready to vindicate her honor and protect her from insult, shall cast the laurel wreath not New York, to Lloyd Stephens Bryce.

upon the sword, but upon the ploughshare. The hopes of oppressed nationalities depend for their happy realization upon the course which Young America shall take in developing the resources of their mighty empire. And that that development may be for good; that it may be lasting and efficient; that it may manifest to the world all that was not to good to the most favored purious. clent; that it may manifest to the world all that wis and is good in the most favored nations; that it may become a boundless influence, with God's blessing, for the amelioration of humanity and the advancement of our kind to a nobler and brighter future; that it may be all this and more, depends chiefly upon the proper comprehension of their duty by the favored youth of America. (Great enthuslasm, renewed again and again, during which the reverend gentleman took his seat.)

Archbishop Lynch's Visit to 81. Vincent's Home, New York.

[Written for the TRUE WITNESS.] Last Wednesday evening, about 8 o'clock, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto paid a visit to Father Drumgoole's Home for Boys, at 53 Warren St., New York. The inmates, nearly 300 in number, dressed in holiday Father Drumgoole introduced his Grace in seats. brief and eloquent terms. The boy-choir, one of the best-trained in the city, wedded their clear young voices to sweetest music, and rendered in an exquisite manner, the joyous song of "Welcome, Good Archbishop," prepared for the occasion. At the conclusion of the hymn, Master Charles Magnire, a bright little orphan boy, read an address to his Grace, couched in simple and feeling terms, wherein the good Archbishop was complimented on his life-long care of homeless and destitute children. A copy of the address, beautifully written, was hunded to his Grace, which he accepted with emotion. The learned prelate addressed his audience in the most affectionate terms. He expressed his thanns for the reception so warmly tendered him. He said he came to New York to Eminence, the Cardinal, on the completion of his great work. He was much pleased to visit some of the charitable institutions of New York, and Brooklyn, but no where was he more pleased than with his visit to St. Vincent's Home, the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. His Grace congratulated Father Union. He exhorted his young hearers to lead pure and good lives, to attend diligently to their studies, and they would yet become respectable citizens and honorable self-supportuntil the departure of his Grace, after a very pleasant visit of a couple of hours.

NEW HOMES FOR CATHOLIC BOYS. Some little commotion was caused around No. 53 Warren street, New York, on last Wednesday forenoon, by the visit of sixty boys on their way from the Utica branch of the New York Catholic Protecory to homes provided for them by their friends. The boys looked well and happy, fresh from the country. They were met at the door of the Home by 150 of Father Drumgoole's boys, who were on their way to school, and looked well as they warmly greeted their country brothers. The clean and healthy appearance of the leaving for the first time. The boys were dinner. They left the city the same evening for their new homes.

Mechanics' Rank Suspension. Further Particulars.

The notes of the suspended bank sell very ing less. It is expected that a large number that quotations may be lower still.

PREPARING A STATEMENT. The clerks in the defunct banking institupreparing a statement of affairs, but nothing authentic as to whether or not the bank will go into liquidation will be forthcoming until after the return of Mr. Brydges, the President, who is now on his way from Manitoba. A meeting of the directors Vice-President of the bank, reports that all the paid-up stock is all genuine and bona tide and that they do not hold a single note on stock. Out of the \$420,000 discounts held by the Mechanics' Bank, about \$240,000 have

been transferred to the Molsons' Bank. INCIDENTS.

Several reports unfavorable and reprehen sible to the management of the bank are current, but we refrain from publishing them until they are confirmed.

A resident of Beauharnois yesterday was obliged to mortgage his real estate property to obtain gold to pay notes falling due at the Mechanics' Bank, and now held by the " Molsons," while he states that at the same time he was possessed of more than five times the amount in Mechanics' Bank bills, which were refused acceptance. This is, amount to say the least, hard; and since it appears from Mr. Menzie's letter, addressed to the cashier of Molson's Bank on Thursday iast, that he was well aware of the perilous position in which his bank stood daily. The depositors are naturally asking why he did not secure a meeting of the board of directors earlier in the year, and place the case before them just as it stood, instead of receiving deposits daily up to the last moment previous to the suspension. Many who have been paying money into the Bank to meet notes when they fell due, want to know now who will pay these notes when they go to protest. One gentleman in the city here paid a deposit at 12 o'clock on the day of suspension.

FROM OTTAWA.

A large amount of counterfeit money is in circulation in this section at present. Yesterday no less than 19 counterfeit bills were successfully passed on farmers at the market. The counterfeits are principally five dollar bills on the Commerce and British North American Banks. Steps are being taken to ferret out the parties who are so successfully flooding the country with the spurious bills. Dominion of Canada two dollar notes changed | selves, when Fordham, the skilful and plucky into five dollars are also in circulation. In the altered notes the dollar in the middle of move. the note is blurred with acid and the twos the top of the ground when round the note is also changed. The Dominion issues no notes but one and two Bevys" quickly headed "Visconti" and

Mayor Cooper's daughter was married on Saturday afternoon in Dr. Bellow's Church, ovation, this being the first Derby he has ever

TELEGRAMS.

Politics and Nationality in Winnipeg. Winnieg, Man. May 29 .- In the Local Legislature to-day, Premier Norquay an-nounced the resignation of Mr. Royal, Minister of Public Works, which has been accepted. Full explanations are deferred. It appears that the French members, nine in number, and all the supporters of the Ministry, expressed considerable dissatisfaction because the Government had not the support of the majority of the English members. Mr. Norquny demanded the resignation of Hon. Mr. Royal, whose French colleague, Hon. Mr. Delorme, also resigned. The English members immediately combined to support the Government, which will be reconstructed after the conclusion of the present session. The French party under the new state of affairs will be left unrepresented in the Cabinet. Great changes are looked for in consequence of the altered state of affairs, attire, rose to greet the venerable prelate as both in the personnel of the Government and he entered the chapel of the Immaculate the nature of the Legislation. It is regarded Virgin. The hapel was ablaze with tapers as not improbable that the parties will be and gas jets, and the altars were aglow with divided by nationality. The English are all the summer radiance of floral glory. largely in a majority, holding 15 out of 24

The correspondence which has been brought down in the Local Legislature shows the cause of the Ministerial crisis to have been the threat of the French members to withdraw their support because the Government had not a majority of the English members supporting it. On this being made known Attorney General Walker and Provincial Secretary Brown offered to resign, alleging as a reason that the Government had not an English majority. On account of Royal, the Minister of Public Works, the French leader, not having explained away the serious charges brought against him at the election, their resignation was not accepted. but the Premier demanded Royal's resignation, which was given. That of Delorme, the Minister of Agriculture, was accepted in assist at the dedication of St. Patrick's the House to-day. The first division since Cathedral, the great Marble Temple, that will I the crisis was on an amendment to a Governremain for all time the pride and the glory | ment measure. The Government were susof Catholic America, and to congratulate his | tained by 13 to 6, the vote being English on one side and French on the other. The Fac Press says that Norquay refused to accept the dictation of the minor section of the House, He and his colleagues having a larger English following than the other three members of the House, he declined making any change in the English Ministers. The Drungoole on his new purchase at the corner | consequence was the French tried to form an of Lafayette place and Great Jones street, and | alliance with a section of the English Opon the marvellous success of St. Joseph's position, which, it successful, would have resulted in the creation of another Government sustained by the unanimous French vote and a small English section. It failed, and the Freuch committed political suicide. The ing men. Choice selections of music followed, English are now solidified on measures too radical for the French people, meaning the abolition of the French language and the redistribution of seats. This is attributable to the French themselves by their dictatorial disposition, which forced those against whom they conspired to go the extreme length.

Alarming Eruption of Mount Etna. MESSINA, May 30 .- The eruption of Etna, which is now in progress, is the seventy-ninth eruption of this volcano of which there is record. It promises to be one of the most memorable of this long list of eruptions, which is continually increasing and assuming vast proportions. Enormous showers of ashes have fellen in Messina, which is forty-five little travelers, who were excerted from the miles northeast of the mountains, and hout to the Home by a few officers, redects have also reached as far as Reggio. In Calamuch credit on the Protectory they are now | bria, nine miles southeast of Messina, showers of ashes and dense clouds of smoke issuing warmly received and hospitably entertained from the volcano obscure the sun, and give to by Father Drumgoole at breakfast and the scene an indescribably sombre and lugubrious aspect. Vast streams of lava are flowing down the sides of the mountain and threatening destruction to Santa Maria de Lecadia and Salenms, two villages at the base of the mountain. Craters have thrown out immense fire balls, which burst with great brilliancy, and with tremenslowly, and the city brokers are loth to accept | dons reports. The scene is impressively and them at over 50 per cent, as the prospects of terribly grand. Several severe shocks of a profitable outlet for them are daily becom- earthquake have been felt at Messina. The citizens are excited to a very high pitch. A of these bills, for large amounts will be stream of lava is flowing down the mountain brought in from the various outlaying agencies | side already, 200 feet wide and nearly four in a day or two, and it would seem probable miles long. The three new craters are very active.

The Berby. NEW YORK, May 28 .- A special despatch tion have been busy ever since Wednesday in from London says the result of the Derby has been a great surprise, and much money has been lost and won on the event. The bookmakers have been very fortunate, and won back many of their losses on "Parole's" vietories. "Sir Bevys," the winner of to-day's Derby, is owned by Baron Rothschild, alis expected to take place about though he is run in the name of Mr. Acton, the middle of next week. Mr. Shanly, the the racing pseudonym of the Baron. His sire was "Favorious," who was also owned by Baron Rothschild, and who won the Derby in 1871. As a two-year-old, "Sir Beyys" ran four races-first, at Ascot, in June, in the Fern Hill stalls, where he failed to get a place; secondly, at the Newmarket July meeting, in the two-year-old stakes, where he was also distanced; thirdly, at Newmarket, in October, where he won by a neck in a race of six furlongs, carrying 122 pounds in a field of nine; and fourthly, also at Newmarket, when he was beaten by a head for the ditch mile nursery handicap, carrying 120 pounds. He was scarcely supposed, until lately, to have any chance for the Derby. He will run at Paris for the grand prize on June 8th; at Newmarket, in July, for the summer cup and Bunbary stakes, at Dorchester, in September, for St. Leger, and at Newmarket, in October, for select stakes. There was one bet made

May 12th of £3,000 to £120 against "Sir

Bevys," and others at the rate of 33 to one. The time made by "Sir Bevys" was three minutes and two seconds. The start was a fine one-23 horses getting away together in handsome style. "Charlbert," who was one of the favorites, and against whom betting was 9 to 2, took the lead immediately, and held it for a few strides, when " Protectionist," a dark horse, overtook him, and gallantly held the lead for awhile. . "Blue Blood." Exeter," "Nutbush," "Abbot of St. Mary," Cadogan" and "Victor Chief" came next in the order named, and close together, clear in advance of "Caxtonian," while the other fourteen horses struggled at irregular distances behind, with "Sir Bevys" last of all. The race continued in this order until the horses were coming down the bill, when "Cadogau" and "Victor Hugo" made a rush and drew to the front. "Palm Bearer," with "Visconti" and "Sir Bevys," now began to diminish the distances between themselves and the leaders. until they came within the inside distance post, where it became evident that "Cadogan" was beaten. It appeared as if " Victor Chief" and "Visconti" were going to finish by themjockey of "Bevys" made an unexpected His horse had just reached Fordham let him out at his full speed. "Sir came in winner by three-quarters of a length. The other horses followed in a cluster with "Squirrel" last. Fordham received a great