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PATRICK HENRY'S ORATION.

Magnificent Speech Uncarflied by the Maud of Time-Which Secured the Signing of the American Declaration of Indepen-

The following account of the proceedings of the convention that adopted the Declaration of Independence is taken from the Boston journals of 1776. It is not to be elsewhere found and the words then and there uttered by Patrick Henry have been, and are still, systematically suppressed. Truth is indebted to George Everett Schenck for the articles, they having been preserved in his family for over 60 years. Let Americans read and ponder.]
It is the old hall of Philadelphia, on July

4th. 1776. There is a silence in this hall, every face is stamped with a deep and awful responsibility!

Why turns every glance to that door ? Why is it so terribly still?

The committee of three, who have been to appear. That parenthent, with the signatures of these men, written with the pen lying on youder table, may either make the world free, or stretch these neeks upon the gibbet youder in Potter's field, or nail these heads to the door-post of these halls. That was the time for solemn faces and deep

At last, hark? The door opens, the committee appear. Who are these men who come walking on to John Hancock's chair? The tall man, with sharp features, the bold brow and sand-hued hair, holding the parchment in his hand, is the Virginia farmer, Thomas Jefferson. That stout-built man, with resolute look and sparkling eye—that is a Buston man, one John Admis And the a Boston man, one John Adams. And the calm-faced man, with hair dropping in thick curls to his shoulders; that dressed in a plain coat and such odious home-made blue stockings-that is the Philadelphia printer, one Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The parchent is haid there. Shall it be signed or not? Then ensues a high debate; then all the faint-hearted cringe in corners, while Thos. Jefferson speaks out his few bold words, and ohn Adams pours out his whole soul. The soft-toned voice of Charles Carroll

heard undulating in syllables of sweet But still there is doubt, and that pale-

med man, shrinking in one corner, squeaks out something about axes, scaffolds, and a --

"Gibbet!" echoes a fierce, bold tone, that startles men from their seats-and look yoner! A tall, slender form rises, dressed, although it is summer time, in a faded red Look how his white hand trembles, as it is stretched slowly out; how that dark eve burns, while his words ring through the

mongallows, every home into a grave, and of the words of that parelment can never

They may pour our blood on a thousand the axe, or drops on the saw dust of the block, new martyr to freedom will spring into

The British king may boot out the stars of he work of God may perish; His word,

These words will go forth to the world When our homes are dust. To the slave in brackage, they will speak hope; to the mechange in his workshop, freedom; to the coward king these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery. They will speak like the tlanding syllables on Delshazzar's wall: ays of your pride and glory are numbered! is of judgment draw near !'

he, that parelment will speak to kings in

ge sad and terrible as the trumpet of You have trampled on the of meakind long enough. At last, the human woe has pierced the ear of and called his judgment down. You to wad at on to thrones through seas of ed: you have trampled on to power over w neeks of millions; you have turned the our delicate forms; into crowns for your mointed brows. Now Kings! Now, pur-bed hangmen of the world! For you comes eday of axes, and gibbets, and scaffolds; Tyou the wrath of man; for you the light-

lings of God.
Look! How the light of your palaces on Now he flashes up into the midnight sky; Now, purpled hangmen of the world, turn and beg for mercy! Where will you find it? Not on God, for you have blasphemed Hislaws! of from the people, for you stand baptized to sharpened for the poor man's neck.

Such is the message of the declaration of e falter now? And shall we start back ap-alled when our feet press the very threshold freedom? Do you see quailing faces found you, when our wives have been tchered, when the hearthstones of our land te red with the blood of little children? bat! Are there shrinking hearts or faltervoices here, when the very dead of our attle fields arise and call upon us to sign parchinent or be accuracd.

'a! If the next moment the gibbet's round your neck. Sign! If the next ent this hall rings with the echo of the ling axe. Sign! By all your hopes in life death, as husbands, farmers—as men, sign

or names to the parchment, or be accursed

Salar Salar Marine

Sign, for the declaration will go forth to American hearts forever and speak to those hearts like the voice of God, And its work will not be done until throughout this wide continent not a single inch of ground owns the sway of privilege of power.

Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise. It is a truth. Your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. This continent such frequent reference has been made in reis the property of a free people, and, their property alone. God, I say, proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a land of exiles and out-easts suddenly transformed into a people. Look at this wonderful exodus of the Old World into the New, where they came, weak in arms, but migaty in God-like faith. Nay, look at the history of your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the panoply, of British arms, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given them decidedly anti-Republican. Their fore-America to the free. It is not given atters, many of whom followed the forto our poor human intellect to climb the skies, tunes of James 11., at the battle of the to pierce the counsels of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds ontall night planning a parchment, are about to appear. That parchment, with the signature of appear and any other parchment, with the signature of the parchment, with the signature of the parchment. which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. come trembling up to the throne, and speak-

ing his dread message.

Father! The Old world is baptized in blood. Father ! It is drenched with the blood of millions, butchered in war, in persecution, in slow and grinding oppression, Father, look! With one glance of thine eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia, Africa, and hehold evermore a terrible sight-man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man.

He stands there (the angel) his hand trembling with the black record of human guilt. But, hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud. Let there be light again. Let there be a New World. Tell my people, the poor downtrodden millions, to go out from the Old World. Tell them to go out from wrong, oppression and blood. Tell them to go out from the Old World, to build up my alter in the New.

As God lives, my friends, 1 belive that to be His voice. Yes, were my sonl trembling on the wing of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were my voice checking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remmeber the truth. God has given America to be free. Yes, as I sank down into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp, I would beg you to sign that parliament in the name of the One Who made the Saviour, Who redeemed you, in the name of the millions whose very breath is now lushed, in intense expectation, as they look up to you for the awful words, YOU ARE FREE!

Many years have gone since that hour. The speaker, his brethren, all, have crumbled into dust, but the records of that hour "Gibbet!" They may stretch our neeks still exist, and they tell us that it would require an angel's pen to picture the magic of that speaker's look, the deep, terrible empty rock into a scoffold, every tree phasis of his voice, the prophet-like beckoning of his hand, the magnetic flame shooting from his eyes, that fired every heart through out the hall. He fell exhausted in his seat, libbs, and yet from every drop that dyes but the work was done. A wild murrour thrills through the half. Sign? Fin! The e is no doubt now. Look! How they risk forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock bas scarcely time to sign his bold name, before the front His sky, but he cannot blot out the peu is grasped by another, another and his words written on the parchment there another. Look how their names blaze on the parchment, Adams and Lee and Jenerson and Carroll, and now Rover Sherman, the shoemaker. And here comes good old Stephen Hopkins; yes, trembling with palsy, he totters forward quivering from head to foot. With his shaking hand he seizes the pen and scratches his patriot name. Then comes Benjamin Franklin the printer. And now the 'The tall man in the red clock advances, the man who made the flery speech a moment ago. With the same hand that waved in such facey scorn, he writes his mane -- PATRICK HENRY. And now the parchiment is signed; and now let the word go forth to the people in the streets, to the homes of America, to the camp of Washington, to the palace of George, the idiot king-let the word go out to all the earth.

And, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and grasp the iron tongue, and let the bell speak out the great truth.

Fifty-six farmers and mechanics have this day struck at the shackles of the World !--

CATHOLIC BISHOPS IN COUNCIL.

CONSIDERING MATTERS TO BE BROUGHT BE-

San Francisco Truth.

FORE THE PLENARY COUNCIL. BALTIMORE, May 30 .- The Roman Catholic prelates of the Archdiocese of Baltimore held a meeting this morning at the archiepiscopal their blood! Here you turn, and lo! a residence, Archbishop Gibbons presiding. The following bishops were present;—Gross, ace! All around you—death—but nowhere biy! Now, executioners of the human race, and down: yes, kneel down on the sawdust of the scafeld; less the axe as it falls—the grosshape for the programs, neek grosshape for the prog Keane, of Richmond, Va. The proceedings are conducted with closed doors, but the conan to the kings of the world. And shall ference is held to consider the various matters to come before the Plenary Council. Similar conferences have been held in other arch-

dioceses. The bishops concluded the business for which they assembled, and several of them left for their homes this evening. It is understood that one of the principal subjects to be brought before the council in November next will be the gathering of the colored race into the Church, and the province of Baltimore will urge upon the council the necessity, as well as the duty, of the Church to look after the religious welfare of that race.

PERSONAL.

Master Henry M. A. Murphy, son of the Master Henry M. A. Bullphy, escaptions, not only for yourselves, but for all late Thomas Murphy, Esq., and brother of Patrick Murphy, Esq., merchant, Shop street, Tuam, has successfully passed the preliminary for a solioitor's apprentice.

THE IRISH PARISIANS.

The Lives of the Celtie Exiles in the Gay Capital of France.

A writer, who signs himself "An Old Irish Colonist," has contributed to the London St. James's Gazette, the following article cent English dispatches, published on this side:
"The Irish Colony of Paris is, like other colonies, made up of many component parts.

it may, however, at first glance, be generally

divided into Les Anciens Irlandais (or de

scendants from Irish parents,) and the frish themselves. Les Aucieus Irlandais belong mostly, if not exclusively to the aristocratic class, and are Royalists in French politics. Tradition, more than anything else, has made them decidedly anti-Republican. Their fore-Boyne, fought many a light undes the *fleur-de-lis*, and were as devoted to the Bourbons as they had been to the Stuarts. When the French Revolution came on, hardly any of those soldiers' sons esponsed its principles, and more than one Franco-Hibernian was guillotined. This, perhaps, is why their children to-day rank themselves among the most determined opponents of the existing regime. Les Anciens Irlanduis are scattered throughout France, and are numerous in its capital. Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone is one

great Hugh of that name.
"The other wing of the Irish colony is stronger than is generally supposed. It comprises men who were prominently identified with the Fenian movement of 1865, and who still have faith in its ultimate success. There are men, also, who have gone in advance of that movement, and advocated the dynamite doctrines upheld by Patrick Ford and O'Dynovan Rossa. In addition to these we must take into account a few Repealers or O'Connellites, who cherish the notion of seeing an independent Parliament in College Green some fine day. The Irish Parisians who dream such unoffending dreams are in a minority, and belong to the antediavian school of Irish politics.

of the most prominent personages of the body,

and claims kindred in direct line with the

As to the business pursuits of Irishmen in Paris, all that may be said is that not a few of them teach the English language in the schools and colleges of the capital; others are engaged in commerce, literature, and journalism. We meet with hundreds of them in the humbler walks of life, plying their various trades and occupations, - some voluntary exiles, others compelled to leave the United Kingdom for alleged complicity in recent attempts against English law in Ireland, or British life and property. There is a

goodly number of Irish dynamiters on the banks of the Seine just now. Some, who reside permanently in the city, have made thenselves more or less conspicuous at re-unious of late, but the majority shrink from publicity, and adopt various disguises to ballie the English police who are on their track. "John O'Leary, the ex-editor of the "Irish

Republican Brotherhood's" official organ, the Irish People, has resided in Paris ever since his r. lease from prison in 1870, of the ent a short stay ward he made at B a cl., and periodical visits he pays to No and America. He has no connection, direct or indirect, with the dynamiters. He hates and detects them with all the force of his naturally saturates temperament. Although he does not now take any active part in Irish polities, except by way of writing a letleter now and again on the topics of the hear to the newspapers, be still has faith in the Feniculan of 55, and hopes for its revival. James Stephens, the founder of Fenimism, resides also in Paris, and devotes much of his time to literary studies. contributing letters on Irish and other selejeers to various American newspapers. Repealers in Paris are 'few and far between. Dr. M.Carthy, the medical at-tendant at the Irish College of the Rue des Irlandais, is one of them, and Mr. J. P. Leonard is another. Dr. McCarthy is a kind-hearted, allable gentleman, and loves his country sincerely; out be would not touch revolution or revolutionists with a forty-foot poic. Mr. Leonard, on the contrary, associates with one or two of the Extremists, although he does not hold with them on the possibility, or perhaps advisa-bility, of a squarte National existence for Ireland. Mr. Leonard is one of the longest Irish residents in the French capital, having left Ireland during, I believe, the Repeal agitation. He has been teaching English since in various schools and colleges, and giving private lessons in aristocratic families. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, another Repealer, often quits the solitude of his chateau near Nice to share the companionship of Mr. Leonard and others of a similarly congenial disposition. Immediately before the Land League was founded these gentlemen were forming a project for a Repeal movement in Ireland, this project had to be abandoned when it was seen that the people rallied in such strength around the banner unfurled in the West of Ircland in response to the appeal of Messrs. "There are a hundred students in the

Davitt, Egan and Brennan. Irish College of Paris, all of whom are Irish by birth, and are studying for the priesthood for various dioceses in Ireland. The superiors of the institution are all Irish by birth, but they profess little sympathy with the present movement headed by Mr. Parnell. The alumni, however, are nearly all of a patriotic turn of mind, as the reception they accorded Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel some time ago, amply demonstrated. Its president, Dr. MacNamara, is a Whig, and belongs to the coterie of which Lord O'Hagan is the figurehead, and Mr. Errington the dip-lomatist and Grand Prophet. The seminary of St. Sulpice contains a few hundred students, the vast majority of whom are of French nationality. Here also, however, Ireland is represented by an Irish Professor -Father Hogan-and a fair number of young ecclesiastics from the 'Emerald Isle,' all of whom have advanced views on the

Irish question.

In M. Januet's Notes and Documents, the following carious tale is told. Certainly the truth is stranger than fiction. One of the Passionist Fathers of Hoboken is the narra-

tor. The facts occurred in 1865:
One evening I was called to attend a dying person in Brooklyn. He was a German whom I had often had occasion to meet. His only daughter, in excellent Catholic, warned me that her father was a freemason. After having heard his confession I asked him if he was not a member of some secret society.

Yes, Father, I am a freemason, but you know that in America that is not bad. That is an error, said I, freemasonry is condemned wherever it exists; you must withdraw all the promises you may have

made, and give me your insignia. The sick person made some difficulty about it, but he had kept the faith, and he signed the retractation which I had drawn up; I then had to insist anew to obtain his scarf, square and silver trowel, his parchment and his ritual secreted in a closet near his bed. was under the necessity of explaining to him the necessity of despoiling himself of all these objects if he wished to give proof of sincere repentance. I went out bearing the precious spoils and all happiness at having

snatched a soul from the devil. The young daughter was awaiting me in the hallway : Well, said she, my father has given you everything, has he not? he has made his peace with God? See, my child, said I, as I showed her the

things in my hand.
She took them one after the other, and then, with an air of sadness, said :

No, you haven't all; these insignia my father carried in his lodge and on all great occasions; he has had no difficulty in giving them to you; it cost him something to give you that book which is a special one for his degree. But there is something else. What?

A written paper of which I do not know the contents; my father has told me to hear t all sealed, after his death, to the head of his lodge. That must be some important

I returned to the sick man and said to

Why do you deceive me? You are going to appear before the tribunal of God; do you think to escape his justice? You have something else to deliver up to me.

The sick man seemed in consternation; noticed the pallor of his countenance and the troubled look of his eyes; then with a sort of embarrassment, he said :

But, you have taken all away, I have nothing else to deliver up to you. No, there is a writing, such as all the free-

masons have. It is a mistake, Father, I have nothing

I redoubled my urging; all was useless the devil was triumphing. I employed all the means that I thought efficacious on such an occasion. I gained nothing; the sick man denied, or did not answer. Then his daught the end of that period, in 1877, he was called ter opened the door, and east herself on her knees at the side of the bed:

"Oh! my father," said she, "please do save your soul, your child would be too un happy. You say that you love me; show it

The sick man did not expect this shock the embraces and tears of his daughter moved him; she gave him the most tender caresses addressed to him the tenderest words: snok of the heaven he was losing, and the sick man said:

"You know that I have nothing hishler. His daughter with a tone of inspiration

Do not lie, father, you have always been from: may I never blash at your name. Cive to the Father the paper which you have told me to bring to the Venerable of the Lodge. At these words the sick man uttered a

ry, then, making an effort, said with

No, my child, you will not blush for your father. Take this key from my neek, open the drawer, and give the Father the paper that is sant up in it.

He then feli back with his foce downward.

His daughter, quick as lightning, had executed his orders, and gave me a scaled folded

sheet, saying:
Victory! my father is saved; he has vomited the poison. That some touched me deeply. The courage of that young woman recalled to me Christian of the first centuries. The sick man lived a few hours more and his last words were at once an act of contrition of faith and of hope. I opened in the presence of the daughter the sealed roll. It was an oath signed with blood. I had heard of that sort of writing being in use among the chiefs of freemasonary, but when I ran over that paper could not believe my eyes. It was an oatl of war endless, implacable against the Church, the papacy, and kings, with the most execra ble maledictions if he violated his word That paper I have placed in the hands of the hop, in order that he might be able to

A DESERTED WIFE AND DELUDED GIRL.

Freemasoury. '

The community of Westover, in the township of Beverly, Ontario, is excited over the departure of Rev. J. D. McColl, who had accused of undue intimacy with the young lie buildings if the meetings were stopped.

THE HORRORS OF FREEMASONRY woman. He denied it on his honor, and assured his wife and the girl's mother that their suspicions were unjust and unfounded. His wife was not convinced, but nothing was done for a short time until the elergyman announced that he was going away. He sold his property and some goods belonging to his wife as well, but she received none of the money. Then he taok his wife and seven children to her father's home in Bothwell. Returning to Westover he preached his farewell sermon, and went off to the States. He settled at the Brock road, and took the stage to Dundas. Her sisters wrote to McColl, reproaching him with his infamous conduct. He had the au-dacity to roply that he had done all for the best, and that the love between himself and the unfortunate woman who followed him was unconquerable. The chances are that he will desert her in a short time as he did his wife. He says he proposes to go on with his work in the ministry in Illinois.

McColl was a well-known Scott Act orator, and his pathetic utterances on the great questions of temperance and morality would almost cause a cocoa-mut to rub its eyes and shed milky tears. The rascal in his letter to his wife says he is "Going to continue the Lord's work in Illinois!" It is quite evident that if such a man is kept in the Lord's employment the devil's cause will not suffer.

THE LATE FATHER KEARNS.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES IN ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL ON FRIDAY MORNING.

HALAFAX, N.S., May 27 .- The community was startled this morning by the announce-ment of the death of Rev. Richard Kearns, President of St. Mary's College, of this city. He was in his customary health yesterday. and when driving in the afternoon stated that he had not felt better for months. In the evening, however, he had an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, with which he had been previously troubled, and, despite what medicinal relief could be rendered, he soon gave evidence of being near death. The last sacred rites of the church were administered before the turn of the night, and about 6.30 this morning the watchers were relieved from suspense, as he peacefully passed away. Deceased was born in the County Tipperary, Ireland, on the 18th February, 1847. When eighteen years of age he was brought to this country by the late Archbishop Hannon, and spent five years under the fui-tion of the St. Sulpice Fathers in Montfeal. to the charge of St. Mary's College in this city, which position he has since held. He had been troubled with weak langs for some years, and although his visit to Rome, from which he retarned last June, was probably of nuterial benefit, it was noticed that he did not seem to improve from day to day afterwards, although no one expected that the end

would be so sudden. A solemn High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Richard Kearns was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halitax, on Uriday morning at nine o'clock. Tac alters of the sacred edifice were draped with Black velvet, and presented a some bre appearance, which was relieved here and there by crosses of white satin. The easket was placed on a bier in front of the main altar, and on top of it were a crossa, cross and wreath of beautiful flowers, and a pries tshat and the stole of the document Father. The Mass was chanted by His Grace Archishop O'Brien, with the "Roy, Father T. J. Daly, as his assistant priest. Mgr. Poweracted as depoin tohis Grace, Rev. Father S. S. Biggs as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father E.J. Murphy is master of ceremonies. There were also

resent in the sunctuary the Very Rev. Canon Wood, Canon Carmoly, Rev. Fathers Scott, Danahar, Mehan, Desmond, Cammaine, Madden, Grace, Kenny, S. J., Holden, Hamilton and Bresman. The services were unusually impressive, the choir adding much to the solemnity of the occasion by the excellence of their singing. At the conclusion of Mass the elergymen formed a circle round the collin and the services for the dead were chanted. The funeral procession was one of the finest seen in Halifax for some years, and testified in a marked manner to the high esteem in which the deceased priest was held by all classes and creeds amongst the citizens. All the societies turned out strong, and wore their budges covered with crape. The procession extended from the Cathedral to near Park street, and at all points of the route crowds of people were congregated. At the grave the usual ceremonies were gone through with in the, appreciate with myself the infernal malice of presence of a vast concourse of people.

NATIONALIST MEETINGS.

Dublin, June 1.—A large meeting of Nationalists was held at Mullingar to-day. Healy, Dawson and Kenny were present at a banquet this evening. Sullivan and Harrington, members of Parliament, were each been for a couple of years pastor of the Bappers presented with a purse of £350. Nationalist tist Church there. The organist of the meetings were also held ontside the town of church was a Miss Shaver, whose parents are respectable people living near McColl's being issued prohibiting such gatherings. house. The organist and the minister were Five hundred policemen and two troops of naturally much in each other's company, but lancers were drafted from Dublin to prevent no evil was suspected. Some time ago Mrs. a disturbance. Great excitement prevailed McColl fell sick, and at the earnest request of in and about Newry. Biggar and OBrien the minister Miss Shaver went to his house to addressed the people as they were leaving assist in the care of the children. When Mrs. church, advising them to come to terms with McColl recovered she found a package of addressed envelopes and some medicine which A letter was received here yesterday stating excited her suspicion. These she took to Mrs. that two dynamiters had started for Newry Shaver and the result was that McColl was from London, intending to blow up the pub-

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED JEWISH CONVERT.

THE STORY OF DE RATISBONNE'S CON-VERSION.

The death is announced, at Jerusalem, in his seventy-third year, of the Rev. Father Marie Alphonse de Ratisbonne, whose conversion from the Jewish faith, forty-two years ago, created such a sen-sation on the continent. It is only Dover, Ill., and as far as is known, he is there yet. From Dover he wrote to Miss Shaver, enclosing her money for expenses and she followed him. The infatuated girl walked from Westover to the Brock road and took the stage to Dandag. Lady of Sion in Paris. Father Marie-Alphonso de Ratisbonne never ce ised to believe that his conversion was due to a miracle; and assuredly the circumstances under which the happy event came to pass, as they are related by blinself and by cyc-witnesses, largely justified the belief. M. de Ratisbonne, who had been educated for a commercial by his father, the President of the Hebrew Consistory of Strasburg, paid a visit to Rome in the early part of 1842, on his way to the East, where he had been ordered to travel in order to recruit his health. Having gone the round of the churches and other buildings in the Eternal City he was about to depart, for Naples, when he made the acquaintanes of the Baron de Bussières. The Baron had some years before abjured the errors of Pro-testantism, and it was but natural that religion should have formed the principal topic of conversation between them, especially as M. de Batisbonne had a bitter contempt for Christianity at the time, which he took no pains to conceal. The little incident to which, under God, Alphonse owed his conversion is effectively told by himself. After a long discussion, M. Bussiere asked him, as a favor, to wear a medal of the Blessed Virgin. "The proposition," M. de Ratis-bonne said afterwards, "surprised me on ac-count of its peculiarity. Thughed in derision at first, but as it struck me that the incident would make a delightful chapter in my impressions de royage, I consented to take the medal, which I could show to my betrothed as a corroboration of my story. The medal was placed on my neck, and I cried with a laugh: Behold mea Catholic, Apostolic and Roman P. M. de Bussiere addel: That is not enough. You must promise to excite, every morning and night, the Memorare, a very short prayer which St. Bernard addressed to the Virgin Mary." Alphouse de Ratisbonn: laughed heartily at his friend's request; bet he promised to comply. And he did comply, although he was busily engaged during the next few days in preparing for his Oriental journey. Having at the pressing invitation of his friend agreed to prolong his stay in Home for a short time, the young Jew visited the Then he came to Nova Scotia, and was for principal churches in his company. The three years in charge of the parish of Tusket Divine grace, however, did not seem to Wedge, Yarmouth County, and subsequently come to him. At last, on the 18th of was in Yarmouth town for four years. At January, 1812, he entered the Church of 8t. Andrea delle Fratte with his friend. As his eye wandered round the scered edifice a

strange being took possession of him. He fell on his kness, seized the needal which bring round his neck, and kissed it forvently, while his eyes were bathed in torrs. A few days afterwards he was received the Church by the late Cardinal Patrizi, and made his First Communion. The event is commensurated in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratt : by peinting con the walls of Our Ludy's Charol, and by special devotions on the anniversary of the remarkable conversion. Like his brother, the Abbi Theodore, Alphonse immediately on his conversion dedicated his 'life to the propagation

A CATHOLIC METAR ROBBED.

of Christian truth among the dews.

4

THE CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES GORROMEO BROOKLYN, ENTYPED BY A WANTON THIEF.

NEW YORK, MAY 30. -- A sacribegious robbery is under investigation by the police of Brooklyn. A Requiem Mass was held at the Church of St. Charles Botromeo, Sidney place, yesterday morning, which lasted from lifteen minutes before ten until fifteen minutes before eleven, when the congregation left the edifice. The thief must have secreted himself in the edifice, and with the aid of a chisel or jimmy forced open the tabernacle on the altar. From that receptacle he took a consecrated silver vesse known as the eiborium, which contained about one hundred particles of the consecrated host. The robber threw a handful of the particles in the vestibule as he went out by the Sidney place entrance of the church. A party of boys on their way to the parochial school saw the bread on the sidewalk, and upon seeing the pastor of the Church, the Rev. Dr. Ward, Brosnau, told them, of the track of the thief. The two priests carefully gathered up the particles, and did all that lay in their power to obliterate the possibilities of further desc-

creation. "I think," said Father Ward to a reporte last night, "that the robbery was the work of a lunatic. Surely no same man would do such a thing. The vessel itself is not worth more than \$20. The man must have been insane or he would have emptied the ciborium before leaving the shurch, and so have avoided possibilities of detection. I have only known of one similar robbery, and that was many years ago, at St. James' Church, when I was a boy. a thiefcut the panel out of the tabernacle and, securing the sacred vessel, threw the contents upon the altar.

THE POPE AND THE FREEMASONS. LONDON, June 1, -An encyclical letter from the Pope was read in the Catholic churches throughout England to-day warning the peo-ple against joining secret societies under the pain of excommunication. The letter says Freemasonry at its inception was probably merely a friendly society. If so, it asks, where was thenecessity for the blind obedience demanded of its votaries.

The second se