

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Sept. 15, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Friday, 22—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bishop and Confessor. SS. Mauritius and Companion, Martyrs. Ember Day. Fast. Saturday, 23—St. Linus, Pope and Martyr. St. Thecla, Virgin and Martyr. Ember Day.—Fast. Sunday, 24—SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Blessed Virgin Mary de Mercede, or Our Lady of Ransom. Monday, 25—The Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi (Sept. 17). Tuesday, 26—SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs. Wednesday, 27—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs. Thursday, 28—St. Wenceslaus, Duke, Martyr.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The yellow fever interments on Saturday at Savannah were twenty-one. There was an election riot in New Orleans on Saturday, when several persons were wounded by pistol shots. Hostilities in the East have ceased for the present; an armistice having been agreed upon. The Exhibition building at Philadelphia, has been damaged by storm, and many exhibits injured, the sufferers being chiefly the English and Americans. The right of way for the North Shore Railway is being paid for in cash to owners who can show their title to lands. All the owners have come to terms with the exception of three. A young Englishman, named Harrison, born at London in 1855, of Protestant parents, and educated in England, France, and Switzerland by Calvinist masters, has made his solemn abjuration at Turin. At Bottens, in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, has just been celebrated the ecclesiastical jubilee of the venerable and beloved Dean Longchamp. Upwards of forty of the clergy were present, and read an address to the very rev. gentleman. By a recent brief of his Holiness, the Church of the Holy Ghost at Constantinople has been raised to a Cathedral, with all rights and privileges attached to that dignity. Mgr. Dupanloup's organ, La Defense, states that the Porte has made a promise to his Holiness the Pope to grant additional and extensive privileges to the Catholics of Turkey. The cantonal tribunal of St. Gall, Switzerland, has condemned to imprisonment for life a woman who murdered her infant by casting it from the summit of a high rock, near St. Peterzell. At the parish church of Castleisland, diocese of Kerry, there has just been celebrated the interesting event of the golden jubilee of Mother Mary Joseph Hartnett, of the local convent, who has completed the fiftieth year of her religious life. It is reported that Bishop Strossmayer purposes abandoning the attitude of reserve which he has hitherto observed in political matters, and that next winter he will take his place in the Croatian Diet. If this be the case it will have considerable influence on the course of Croatian affairs. It is announced that Mgr. Abbot Francis Albert Eder, the Archbishop-elect of Salzburg, will be consecrated on Sept. 24, the festival of St. Rupert, the patron of the diocese. It is expected that not only the city of Salzburg, but the whole diocese, will be the scene of great rejoicings for the new prelate, who has been for some time at the head of the Benedictines in the city, is a universal favourite. The summits of the mountains around the archiepiscopal city are to be lit up with bonfires. The editor of the Deutsche Reichszeitung, Mr. Char-dell, has been condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment for an alleged offence against the excommunicated priest Hillebrand of Reidt. The sentence appeared so unjust to the accused, that, in his indignation, and forgetting where he stood, he muttered a few words about "this strange conjunction that smacked of the 'Pro Nihil' trial." The president of the court at once called him up again, and sentenced him summarily to an additional six months for contempt of court. It is expected that the French Government will prosecute the originators of the forged Russo-Prussian treaty, which was published in Paris last Friday. The New Brunswick Railway Company has raised the rates of stampage on the lands recently granted by the Province. The same company is pushing its road from Fort Fairfield to Caribou, in Maine, to which the line will be open in a few weeks. An immense meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor, was held in Guild Hall, London, England, Monday to discuss the Eastern question. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that England should no longer support Turkey for political expediency, and asking for an immediate convocation of Parliament. An amendment expressive of confidence in the Government was negatived by an overwhelming majority. Despatches state that numbers of Indians are desirous of surrendering to the "U.S. troops." This is probably in view of the approaching winter and the difficulty of obtaining food otherwise than from the agencies. A number of railroad men and physicians met on

Monday, in New York, to concert measures for the relief of the yellow fever patients at Savannah. Burglar last Monday night broke into St. Peter's Catholic Church in Barclay street, New York, broke open the poor boxes, and after stealing the contents carried away all the sacred vessels. A Berlin despatch to the Standard says: "It is probable that the Porte will resume hostilities at the expiration of the truce, because the Servian army declared Milan, King of Servia."

PROTESTANT HISTORIANS.

It is curious, not a little amusing, and very instructive, to study the way in which Protestants write Catholic history. "When people are determined to quarrel," says the old Elocution Book, "a straw will furnish the occasion." When Protestant historians are determined to find fault with the Catholic Church (and when are they not?), very much less than a straw will afford them an opportunity.

But beyond making the most of a proof, or stretching it as far as it will go, (which is honest), and a little further, (which is not honest), Protestant writers have an ugly knack of asserting things as true which are not true, in proof of things which are as untrue as the things they bring to prove them. In other words, not to put too fine a point on the matter, and to speak after the manner of the inhabitants of that part of England where they call a spade a spade, these learned historians back one another. But it is the cool impertinence with which this is done that constitutes its chief danger. When a man is trying to prove a proposition, we at once watch to see—1st, whether the deduction he draws is legitimate; 2nd, whether it proves the case in point. Now this very watchfulness it is which is apt to throw us off our guard as to his facts. For instance: if a man were to assert that the reason why daisies in China grow four inches in diameter is because the Chinese have rain for six and eight months in succession, we should be more apt to consider whether eight months rain would make four inch daisies, than to trouble ourselves with the two questions of fact—1st, whether daisies in China do grow four inches in diameter; or, 2nd, whether the Chinese have eight months rain in succession. We should indeed be apt to take these two things for granted merely on account of the boldness and impertinence of the assertion. We have a case in point in Warton's History of English Poetry. He is speaking of King Alfred. He says:—

"Alfred whilst a boy had experienced the inconveniences arising from a want of scholars and even of common instructors in his dominions, for he was twelve years of age before he could procure in the western kingdom a master properly qualified to teach him the alphabet. But whilst yet unable to read he could repeat from memory a great variety of Saxon songs."

Now here we have two assertions made by Warton to the disparagement of Catholic education; the first—"Alfred had found great want of learned men, nay, even of common instructors"—proved by the second—"for at twelve years old he could not find in the whole western kingdom any one to teach him the alphabet,"—and certainly if the second be true, the first is for all practical purposes sufficiently proved. But here is the evil of the whole proceeding. The ordinary reader—nine out of every ten—carried away by the apparent fairness of the deduction, will be led to take for granted that the second, on which the first is founded, is true, and will pass by the all-important inquiry, on which all indeed depends, did Alfred arrive at the age of twelve before he could find any one fit to teach him his A. B. C. ? and taking this for granted will be led to come to some very disparaging conclusions as to education in Catholic times and Catholic countries. We are not now, remember, examining the question of fact—did Alfred? or did he not? Our argument is altogether independent of that question, since we find that true or false, it will be liable to be taken for granted by nine-tenths of readers. This phase of affairs may be called the insidiousness of Protestant polemical history.

We come now to the question of fact. Did King Alfred arrive at the age of twelve years before he could find any one fit to teach him his alphabet?—and here we come to the dishonesty of Protestant polemical history. Warton, with apparent honesty, gives Florence of Worcester and John Brompton as his authorities for the two assertions; but, unfortunately for his accuracy as a historian, honesty as a man, and sincerity as a Christian, neither of these two authorities sustains him in his assertions, if they do not absolutely say the contrary. His reference, therefore, to these two authorities, if it is not a blunder, is a deceit, and a deceit used in the disparagement of an adversary. Neither Florence of Worcester nor John Brompton attribute Alfred's illiterateness (it was, not ignorance as we shall presently point out) to death of masters. Florence of Worcester says: "But, alas! by the want of care of his parents and nurses, he remained illiterate up to the age of twelve years." John Brompton lays the blame on the partiality. (Alfred was a pet) of his parents: He says: "When, however, beloved by both his parents beyond his other brothers, he had remained illiterate under his father's charge up to his twelfth year."

Now this is simply disgraceful. To assert that at twelve years old Alfred did not know his alphabet because he could not find any one to teach him, whereas it was the negligence or partiality of both of his parents, that was at the bottom of the matter, and to bring by his reference to them two such respectable men as Florence of Worcester, and John Brompton into the scrape with him was far too bad of Master Warton, Historian. That Alfred, though illiterate at the age of twelve was not ignorant, is evident from the fact, that at that age he could do far more than most of our schoolboys now-a-days are capable of doing. He could repeat from memory a great variety of Saxon poems. Warton calls them songs which is hardly accurate, as the word song is at present understood; for though these Saxon poems were sung, or recited in a certain musical recitative, they were nevertheless poems in every sense of the word and long ones at that. Like the Idylls of the Kings, for instance, and here again Warton goes beyond his authorities.

Neither Florence nor Brompton describes these poems as being sung and both call them poems. Be that however as it may, if our view of education be right, Alfred though illiterate was well educated. As we take it, the first, and paramount duty of education is amongst other things to strengthen the memory. Thus Alfred's parents appear nobly to have attended to, though through negligence or indulgence and not through dearth of teachers they had neglected his alphabet. Florence describes him "an attentive listener day and night and very often hearing Saxon poems related by others, he retained them easily in his memory." How far the boy Alfred gained in robustness of body (yes and of mind also) by being "pre-excellent in hunting" at the age of twelve rather than quick at his letters (quickness of mind is often better cultivated by striking a wild boar than by learning to spell) we leave to others to determine; though we should suspect, that if in this age of common schools, state education and dyspepsy, we had shorter school hours and more play at the age of twelve, we should have larger bodies and greater minds at the age of forty. "Too much study" saith the proverb, makes Jack a dull boy and is making mine Uncle Sam a dyspeptic.

But the chances appear to be that good Master Warton has, as usual, been tripping in this matter of the alphabet. It was not school marm's for the teaching of the A.B.C. that were wanted in Alfred's dominions so much as Grammarians—Professors of Rhetoric, Poetry and Belles Letters, to wit. We can hardly imagine that Warton was ignorant that the word "grammatici" meant teachers of Rhetoric—Professors of Universities, rather than hedge school-masters and school marms. But so it is. Whilst Florence and Brompton say nothing about want of school marm's and do regret the scarcity of Professors of Universities (grammatici) in Alfred's reign; Warton asserts the total absence of school marm's and says nothing about grammatic. Either Warton has been tripping, or Warton is a rogue. Now "knave or fool" is a sad alternative.

But you will say that at least the fact of there being no "grammatici" proves a very low state of education in those days. Perhaps so, perhaps not. But if so, why exaggerate? On the strength of a dearth of University professors, why assert a total want of men capable of teaching the alphabet? The two are very different things. If you are writing history, write it, and not romance. If you are writing history you wish to give your readers a true picture of the country, not a phantasmagoria. If you are covertly attacking an enemy under the pretence of history, you are at least bound by the ordinary rules of honesty. Turn the matter as you will you cannot excuse the insidiousness and dishonesty of these Protestant polemical historians.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"They have had a high old time of it" over in Ireland—that Orange delegation from Canada. There was fasting and feting—sermonizing and speechmaking—congratulations on the past of "the glorious and immortal" order—and anticipations of the future in the most gorgeous of rose color. The reception took place in the Victoria Hall, Belfast, and the delegates honoured were: Br. Colonel Mackenzie Bowell, M.P., Grand Master British America; Br. John White, M. P., G. M. Ontario East; Canada, and Br. Wm. Johnston, D. G. T. British America. We read that the hall was crowded long before the hour announced for the proceedings to commence, the brethren wearing the regalia of the Order. The platform was also filled with representative Orangemen and about sixty reverend gentlemen.

All very right and proper doubtless even to the presence of the sixty reverend gentlemen. De gustibus non est disputandum! If Christian clergymen will give by presence and participation at such gatherings countenance and support to the unchristian and uncharitable designs characterizing the organization every where, theirs is the responsibility to their congregations, to their own conscience, and to God. It is none of our business any way unless where, as a result, our privileges are invaded or our feelings insulted; and we should not even have given this great display in the capital of Ulster a thought were not attempts made there to misrepresent to their own advantage the objects of the Orange organization, and cover over by a convenient Romance the sad and objectionable Realities. We pass over the mutual admiration of the Irish and Canadian brethren as expressed in formal resolution and impulsive speech. How the Lodges were the Centres of the only true loyalty; and the members the exclusive custodians of the only true Gospel; how prosperity showed God's providential care of the Protestant order and how poverty was the distinguishing badge of Popery—in this latter regard they say differently in Montreal—and how there was no security for life or limb—for hope or happiness at home or abroad but under the protectingegis of the Orange Constitution. All these things we are informed of in the most pretentious phrases and the most exuberant of after dinner eloquence and we let them pass. With the following—an extract from a speech by Brother Mackenzie Bowell in reply to the address of welcome—we have more to do. Said Mr. Bowell:—

"Orangeism had been gradually spreading throughout the whole Dominion, and he had now some 1,500 or 1,600 lodges under his jurisdiction as Grand Master. (Loud cheers) They had a provincial Grand lodge in every province, with the exception of Columbia; and they had upon all occasions endeavored to inculcate upon their brethren that principle which was enunciated by the chairman—to extend to every class the same privileges which they got for themselves. (Hear, hear) They taught this in their lodges and on their platforms. While they asked certain rights and privileges to carry their flags when they deemed it necessary, they were quite willing to allow all classes of Her Majesty's subjects to march in procession, to exercise their own freedom of thought, and to worship God as they thought proper, provided always they did not interfere with them. (Hear)"

Now this is where the Romance comes in. Mr. Bowell's statistics on the numerical strength of Orangeism in Canada, may be all correct. We dispute not the figures but certainly we protest against the facts of the latter statement. With the transac-

tions at Toronto not yet a year old, with the remembrance of bigotry and bloodshed still painfully fresh, with the knowledge that no political display had excited the demonstrative demonism of the Orange system in Ontario in that jubilee procession from St. Michael's Cathedral, with all the blackguardism of the affiliated organization, the Orange Young Britons still displaying itself at intervals in threats and terrorism; it was rather a stretch of the romantic over the realistic for Mr. Mackenzie Bowell to tell his Irish audience that "while in Canada they asked certain rights and privileges to carry their flags when they deemed it necessary they were quite willing to allow all classes of Her Majesty's subjects to march in procession, to exercise their own freedom of thought and to worship God, as they thought proper." The force of humbug can no further go. Let the streets of Toronto on those two Sabbath days last Autumn and the Lodge Rooms of the City on all intervening days and nights give the "Reality" answer to this "Romance" of the Grand Master. The flippant falsehood spoken beyond ocean receives significant illustration in the boastfulness within a week by the religious daily of the progress and the powers of the Orange Young Britons with indicating premonitions of what they will be able to do next 12th. We are sick of this hypocritical twaddle.

THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

We most respectfully beg to call attention to the disgraceful state of the R.C. Cemetery. Neglect and carelessness is everywhere apparent, and if there is one spot on Earth on which should be lavished the care and attention of each city, it is surely the City's Cemetery. As ours is to-day, it stands a monument to the penury of the gentlemen in charge, and a disgrace to Montreal. Take first of all the entrance. The main gate was decapitated some years ago, to allow the funeral chariot of the late lamented Sir G. E. Cartier to pass. At the time we rejoiced at the fact, for we hoped that instead of replacing the old top a new gate would be erected, worthy of the Catholic Cemetery, and in accordance with the means of the Proprietors. As yet, not only has no new gate been thought of, but the old wooden one stands, with its top off, and the ruins are innocent of paint or varnish. This is simply a shame, and we feel the shame more as we proceed. The mound facing the front road and which was, we believe, originally intended as an ornament, is now a receptacle for dried branches, withered boughs, and heaps of mud and dirt. The grass is uncut, and dotted during the summer months with wild flowers and weeds. A sum was voted for the construction of a cross. Why not have erected one of stone or marble—one that would brave the storms and scorn the winds. Instead a paltry wooden cross is erected, decorated with emblematic figures such as an hour glass, scythe, etc., which already are blurred and indistinct. The remaining portion of the burial ground is, in keeping with this. The carriage drives are either paved with stones and rocks, or so soft that the wheels sink in the mud, the walks are, we must own a little better, but this one item does not justify the shameful state of the remainder.

Now as to the caretakers. Are they to blame? Not for the entrance. Let the treasurer of the Committee, make use of what must necessarily be, the ample means, at his disposal, and remedy the defects we have ventured to point out. We say the means must be ample, because the number of interments in our cemetery each week is one or two hundred. Then considering land in 40 cts a foot, in all parts of the burial ground, the profits of a sale to some, must be enormous. The money must go somewhere, and it is certainly not voted to the improvement of the Cemetery. A glance at it will show that. We appeal to the gentlemen in charge of the place to look to their part of the business at once. Let us have an entrance to our "silent city," worthy of those who sleep within its precinct, and for this, we must acknowledge to our shame, that no fairer model can be found than the approach to Mount Royal—the massive gate, the beautiful flower beds, the solemn-looking dead house, all in accordance with the character of the spot. Would we could say the same of ours. But there is one thing can be remedied without much difficulty, and this is the want of cleanliness. Driving through the grounds, one day last week we could not fail to notice, the many piles of rubbish that were deposited at close intervals through the place. An old barrel was rolled up to the door of the vault; that bore the name of our great McGee—a dooper was in the centre of a private lot. This is merely a disgrace. If the number of guardians is insufficient—augment them, if this state of affairs is the result of carelessness change them—but, remedy the evil at any cost. A stranger in our city, which we are proud to know bears the name of "Canadian Rome," would certainly not carry with him a very favorable idea of the respect we give our dead—and surely there is no duty more imperative, no legacy so precious as that which is left to the survivor, to love and care for the grave of a friend. This may be done individually—the flower covered tombs of our citizens gone on before, prove this to be a fact, but those in charge of the Catholic Cemetery of Montreal, are guilty of the coldest neglect and indifference to their trust. We do not wish to use stronger expressions, and hope in conclusion our appeal, will not go unheard.

STRANGE, BUT NOT TRUE.

William Johnston, M.P.—he of Ballykillbeg, we presume—at the Orange demonstration in Belfast made some strange and startling statements one of which at least we should bless our stars for if only true. Boldly and blandly the honorable legislator said: "I must say this, that I only saw two beggars in Canada. (Laughter) I was only twice importuned, for alms throughout the length and breadth of that great Dominion." Was our good friend in Montreal, or did he happen to sit for an hour or two under the piazza at St. Lawrence Hall, lounge about the other hostleries or traverse the streets at any time, morning, noon, or night? At the time we write we could not count those appellants for charity by the dozen haunting

visitors and habitants alike with their importunate "cravings." But perhaps all is not beggary or alms seeking. Really to hear home news one needs must go from home. Taking Montreal alone as a standard if Mr. Johnston were to multiply by two thousand his ideal two he would be much nearer the truth about the "beggars in Canada," and the importunity for alms throughout the length and breadth of the Great Dominion. But then "Cows far off have long horns."

MONSIEUR J. A. BAILE.

The Seminary of Montreal has the pleasure of announcing that its venerable Superior, Monsr. J. A. Baile, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priestly ordination on the fourth of next month, (October) and cordially invites his numerous pupils amongst the clergy, to honour his feast by their presence. The same invitation is extended to the friends of Monsr. Baile amongst the clergy in general. It will be a consolation and an honor to the goods'uperior to see as many of his former pupils and friends amongst the laity take part in the religious celebration of his feast.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "DAILY WITNESS"

No. 1.

Ev'n ministers they have been kenn'd In holy rapture A rousing whid at times to vend, And halt w' Scripture. DEUSS.

Mr. Editor.—As in the vast Basilica of St. Peter, the Christian pilgrim and the Protestant tourist may discover day by day, some marvel of art that had previously escaped his notice—as he may wander along its glorious aisles of superhuman grandeur, and catch at every step, a glimpse of the New Jerusalem;—So if by accident or curiosity, he enter, at any moment, the Temple of Discord, he will find, at the very threshold, some crude exhalation of the brain, causing him to recoil with bated breath, and to hurry forth with flying feet, from its unhallowed precincts. In the Daily Witness of Thursday, Sept. 7 occurs the following sentiment: "As the Lord would not hearken unto Balaam, but turned his curse into a blessing;—So He seems to have turned the Papal curses into blessings for the last three hundred years. When the Pope's malediction began to fall upon England, she contained five million inhabitants; but to day she contains twenty-six millions exclusive of Ireland. During the three hundred years that Great Britain has been under the Papal curse, her empire has grown to contain two hundred millions of people. Her commerce is triple that of all the Papal nations put together. In her national freedom the Pope's curses have been reversed in the energy of her children, their intelligence and learning. He cursed Germany and blessed France, and all the world knows the result, &c., &c."

Had the above grandiloquent effusion been the prize essay of some young Methodist or Presbyterian student, it might have passed unheeded; but being intended to be read by men accustomed to look a little below the surface, I intend to shew to the meaneast capacity, that what the Witness would fain palm off as pure gold is nothing but the vilest of spinbock.

It is very often difficult to ascertain what is really a blessing and what a curse. It may be a blessing to be born blind—lame—deaf or dumb;—and a curse to be gifted with health and strength to enjoy to repetition all the pleasures that wealth can procure. "May he live to survive all his relations and friends" was the heaviest curse pronounced by an ancient pagan against his mortal enemy. The earnest blessing and prayer of a pious mother that her beloved son may live to be prosperous and happy, may be truly answered, though she learn the following week that his body lies beneath the billows of the Atlantic. The bitter curse of many a father and mother on the body and soul of the fell destroyer of their daughter's honour, may be effectively answered, by seeing him wallowing in riches—adding house to house and field to field. This is not however the idea of the writer in the Daily Witness. He appears to have been taken into the Councils of the Almighty. According to the Witness, the prayer of the mother in the first instance was answered by a curse,—in the second the curse by a blessing. It is not true that the curse of the Pope has rested on England for three hundred years, nor for one moment. He anathematized and excommunicated the tyrant Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth and the other plunderers of the Church, if you will,—but England and Scotland the Island of Saints—trod by the feet of so many holy men,—never lay under his ban. As well might it be said that the Venerable Archbishop Bourget has cursed the Daily Witness. He has only pronounced a curse against those Catholics who read it. So far from England lying under the malediction of the Pope, his most earnest prayer has ever been that God would shower his blessings upon her, and restore her to the heritage which, at the beak of an adulterous King, she exchanged, like Beck, for a mess of pottage. Any one reading the replies of the present Pope, the glorious Pius IX, to the several deputations of English noblemen, and gentlemen, cannot fail to have remarked the blessing which he invariably invokes on them,—their families and country; and judging from the signs of the times, his words have not been returned to him empty. The Witness appears to me to have read the bible to vanity little profit; if he can deduce therefrom that riches—worldly prosperity and extensive commerce constitute a sure sign of the blessing of God. Worldly prosperity, when made subservient to the Divine will, tending to the glory of God and the advantage of our fellow creatures, is certainly a blessing to its possessor; but when used as a means to concentrate the glitter of gold and silver in the focus of self, it then degenerates into the worship of Mammon or the almighty dollar, and as such, it no doubt becomes a curse. If it be a difficult task for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, it is surely no less so for wealthy nations. Has the Witness forgot the story of Tyre, of Egypt, and Babylon—so much more highly favoured with temporal prosperity than the chosen people of God? The riches of the latter were designed to be of a spiritual nature. It was righteousness and mercy that should exalt their kingdoms. Their highest temporal prosperity was typified under the figure of every man sitting contented under his own vine and his own fig tree. Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice;—was his motto in the Old, as in the New Law. Riches they were often warned, to take to themselves wings,—and such was to be the fate of Tyre, Egypt and Babylon, who attributed their prosperity to their false gods and forgot the true God from whom all blessings flow. Hear the words of the prophet Isaiah Chap. xlii. "How ye ships of the sea, for the house of Israel, is destroyed from whence they were wont to come. When it shall be known in Egypt they will be sorry, when they shall hear of Tyre. The Lord of Hosts hath designed it to pull down the pride of all glory, and bring to disgrace all the glorious ones of the earth. It is true that the just are sometimes favoured with a superabundance of temporal wealth; but such instances appear to me to be more of the ha-