

Bishop Fabre, in full canonicals, with crozier and mitre, attended by a retinue of priests in soutanes and surplices. The thousands of men, women and children composing the procession moved through the streets telling the beads of the Rosary, singing the Litany of Loretta and the Ave Maria, and imploring the Virgin to deliver the city from small-pox.

It will surprise no sensible person to learn that the plague rather increased than diminished after these performances. Another superstition was accordingly resorted to. A pilgrimage was called for to the tomb of the late Archbishop Bourget, in the unfinished cathedral of St. Peter's. During his lifetime he was revered as a representative Ultramontane prelate. At his funeral an arch spanned one the streets of our city with the inscription—"Thou wast our Father on earth, be now our Father in heaven." And although, according to Romish theology, his soul is still in purgatory, his help must be sought in this emergency. In fact his bones are already, in about a year after his death, bidding fair to rival in miraculous efficacy the shrine of *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, near Quebec, which during six months of last year was visited by 64,101 persons.

In view of these things, we ask, has Romanism changed? Are these not mediæval scenes, fit to be enacted under the very shadow of the Vatican, where the Pope pretends to infallibility and demands divine adoration as the vicar of Christ and the Head of the Church universal? "He sitteth in the temple of God, setting himself forth as God" (2 Thess. 2:4). What can be more idolatrous than this worship of a sinful man as infallible, and of the Virgin and the Host, which priests by a blasphemous pretension to the exercise of Omnipotence declare they change from a wafer into the soul, body, and divinity of Jesus Christ? And viewed as a superstition, we venture to say that travellers in Polynesia and Central Africa have not come upon a more gross fetish than this swallowing of scraps of paper stamped with the face of the Virgin, and this carrying of a brass statue through the streets for curative purposes. Yet this is the acme of civilization and religion reached in the Province of Quebec, after two centuries of Romish instruction at an enormous expenditure of money.

Romanism in Quebec is undeniably non-progressive and productive of poverty.

Everywhere the Church continues to glory in her maxim, *semper idem*, and she has a hundred times denounced modern science, freedom, and progress, in her councils and by Bulls and encyclicals. That she has been successful in breathing the spirit of stagnation into her votaries in Quebec is painfully evident. Some of its parishes are now very much as they were a century ago. The world moves, but they stand still except in so far as many of the young people find their way to the cities and to the United States. The docile subjects of the Church have not been the projectors of our great lines of railways and ocean steamers and ships, and other national and commercial enterprises. The French press, however unwilling to give it publicity, occasionally bewails the fact that they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water to their wealthier and more enterprising neighbors. They are the shanty-men, quarry-men, bricklayers, masons, carpenters, and factory people of the Province, and, in a growing measure, of the New England States. Why should it be so? As a people they are frugal and industrious, and ought to be able to accumulate wealth, but for the grinding exactions of the Church which we have described. This is not a question of race, but of religion. A full inventory of the wealth of the people of the Province we are persuaded would disclose the disadvantageous position of Catholics in this respect as compared with Protestants. In the city of Montreal, where we have access to reliable data for such comparison, this is undeniably the case. Here Catholics are more than three times as numerous as Protestants, and yet, according to official figures, the Protestant one third own a considerable amount more than one half the entire wealth of the city, so far as lay proprietors are concerned. How does this happen? French Catholics were the first colonisers, and have ever since enjoyed the advantages arising from this and from superiority of numbers. Yet leading persons among themselves, unintentionally it may be but none the less correctly on that account, acknowledge this characteristic impopularity. Last August, for example, Mayor Villeneuve, of the village of St. Jean Baptiste, now annexed to Montreal, stated publicly that of the seventy-five hundred people of that village, six thousand were so poor that they could do nothing to protect themselves against the rav-