

SERMON BY THE VERY REV. FATHER BURKE.

"UNION BETWEEN GOD AND MAN."

"And Jesus said: Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink of His blood, you shall not have life in you. But he that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in Him."

My dear brethren—Last evening, if you remember, I spoke to you of the Sacrament of Penance, and I told you that it was instituted as a great remedy for the sin of man, and by taking away that sin, a great means for removing the impediment between God and the human heart. Moreover, my dear brethren, following up the course of our Retreat, I gave you for your meditation the subject of Prayer, as the first great means of union between the soul of man and the Lord God who made it. The Sacrament of Penance we considered only as a means to that union by removing an impediment; just as when two men fall out, who had been friends, they get into a dispute about something, and one says, "I can't agree with you; I consider your words as injurious to me; I consider have done me a wrong; I will know you no more"—and they separate. Now, the very first thing that is necessary, if those two men are to be reconciled, is for some one or other to come between them and try to bring them together, and to oblige one to make an apology to the other—to say to the other, "My friend, I am sorry for the words that I said to you; I am sorry for the disrespectful action that I committed in your regard. I was excited; I was angry. I forgot myself for a moment, and I ask your pardon." This is the duty of those who are under others; as for instance, I am under my superiors in the Church, and as you are under your spiritual guides and pastors; and this apology or demand for pardon is most reasonable, most beautiful, most charming in the eyes of God; but even so, it only removes the impediment. It is only when the apology is made, and the offence committed is forgiven, then, and only then, my dear brethren, can the men shake hands, and say, "Let by-gones be by-gones; we are friends again." But the act of the renewal of friendship demands a previous act of apology, or some little atonement for what was done. The act of atonement takes place in the Confessional. Then comes my dear brethren, the "shake hands" with Almighty God—then comes the loving embrace, when the hands of God are thrown around us, as the father's arms were thrown round the Prodigal Son when he came back to him.

The first union and embrace, as we saw this morning, is by prayer. Now, I have come this evening to tell you of the second, the more wonderful and the more perfect union between God and man, that takes place in the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ—a union between God and man, which will be effected and take place in every single brother of the Holy Family on next Sunday morning, with the grace and blessing of the Almighty. Here is the ineffable and wonderful union between God and man—here is the mystery that was hidden for ages in the breast of God. In the Incarnation the Son of God took to Him our human nature by a personal union. He took it into His own Divine Person, and made it a part and portion of Himself. That personal union, which was effected in the Incarnation, is an impossibility now between us and God, for the simplest of all reasons—namely, that each of us is a human individual, not merely in nature, but a human person, taken individually. That bars out personal union with God. God took to Him our nature, not our person. There remains only the moral union of the most intimate kind imaginable, and that is the union which takes place between Christ our Lord and God and the pious and worthy communicant when he comes to the altar rails and receives His Lord—a union, my dear brethren, the most intimate that can be conceived. No friendship that we can form on this earth for our fellow-men, no matter how much we may love him, no matter how much our hearts may go out to him—no friendship on this earth can at all equal or represent the union between God and ourselves in Holy Communion. Tell me, I suppose every man amongst you has a friend. "It is a good thing to have a friend," says St. Francis de Sales; and I suppose with your kind, pure, Irish hearts, that you love your friends dearly. I know I love mine. I know this: that nothing under Heaven, this minute, could give me greater pleasure than to do something or other for my friend I esteem and love, in order to show him how much I love him, and how anxious I am to please him. But what can we do, except some external service? We cannot give ourselves to our friends. We cannot enter into them. We cannot make ourselves one with them. But when the Lord, our Saviour and our God, who died for us upon the cross—when He who is God and is infinite in the resources of His love—when He wishes to show us what friendship means, what does he do? He disguises Himself under the form of a piece of bread. He actually comes into our mouths and hearts. He dwells with us. He mingles Himself with us. He takes possession of us. We become the very flesh of His flesh and blood of His blood. For He said to St. Augustine, "I am the food of the strong, and of those who love me; and I will not be changed into you as the food of your body is changed into you, but I will change you into myself." Such is the love which Jesus Christ has for mortal man.

And now, my dear brethren, having said so much of the mystery, let me invite your attention to one of the most significant facts in Scripture, namely, that our Lord, speaking to His Apostles, speaking to the Pharisees, speaking to all men, constantly and perpetually seems harping upon one thought, and that thought is this—"You cannot stand alone—you cannot do anything, or save your souls unless I am with you." Here are the words of the Saviour, repeated over and over again. "Without Me," He says, "you can do nothing. Remain in me, and let me remain in you. As the branch of the tree cannot live unless it be united to the vine or tree to which it belongs, so you cannot live unless you be united with Me." And He goes on to say, "As I live in the Father, and as the Father and I are one, so you must be one with Me." Now, we know that the union of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost is the ineffable unity of the Adorable Trinity—one nature one substance, one essence eternal, one essence; and even that union, which is the most perfect unity, is held up to us by our Divine Lord as a type of our union with Him. I want you, my dear brethren, to take this one thought home with you by-and-by. We are drawing to the close of our Retreat, and I regret it. For, although ageing and getting old, and consequently feeling more or less the labor, which a few years ago was merely enjoyment to me, still the sight of you around me in this church, the presence of my Lord and of yours in the Tabernacle, the intelligent attention with which you listen to the Word of God, all this makes me regret that our retreat is drawing to a close; for I would willingly, every day in the year, morning, noon, and night, stand before you and speak to you of Jesus Christ and his love; because you believe in Him, because you love Him, because the Father, in Heaven, loves you; for Christ our Lord said to His Apostles, "My Father loves you because you love Me, and you believe that I came out from God." Now, that our Retreat is drawing to a close, I want to drive this thought deep into the heart, deep into the intellect of every man amongst you—namely, no man, you not I nor any man, can stand alone. God Himself has declared it. The word of Scripture is, "Eternal woe

to him who stands alone." Two are necessary, and here are the two—the man (you or I) and Jesus Christ, the Man God. That is the meaning of the word, "Without Me you can do nothing. Without Me you are lost." He said; "therefore you must remain in Me, and let Me remain in you."

"If, my dear brethren, you remember nothing else of the instructions which I have had the happiness and the honor to give you in this retreat—if you forget everything else, remember this one word: in the name of God remember, 'I cannot stand alone—I have three enemies to meet—three to one are too many—I have the world above, below, around me. Three to one are too many. Our Lord Himself has declared that one cannot conquer three. I therefore cannot stand alone. Who am I to take as my second?' Jesus Christ. 'Without Me you can do nothing.' But as the Apostle says, and as Solomon says, 'If my Lord my God be with me, I don't care who is against me.' There is the first principle when Christ our Saviour, the Eternal truth as he was, declared that he could not stand without him, and that he was to be with us, or else we could do nothing. He was careful to make provision for that union with Himself; for God is not like man. Man makes many a promise and forgets it. Man may lay down a principle, and may ignore it in practice. Man may say one thing, and may act quite another thing. But God is eternal truth, God is essential faithfulness. When God says down a principle, He acts upon it; when God says a thing He means it, and carries out his own word; and therefore, I Christ our Lord said, 'I will be with you; I will come to you. Remain in me; let Me remain in you. Eat of My flesh and drink of My blood. Unless you do this you shall have no life in you.' When Christ our Lord said these words, they were plain words of eternal truth spoken in all sincerity, and carried out in all truthfulness. He spoke in no figure—He spoke with no mere spiritual meaning. He spoke of the real union between Himself and us—that real union which He carried out and accomplished on that night of Holy Thursday, when He took bread into His hands and blessed and lifted up His eyes to Heaven and said, "Take this and eat of it, this is my body, which shall be given for many;" and he took the chalice and breathed upon it, and said, "Take ye and drink of this, for this is My blood, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Then he turned to His Apostles, and said, "What I have done you must also do in commemoration of Me." The moment He said these words, the spirit of His priesthood went out from the Virgin's Son, and communicated itself to the twelve men around Him. They were all ordained priests; even Judas, the unworthy one, received power to change bread and wine into the very body and the very blood of Jesus Christ. We need, therefore, never be alone again. Never—never. O Divine Lord and God of all Consolation! Thanks, eternal glory be to Thee! Glory to Thee, O Christ, in that tabernacle! Friends may desert me, father and mother may leave me and go down into their graves, those upon whose love I counted may betray me, I am still not alone, O my God, for I can always come to Thee, and find Thee, take Thee, and give Thee a throne of prayer, of gratitude, of glory, hidden in a broken and afflicted heart!

Now, my dear brethren, having seen what Christ says about standing alone—that we cannot stand alone, that eternal woe and ruin and the curse of God falls upon the man who stands alone—I ask you to reflect how dangerous is the life led by so many who profess themselves Catholics, and who say that they believe in the real presence of the Son of God in the Holy Sacrament, and who, perhaps, on a Sunday come to Mass and kneel down and adore Him; yet, from end to end of the year, will never think of preparing themselves to approach the Holy Communion. They stand alone; they fold their arms, they look upon the face of the Almighty God and they say, "I believe in my heart and soul that without Thee, O Lord, I can do nothing, yet I will not go to receive Thee." Their condemnation is all the greater because they know and believe that He is there. "If they had not known Me," says the Son of God, "if I had not spoken to them, their sin would not be so great." Even when He prayed for those who were crucifying Him, His prayer was founded upon the fact that they did not know Him. "Father," He said, "forgive them, for they don't know what they are doing." For (says St. Paul) had they known Him, they never could have crucified the Lord of Glory. But Catholics know Him, and if they neglect Him, their sin is all the greater because of their knowledge. Oh, my dear brethren, I hope and trust in God and in you, that there is not one single member of this vast and influential Confraternity of the Holy Family that neglects his monthly Communion. We priests, who have, I suppose, as keen a perception of the joys of this world as any amongst you, who are men like you, who could enjoy, if they only chose to do it, the amusements and pastimes of this world, and its luxuries, as well as any man amongst you, we give these up, we sacrifice them, we go into our convents and colleges, and there from our early childhood we offer up every passion and every faculty of soul and body to God. What do you think it is that helps us to do this? What do you think makes us up to us for all we have given up? It is simply Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament. It more than makes up for it. He gives us far more than we sacrifice for Him. O my Saviour, I declare in Thy presence, I would rather be in Hell and have the privilege to say, "I love Thee," and have the privilege to receive Thee, than to be in the glory of Heaven if Thou wert not there! And so, my dear brethren, I say to you, make your union with Him in Holy Communion the great consolation, the great joy, the great object of your lives. In receiving Him you receive all, every grace—humility, faith, purity of life, honesty and sincerity and truthfulness—every thing is received when He is received. And if there were here to-night any man who do not belong to the Holy Family, as I suppose there may be some, then I say to those men—My dear brethren, why are not you also in the ranks of this great Confraternity? Why are you not members of the Holy Family? Why are you not enrolled under those standards that bring back to the delighted eye that looks upon them the glorious days of the Crusades, when the Christians of the world went forth and drew the sword against every enemy of God? Why are you not? What is to hinder you? Is it the obligation of monthly Communion? Ah, my friends, whether you are in the Confraternity or not, in the name of God prepare yourselves at once and go to your Holy Communion, and stand not alone. Let the Communion that you make be but the beginning of a regular attendance at the holy altar.

Perhaps there may be here to-night a few who not only are not members of the Holy Family, and who are not careless Catholics neglecting the Sacraments, but who are outside the Church altogether, and are not Catholics at all. If there be any such here I ask them to listen to me whilst I say one word. I may not be able to convince them that Christ our Lord is present upon the altar and in the tabernacles of the Catholic Church. And even if I were able to convince them I might not convert them. There is only one who can open their eyes, and that one is Christ Himself. Now, when I shall have finished this sermon, and the candles will be lighted on the altar, and the golden remembrance will be brought out, and the Blessed Sacrament will be put into it, and it will be laid upon that altar for Benediction, what are you to do? When the Apostles were out fishing upon the Lake of Genesareth a storm arose, and their little fishing boat was tossed hither and thither all through the night. But they saw in the far off distance, far away over the

troubled bosom of the angry waters, they saw something—it was a white radiant thing, and it seemed to be growing as it approached to them, and they looked at it with amazement. After a time that white light that they saw seemed to contain within it the figure of a man—a man walking upon the waters, with a white veil of light around and before him. Whilst they looked at him, one of the Apostles said, "It is the Lord." The moment St. Peter heard the word, he cried out to the figure in the white light, "Lord, if it be Thou, command me to come to Thee over the waters." And the figure spoke and said, "Come." St. Peter threw himself out of the boat and walked on the waters over to Jesus Christ. Now, my Protestant brethren, if there be any here to-night, all I ask of you is this: When you will see what will seem to you only a white thing within the centre of that golden remembrance, all in the world I ask of you is this—kneel down, and say, as Peter said, "Lord, if it be Thou that art here, command me to come to Thee," and, assuredly, if you make that prayer, He who is present in the Blessed Sacrament will say to you, "Come." You will rise up and come, you will believe, you will know how happy a thing it is to be able to merge the mere evidence of fallible sense in the grand, pure, and admirable light of Divine Faith, and of the revelation of the Almighty.

My dear brethren, the next point I wish to put before you, is to consider that when the Son of God determined that he would unite Himself to us, how completely and how magnificently He effected that union with us in the Blessed Sacrament. You know, my friends, that no matter how friendly we may be with a man, no matter how generous and how loving our hearts may be towards him, yet there is a certain point beyond which few of us are prepared to go. We all may say, "My friend, I will lend you a pound, but I am not prepared to lend you any more. I will go bail for you for any sum in a loan office or bank up to £20, but I will sign no bill beyond that. I will not go and expose myself to ruin for you." How few there are who come up to the crucial test of friendship designated by our Lord when He said, "I lay down My life for My friend. Greater friendship no man has than that he will sacrifice himself and lay down his life for his friend." Christ our Lord, the greatest of all lovers, gave us proof of His complete and perfect friendship when He sacrificed His life and shed His blood for us. A proof greater still is that which He gives us in the Holy Communion. For, my dear beloved, in the Incarnation at Nazareth, in the Birth at Bethlehem, in the Crucifixion on Calvary, Christ the Son of God was only dealing with our nature. He had nothing to say to our person. But in the Holy Communion He multiplies Himself for the purposes of a personal union, a personal moral union with us; and all that He did in Bethlehem, all that He did on Calvary is renewed upon the altar—the memory of His Passion is renewed. His incarnation is mystically repeated again. All that God brought with Him from heaven, and all that He took to Him on earth, are given to us in the Holy Communion, all without the slightest reserve. When we consider Christ our Lord, my dear brethren, we may consider him as God, for He is God, the Eternal Son of God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity; or we may consider Him as man, the child of the Virgin Mother; or we may consider Him, as we ought, as God and man united in one, the person of Jesus Christ. That person is God. If we consider Him as God, we behold omnipotent power with infinite beauty and sanctity; we are brought face to face with eternal glory, with the power that created all things by one word, with the awful justice that by one glance of His angry eye kindled the flames of hell that never were to be quenched again. If we consider our Divine Saviour as man, we find in the Virgin's Child the tenderest heart that ever throbbed in human bosom.

Oh, how loving, oh, how tender was the fair and beautiful heart of our Divine Lord Jesus Christ! A woman comes off the streets of the city to kneel down and weep at His feet, and when the Pharisees around say, "Ah, she is a sinner send her away," the noble and generous and manly heart of the Redeemer answers them—"No," He says, "no, but I will take her part. Who is there amongst you that loves Me as she does? I tell you all her sins are forgiven her, because she has loved much." Then He said to her, "Mary, arise, go forth, thou art made clean." And she arose like an angel to God. Whom did He send her to? To the arms of His own Immaculate virgin Mother!—the glory and the pride of Heaven flung her arms around the ignominy and the shame of earth! And as everything in our Lord is represented in the Catholic Church, so every day we see all that is purest and holiest and brightest consecrated to God, embracing all that is poorest, meanest, vilest, and most sinful upon the earth—the tear of the nun and the Magdalen falling together at the same moment, are caught in the same golden chalice of propitiation, and are held up mingled in one cup before the sympathizing and loving eyes of the Lord. Oh, the tender and beautiful heart of Jesus Christ! He was going into the city of Nain, and as he was entering the city he heard a cry and a wail, such as you have often heard at an Irish funeral. It was a fair fine young man that they had upon the bier, and they were carrying him to his grave. There was only one mourner there, and it was a poor widowed mother, for he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and she filled the air with her cries. And her broken voice went forth in lamentation, and the moment our Divine Lord heard her voice, the Scripture tells us, "He was moved and shaken with mercy and with compassion for her, 'Oh, woman, don't cry any more—weep no more.'" When she heard the voice she looked at him; and there was something in His eyes that calmed her grief and changed her despair into joy. And he went over to the man who was carrying the corpse, and he said to the dead young man, "Young man, I say to thee, arise!" And at the voice of God the young man opened his eyes and rose up. And then our Lord brought him over and gave him to his mother. "He gave him to his mother." How beautiful! He would not go away and leave him there. He would not say to her, "Woman, take thy son." But he took the young man in His hands and said, "Here now, I give him to you," and the old woman flung her arms around him; and her sorrow was changed into joy, the cry of desolation was changed into a cry of delight; and the Son of God, the Virgin's Child, stood there contemplating the effect of His Divine power and ineffable compassion and love in that poor old woman's delight.

When we contemplate Him as man we see those eyes that wept bitter tears of sympathy with Mary Magdalen weeping at her brother's grave; we see that Sacred Body, most beautiful, most tender, bursting into a sweat of blood from agony of spirit in the Garden of Gethsemani. When we contemplate Him as God and Man united, we come upon those graces and those infinite merits that belong to every act of His. When He prayed He prayed as man, but His prayer was still the prayer of God, because He was a Divine and not a human person, who was praying. When He was scourged, He was scourged as man; yet it was God Himself that was scourged. When He was crucified, nailed to the cross, it was as man He was nailed, yet it were crucifying God. For, said St. Paul, if they had known Him they would never have crucified the Lord of glory. The Lord of glory He is as God, therefore it was God they crucified in the Divine Person. Now, my dear brethren, all that Christ our Lord is as God, all that He is as man, all that He is as God and man united—all, all is present in the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist; and we re-

ceive Him in the fullness of His Divinity, in the integrity of His humanity, and in the omnipotence of His graces as God and man together. The omnipotence that created the world, the omnipotence that was able to say, "Let there be light!" and light was made, that omnipotence will be in your hearts on next Sunday morning when you receive communion. The heart that was moved for the widow of Naim, the eyes that wept for the grief of Mary the sister, the hands that were outstretched to open the eyes of the blind and to heal the paralyzed—that heart, those eyes, those hands, those feet that were placed upon the cross, that heart that was rent, assunder—all in thorough reality of His glorified existence will come into the heart of every man of you on next Sunday morning. The graces and the merits that were brought down from Heaven by every act of His as God and man united—the merits that came of His last sigh upon the cross, the redemption that was effected by that death of the Lord—everything that belongs to Him, as a victim and a Divine victim, all, all will come to you on Sunday morning in the Holy Communion! Oh, my dear brethren, who can describe, who can imagine it? If I had the tongues of ten thousand archangels, if I had the mind of every cherub in Heaven, I could not tell you what you are to receive when you approach Holy Communion.

Then, let Hell be opened—aye, let Hell be opened, let every devil in Hell come forth, let the princes rage and the kings of the earth storm against us and our religion, let every evil passion within us rise up—we are equal to them all, we can conquer all, we can keep our faith, preserve our hope, maintain our charity and our love of God; for "I can do all things," says the Apostle, "in Jesus Christ who strengthens me." Oh, therefore, don't stay away from Him. Make it your greatest joy your greatest glory, your constant practice to prepare for Him and go to Him and receive Him. And when the day of final resurrection comes, and the trumpet of the Archangel shall sound, to stifle the dead in their graves with the summons—"Arise, arise, ye dead and come to judgment!"—in that day over your graves and over mine, the shadow of a man will be cast, and that man the Man-God, Jesus Christ; and a voice will be heard speaking to us—we shall hear it in our graves and shall hear it in corruption, for it is written: "The dead shall hear Thy voice, O God;" and that voice will say to us what the same voice said to Lazarus of old, "Come forth!" and as the dead man that was four days dead and rotting, opened his eyes and the first thing he saw was the face of Jesus Christ his God, even so, in virtue of the Holy Communion, His voice will speak to us, and at the sound of it our eyes will open, and the first thing we shall see is the face of our Redeemer; "for I know," says holy Job, "that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the flesh I shall see my Saviour." You may ask me what proof I have of this. I will give the proof, and then I have done: "He that eateth My flesh," says the Son of God, "and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him, and I will raise him up at the last day."—*Cork Examiner.*

LETTERS FROM OTTAWA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS)

THE HACKET MANIA.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

For eight or ten days, Sir, we have seen nothing in our Ottawa papers but further particulars about Hackett's murder, and accounts of the domestic upheavings or public evolutions of Orangemen throughout the County of Carleton. Mr. Wm. Potter went to Montreal as Generalissimo of the Ottawa contingent, was escorted to his hotel by all the militia of the place, escorted to the funeral by the same useful people, assisted by the police, back to the hotel and the railway station, and after assuaging all this risk, submitting to all this danger, jeopardizing his life, he returned to Ottawa with an odd broom (aye signifying the amount of work it had done) at half mast, sweeping the river, and marched through our streets, still carrying the broom, the band playing the most offensive airs, and for all this gallant conduct, this exhibition of true Christian feeling, the great panjandrum and haughty Orange medicine man presented the hero with only a copy of the Bible. "It is a brave thing to do, to bear the lion in his den, but this Montreal lion was so firmly muzzled that he could not hurt any person."

Now, Sir, permit me to say that my sympathies were with the Orangemen to a certain extent in their venture to Montreal, and when I learned that they had left that city without being engaged in any trouble I almost admired them, but their conduct on their return to Ottawa dispelled every grain of sympathy, and evoked the contempt instead of the respect of all well thinking persons. After being so thoroughly protected against harm or assault in Montreal, and considering the good will that was manifested towards them by the people of Ottawa previous to their midnight departure, it was but a cowardly exhibition for them to return with so much pomp and triumph from a funeral, to fling insult and defiance into the face of every Catholic of Ottawa. What offence had the Catholics of Ottawa given them that they should carry that broom through the city as they did, and that their band should play "Kick the Pope" passing the French Cathedral, and other offensive airs along the line of march? It was vulgar, cowardly and contemptible, and I think it ill became any respectable citizen, who had at heart the welfare and prosperity of our city, to march in the wake of such a procession. The proceeding has aroused a feeling which will make itself felt, and which is deeply to be deplored. The action of the Orangemen in this instance brings to mind the story of the shanty-cook who, telling his boss about a row he had had with a man much larger than himself, said he would kick "he could break his neck, that he would shoot and murder him." "And," said the Boss, "what did the big man do all the while?" "O," replied the cook, "I spoke so that he could not hear me." So the Ottawa contingent swung the broom when they got at a safe distance from Montreal.

The death of poor Hackett was a most unfortunate affair, but it is very hard to have a large and respectable class of people insulted from press and pulpit for a deed of which they are innocent, and it is very much to be regretted that two Christian ministers of this city made use of the most unchristian and uncharitable language of all the numerous speakers in connection with this sad affair. Both of them breathed revenge, and of course transferred the blame from the shoulders of the Montreal mob on to the tottering frame of Pius IX. at Rome. Thus is it ever with clergymen, our heaven-sent teachers, and yet we wonder why harmony and good will do not prevail amongst all classes and creeds. Nor ever can they, so long as the public tolerate and support pseudo evangelists and pseudo apostles, for just so long will this unfortunate state of things continue to exist.

"Whoea knoves knock their heads together
Not a knave without their own foul knot,
But fears and hates them."—*Irish Catholic.*

SUPPLEMENTARY.

The above letter was written Mr. Ritchie, with a view to having it published in one of our city papers, but it was pronounced too violent and re-

jected as unfit for publication. In this city we live amongst those who are Protestants with a vengeance. For though harmony and good feeling has existed between all classes and creeds of the community for a number of years, it but requires such an event as the Hackett affair, to provoke the slumbering bigotry of our Protestant neighbors and to estrange them from their Catholic friends. The cardinal principles of Orangemen had ever been hated to the Catholic Church, but for whose existence it would quickly collapse, but not until the Hackett mania spread throughout Ontario, did I feel that antipathy to the Catholic Church was the prima mobile of all Protestantism. The exhibition of bigotry in this city is truly degrading to humanity, wealth and poverty, intelligence and ignorance, joining hands cordially in the demonical display against "Popery." The boys here would give all their worldly worth, to have a Hackett shot every year whilst the political dodgers would throw up their hats and shout for joy. Hackett lodges are springing up throughout the country as thick as flies in July, every child is taught to whisper his name with reverence and awe, and all the young man's relatives about here down to his forty-second cousins have gone into deep mourning, and gone to visiting their friends in search of congratulations. Why stir even with all its venom and bigotry the spectacle is a laughable one.

I need scarcely tell you that the Orangemen deny that they played "croppies lie down" in Montreal or "kick the Pope" in this city, but I am assured they did play those airs.

A GOOD ONE.

A few days ago the representative of a Montreal firm came to this city to get an order for goods from an Ottawa merchant who bears a Protestant name but who nevertheless is a good Catholic, and in order to prove his claim to the merchants patronage, he related that they had discharged 37 papers on the 13th inst. Our merchant is a very shrewd and wealthy one, and quietly drew a full history out of the unsuspecting agent, whereupon he boldly declared his faith and firmly announced that he could not any longer with a firm which treated his co-religionists in so bigotted a manner. The agent's discomfort was complete, and he left this city a sadder but wiser man. In case any person should doubt the correctness of this statement I am as well tell you that the Ottawa merchant is Alderman Frank McDougall.

Yours &c., I. C.

OTTAWA, July 28, 1877.

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION.

Has just been organized in Ottawa. It has attracted considerable public notice from the strength which it has already begun to manifest. The first meeting was held on Tuesday evening last, (24th inst.) There was no announcement of it in the newspapers, or through any other public channel, yet on that evening there were assembled in St. Patrick's Hall at least six hundred persons. The meeting displayed great enthusiasm in the spirit of Union. At first it was in great part composed of the elder element, but after hearing speeches from Mr. McCaffery, the chairman; A. D. Starns, Messrs. J. J. Kehoe, F. Rowan, J. B. Battle, Batte and others, the Hall was left clear to the young men. Mr. J. J. Kehoe was called to the chair, and then

THE WORK COMMENCED IN SERIOUS.

Mr. J. B. Battle explained a proposed plan of Union, which accorded well with the ideas of the assemblage, and forthwith two branches were organized, and a third one started with 44 members. The Union will consist of several branches, averaging fifty members each. The objects are to encourage a fraternal feeling among the Catholic young men of the city, and to foster literature and benevolence. It is composed of all nationalities, and a leading feature in the organization, so far, is that the French element is joining it in great strength. The most hearty good will is prevailing between the Irish and French members, both elements vying with each other to fill the ranks, the French members being loudly cheered by the others as they went forward to put down their names. This union of our young men in this respect, I consider the inauguration of a new era, which will realize the hope expressed by the True Witness a short time ago, that

"FRENCH CANADIANS AND IRISH WILL CARRY THE DAY."

A noble motto this is, and I am glad to assure you that our young men are nobly making an example in carrying it out. As far as I can learn this is the first association of the kind formed in Canada, to judge from the spirit which prevails, and looking closely into how it is likely to work, I am sure that the Union will be a great success. Already there are four branches fully organized, while others are in course of organization. Branch No. 5 is now filled up, but has not elected its officers. There are also other branches being formed, and I believe that by the time this letter appears in the True Witness the Union will have five hundred members. The Council of the Union is composed of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of each branch. The following is a list of the officers:—Grand President—J. James Kehoe. Vice President—Adolphe St. Pierre, M. D. Secretary—Solomon Leveille. Councilors—Messrs. Battle, Brambrick, Cast, Hurley and Owens.

The Council are determined to push the organization and establish it on a firm and durable basis. Several attractive features, such as the formation of a band, and a picnic to be held soon, are to be worked up.

THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Held their annual picnic on the 26th. This is always a great event of the summer season in Ottawa, these picnics being well patronized by the public. I understand that, in spite of the hard times, this year's picnic has been even more successful than those of former years.

THE GALLANT STAND.

taken by the True Witness has excited general admiration in Ottawa. Your sentiments find a hearty response in the breasts of your countrymen and co-religionists in the capital. The True Witness is talked of continually. So far I have found up to this but one Catholic to disagree with your course, while the others whom I have heard are enthusiastically united in your praise.

JAY KAY.

BISMARCK.

The Vaterland of Vienna writes: "It is his doing that the political system has been established which is based on the denial of right and on the rule of 'blood and iron.' The Cullerhamph, too, is his work. It has allocated from his Sovereign fourteen millions of faithful subjects, and filled their hearts with a righteous and ineffaceable bitterness. It is the Cullerhamph which has dealt its death-blow to Protestantism, and main support of the House of Hohenzollern, and cut down the national creed to the most abject nihilism. It is his work, also, that the German people are reduced to utter distress and misery, causing the prevalence of famine and fever, the decay of arts and manufactures, and the ascendancy of Jew financiers and stockjobbers, who have pocketed the French milliards, and thrive on the decadence of the old feudal prosperity and honesty of the Germans." The above is a terrible picture of things as they exist in Vaterland and Germany.