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The True Witness.

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1872.

NO. 41.

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FLORENCE O'NEILL, OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By Miss AGNES M. STEWART, author of the "World and Cloister," "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Malloran," &c.

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Then after a while I became calm, and told Grace the example of her courage, under trial so unexampled, ought, indeed, to give me strength.

"Madam," she replied, "my trials were the result of obstinate folly, not so yours; but, courage and patience, even should the eve of the day fixed for your bridal bring no help, the morrow's morn may set you free. God will not let this marriage take place. Only be calm and submissive apparently to the queen's will, and all will yet be well."

After the recital of Grace's story I became more and more attached to her, though I do not like that a woman with a mind like her's should be employed in menial offices. As far as she is concerned, nothing seems to disturb her or to come amiss; she accepts all, I believe, as an atonement for her early transgressions.

February 12th, 1692.

The fifteenth is appointed for my nuptials. Grace still begs me to bear up and feign composure. The task is so hard I feel as if I should give way. Oh, for her unwavering faith!

February 13th.

Grace has just entered with my bridal robe, a present from the queen. It is a truly royal present.

The petticoat is of white satin, looped up alternately with orange blossoms and sprays of pearls and diamonds; the train of Brussels point, the long veil is also of Brussels lace. Oh, my God, support me, strengthen me. Am I to be robed a victim for the sacrifice? Grace still says no, it shall never be; God will not permit it. Oh, Reginald, Reginald, my betrothed!

February 14th.

I cried all night long. Last evening the Count was overwhelming, the queen kind and even affectionate in her manner; even the king less boorish. They talked openly about my embarking for Holland with the king and the count early in March. Grace is calm and composed, though to-morrow seals my fate. She rebukes me for the slightest manifestation of distrust in God's infinite power.

February 15th.

Last evening I stood with Grace at a window in my chamber overlooking the park.—The king and count had been out since early morning enjoying the pleasures of the chase. My eyes streamed with tears. "A few hours, Grace, and I shall be the bride of the Count," I said, "unless I run away, to be brought back, mayhap, and taken to the Tower."

Suddenly the king's hounds appear through a break in the trees, and a goodly company of knights and nobles, with the king at their head; but there is no mirth amongst them, they all seem sad and sorrowful, we say.

A few moments later the cause was explained. Half a dozen men slowly advanced bearing between them a plank, on which lay the form of a man, evidently covered to hide some appalling sight beneath.

I turned sick and faint, my heart seemed to stand still; a cold sweat poured down my face; I sickened as, in imagination, I pictured to myself the ghastly burthen stretched beneath the dark covering that, improvised for the occasion, had been thrown over it. Grace opened the easement; the murmur of many voices fell upon my ear; I heard the name of Von Arnheim; I saw the ghastly upturned face as the covering was drawn aside, and I sank fainting in her arms.

May, 1692.

The pleasant Spring time has put forth its young green blossoms. Three months have passed since the night that heralded my release from the meditated sacrifice, and I am only now recovered enough to resume my pen, and give my dear Mrs. Whitely a little more news before my faithful Grace consigns these papers to a trusty messenger who will see that they reach her hands.

The horror of the death-struck face of the hapless young Count, who was to have been forced upon me in marriage on the following morning, together with the mental anxiety that succeeded that terrible night, and the revulsion which that sight occasioned, ended in a nervous fever, from which I am but slowly recovering.

Her Majesty, softened by my submissive demeanor respecting my marriage, has been kind and sympathizing. Especially was she touched when she was told that the shock was made so frightfully sudden by my own eyes beholding the body of the Count as it was carried into the castle.

The Count was an ardent huntsman, and had entered with the king into the full spirit of the chase, but had managed to separate himself from the rest of the company. To come up again with his party he had made an ineffectual attempt to force his horse over a gate. The animal stumbled and fell, throwing his rider, whose head, coming in contact with a block of stone, had produced almost immediate death. He spoke but a few words, describing only the manner of his death, and bidding them bear his dying love to myself. Blame me not, dear Mrs. Whitely, nor let another party deem me unworthy of his love, that I shed tears to the memory of this hapless Count. I wept over his sudden death and his unrequited love.

For a long while I was delirious. When at last I recovered enough to think over the past, I called Grace to my bedside.

"Dear Grace," I said, "do you remember saying it would never take place? How much do I owe you—first, the example of your unwavering trust and confidence in the Providence of God; and, secondly, that, following your counsel, I became passive in the hands of the queen. How bitterly would she have felt had I opposed her to the last; and, after all, the Providence of God had decreed that union should never be."

I have written to another person, dear Mrs. Whitely, still very dear to me; but there seems no chance of my leaving this place, so that I have released him from all engagements should he wish to be freed. It will please you, I know to see that I have found in Grace a wise and an invaluable friend.

"Poor Florence," said the queen, when she had finished reading her packet of papers, which the king had listened to with intense interest, "she has had and still has much to suffer. It is, indeed, a vague matter as to when she will be able to return to us. But St. John shall have the perusal of these papers immediately. It will please him to see how true she is to her pledged troth, and he will, of course, be at no difficulty to surmise the reasons for which she expresses a willingness to release him from his engagement."

"Send for St. John at once, let him come here," said the king.

The queen rung a small silver bell. It was answered by a page, who was forthwith sent in search of Sir Reginald.

Between his wounds, illness, and anxiety, St. John was, indeed, a very different person to the Sir Reginald who, two years since, had visited Sir Charles at Morville Grange. His eyes sparkled with pleasure when he saw the bulky packet in the hands of the king. His greatest torture consisted in his inability to release Florence from her state of bondage; for he argued, and with reason, if the king and queen tried to force her into marrying once, the scheme may be repeated, and in the end with success.

"Tut, man," said the king, good-humoredly, trying to rouse him out of his depression, "go and read your letter. It ought to make you happy the thought alone of your betrothed lady's constancy to you." As the king spoke he held forth the packet, delicately giving, at the same time, the sum of fifteen pistoles, folded in a small piece of paper. It was thus the fallen king used to relieve the indigent Jacobites whose modesty prevented them from applying to him for pecuniary aid.

Dark and more sad grew the fortunes of the hapless exiles. They felt no trial which had befallen them, after the usurpation of William; more than witnessing the sufferings of the devoted Jacobites, who, with unswerving loyalty, had given up their estates and fortunes,

and were, in fact, starving in a foreign land for their sakes, the town of St. Germain's being filled with Scotch, English, and Irish families.

Not only did James and his consort practise themselves the most rigorous self-denial, but also their children, as soon as they could be made to understand the miseries of these poor people, devoted all their pocket-money to their relief, the little princess even paying for the education of several of the daughters of the emigrants, and steadily resisting all persuasion to lessen her little fund by the purchase of toys for herself.

Months passed on, and brought with them such suffering that Louis XIV. pointed out to James the necessity of disbanding his household troops. The French king was the arbiter of his destiny; to him the unfortunate James owed whatever he possessed. A large number of these unfortunate gentlemen then passed into the service of Louis.

"A desolating reform," Mary Beatrice had truly termed this reduction of the military establishment at St. Germain's, and an affecting scene took place between James and the remainder of the brave followers of Dundee. These consisted of 150 officers, all men of honorable birth. They knew themselves to be a burthen on James, and begged leave to form themselves into a company of private sentinels, asking only to be allowed to choose their own officers. James assented, and they went to St. Germain's to be reviewed by him before they were incorporated with the French army.

A few days later they dressed themselves in accoutrements borrowed of a French regiment, and drew up in order, in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase.

The king enquired who they were, and was astonished to find them the same men with whom, in garb more becoming their rank, he had received at his levee; and struck with the levity of his own amusement, compared with the misery of those who were suffering for him, instead of going forward to the chase, he returned to the palace full of sad and sorrowful thoughts.

When the day arrived on which he was to review them, he passed along their ranks, and wrote in his pocket-book, with his own hand, the name of every one of these gentlemen, returning his thanks to each of them in particular. Then he removed to the front, and taking off his hat, bowed to the whole body.

The poor king's intention was to withdraw, but he returned, bowed to them again, and then burst into a passionate fit of tears.

The regiment knelt, beat their eyes downwards, then rose, and passed the king with the usual honors of war.

The speech which the king made to them ended with these words:

"Should it be the will of God ever to restore me to my throne, it would be impossible for me ever to forget your sufferings. There is no rank in my armies to which you might not pretend. As to the prince, my son, he is of your blood. He is already susceptible of every impression. Brought up amongst you, he can never forget your merit. I have taken care that you shall be provided with money, shoes, and stockings. Fear God, love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and be assured that you will find in me always a parent as well as a king."

Poor, disinherited prince! True, indeed, was his father's assertion that his heart was susceptible. One day, some time later, when unable to endure the life of common soldiers, fourteen of these gentlemen had permission, through King James' having written to their commander for them to return to Scotland, came to St. Germain's to thank the king. Four of them, who were in ill health, remained there. They were wandering near the palace, and saw a little boy of six years old about to enter a coach emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain. This child was the son of the exiled king, and was going to Marle.

He recognized the emigrants, and made a sign for them to come to him. They advanced, and kneeling down, kissed his hands and bathed them with tears.

The little prince bade them rise, and with that peculiar sensitiveness often early developed by misfortune, told them "he had often heard of their bravery; he had wept over their misfortunes as much as those of his parents; but he hoped a day would come when they would find they had not made such sacrifices for ungrateful princes." Then giving them his little purse, containing about a dozen pistoles, he requested them to drink the king's health.

The child had been virtuously trained; in fact, some of the Jacobites were heard to lament "that the queen, his mother, had brought the prince up more for heaven than for earth."

CHAPTER XXIX.—LETTERS FROM ST. GERMAIN'S.

In never ending fear lest the king should again be moved to bestow the hand of Florence on one of his Dutch parasites, the time passed drearily on. She often, indeed, marvelled why Queen Mary detained her at her court unless to answer two ends—the one, to ensure a se-

paration from a person she detested as much as she did the exiled queen; the other, to have the hand of a disengaged heiress to bestow on whomsoever of his Dutch favorites William should hereafter feel inclined to favor.

The news, too, reached her that Sarsfield and Sir Reginald were both fighting in Flanders, under the French king, and sad as she occasionally was under the continued apprehension of danger to Sir Reginald, or a renewal of tyranny to herself, she would have yielded to a much greater extent but for the lessons and example of her hand-maiden, who never ceased in times of despondency to remind her of the all but miraculous interposition of Providence in her regard, when within but a few hours of being made an unwilling wife. At the same time it not unfrequently happened that she felt an amount of vexation at witnessing the extreme placidity of Grace, whom nothing ever ruffled. She was quite right in conjecturing that it was the result of the lesson she had learned so well whilst passing through that fiery ordeal with the husband whom she had been so eager to obtain.

But there was one very near the queen who was made sorely to suffer by her Majesty, and this was the Princess Anne. The queen was again left by her husband, with difficulties surrounding her at every step. Jacobites, or persons like Grace, were moving about in her own palace, anticipating the restoration of her father, and aware that her sister, with whom she was now at variance, had written a letter to her father, which she had intercepted, in which she had told him "she would fly to him as soon as he could land in any part of Great Britain."

Florence was by nature a gentle, timid woman. When she witnessed the queen's treatment of her own sister her heart involuntarily recoiled to the thought of the danger she had escaped, and the certainty there was that in every contest that might await her in the future, the powerful and arbitrary Mary would win the day against herself.

The princess had sent a humble message to the queen, when, after a time, fraught with much suffering, a child was born to her, but who expired almost immediately.

If the princess thought her situation seriously ill as she was, and grieving over the loss of her child, would move her sister, she was doomed to be mistaken. She never asked after her health, but seemed as if she only sought her for the purpose of making an attack upon her conduct concerning the sole cause of their estrangement, the Marlboroughs. She addressed the suffering princess in her usual imperious, harsh tone, telling her "she had made the first step by coming to her, and expected she would make the next by dismissing Lady Marlborough, whose husband was her avowed enemy."

The princess turned pale, and trembling with agitation, told the queen she hoped, at some time or other, the request would appear as unreasonable to her Majesty as it then did to herself.

Hard and inflexible as was her nature, she was struck, it may be, with somewhat of remorse, for she said in the presence of Florence, on her return to Kensington:

"I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so much concern on her at the renewal of the affair that she trembled and looked as white as her sheets."

Those words she regretted having spoken were the last Mary ever uttered to her sister.

Meanwhile weeks and months passed away. Behind the scenes as she was in Mary's court, Florence learned wisdom with each recurring day, seeing as she did how very little wealth and exalted rank can purchase in the way of happiness and content. She knew that the mind of the usurping queen was a prey to many cares—treachery often at the council table, unfaithfulness in the husband whom she almost adored, and rumors, ever and again of those risings in favor of her unfortunate father—which formed the terror of her whole reign; whilst towards the princess the most utter estrangement continued during the latter years of her life.

On one evening, many months after her long letter had been received by the ex-queen, the usually impassable features of her hand-maiden wore an expression of pleasure. She advanced to meet her mistress with a package in her hand, saying, at the same time, in an under tone, "I have seen Father Lawson; these papers are from Mrs. Whitely."

The first enclosure contained a few lines from Sir Reginald. She opened it eagerly, and read as follows:

I repeat my former assertion, though Heaven knows, with a sore, despairing heart. My fortunes are ruined, I am landless, homeless, a beggar on the face of the earth, and will not do you, my beloved one, such injury as to hold you to your troth. Forget that I ever existed. I ought to have begun this letter with informing you that the gallant and brave defender of Limerick, Lord Luena, had received a mortal wound at the battle of Landon. He lingered a few days, and then expired in my arms. The name of Sarsfield will be held in honor and veneration by Irishmen in ages yet to come, as a pattern of all that should distinguish the character of a soldier and a man of honor.

"The last of my kinsfolk, then, is no more,"

thought Florence, with a sense of the desolation one experiences when aware that we stand alone in the world, with not a soul on earth that can claim that blood relationship which, alas, that it should be so, does not always form, as it ought to do, the very strongest bond between man and his fellow man. Of that, young as she was, she had had practical proof in the conduct of the queen's own family.

As a relative, Florence knew but little of the gallant Lord Luena, but she had been accustomed to think of him with a sense of gratified pride, and a feeling of gladness that she could claim relationship with a man whom his greatest enemies spoke of as of unsurpassed bravery and unflinching honor. His conduct at Limerick attested the latter in a perhaps unexampled degree; for when help was at last at hand, he refused to profit by it, because he had pledged his word to the followers of William.

The letter from the queen began as follows:

Another Autumn has passed away. Shall I ever, my dear child, clasp you in my arms again?

It is now four years since we parted, and if the merciful God has sent us both trials, it has pleased Him to carry both yourself and your fond Mrs. Whitely safely through them. At present we are all in good health, God be thanked. The king continues to load us with his benefits, and with countless marks of friendship. Every fresh proof fills us with renewed gratitude. Whilst writing on this subject, do you remember, my child, that he promised to grant our Rose, as he termed you, any favor she might beg of him hereafter. It occurs to me that he might be willing to endow you a little service in the affairs of a certain person whose disposition and affection is unchangeable, but who is, alas, too proud to marry, and thus hold you to your engagement under present circumstances.

The remembrance of the sad and destitute condition of these brave gentlemen, who have made themselves poor and destitute, and who have given up everything for us, fills us with the most poignant grief, and troubles us far more keenly than our own calamities.

Farewell, my dear child. I never cease to pray for you, as for myself, that God may fill our hearts with His holy love. We may be satisfied with all else that may happen to us if we possess this. I may add that I was much interested in the account you gave me of your attendant. God has given you a great mark of His goodness, my child, in placing such a person near you. Burn this when read; and, once more, farewell.

CHAPTER XXX.—ALONE WITH RECORDS OF OTHER DAYS.

"Do you really feel worse, madam?"

This enquiry was put to the queen by Florence in a tone of anxious consideration on the evening of the 20th of December, 1694.

"Very much worse, child, indeed, though the king does not like to hear me say it. I feel ill, seriously ill."

The end was drawing nigh; that end which levels all distinction, when peer and peasant, the crowned head and the beggar, are at last equal.

Did Mary entertain a presentiment that this was to be her last? Her conduct on the night following the day in question would lead posterity to believe that she did.

She always had a high, fresh color, so she had on this day in question. She did not look ill, and the two ladies who were in the room with our heroine when this conversation took place, were both to believe that her Majesty's indisposition were other than trifling. Indeed, she had never been in her usual health or spirits since about three weeks ago, when the service at Whitehall came to a full stop in consequence of Archbishop Tillotson who was officiating in the queen's presence, being struck with apoplexy, he never spoke again, but died in a few days.

Like many ladies in our own time, Queen Mary was apt to be obstinate in the remedies she used when unwell. Vainly had a faithful physician warned her against the use of a spirituous cordial, which she was accustomed to swallow in large doses. She partook of it on this occasion, and shortly afterwards became much worse.

For a short time Florence was alone with the queen, and many thoughts passed through her mind, connected with her own presence in the palace. She had been endeavoring to rally the queen's drooping spirits to the best of her power, and the latter seemed to have fallen asleep, and ceasing to talk, Florence fixed her gaze on the full face with that high complexion, and the large corpulent figure of the queen—her size had become such as is rarely seen in a woman—still in the prime of life. Suddenly the queen opened her eyes, she was not asleep as Florence had imagined, but was thinking with closed eyes, probably, on the more youthful personage beside her, whom partly from whim, and partly from interested motives, she had for some four or five years monopolized to herself in a species of honorable captivity. Suddenly Mary exclaimed in a hard, abrupt tone, which made Florence start:

"What are you thinking of, what made you stop so suddenly?"

"I believed you were asleep, madam, and—"

"Yes, very well," interrupted the queen, "I will not press you too closely, instead of insisting on your telling me your thoughts; you shall hear what mine were; I was thinking of you."

"Of me, madam," said Florence in a tone of astonishment.

* Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain.
† Amadee Fichot.

"Yes, I was analysing the reasons which had made me constitute you one of my maids of honor. I was thinking of a terrible night three years since when you saved my life; also, of your conduct at the time the king had decreed that you should marry that unfortunate Count, you very rashly contested the point at the time, but I was well satisfied with your conduct later. Tell me child, in case I should die, is there any request you would like granted. I do not know why, but I feel a passing sympathy for you at times, and so put it to account of the circumstances I have mentioned."

A strange feeling kept Florence for a moment silent; she was aroused by the queen demanding if she had heard what she had been saying to her.

"Yes, madam, but I was perplexed to know how to answer your Majesty. This is but a passing illness, let us hope, why should you think you will die?"

"I am mortal, am I not," said the queen; "let me have a pen, and ink, and paper, from my secretaire."

With an expression of unfeigned wonder in her face, Florence assisted the queen to rise, though she still maintained a reclining position; she was about to write when, as if a sudden thought occurred to her, she paused, saying:

"There is a person acting as your maid; how very ugly she is; she has known better days, as the phrase goes, and I fancy she is attached to you; do you like Grace Wilnot? Tell me briefly, child, for I am very faint and must lie down again speedily."

"Yes, madam, I like Grace Wilnot very much," was the reply.

Then Mary grasped the pen, and paused for one moment as if to clothe her ideas in words; then the royal hand passed hurriedly over the paper. When she had finished writing, she again laid down, whilst she requested Florence to light her a taper, and bring her wax and a seal. She then folded the paper together in form of a letter, sealed it and wrote upon the cover.

"To be delivered to the king in case of my death."

"If I recover from this illness, you will return this letter to me unopened; if I die, you will deliver it to the king within a day of my decease. Be careful to do as I tell you, as you value what you may consider your own happiness."

A faint smile crossed the queen's face as she noticed the look of bewilderment on that of Florence, who replied not without emotion, that she hoped the day of her death might be long distant, and that she trusted to return it the queen in a few days.

"Remember, not a word is to be said in connection with that to any breathing being; put it carefully aside, child, and now leave me to myself. I do not want you again to-night."

Returned to her own room, Florence carefully locked the queen's letter in her cabinet, and lost in a maze of the wildest conjecture, for the paper certainly concerned herself. She was still sitting by the fire, abstracted and thoughtful, when Grace entered the room; the latter was at no loss to divine that something more than usual had occurred during her interview with the queen, but delicacy and respect kept her silent.

Coupled with the remarks the queen had previously made, Florence was at no loss to surmise that she had touched the heart of the queen, in so far as it was at all accessible, but never dreamed of the matter the papers really contained.

She had gone to rest at her usual hour, but had lain awake till after the palace clock had struck the hour of twelve, vainly trying to guess the purport of those hurriedly written lines.

When she at last fell asleep, all was silent as the grave, not the faintest sound was to be heard.

She awakened, startled by a noise; of that she was certain, for her heart beat and she started as one is apt to do whose sleep is not naturally disturbed.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

ON THE

"Attributes of Catholic Charity."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following lecture on "The Attributes of Catholic Charity" was delivered by the Very Reverend Father Burke, on the 25th of April, in the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J., in aid of the Hospital of the Sisters of the Poor in that city:—

My Dear Friends,—We all read the Scriptures; but of the many who read them, how few there are who take the trouble of thinking profoundly on what they read. Any one single passage of the Scriptures represents, in a few words, a portion of the infinite wisdom of the Almighty God. Consequently, any one sentence of those inspired writings should furnish the Christian mind with sufficient matter for thought for many and many a long day. Now, we, Catholic priests, are obliged, every day of our lives, in our daily office, to recite a large portion of the divine and inspired Word of God, in the form of prayer. Never was there a greater mistake than that made by those who think that Catholics do not read the Scriptures. All the prayers that we, priests, have to say—seven times a day approaching the Almighty God—are all embodied in the words of the Holy Scriptures; and not only are we obliged to recite them as prayers, but we are also obliged to make them the subject of our daily and our constant thought. I purpose, therefore, in approaching this great subject of the Attributes of Christian Charity, to put before you a text of Scripture which many of you have, no doubt, read over and over again; viz.: the first verse of the Fourth Psalm, in which the psalmist says: "Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor?"

Now, if you reflect, my dear friends, you will find that, at first sight, it seems strange to speak of that man as "blessed" that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; there seems to be so little mystery about them; they meet us at every corner; put their wants and their necessities before us; they force the sight of their misery upon our eyes—and the most fastidious and the most unwilling are obliged to look upon their sorrows, and to hear the voice of their complaint and their sufferings. What mystery is there, then, in the needy and the poor?

What mystery can there be? And yet, in the needy, and the poor, and the stricken, there is so profound a mystery that the Almighty God declared that few men understand it; and "blessed is he that is able to fathom its depths." What is this mystery? What is this subject,—the one which I have come to explain to you? A deep and mysterious subject,—one that presents to us far more of the wisdom of the designs of God than might appear at first. What is the mystery which is hidden in the needy and the poor, and in which we will be pronounced "blessed" if we can only understand it thoroughly, and, like true men, act upon that understanding? Let me congratulate you, first, that, whether you understand this mystery or not, your presence here to-night attests that you wish to act upon it; that you are the instincts of Christian charity, that the needy and the poor, and the stricken ones of God have only to put forth their claims to you, at the pure hands of these spouses of our Lord, and you are ready, in the compassion and the tenderness of heart which is the inheritance of the children of Christ, to fill their hands, that your blessings may find their way to the needy and the poor.

And yet, although so prompt in answering the call of charity, perhaps it will interest you, or instruct you, that I should invite your consideration to this mystery. What is it? In order to comprehend it, let us reflect. The Apostle, St. Paul, writing to his recently converted Christians, lays down this great rule for them: "That, for the Christian man, there are three virtues which form the very life and essence of his Christianity; and these are, not the virtues of prudence, nor of justice, nor of high-mindedness, nor of nobleness, nor of fortitude; no; but they are the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Love. "Now, there remain to you, brethren," he says, "Faith, Hope, and Charity;—these three; but the greatest of these is Charity."—"The life of the Christian, therefore, must be the life of a believer—a 'man of Faith.' It must be a hopeful life—an anticipative life—a life that looks beyond the mere horizon of the present time into the far-stretching eternity that goes beyond it;—a life of Hope; but, most of all, it must be a life of Divine love. These are the three elements of the Christian man. Now-a-days it is the fashion to pervert these three virtues. The man of faith is no longer the simple believer. Faith means a bowing-down of the intellect to things that we cannot understand, because they are mysteries of God. But the idea of religion, now-a-days, is to reason and not believe. The Apostle, if he were writing to the men of this nineteenth century, would be obliged to say: "Brethren, now there remain to you argument and reason;" but not faith; for faith means, in the words of the same Apostle, the humbling unto full humiliation, of intelligence before the mystery which was hidden for ages with Christ in God. "Faith," says St. Paul, "is the acknowledgement of things that appear not." The Catholic Church, now-a-days, is called the enslaver of the intelligence—the incubus upon the mind of man. And why? Because she asks him to believe. Mind,—men of intelligence who listen to me,—because she asks him to believe; because she says to him, "My son, I cannot explain this to you; it is a mystery." God! and there is no faith where there is no mystery. Where there is the clear vision, the comprehensive conviction of the intelligence, arising from argumentation and reason, there is no sacrifice of the intellect—there is no faith.

Hope, now-a-days, has changed its aspect altogether. Men put their hopes in anything rather than in Christ. It was only a few days ago I was speaking to a very intellectual man. He was an Unitarian—a man of deep learning and profound research. Speaking with him of the future, he said to me: "Oh, Father, my future is the embolment of the human race; the grandeur of the 'coming man';—the perfect development, by every scientific attainment, by every grand quality that can ennoble him, of the man who is to be formed out of the civilization and the progress and the scientific attainments of this nineteenth century." That was his language; and I answered him and said: "My dear sir, my hope is to see Christ, the Son of God, shining forth in all my fellow-men here, that He may shine in them for ever hereafter. I have no other hope." The Charity of to-day has changed its aspect. It has become a mere human virtue. It is compassionate; I grant you; but not with the compassion that our Lord demands from His people. It is benevolent, I am willing to grant you. We live in an age of benevolence. I bow down before that human virtue; and I am glad to behold it. I was proud of my fellow-men, seeing the readiness and generosity with which, for instance, they came to the relief of the great burned city on the shores of the Northern Lake. I am proud when I come here to hear New York and Jersey City and Hoboken called "cities of charities." It is the grandest title that they could have. But when I come to analyze that charity,—when I come to look at that charity through the microscope that the Son of God has put in my hands, viz.:—the light of divine faith,—I find all the divine traits disappear; and it remains only a human virtue; relieving the poor, yet not recognizing the virtue that reposes in them; alleviating their sufferings, touching them with the hand of kindness, or of benevolence; but not with the reverential, loving hand of faith and of sacrifice.

On the other hand, standing, loudly protesting against this spirit of our age, which admits the bad, and spoils the good; which lets in sin, and tries to disrobe of its sacramental mantle the medium of virtue that remains,—protesting against all this, stands the great Catholic Church, and says:—"Children of men, children of God, Faith, Hope, Charity, must be the life of you; but your Faith, and your Hope must be the foundation of your Charity; for the greatest of these virtues is Charity."

And why? What is Faith? Faith is an act of human intelligence; looking up for the light that cometh from on high—from the bosom of God, from the Eternal Wisdom of God. Recognizing God in that light, Faith catches a gleam of Him and rejoices in its knowledge. Hope is an act of the will striving after God, clinging to His promises, and trying by realizing the conditions, to realize the glory which is the burden of that promise to come. Charity, alone, succeeds in laying hold of God. The God whom faith catches a gleam of,—the God whom hope strains after,—charity seizes and makes its own. And, therefore, "the greatest of these is charity." When the veil shall fall from the face of God, and when we shall behold Him in Heaven, even as He is and as he sees us, there shall be no more faith. It shall be absorbed in vision. When that which we strain after, and hope for to day shall be given us, there shall be no more hope. It shall be lost in fruition. But, the charity that seizes upon God to-day, shall hold for all eternity. Charity, alone, shall remain, the very life of the elect of God. And therefore, "the greatest of these is charity."

Are there amongst you, this evening, any who are not Catholics? If there be, you may imagine that because I come before you in the garb of a Dominican friar of the thirteenth century,—with seven hundred years not only of the traditions of holiness, but even of historic responsibility on my shoulders, in virtue of the habit that I wear,—you may imagine that I come amongst you, perhaps, with a corded heart and embittered spirit for those without the pale of my holy, great, loving mother, the Church of God—for which, some day, God grant it may be my privilege to die. But no! If there be one, or more than one here to-night, who is not a Catholic, I tell you that I love in him every virtue that I possess. I tell him "I hope for you that you will draw near to the light, recognize it, and enter into the glorious halls illuminated by the Lamb of God—the Jerusalem of God upon earth, which needs not the sun nor the moon, for the Lamb is the lamb thereof." And most assuredly I love him. But I

ask you, my friends, have you faith? Have you simple belief—the bowing down of the intelligence to the admission of a mystery into your minds,—acknowledging its truth,—whilst you cannot explain it to your reason? Have you faith, my beloved?—the faith that humbles a man—the faith that makes a man intellectually as a little child, sitting down at the awful feet of the Saviour, speaking to that child, through His Church? If you have not this Faith, but if you go groping for an argument here or an argument there, trying to build upon a human foundation the supernatural structure of Divine belief—trying to build up a structure and temple of mysteries upon reason, and reason alone—then, if you have no Faith, but only this, I ask you how can you have Hope,—seeing that Almighty God stands before you and says: "Without Faith it is impossible to please me; without Faith you must be destroyed; for I have said it,—and my word cannot fail,—he that believes not shall be condemned." And if you have not Faith and Hope,—the foundation,—how can you have the superstructure of Divine charity? How can we believe God unless we know Him? How can we love Him unless in proportion as we know Him? "Oh, God," exclaimed the great St. Augustine, "let me know Thee, and know Thee well, that I may love Thee and love Thee well?"

Now, these being the three virtues that belong to the Christian character let us see how far the mystery which is in the needy and the poor, enters into these considerations of Faith, Hope, and Love. Certain it is that the charity which the Almighty God commands us to have,—that is to say, the love which He commands us to have for Himself,—is united to the other commandment of the love that the Christian man must have for his neighbor. Certain also, it is, that the poorer, the more prostrate, the more helpless that neighbor is,—the stronger becomes his claim upon our love. Thirdly: it is equally certain from the Scriptures that the charity must not be a mere sentiment of benevolence, a mere feeling of compassion, but it must be the strong, the powerful hand extended to benefit, to console, and to uplift the stricken, the powerless, and the poor. "For," says St. John, "let us not love in word, or in tradition; but in deed and in truth." And he adds: "If any man among you have the substance of this world, and his brother, needy and poor, and helpless, come to him, and you say to him, Oh, be clothed, be fed,—and you give him not of those things at all, how is the charity of God in you?" Therefore, your charity must be a practical and an earnest charity. Such being the precept of God with respect to the needy and the poor, let us see how far faith and hope become the substratum of that charity which must move us towards the sick and poor. What does faith tell us about these poor? If we follow the example of the world, building up great prisons, paying physicians, paying those whom it deems worth while to pay for attending the poor, the sick and the sorrowful—if we consult the world, building up its workhouses, immuring the poor there as if poverty was a crime,—separating the husband from the wife and the mother from her children—we see no trace here of Divine faith. And why? Because Divine faith must always respect its object. Faith is the virtue by which we catch a gleam of God. Do we catch a gleam of Him in His poor? If so, they enter into the arrangement of Divine poverty. Now, I assert, that the poor of God, the afflicted, the heart-broken, the sick, the sorrowful,—represent our Lord Jesus Christ upon this earth. Christ, our Lord, declared that He would remain upon the earth and never leave it. "Behold," He said, "I am with you all days until the consummation of the world." Now, in three ways Christ fulfilled that commission. First of all, He fulfilled it in remaining with His Church—the abiding spirit of truth and holiness,—to enable that Church to be, until the end of time, the infallible messenger of Divine truth; that is to say, the light of the world—the unceasing and laborious sanctifier of mankind. "You are the light of the world," says Christ; "you are the salt of the earth. You are not only to illumine, but you are to heal and to purify. In order that you may do this I will remain with you all days." Therefore, is He always present in the Church. Secondly, He is present in the adorable sacrament of the altar, and in the tabernacles of the Church—really and truly—as really and truly as He is upon the right hand of His Father. Therefore, He said, "I will remain."—And He indicated how He was to remain when, taking bread and wine, He transubstantiated them into His body and blood, saying, over the bread, "This is my Body," and over the wine, "This is my Blood." But in both these ways Christ, our Lord, remains invisibly upon the earth. No man sees Him. We know that He is present in the Church; and, therefore, when the Church of God speaks, we bow down and say, "I believe," because I believe and I know that the voice that speaks to me re-echoes the voice of my God, the God of Truth. When Christ, our Lord, is put upon that altar, and lifted up in the hands of the priest—lifted up in holy benediction, we bow down and adore the present God, saying: "I see Thee not on Thy altar, O Lord, but I know that behind that sacramental veil Thou art present, for Thou hast said: Lo, I am here! This is my Body. This is my Blood!"

But, in a third way, Christ our Lord, remains upon earth—visibly, and no longer invisible. And in that third way He remains in the persons of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. He identifies Himself with them. Not only during the thirty-three years of His mortal life, when he was poor with the poor, when He was sorrowful, and afflicted with the sorrowful, when He bore the burden of their poverty and the burden of our sins on His own shoulders,—not only was His place found amongst the poor,—He who said "the birds of the air have their nests, the beasts of the field and the foxes have their holes,—but the Son of Man hath no place whereon to lay his head?" Not only was He poor from the day that He was born in a stable, until the day when, dying naked upon the Cross, for pure charity, He got a place in another man's grave,—but He also vouchsafed to identify Himself with His poor until the end of time, saying: "Do you wish to find Me? Do you wish to touch Me with your hands? Do you wish to speak to Me words of consolation and of love? Oh, Christian man, go seek the poor and the naked, the sick, the hungry, and the famishing! Seek the sick and the afflicted and the heart-broken,—and in them you will find Me; for, Amen, I say unto you, whatsoever you do unto them that you do unto Me!" Thus does Christ, our Lord, identify Himself with the poor and the Church. He remains in the world in His Church, commanding that we shall obey her—for He is God. In His sacramental presence we may adore Him: He is God. In His poor,—in the afflicted, naked, hungry, famishing, that we may bend down and lift Him up: He is God still! A most beautiful example of how the saints were able to realize this do we find recorded in the life of one of the beautiful saints of our Dominican Order—a man who wore this habit. He was a Spanish friar. His name was Alvarez of Cordova. He was noted amongst his brothers for the wonderful earnestness and cheerfulness with which he always sought the poor and the afflicted, to succor and console them. Well, it happened upon a day that this man of God, absorbed in God and in prayer, went forth from his convent to preach to the people, and, as he journeyed along the high-road, he saw, stretched helplessly by the roadside, a man covered with a hideous leprosy,—necrotized from head to foot,—hideous to behold;—and this man turned to him his languid eyes, and, with faint voice appealed to him for mercy and succor. The sun, in all its noon-day fervor, was beating down sorely upon that wounded and stricken man's head. He was unable to move. Every man that saw him fled from him. The moment the saint saw him he went

over to him and knelt down by his side, and he kissed the sores of the leprosy man. Then taking off the outer portion of our habit—this black cloak—he laid it upon the ground, and he tenderly lifted the poor man and folded him in the cloak, took him in his arms, and returned to his convent. He entered the convent. He brought the leper to his own cell, and laid him on his own little conventual bed. And, having laid him there, he went off to find some refreshment for him, and such means as he could for consoling him. He returned with some food and drink in his hands laid them aside, went over to the bed and there found the sick man. He unfolded the cloak that he wrapped around him. Oh! what is this that he beholds? The man's head wears a crown of thorns; on his hands and his feet are the mark of nails, and forth from the wounded side streams the fresh blood! He is dead; but the marks of the Saviour are upon him; and then the saint knew that the man whom he had lifted up from the roadside was Christ, his God and his Saviour! And so with the eyes of faith, do we recognize Christ in His poor. What follows from this? It follows, my friends, that the man who thus sees his God in the poor, who looks upon them with the eyes of faith, who recognizes in them something sacramental, the touch of which will sanctify him who approaches them—that man will approach them with tenderness and with reverence; that he will consult their feelings—that he will seek to console the heart while he revives the body, and while he puts meat and drink before the sick man or the poor man he will not put away from his heart the source of his comfort. He will not separate him from the wife of his bosom or the children of his love. He will not relieve him with a voice unkindly of compassion; bending down, as it were, to relieve the poor. No, but he will relieve him in the truth of his soul, as recognizing in that man one who is identified in the divinity of love, and of tenderness, with his Lord and Master. This explains to you the fact that when the high-minded, the highly-educated, the noblest and best of the children of the Catholic Church—the young lady with all the prospects of the world glittering before her; with fortune and its enjoyments around her—with the beauty of nature and of grace beaming from her pure countenance,—when the young lady, enamored of Heaven, and of the things of Heaven, and disgusted with the world, comes to the foot of the sanctuary, and there kneeling, seeks a place in the Church's holy places, and an humble share in her ministrations, the Church takes her—one of these—her holiest, her best, her purest, and she considers that she has conferred the highest honor upon the best of her children, when she clothes them with the sacred habit of religion, and tells them to go and take their place in the hospital, or in the poor-house or in the infirmary, or in the orphanage, and sit down, and minister to the poor; not as relieving them, but as humbly serving them; not as compassionating them, but as approaching them with an almost infinite reverence, as if they were approaching Christ himself. Thus, do we see how the Catholic attribute of charity springs from Heaven. All tenderness of heart, all benevolence, all compassion may be there; as no doubt it is, in these hearts in these convents, who, in order that they might love Christ and His poor all the more tenderly, all the more strongly, vowed to the Saviour at His altar, that no love should enter into their bosoms, no emotions of affection should ever thrill their hearts, except love for Him; for Him, wherever they found Him; and they have found Him in His poor, and in His sick. All the tenderest emotions of human benevolence, of human compassion, of human gentleness may be there. All that makes the good Protestant lady, the good infidel lady, if you will, so compassionate to the poor;—yet whilst the worldling, and those without the Church bend down to an act of condescension in their charity, these spouses of the Son of God look up to the poor, and in their obedience seek to serve them; for their compassion, their benevolence, their divinely tender hearts are influenced by the divine faith which recognizes the Son of God in the persons of the poor and the needy, the stricken, and the afflicted.

This is the Catholic idea of Charity in its associations. What follows, from this? It follows, that when I, or the like of me, who, equally with these holy women, have given our lives, and our souls, and our bodies to the service of the Son of God, and of His Church, when we come before our Catholic brethren to speak to them on this great question of Catholic Charity, we do not come as preaching, praying, beseeching, begging. Oh, no! But we come with a strong voice of authority, as commanding you, "If you would see my Father's brightness, behold,—behold the poor! The same sacrifice was offered for them, that was offered for you, and at your peril, surround them with all the ministrations of charity and of mercy."

And how does hope enter into these considerations? Ah, my friends, what do you hope for at all? What are your hopes? I ask the Christian man, the benevolent brother,—I don't care what religion you are of: Brother, tell me your hope; because, hope from its very nature goes out into the future; hope is a realizing by anticipation, of that which will one day come and be in our possession. What are your hopes? Every man has his hopes. No man lives without them. Every man hopes to attain to some position in this world, or to gain a certain happiness. One man hopes to make money and become a rich man. Another man aspires to certain dignities, hopes for them, and labors assiduously until he attains them. Another man centers his hopes in certain passions, and immerses himself in the anticipations of sensual delights.—But I don't care what your hopes are; this I ask you: are your hopes circumscribed by this world, or do they go beyond the tomb? Is all effort to cease till the sad hour comes that will find each and every one of you stretched helpless on his bed of death, and the awful angel, bearing the summons of God, cries out, "Come forth, O soul, and come with me to the judgment seat of Christ!" Is all hope to perish then? No; not but all hope remains then. No; this life is as nothing compared with that endless eternity that awaits us beyond the grave; and there, there—all our hopes are; and the hope of the Christian man is that when that hour comes that shall find his soul trembling before its impending doom, awaiting the sentence,—that that sentence will not be, "Depart from me, accursed!" but that it will be, "Come, my friend, my blessed one, come and enjoy the happiness and the delight which was prepared for thee!" for this is our hope. Accursed is the man who has it not. Miserable is the wretch that has it not! What would this life be—even if it were a life of ten thousand years, replete with every pleasure—every enjoyment—unmixed by the slightest evil of sickness, or of sorrow, or of anticipation, if we knew that at the end of that ten thousand years, the eternity beyond, that should never know an end, was to be for us an eternity of sorrow and of despair! We should be, of all men, the most miserable; for," says the Apostle, "if in this life only we have hope even in Christ, we are of all men, the most miserable!" "But," he adds, "Christ is risen from the dead; and our hope is to rise with Him," translated from glory unto glory, until we behold His face, unshrouded and unveiled, and be happy for ever in the contemplation of God. This is our hope; yours and mine. But, remember, and our hope is built upon the fidelity with which He meets His word, and His engagements, that no man can expect the reward, nor can build up his hope on a solid foundation, unless he enters into the designs of God, and complies with the conditions that God has attached to His promises of glory. What are these conditions? Think how largely the poor and the afflicted enter into them! "Come," the Redeemer and Judge will say, "Come unto me, ye

blessed of my Father! This is not the first time that you have seen me. I was hungry, and you gave me to eat! I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink! I was naked, and you clothed me! I was sick, and you visited me, and consoled me!" And then, and just shall exclaim: "Lord! when did we ever behold Thee, oh, powerful and terrible Son of God! when did we behold Thee naked, or hungry, or sick?" And He, answering, will call the poor,—the poor to whom we minister to-day; the poor whom we console to-day; whose drooping heads we lift up to-day.—He will call them, and say: "Do you know these?" And they will cry out: "Oh, yes; these are the poor whom we saw hungry, and we fed them, whom we saw naked, and we clothed them; whom we saw sick, and we consoled and visited them. These are the poor that we were so familiar with, and that we employed, Thy spouses, O Christ, to minister unto, and to console!" Then He will answer, and say: "I swear to you that, as I am God, as often as you have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me!" But if, on the other hand, we come before Him, glorying in the strength of our faith; magniloquent in our professions of Christianity—splendid in our assumption of the highest principles, correct in many of the leading traits of the Christian character—but with hands empty of the works of mercy; if we are only obliged to say with truth: "Lord, I claim heaven; but I never clothed the naked; I never fed the hungry; I never lifted up the drooping head of the sick and the afflicted." Christ, our Lord, will answer and say: "Depart from me! I do not know ye; I do not recognize ye. I was hungry, and we would not feed me, in my hunger; I was naked, and you would not clothe me in my nakedness; I was thirsty and sick, and you would not relieve me, nor console me in my sickness." And the unjust will answer: "Lord, we never saw Thee hungry, or naked, or sick." And then, once more, will He call the poor, and say: "Behold these; to these did you refuse your mercy, your pity; and I swear to you that, as I am God, the day that you refused to comfort, and to succor, and to console them, you refused to do it unto me. Therefore, there is no Heaven for you." The golden key that opens the gate of Heaven is the key of mercy; therefore, He will say, "As often as you are merciful to Me, I have said: Blessed are the merciful, for they shall inherit mercy."

Who, therefore, amongst you, believing in these things, does not recognize that there is no faith that does not recognize Christ in His poor, and so succor them with veneration; who does not see that His hope is built upon the relations which are established between Him and the poor of God. Thus, out of this faith and out of this hope springs the charity with which we must relieve them. Now mark how beautifully all this is organized in the Catholic Church! There is a curious expression in the Scriptures. It is found in the Canticles of Solomon, where the spouse of the King—that is to say, the Church of God,—amongst other things, says: "My Lord and my King, has organized—has ordered—clarity in me." "Ordnatio in caritate." This it is not the mere temporary flush of enthusiasm—that it is not the mere passing feeling of benevolence, touched by the sight of their misery, that influences the Catholic Church; but it is these premises and these principles of the Christian faith, recognizing who and what we are, and our Christian hope, building up all the conditions of its future glory upon this foundation. Therefore, it is that in the Catholic Church, alone, is found the grand, organized charity of this world. No where, without her pale, do you find charity organized. You may find a fair and beautiful ebullition of pity, here and there, as when a rich man dies and leaves, half-a-million of dollars to found a hospital. But it is an exceptional thing, my dear friends; and as when some grand lady, magnificent of heart and mind—like, for instance, Florence Nightingale—devotes herself to the poor; goes into the hospitals and the infirmaries for the wounded. It is an exceptional case, I answer. If you travel out of the bounds of that fair and beautiful compassion that runs in so many hearts, and if you go one step further into the cold atmosphere of political or State charity, there is not one vestige of true charity there; it becomes political economy. The State believes it is more economical to pick up the poor from the streets and lanes, to take them from their sick beds, transferring them into poor-houses and hospitals, and whilst there, overwhelming them with the miserable pity that patronizes, making its gifts a curse and not a blessing; by breaking the heart whilst it relieves the body. Such is "State charity." I remember once, in the city of Dublin, I got a sick call. It was to attend a poor woman. I went, and found, in a back lane in the city, a room on a garret. I climbed up to the place. There I found, without exaggeration, four bare walls, and a woman seventy-five years of age, covered with a few squalid rags, and lying on the bare floor; not as much as a little straw had she under her head. I asked for a cup to give her a drink of water. There was no such thing to be had, and there was no one there to give it. I had to go out and beg amongst the neighbors, until I got the loan of a cup-full of cold water. I put it to her dying lips. I had to kneel down upon that bare floor to hear that dying woman's confession. The hand of death was upon her. What was her story? She was the mother of six children, a lady, educated in a lady-like manner; a lady beginning her career of life in affluence and in comfort. The six children grew up. Some married; some emigrated. But the weak and aged mother was abandoned. And now, she was literally dying, not only of the fever that was upon her, but—of starvation! As I knelt there on the floor, and as I lifted her aged, grey-haired head upon my hands, I said to her, "Let me, for God's sake, have you taken to the work-house hospital; at least you will have a bed to lie upon!" She turned and looked at me. "Two great tears came from her dying eyes, as she said: "Oh, that I should have lived to hear a Catholic priest talk to me about a poor-house!" I felt that I had almost broken this already broken heart. On my knees I begged her pardon. "No," she said, "let me die in peace." And there, whilst I knelt at her side, her afflicted and chastened spirit passed away to God; but the taint of the "charity of the State" was not upon her.

Now, passing from this cold and wicked atmosphere of political economy into the purer and more genial air of benevolence, charity and tenderness,—we enter into the halls, even outside the Church,—we enter into the souls of the Catholic Church.—There, amongst the varied beauties,—amongst the "consecrated daughters of lovefulness" whom Christ has engaged as the spouses of His Church,—we find the golden garment of an organized charity. We find the highest, the best, and the purest, devoted to its service and to its cause. We find every form of misery which the hand of God, or the malice of man, or their own errors, can attach to the poor,—we find every form of misery provided for. The child of misfortune wanders through the streets of the city, wasting her young health, polluting the very air that she breathes—a living sin! The sight of her is death!—the thought of her is sin!—the touch of her hand is pollution unutterable! No man can look upon her face and live! In a moment of divine compassion, the benighted and the wicked heart is moved to turn to God. With the tears of the penitent upon her young and sinful face, she turns to the portals of the Church; and there, at the very threshold of the sanctuary of the God of virginity,—of continence,—she finds the very ideal of purity,—the highest, the grandest, the noblest of the Church's children. The woman who has never known the pollution of a wicked thought—the woman whose virgin bosom has never been crossed by the shadow of a thought of sin,—the woman breathing purity,

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1872.

ECCLIESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY—1872.

Friday, 24—Ember Day. Of the Octave.
Saturday, 25—Ember Day. Of the Octave.
Sunday, 26—First after Pentecost.
Monday, 27—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, V.
Tuesday, 28—Blessed Mary, Help of Christians. (May 24.)
Wednesday, 29—St. Venantius, M. (May 18.)
Thursday, 30—Corpus Christi, Obl.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A supplemental article to the Treaty of Washington, embodying the proposition which we reported in our last, for setting at rest the vexed question of indirect, or consequential damages has been laid by the President before the Senate, whose ratification is necessary. If it meet the approval of that body the arbitration will go on; but if as is possible, it reject it, Great Britain will withdraw altogether from the Geneva Conference.

The Carlist insurgents have been so often thoroughly crushed, or stamped out, that really it looks as if the chances for the rightful King of Spain were improving. Every telegram almost reports another final and conclusive victory for the intrusive government, to be followed next day by the account of yet another more final and decisive victory. So it goes on, till in time perhaps we may learn that the utterly routed, and discomfited insurgents are thundering at the gates of Madrid.

After a long, animated, and well conducted debate the Washington Treaty, in so far as Canadian interests referred by it to our Dominion Parliament are concerned, was ratified by a large majority in the House of Commons of the Dominion. This was the best thing perhaps that our representatives could do. The Treaty may be of course open to grave objections; the *Times* admits that Canadians have well founded grounds for serious complaints against it; still upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, we think that our representatives have done well to accept the Treaty, even with all its admitted imperfections.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill for giving the right of franchise to widows, and spinners has been rejected by a majority of 222 to 143 in the Imperial House of Commons.

Spain is about to increase her military forces, the Cortes having just passed a Bill to raise the number of troops to 80,000 men.—This is a valuable commentary upon the reported victories over the Carlists.

The subjoined communication on the New Brunswick School Question, and the action of the Dominion Legislature thereupon, with which we have been honored by Mr. Anglin, M.P., would have appeared in our last, had we received it but a few hours sooner. This, we trust, its accomplished and highly respected writer will accept as an apology for its non-appearance in last week's issue of the *TRUE WITNESS*:—

To the Editor of the *True Witness*.

OTTAWA, May 13, 1872.

Sir,—I was sorry to learn from the article on the New Brunswick School Question, in the *True Witness* of the 10th inst., that you misapprehended the case presented to the House of Commons on behalf of the Catholics of that Province. The Canadian Parliament could not with propriety be asked to pass any opinion on what you describe as the "legal question"; that is to say the competency of the New Brunswick legislature to legislate in the manner which both Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier regretted. No vote or resolution of theirs could settle that question. It may be that on this point the opinion given by Sir John Macdonald to the Privy Council, and approved of by them, is correct; although I am by no means satisfied that it is; but this question although raised in the debate was not pressed upon the attention of the House of Commons.

It is quite competent and proper for the Commons of Canada to express their opinion of the manner in which the Dominion Government exercise the veto power. For the exercise of that power, or the refusal to exercise it in any case, the Government are responsible to Parliament. The Catholics of New Brunswick complain that it was not exercised in their behalf as they contend it should have been. The School Act of 1871, although according to the strictly legal interpretation of the Confederation Act, it may be within the competency of the N. Brunswick Legislature, does unquestionably violate the spirit of that Act in as much as it deprives the Catholics of the right long previously enjoyed of

establishing under the law, schools in which the Catholic Catechism was taught, Catholic Books were used, and Catholic devotions were practised; and of receiving not as a favour, but of right a fair share of the Provincial appropriation to aid in maintaining these schools. The Catholics of that Province are now in a much worse position than before Confederation. You say that Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier, made no secret of their views as to the injustice and inexpediency of that measure; but because knowing it to be unjust and inexpediency they nevertheless resolved to leave it to its operation and to consign the Catholics of N. Brunswick to the tender mercies of a majority who by this very Act proved themselves so unjust and remorseless, the Dominion Government we say assumed a large share of the responsibility incurred by all who have taken part in the perpetration of this grievous injustice. It was not at all necessary to strain the law as you seem to suppose, nor was any question of State Rights or Provincial autonomy involved in the case. The Confederation Act expressly empowers the Dominion Government to veto any Act of any Local Legislature. The arbitrary unreasonable exercise of that power would be most impolitic and reprehensible; but as the Confederation Act makes the Dominion Government in an especial manner the guardian of the rights of the minorities in all that relates to education, even clothing it with extraordinary powers in order to render that guardianship more effectual, and as this school Act is admittedly unjust and inexpediency, it can not surely be held that its disallowance would have been an arbitrary or unwarrantable exercise of the veto power. Sir John A. Macdonald said that the policy of the Government is to disallow only those Acts which are unconstitutional, and those which seem injurious to the whole Dominion. Even on these grounds the N. Brunswick School Act should have been disallowed, as it can not be regarded as injurious to the whole Dominion that such excitement, animosity, and discontent as now prevail in N. Brunswick should be excited in any one of the Provinces.

We did not ask for any diminution of State Rights, we did not seek to remove or weaken any safeguards by which the Provincial autonomy you value so highly is now protected, nor did we desire any "extension of the sphere of the Federal Government" or the assumption by that Government of "powers not expressly and clearly accorded to it by the Act of Parliament that made it." We merely sought from the Dominion Government the Justice which by the exercise of the powers expressly accorded to it by the British North American Act it might have afforded us; which indeed that Act—as I interpret it—makes it the duty of the Dominion Government to afford or to secure to the minorities in all the Provinces; and that justice has been denied to us.

You seem to attach much importance to what Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier said of the injustice of our School Act—an Act which you very properly describe as "unjust, impolitic and more disgraceful to those who enacted it than onerous even to those who groan beneath it"; but you must pardon me if I regard all they said of the injustice of the Act, and all their professions of sympathy for the Catholics of N. Brunswick as but a skillfully woven veil designed to conceal the true character of their own conduct in refusing to do that justice which they had the power to do had they chosen. You call the leaders of the Federal Government eminent members of the legal profession, great lawyers, eminent juris consults and statesmen, our best Dominion statesmen, etc., and you seem to place the most unbounded confidence in their honesty. It is not my purpose to question their right to all these titles, but when you say that you feel confident that if the law could without straining be so interpreted as to give the Catholics of New Brunswick that which they ask for, I feel it to be my duty to endeavour to correct the error into which you have fallen, and to show you that the prayer of the petitions of the Catholic Bishops, priests and people of N. Brunswick was disregarded, not because the law as interpreted by the Minister of Justice stood in the way; but because for reasons which probably seem good in its sight, the Dominion Government thought it inexpediency to do justice. I have the honor to remain, your obedient Servant,

T. W. ANGLIN.

We fail to see from the perusal of the above, wherein there be any difference of opinion between its writer and the *TRUE WITNESS*: if such difference there should appear to be, it must be that we have expressed our meaning badly, and we regret it.

What we intended to convey was this:—That, though there can be no doubt that the late legislation of New Brunswick on the School question is in violation of the spirit of the Confederation Act, we do not presume to assert that it was so clearly in violation of the letter of that law, as either to compel, or even authorize the Dominion Government to veto it. To our private judgment it, the law in question, appears to be an infraction of the letter, as well as of the spirit, of the Confederation Act; but when men, by profession lawyers, which we are not, tell us that such is not the case, but that the letter of the law is against our Catholic friends, we find ourselves obliged to "shut up" "*Ne Sator*" occurs to us;—and we confess our incompetence to argue a point of law with men whose profession it is to dissect, and analyze Acts of Parliament.

Our position here in Lower Canada is a most delicate one, and with regard to our brethren and co-religionists in New Brunswick a most painful one. Of all the Provinces of which the Dominion is made up, there is not one so deeply interested in restricting the power of the central government, or opposing its pretensions to interfere with Provincial legislation, as is the Province of Quebec; and we therefore naturally hesitate to lay down the principle that the said central government is to be supreme judge as to the justice of any particular Act passed by one of the local legislatures, and to disallow it, if in its eyes it seem unjust. This would be to establish a dangerous precedent, and one which might easily be made to work to the detriment of our autonomy in Lower Canada.

No: the central government is too much subject to political influences to be competent to exercise the functions of an impartial judge.

What we want, that without which any Federation or Confederation of Provinces is incomplete, just as a fish would be incomplete without fins—is a Supreme Court of Judicature, competent to entertain, and adjudicate in last resort, on such questions as that which this New Brunswick School Law has just raised,

Such a body, because removed above all political or party influences—immunity from which can in the nature of things never be enjoyed by our Canadian Ministers or by any Ministers in the world—might be safely entrusted with the duty of sitting in judgment upon the intrinsic merits, or demerits of the Acts of the several local legislatures, and with the power of disallowing them if unjust: but we should be sorry, very sorry, to see such power placed in the hands of men who, however wise and honest hold nevertheless their positions as members of the Cabinet, subject to popular approbation of their acts, and their ratification by the legislature. To advise the Governor to veto a law passed by a Provincial legislature, because unjust, is virtually to assign to it a judicial function or function of a judge. Now, above all things, we require in all our judges complete disregard for popular approbation, and perfect independence of all political influences. It is the consideration of these things, that makes us hesitate about insisting on the duty, or even right,—(we believe they have the legal right)—of our Ministers to disallow the New Brunswick School Law, simply because, though not contrary to the letter of the law, it is in their opinion unjust.

Could the question at issue be brought in appeal, before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England, we should be more willing to leave the decision in its hands, than in those of any Canadian Ministry, subject as the latter is to so many political influences, from which the first named tribunal is free. This we think might be done, were Catholics in New Brunswick to refuse to pay the school tax; and, on judgment against them being given in the New Brunswick Courts, to carry their case, by appeal, to the Privy Council. That body would then be called upon to decide first, the question in law, whether the New Brunswick School Law is constitutional, according to the terms of the British North America Act of 1867: and secondly, the question in equity; whether, if not in violation of its spirit, and of the intention of those who drew it up, and of the Imperial Parliament that enacted it? These two questions might more safely be left in the hands of the Privy Council, than in those of men, who, however well disposed they may be, are subject to strong political pressure to extort from them a verdict adverse to Catholics. This course of action if practicable, would also leave Provincial autonomy intact, and might we think bring the New Brunswick School question to a favorable issue.

The *Montreal Witness* is sorely exercised over the sad fate of another victim to the aggressive Church of Rome, recorded in the columns of the *Nouveau Monde*. The victim in this case is a young lady of the name of Flood, who, though brought up as a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the 7th inst., "made abjuration of the Protestant Faith, and was baptized into Rome." This sad event occurred at the Convent of Les Dames de la Presentation de Marie, in which the young lady had been placed to receive her education.

The *Witness* will permit us to make a remark or two. First, we look upon his sorrow as merely affected, as humbug, or cant—if he pretend that it is excited by spiritual motives. No Protestant will dare to deny salvation to Catholics, that is to those who believe all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches, and practice to the best of their abilities—aided of course by the Holy Ghost, without whose continual help we can do no good thing towards salvation, or think one holy thought—all she enjoins. Even the *Witness* will not in so many words dare to say that he fears for the salvation of one who holds and practices the religion of Fenelon, of St. Francis Xavier, of the thousands of men and women who in these our days labor, without earthly fee or reward, for the poor and sick in the fetid lanes and courts of our crowded cities; why then should he fear for the salvation of Miss Flood, because she has become in religion one with them? and if he fear not for her salvation, why should he mourn over her conversion to the Catholic Faith?

We would also point out to the *Witness* that in becoming a Catholic Miss Flood did not abjure the "Protestant faith;" for the simple reason that there is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, a "Protestant faith" to abjure—since, in so far as Protestants are Christians, or have any faith at all, it is solely in virtue of what of Romanism they retain. The term "Protestant faith" is just as absurd as would be the term "infidel faith."

Nor is it true that the convert was baptized into Rome. The Catholic Church, recognising the perfect validity of baptism, when administered by Protestants, only baptizes those whom she receives, when she is assured that they have never been baptized as Protestants. The *Witness* would do well to bear these little things in mind, and to endeavor to attach some definite meaning to the words it employs. For instance, he would do well when talking about

the abjuring of the Protestant faith, to try and ascertain wherein—as distinguished from the faith of the Roman Catholic Church—the first named consists; and what article or articles of that faith the convert from Protestantism to Catholicity abjures. It would be well for him if he could "abjure" vague generalities, and condescend to particulars.

The *London Times* of the 3rd inst., has an editorial on the Washington Treaty which is not without deep interest to us of Canada.—The writer admits in substance that, in spite of the energetic action of the Dominion, the Treaty of Washington sacrificed the interests of Canada for those of Great Britain. "That Treaty" says the *Times* "was conceived with a view of relieving England from pressing, and contingent liabilities. * * * It is true that one of the Commissioners was the Prime Minister of Canada, but against this circumstance must be set the facts that the other four approached their work from an English point of view, that the Commissioners as a body were instructed from day to day and, we may almost say, from hour to hour by the English Cabinet, and their work was done with an eye to the approval of the English people. It was inevitable that the results of their labors should not satisfy the inhabitants of the Dominion.—We are far from saying that the Commissioners did not do their best for Canadian interests, as they understood them, but it was not in human nature for them or their instructors to be to Canada what they are to England; and as the Treaty was conceived for the purpose of removing the present and contingent liabilities of England, it was agreed upon as soon as it was believed that these liabilities were settled."—*London Times*.

Thus, in very plain language indeed, the *Times*, gives us to understand that in the negotiation of the Washington Treaty, the interests of Canada were thrown overboard, or held subordinate to those of England; that Canada's representative was impotent to prevent the sacrifice, there being four to one against him; and that the moment it was believed that Imperial interests had been secured, the Treaty was agreed upon. This statement in so far as it may be accepted as true, perfectly exonerates our government from all blame; but it certainly is not calculated to strengthen the hands of those who would preserve the ties that bind the Dominion to the British Empire.

The same article informs us that the Commissioners on the British side did put forward the Claims of Canada for indemnity for the outrages upon person and property perpetrated by citizens of the U. States styling themselves Fenians; but that, when they—the Commissioners—were given to understand that the negotiations would be dropped if those Claims were pressed, "they at once dropped them;" and humiliating as is such a confession—we fear that it is only too true. By its vacillating policy during the great war between the Northern and Southern States, Great Britain skillfully managed to disgust both belligerents; whilst by refusing to adopt the wisest, and more honorable, as well as the more prudent line of policy proposed by France—and which had it been adopted would not have allowed the brave States of the South, gallantly struggling for their rights, to be crushed out—it assured to the Northern States such a preponderance on the North American Continent as to render it impossible for any other Power to refuse submission to their demands in the future, however extravagant. That this humiliation, and that the sacrifice of Canadian interests whenever it might please the dominant Northern States to call for such a sacrifice, would be the necessary, inevitable consequence of the triumph of the North over the South, every one, not a born fool, must have clearly seen from the moment the first shot was fired; and we must therefore suppose that all who sympathised with the North during the long war which, with so great odds against them, the gallant Southern States nobly waged—and that the British statesmen who allowed the latter to be crushed, not only anticipated what has come to pass, but actually courted it. It is an unpleasant subject to dwell upon; a sad thing to reflect that, after so long and brilliant a career the British Lion should now be compelled to eat so much dirt; and should actually decline to press Claims which it believed to be so well founded as were the Claims of the Dominion for compensation from the U. States for injuries inflicted by their citizens upon British subjects settled in Canada. Alas! now-a-days the cry *civis sum Britannicus* is but a poor protection against outrage.

In conclusion the *Times* tells us that, Great Britain is—owing to the all overshadowing power of the U. States—unable any longer to protect the interests of Canada; and hints very strongly that the best thing we can do is to detach ourselves from the Empire, which, in other words means to allow ourselves quietly to be swallowed up by our Southern neighbor; for of course no one but an idiot dreams of Canadian Independence. When we cease to be a

British Dependency we shall become engulfed in the neighboring republic, and dwindle into a subject Province of the U. States. Here is what the *London Times* has to say to us on the nature of our future political relations:—

"We shall, of course, guarantee the loan of £2,500,000. It is the only reparation we can offer for having thrown overboard the Fenian Claims at Washington; though we believe the proposed guarantee of the projected Pacific Railway to be a very doubtful kindness. But the question provoked at every stage of the discussion is—how long are we to go on affecting to defend the interests of Canada, which in truth, we have neither the knowledge nor the ability to protect? Is there nothing in the precedent of Portugal and Brazil which might be considered with advantage in respect of Canada and England? We keep up the form of governing Canada from England; but, when ever it becomes a reality, Canada suffers, and the maintenance of the form has the effect of keeping the statesmen and people of Canada in a condition of dependence, if not of pupillage. When youths become men their fathers emancipate them, to the benefit of the world and in the interests of affectionate feeling between them both; and what is true of men in this respect is also true of nations."

CHOLERA.—We find in the *London Times* of the 22nd ult., the report of the proceedings at a meeting of *The Association of Medical Officers of Health*, to discuss the question as to the probabilities of an outbreak of Cholera in Europe, during the course of the coming summer. Of course if it appears in the Old World, it will also visit the New.

A paper on the "Prospects of Cholera" was read by Mr. Netter Radcliffe, who, after discussing the question at length, gave it as his opinion that it was extremely probable that Cholera would make its appearance in Europe in the course of the year. This opinion he had arrived at, by comparing the antecedents of other visitations of the epidemic, with the phenomena presented since 1869 by the disease. In this view of the case he was supported by Inspector General Murray, by Dr. De Renzi, the Sanitary Commissioner of the Punjab, and by Dr. Buchanan. "Dr. Murray had been led by his observations in India to believe that the epidemic of last year was only one of the stages of the ordinary progress of the disease from India to Europe." These opinions of medical men must be taken for what they are worth; to wit, the conclusions arrived at by scientific men, who however are far from being infallible.

For us in Montreal, who have so long suffered from an epidemic of small-pox, the most terrible and loathsome disease, except leprosy—if leprosy is to be excepted—which afflicts, or ever has afflicted the human race, an attack of Cholera can scarce be expected to have any terrors. We have lived so long amidst some, thing so much more hideous than the Cholera, that we have become callous, so that on the latter we now feel inclined to look almost with indifference. Still, though but a trifle in comparison with the epidemic actually raging in this, the unhealthiest City in the world, Cholera is not an enemy to be despised, or one whose attack we can afford lightly to regard; it is however an enemy more under our power of control than is small-pox. We know now that with proper precautions, Cholera can be, if not stamped out entirely, rendered comparatively harmless.—Personal cleanliness, free and constant use of the bath, thorough ventilation, and effective drainage present obstacles to the progress of the disease which it is rarely able to surmount; and if to these be added attention to diet, strict temperance, the eschewing under all circumstances of all alcoholic liquors, and the free use of sound ripe fruit and vegetables in season, there is no great danger that Cholera will be able to make good its footing. Alas! how little has been done either for cleansing the City, or anchoring its very defective system of drainage. We fear too, that the season is already so far advanced, that little can be done this year towards the carrying out of these most important reforms. What can be done however, what should be done immediately, can, if we be so minded, be done quickly and easily; and that is the furnishing the poorer classes of society with free baths, open to all comers, if not at all hours, certainly both in the morning and in the evening. The bath, which is only a luxury in winter, is in summer one of the necessities of life, and one with which the Corporation can easily if so minded, furnish all the citizens. All the drugs and soothing syrups in the world are, as prophylactic of Cholera, as naught compared with a good daily wash, and a clean skin. Let us then have Free Baths.

The City mortality for the week ending Saturday, the 18th inst., was 147, or at the rate of 7,644 per annum, out of a population of about 180,000. We may well ask our Corporation, and Health Officers what they think of that for high? and whether the chances are not that it will yet, as Shelley says of the Skylark, soar higher still and higher, as the heat increases, and as the stinks from garbage and our beastly drains become more deadly?

Sir J. A. Macdonald has introduced his Bill for assimilating the law in Canada with respect to Trades Union, to that of England. It recognises that such Unions are legal; but provides for the punishment of breach of contracts, and of intimidation.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Protestantism and an "open bible" have done but little to ameliorate the condition whilst on earth of the working classes of England; whether they will be consigned in another state of existence for the peonings which "modern progress" has entailed upon them in this, is a question we care not to discuss. We will content ourselves with a few gleanings from the columns of the London Times, and brought out by the strike of the Agricultural Laborer.

Of this unhappy individual, the well known correspondent of the Times, "S. G. O.," thus gives a description. He—we are informed—is ever hovering on the borders of pauperism, dwelling where, if health can be preserved, decency can scarce exist; working for a wage which affords after shelter and clothing are paid for, no margin for any food but that which just supports; is altogether unequal to the task of supplying the repairing power, the call upon the constitution which each day's hard toil imperatively demands; in other words, keeps the physical condition of the labourer far below what it ought to be, having regard to the work he must do, the weather he must encounter.

The Medical Times and Gazette takes up the same song, and sets before us the actual condition of the English peasant, the cultivator of the soil. Rarely does he eat butcher's meat. "He sleeps probably over a dunghill, or near a cess-pool, with his wife and half a dozen children in the same room, and is very fortunate if he escape an attack of continued fever once in his life."

But this is true, we may be told of one section only of the laboring classes—of the agricultural classes. Alas! The facts brought out by the Medical Times and Gazette show that as are the physical conditions of the Agricultural Laborer, who, we are told, is deteriorating in size and vigor every day, the condition of the town operative is far worse physically and morally:—"He"—the Agricultural Laborer—"is taller, bigger, and stronger, but not so acute and restless." He eats less meat, but he drinks less gin; his chances of life are better; his children are comparatively speaking healthy; "they are not syphilitic or strumous;" and whilst as a general rule the town operative rarely reaches 50 years of age, the Agricultural Laborer often rarely accomplishes his three score and ten. On the whole the Medical Times and Gazette thus sums up:—

"He"—the Agricultural Laborer—"ought to have a better dwelling; and he ought to have a somewhat more animalized diet; but except in these particulars, we believe his lot in life is infinitely preferable to that of the town operative, who works from day to day among the noise, the comparative darkness, and smells of a factory; and retires from the public-house—the only bright place that he knows of—to his room with his ailing wife and sick children in a town alley."

Modern progress, and commercial prosperity are no doubt excellent things; but we pay a high price for them in the filth, squalor, and degradation of the moral and physical conditions, of a large mass of our fellow-creatures for whom, after all, as well as for the respectable, temper-cent-making, gig-driving, and villa-lot-occupying classes of society, Our Lord died upon the Cross. We will not, however, say more lest we should be found guilty of blasphemy against the gospel of progress, of which the first word is "Cursed are the poor;" and which, in lieu of the now exploded virtues of "Faith, Hope and Charity," proposes to us things more excellent by far, "Thrift, Speculation, and Smartness." Now the greatest of these is Smartness.

IRISH PRIESTS AND IRISH ELECTIONS.—The letter of our Dublin correspondent on this subject, on our first page, will be read with interest. It shows how great a measure of liberty is accorded under British rule, when the Romish clergy are allowed to play such pranks, for which under most other Governments they would get smartly rapped over the knuckles.

The above paragraph we clip from the Montreal Witness of the 15th inst., as showing what he understands by liberty—a commodity of which he thinks too much is allowed to Catholic priests in Ireland by the British Government. Now to what does this liberty amount? according even to the showing of the correspondent to whom the Witness refers us. To this:—That in political matters the same liberty or freedom of action is accorded by the British Government to Catholic priests, as is accorded to laymen. In the words of Mrs. Dodds, "and what for no?"

The question is not, as to whether in some of the late Irish elections, the manner in which some priests exercised their civil rights is one of which Catholics should approve? whether their language was always appropriate, and becoming their sacred character? These are questions foreign to that which the Witness has raised—which is simply this:—"Has the priest the same civil rights as has the layman? seeing that as before the law he is subject to the same civil obligations, and enjoys no immunities or privileges because of his ecclesiastical status." The British government answers this question in the affirmative. In the priest it recognises simply the citizen, with the same political rights, and the same political duties, as those that it recognises in every other citizen. If either priests or laymen resort to physical force, or use means to excite others to violence, priests and laymen are alike

amenable to the law of the land; but for language which however reprehensible in a Christian point of view, provokes to no acts of physical violence, or breach of the peace—the law has no penalties, in the case of either priest or layman. This is plain even handed justice—but nothing to make a song about. Less than this would be simply tyranny, and injustice, of which the Continental Governments whom the Witness so much applauds, are often guilty.

DEAR AT THE PRICE.—Noticing our remarks of the 10th inst., upon the "strike" amongst the converts of the F. C. M. Society, who are standing out for better terms, and insisting not only upon clothes, firewood, and victuals, but upon hard cash, as conditions preliminary to their "Coming to Jesus," and accepting the Gospel plan of salvation—a French Canadian Protestant paper of this city gives us some further details as to the extravagant demands of these "abjurers of the errors of Romanism." Some amongst them have actually the impudence to stand out for a pecuniary consideration, or *donneur* of from \$15 to \$20, as the price of their conversion; though others are it must be admitted, more moderate in their terms, and are willing to accept a lower figure for their evangelisation. This is indeed very sad; and the groans of our contemporary aforesaid, are not altogether unreasonable:—

"What more sad," he asks, "than to see them pricing their soul religion—Roman Catholic—at 15 or 20 dollars, often at much below this. To what a depth of meanness have not these wretches sunk whom God created for a nobler destiny; and to think that some have come to us who called themselves priests, and who indeed looked as if they were priests?"

Sad indeed! but what would the F. C. M. Society have? It cannot expect that any but the very lowest and most debased of French Canadian Catholics should ever address themselves to it; or that any of its so-called converts should be actuated by any but the most sordid of motives. The Society must take what it can get, and be thankful; remembering that if there were not mercenary creatures amongst Romanists, such as it describes, it would have no converts to boast of at all. Its position in this respect, reminds us of that of the bride who, appearing before the minister to be married with the bridegroom in a considerable state of beer, as the profane have it, replied, upon being remonstrated with, for coming to be married under such disreputable circumstances:—"What can I do, Sir; I must come with him when he is drunk, for when he is sober, he won't come up at all."

We have been asked our opinion of a phenomenon that is said to have manifested itself in the Quebec suburbs; where, at a place where two streets intersect, a well-defined cross is said to have manifested itself on the ground. In reply, we beg leave to state that we have not as yet given ourselves the trouble to form any opinion of our own on the subject; but that we think that the explanation tendered by some of our contemporaries,—that the figure of the cross aforesaid is due to the leakage from intersecting water supply pipes,—is very plausible. For the rest, we would remind our readers that it is alien to the spirit of Rome, to attribute any phenomenon, however strange or unusual, to supernatural causes, before every possible solution of the said phenomenon on natural principles has been tried, and has failed to solve it.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK SCHOOL LAW.—On the motion of Mr. Costigan the question has been again brought before our Legislature. A lively discussion—not terminated when we put to press—ensued; we trust that some expedient may be devised for doing justice to our corolligionists; but till then the question must not be allowed to rest. If justice cannot be obtained one way, it must be looked for in another.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—His Honor the Mayor has issued his proclamation for the due observance of the day; he reiterates his warning against the letting off of fire crackers in the streets, and we trust the Police will be on the alert to arrest any persons who may indulge in his dangerous pastime.

The subjoined commentary of the Montreal Gazette of Monday last on the news from the U. States is, though short, pithy, and full of instruction as to the moral progress of our neighbors:—

"The record of news from the States is full of murders and robberies."
OMAHA LEGAL ENTERPRISE.—\$150,000 in 3,000 Cash Prizes will positively be drawn in open public, May 30th, in aid of Mercy Hospital. Endorsed by the Governor and State authorities. Tickets \$3 each; or two for \$5. Last chance. Address—Pattee & Gardner, Omaha, Nebraska; or Pattee & Co., 114 Broadway, N. Y.

The Cunard steamer *Tripoli* has gone ashore, a total wreck, near the Irish coast; all on board saved.

It is rumored that M. Dorion is about to retire from public life.

We would inform our friends in River Dennis, Co. Inverness, and Port Maitland, Straits of Canso, N.S., that JONAS CURRIER, Esq., Merchant, of the latter place, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness in those localities, and is now prepared to receive subscriptions and grant receipts therefor. We hope our friends there will assist Mr. CURRIER in his efforts to extend the circulation of the True Witness.

THE OFFERTORIUM.—A Complete Collection of Music for the Sunday and other Holyday Services of the Catholic Church. By Wm. O. Fiske. Price in cloth \$2.75; Boards, \$2.50.

We have to return thanks to Mr. Henry Prince, Music Seller, of Montreal, for a copy of this very valuable compilation of sacred music; and we have much pleasure in introducing it to the notice, and of commending it to the favorable consideration of our educational institutions.

To the Editor of the True Witness.
OSHAWA, Tuesday, 14th May, 1872.

RESPECTED SIR.—Thinking a slight sketch of how the Separate School system works in this Village and this part of the Province, would be interesting to you and useful to your readers, I write you a few lines respecting an examination at Oshawa, which took place yesterday, Monday, 13th May.

Passing the school house I was invited by one of the Reverend Sister to enter, and witness the examination. The school house is a brick building, now a little out of repair, through the effects of age, the action of the weather on the outside, and the wear and tear caused at least by 50 pupils inside.

The children were principally girls from 4 to 14 years of age, arranged in classes at the lower end of the school room, under the charge of their instructors. At the upper end of the room was a raised dais richly carpeted, on which the children were to stand when being examined. The walls were hung with large maps of recent publication. There was a melodeon of an antiquated and venerable appearance on the platform on which the pupils were to perform during their musical lessons. In front were placed chairs for the Visitors, in the centre of which sat the President, the Reverend Father Shea, the Parish Priest, a gentleman of most imposing appearance, physically grand. Half an hour's conversation showed me that his intellect was far more powerful than his physical body, almost gigantic as is the latter.

The appearance of the children reflected great credit on their parents, the children being neatly dressed without any overstraining for a theatrical effect: As each class was brought on, and moved off the platform the pupils displayed an artistic grace which in that particular as in every other accomplishment, showed the patient, careful training of their Reverend Lady Instructors. The President, Father Shea told me when I remarked to him the handsome appearance of the children, that they represented several Nationalities, English, Scotch, Germans, French, Norwegians; and though mentioned last, not least, the Celtic Irish, the true sons of the Church, its defenders and propagators in every land over which the banner of St. George floats and our beloved Queen reigns.

The different classes proved so good in their several examinations, that it is difficult to particularise. Geography in particular was well illustrated by the female pupils, in their light airy like costume, with their wands tracing on the map, the different lands and seas through which the traveller by steamship and railway would have to pass from one part of the world to the other; with a glossiness that would have amazed Christopher Columbus if he had been present, to see the wonders of this our progressive century.

The religious class was as it ought to be, in such and in every school, the dominant one. The children's quotations of scriptural proofs in support of the doctrines of our holy church, was most excellent; they had texts of scripture enough at their command to satisfactorily prove to your neighbour, the Witness—that is if he believe the Bible,—that we are right as well in theory as in practice.

There was a pretty girl, a deaf-mute, about twelve years of age, who gave an exposition of her dumb language as she was taught it in Montreal.

The vocal music was very good indeed, several pieces being sung during the examination. The last piece rendered, the "Shamrock of Ireland," was unusually well given by a young lady not fourteen years of age, the chorus being filled by all the pupils; and what was gratifying indeed, well harmonised, and in perfect tune. After this the President made a very feeling and effective address to the Scholars, saying how gratified he was by their progress, and hoping that their improvement would continue year after year as long as they were at school; and finally recommending them to well prepare for the great and most important event of their life, their first communion. At the conclusion he was most rapturously applauded by the children and visitors.

One or two other gentlemen made short addresses and brought this very interesting day's proceedings to a close, which was a long and fatiguing one to the Lady Teachers and Pupils, having commenced at nine and closed at half-past five in the evening. The whole was wound up by all the Pupils, ably led by their Reverend Pastor, singing God save the Queen.—Yours, most respectfully, VISITOR.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which governs the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"Epps's & Co. Homeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

RAIL ROAD RETURNS.—The traffic returns of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for the month of April last show an increase of 30 per cent, over the receipts of the corresponding month last year.

THANKS.—The Secretary of the Bishop of Montreal desires gratefully to acknowledge the courtesy extended to their Lordships the Bishops of the several dioceses recently assembled at Montreal, by Mr. Brydges and the authorities of the Grand Trunk Railway.

AN INCORRIGIBLE YOUTH.—On Monday last at the Police Court a lad named Felix Bigas, eleven years of age, was sent for four years to the Reformatory School for obtaining \$1.25 from Oliver Dagon under false pretences. The youth belongs to a very respectable family, but has been a source of much trouble and annoyance to them for some time past.—Witness.

THE SMALL POX.—This dreadful scourge is by no means expelled from this city, as will be seen not only from the weekly returns of mortality, but also from the fact that there were yesterday no fewer than five persons in one house in Panet street. Surely the house to house visitation should have prevented such an occurrence as this, more especially as the house was in a filthy condition.—Montreal Gazette, 7th inst.

LUNATICS.—On Saturday, Drs. Boyer and Beaubien, with Mr. Justice Monk and Mr. Sheriff Bouthillier made an examination of those confined in goal suffering from mental derangement. They found twenty-five persons more or less deranged, of whom six men and seven women were ordered to be sent to Beaufort.—Herald.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Between 3 and 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon a chain used in hoisting bar-iron from the hold of the steamship *Nip* broke and the iron fell upon a labourer named David Lavellee working there, striking him on the head. Dr. Ross was in attendance, and dressed his wounds, but he survived only a very short time. The body was afterwards conveyed to the house of his father in Wolfe street, where the coroner held an inquest, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

GRAND TRUNK—CHAMPLAIN DIVISION.—In addition to the favorable report of the whole road, given by the President at the last London meeting, it is agreeable to learn, on the same authority, that the Champlain Division is paying for itself. Indeed a large traffic is being done on this part of the line, both in passengers and freight; and the greatest attention is paid to keep this part of the track in order and maintain a regular service. We learn that between St. Johns and Houses Point, 23,000 ties are to be laid down this summer. Besides this, 5 miles of steel rails will be laid between Lacadie and St. Johns, and the road at Lacolle will be ballasted.

A warrant was given the other day in the Superior Court against the practice of leaving horses standing on the street without anyone to take care of them. The Corporation were fined in \$100 and costs, as damages sustained by an individual who had gone to look at a fire, and whilst there was injured by a horse belonging, we suppose, to the Fire Department. The horse it was shown, had been left free and the driver that the plaintiff was only an idle spectator, and was off the sidewalk, was not allowed to weigh. The horse was left without any caretaker, and the Corporation was therefore condemned.—Witness.

ROWDIAMS.—On Sunday last a number of rowdies hired a couple of boats for the day, and proceeded down the river as far as Longue Pointe. No sooner had they landed at the village than they attacked the house of Joseph Lachapelle, a farmer in the place, whom they assaulted, wounding him severely on the head. The authorities after some trouble succeeded in arresting two of the gang, and detained them in custody until the arrival of Detective Colton, who brought the prisoners to the city, and lodged them safely in the cells of the Central Police Station. The names of the prisoners are Jacques Courtois and Antoine Bernard.—Herald.

NINE HOUR LABOR LEAGUE.—The usual weekly meeting of this League was held on Friday evening, and was well attended. A number of new delegates were received into the League. Several members stated that they had presented petitions to their employers asking them to grant the nine-hour system, and requesting an answer by the 22nd of the present month. Mr. Arch brought forward a motion for the formation of a branch of the Canadian Labor Protective and Mutual Improvement Association. The mover at some length spoke of the necessity of such an association, followed by other members who supported the motion, which was carried unanimously. An amendment against introducing politics into the association was lost owing to the want of a second. A mass meeting will be held on the 3rd of June next.—Witness.

PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE DENKIN ACT.—Our readers may not be aware that one of the provisions of the Denkin Act of 1864 gave a lien to the wife or other relative, or the employer of one who is in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors to excess, against the seller of the liquor. The condition on which alone the action can be brought is that notice in writing should be given to the liquor seller forbidding the sale of liquor by him to the habitual drinker. The liability arises upon the sale of any liquor to such person within a year after the notice. We have not till lately heard of any actions being brought under this law; but we find that a judgment, with damages to the amount of \$15, has been obtained under it at Napanee by a married woman against the keeper of the *Soby* House at that place. The husband of ladies who give these kind of notices are likely to have thirsty lives.—Montreal Herald.

OPEN AIR MUSIC.—Whatever objections there may be to the presence of a large garrison, it is impossible not to regret the absence of the fine music to which the public were so often treated in Viger and Phillip Squares, and on the McGill College grounds, on summer evenings, a few years ago, by the military bands. Such being the case we are glad to learn that a movement is now on foot to secure the services of the splendid band of the Grand Trunk Brigade, to perform two nights per week in Phillip Square during the ensuing summer months. The permission of Col. Brydges and the officers of the Brigade has been obtained for the same, and it only now remains to have the necessary amount raised, say \$600 or \$800, to pay the band and meet incidental expenses. This, we think, will easily be raised, and thus a new charm be added to the delicious evenings which at this season are generally enjoyed.—Witness.

THREE RIVERS, May 20.—A fire broke out last night about 9 o'clock, in the foundry and machine shop of R. Benillard, which was totally destroyed together with two other workshops. The fire then communicated to the machine shop of the gns works; but, fortunately, through the exertions of the firemen the fire was prevented from communicating with the gasometer and other works. The Gas Company's loss is fully covered by insurance.

OTTAWA, May 18.—Fires are raging in the vicinity of this city, and fears are beginning to be entertained of very serious damage. In the vicinity of Hull the fire is extensive, and is fast approaching the village. A breeze towards the city would place us in great danger. The weather is intensely dry, and the sky shows not a sign of coming rain. Recollections of the fires of last year make people very anxious.

WAS IT MENDER?—Mr. James Gillespie, of Burford, drove a friend in his buggy to Paris railroad station to catch a western train. Gillespie was last seen alive at a hotel at Paris, which he left to return home. At a late hour at night the horse and conveyance came home without Mr. Gillespie, the dashboard being kicked to pieces. His son, at once divining that all was not right, started off early next morning in search of his father, whom he found, lying on the side of the road about half-way between Burford and Paris, his hands blistered and swollen as though he had held firmly unto the lines until his

last expiring efforts had gone forth, his forehead bruised and his body otherwise lacerated, and dead. There is no knowing to a certainty by what means death was occasioned. The supposition is with many that he must have received the full force of the kick of the animal when the dashboard was broken, which break was undoubtedly done in that way. Others are of the opinion that his death is the result of foul play, and more than one circumstance contributes to foster this notion. When Mr. Gillespie left home he had in his possession the sum of \$23.00. When found there was no money upon him. Further than this, a club, recently cut, was found in the buggy, upon which was blood.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.
Portneuf, Rev. P. D., \$2; Carleton Place, R. F. N., 6.85; Three Rivers, E. B., 2.50; Centreville, W. C., 3.
Per G. P. H., Keemansville—J. W., 7.50.
Per Rev. B. G. B., St. Patrick's Hill—N. C., 2; P. W., 2.

Died.
In this city, on the 14th inst., Mary Ann McGue, of consumption.—R.I.P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.
May 21.

Flour #1, 100 lb.—Pollards.....	\$1.00 @ \$0.90
Superior Extra.....	0.90 @ 0.80
Extra.....	7.20 @ 7.25
Fancy.....	6.90 @ 7.00
Fresh Supers, (Western wheat).....	nominal
Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat).....	6.60 @ 6.70
Strong Bakers'.....	6.75 @ 7.00
Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal).....	nominal
Supers City Brands (Western wheat).....	nominal
Fresh Ground.....	0.80 @ 0.75
Canada Supers, No. 2.....	6.10 @ 6.20
Western Supers, No. 2.....	0.90 @ 0.90
Fine.....	5.75 @ 5.65
Middlings.....	4.70 @ 4.90
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.....	3.10 @ 3.20
City bags, [delivered].....	3.35 @ 3.40
Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs.....	1.60 @ 1.62
Outland, per bushel of 200 lbs.....	5.00 @ 0.90
Corn, per bushel of 50 lbs.....	0.62 @ 0.62
Pease, per bushel of 40 lbs.....	0.62 @ 0.62

FOR SALE.—One Altar, Two Confessionals, Two Organs—one with eight stops and swell; one with four stops, with first class case. To be sold cheap. Address, "R.C.C. Seminary," MONTREAL.
May 24, 1872.

WANTED.—A TEACHER for Roman Catholic Separate School, Napanee. Duties to commence on May 13th. Salary liberal. Address—JAMES CULIHANE, Chairman, Napanee, Ont.

WANTED.—A SITUATION as TRAVELLING COMPANION or ENGLISH GOVERNESS. Would not object to crossing the Atlantic with an invalid, or in charge of children, not under eight or over fourteen years of age. Terms moderate, and best references given. Address—Box 47, Kingston, Ont.

WANTED.
A FIRST CLASS ENGLISH TEACHER. Salary \$125 per annum. Apply to
L. TASSE, Sec. R. S. S., OTTAWA.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
IN the matter of FRANCIS N. LAW,
Insolvent.
I, the undersigned, L. Jos. Lajoie, Official Assignee of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.
Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month.
Montreal, 15th day of May, 1872.
L. JOS. LAJOIE,
Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
IN the matter of JOSEPH MORIN, Tinsmith of the City of Montreal, as well individually, as having been in partnership with NORBERT LEBORE, Tinsmith of the same place, and doing business together under the name and style of MORIN & LEBORE, and also as having carried on business heretofore under the name and style of JOSEPH MORIN & Co., in copartnership with Merodite Laporte, Master of the City of Montreal.
An Insolvent.
The insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the Insolvency Room, in Montreal, on Thursday the twenty third day of May, 1872, at ten o'clock of the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.
L. JOS. LAJOIE,
Interim Assignee.
MONTREAL, 9th May, 1872.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!
JUST RECEIVED
AT
WILLIAM MURRAY'S,
87 St. Joseph Street,
A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of Gold Jewellery and Fancy Goods, comprising Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Lockets, Bracelets, Brooches, Scarf Pins, &c., &c.
As Mr. M. selects his Goods personally from the best English and American Houses, and buys for cash, he lays claim to be able to sell cheaper than any other house in the Trade.
Remember the Address—87 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.

THE GREAT
ENGLISH AND SCOTCH QUARTERLIES
AND
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,
REPRINTED IN NEW YORK BY
THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY
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For Blackwood and three of the Reviews.....13 00 "
For Blackwood and the four Reviews.....15 00 "
Single numbers of a Review, \$1; single numbers of Blackwood, thirty-five cents. Postage two cents a number.
Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.
For Sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
New York.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 20.—The first day's debate on the Conseil d'Etat has resulted very much as might have been expected. M. Target's amendment in favour of keeping the Provisional Commission which now fulfils the functions of this body was defeated by a large majority, owing principally to M. Gambetta announcing on behalf of those members of the Left with whom he acts—

comes practically untenable, and it is impossible to reconcile the Divine law with human legislation, "we shall have to endure the grief of withdrawing our co-operation, and abandoning a field of labour which the Church has cultivated with so much love and so many sacrifices." The Bishop's answer to the enquiry respecting the effects of excommunication is not yet made public.

Such are the words of this leading organ of German Protestantism. What a commentary on those pious bulletins of victory which the God-fearing Emperor William used to issue from the battle-fields of France!

Whether the conductors and drivers are in collusion with the thieves or are only afraid of them, one thing is certain, that a victim of an assault or robbery in one of these Jack Sheppard nurseries on wheels receives no assistance or commiseration from the driver or conductor. Vigilance committees have frequently been threatened by our sorely-oppressed citizens, and petitions and remonstrances have been sent to the Albany Solons, but still the evil is in full operation.

And thus, my friends, we see how beautifully charity is organized in the Catholic Church. Not one penny of your charity is wasted. Every farthing that you contribute will be expended wisely judiciously; and extended to its furthest length of usefulness in the service of God's poor of God's stricken ones.

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TURKEY.

SMYRNA, May 1.—Disturbances occurred here yesterday between the Greeks and the Jews, the former accusing the Jews of sacrificing an infant.

INDIA.

CALCUTTA, May 2.—The Government of India have removed Mr. Cowan from the service, with an expression of great regret in consideration of his past character.

REV. FATHER BRUKES LECTURE.

innocence, grace, receives the woman whose breath is the pestilence of hell! Extraneous matter, Mary, the Virgin, takes the hand of Mary the Magdalene; and, in the organized charity of the Church of God, the patient enters in to be saved and sanctified.

And, lest the poor might be humbled whilst they are relieved, lest they might be hurt in their feelings whilst consoled with the temporal doles that are lavished upon them, the Church of God, with a wisdom more than human, appoints as her ministers of the poor, those who, for the love of Christ, have become poor like them.

And thus, my friends, we see how beautifully charity is organized in the Catholic Church. Not one penny of your charity is wasted. Every farthing that you contribute will be expended wisely judiciously; and extended to its furthest length of usefulness in the service of God's poor of God's stricken ones.

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DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont. DIRECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR PATENT IVORY AND LIGNUM VITÆE EYE CUPS.
 Specimens rendered useless, Chronic Sore Eyes, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated (cure guaranteed) by the greatest invention of the age.

Dr. J. BALL & CO'S PATENT EYE CUPS.
 The value of the celebrated well-known Patent Eye Cups, for the restoration of sight, breaks out in the evidence of over 6,000 testimonials and blazes in more than 1,000 medals of honor, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best Physicians in their practice.

The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Mayor Ellis, of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are the greatest invention of the age.

Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co's Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæe Eye Cups:—
 CLAYVILLE, Washington County, Pa., Sept. 20th, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cup to be the *ne plus ultra* of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life or other causes, and an infallible cure of Myopia and Near Sight. I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases both of acute and what is called chronic inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental, and great expense.

My mother, an old lady of sixty-four years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometimes expresses herself. Certain it is that her eyes were unusually old, and worn beyond her age to such an extent that she wore the heading of the *New York Tribune*, could not see her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the *Tribune*, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can imagine her pleasure.

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of the Cups. Wherever I go with them, they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience anywhere the people can be found. I was at our fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say that I myself or either the Eye Cups, were no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected cures as liberally. They will make money, and make it fast, too. No small catch-penny affair, but a superb No. 1, tip-top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be life-long.

I am, very truly yours,
 HORACE B. DERRANT, M.D.
 FENTON, MICH., July 17, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of my success with the Patent Eye Cups. I have been slow in my operations, but work on a sure plan. People are afraid of being humbugged, but I have convinced them of reality. The Patent Eye Cups are a perfect success. They have restored my son's Eye Sight who was blind in his right eye since he was a lad, the optic nerve was injured; after applying your Patent a few days he can read with that eye unassisted. He can now see many birds from the cherry tree, with his eye that was blind, as any other person.

I have applied the Patent Eye Cups with Myopic attachments, to two persons eyes who are Near Sighted; their sight is improving at an astonishing rate. My old eyes of 14 years standing are perfectly restored. Many blessings on the inventors of the Patent Eye Cups for the great good they have done to suffering humanity.

I remain, most respectfully,
 REV. ISAAC MORTON.

BOOMING VALLEY, PA., Sept. 4, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co., Oculists.—Gentlemen:—I received your Patent Eye Cups by the hand of Mr. Roundtree; after testing the efficacy of the Cups for two weeks, I am satisfied they are what they are purported to be.

After wearing glasses for 19 years, for reading and writing, I can now see to read any print in your pamphlet without my spectacles. I can, therefore, recommend the Patent Eye Cups.

Very respectfully yours,
 REV. J. SPOONER.
 Blooming Valley, Crawford County, Pa.

CONCHESTER, SUSSEX CO., ENGLAND, Dec. 15, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—On the reception of the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, on the first application, I found benefit, and now, I am happy to say satisfactorily, from my own practical experience, that in my opinion the result produced through using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups is one of the greatest boons that ever God bestowed or man received (Spiritual Eye Sight excepted).

Over 12 years I have worn specks, and to my own wonderment, I can read Newspaper print, and I am writing this letter without my spectacles.

I cease to wonder at once why people are so anxious for them, now I have tried them myself, and proved them with an ocular demonstration. They are simple in construction, and could not possibly, I think, be more suitably adapted for the eyes, besides being harmless, Painless and Pleasant. I speak with all due deference of the Faculty, but at the same time, I cannot divest myself of the fact that the present treatment, in the cases of Myopia, or Near Sightedness, Dimness of Vision, Cataract, Partial or Total Blindness, is a failure in nineteen cases out of every twenty when they resort to the knife, and am sorry to say I know cases that have ended in total blindness, which cannot possibly occur in using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

And now in conclusion, I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the inexpressible benefit received by using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

Yours faithfully,
 REV. J. FLETCHER.
 CANBORO, C. W., June 13th, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I have wanted to see what effect the Patent Eye Cups that you sent me last January would have upon my eyes. I can truly say the effect produced upon my eyes is truly astonishing. Before using the Eye Cups, a printed sheet was like a blank paper to my naked eyes, but now I can see to read without glasses any print with apparent ease. The glasses I was compelled to use before I applied the Eye Cups were of the greatest magnifying power to enable me to read or write, but now I have laid them aside and can read diamond print and write without them. My sight is restored as in truth.

A young lady, the daughter of my tenant, which I have on my place, was affected very badly with near-sightedness, brought on by inflammation. She came to me to have the Eye Cups applied to her eyes, and, strange to say, after a few applications, (see reading) the book was removed from six inches to nine inches focus, and she can see objects at a distance distinctly, a thing she could not do before.

The Patent Eye Cups are the greatest invention of the age. May heaven bless and preserve you for many

years, for the benefit you may confer on suffering humanity.

Yours most truly,
 ISAAC BOWMAN,
 Canboro, Haldimand Co., C. W.
 NEAR DOONE FURNACE, Greenup Co., Ky., }
 February 8, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.
 Gentlemen: This is to certify that, having been afflicted with sore eyes for several years, to such an extent that my sight was almost gone—could not see to walk about—having tried almost everything known in the Materia Medica, I was constrained to try Dr. Ball's celebrated Eye Cups, with happy results. My eyes are entirely cured, and my sight is fully restored. After such results, one of my neighbors, who had been entirely blind for three years, commenced using the Eye Cups, and now he can see to do any kind of work, and is restored to his full eye-sight. To those suffering from such afflictions, try Dr. J. Ball & Co's Eye Cups, and you will never regret the cost. Yours respectfully,
 E. G. HOLDBROOK.
 Secured before J. R. THOMSON, Justice of Peace.

DEMORESTVILLE, C.W., Feb. 2, 1872.
Dr. J. Ball & Co.
 Gentlemen: When I obtained your Patent Eye Cups from you I was suffering very much from inflammation, dimness of vision, and weak eyes; I have been so bad for several weeks that my sight became so affected that I could not distinguish a man from a woman eight rods off. I applied your Patent Eye Cups a few times, as per your special directions, and to my great delight, they have perfectly and permanently restored my sight, cured all inflammation and weakness of my eyes. I am now able to see a bird, where I could not see a man at the same distance.

I will also state my friend's case, who applied your Patent Eye Cups. I returned this morning from visiting an old lady that was almost totally blind in one eye, and could see no person standing before her with the other eye. After I made an application with the Patent Ivory Eye Cups of two and one-half minutes, she could see her hand and fingers with her eye that was totally blind, and the other was greatly improved. Your Eye Cups are simple, can do no harm to any eye, and far surpass any invention of the present age. I remain,
 Very respectfully yours,
 REV. JOHN HILL.
 LEEDS, C. E., March 13, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.
 Gentlemen: I sold a pair to a man that was so blind he had to be led about by the hand; now he can see to go where he pleases. I sold another pair to a boy that had sore eyes, and had spent \$100 trying to get his eyes cured; the Eye Cups have cured him.

JOHN DONAVAN,
 Leeds Village, Canada East.
 LEEDS, C. W., Feb. 7, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.
 Gentlemen: I have some good news to tell you. My father and mother have been using the Cups since I received them; they are improving fast. Father is beginning to read without his spectacles, after using them for over 20 years. Yours, &c.
 F. WALDEN, M. D.,
 Luan, Middlesex Co., Canada West.

Reader, these are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee that your old and diseased eyes can be made new; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See our advertisement in another column of this paper.

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send their address to us, and we will send our treatise on the eye, of forty-four pages, free of charge, by return of mail. Write to
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 Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES,
 Will take place in Renfrew,
THURSDAY, JUNE 27th, 1872.
 In aid of the Catholic Church, now in course of construction, in the village of Renfrew, Ont.

The strictest impartiality will be observed in the Drawing, which will be conducted under the superintendence of the Managing Committee, viz.—J. P. Lynn, Esq., M.D. Patrick Devine, Esq., J. W. Costello, Esq., Patrick Ryan, Esq., Patrick Kelly, Esq.; and Rev. P. Rougier, P.P., J. L. McDougall, Esq., M.P., P. Watson Esq., Agent of Bank B.N.A. and John D. McDonald, Esq., Barrister, Renfrew.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG THE PRIZES TO BE DRAWN.

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- A very fine Melodeon, " 80
- A Magnificent Eight-Day Clock, " 80
- Gerald Griffin's Works (10 vols) " 20
- One large Family Bible, " 10
- One Gun, " 10
- One Microscope, " 10
- One Concertina, " 10
- A beautiful Statuette Tableau, " 10
- One ditto, " 10
- McGee's History of Ireland, " 8
- One new Double Wagon, " 50
- A Splendid Cow, (gift of Rev. P. Rougier,) " 50
- A new Set of Double Harness, " 40
- A new Cooking Stove, " 30
- Six prizes of \$5.00 each, in cash, " 30
- Fourteen yards of Dress Silk, valued at 24
- A new Saddle, " 15
- One Cattle of Ten, " 15
- Two prizes of \$10.00 each, in cash, valued at 10
- A new Saddle, " 10
- One Plough, " 10
- One Irish Poplin Dress, " 24

And hundreds of other prizes.

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All communications and remittances to be made to Rev. P. Rougier, P.P., Renfrew, Ont.

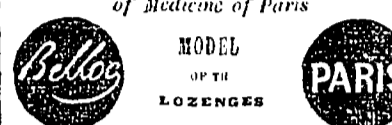
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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of GEORGE H. HAUSHAU, Merchant of the City of Montreal, formerly in partnership with JOHN NELSON, Jr., doing business under the name and style of JOHN NELSON, Jr., & CO., of Montreal, Insolvent.
 The insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the creditors are notified to meet in the Insolvent Room, at the Court House, in the City of Montreal, on Monday the 27th day of May, 1872, at 11 o'clock, a.m., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.
 L. JOS. LAJOIE,
Interim Assignee.
 MONTREAL, 9th May, 1872.

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It is especially to its eminently absorbent properties that Belloc's Charcoal owes its great efficacy. It is specially recommended for the following affections:

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- ACIDITY
- DIFFICULT DIGESTION
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 H. ROUTE, gent, Montreal.
 February 1, 1870; 13m.

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OLD EYES MADE NEW.
 All diseases of the eye successfully treated by
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 Read for yourself and restore your sight. Spectacles and surgical operations rendered useless. The Inestimable Blessing of Sight is made perpetual by the use of the new
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 Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists, students, and divines, have had their sight permanently restored for life, and cured of the following diseases:—
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 Any one can use the Ivory Eye Cups without the aid of Doctor or Medicines, so as to receive immediate beneficial results and never wear spectacles, or if using now, to lay them aside forever. We guarantee a cure in every case where the directions are followed, or we will refund the money.
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 From honest Farmers, Mechanics and Merchants; some of them the most eminent leading professional and political men and women of education and refinement, in our country, may be seen at our office.
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 Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye."
 Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old.
 Truly Yours, PROF. W. MERRICK.
 REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Malden, Mass., Cured of Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye Cups.
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 The Quinum Labarraque is prescribed with great success for persons of weak constitution, or for those debilitated by various exhausting causes or past sickness; for youths fatigued by too rapid growth; for young girls whose development takes place with difficulty; for women in childbirth; and for aged persons enfeebled by years or illness. It is the best preservative against Fevers.
 In cases of Chlorosis, Anæmia, or Greenishness, this Wine is a powerful auxiliary of the ferruginous preparations. In conjunction, for example, with VALER'S PILLS, the rapidity of its action is really marvellous.
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Symptoms of a Diseased Liver. PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.

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