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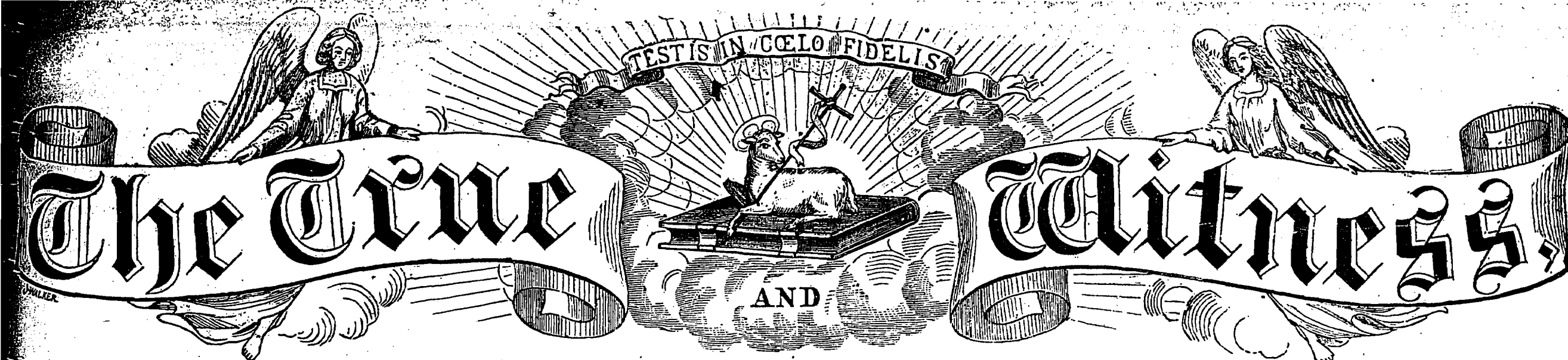
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THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL." (From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER X.—THE ESCAPE. For a short time, as the hour of her departure arrived, the courage of the Princess gave way, and burying her face on the bosom of her mother, she shed many bitter tears, with a regretful pang perhaps at the thought that she had resigned her quiet home in Silesia for the dazzling prospect of a crown. However, the die was cast; her pride was piqued at the shameless way in which she had been arrested, and forcing back her tears, the young princess allowed her mother to array her in the hood and cloak of Jeannette, who, for some hours at least, would have to personate herself. Again a sob of anguish as the beautiful head of the fair Clementina once more rested on the neck of her fond mother, and then she tore herself away and accompanied Chateaudan to the gate, he carrying a bundle composed of her jewels and some of the richest of her clothes. Believing her to be only the girl whom he admitted some hours previously, the porter allowed her to pass through unquestioned, and the next moment the Polish Princess, in the darkness of the winter night, found herself without the gates of her prison-house, and fearlessly resigned herself into the hands of strangers, for, with the exception of Wogan, whom she had never seen till he came to her father's court to solicit her hand for the Chevalier, she had never before beheld the companions of her flight. It was past the hour of midnight, the wind howled in hollow gusts, and amidst a tempest of hail and snow so severe that the sentinel on duty had sought shelter in a tavern near at hand, she Princess Clementina groped her way to the corner of the street, where Wogan awaited her coming in a state of the greatest anxiety. "Have courage, your highness," he whispered, as the half-fainting princess clung to him for support. "I hope the worst is over." At that moment the faint sound of carriage wheels advancing through the thickly falling snow struck upon her ear. The equipage contained Mrs. Misset and three gentlemen whom Wogan introduced to her as the companions and attendants of her flight. Safely ensconced in the warm carriage, her wet hood and habit removed, and a large cloak heavily lined with fur thrown over her by Mrs. Misset, and a glass of good wine from a flask produced by her husband, the princess gradually regained her former courage. In order to deceive General Heister if possible for twenty-four hours, the princess, for two days prior to her flight, had kept her bed on pretext of illness, and during the whole of the next day the maid Jeannette was to occupy it in her place, and to screen her mother from the imputation of conniving at her escape, the princess left a letter on her toilet table asking pardon for her flight, on the plea that by all laws, human and divine, she was obliged to follow her husband. The morning light having dawned, revealed

to the travelers a wild and open country, and the carriage stopped for a fresh relay of horses at a small wayside inn. To lull suspicion, Clementina was again arrayed in the serving-maid's attire, and conducted to a warm room, was seated by a large fire and refreshed with the best viands the house afforded, after which she again resumed her journey. The young girl could not, however, suppress a weary sigh as she gazed out on the bleak landscape, the leafless branches of the trees garded with the heavy snow drift, the sky of a leaden hue, the air piercingly cold. "I trust we shall distance our pursuers," said Wogan, at length breaking silence, and wishful to raise the spirits of the princess. "We have been several hours on the road, and the caution of having relays of six horses at every change was wisely adopted. Your highness' flight, too, will scarcely be ascertained for some hours in consequence of your being supposed to be ill." "True, my kind friend," said Clementina. "No one but my gentleman usher would have access to my apartment until eight this morning. Poor Chateaudan, and my dearest mother, and the intelligent girl whom you sent to personate me, I tremble, dear Mrs. Misset, to think how it will fare with them." "They will not be detained, your highness. The bird has flown which your enemies so unjustly imprisoned, and with God's help, though our escape has been fraught with danger, you will soon be safely delivered out of the hands of your persecutors." Well for Clementina Sobieski that she did not live in these days of electric telegraph. The day was far advanced when they changed horses for the third time, and they had intended after traveling some time longer to rest for the night. The state of the roads, bad at all times, was now laden with the heavy snow drift, and their progress became alarmingly impeded. In case of being overtaken by a special courier from Innspruck, Wogan had sent on O'Toole and Misset to a village called Wellishville, and stopping at the chief inn of the place, they called for supper. Benumbed with cold and fatigue, they throw aside their travelling cloaks and seated themselves by a large fire, and O'Toole had just observed to his companion that it was past midnight and the way evidently clear of danger, when, as they sat down to eat, the courier himself entered the room. Like themselves, he was weary and fatigued with the severity of the weather, and O'Toole, glancing significantly at Misset, begged the courier to share with himself and his friend the tempting and smoking viands than on the table. Nothing loth was he to accept the invitation, and his hearty meal was washed down by copious draughts of wine, followed by eau de vie. True is the saying, "that when the wine is in, the sense is out." The courier's speech grew thick and incoherent, and at last his tongue blabbed out his secret, and dealing a heavy blow on the table with his fist, he exclaimed: "I am sent here to intercept the banditti who have carried off the Princess Sobieski. See, gentlemen, here are my despatches." "What say you, Mein Herr?" exclaimed Misset, with an air of well-feigned astonishment, which almost overturned the gravity of the laughter-loving O'Toole. "Is it possible the princess has fled from Innspruck?" "What I have told you is indeed too true," replied the courier. "The English Ambassador is enraged at the carelessness with which the whole affair has been managed. General Heister, who had the custody of the princess, has negligently discharged himself of his duty. She was not missed until eight o'clock this morning. I have ridden all day and all night by a straight route in order that I and my men may intercept the party. The emperor will be much annoyed if this marriage be accomplished. It is well known how he courts the favor of the English." The two Irish gentlemen glanced at each other and then at the despatches which they so ardently longed to obtain; and again and again they filled to the brim the glass of the unfortunate courier till he became so intoxicated that they assisted the inn-keeper in carrying him to bed, having previously purloined the despatches, which they tore to pieces, and after so doing committed the pieces to the flames. They then left the house with the first gleam of daybreak, leaving the helpless courier in a state wholly unfit to travel for at least twenty-four hours. You may well imagine that Wogan and his party made themselves very merry at the success of the enterprise of O'Toole and his companion; in fact, the two had proved themselves mainly instrumental in the fartherance of the escape of the Princess. Many more mishances on the road, caused by the breaking down of their equipage, and unexpected delays arising from horses not being in readiness at places at which they were ex-

pected, at times threatened a fatal issue to the journey; but, save when these accidents occurred, Clementina bore up and charmed her companions by her cheerful, affable disposition. At length, worn out with privation and fatigue they one day reached the confines of the Venetian territories, free from the machinations of the English, and arriving in safety at Bologna the disappointment awaited her of finding James absent on a secret expedition to Madrid. "I will follow him thither immediately," said the poor harassed Princess, "I cannot bear the suspense of awaiting his stay in this strange city, every hour seems like an age." However, the fair Sobieski was open to conviction, and the remonstrances of her friends and, above all, their opinion, that by leaving Bologna she might rush anew into the trouble from which she had but just escaped, and fall into the hands of the agents of George the First, who were on the alert in every quarter, made her determine to remain in privacy till the return of her future husband. The marriage was performed by proxy in the Chevalier's absence, but completed with the customary solemnities immediately on his return. CHAPTER XI.—UNDER THE SAME ROOF TREE. The home of the Marshal St. John and his wife, our old friend the Lady Florence, was not at all unlike that of the saintly Sir Thomas More, the great Chancellor of England. Both the Marshal and his wife were rich. "The poor you have always with you," the Gospel truth uttered by the lips of our Lord Himself was recognized by each of them. St. Germain's abounded with poor people, for it was, in 1690, the chief rendezvous of the Jacobite party, and was still the abiding place of the children, now grown up to manhood, of those who had suffered under the reign of the Dutch monarch. It was in fine the dwelling place of those who, in years yet to come, would again raise the watchword throughout England and Scotland which the Hanoverian dynasty termed rebellion. Like another Sir Thomas More, the Marshal suffered the grey walls of his chateau in the valley to shelter not unfrequently many who sprang not of his race, and of his own abundance the sick and the needy were bounteously assisted. Beneath his roof grew up with his grandson the orphan children Margaret and Isabel.—They were regarded as the adopted daughters of the Marshal and his lady. One of these children bids fair to become a beautiful woman, for Margaret's skin is fair as a lily; her features regular and classical in their outline; her eyes, large, dark, and lustrous, are veiled by long silken lashes; her form tall and slender. Young as she is, she has already learned to assume an air of domineering importance over the fair, timid little girl who, as yet, can boast no charms beyond her soft blue eyes and golden hair. Her features, unlike those of her foster-sister, are irregular; her mouth too large to be pretty; her form angular and awkward; yet without there is a pleasing expression in her plain face, and she may develop later into a passable fair woman, when time shall have rounded mayhap the at present ungainly form, and increasing age give the features an air of due proportion; they are far too large at present to be in keeping with the childish face. She is shy and quiet, with a strong childish love in her little heart for the only friends she has ever known, the good Marshal and his wife. A beautiful boy, nearly of the same age as the little girls, is their companion. He appears a perfect little Hercules beside these children; soft curls of rich brown hair fall over his shoulders; his hazel eyes are full of intelligence, and he seems to affect more the society of Margaret than that of the timid little girl, who has meekly submitted to be cast aside as it were when the imperious Margaret willed it should be so. Margaret, too, is clever beyond her years.—She seems intuitively to take in the instruction she receives without difficulty to herself. Isabel is rather less intelligent, but what she lacks in talent she will make up for in perseverance. She plods patiently over the same task assigned to Margaret, and looks wistfully at her companion's gambols, but she will not lay her book aside, or think of joining them till she too has accomplished her task. Such a child as this will make a patient heroine should her path be strewn with thorns rather than flowers. The honest nurse, formerly the Widow Regan, still holds that post in the Marshal's household. Both children had drawn their nurture from the same breast, but the foster mother yielded up her heart to little Isabel, the first poor wail that had been put under her care. "Mark those children," said the Lady St. John to her daughter-in-law, as she looked forth from the open windows of a pleasant morning-room on that lady's little son and the two orphans. Margaret, the first in every sport the bolder boy suggested, Isabel timidly

standing by his side, seeming to be with them but not of them. She always lingered near the boy, as if in a manner craving his help. "That child Margaret reminds me always of some little elf," said the younger lady. "Clever and beautiful undoubtedly, but she will require careful training, young as she is. Nothing gives her greater pleasure than to throw Isabel into the shade." "Nurse entertains almost a positive aversion for the child," remarked Lady St. John. "I tell her it is very wrong, for Margaret is so young as to be scarcely responsible. I wish my dear old friend, Grace Wilmot, were not too old to be plagued with a wayward child, I would put Mistress Margaret under her charge at once." "Grace, dearest madam," said the old lady, who happened to be within-hearing, "is not that far gone but that she can instruct Miss Margaret how she should demean herself.—Nurse told me but yesterday that she is fast becoming a most mischievous little sprite in daring, far exceeding Madame's son, and so vain and haughty withal that there is no bearing the place with her. As to Miss Isabel, young as Margaret is, she makes her ever the butt of her childish sarcasm." "You will oblige me, then, dear Grace, if you will resume the post of preceptress a few hours daily, which you have never held since my dearest Beatrice died. I will tell both the children that they are to yield you an implicit obedience." On the evening of the day on which Grace, with her seventy years over her head, agreed again to resume duties so long abandoned, she communicated the wishes of Lady Florence to the nurse. The features of Grace, erst the handmaiden of the court beauty of Queens Mary Stuart and Mary Beatrice, then her companion and her friend and confidant, had undergone but little change from the hand of time. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that oftentimes the features of a really plain person wear better than those cast in a softer mould. Rugged and hard of lineament in youth and middle age, they had rather softened as years passed on, whilst her always fine eyes had lost nothing of their brightness. Her figure was erect as a dart; her hair, white as silver, was laid in smooth bands under her coat. She was, as when I first presented her to you, a silent, reserved woman, commanding the respect, if not the love, of all who came within the range of her influence. Severe she was to herself, but kind and lenient to others, and she was the trusted friend of the Marshal and his wife, as well as of the wife of their son. It was a pleasant summer evening. Through the leafy woods you could discern the towers of the palace of St. Germain's. It was now untenanted, for the beloved friend and mistress of Lady Florence had passed to her eternal rest. The hedges team with wild flowers, which send up a balmy fragrance on the air, and the nightingale is warbling its most plaintive note. "It is time the children should be put to bed," said nurse, when Grace had made known the wish of the Lady St. John. "I can hear their voices in the garden but cannot see them. I will ring the bell for the maid to bring them up. But I was after saying, Mrs. Wilmot, I wonder if that child Margaret does come of good stock? My good man Denis found her in a lonesome hut in a Scottish glen. A dying woman had the wee thing in her arms. There was a bit of paper, 'his true, saying she was the child of one Mr. Lindsey, but that is all that is known about the proud little miss, who gives herself such airs over me, her own foster-mother, that while I cannot do with her at all. She were but a few weeks old when she was picked up, as a body may say. The woman who had charge of her was a poor starvin body, and the place very lonesome. 'Twas my boy Denis who saved the child's life; he wrapped it up in his cloak, carried it to the Marshal, and asked him to let him bring it to me to give it suck. He is a jewel, Mrs. Wilmot; one of the best boys that ever lived; a fancy a great fellow like he is walking to the Marshal's lodgings with a wee bit baby in his arms, after watching all night by a dyin woman, and asking love to rear the child as his own, and thin he brings it me and puts it alongside dear Miss Isabel for the breast; it was on that morning that my dear boy made me the happy woman by askin me to take him for my husband; and sure it was disappointed my poor boy was when the Marshal said he would adopt the child and bring it up as his own, and"— At that moment both the nurse and Grace started, for they fancied they heard a movement behind them. "Bless me, what was that noise? I'm sure I thought something moved," said nurse, who was rather given to be superstitious, "and sure everything looks quite ghostly now. The moon has risen; I must ring again: Annette is late with those children."

Just then, however, the prattle of little voices was heard, and Edward St. John and Isabel bounded into the nursery. "Where is Miss Margaret?" exclaimed nurse. "I have been a long while looking for the young lady," said the bonne; "she is very mischievous and naughty; I thought she might have got to the nursery before me." "Strange; where can she be?" said nurse. "However, do you hear the children say their prayers, and prepare them for bed, and I will go and seek after her." Neither Grace nor nurse were mistaken when they thought they heard a movement near them. Had they turned round a moment sooner, they would have seen a little white face, shaded by curls of jet black hair, peering in upon them through the half-opened nursery door. The child stood as one spell-bound. She had run away from the other children and escaped to the nursery first; and hearing her own name mentioned, with a curiosity from which older persons are often not exempt, she paused to listen. Her features grew rigid as the words of her foster-mother fell on her ear, and she clasped her tiny hands upon her heart as if she would still its wild throbbing. From that night young Margaret's new life began. She was already old in proud and passionate feeling when the painful revelation so mortifying to the child's self-love was concluded. She stole away to her bed-room quite alone, took off her clothes herself with a marvellous rapidity, pushed back the mass of rich hair which fell over burning temples, and by the light of the moon made her way to the small white-curtained bed destined for her use and placed opposite to that of Isabel. She feigned to be asleep when, after a long and fruitless search, nurse came to examine the bed-room, though with little or no hope that she should find her there. "You are very naughty, Miss Margaret," said nurse, on discovering her in bed. "You give me no end of trouble, and I shall complain of you to Lady St. John. To undress yourself sure, and go to bed without saying your prayers, and all your nice clothes laying on the ground, too." But nurse met with no reply, and drawing down the bed-clothes a little lower, found the little girl asleep as she believed. "A strange child—a strange child," she went away muttering to herself. "One would almost think 'the good people' had brought a little elf of their own to the hut in which my boy Denis found her." The pale moonbeams cast a sickly light athwart the chamber, the little Isabel had been placed in bed and had long since fallen asleep, nurse and Grace had descended to the lower apartments, and a dead silence reigned in the upper stories of the large old building. Time crept on, the old clock in the turret struck the hour of eleven, and one by one of the various sleeping apartments were closed as the household retired for the night. But there was one who kept silent and dreary watch, over whose young head scarce ten summers had passed away, one who, in the hours that intervened between night and morning, had merged at once, in thought, and feeling, and passion, from childhood to womanhood, who had bridged over the flowery season of childhood and early youth. But the chasm had left a frightful void in her young heart, and when twenty summers shall have made a woman of Margaret Lindsey, she will neither think nor feel with greater intensity than on this terrible night; her proud and haughty nature will not be one iota colder and haughtier than at present. Like a wain spectre sits the child by the lattice casement, looking out on the still landscape lighted up by the silvery moonbeams, the tiny hand is placed on the burning brow, and ever and again she speaks half aloud. "Found in a hut! Was not that what she said? Yes, I remember it well; and that Denis, her husband and the Marshal's servant, was going to bring me up as his child. His child, indeed! Why, I am a gentleman's child." And here the small hand was clenched so that the nails penetrated within the tender palm. "Found in a hut!—My mother must have been very poor, then. And she, that ugly Isabel, she is the daughter of the Marshal's friend, for they all say that. And why was I born poor and saved from death by a serving-man any more than she?" and as she spoke she darted an angry glance at the sleeping occupant of the bed beside her. "They tell me I am a proud and haughty child, and it is good to be humbled, and so Madame Wilmot is to be put over me, and—oh, I wish I was a woman; I would!" At that moment the little girl's colloquy was cut short by the appearance of a large bat, which flapped its huge wings against the case-

ment, and it was with difficulty she kept down the shriek that rose to her lips.

The effect of the fright had passed away, and pale and cold as the white moonbeams, she had crept to her bed, but pausing on her way thither, she darted a look of intense hatred at Isabel.

"I hate you," said she between her set teeth. "I would harm you if I dared. Why are you a happier girl than I am? Found in a hut, hungry and cold, and they all know it. The very servants know it," she repeated, rocking herself to and fro in her bed. Shall I ask Lady St. John if it be true? No, I won't. Nurse never tells stories. I will keep it all to myself for a while. They call me a child. Ah, ha, ha, that is not true, or if I am a child, I do not think and feel like one."

There was a long pause in this commune with self, for her tears now feel thick and fast. All the pangs, and passions, and jealousies of womanhood were already racking that tender bosom.

"What will they say to me in the morning?" she said. "It makes one's eyes hot and red when one cries. I feel almost like one, though only a little girl."

Poor Margaret! Proud and passionate; such a child in years, yet so old in thought and feeling. At length the clock struck the hour three, and then she laid her aching head on the pillow and wept herself to sleep.

Small wonder that at seven o'clock she could not raise her throbbing head, her hands were parched with a burning fever, her brain disordered, the doctor was sent for, and declared that the child had all the symptoms of brain fever.

Grace and the nurse spoke of her strange conduct the previous evening, her undressing herself, having concealed herself from the other children, and it was at once supposed that the attack of illness was then coming on.

But nurse noticed that in the ravings of delirium the child mumbled incessantly about something that evidently preyed on her mind. "I was found in a hut, I was found in a hut," she kept saying to herself.

"There is something on that child's mind, nurse," said Lady St. John and the doctor. "Has any one named to her the circumstances under which she was found when an infant?"

The nurse then spoke of her conversation with Mrs. Wilmot. Was it possible the child had overheard it?

Yes, of that there could be no doubt; and granting the idea to be correct, then what a disposition must that be for the narration to have left such an impression on the mind.

Lady St. John and her daughter-in-law might well tremble for the future of their young charge.

Such a character rarely steers in a middle course. It either ends in being atrociously wicked, or, by the grace of God and the workings of its own strong will, may be moved to good. Such a one may develop into a monstrous sinner or become one of heaven's glorified saints.

To be Continued.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS.

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"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you for my sake, and persecute you, for thus they persecuted the Prophets of old. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad because your reward shall be exceeding great in heaven."—St. Matthew, V. chap. 11th verse.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS.—The Blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, when He sent His apostles to preach the gospel to every creature, foretold to them that they would be persecuted and calumniated and misrepresented, and that all manner of things would be said against them. "For," says He, "the disciple is not better than the master," and if they have persecuted the Master, calumniated and misrepresented Him, so shall they also the disciple." It is, therefore, the lot of the true followers of Jesus Christ, the lot of the true believers and those that have the real gospel of the son of the living God, and that belong to the religion established by Jesus Christ—it is their lot to be persecuted, to be calumniated, to be misrepresented, to be slandered.—Hardly had the religion of Jesus Christ been ushered into existence when it was surrounded by a host of enemies that sought its destruction. Pagan Rome and Jewish Jerusalem combined together to check the church's progress. All

THE POWER OF THE CHAINS

and of the Jewish high priests, of the senate and of the synagogue and of all the Jewish priests—the sophistry of philosophers the schemes and snares of the learned, the power of armies, and all the implements of death, were employed for three hundred years in order to crush the church of Jesus Christ. During those first three hundred years of her existence, millions of the members of the Church died martyrs to God. Historians tell us that eighty millions of martyrs died for the faith, during those first three centuries of the existence of the church of God. And since that time no less than twenty millions of Martyrs have been added to the number, so that, at present, we have

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF MARTYRS

who have died for the Catholic faith, for the faith of Jesus Christ—three times the population of the United States. The church of God, the Catholic church, has never been, during the 1840 years of her eventful history, and existence, has never been without persecution. All the powers of the wicked of this world, united with the rage and fury of hell, have been combined to crush the church of the living God. Thus far, all the efforts of men, of the wicked of this world and the fury of hell, have not been able to succeed—for the Catholic church shall last till the end of time.

VARIOUS HERESIES

have started, from time to time, into existence, and at one time they were supported by the power of armies and of emperors and the great ones of the earth. Arianism, Nestorianism, and various other heresies, have started into existence and were supported by the powerful arm of emperors and the great ones of this earth. Where are they now? Where is this Arianism? It is buried in a grave of shame and oblivion. Where is Nestorianism? It exists only in a little obscure corner of Africa; for the rest, it is dead. And so it is, or at least will be, with the modern heresies. Where is Lutheranism? There are some people who call themselves Lutherans; but if Martin Luther were to come back from hell—for I am sure he is there (laughter)—he would find no followers here on earth. John Calvin the institutor of Presbyterianism, if he were to come back—and I guess his place is not any better than that of Martin Luther—if he were to come back, I am confident he would not find anybody that believed in his doctrine. All these different heresies, or would-be religions, are dead.

WHAT IS PROTESTANTISM

now,—the Protestantism of the present century! It is a negative thing. If we ask them, what do you believe in? They can hardly give you an answer. I have found it out. I have now received, in the United States, between six and seven thousand persons into the Church, and when you asked them "What do you believe in?" there was a pause, there was a silence, they did not know what to say. But they said: "I guess I believe in the Bible." That is a very vague answer. All these different sects have only an existence of a few days. Not so with the Church of God. To-day, in the 19th century, in the year 1873, she is as fresh and as beautiful, and as strong, and as powerful, as she was in the year 33 when she came from the hands of her divine founder Jesus Christ. She has never changed, she has never varied, she has the same Church government, the same Sacraments, the sacrifices of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, which we call the Mass, the same head under which we all gather, the Pope of Rome, the successor of Peter, the chief of the Church of Jesus Christ. She is now what she was 1840 years ago, and we are sure, we are confident, we would stake our life for it, she will be so when the whole of this physical creation shall fall into chaos, when time shall be no more, when the whole universe shall lay in ruins; at that time she will be as fresh and as pure and as holy as she is to-day. It is the lot of the church of Jesus Christ to be persecuted, and she never has been without persecution. When one persecutor died, another rose to take his place. When she was left free in one country, in other countries she was fearfully persecuted and trodden under foot. While we have here in America comparative rest, in almost all European countries there is a most fearful persecution against the church of the living God. But light is appearing. To-day we read that

AN IRISHMAN

has been put at the head of the French Government, and if so, I think we are all right here. (Enthusiasm.) Yes, if the Irishman, General McMahon, has been put at the head of France, he has sufficient Irish blood in him to be a Catholic, and to defend the Catholic religion and the rights of the Church; and we have reason to rejoice at the news we see to-day, that an Irishman, or a man at least of Irish blood, is put at the head of a great nation, a great people, the French, who have always been a Christian people. Of course, there are bad people in France, and if there were not, France never would have such great humiliations as she has had, and still has, under the Prussian persecution and oppression. If France had been united, had been one people, France never would have suffered the persecution, the shame, the disgrace and the humiliation it has suffered from the Prussian triumph. If France had been united—and why were they not united? Because there were many bad men in France. There were the Internationals, there were the secret societies, and, bear it in mind, my dear Catholics, it is

THE SECRET SOCIETIES

that have humbled France, and have suffered it to be crushed to the very dust of the earth. If you are sons of the Church of God, if you are real Catholics in heart and feeling, as I know every Irishman is, and every Irishwoman, too, then keep aloof from all secret societies—"Paddle your own canoe"—don't lean upon the shoulder of any one. But even in this country where we enjoy the liberty of conscience, even here the prophecy of the Saviour is fulfilled. Even here we are calumniated, we are slandered, we are misrepresented. Even in this land of the free, even in this glorious republic, living under this free constitution, than which we desire nothing better, even here, I say, we are slandered, calumniated, and misrepresented as Catholics. It is, of course, through ignorance. Our Protestant friends do not know any better. They have been brought up with their own ideas of the Catholic religion. Their reading, their education, their instruction, all is against our Holy Faith. When they only know the Catholic religion as it is—why, the American people, who are an independent people, and a people who love the truth—if I say, this people only knew the Catholic religion as it is, they would be in love with it, they would say: "Truly this is a most rational religion, a most comprehensive religion, and it is a most Scriptural religion." If, my dear people, reasoning naturally, the Bible and true religion come from God, there can be no contradiction in the works of God; God cannot contradict Himself. Hence the true religion must be a religion of reason, a religion of nature, and a religion of the Bible. For the three things,

REASON, NATURE, AND THE BIBLE,

come from God as well as the true religion comes from God. Hence, there can be no contradiction in these works of God. There must be a union, a harmony, a concord between Reason, Religion, Nature, and Divine Revelation. They all do harmonize in the Catholic religion. I have announced that on this evening I would answer all the popular objections against the Catholic religion. These objections are many. I shall commence with the leading one, namely, the Bible. Most of our separated brethren are under the impression, and thoroughly believe, that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. Of course, you, my dear children of the Faith, you know better than that. You all know that you are allowed full liberty to read God's Holy Book, for you have only to open your family Bible, and on the very first page you find a letter of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VI., exhorting all, encouraging all, to read God's Holy Book. "And that Book," says he, "the Bible, must be open to all for instruction, for edification, and for sanctification." It is therefore false to assert that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible; and yet this is a common opinion among our separated brethren. I have no doubt that during this mission the Protestants that live in the neighborhood of this church, who have seen the enthusiasm and the fervor of the Catholics of this congregation,—they have heard them run-

ning in a trot to the church at half-past four o'clock in the morning, and would be waked up by them returning from the church at half-past ten or eleven o'clock at night,—I have no doubt that many of our Protestant friends have said: "Poor, benighted Catholics; poor, ignorant Catholics! Hear them running in a trot at half-past four in the morning, hurrying off to the church, and returning from there at a late hour at night. What a pity that these poor Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible! Why, if they only had the Bible, and read it, they would all turn their backs upon the Catholic Church; they would all turn Protestants at once, and wouldn't they make

NICE PROTESTANTS!

Ob, what a fine set of Protestants they would make: what a zealous set of men—for they make so many sacrifices for their Church and for their faith—nothing is too much for them! Oh, how they throw us Protestants into the shade!" If their minister were to announce on Sunday that he was going to preach to them (his congregation) at 5 o'clock in the morning during the week, they would all say: "Why, what ails the man—is he not crazy? Five o'clock in the morning!—and whom does he expect to have there? Why, the preacher will preach to an empty church, with only the pews for his congregation. Five o'clock in the morning! What in the world is the man thinking about! 11 o'clock, we think we are doing wonders; but five o'clock in the morning! What a zealous people these Catholics are, and what a nice set of Protestants they would make! Why, they would convert the whole country. The poor, ignorant people; the poor, benighted people. What a shame it is they are never allowed to have a peep into the Bible! The priest knows very well that if they only read the Bible, they would all turn their backs upon him, and he would have an empty church."

Now, you all know, my dearly beloved Christians, that this is

AN OBJECTION TO PROTESTANTISM,

against the Catholic Religion, founded in ignorance. Every Catholic is allowed to read his Bible and is exhorted every day he goes to Church to read his Bible more and more, and very few Catholic families there are but have a family Bible, and it is open to all. Protestants think that we are afraid of the Bible. We afraid of the Bible! Why, my dear Protestant friends, who gave you the Bible? Was it not the Catholic Church? If it had not been for the Catholic Church, you never would have laid your blessed eyes upon the Bible; you never would have seen it; for, in ages before Protestantism came into the world, the Catholic Church preserved the Bible. Before the art of Printing was invented, in every monastery and in every convent, a room was set part in which nuns or monks or priests were constantly engaged in copying the Bible. How would you know that the book which you call the Bible is the Bible at all, were it not for the Catholic Church? It is from the Catholic Church that you have learned that this book is the Bible, is the language of inspiration, is the revelation of God. The Catholic Church afraid of the Bible! Why, my dear friends

THE BIBLE IS OUR BROTHERHOOD,

is the Catholic's fortification, the Bible is our defense and weapon, by which we refute all Protestantism and prove that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of God, and that all others are the institutions of men or of some crazy woman. (Laughter.) There is not a doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church, not a precept, but we can prove, and there is not an error which you claim, but what we can prove is an error based upon the teaching of God's Holy Book, the Bible.

The second objection against the Catholic Church is, that she wants to keep the people in ignorance, that she is opposed to education, to progress, and to enlightenment. Never was there anything false than this. The Catholic Church has at all times been the friend of education, of learning, of the fine arts, and of progress, in the right direction. The Catholic Church opposed to education! Why, my dear beloved people, you have only to look around—you need not go to any foreign land to see the workings of the Church, or to see her efforts to advance and foster education. Where is the city in the United States that has not its Catholic College and Catholic University, and Academies and Parochial Schools? Hardly will we find a Catholic church but it has its Catholic school connected with it. He opposed to education! Why, my dear friends, it is an easy thing to prove that the Catholics in this country do twice as much as any other denomination for education. Don't we all pay our taxes for the public education, for the maintenance of public schools—don't we? And at the same time, the Catholic taxes himself secondly to establish parochial schools, and to maintain them. So that, first, the Catholic pays his taxes to educate your Protestant children, and he gets no benefit from these taxes; and he goes and builds his own schools and maintains them from his own voluntary contributions, thus taxing himself twice for

THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.

Catholics opposed to education! Go and examine all the Catholic Colleges and all the Catholic Universities and academies of this country, and you will find one-third of the students of Catholic Colleges and Universities, and one-third of the young ladies that are educated in Catholic Convents and Academies, a third of each are Protestants. Well, my dear ladies and gentlemen, why do you send your son to a Catholic College, and your daughter to a Catholic Academy or Nunnery? Have you not institutions of your own? Why do you prefer our Catholic institutions? They answer you that they send their sons and daughters to the Catholic institutions because they are convinced that a Catholic education is more thorough, more solid, is combined with virtue and morality. They are convinced that in their own institutions, as a general thing, the education is superficial and less solid.

The Catholic Church opposed to education! There are here, in the United States, about a hundred religious orders, made up of women who bind themselves by a solemn vow to spend their lives in holy seclusion, in order to teach and for the education and for the advancement of the young. Not for the purpose of making money, receiving nothing for their salary but mere simple plain food, and simple plain clothing; having no money at their own disposal. No individual in these

RELIGIOUS ORDERS

is allowed to spend even five cents to take a ride in the street cars without the permission of the Superior. Their lodging is plain. Their own private rooms are without carpets and embrace the plainest furniture—a wooden table and a couple of wooden chairs; their clothing is—as you see it—plain; no gold watches, no gold chains or anything of the kind; they have the plainest sort of garments and of clothing; such, too, are their table and their kitchens. As a general thing, these instructors go to the parochial schools for two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Will you find Protestant ladies or Protestant gentlemen to-day that will go and teach, from morning till night, for only two hundred and fifty a year? How say you, would you do so, Protestant gentlemen here? "Why, there is hardly enough in that to keep boots to my feet and a cigar to my mouth"—will he answer. In the Catholic church alone, you will find such sacrifices made for the cause of education. Leland, the historian, listen to what he says on the subject of Catholic education:—

"It should be known," says he, "to every reader of History that the Catholic Church has been the educator of the whole civilized world, not only in religion and morality, but in science, literature and

art. When barbarism fell like an avalanche on ancient Rome, it was the Catholic church which extinguished all that was most valuable in that period.—And with a holy and heroic zeal she instructed the barbarians for centuries, and at last perfected this civilization which we boast of. The monasteries, schools, colleges, and universities of the Catholic church enlightened all Europe and prepared for the discovery of the new route to India and the new continent of America, to spread that

CIVILIZATION

all over the world. Through those ages which Protestants call 'dark,' but which possessed many things which we may envy; every monastery was a school, a public library, and a manufactory of books. The great Catholic Universities of Europe had thousands of students where now they only have hundreds. Education of the most practical and beneficial character was the mission of the Priesthood, and religious orders were diffused more in some centuries than at the present age. There was not one half the poverty and ignorance among the masses of the people of England five hundred years ago that there is at this present moment."

A few years ago the English Government commissioned certain men to travel all over Europe, to collect statistics in every country, and examine which of the European countries did the most for free and liberal education. These commissioners travelled all over Europe, made their statistics and then returned to London. They gave in their sworn statistics; and upon examination it was discovered that the Papal States—this was before the Pope was robbed of his property—it was discovered that the Papal States were at the head of all education in Europe that more was done by them for free and liberal education than by any other European country,—in a word, that Rome pre-eminently stood at the head of all education. Next to the Papal States came France, another Catholic nation; she was the next in free and liberal education. Then came Prussia, then Austria, and

ENGLAND WAS THE LAST OF ALL.

Less was done in England for the education of the masses than in any other country in Europe. And mind, these commissioners were not Catholics; they were either men of no religion, or they were Protestants—and they gave in their sworn evidence and statistics showing that the Catholic nations were at the head of all education. I know you will say: "And what about Ireland?" Ireland, for the last three hundred years, has been crushed under the tyrannical heel of England. Irish fathers were not allowed to educate their own children, under a penalty of a severe fine and transportation, and, in some cases, of death. If Ireland had been left free, it would have, perhaps, been at the head of all education, as it once was. The Catholic Church, then, is the friend of Education—she always has been so. She is also the friend of the Fine Arts. History is there, my dear beloved people. What are the Fine Arts? The Fine Arts are painting, sculpture, music and architecture. Now, all history is there to prove that the moment Protestantism came into existence, it gave the death-blow to the Fine Arts, for the "Reformers" believed that these were only means of superstition and of idolatry. Hence, they destroyed the statuary and they tore the paintings from the walls of the churches, which they took away from the Catholics and appropriated to themselves. Protestantism for three hundred years was the sworn enemy of

PAINTING, SCULPTURE AND MUSIC.

When Protestantism came into existence, its followers not only did away with painting and sculpture, thus taking the bread out of the mouths of the artists, but they did away with music. In Protestant churches nothing was heard but the singing of psalms and of hymns, and all the grand Catholic music, that elevates the soul, that lifts it up from this earth to Heaven, was done away with. Where is the great artist, the great painter, the great sculptor, the great musician, the great architect that Protestantism has ever produced? For three hundred and fifty years Protestantism has been in existence, and during that time it has produced no artists of any account, in any sphere whatever. As for musicians, you all know, my dear people, that the great masters of music of old were Roman Catholics. Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Rossini, and a number of others, were all of them Roman Catholics; and Protestantism has never produced a man that can be compared to them. So with regard to sculpture; and so with regard to architecture. What has Protestantism ever done in the shape of architecture? Where are the great Cathedrals that it has ever built? When the great architects of this country go to Europe, they stand with astonishment and with wonder before St. Peter's at Rome, Notre Dame at Paris, and the Cathedrals at Florence, Amiens and Milan. They stand with astonishment and with wonder when they see the

GRAND STRUCTURES

the Catholic architects have conceived, and the greatest that have ever been conceived and carried out—their just and beautiful proportions, their lofty elevations, their wonderful construction. And when this town was thrown out to England, England said: "Let us make a name for ourselves; let us throw St. Peter's in the shade"—and they commenced building Saint Paul's in London. I have visited Saint Paul's, and I have visited Saint Peter's; what is Saint Paul's in London, compared to Saint Peter's in Rome?—A shanty! (Laughter.) It is a mere shanty compared with Saint Peter's. To become a great artist, a great sculptor, a great musician, where does one go to perfect himself in his art? Does he go to Protestant Berlin or to Protestant London? No! In order to become a great artist—he goes to Catholic Rome, he goes to Catholic Munich, he goes to Catholic Paris; and never does he dream of going to Berlin or to London, the capitals of Protestantism, but to Catholic capitals, where the Fine Arts are encouraged, and he knows that those are the only places to go to in order to become a master of the art at which he is aiming. The Catholic Church, then, at all times has been

THE FIRST PATRON OF THE FINE ARTS,

and do we not see it here again in the United States? What has Protestantism done for architecture in the country? They have immense wealth, there are among them thousands and millions of millions. Where are the great cathedrals and the great churches that they have got? The only thing they can point out is Trinity church, here on Broadway, New York, and what is that compared with the grand structure Catholics are building on Fifth Avenue, New York? Poor as we are, and you may say that Catholicity has hardly an existence of eighty years in New York, yet see the magnificent cathedral we are building there, that will cost millions, and that will be the honor and glory of America. See the Cathedral of Philadelphia, and the Cathedral of Boston, and the Cathedral which we have commenced here in Brooklyn. All throw Protestantism into the shade—an evidence that the Catholic Church is the friend of the fine arts, and so she is of progress—of progress in the right direction. Not into Radicalism, not into Infidelity, not into tyranny and despotism. It is into these all the others have fallen by degrees. But

THE PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

is in the liberty of the people, the freedom of the people, and the happiness of the people; to lead them not only to happiness and prosperity in this world, but to an eternal prosperity and happiness in the next. Is the Catholic Church opposed to progress and discoveries? Why, my dear beloved people all the great and most useful discoveries are of Catholic origin. The art of printing, whence does it come but from a Roman Catholic, a hundred years nearly before there was a Protestant in the world. So is

gunpowder an invention of a Roman Catholic. So are clocks and watches; so are magnificent spectacles, and at least one hundred and fifty wonderful discoveries are of Catholic origin. The mariner's compass, the need of which is so great that without it 'tis almost impossible to cross the seas,—who invented that but a Roman Catholic before there ever was a Protestant in the world. The Catholic Church opposed to discoveries! Why, my dear friends, who gave you this very land on which you stand and in which you have made your money and your independence in which you enjoy all these liberties—who gave you this land of America but a Roman Catholic, Christopher Columbus? And what man can say, my dear friends, that the Catholic Church is opposed to discoveries when it has given you this land of the free, this land of abundance? But you have often said, you have often heard it during the excitement that arises from time to time, some persons have told you that the Catholic Church is incompatible with

REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS,

that the Catholic Church is opposed to republican principles. You must be stupidly ignorant of the history of the world, or you would never dare to make such an assertion as this; and I tell you tonight that all the Christian republics that have ever been instituted are of Roman Catholic origin—except this republic of our own, and I will say a word about that after a while. The republic of Florence, the republic of San Marino, the republic of South America and of Mexico,—why, all these republics are of Roman Catholic origin. I do not know of a single Christian republic, not one in the whole world, which was established by Protestants. All of them were of Roman Catholic origin, with the exception of this, our own. And this American republic, was it established exclusively by the Protestants? Why, all of you that are acquainted with the history of the United States, must know that the United States never, perhaps, would have been established, never, perhaps, would have been able to burst asunder the chains that held us in bondage and in slavery to England, had it not been for the existence of Catholic France and Catholic Maryland. Catholic France came to our assistance, and Catholic Maryland fought bravely to burst asunder the chains, in order to make us a free, independent, happy, and prosperous people; and without the Catholics had lent their aid, this republic and this Union—never, in all its probability, would have had an existence. George Washington felt it, George Washington was convinced of it. Therefore he said: "We must have freedom of conscience; we owe a great deal to the Catholics; there must be no light consideration any more of any man on account of his religion. Let all be free." And

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE

was given. And again, says my Protestant friend: "In spite of all that, sir, I could not be a Catholic, for Catholics break the commandments of God. The commandment says: Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth; thou shalt not adore nor worship them." "Now," says my Protestant friend: "You Catholics believe that commandment, and we assert there is no slander, no calumny in this—you have only to go to the Catholic Church to be convinced of this. What do you find there?" he asks. "The image of Christ crucified and the statue of the Blessed Virgin and likeness of things that are in the Heavens above; therefore your images break the commandments of God." Well, I say to that reverend gentleman: My dear friend, will you allow me to come to your house?" "Yes," says my Protestant friend, "I am a liberal man, I will allow even an old Jesuit to come to my house." And I go to his house and I am introduced into his drawing-room or parlor; I look around and I see a painting hanging on the wall, and I say: "My dear, reverend sir, what is that painting there?" "That is the portrait of my mother," answers he. "I hope my mother is in Heaven; she was a very good woman, she was an excellent woman." Looking further round, I say: "There you have another painting; what is that?" He says: that is a portrait of my wife.

"And where is your wife?"

"She is upstairs in the nursery with the little one."

"And there you have another painting; what is that?"

"Well, sir," says he, "That is an oil-painting by one of the great masters."

"What does it represent?" I inquire.

"A Fish," says he.

"I establish: My dear man, what an awful breaker of GOD'S COMMANDMENTS

you are, and especially of the commandment in which He says: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor a likeness of anything that is in the heavens above"—and there you have the likeness of your mother, and you say she is in the heavens above. The commandment of God says: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image nor the likeness of anything that is in the earth beneath" and there you have the likeness of your wife, and you say she is in the earth beneath. The commandment of God says: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing nor the likeness of anything that is in the waters under the earth," and there you have that fish, and that is the likeness of a thing that is in the waters under the earth.

"Why, I declare," says he, "if you are an ignorant man, I have always understood that these priests were an ignorant set of people, and now I have an evidence of it before me. You say I break the commandment of God because I have a likeness of my mother there, and a likeness of my wife, and that poor fish hanging there, and do you say I break the commandment?" "No my friend, but will you be kind enough to inform me for what purpose do you have them?" "Oh," says he, "that likeness of my mother is so dear to me! When I look at the picture of my mother, I am reminded of all the good examples she set before me and all the good lessons and admonitions she has given me. When I see the portrait of my mother, it seems to me I hear her speak and tell me to be good and religious, and to read my Bible." My dear Protestant minister, that is precisely the purpose for which we make the likenesses. When a Catholic looks on,

THE IMAGE OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED,

at once he is reminded how much his Saviour has done for him, how much He has loved him, how much He has laid down His life and shed His blood to save him. When I look at the crucifix I feel my heart warm up with love for Jesus; and when I look at the picture of the Blessed Virgin, I say to myself: Oh, how pure she was, how holy! and she was a creature! I feel within myself a desire to emulate the virtues of which she has given me an example. And when I see the statues of St. Peter, of St. Paul, of St. Joseph, or any other of the saints of God, I say to myself: Well, those men were as I am; they had the same passions, they lived in the same wicked world in which I live, and yet they were all virtuous, they were pure, they were religious, sober, and upright, charitable and benevolent. I therefore can do the same thing, and I must endeavour to walk in their footsteps and imitate their example. This is the purpose for which statues and likenesses of the saints and of Christ are used, to excite within the soul a love for God, a love for charity towards my neighbor, and to excite the feelings of benevolence, sobriety, honesty and morality.

"Yes," says my Protestant friend, "but you Catholics go farther than this. I have seen something of the Catholics when they came into the church;

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND'S PARLIAMENTARY INDEPENDENCE.—The second lecture on the History of Ireland during its Parliamentary Independence has been delivered in the Museum Buildings, Trinity College, Dublin, by Mr. Barlowe, Professor of Modern History. There was a large attendance. Mr. Barlowe commenced by tracing the history of the Irish Parliament for some time prior to the Union. The insurrection which preceded the union was the result of the overflow into Ireland of the democratic movement on the Continent. The leaders of the United Irishmen were mostly Protestants, and their design was to effect a total separation of this country from Great Britain. It was speedily suppressed, and during the collapse which followed, Mr. Pitt succeeded in accomplishing his design by passing the Act of Union. Towards the close of the 17th century England was anxious for, but Ireland repugnant to a union of Legislatures and so strong was this repugnance in the Irish Parliament that Mr. Pitt and his Cabinet perfectly well knew that the projected amalgamation, could only be effected, after a desperate struggle and by the most unscrupulous means. The lecturer gave an account of the several debates in Parliament relating to the Union, and told some amusing incidents of the means resorted to procure votes. He could not decide whether the Unionist or the anti-Unionist were the more utterly corrupt, selfish, and unprincipled; but he believed the men in that wretched House of Commons who were solely guided in their votes by the welfare of their country, and not by a sordid or selfish interest, counted on a man's fingers; and to cast one's eye over the famous black list, to see what these wretches obtained in exchange for their votes, was enough to make one's mouth water (laughter). Professor Barlowe then referred to the character of some of the leading agents in urging forward the Union, especially Lords Castlereagh and Cornwallis, and the agitation that was carried on on the subject of the Union prior to the final debate on the 7th June, 1800, and then gave a graphic description of that debate. When the Speaker, Foster, was obliged to declare that the bill had passed, his lips seemed to decline their office, and with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice the fatal sentence "The Ayes have it." He for an instant stood statue-like, and then indignantly and with disgust flung the bill upon the table and fell into the chair with an exhausted spirit. With this scene virtually terminated the parliamentary history of Ireland. Mr. Barlowe discussed the question whether the Union was desirable, and then said he considered that a patriot would have voted for the Union, a perilous measure, but the only means available for avoiding incomparably greater evils. A union might have proved the salvation of Ireland if her Imperial patriots had been able to influence the Imperial Parliament. Had they at once repudiated every vestige of the penal laws—had they established perfect religious equality by refusing to recognise and endorse a special State Church—had they adopted the plan, once sectarian jealousies had softened down, of leaving the management of purely Irish questions in the hands of Irish members—we should long since have passed out of chronic antagonism to England; and he did not believe that an agitation for Home Rule would now be in existence. The Union was emphatically a Protestant Union, one based on Protestant ascendancy; and, instead of conceding emancipation at once they kept the Catholics waiting for it fully 29 years, and then they kept them nearly 40 years more before the final concession of complete religious equality. In a Catholic petition, about the time of the Union, it was stated that they acquiesced with satisfaction in the establishment of the National Church, and did not repine at its possessions or envy its dignities. With respect to the petitioners, he utterly disbelieved that assertion, because it was at variance with the fundamental principles of human nature. Let them imagine the conditions of the population of Ireland reversed, that the mass of the people were Protestant, and the Catholic religion established, and its hierarchy and priesthood richly endowed and enjoying prestige of State recognition, while the Protestant clergy—the Christian ministers of the vast majority of Irishmen were struggling with poverty and placed in a position of social inferiority. Let them imagine all that true, and how many Protestants could be found to declare themselves satisfied, and if they did how many would believe their declaration? Not one would think of maintaining that the average Catholic is not fully as warmly attached to the Church of Rome as the average Protestant to the Church of the Reformers.—He must, therefore, set down the persistence with which the Imperial Parliament maintained the existence of the late Established Church as one prominent cause of the rankling animosity of the Protestant and Catholic to the present day. It was true that the cause of animosity exist no more, but it is much easier to do mischief by evil legislation than to rectify it afterwards. The ill-feeling has been a long time gathering, and he feared a long time must elapse before it subsides. It is this ill-feeling which now keeps us, and so long as it lasts will continue to keep us, under the unsympathising rule of the British Parliament. While it remains the Parliament of 1873, like their ancestors of 1799, must hesitate to confide themselves to the uncontrolled sway of a freely elected House of Commons. No one but the Irish Church Missionary would think of imagining that the Legislature of Dublin would pass laws to direct persecution—or that a Roman Catholic member, in revenge for his grandfather having been obliged to ride a "screw" under five pounds in value, would bring in a bill providing that henceforth every Protestant should sit with his face to the horse's tail (laughter). But that the enormous clerical influence which is everywhere, and especially in Ireland, a leading feature in the constitution of the Church of Rome might not unduly overflow into the secular matters, was a ground for what appeared to him not unreasonable apprehension, and when they considered the violent antagonism to that Church which seems to be the normal condition of Irish Protestantism, he thought the prospect of tranquillity under such a regime must, at the present, be regarded as gloomy in the extreme. Could one look back on our national history as a course contributing to a union? Must we not rather agree to drink of the waters of Lethe before such hopes could be fulfilled? Still, it must be remembered that this obstacle to an independent government is entirely our own; and if conflicting creeds would exist no more we have the land in our own hands in *forum natura*. There is no reason why two men should quarrel, because one is a Protestant and the other is a Catholic; or why, in estimating their fitness for purely secular work, their religious views should be taken into consideration at all. Surely the historian of the future will adduce as a proof that in the nineteenth century men were still wrapped in mediæval gloom. The fact that appointments to the highest magistracies in Ireland have been made, not on the grounds of legal reputation, or of ability of the nominees, but because of this or that opinion about the most mysterious dogmas of theology. Lord Macaulay, writing before the Reform Act of 1832, asserts that—"In any general classification of constitutions the constitution of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst, perhaps as the worst, in Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill governed, and the reason is simply that they will not bear to be ill governed." He would conclude his lecture by just asking the question, and leaving it for their consideration—"Is there any insuperable reason why we could not say the same of the Irish" (loud applause).

which it is subjecting the Catholic religion in its own country which renders Gorman officialism so very ready to take umbrage at the rise of a Catholic Government in France. It has promulgated the four ecclesiastical laws, and temporarily seized the Germania for publishing the Bishop's protest against them; and Prince Bismarck, in a speech in which he showed signs of unusual excitement, addressed the Irish Catholics as an example justifying exceptional repression of Catholics everywhere. "The report on Irish relations," said the Chancellor, "contains the following:—Although the Ultramontanes do not exactly preach insurrection, yet their demeanor is injurious to the welfare of the land. The leaders know very well that an open raising of the standard would lead to no result, except a complete defeat of the insurrectionary and Ultramontane party. A reconciliation and pacification of the people suits their plans even less than open insurrection. The organs of the Ultramontanes stir the fire, and excite to animosity against the Protestant part of the people." This is about as true as that the Catholics in Germany were conspirators against the new Empire—the pretext on which the present persecution was set on foot; and the idea of Cardinal Cullen—who we suppose would be called the leader of the Irish Ultramontanes—being "insurrectionary" and revolutionary at heart, is especially ludicrous. The Spectator suggests that somebody should ask Lord Enfield whether this is extracted from the despatch of any British diplomatist. We should rather take it for the report of a German agent in this country charged to get up a case in support of the exceptional legislative legislation against Catholics.—*Tablet*.

TIPPERARY PRIESTS AND HOME RULE.—The Rev. J. Ryan, P.P. New Inn, writes as follows to the Freeman.—At a conference of the dioceses of Cashel and Emly, held in Tipperary, one of the priests said it would be well to establish branches of the Home Rule Association through the diocese, whereupon the Very Rev. and most respectable and respected President stated that it was well known that no one had the slightest chance of being returned for any borough or county in the south of Ireland at the next election but a Home Ruler. At the conference dinner there are always two charter toasts, one the Bishop for the time being, whoever he may be; and the other the priests of the diocese. This day the patriotic and talented Rev. Vice-Chairman, in giving the toasts of the "Priests," coupled it with the sentiment, "Home Rule," and it was most enthusiastically cheered. The priests of the south, I am informed, will soon speak out in favor of Home Rule in a style as decided as the priests of the west.

O'KEEFE VERSES CULLEN.—[We are indebted to our excellent contemporary, the Catholic Review for the following facts, and incidents regarding the late trial of the above celebrated case.] The *Flanzer* of the Dublin Nation relates the following interesting incidents. The city is deluged with "the O'Keefe case." The evidence given by his Eminence Cardinal Cullen has been reported at enormous length in most of the daily papers, and has set all Dublin gossiping. The opinion previously very generally entertained, that the Cardinal was a man of immense ability, and of most profound learning in Church history and theology, only partially prepared people for the effect which his whole demeanor and evidence in the court have produced. Giving his testimony with great dignity and calmness, without effort or display, indeed, with great simplicity and directness, he has held bench, and bar, and jurors, and auditors in wrapt attention for three or four days. I am not allowed even to indicate how his evidence is supposed to have affected the case on trial, but this I am free to state, as a matter of public gossip in "the hall" and throughout the city, and when the Cardinal left the table there was not a man in court, except perhaps the unhappy "plaintiff" who did not, interiorly or exteriorly, pay this "Prince of the Roman Church," all "Papists" as he was, the homage of sincere respect and reverence. By the way, the acute readiness of answer and the quiet humor—placid but keen—of the Cardinal, quite unhorsed the ermine chief, time-and-again. The Cardinal "had him" fairly about "contempt of court." His eminence was stating that, as a matter of canonical procedure, a Bishop might, on the spot, without need of any formal trial by plea and evidence, pass sentence on an offender who cast contempt, defiance, or obstruction on the exercise of the episcopal duties. "What!" exclaimed Whiteside—whose acting in all this is *imitabile*, and whose *role* in the present case seems to be, *à la fac-faw* sum, to be "down on" Papal authority, and to show off how tyrannical and despotic it is compared with "natural justice," or with, better still, angelic justice, otherwise "our glorious British Constitution!" "What! Do you mean that anyone should, on the spot, judge and sentence another without affording him a trial for an offence alleged to have been committed then and there against the judging party himself?" [At this point you are to imagine, if you can, the eyebrows of "the Court" elevated and expanded to about the dimensions of Essex-bridge central arch.] "Oh, yes, my lord," replied the Cardinal drily (and with a waggish twinkle of the eye, as he fixed it on the face of his unlucky questioner) "Oh, yes, my lord—contempt of court, you know!"

THE KNIGHTHOOD CONFERRED ON MR. DUFFY.—At a banquet and ball given in Melbourne, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was called on to speak, and in the course of his address he thus explained his elevation to the knighthood of the United Kingdom:—"The latest news is that, like a young lady who has become a bride, I have been changing my name; and as this news, unlike the rest, is not a fiction, I owe it to friends whom I see here to tell them something of that metamorphosis. I ceased to be Chief Secretary in June last and in October I received a letter from Lord Canterbury, informing me that the Secretary of State for the Colonies had instructed him to ascertain whether a companionship of the Order of St. Michael and Geo. would be acceptable to me? Let me say with respect to Lord Canterbury that in all our political or social intercourse he treated me with a constant courtesy, frankness, and consideration for which I must always remain his debtor. But he had refused to dissolve Parliament when I considered I had a constitutional right to claim its dissolution, and as this distinction was offered me as soon as the papers connected with that transaction could have been laid before the Secretary of State, I concluded that it was possible, and even probable, that Lord Kimberly meant to intimate that he did not think I had received the support I was entitled to from the representative of the Crown on that occasion. Nevertheless, though that conviction was very gratifying to me, I respectfully declined the proffered honor. Shortly afterwards Lord Canterbury did me the favour to address another letter to me, asking whether I would accept a knighthood? Upon that question there was the very strongest feeling among two sections of my friends. My own countrymen were of opinion that, having been among the first men of my race and creed who had won that distinction in any British community since the Revolution, I was bound to accept this permanent testimony that I had performed the duties I undertook with integrity and discretion. And some English and Scotch friends to whom I owed constant and steadfast support in public life urged that if I declined it the very persons who were bursting with spite and disappointment that the honor had been proffered to me would misrepresent my refusal, and use it to provoke and if possible to alienate my English and Scotch friends. I accepted, and I have since received letters of congratulation from every section of this community and I am not sure whether I felt more satisfaction at the congratulations of representative men among the Protestant democracy, who gave me such generous

support when I was last in office, or the congratulations of Irishmen who would have renounced and repudiated me if I had accepted any distinction on the terms of forgetting my allegiance to my native country. I may remind you that when the present Mr. Fellows levelled a vote of want of confidence against the Government, I told him that I would not desert the fortunes of my native country for anything that Parliament or the sovereign could bestow."

THE COERCION CODE.—A Government may oppose a Nation; but the conduct of its own offspring alone can degrade it. The English Government has ordered that the Coercion Code shall rule in Ireland, as a sequel to the Penal Code. That being relaxed, another takes its place; the country cannot be left with a free constitution. This seems a fixed policy with the English Government. Perennial suspension of the Act of Habeas Corpus preceded the codification of the new social penal code; when that codification of pains and penalties was accomplished, its establishments a peculiar institution appears to have been decided upon. Who imagines that, if ministers and circumstances remain the same, the Coercion Code will be allowed to cease and determine on the expiry of the coming two years? His weak and thoughtless who indulges in that fond and delusive dream. One moment's reflection must persuade all men of sense that it would be wholly beyond human power for the Irish people to present at the end of two years a better claim for the cessation of the Coercion Code than they have now presented. The country is and has been perfectly peaceful, and by the unanimous confession of all officials, freedom from social and agrarian offences is the general rule over the whole land. How can it be expected that a more favorable picture could be offered, after another two years shall have elapsed? It will be impossible for the future to surpass the present. If, therefore, the Coercion Code is enacted now, because it suits the English rulers to say that there is an invisible venom lurking in the land, there is no cause for believing they would willingly let it expire at the end of two years. Alleging the existence of a latent venom, invisible to all eyes but their own, they may say to the Coercion Code *esto perpetua!* But if a government pass oppressive laws, the odium of these fall upon it. When, on the other hand, the conduct of its sons tends to degrade a Nation, the shame and disgrace fall not on them alone, but upon the whole people of the land. It is thus that the very name of Ireland has been brought low, and a cloud of dark dishonor hung, like a funeral pall, over the once honored Irish Nation. The overwhelming majority of those persons—whom Irishmen are said to have chosen to represent them, and to guard their freedom and interests in the London Parliament—have stood up among the strangers and told them that Irishmen are wretches unfit for freedom—savages—deserving only fetters—barbarous criminals whose houses should be laid open to police searches by day and by night, and whose persons should be made liable to arrest and imprisonment for years without benefit of judge or jury! This and nothing else is the plain and candid meaning of the conduct of the Coercion Members. If they were, indeed, Irish Representatives, then would the cause of Ireland have perished. Then would her saints have prayed in vain. Then would her patriots have striven in vain. Then, in vain, would her martyrs have died. Their blood would be on her head, and she would be a hopeless and ungrateful slave, fit only to grovel in the dust at the feet of her masters, and meriting all the chains, contumely, and contempt, that can be flung upon her. If those men were, of a truth her Representatives, before abandoning our work, we would bid all who hoped for Ireland to despair,—all who labored in her cause to desist,—nor waste their hearts away in thankless efforts, to revive a corrupting corpse. It should tempt the sepulchre no longer taint the air. But they are Rurcians, not Representatives. No two things can more widely diverge than their conduct and the sentiments of the Irish people. By their action they have, it is true, challenged proof that they are repudiated; by their deeds, they have flung down the gauntlet to the Irish Nation, and defied it to declare that it is not as degraded as they have branded it, before the world. We accept the challenge in the name of the Irish Nation, and we pledge ourselves, that the People of Ireland will chastise them as calumniators, or submit in silence to be scorned as lawless, savage and cowardly barbarians, undeserving of respect, unfit for liberty.—*Dublin Irishman*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, KENSINGTON, LONDON.—On Sunday, being the feast of Pentecost, there was Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop of Ayr, Auxiliary of Westminster, his Grace the Archbishop assisting pontifically. There was a large congregation, many of whom were non-Catholic. The Archbishop ascended the pulpit vested in cope and mitre, and holding his jewelled crozier, attended by deacon and sub-deacon. His Grace's text was taken from Acts ii. 3, "And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The disciples had waited fifty days for the realization of all those things which Christ had promised them as the consequences of the coming of the Holy Spirit, the Paraclete, by whom they were to be led into all truth, and were to enjoy His presence instead of that which had been taken from them, and would be enabled to work miracles, to heal the sick, to cast out demons, and to raise the dead. At the appointed time all these promises were fulfilled, and the first sign of their fulfilment was the appearance of the parted tongues; which, like a lambent flame, harmless and resplendent, sat upon each one of them, and was the simple token that they were filled with the Holy Ghost. The immediate effect was that the Apostles were able to speak in other tongues, in languages utterly unknown before to themselves, and were able to preach in those languages the wonderful works of God to the devout men from every nation then dwellers at Jerusalem. This is the mystery of Whit-Sunday, the fulfilment of the promise of the Holy Spirit. Those who believe it and realise it in all its consequences are in the light of the faith, those who disbelieve it and reject it are in the outer darkness of the world. In what does the presence of the Holy Ghost consist? The sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, was not the Divine spirit; it was but the announcement of His approach. The fire was a symbol of power and of light; but the presence of the Holy Ghost was most shown in the supernatural knowledge that was poured into the hearts of the disciples. Then they understood all the teaching of Jesus and all the mysteries of His incarnation and life on earth, His miracles and parables, His passion and death, His resurrection from the tomb, and His glorious ascension into heaven. By the coming of the Holy Ghost they were filled with the whole revelation of God, they were filled with the love of God, and were of one mind with one another, because of one mind and one will with Him. Like as the bar of iron when heated red-hot is pervaded and saturated by the fire; so they were pervaded by the Spirit of God, which alone can so pervade the human soul; even our guardian angel can only gaze upon us from without, the Spirit of God acts upon us from within. Individually does the Holy Spirit enlighten the soul, because God loves every several soul with an individual and discriminating love, and no soul is without the grace needed for its salvation; and no soul is lost but by its own fault; but at Pentecost the Holy Ghost came upon the disciples individually indeed, but also collectively were they all filled with the Spirit. "They were all together in one place, and by the Pentecostal gifts they

were all knit together in one body; corporately united, in such wise, that a line of demarcation was drawn between them and the world.—There was no fragmentary faith held by men disunited with each other; the disciples were now so knit together as to constitute one organic whole; so that they should now form one Church, even as there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." This is the two-fold office of the Holy Ghost: the one as Lord, and the other as Giver of Life; the Life-giver of the Church; the latter He assumed to Himself as a new office to-day. It was this new office of the Holy Ghost that was so forgotten or ignored at that outbreak of human pride misnamed the Reformation. That event was not a protest against error, but a rebellion against the voice of God teaching in His Church. It was a rupture with Church authority, that link by which so many precious things were connected together, just as when the string on which jewels were strung is broken, they are scattered and lost. It was only by God's mercy that it did not destroy more—that it did not sweep away every vestige of faith, and abolish for ever all Christian belief. There was just as much reason why men should reject the Divinity of Our Lord and His atonement, or the inspiration of the Bible, as that they should reject any of those doctrines which they did reject in the 16th century. As it was, new there a greater scourge poured out upon the world. Returning to the more immediate subject of the day, the Archbishop said that the mystery of Whit-Sunday consists of the personal coming of God the Holy Ghost, just as the Incarnation consisted in the personal coming of God the Son in human nature. Both had come into the world before, but now they both came in a new way and for a new work. As St. Augustine says: Pentecost was *Dies natalis Spiritus Sancti*. Therefore, it is that Christians who only believe as much about the Holy Ghost as is written in the Old Testament, believe but half of what is revealed about Him. As the Incarnation was brought about by the free Grace of God and His great love for men without any merit on our part, so did the personal coming of the Holy Spirit proceed wholly from the Word Incarnate. The Holy Ghost was not given during the lifetime of Christ on earth, because Christ was not yet glorified, His work not yet perfected. He said, "I will send the Paraclete." The Divine Son was sent by the Father; the Holy Ghost was sent by the Father and the Son. The Son came to manifest the Father; the Holy Ghost came to manifest the Father and Son. After developing more fully, with great depth of learning, these sublime points of faith, His Grace went on to remark that the gift of tongues given to the Church, but now the same gift is given to her in the natural order; for does she not preach the Gospel in all languages? Is there a nation or a people on earth amongst whom she does not proclaim the works of God; and everywhere do her preachers enunciate the same truths, everywhere do they articulate the same doctrines, without varying a little from those defined by the Nineteen General Councils. Such marvellous identity in doctrine, such unity of teaching, and such universality can only be characteristic of the true Church of Christ. She alone possesses these qualities of imperishableness of infallibility and indefectibility. She is still as ever the guardian of that Faith which was the mystery of Pentecost. After Compluing the Rev. Father Humphreys preached to a crowded congregation, taking for his text the Chap. ii. and Verse 4 of the "Acts of the Apostles."

YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.—On Sunday evening, May 26th at S. John of Jerusalem, Great Ormond-street, London, the Rev. Father Christie, S.J., continued his course of lectures on history; the subject was "Charlemagne." Father Christie showed that the distinctive feature of interest about Charlemagne was that he regarded himself as the hereditary Champion of the Church of S. Peter and the maintainer of its rights. The particular title by which Charlemagne was distinguished as Champion of the Church was "Patrician." He was "the Patrician of the Church of Peter." The meaning of this word Patrician was explained by the fact Constantine was the first to introduce nobility into Rome, and the most illustrious of them were called Patricians and were especially devoted to the guardianship of the Emperor's person and interests; hence the name came to be borne by the protectors of the Church. In his last will and testament Charlemagne lays the injunction on his three sons, to whom he bequeaths his mighty Empire in three several shares—"that they should unite in maintaining the care and defence of the Church of S. Peter, even as heretofore it was maintained by our grandfather Charles (Martel) and by our father Pepin, King of blessed memory, and by myself—that with God's help they may vigorously defend the Church from its enemies and secure to it its due rights—*justitiam*." The rev. father gave an account of all the Gothic, Vandalic, and Hunnish Chieftains who invaded Italy down to the time of the rise of the Franks, and their migration across the Rhine into the plains of Gaul. The Franks never entered Italy as enemies, but they acted as a breakwater to keep back the barbarian wave that was behind them; they were never enemies to Christianity.—Their King, Clovis, embraced the true faith soon after the subversion of the Western Empire. They were always on the right side, always the unflinching opponents of Paganism, Arianism, and Mahometanism; "Clovis in the name of God" broke the might of the "heathenness." A Frankish Princess Ingondia, married Hermenegild, "the Martyr of Spain," and became in that country the promotress of the Catholic Faith against Arianism. The Princess Theodelind was mainly the cause of the establishment of Catholicity in Bavaria. The same Frankish Princess also protected the Faith in Lombardy, when she named Agilulf as her second husband; and a Frankish Princess, Bertha, was the wife of the English King Ethelbert, when Augustine and his missionaries came from Gregory the Great to the Kingdom of Kent. The Franks were also the honored instruments in the hands of God to check the progress of the Saracens and the Mahometan apostasy, Charles Martel beat the Mussulmans back at Poitiers, and when the See of Peter was threatened by Desiderius the Lombard, the aid of the Franks was called in, and the "Mayors of the Palace," now Kings of the Franks, were invested by the Successor of S. Peter with the Patriate of the Roman Church. How Charlemagne carried on this work and discharged that duty to the extension of the Christian Church and the glory of God was shown in the sequel of the Lecture; and lastly, how he was prominent as a Statesman and as a warrior, and extended his dominions over the greater part of what is now called Europe, and studied the happiness of his subjects by governing them in strict conformity with the precepts and mind of the Church.

At the eighth annual meeting of the Canterbury (Anglican) Diocesan Church Building and Endowment Society which was held last week, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the course of his speech, said he knew that the "disestablished Roman Catholic Church amongst us seems to possess, I am sorry to say, a very large degree of social influence—that many of those who represent it, without the slightest assistance from the state, or from any legislation as to establishment, stand as high socially as any man who could be found in any Established Church." PRISON CHAPLAINS.—A Parliamentary paper has been issued, from which it appears that last year in 116 prisons in England and Wales there were 147,746 prisoners. The number of salaried ministers was 133, of whom 118 were Anglican and 15 Catholic. There were besides in various prisons unsalaried ministers. Of the number of prisoners, 56,697 were members of the Church of England, 38,581 Catholics, 10,648 Protestant Dissenters, 9 Greeks,

256 Jews, 57 other persuasions, 279 "no religion," and 219 "not ascertained."

"REASON IN WOMAN"—Young Wife: "George, dear, I've had a talk with the servants this morning and I've agreed to raise their wages. They said everything was so dear now—meat was so high, and coals had risen to such a price, and everything—I thought this was reasonable, because I've often heard you complain of the same thing."—*Punch*.

The Statue of Lord Derby was unveiled on Tuesday, at Preston, when an eulogium on the public and private virtues of the deceased statesman was delivered by his friend Colonel Wilson Patten. On the same day a statue of Sir R. Peel commenced twenty years ago, was unveiled by Lord Houghton, at Huddersfield.

UNITED STATES.

FATHER TOM BURKE.—The splendid lectures, and great sermons of this wise priest and grand Irish genius should be in every Catholic Irish household. The lectures, especially, should be possessed by every Irish father, and by him, placed in the hands of his children, as the best, and most attractive compendium of history that has ever attempted to record the virtues and the sufferings of their ancestors. In them his extensive secular knowledge, his keen wit, his crushing logic, and his wonderful power of language are strikingly exemplified; but in his sermons, only, is the vast power of his great original mind brought fully out, and himself placed before the world as one of the greatest of living orators.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Father Burke. His name is deeply written on the hearts of his countrymen, and he well deserves that it should be there. Wherever he appeared he won their applause, but to do so he neither indulged in empty declamation, nor stooped to flatter prejudice, and unfeeling passion by giving unpractical advice, and encouraging secret revolutionary movements which, in the present state of the world, could only bring destruction, social and religious on those who would engage in them. He did not point to France where the advance guard of so-called patriotism is the hell-born Commune, nor, instance Spain, where the most ardent republicans are not ashamed to inscribe on their sabbath banners "War on society, war on the family, war on God," as examples to be followed by his Catholic compatriots. He did not descend to please the fancy of those unfortunate few of his countrymen, in whose hearts what they believe love of country, has smothered the love of religion, by taking a fling at the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. When he spoke of the great Prelate, who, not only by his late magnificent defense of his Church in the Dublin Courts, but at the late Council of the Vatican, where among the assembled learning and wisdom of Christendom he shone the brightest genius proved himself in honor to his race, it was to speak of him as a great Bishop and a truly sincere Irishman. Neither did he counsel his countrymen in this free land, where they are and should be American citizens, to enrol themselves in secret societies, and thus deprive themselves of the benefit of the Sacraments, and disobey the Bishop "whom the Holy Ghost has placed to rule the Church of God." But we regret to say that we have lately heard an Irish orator, and one with the priestly character too, whose conscience did not forbid him to do otherwise. We hope that Irishmen will never forget the land of their birth. We hope their children will always remember the race from which they sprung. We hope that grand old martyred country, Ireland, will yet be free, but we fervently pray to God that it may remain for another weary week of centuries in bondage even of haughty England, rather than witness for a day the horrors of the French Commune, or the blasphemous of the advanced Spanish patriots. We know that Ireland has always a *causa belli* with England, but war, however provoked, is never justifiable, provided there be not a reasonable hope of success, and a moral certainty that the religious and social conditions of the people will be bettered, as well as their national honor vindicated, should victory bless their arms. We are willing that churches should be built in Ireland; we further delight to find our countrymen assisting in that good work, but we are not willing that for the building of a material edifice in Ireland, the Spiritual edifice should suffer in America. We therefore denounce any Irish priest, or Catholic layman who would before a public audience speak disrespectfully of the Spiritual head of the Catholic Church in Ireland. We denounce before the Catholic public any priest, or Catholic layman who would encourage forbidden secret societies, glorify revolution in the present state of European affairs, or indirectly counsel disobedience to the Spiritual Chiefs of the American Church. Against such we warn the Catholic Irish of America, but yet we say from our inmost soul, "God save Ireland!"—*Celtic Index*.

RELIGION AND MASONRY.—A Masonic trial occurred at Washington, Ill., the subject of which on the part of the prosecution, was to test whether an infidel could properly be a Mason. Dr. Nichols, a prominent free-thinker of the place, was the accused. He was charged with un-Masonic conduct, "in disbelieving the Scriptures of God." The specifications were, briefly, that he had spoken of the Bible, as "a make-up of unreasoned, incredible stories;" that he had avowed "unbelief in God and the Bible," and was "industriously engaged in the promulgation of infidel sentiment as taught by Voltaire, Thos. Paine and B. F. Underwood." The specifications were admitted by the accused; but the charge of "un-Masonic conduct" was strictly contested on the ground that Masonry does not require belief in the Jewish or Christian Scriptures, or the immortality of the soul, as qualifications for membership, and does not, and has no right to ask a member whether he believes in the God of the Bible, or of the Shasta, of the Zenda Vesta or the Koran; whether his views regarding the unknowerable correspond with Moses, or Paine, or Fichte, or Paley, or Herbert Spencer, whether his religion is Judaism or Christianity, Buddhism or Balaism, Theism or Pantheism. B. F. Underwood, the infidel lecturer, conducted the defence. After a lengthy trial, a vote of the Lodge was taken, and the accused was pronounced "not guilty" of the charge. As this was considered a test case, those who look upon Masonry as a Christian institution, rather regard the decision, while Masons of free-thinking proclivities regard it as a favorable "sign of the times."—*Alta California* of July 24, 1872.

The above is a faithful copy of an article which appeared in the *Alta* of the above date. It is an important document worth preserving, at least till the Freemasons prove the contrary.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

The eighteenth annual Convention of the German Catholic Benevolent Association of the United States finished its labors in Detroit on the 4th ult., and adjourned. The following despatch was received by Bishop Borges:—

ROME, June 4.—2 P.M.
The Pope returns thanks for your congratulations, and sends benediction to all delegates of the Convention there assembled.

(Signed) ANTONELLI.
A new political movement has been inaugurated in Louisiana, by the Whites and Blacks, on a basis of mutual co-operation. A series of resolutions have been adopted by both parties with a view to future harmony and good will.

No official dispatches have been received at the War Department with reference to the Court of Military Commission to be convened for the trial of Capt. Jack and his band. General Sherman is of the opinion that General Davis will order the commission, and that a portion of the troops will be removed to Fort Klamath, in Oregon, to remain at the post until the trial is over.

The cholera is reported on the lower Mississippi.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1873.
ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
JULY—1873.
Friday, 4—St. Juliana, V. (June 10.)
Saturday, 5—Of the Octave.
Sunday, 6—Fifth after Pentecost. Precious Blood.
Monday, 7—Of the Feria.
Tuesday, 8—St. Elizabeth, W.
Wednesday, 9—SS. Zenon and Comp., MM.
Thursday, 10—The Seven Brothers, MM.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Piedmontese invaders of Rome and despoilers of the Holy See seem to be in a very unpleasant position. Government is impossible with them; no sooner is one Ministry formed than it is compelled to resign, and the political crisis of to-day is surmounted, only to be succeeded by the crisis of to-morrow. Upon M. Minghetti has now devolved the task of forming a Cabinet for the robber-king, but that any permanent success will be attained is by means likely.

The Carlists are very enthusiastic over their late victories, whose importance even the radical press is compelled to admit. The Cortez, or meeting of revolutionists at Madrid are in labor of a Constitution, but have as yet brought forth nothing. Whether its miserable abortion will ever make any appearance is doubtful. The lies of the Liberal press against the Carlist troops are effectually disposed of by a letter in the London Times, under the signature of *The Editor of the Westminster Gazette*, in which the writer gives, fortified by official documents, the true account of the reported massacre at Irun by Carlist soldiers under the orders of a priest. The following are the real facts of the case:—

"The simple facts of the case, which I am enabled on good authority to state, are as follows:—The Carlists occupied the heights commanding the fortified toll-house at Enderlaza Bridge, in the neighborhood of Irun, and, by skilful manœuvring and the position of their guns, effectually prevented the garrison of Irun, numbering upwards of 200 men, from coming to the relief of the Republicans stationed at the bridge.
"Under such threatening circumstances, the garrison, in token of surrender, hoisted the white flag. The Carlists on this signal, instead of destroying the toll-house with their artillery, descended from the heights to take possession of the bridge. No sooner, however, had the Carlists come within shot-reach, than in defiance of the laws of war, a volley was fired upon them from the shelter of the fortified toll-house by the Republican Carbineers. Such an act of base and cold-blooded treachery met with condign punishment; the detachment, consisting of an officer and 24 men, were put to the sword, or perished in their attempt at escape."

The same writer also sends to the *Times* copies of letters from Don Carlos to General Dorregaray, forbidding the exercise of reprisals upon prisoners made of the revolutionary soldiers; and ordering the release of the officers upon parole. This too in spite of the cruelty which the revolutionary troops invariably display towards the Carlist wounded who fall into their hands. What manner of men these soldiers of the Liberal party are, may be gathered from the account given of them by the correspondent of the *London Times* under date 7th ult., he is giving an account of the skirmish at San Marcial:—

"It was to this venerated spot that the 150 or 200 Volunteers of Liberty came to exterminate the enemy, who only occupied it long enough to prevent any aid from being sent to Enderlaza. The Volunteers were enraged that the Carlists had left the place, their object being attained. Why the Volunteers did not pursue and avenge those who were killed is not clearly explained. There is no doubt, however, about what they did when they reached the plateau. They broke in the door of the little sanctuary, rang the bell to announce their victory to the people on both banks of the river, considerably damaged the interior of the chapel, and, with the utmost courage, attacked the wooden image of the patron Saint, dragged him down from his little pedestal, and burnt him in front of the chapel. He made no resistance, and, this gallant deed done, they retired."

THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE" ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—The *Gazette* of Friday, the 13th June, in reply to a communication from a Rev. Mr. Cramp of New Brunswick, has an article on the vexed question of State-Schoolism, the substance of which we have much pleasure in laying before our readers. The principles laid down, and contended for by our Protestant contemporary are the same as those which have, both in Canada and in the United States, long been insisted upon by

the Catholic clergy and the Catholic press, as the only true principles to be applied in dealing with the much vexed question of State Education in a community non-homogeneous in the matter of religion.

Above all do we congratulate ourselves that the *Gazette* recognises the great and important fact upon which we have for many years insisted, that, primarily, the School question is a question betwixt, not the "State and the Church," but betwixt the "State and the Family." The School question is, as we have put it; and as alone the State can deal with it, a Parent's question not a Priest's question. In it is involved the question—"To whom does the child in the first instance belong? To the State or to the Family? to the Civil Magistrate, or to its father and mother?"—supposing always of course that the last named have not by their misconduct, or negligence forfeited any of their natural rights over the children by them begotten and brought into the world. This *au fond* is the School question; a domestic not an ecclesiastical question.

The Communists insist, and this with them is a fundamental principle, that neither the Family nor the Individual has, or can have, rights of any kind as against the State: that private property is theft; that children belong not to Family or father or mother, but to the Community. They therefore insist and considering their principle, insist logically, that the State has the right to determine, how, and by whom all its children shall be educated.

A certain section of the Protestant world also though Individualists and Communists in all else, from their hatred to Catholics which disguise it, and deny it as they will, underlies and prompts all their proceedings in respect to Education, adopt Communistic conclusions, though repudiating Communistic principles, and insist that the child belongs, not to the Family, but to the State, and that the authority of the latter in matters of Education is therefore paramount. Upon this they illogically because Individualists base their advocacy of the Communistic conclusion to "State-Schoolism" which conclusion is logical only when deduced from Communistic principles.

Thus to any one not a dunce it is evident that in the School Question are involved all the issues betwixt "Communism" and "Individualism," the two great contending forces in Society. The Catholic of course sides with the Family as against the State, and he insists that as it is his duty as towards God to educate the children God has given him, so it is right as against the State to educate them as he, the Catholic father who begot them, sees fit and not as a *sub-prefect* of a department, or petty Superintendent of Education may please to direct. So reasonable are the Catholic parent's demands, so unanswerable upon Christian principles are his arguments that there would never have been any dispute upon the matter, but for the proselytising zeal of a certain section of the Protestant world, and the hatred of Catholicity so prevalent amongst Liberals. Carry out in short the Liberal principle that the child belongs to the Community rather than to the Family, and we see not how the conclusion to community in women can be logically avoided. If the Child belongs to the State assuredly so does the Mother of that child.

The *Gazette* first of all our Protestant contemporaries, seems to have attained a glimpse of this plain truth, that *Common Schools* can only logically be defended upon Communistic principles, principles which if logically carried out would lead not only to the Common system in Education, but Communism in Property, Women, and every thing else. The *Gazette*, we say, sees that State-Schoolism is an outrage upon parental rights, and that it is in the name of the Family, not in that of the Church, that we Catholics oppose it, as the most insidious, and at the same time dangerous attack upon liberty that the Devil—the first Liberal upon record, and therefore the oldest of despots—has as yet invented for oppressing and degrading the human soul. We make some extracts from our contemporary's article:—

"The whole question of public education is, after all, an interference with the rights of parents."
True undoubtedly, in so far as New Brunswick and the United States are concerned, and every where else, if by "public education" is to be understood a Common School system. The *Gazette* adds, but here we differ with him, that this interference is justified by the interests of the State; but even here our contemporary adds that it "must be exercised in such a way as not to do violence to religious convictions. The *Gazette* also puts very strongly the argument we have often used, that the Voluntary Principle if good for religion must be good for education, that if the Church may safely be entrusted to its operation—so may the School. The *Gazette's* rejoinder to Mr. Cramp is unanswerable:—
"Mr. Cramp, we believe, is a voluntary of the extreme school. He would denounce in unmeasured terms any attempt to sustain any form of religion by general contributions from the State."
And the *Gazette* thus applies his argument:

"And it is because of that that he objects to all legislative grants for separate schools, because it is the employment of the public money for the support of religious institutions. What he and a great many who think with him fail to see, is, that the absence of religious instruction in the common school may be as much a violation of religious conviction as the presence of any form of religious instruction. There are those who hold, and it is a strong article amongst our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, that religion and education must go absolutely hand in hand; that all school books must be pervaded by dogmatic religious instruction, and that books which are not so pervaded are injurious to the religious welfare of the young who are instructed by them. They hold that the tendency of the common school system is to withdraw the youth of the country from the Roman Catholic Church and from their stand point they have a right to complain that public money is used for such a system. The late Archbishop Hughes of New York, in one of his pastorals, stated that there were at that time in the United States two millions less Roman Catholics than there should be by the ordinary increase of population, and he declared that that steady withdrawal from the church was due to the common school system. As Protestants we may regard this as one of its best features. It may be to us a matter for rejoicing that the tendency of our common schools is to make Protestants of the youth who are instructed in them; but we have no right to take Catholic money, and for that matter public money either, to accomplish such an object, without offering to those who differ from us the opportunity to establish schools of their own with their own money. Our common schools are emphatically Protestant schools, both in Ontario and New Brunswick, that is, Protestant in the opinion of those who hold as a matter of religious conviction that dogmatic religious instruction must be a part of common school education. It is quite true that children may be taught arithmetic and ordinary reading and writing without in any way trenching on their religious views, but the moment the domain of history is touched, such teaching becomes practically impossible. Let any man read Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation' and D'Aubigne's 'History of the Reformation,' the one a Catholic and the other a Protestant account of it, and he will find it exceedingly difficult to imagine that they were the same events that were being discussed by the two authors. Dr. Cheever in his 'Right of the Bible in the Common Schools' has established beyond dispute that nearly all our common school books have a strong religious bent in them, and he urges that the bible might be read as a class book by all the children with less danger to their particular religious faith than these school books themselves. It is this broad distinction that must be considered in any common school law, and it is the failure to consider it which is the grievance of which the Catholics of New Brunswick to-day complain. We are glad to find that men like the Rev. Mr. Cramp can realise the justice of this complaint to the extent to which he seems to realise it by the admissions of his former letter; and we sincerely hope that further consideration will induce him, as well as others who think with him, to go one step further and adopt a plan by which the Roman Catholics may not only be relieved from local taxation for the common schools, but have their share, based upon the educational work they are doing, of any Government grant that may be made for school purposes as well.
This is very well put by the *Gazette*, and were the School Question a question that could be settled by argument, would be conclusive. It is in short from men of Mr. Cramp's standing that we take our arguments against State-Schoolism—making no change in those arguments but that of the word "School" for "Church," and that of "Education" for "Religion." We do not insist upon the application of the Voluntary Principle to either School or Church; but if we have no choice except betwixt Common Schools or Voluntaryism in Education, then never will we cease to contend for the total, absolute separation of School and State. All that we ask is "Freedom of Education;" Freedom of Education for ourselves, that is to say absolute liberty to educate our children as we please, without being called upon directly or indirectly to pay for the education of any other person's children. It is the duty, we contend, of the father who begets the child and not of any one else to feed it, to clothe it, and to educate it; and if it be argued that there are fathers so poor as to be unable to do this, we reply that this affords at best a premise whereon to base an argument *not* for *Common Schools*, but for *Pauper Schools*.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT VILLA MARIA.—The annual distribution of prizes, crowns, and gold medals, came off with the usual *clat* at the convent of Villa Maria, Monklands, on Thursday, the 26th ult. Not only was a large portion of the *elite* of Montreal society there, but there were also many distinguished visitors from different parts of the Union, who had come to claim daughters or sisters, residents for a time in Villa Maria's peaceful shades. The *coup d'œil* presented by the interior of the "Grand Hall"—festooned with wreaths of leaves and flowers, and other decorations—was charming in the extreme. Tier upon tier were ranged rows of fair young girls robed in white, embracing all ages, from the tiny prattler—who must but a short while previous have been learning to lisp her prayers at a mother's knee—to the young girl just entering on womanhood. The graduates distinguished from their fellow-pupils by their broad, rose-colored scarfs, sat in a semi-circle in front of the stage; and won many an admiring glance by their graceful modesty of look and demeanor. The opening piece, *Ouverture to Les Diamants de la Couronne* brilliantly arranged for piano, harp and guitar, was ably performed by the following young ladies: *Pianos*:—the Misses Grant, Scott, M. Quin, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, C. Pouliot, K. Keegan, T. Papineau. *Harp*s:—the Misses Malin, Mullarky, Jodein. *Guitars*:—the Misses Holton, Lamontagne and Hudon. The Last Rose of Summer, sung with great sweetness by Miss Moore, followed. Miss Grant, ex-Graduate, was then presented with a *golden Lyre*, prize of musical excellence.

A gold medal was also awarded to Miss Beaudry for proficiency in the science of house-keeping. Next came the distribution of nobly won medals and honors among the graduates. The names of these latter were as follows:—The Misses de Salaberry, Beaudry, May Riley, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, V. Prudhomme, M. O'Brien, M. Egan, *Montreal*; Scott, *Ottawa*; Pouliot, *L'Islet*; Peltier, *Quebec*; Moore *Watertown*; J. Keegan, K. Keegan, A. Riley, *New York*; Dyer, *Massoletti, San Francisco*; Malin, *New Orleans*. The pupils of Madame Petitpas now sang with great spirit *Les Lanriers*. The accompaniments were played on three harps by the Misses Massoletti, McCormick and Bellemare. The award of honors and prizes to the Superior Course, was followed by a grand Fantasia on three harps and one piano by the Misses Massoletti, Grant, Scott and Mullarky. Distribution of honors and prizes among the pupils of the First Course: then a brilliant *morceau* for harp and piano by the Misses Grant, Scott, M. Quin, K. Keegan, E. Murphy, McLean, Riley, Massoletti, McCormick, and Bellemare. To this succeeded the distribution of honors and prizes to the 2nd 3rd and 4th classes, &c., &c. The closing piece of Vocal music entitled *Les Adieux*, with harp accompaniment, was greatly admired. An address in French was spoken by Miss de Salaberry, the English valedictory—partly in verse—by Miss May Riley. The magnificent display of fancy and plain needle work in an adjoining apartment also attracted much attention. Indeed the whole audience left most favorably impressed with the admirable system of education pursued at Villa Maria.

ROWDYISM RAMPANT.—Montreal has long enjoyed the well earned reputation of being the most unhealthy city in the world, because the dirtiest, and because of its gross neglect of all hygienic rules. It promises soon to become entitled to the reputation of being, in proportion to its population, one of the most disorderly cities on this Continent, and worthy to rank in this respect even with New York.
For instance, on Monday of last week a lot of boys were playing Lacrosse in a field known as *Fletcher's Field*, at the head of Durocher Street. A lot of blackguards came across to them from St. Jean Baptiste Village; one of this lot, by the name of Gagnon, coming up to the boys insisted on their giving him a Lacrosse stick. This the lad refused, whereupon their cowardly assailants turned upon, and assaulted them. The boys ran to the house of a Mr. Miller for help; he came to their aid, and pursuing the rascals who had stolen the Lacrosse he came across some of the associates of the latter who assailed Miller, and dealt him a blow, which ultimately proved fatal, on the head with a stone. A lot of the scoundrels were arrested, and after a prolonged Inquest a verdict of Willful Murder was brought in against Alex. Cote, T. Gagnon, Guillaume Godmaire, and Leandre Frigon.
We are not blood thirsty, but we do hope that the services of the gallows may soon be in requisition to avenge the brutal murder of poor Miller, upon who all directly or indirectly had any part therein; or who formed portion of the rascally lot that murdered him. It matters little whose hand actually struck the fatal blow; all who were engaged in the assault upon him are, as before God's law and man's law Murderers, and the sooner they are hung the better for the good of society, and for the reputation of Montreal.

Cholera is at work in the United States and there is every reason to expect that it will soon honor us with a visit. When it comes it will find us prepared to give it a good reception in so far as foul drains, and stinks are concerned—as may be seen from the annexed paragraphs by us clipped from the *Witness* and which show how it is that in proportion to population, Montreal can boast of the highest death rate in the civilised world:—
DEFECTIVE DRAINS.—On Commissioners street, opposite the Custom House, and in lower St. Francois Xavier street, the stench from the drains is so offensive as to render passage in these parts positively disagreeable. The same remark applies to drains and excavations in several parts of the city.
A CESSPOOL.—The portion of Languecheterre street between Sydenham and Seaton, is an immense puddle which rots in the sun, owing to the want of drains and gutters. It receives, besides, the offal of a soap factory on Panet street, and the patrid waters of a tannery near Papineau road. The stench in that neighborhood is poisonous, especially in the evening. We learn that Dr. Crevier has analysed this water and found therein the identical microscopic animalcules which he has discovered in the excreta of cholera, typhoid and patients of other contagious diseases.
It will thus be seen that should Cholera come our way it will find itself in most comfortable quarters, and will in all likelihood make a long stay with us. Strangers should take warning, and keep away from Montreal during the summer season. Already the City mortality is up to 112 a week, what will it be in August!

We beg to call the attention of the Reverend Clergy and those interested, to the advertisement in another column, of Messrs. J. Hudon & Co.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.
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No. XXXVII.
"THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY."
When the Divine Legislator, Jesus Christ, commanded us to pluck out an eye if it scandalise us, he struck in his divine wisdom at the very root of the evil. As a sick man does not hesitate to give over to the surgeon's knife, an arm or a leg however useful or necessary it may be, if by amputation he feels that his life can alone be saved, so Jesus Christ counsels us to pluck out an eye rather than by the impure images which it may give to the soul, we should be led into sin. Better to be blind or lame than to burn. Now if, Christian soul, you are bound even to pluck out your eye lest it cause you to offend against purity, how much more must it be your duty to mortify it, to guard it, to keep it ever in subjection. Do not tell me that all this is very difficult, and very onerous. Do not plead that life, under such restrictions, will be a burden. Who has yet shewn you, that you are here for aught else but a life of burdens and of toil? Who yet has dared to controvert that eternal truth that it will avail nothing to gain the whole world, if we lose our own soul. And what comparison, I ask you, can there be between mortifying your eye, can between keeping it in subjection, and plucking it out? No! Christian soul, since that great Sermon on the Mount delivered by the Divine Preacher himself, there can no longer be any doubt, that lascivious looks are a grievous sin. St. John Chrysostom tells you, that Jesus Christ has condemned two things—impure desires, and the sight of the objects which provoke them (ii. 17 Mat).
I know, Christian soul, that there are many innocent looks,—looks of pure politeness, looks of benevolence, looks of necessity; but these are always accompanied with modesty and reserve and prayer. I know that there are also looks that are unforeseen and where the eyes have been turned aside immediately from the impure object as from a hideous monster. These are not the looks condemned by Christ, though even these, sometimes, alas! lead to sin. It is those voluntary and deliberate looks, those looks of curiosity made to satisfy the eye, that are undoubtedly criminal, because they expose to the danger of sin. Tell me not that you have often had these looks and have not sinned. Your excuse, says St. John Chrysostom, is inadmissible. You have exposed yourself to the danger and therefore are culpable. What matter if in this particular case you have not sinned? Because gun-shot wounds are not always mortal, you would not, therefore, allow every idle boy to make a target of you? In this great affair of your salvation in which so much depends, act rationally at least. When a child seizes a razor, you do not wait until it has wounded itself, to take it from it. You seize the terrible instrument immediately; you pluck it away; you forbid the child by menaces and chastisements to touch it again. This at least is the conduct of a loving parent. If then, your eye scandalize you, pluck it out. Experience has embodied into a maxim the fact that the burnt child fears the fire. Oh! would that every Christian soul feared the terrible fire of impurity with an equal fear! would that knowing the danger, as everyone needs must know it, they would keep from it with an equal dread. The fiery furnace of the Babylonian King lapped up not only all that was thrown to it, but those also who only approached it. Such, alas! is the fire of impurity.
And there is another reason why you should fear even *unintentional* glances. As we have seen before, every impure object imprints upon the soul an impure image; that impure image is engraved upon the memory, and remains there, perhaps, for all time. It may so happen that at the particular time of its being imprinted upon the soul, it may as quickly pass away and be forgotten. There are times when the animal passions are at rest, for even the lion slumbers. But what is to prevent him being aroused? what is to prevent this impure image from returning? Memory is a subtle magician. She can conjure up instantly any phantom she wishes. Actions done beyond the seas she can make to be present as though reacted, by a single wave of her wand. Sight's seen years ago, she can reproduce with all the vividness and accuracy of the most finished photograph. What then is to prevent her from bringing back this impure object inadvertently seen and forgotten at the time. Oh no! Christian soul, an impure object once past the eyelids is not forgotten. It may slumber like the lion, but it is only because its appetites have for the time being been appeased. It will awake with the first touch of hunger. And when it does awake; when it shakes its mane; when it roars for hunger, then indeed will come the battle.
But you will, perhaps, persist in saying: I have often satisfied my curiosity without receiving any impure impression, without having given way to any temptation. Ah, yes, lukewarm soul; perhaps, you have not given way according to your way of thinking; perhaps you have not fallen into sin according to your

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When the Divine Legislator, Jesus Christ, commanded us to pluck out an eye if it scandalise us, he struck in his divine wisdom at the very root of the evil. As a sick man does not hesitate to give over to the surgeon's knife, an arm or a leg however useful or necessary it may be, if by amputation he feels that his life can alone be saved, so Jesus Christ counsels us to pluck out an eye rather than by the impure images which it may give to the soul, we should be led into sin. Better to be blind or lame than to burn. Now if, Christian soul, you are bound even to pluck out your eye lest it cause you to offend against purity, how much more must it be your duty to mortify it, to guard it, to keep it ever in subjection. Do not tell me that all this is very difficult, and very onerous. Do not plead that life, under such restrictions, will be a burden. Who has yet shewn you, that you are here for aught else but a life of burdens and of toil? Who yet has dared to controvert that eternal truth that it will avail nothing to gain the whole world, if we lose our own soul. And what comparison, I ask you, can there be between mortifying your eye, can between keeping it in subjection, and plucking it out? No! Christian soul, since that great Sermon on the Mount delivered by the Divine Preacher himself, there can no longer be any doubt, that lascivious looks are a grievous sin. St. John Chrysostom tells you, that Jesus Christ has condemned two things—impure desires, and the sight of the objects which provoke them (ii. 17 Mat).
I know, Christian soul, that there are many innocent looks,—looks of pure politeness, looks of benevolence, looks of necessity; but these are always accompanied with modesty and reserve and prayer. I know that there are also looks that are unforeseen and where the eyes have been turned aside immediately from the impure object as from a hideous monster. These are not the looks condemned by Christ, though even these, sometimes, alas! lead to sin. It is those voluntary and deliberate looks, those looks of curiosity made to satisfy the eye, that are undoubtedly criminal, because they expose to the danger of sin. Tell me not that you have often had these looks and have not sinned. Your excuse, says St. John Chrysostom, is inadmissible. You have exposed yourself to the danger and therefore are culpable. What matter if in this particular case you have not sinned? Because gun-shot wounds are not always mortal, you would not, therefore, allow every idle boy to make a target of you? In this great affair of your salvation in which so much depends, act rationally at least. When a child seizes a razor, you do not wait until it has wounded itself, to take it from it. You seize the terrible instrument immediately; you pluck it away; you forbid the child by menaces and chastisements to touch it again. This at least is the conduct of a loving parent. If then, your eye scandalize you, pluck it out. Experience has embodied into a maxim the fact that the burnt child fears the fire. Oh! would that every Christian soul feared the terrible fire of impurity with an equal fear! would that knowing the danger, as everyone needs must know it, they would keep from it with an equal dread. The fiery furnace of the Babylonian King lapped up not only all that was thrown to it, but those also who only approached it. Such, alas! is the fire of impurity.
And there is another reason why you should fear even *unintentional* glances. As we have seen before, every impure object imprints upon the soul an impure image; that impure image is engraved upon the memory, and remains there, perhaps, for all time. It may so happen that at the particular time of its being imprinted upon the soul, it may as quickly pass away and be forgotten. There are times when the animal passions are at rest, for even the lion slumbers. But what is to prevent him being aroused? what is to prevent this impure image from returning? Memory is a subtle magician. She can conjure up instantly any phantom she wishes. Actions done beyond the seas she can make to be present as though reacted, by a single wave of her wand. Sight's seen years ago, she can reproduce with all the vividness and accuracy of the most finished photograph. What then is to prevent her from bringing back this impure object inadvertently seen and forgotten at the time. Oh no! Christian soul, an impure object once past the eyelids is not forgotten. It may slumber like the lion, but it is only because its appetites have for the time being been appeased. It will awake with the first touch of hunger. And when it does awake; when it shakes its mane; when it roars for hunger, then indeed will come the battle.
But you will, perhaps, persist in saying: I have often satisfied my curiosity without receiving any impure impression, without having given way to any temptation. Ah, yes, lukewarm soul; perhaps, you have not given way according to your way of thinking; perhaps you have not fallen into sin according to your

penal code. But are you sure you are not laboring under a grave error? are you quite sure that your code will be accepted by the last and eternal Judge? You think you have not sinned, because you deem that only sinful which is enormous or scandalous. You think you have not sinned because, perhaps, you think nothing criminal which is not exterior and outwardly manifest. "You have not fallen," you say. But why? Was it through love of God? or was it not rather through human considerations? or because the time, the place, or the accomplices were not convenient? And do you take no account of these lascivious thoughts, these impure desires? If he who is angry, is already a murderer, how much more must he be impure who banishes not impurity from his heart? If he is already a thief who only covets his neighbor's goods, is not he already impure who covets his neighbor's wife? Beware, Christian soul, Jesus Christ does not condemn impure looks because they lead to impure acts, but because they lead to impure thoughts. Wherefore, says St. John Chrysostom, He did not say he who desireth to commit adultery, but he who looketh so as to desire. Propterea non dicit, qui concupiscit ad adulterandum, sed qui videtur ad concupiscendum—what does it matter to the captivum bird whether he has been caught by the net, or by a slender thread? So you, impure soul, what will it avail you to be buried in hell only for an impure desire, rather than for an impure act?

Lay well to heart, Christian soul, this important truth. No precepts of religion, no religious training will avail you against the sin of impurity if the eye which is the door of the soul be left unguarded and open. What good will moat and rampart and towering battlement be to the city, whose gate is unguarded?—When the devil tempted Eve, she repulsed him forthwith by asserting the necessity of complying with God's command. But when contemplating the fruit, she saw its beauty, her good resolutions, her sense of duty, all her religion departed, and, alas! she fell, and falling brought with her the whole human race. And the woman saw that the tree was good to eat, and fair to the eye, and delightful to behold, and she took the fruit thereof and did eat.—(Gen. III., 6.) Where now was her religion? where now her strong rampart of duty to God? She had dared to open the door of the citadel; she had dared to open the door of her soul, and the enemy rushed in to destroy and to burn.—She saw; she took, she eat. And Eve, remember, was no fallen creature. She was not yet under the ban of the fall when she was thus tempted. She was fresh from the hands of God; she walked in the newness of Paradisaical life. And yet you, fallen man; you who are under the ban of the fall; you, born to weakness and endowed with a nature prone to evil, you dare to use unguardedly that eye which wrought her ruin! Was there ever presumption equal to this? Depend upon it, Christian soul, an unguarded eye is so strong a source of impurity that no virtue, however solid, no determination, however fixed, no innocence, however deeply rooted, is proof against it. Have you, think you, the power to raise the dead to life? You think not. And yet St. Bernard tells you that to be familiar with persons of an opposite sex, and to fix your eyes frequently upon them as without sinning would be as great a miracle as to raise the dead to life.—(Serm. 55 in Cant.) You see now, Christian soul, why the Saints of God kept so strict a watch over their eyes; why they fled to cave and desert, or shut themselves up in monastery and convent. "I acknowledge," says St. Jerome, "my weakness; I fear a face."—"I have seen," says St. Austin, "the strongest cedars of Lebanon uprooted and cast down; the masters and the guides of the people writhing in the pangs of impurity—those whom I deemed more firm than the Jeromes and the Ambroses—in consequence of unguarded looks." An Eutropius fell through one unguarded and too curious look; and a certain Saint thus recounts this fall to his monks. Oh! he has fallen, this valiant one! this man who was all heavenly has fallen. I should rather have expected to see an angel fall from heaven than this great and good man fall into such a fault. Beware, Christian soul, of an unguarded eye!

THE GARLAND OF FLOWERS OR TREASURES OF PIETY. By a Child of Mary. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadler & Co. This is a very pretty compilation of Meditations suited for each of the several months of the year, to every one of which is assigned its particular flower as a symbol. The work is divided into four parts, one for each season of the year; it is very handsomely printed, and is well deserving of the attention of the Catholic community; but we should warmly recommend the compiler to submit it to the competent ecclesiastical authorities in order to obtain from them that approbation which they alone can give—and wanting which no work on devotional subjects can be expected to obtain a large circulation amongst Catholic families. Terms for the works complete \$2 in advance.

DIED FROM HIS INJURIES. As might have been expected from the condition in which he was reported to be, Mr. Robert Miller died from the effects of the savage treatment to which he was subjected in endeavouring to protect the boys who were attacked while playing lacrosse in Fletcher's field on Monday evening. The unfortunate man remained to the last in the unconscious state in which he had fallen shortly after receiving his injuries, and expired about 9 o'clock last Wednesday night. Immediately on hearing of that event, the police set themselves to arresting the culprits, and after an eventful night spent in the task, during which detectives Cullen and Arcand distinguished themselves by sagacity and bravery, they succeeded in arresting five of the parties—Eusebe Cote and Guillaume Godmaire, shoemakers, St. Dominique street; Joseph Bienville, cabinet-maker, Bonaparte street; Olivine Normand, a prostitute; J. B. Lachapelle, bricklayer, St. Josephine street; Gagnon, labourer, Beaudry street; and Leon Frigon, St. Jean Baptiste Village.

At nine o'clock yesterday forenoon Mr. Coroner Jones empanelled a jury, of which Mr. John Kerry is foreman, and proceeded to the residence of the late Mr. Robert Miller, milkman, Durocher street. After viewing the body of deceased, the jurors adjourned to the Ontario Police Station. James Miller, son of deceased, was first sworn. After detailing the facts at the commencement of the affair, how the boys were playing lacrosse and were assaulted by five men, he went on to state that one of them ran up and struck young Murphy over the face with a club, inflicting a serious wound. After Murphy had been struck, the whole five of them left and went down towards the Mile End. They did not strike any others. Five prisoners were then brought in by the detectives, when young Miller recognized Joseph Gagnon as the man who struck Davis and "likewise my father." My father was told at the house that some Canadians were beating the boys, and then he ran up. My father asked the other boys where were the men who struck the boy Murphy. He got the answer, "There they are going down to the Main street." Then my father followed and many of the boys went with him. The man, Joseph Gagnon, I saw standing at the corner of Bonaparte street with his hands behind his back. He came walking up to my father and the gentleman and I. My father did not speak to Gagnon. My father did not strike Gagnon, nor did he attempt to strike him. This man walked up to my father, took his hand from behind his back, and I saw that he had a stone in his hand; he then struck my father's face. My father threw himself back. Gagnon closed upon him, and my father struck him back. I only saw him strike my father once—the first time with the stone. A regular fight then took place between these five men and my father. One of these men had a lacrosse in his hand. I can't say he struck anyone. When Gagnon hit my father, I hit him with my lacrosse; I did not see anyone else strike my father. The street was full. The fight continued only about five minutes. During the fight I saw my father fall. As soon as my father got up, my little brother and my father ran down the street. These men did not run after us. My father and my brother and I then went home. My father was bleeding on the left side of his head, behind his ear. He wasn't bleeding from his face, where he was struck first. The son then pointed out Jean Baptiste Lachapelle as the man to whom his father spoke. He was standing there when my father went up. I did not see him fighting, nor do I think he was one of those who were fighting. I can't identify any of the other men. My father did not send for a doctor. Mr. Murphy called a doctor to attend his boy, and he was afterwards sent up to our house. It was Dr. Wanless. My father died last night. I don't know at what hour. I saw him lying dead.

Dr. Scott deposed—Was called on Tuesday evening, 24th inst., to attend deceased. Found him suffering from a severe injury of the head and quite insensible. Examined the wound and found it about an inch and a quarter in length, and extending in a transverse direction. There was a bruise upon his nose. Considered the injury of the head to be very severe, and applied the treatment necessary. Called upon deceased again next morning between 9 and 10 o'clock, and found him so far conscious as to be able to raise his hand to his head; examined the wound. Saw him again at 4 o'clock, and found him much weaker and evidently sinking. Visited the house shortly after nine last evening, and found he had died a few minutes after 9 o'clock, before my arrival. This morning made a post-mortem examination of the body. Found deceased to be a strong made and very healthy-looking man. The marks on the nose and of the blows were visibly discolored. Upon removing the scalp, a large quantity of blood was found effused or extravasated, between it and the bone. Found on the skull a fracture corresponding to the external wound of the scalp with a number of extensive fissures extending from it to different bones of the skull. Opening the skull, a large quantity of blood was found extravasated between the dura mater and the skull, extending down to its base. Upon removing the brain, it was found soft and corresponding to the situation of the clot. There were also two clots of blood about the size of a hazelnut each, situated in the pia mater or internal membrane of the brain. On examination found the heart, lungs and viscera perfectly healthy. The cause of death was undoubtedly the wound on the back of the head, and which must have been produced by some blunt instrument struck with very great force.

Young Easty, printer, being called, testified that he identified Godmaire as the one who struck young Murphy. He did not see Davidson struck. He went down to Miller's house and met Miller running towards the Main street, in the direction of the five men. Shortly afterwards, on coming home, he again met Miller, at the gate near Guilbault's, holding his head, which bled profusely.

A youth named Rawlinson testified that he saw Gagnon strike Davidson, and heard the blow given to Murphy but did not see it struck. He did not see Miller fall, but only ran away after the fight.

Young Davidson testified that Gagnon asked him for his lacrosse, which he refused. Gagnon threatened him and he retreated, pursued by Gagnon who struck him. Did not see Gagnon strike anybody else.

After some deliberation the jury came in with a verdict of murder against Gagnon, Godmaire, Frigon and Cote.

The names of the jurymen are as follows: John Kerry, foreman; Edward Lapsley, James Paris, Thomas Sharpley, George Phillipot, John Allan, Charles Bailey, Etienne Lacroix, John Smith, William Easton, William Boyle, John Bremner and Daniel Courtney.—Gazette, June 27th.

of this School Question, and there were brief speeches by Mr. John Quinn and others. The following resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, The Catholics of the Town of Portland never refused to pay their share of the County and Town taxes for ordinary purposes, but only objected by all legal means at their disposal to yield to the obnoxious and unjust school tax, from which they derive no benefits whatsoever, and which goes exclusively to the support of godless common schools, imposed upon them by a majority adverse to their rights of liberty and of conscience:

Therefore Resolved, That this meeting does most emphatically deny the base, malicious and outrageous assertion published in some of the newspapers of St. John, that we are rebels to the laws of the land, and that we refuse to pay the general taxes for the maintenance of police, improvements of street sewers, lights, &c., &c.

Whereas, The Catholics of this Town have been pointed out as one class of people to be shamefully disturbed and plundered by civil authority, notwithstanding their repeated appeal to a sense of justice and equity, for the support of schools rejected by them as directly opposed to their conscientious convictions, when several Protestant citizens, who, on whatever ground, refused to pay the same taxes, of which they received all the benefits, have been overlooked and let free from prosecution.

Therefore Resolved, That we publicly protest against such measures of pressure and prosecution for conscience sake, and claim immediate redress from the Government of this Province, which should not allow a loyal portion of the population to be thus ill-treated and robbed of their property against their rights of freedom and liberty of conscience.

Whereas, The Catholics of Portland have provided at an immense sacrifice ample school accommodation in which their children receive an education according to the dictates of their consciences, and consider as illiberal, unjust and outrageous the laws by which they are compelled to pay for the education of Protestant children in the common schools:

Therefore Resolved, That we shall continue by all legal means to resist that obnoxious school law until justice be done us and peace restored.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in all the newspapers of the city of St. John.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN SIMPSON.—This gentleman, who for twenty years has been connected with the Canadian Navigation Company, died suddenly, at Toronto, on Saturday, from erysipelas. On Friday, he was walking with his wife in Hamilton, when he slipped on a plank in the street and injured his head severely. On Saturday morning he left Hamilton with his boat shortly after which, symptoms of erysipelas became plain, when he was advised to go on shore at Toronto; taking this advice, he landed, but shortly after expired. The deceased was most favorably known by the travelling public as an agreeable, kind-hearted and efficient officer. His loss will be felt by a large number of people, who deeply sympathize with his afflicted family.—Herald.

VACANCY.—By the accession of Alderman Bernard to the Mayoralty, a seat for the Centre Ward is left vacant in the City Council. Thomas Caverhill, Esq., has been waited on by a deputation of electors, and it is thought will stand for the seat.

POSTAL TREATY.—It is stated that President Grant has signed additional articles to the present postal treaty with Canada, providing for an interchange of postal cards at the prepaid rate of two cents in full to their destination in either country. Prepayment will be effected by affixing to the card a one cent postage stamp. The postage must be prepaid.

MONEY ORDERS ON MANITOBA.—The Postmaster-General announces that on and after the 1st of July, money orders will be procurable at all Money Order Offices in the Dominion, on the Post Office at Fort Garry, Manitoba, at the same rates of Commission, and on the same conditions as orders are now granted, payable within the Dominion. In like manner, Fort Garry will issue orders on any Money Order Office within the Dominion.

THE CANADIAN COMMISSION TO VIENNA.—The Hamilton Spectator says that at the earnest solicitation of the Government Mr. Witton, M.P., for Hamilton, will accompany the Canadian Commission to Vienna. It is said that Mr. Witton will not be paid for his services, although he is admitted well qualified for the position. The Commission will leave not later than the 12th July.

The Official Gazette to-day will contain the proclamation inviting Prince Edward Island to the Dominion of Canada, the union to take effect, we presume from 1st July, Dominion Day. The present occupant, Governor Robinson, will be gazetted to the office of Lieut. Governor under the new regime. The people of the Island are already excited about the elections for the House of Commons. It is probable that both the local parties will be represented in the members elect, but it is authoritatively announced that they will confine their local politics to the Island and unite in supporting the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald.—Gazette, June 28th.

On Tuesday of last week there arrived in port a magnificent little specimen of marine architecture in the shape of the steam yacht "Lizzie" the property of Messrs. D & J McCarthy, lumber dealers of Sorel. Her hull was built at Sorel by her owners, whilst her machinery was procured from the eminent firm of Wilson & Son, London, England, and was constructed under the special superintendence of one of the partners, Mr. Inglis, formerly of Montreal, to whom the plans were sent by her owners. She is a very handsome little craft both externally and internally, and is furnished with every convenience which could be imagined. She is 60 feet long, with 11 1/2 feet beam, and has six splendid cabins, which, in case of necessity, could comfortably provide for twelve passengers. Her engines are of twenty horse power, and can be worked up to a high rate of speed.—Witness.

BARNUM'S PRINTING ACCOUNTS.—The question often asked, "Does it pay to advertise?" receives a most satisfactory and conclusive answer in the case of the great P. T. Barnum, the prince of American showmen. It is estimated that the coloured bills which he will this year use up will cost \$50,000, whilst his small bills and circulars will cause him an expenditure of a similar sum. His advertisements in the newspapers will cost \$250,000, whilst other expenses of the same class will increase the bill by at least a similar amount. The result of the expenditure is expected to be: Receipts exceeding \$1,000,000 a day, with a net profit of \$30,000 a week, \$120,000 a month, or \$860,000 for the entire season.

The London Times of June 6th, in an editorial on the addition of Prince Edward to the Dominion says—Of all the British possessions on the North American Continent, Newfoundland will then remain an isolated Province, and notwithstanding the intrigues which have hitherto defeated the Unionist policy in that Colony, the attraction of cohesion must before long prove too powerful for the interests that favor disintegration. The history, indeed, of the British American Confederacy is peculiarly instructive in this regard. It shows how a strong current of national feeling may be warped and tarnished aside for a time by local prejudices of political manoeuvring, but must in the long run take its own course and leave its own way. Every one of the Colonies now united and prospering as constituent Provinces of the Dominion was at some time or other misled into resisting the change.

A VENTURE ON SEA SHIPMENT.—The St. Catharines Journal says: The fishermen and other residents in the neighborhood of the Twenty Mile Creek are considerably exercised just now over the visit of a sea monster which made its appearance last week

in Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Twenty Mile Creek. The stranger is described to be about 80 feet in length, with a head like a dog, and the body of a serpent. Mr. Moyer grain agent at the Twenty, states, that there is no doubt about the truth of the story, as many persons have seen it several times during the past week.

INFORMATION WANTED OF Michael C. Byrne, native of Dublin; when last heard of was in a drug store at 58 Vesey-street, New York. Any news of him will be gratefully received by his orphan sisters, Margaret and Esther, at 70 Capel Street, Dublin.

The weather and crops, subjects of paramount importance to the country at large, are at present receiving considerable attention throughout the Province, and reports are various as to the prospects. The Chatham Planet in the West, says the prospects for anything like average crops are rather gloomy. The cold, late, and wet Spring did much injury to the Fall wheat, and retarded its growth; the sowing of the Spring crops was kept back by the same cause. Then, since we fairly entered upon summer, and were favoured with warmer weather, the genial rains held back, so that the ground is packed hard and the growing crops never looked worse, except in a very few favoured situations. This is according to our observations, and information derived from all parts of the country. Even should favourable rains come now, the general opinion is that an average crop of grain is impossible; and the same may be said of hay crop, which is exceedingly backward.—Colony Star.

WELLAND, June 25.—To-day, about 12 o'clock, a train on the Air Line Railway, near this place, ran off the track, owing to a switch being open, and one of the parties connected with the train, named Vannorman, had his leg crushed from the foot to the hip. The doctors amputated the leg about the knee this afternoon.

St. Jean Baptiste Day was pretty generally observed up and down the country, and especially so in this Province. In the city of Montreal, however, owing to the death of the Mayor and Sir George Cartier, the usual procession was dispensed with.

Mary Jane Ferguson, 17 years of age, ran a nail into her foot at Cariboo Marsh, C. B., a few days ago, and died of lock-jaw, after intense agony.

The Picton Gazette says that section of country has been visited with welcome rains lately, and crops of all kinds are looking well.

BREAKFAST—EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern 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—"James Epps's & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London."

MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

THE HOBBSHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Fresh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever, Purely Vegetable and All-healing. For Internal and External use. Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists.

THOUSANDS OF PROMISING YOUTHS, of both sexes go down to untimely graves, from general debility and weakness, who might be saved by fortifying their systems with Iron. The Peruvian Syrup is an Iron Tonic prepared expressly to supply this vitalizing element, and is the only preparation of iron that will assimilate at once with the blood.

GIVEN AWAY!—A beautiful Picture—on exquisitely tinted paper, suitable for framing—is presented free to every purchaser of a copy of Dexter Smith's Paper, which contains twelve pages of most popular sheet music—which would cost over three dollars in any other form—including new songs, ballads, Strauss waltzes, in addition to stories, poems, fashions, household receipts, base ball news, etc., etc. Every newsdealer in the United States and Canada sells Dexter Smith's Paper for only fifteen cents per copy!

MARRIED. In New York City, on the 23rd ult., by the Rev. Father O'Farrell, of St. Peter's Church, Mr. M. P. Conway, of Montreal, to Fannie, eldest daughter of Robert S. Spurge, Esq., of New Rochelle, N. Y.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Flour per bushel of 60 lbs.—Follards, \$3.25 @ \$3.75 Superior Extra 0.00 @ 0.00 Extra 6.20 @ 6.50 Fancy 5.90 @ 6.10 Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs. 0.00 @ 0.00 Supers City Brands [Western wheat] Canal 0.00 @ 0.00 Fresh Ground 0.00 @ 0.00 Canada Supers, No. 2 4.65 @ 4.85 Western States, No. 2 0.00 @ 0.00 Fine 3.90 @ 4.15 Fresh Supers, (Western wheat) 0.00 @ 0.00 Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat) 5.50 @ 5.55 Strong Bakers' 5.50 @ 5.90 Middlings 3.50 @ 3.75 U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs. 2.60 @ 0.00 City bags, (delivered) 2.85 @ 0.00 Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs. 0.50 @ 0.55 Lard, per lbs. 0.10 @ 0.11 Cheese, per lbs. 0.05 @ 0.00 do do do Finest new 0.10 @ 0.11 Oats, per bushel of 32 lbs. 0.32 @ 0.35 Oatmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs. 5.40 @ 5.50 Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs. 0.00 @ 0.45 Pease, per bushel of 66 lbs. 0.74 @ 0.80 Pork—Old Mess 16.50 @ 00.00 New Canada Mess 18.00 @ 00.00

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET. Wheat, fall, per bush \$1 10 1 20 do spring do 1 17 1 17 Barley do 0 60 0 61 Oats do 0 43 0 00 Rye do 0 60 0 61 Bys do 0 65 0 66 Dressed hogs per 100 lbs. 7 00 8 00 Beef, hind-qrs. per lb. 0 06 0 06 " fore-quarters, per lb. 0 04 0 04 Mutton, by carcass, per lb. 0 07 0 09 Chickens, per pair 0 50 0 60 Ducks, per brace 0 60 0 75 Geese, each 0 70 0 80 Turkeys 1 00 1 75 Butter, lb. rolls 0 16 0 18 " large rolls 0 13 0 15 tub dairy 0 00 0 00 Eggs, fresh, per doz. 0 14 0 15 " packed 0 00 0 00 Apples, per bri 2 00 3 00 Cabbage, per doz. 0 40 0 50 Onions, per bush 1 00 1 10 Carrots do 0 55 0 60 Beets do 0 60 0 75 Parsnips do 0 60 0 70 Potatoes, per bag 0 40 0 50 Turnips, per bush 0 30 0 40 Hay 20 00 24 00 Straw 11 00 13 00

KINGSTON MARKETS. Flour—Superior extra selling per barrel at \$7.00 to \$8.00; per 100 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.00; Family Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.25, retail. GRAIN—Nominal; Rye 60c. Wheat \$1.10 to \$1.20. Peas 60c steady. Oats 38c to 40c. No change. POTATOES are now selling at 50c to 55c per bag. Turnips and carrots 67c to 70c per bushel. BUTTER—Ordinary 14c, packed by the tub or crock; fresh sells at 16c to 17c per lb. Eggs are selling at 14c to 15c. Cheese, 12c; in store 13c to 14c. MEAT—Beef, grass 6 to 7.00; grain fed 8 to 8.50 per 100 lbs.; Mess Pork \$19 to \$20; Mutton from 7 to 10c; Lamb per quarter 80c to \$1. Veal 5. Hams, sugar-cured, 15 to 17c. POULTRY.—Turkeys from 75c to \$1.00. Fowls per pair 50 to 60c. HAY advancing and now \$19.00 to \$21.00 a ton; Straw \$6.00. WOOD selling at \$5.25 to \$5.50 for hard, and \$3.25 to \$3.50 for soft. Coal steady, at \$7.50 delivered, per ton. Soft \$8.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ABOVE CORPORATION will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL (Toupin's Block), on MONDAY EVENING next, 7th July.

By order, S. CROSS, Rec-Sec.

WANTED. By an experienced and competent Professor of Latin, Greek, English and French, a situation either now, or on the 1st September. Highest testimonials as to ability and moral rectitude. Address "Prof." True Witness Office.

MYLES MURPHY, COAL AND WOOD MERCHANT, OFFICE AND YARD: 135 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET, MONTREAL. All kinds of Upper Canada Fire-Wood always on hand. English, Scotch and American Coals. Orders promptly attended to, and weight and measure guaranteed. Post Office Address Box 85. [Jun. 27.]

FATHER BURKE. A SPLENDID CHROMO LIKENESS of the great Dominican, Rev. T. N. BURKE, O.P., is given to all subscribers to THE PILOT (the leading Catholic paper of the United States), on the payment of TWO DOLLARS and SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, Canadian currency, or THREE DOLLARS U. S. currency. This includes U. S. postage. The Chromo alone is worth the price of The Pilot. Address PATRICK DONAHOE, The Pilot Office, Boston, Mass.

FATHER TOM BINKER. A splendid Chromo of the great Irish Vicar (frame-work of polished Walnut) will be raffled at the Bazaar to be held shortly in Ottawa, in aid of the St. Patrick's Church of that city. A Ticket sold at Twenty-five Cents entitles the purchaser to one chance on the Chromo. Mr. S. Cross, True Witness Office, has kindly consented to act as Agent in Montreal for this charitable enterprise. 45-3

J. HUDON & Co., IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS, 305 St. Paul St. and 247 Commissioners St., MONTREAL.

HAVE always on hand a very large assortment of the above articles. Gentlemen of the Clergy will always find in their establishment White, Sicilian, and French Wines, imported direct by themselves and approved for Altar use. June 27th, 1873. 45-1y

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH. Instantaneous relief guaranteed to any one afflicted with catarrh or cold in the head, by using Dr. Williams's (the noted Indian doctor) cure for Catarrh, (a vegetable remedy, prepared from roots and gums.) One box will cure the worst case—has cured cases of 25 and 30 years standing. It cures when every other remedy fails. Sent by mail for \$1.00. Williams's Proprietary Medicine Company, Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A. P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

A SURE CURE FOR THE PILES. Dr. Williams, the noted Indian Physician, has discovered a positive cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles, (a powerful healing Vegetable Ointment.) One box is warranted to cure the worst case. Not one single failure in five years. Sent by mail, securely sealed from observation, for \$1.00. Those who now suffer with the loathsome disease should suffer if they don't use Dr. Williams's Remedy. Williams's Proprietary Medicine Company Sole Manufacturers, Pittsburgh, Pa. U. S. A. P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the Matter of EDWARD WOODS, An Insolvent. A first dividend sheet has been prepared subject to objection until the Fifth day of July next, after which date, the dividend will be paid. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. Montreal, 17th June 1873. 45-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the Matter of JOSEPH DUMOUCHEL, An Insolvent. A first dividend sheet has been prepared subject to objection until the Fifth day of July next, after which date, the dividend will be paid. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. Montreal, 17th June 1873. 45-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ARRANGEMENTS. In the matter of MOISE BOURQUE, of L'Esphéphanie, Trader, An Insolvent. I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, Merchant's Exchange, St. Sacrament Street, in the City of Montreal, on Tuesday, the fifth day of August next, at the hour of Three of the clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, 26th June, 1873. 45-2w

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

We are not, after all, to have another Franco-Prussian war, in deference to Prince Bismarck's wounded pride. It was a very pretty plot, but it has missed its time. It appears that the new President of the French Republic had actually the presumption to form his Cabinet without consulting Bismarck on the subject. Not only that, but two of the new Ministers of France are so far from being persons grato to the Chancellor of the German Empire, that M. Thiers suppressed a newspaper of which they were proprietors, out of consideration for Prince Bismarck's susceptibilities. It was, therefore, hinted that Bismarck would not recognize Marshal MacMahon's Government; or, at least, that he should be appeased by having M. Gontaut Biron, the French ambassador at Berlin, who is civil to him, put in the Duc de Broglie's place as Minister for Foreign Affairs. The French Government have not permitted themselves to alter their programme in any way, and the last advices report Bismarck as on his way to the recovery, for the moment, of his lost temper.—Catholic Opinion.

THE VENDOME COLUMN.—In a late sitting the National Assembly adopted, by 488 votes against 66, a Bill for the reconstruction of the Vendome Column, with the understanding that the Government will examine the question of instituting proceedings of redress against M. Courbet before the Civil Tribunals.

CHARACTER OF GAMBETTA.—The following graphic sketch of Leon Gambetta, is taken from the June Galaxy:—

"Fear is the curse of the country. Fear is the source from which our tyrants and traitors have drawn their principal strength! On fear they founded their ascendancy, to bear us down, after twenty years of empire, to degradation, to mutilation. From fear they extracted that fatal plebiscite which was to drag us into war! Of fear was born that impotent reaction of the 5th of February, 1871! By fear, with fear, trading on fear, reaction always triumphs over us! Oh, let us once for all rid ourselves of fear in our political actions! These passionate words are taken from the speech delivered last September at Grenoble, in the southeast of France, by M. Leon Gambetta. They illustrate effectively the principal characteristic of the orator himself, as well as that lamentable national peculiarity which he has so powerfully and justly described. "The chronic malady of France," Gambetta exclaimed, "is political fear! So brave, generous, ardent, heroic, disinterested in the field of battle so is the timid, hesitating, easily troubled, deceived, befuddled, and terrified in the domain of politics." Nothing can be more true than this. The bloody carnival of the White Terror came from the panic caused by the red reign of Robespierre. Fear of the Red Republicans made France fling herself into the arms of Napoleon III. The plebiscite was carried by playing on the fears of the bourgeoisie and the peasantry, and persuading both that a new lease to the Emperor was the only possible means of warding off battle and social order. The same influence of fear drove republican France two years ago to elect a National Assembly which is a sworn foe to republicanism. "Let us have peace," was the cry—"peace at any price. If we give too much power to Gambetta and his Republicans, they will try to carry on the war still. Better anything than that!" But Gambetta's complaint against France illustrates by the law of opposites his personal character. His success as an orator, a politician, a ruler of populations, has been for the most part due to his utter freedom from anything like fear. Not less than Danton does he trust to audacity. Any risk for any object appears to be his principle of action and of speaking. Stake all you have, piece after piece—the luck must turn some time. Make any promise to-day; if you can't keep it make another promise twice as big and bold to-morrow, and increase again the day after; some day or other you may be able to redeem all. Prophecy with the most earnest brew and in the most thrilling voice that the sky is going to fall if thereby your votaries obey your commands in the morning, who cares though the prediction must be falsified by the evening? This seems to me to be broadly the principle of Gambetta's career, and one grand explanation of his personal success. Intense belief in himself, complete devotion to his own hopes, a faith in his cause which for the moment seems to render failure impossible, the temper to say anything and do anything which the inspiration of the moment suggests no matter how it may be confuted by the realities of the moment—these are the elements of that strangely audacious character which has already stamped its impress so deeply upon the political life of France.

SPAIN.

The Republican "Government" of Spain will soon have enough on its hands. What with futile attempts to check the Carlists, and spasmodic endeavours to fill the Exchequer, they have more than enough to do. With all his oratory, poor Senor Castelar is only too likely to have the pride of which he so lately boasted considerably lowered. Pride, beggary, and dishonour are queer associates. From Barcelona we learn that all the workmen and agricultural labourers are preparing to go out on strike. Truly, the difficulties of the "Government" are increasing. But one more straw is needed—the revolt of the Army—to break its unhappy back.

ITALY.

ROME, June 25.—Another Ministerial crisis is threatened. The Chamber of Deputies, to-day, by a vote of 86 to 157 rejected the resolution, supported by the Government, to proceed with the discussion of the financial bills. Signor Lanza has telegraphed to the King, who is in Turin, advising him to summon Minghetti and the Deputies for consultation with regard to

the formation of a new cabinet. The Austrian Government have addressed friendly observations to Italy in reference to the execution of the law abolishing religious corporations.

THE FINANCER ON THE WALL.—Everything denotes the rapid approach of the crisis in Italy, not so much from any outer force as from inward dissolution. There is no constructive force there, and everything points to the ship of State going to pieces. Since the change of government in France, to which even exaggerated importance (as to its immediate consequences) is attached, council has been held by the Ministers. The advanced party cry out for fresh armaments; but the King, who knows that Italy could not defend herself a week against the smallest European Power if seriously attacked, shakes his head and refuses to agree to any extraordinary development of the military resources of the country. His Majesty scarcely shows himself in the streets and never without a strong escort of secret police, so great and so well founded is his fear of assassination.

REV. FATHER DAMEN'S LECTURE.

(Continued from 2nd Page.)

before they sat down in the pews, kneeling down, sir, bending their knee. I suppose it was to that image of Christ crucified."

"No, sir; it was not. But it was to Jesus Christ in the adorable sacrament of the altar. The Catholic believes (I have proved it to you during this mission) that, in the holy communion, there is really the body and blood of Jesus Christ; and we Catholics bow our knee in adoration to Jesus.

IS THAT WRONG?

"Why, no," says my Protestant friend, "It is proper, sir, that every knee should bend to the name of Jesus in heaven or on earth, or even in hell. Therefore there is nothing wrong in that. But I have seen Catholics bow or bend the knee to that statue of the Blessed Virgin. I suppose it was to that statue." "You supposed what was wrong. It was to the one represented by the statue, namely, the Blessed Virgin." "Well," says he, "the Blessed Virgin is but a creature, and I would not bend my knee or bow to any creature." "Didn't you ever bow to a creature, I would ask?" "Never, sir," says he: "God forbid I should." Well, sir, I reply, a week or two ago I had you pointed out to me in the street as the preacher of such and such a church; I looked after you, and after a while you met with a lady, and at once you made a very graceful bow. My dear friend, why did you bow to that lady—is not she a creature? "Yes," says he, "but then she is such a nice creature." (Laughter.) She is so good; she is a member of my church, and she teaches in my Sabbath-School, sir, and she distributes tracts, and therefore I bow to her, sir, because virtue should be always respected." Now, she is very good; and is not the Blessed Virgin Mary good? What does your own Protestant bible say about the Blessed Virgin? It says that she is above all women; and should not I honor her, and should not I bow to her? Was there ever a creature that practiced such sublime and such exalted virtues as the Blessed Virgin? Was there ever a creature that arrived at so sublime a dignity as the Blessed Virgin—the mother of the son of the living God, the mother of Jesus Christ? Should not I bow to her? "Well, after all," says he, "that seems to be very reasonable, but you Catholics always overdo the thing; you always go too far. There is among you, sir too much of that Blessed Virgin."

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

the Blessed Virgin, and there is no end to that Blessed Virgin! You can't go into a Catholic Church, where you find an altar of Jesus, but there is an altar at the side to the Blessed Virgin." Is not that very natural and reasonable, my dear Protestant friend, that we should not separate the mother from the son? How can we love Jesus without loving His blessed mother? Oh, how unnatural, how unreasonable, is Protestantism, which imagines that we can honor Jesus by despising His mother! Young man, suppose you have a friend and that friend declares that he has for your a sincere love, esteem, and respect, and that he would do anything in the world to oblige you. Well you return your thanks to him for his kind feelings toward you, and after a while your mother comes in and you say: "Sir, allow me to introduce you to my mother." "Your mother, sir, and what do I care for your mother? I love you, I respect you, but I have no regard at all for your mother." Young man, how would you feel? Would you not turn him out of the house? You would say: "You treat my mother in this manner, sir—you can't insult my mother without insulting me. I forever disavow all affection, all regard, and more than this, all my love and esteem for you. You can't love me if you despise my mother." It is natural, then, if we love Jesus that we should love His mother. For a good son loves to see his mother honored, respected, and loved; and the more we honor and respect the mother, the more pleasing and acceptable we become to the son. Now Jesus Christ is

THE BEST OF SONS.

There never was a son that loved his mother as Jesus loved the Blessed Virgin; and therefore it is His delight to see His mother honored, respected, and loved. For, indeed, that son must be a bad son, a wicked and unnatural son, who delights in seeing his mother despised, disregarded and contemned. We, therefore, insult Jesus Christ when we disregard His blessed mother.

"Of course," says the Protestant preacher, "It is perfectly reasonable and natural that you should honor the mother of Jesus Christ. But then, sir, there is one thing among you that can't be right."

"And what is that my friend?" "Well, sir," says he, "It is that 'Hail Mary' I have heard this 'Hail Mary' when the services were going on, and when the priests were coming out, they would repeat: 'Hail Mary' Now, sir, I abhor that; I look upon it as a worship of Mary."

Do you never say: "Hail Mary" my dear sir, I ask.

"Never, sir, never, sir. God forbid I should!" he replies.

You never think you say: "Hail Mary" sometimes?"

"Never, sir, never."

Tell me, my dear friend, have you family prayers?"

"Yes, sir, on every night."

"And will you allow me to come to your family prayer?"

"Oh, Father Damen, by all means come now, and we will pray for your conversion."

"My dear friend, you are undertaking a very hard job to convert me, and you will have to pray fervently for Father Damen is a very hard case." (Laughter.)

"Well, I go to his family prayer, and this family prayer consists of an extemporaneous prayer and the reading of a chapter in the Bible; and when the extemporaneous prayer is over the minister or preacher reads a chapter, and it so happened that on this occasion he read the 1st chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke. Among other things the minister read there that 'God sent the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin espoused of Joseph, and the Angel Gabriel being come unto Mary said:

"HAIL, MARY FULL OF GRACE;

the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women!" And Elizabeth inspired by the Holy Ghost, added, Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." Why, my dear preacher, you are saying the "Hail Mary" "Oh, no, sir, I am only reading my Bible," says he. Yes; but my dear man, don't you see that the "Hail Mary" is in the Bible? "Oh, my God," says he, "that's a fact, and I did not know it!"

(Laughter.) "Why, Rebecca," says he to his wife, "what is to become of us? We are half Papists already. We have been saying the 'Hail Mary' all along and we did not know it."

Is it not so? Does not every Protestant that reads his Bible say the "Hail Mary"? Is not the "Hail Mary" in the Bible; don't you find it there in the 1st chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke? Why, then, my dear Protestant friends, do you make any objection to the "Hail Mary"? Is not it the language of inspiration; is not it found in the word of God? What does your Bible say? Your Bible tells you that the "Hail Mary" is not the invention of man, not of a bishop, not of a priest, not of a devout Catholic, but that the "Hail Mary" came from heaven on angel's wings, and that it was an Archangel and one of the princes of heaven that said the first "Hail Mary" upon this earth. And yet during this mission you may have seen Protestants, when they have heard the priest repeat the "Hail Mary" and the people responding to it, nudging one another, lifting up their eyes to heaven in compassionate pity—"Poor benighted creatures! poor ignorant people!" Ah! it is you that are the poor benighted creature, it is you that are the ignorant man; you have not the blessing of the Bible; you are blinded, you see not, you had reason and intellect, but you didn't understand. You had ears and you heard not; you had a mouth and you spoke not, and you are

LIKE THE IDOLS OF OLD.

Is it not strange how prejudiced and blinded is the intellect of man, the reason of man! How is it that Protestants read the "Hail Mary" constantly in the Gospel, yet, when they hear it from the Catholics, they at once find fault with it, and look upon it as some superstition, whereas their own Bible says it is the word of God. "But then your enthusiasm and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I can never be reconciled to it." Now let us suppose for a moment, that the mother of George Washington were coming to Brooklyn, what an excitement there would be in Brooklyn? You would hear the roar of the cannon, and the shooting of the pistols and guns, and bands of music would be marching through the streets; there would be grand illuminations and great bonfires in the streets of Brooklyn; the darkness of the night would be turned into the brilliancy of day; and you would see the ladies of the first families of Brooklyn dressed up in the grandest possible style, in beautiful carriages rolling through the streets. If I said to them: "Ladies, what is all this excitement, what is all this fuss?" "Why, sir, don't you know it, why the mother of Washington is come to Brooklyn, and we are all going to pay our respects to her at such a hotel." The mother of Washington, and is she more than any woman? "Oh; these ladies would say, "it is easy seeing you are a Dutchman; you don't understand us, ladies, at all, sir. Why, sir, we are to honor this Lady Washington because she has given us so great a general; for her son burst asunder the chains that held us in bondage and in slavery, and he has made us a free, independent, glorious and happy people, and should not we honor

THE MOTHER OF SO GREAT A SON?

All right, my dear American ladies, all right. I am perfectly convinced of your good feelings; I love to see gratitude; I love to see you careful of the mother of so great a son. Go, then, and honor the mother of George Washington. But tell me, my dear American ladies, has not Mary given us a dearer son than George Washington? Has not she given us Jesus; has she not done more for us than George Washington has done? Has he not made us a free and independent people, children of God, and heirs of heaven; and should not we honor the mother of so great a son, to whom we owe our salvation. "Well," said he, "that certainly appears very reasonable. But then I could never be a Catholic, because among you Catholics there are so many bad people; there are so many among you that profane the Lord's day; so many that curse and swear and get drunk."

"And have we never seen a Protestant drunk? Is every Protestant a sober man? Did you never hear a curse from Protestant lips? And the greatest rogues of this country, the greatest thieves that have defrauded the government and the people out of millions of dollars, were they Catholics? No, but they were Protestants. I think, my dear Protestant friends, you have a good share of bad people among you, and you need not complain." "But," says the Protestant man, "you have bad priests among you." Why, if there never was a bad priest in the world, there never would have been a Protestant in the world. For

THE FIRST BAD PRIEST

there ever was, the first became a Protestant. Martin Luther started the Protestant religion, and he was a mighty bad man. There are bad priests—few indeed, but there are some—for a priest is a man just as all of us are; therefore a priest has his passions, his temptations, and his weaknesses like other men. He may have the misfortune of falling into sins; but there are some bad preachers too. We read from time to time in the newspapers some shocking scandals of Protestant preachers. About two years ago every paper was filled with the scandal of a certain preacher who, they said, had corrupted every little girl of his Sunday school. Then from time to time you read in the papers that a Rev. Mr. So and So, who was the preacher of such and such a church falling in love with the wife of his neighbor—and they skedaddled. (Laughter.) They went for "parts unknown." Surely that was news, for the preacher to run away with his neighbor's wife and leave his own wife and children behind.—There are good and bad people among all denominations: We Catholics have our share of it; and so have you Protestants. What does that prove against the Catholic religion? Nothing whatsoever. And if the Catholic Church taught her children to be miserly, to be drunkards, to be cursers, to be dishonest, to break the Lord's Day, well then you could prove something against the Catholic Church. But she does all she can to make her children honest, pure, sober, benevolent, charitable, kind, and upright in all their dealings with their fellow-men.—And if some Catholics do not follow the instructions of their mother Church, the Church is not to be blamed for that. There was among the very Apostles a Judas that betrayed his Divine Master,—does that prove anything against the religion of Jesus Christ because there was

A BAD MAN AMONG THE VERY DISCIPLES

of Christ? Most assuredly not. There are, therefore, good and bad people among all denominations. "Well," says my Methodist friend, "Why don't you turn them out?"

"Turn them out! Where did you learn that doctrine? Did you learn it from the lips of Jesus Christ? "Ah! when the disciple said: "Shall we tear up the stubble in order that it may not crush the wheat?" No, answered the Saviour—"Let it grow up till the harvest time, and then the stubble shall be separated from the wheat." The Jews and the Pharisees found great fault with our Divine Saviour because he was seen among sinners in order to reclaim them and to convert them. Where, then, did you find that doctrine—"Turn them out?"—You have learned that from the Scribes and from the Pharisees, who were the sworn enemies of Jesus Christ. Not from the lips of the Saviour, though He conversed and ate and drank with sinners, in order to reclaim and to save them. "I have come," says He, "not for the just but for the unjust;" and He left the ninety-nine sheep and went in search of the one that was lost. So, the Catholic Church does not turn them out, but she is constantly making efforts to work up their hearts and feelings, and to bring them to repentance and save them like the Blessed Saviour. "But," says my Protestant friend,

"I don't like your worship, sir. The priest is always talking in

AN UNKNOWN TONGUE

saying his prayers in Latin, and the time he stands there, it is in the capacity of a public minister of religion." Very well; why do you go to church? Is it merely to listen to a prayer? I thought you went to church to pray. What a ridiculous idea Protestants sometimes have. When they come from their meeting-house, they say to one another: "Well, now, wasn't that a beautiful prayer our preacher said to-day? It was a poetic, and flowery and beautifully expressed prayer." I thought you went to the house of God in order to lay open your hearts before God, to ask him to be freed from evil, and to obtain His blessings, grace, and protection. We Catholics go to pray; we don't go there merely to listen to a prayer, for, how in the world can a preacher express the sins of all his people? How often in the Methodist church is there great confusion, great disorder? The Methodist preacher goes up and says an extemporaneous prayer; "Lord God," says he, "Open thy clouds, and give us a beautiful and abundant rain." Amen! says one, and there is a groan and a shout from the other side, "O Lord," says another, "don't hear that prayer! I am making my harvest, and if you give me rain my harvest is gone. Lord don't hear the prayer of the preacher for I am getting in my harvest—I am getting in my crops, and if you give me rain, I am a poor man for the rest of my years—don't you hear him! (Laughter.) I say my dear people, your preacher can never express in his

EXTEMPORANEOUS PRAYER

wants of the people. Hence, every one must go to church to speak to God, to lay open his soul before God, to ask for those favors and those graces which he stands in need of, and to be freed from those evils which he has or dreads. And why is it the Catholic Church desires to preserve the Latin language and the Greek language in her public services? There are four reasons for this:

First. The Catholic Church is very conservative. The Catholic Church wishes to preserve everything in religion as she has received it from Christ and the Apostles. They preached in Latin; Greek, Hebrew, and so on. Now the Catholic Church preserves these dead languages, which are not subjected to change as the living languages are. You take, for instance, an English book that was printed 300 years ago, and compare it with the English of the present age, you can hardly say it is the same language. On this day a good Dutchman, a Hollander, has presented me with a Dutch book, printed 200 odd years ago. I was reading it this afternoon. Why, it is nothing like the Dutch language of the present day. So it is with the French; so it is with all the modern languages: they are constantly changing; but the dead languages always remain the same. Now the Catholic Church preserves, in her divine services, these languages sanctified by Christ and by the Apostles, in order that she may be sure that she has, not only the meaning, but the very words with which the Apostles administered the Sacraments of the Church and offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass. We show, therefore, that we have not only the meaning, but the very words of Christ and of the Apostles. Another reason is: The Catholic Church is

NOT A NATIONAL CHURCH.

is not a church of this nation or of that nation, as the Episcopalian, which is particularly the National Church of England, or the Lutheran, which is the national Church of the Germans. The Catholic Church is not a national church, but the Church of all peoples. We are all of one body, all members of the mystical body of Jesus Christ. We are all branches of one tree, of which Christ is the root and the Pope is the trunk, the larger branches the bishops, the small branches the parish priests, and the fruits upon the tree the faithful throughout the whole world. We all hang together without the distinction of nationality. We are all one body, and being one body, there must be one common language, which is the Latin—the language of the learned. So, from time to time, when the Father of this Church, the Pope, desires to bring the Bishops and learned men of the whole world together, in order that they may be able to converse with one another on the interests of the Church, it is necessary that they should use one language. They therefore adopt the old Latin language, which is understood by them all. The third reason why the Catholic Church preserves the Latin is that her ministers may always be men of education, men of learning. It is not in the Catholic Church as it is among others, where one can be shoemaker to-day and a preacher to-morrow. They must be men of education, they must have gone through their ecclesiastical studies, through studies of philosophy and of theology, and this education is very much promoted by the study of the dead languages. Here are some of the reasons why the Catholic Church preserves these ancient languages." "Then, again," says my Protestant friend, "I never would be a Catholic, sir, because what are all

THESE CATHOLIC FOREIGNERS?

Who are the Catholics in this country? Dutch and Irish. I never could associate with them, sir—with all these foreigners." And what are you, my dear American, but a foreigner? He answers: "I was born in this country." And that does not make you a bit better; plenty of rogues are born in this country, and many a one has been hanged that was born in this country. But after all, you are a foreigner. "No, sir," says he, "My father was born here, and so was my grandfather." But where did your great grandfather come from? "He came from Scotland." It is a mighty bad country, this Scotland. Historians say that Scotland is one of the most immoral countries in the whole world; there is more drunkenness and more impurity in Scotland than perhaps in any other country in the world. But whatever country you came from, every white man in this country is a foreigner, in blood at least. The only real native American is the Indian; he is the real native of the soil—all else are foreigners. Then, how nonsensical and unreasonable is your idea? Did Christ establish a national Church, did He establish a Church for this nation or for that nation? No: He established a Church, for all nations, for the whole world—"Go ye, therefore," said He to His apostles, "And teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." Christ then established

A CHURCH FOR ALL NATIONALITIES.

Still the Protestant says: "Well, sir, I can't make up my mind to be a Catholic, because there are among you Catholics so many Biddies and Paddies. I don't want, sir, to associate myself with them." Very well, my dear man, if you don't want to be associated with them, with Biddies and Paddies, you had better not go to Heaven; for if you ever get the chance of going to Heaven, you will meet plenty of Biddies and Paddies there, for Heaven is crowded with them. (Laughter.) There is another objection against the Catholic Religion: "There is that nonsense of believing in indulgences." Don't you believe in indulgences, my dear Protestant friend? "No, sir, I don't, and I never shall." Well, what is an indulgence? "Well," says he, "an indulgence is the buying of pardon of sins and the purchase of license to commit sins." Oh! and I tell you that all your objections against the Catholic Church are founded in ignorance, because you know nothing about the Catholic religion. An indulgence, is not the paying for the pardon of sins, nor is an indulgence a license to commit sin. There is no power on earth that can give a license to commit sin. All

the bishops, all the priests and popes in the world, could not give you permission even to tell a lie. Hence, an indulgence is no pardon of sins and no license to commit sins. What, then, is an indulgence?

AN INDULGENCE

is merely the taking away of the temporal punishment due to our sins, after these sins have been forgiven by our repentance. That God very frequently pardons sins, yet punishes the sinner, is evident from the Bible. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, had sinned by violating the command of God; they repented of their sin, and God forgave them their sin, and He promised them a Redeemer to come and save them. But, although God did forgive them, their sin upon their repentance, yet they were condemned to 900 years of hard labor, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. Again: David had and God sent His prophet Nathan, and David acknowledged his sin and his crime; he repented with says: "In the name of God the Lord hath taken away thy sin." Yet God punished David, and the fruit of his crime died in punishment of his sin. So, I say, the Almighty God, from this very circumstance in the Bible, very frequently forgives sin and yet gives a temporal punishment—that is, He takes away the eternal punishment of hell and gives them the punishment in this world. Now, an indulgence is the taking away of that

TEMPORAL PUNISHMENT;

and you my Protestant friends, believe not that fact. Let us suppose, here is your son, a little boy, and he has been cutting some capers, he has done some mischief. You love the boy, and you punish him: the poor fellow weeps and cries and he says: "Oh, papa, I am sorry; I will never do it again." "Oh, forgive him, but you say, "Now, see here, my son, I am going to lock you up in your room; you will be there all day, and have nothing but bread and water to eat." Here you inflict a temporal punishment upon your son; you don't disinheritor him; you have no enmity or bad feeling towards him; you inflict this punishment upon him in order that he may remember his sin, and the poor fellow, shut up in his room in weeping and crying and sobbing, and his mother, hearing him, is moved to compassion and she says to her husband: "Oh, my dear husband, do forgive him; let him off; he will not do it any more." "Well then," says the husband, "at your request, and for the love which I bear for you, I will let him off. Here the husband gives an indulgence—this is an indulgence. So, when we have sinned, God forgives us our sin, in consequence of our repentance, but

GOD REMOVES PUNISHMENT

for us, which we must undergo either in this world or in the world to come. Now, the Church, our own mother, step in between us and God and says: "Merciful God, through the merits of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, and the merits of all thy saints, take away this temporal punishment from my children." And God, listening to the prayer of the church, for the church is the spouse of Jesus Christ, in consideration of His own merits and the merits of His saints, He takes away that temporal punishment. It is, therefore, the exercise of that power which Jesus has granted to the church when He says: "I will give to you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." It is the exercise of that power which Christ has given to the church. My dear Christian friends, there are many other popular objections which I would like to answer, but I have been talking now for two hours. I have only to say to you, that I thank you for listening with so much patience to my refutation of these popular objections against the Church of God the Catholic Church.

A FEMALE WARRIOR.—One of the private soldiers of the Scots Greys, wounded at the battle of Ramilies, proved to be a woman. Her name was Christian Davis, and her life and adventures were afterwards published in a small octavo volume. She states she was a native of Ireland, and that her husband having entered the army, she put on men's clothes and went in quest of him, not meeting him she enlisted in a regiment of foot, and in 1702 in the Scots Greys, served in the campaign of that and the following year, and in 1704 was wounded in the leg at Schellenberg. After the battle of Blenheim, when escorting French prisoners to Holland, she met with her husband, who was then a private soldier in the First Royal Foot. She made herself known to him, and from this time passed as his brother, until after the battle of Ramilies, where she was wounded by a shell, and her sex discovered by the surgeons. "No sooner had they made the discovery," she observes in her narrative, "than they acquainted Brigadier Preston that his pretty dragoon (for so I was always called) was a woman. The news spread far and near, and reaching my Lord Hay's ears, he came to see me, as did my former comrades; and my lord called for my husband. He gave him a full and satisfactory account of our first acquaintance, marriage and situation, with the manner of his entering the service, and my resolution to go in search of him. My lord seemed very well entertained with my history, and ordered that my pay should be continued while under care. When his lordship heard that I was well enough to go aboard, he generously sent me a parcel of linen. Brigadier Preston made me a present of a handsome silk gown; every one of our officers contributed to the furnishing me with what was requisite for the dress of my sex, and dismissed me the service with a handsome compliment."—From Famous British Regiments, in All the Year Round.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—A man died in Worcester, Massachusetts, the other day, whose career ought to be for young men the most effectual of temperance lectures. Thirteen years ago he was a young lawyer in Connecticut, of uncommon abilities and brilliant promise. He entered the army, and rose to the rank of colonel, but he became addicted to drink, and rapidly sank to the grade of a common drunkard, while intoxicated one night, in a low den in this city, he was "shaughed" aboard a bark bound for China. The vessel was wrecked off St Helena, and he with several others were rescued and taken to Cape Town. Here, while engaged in a debauch, he was arrested and imprisoned and afterwards hired to a Dutch farmer, where he worked with Hottentots. Escaping, he shipped on a trading vessel toward the Straits of Madagascar, where he deserted and lived for some time among the natives of the island. Narrowly escaping murder, he afterwards put to sea in an open boat, was picked up and taken to Cape Town, and then to Singapore. For several years he wandered about in China and Japan, a poor drunken vagabond, finally landing in San Francisco in a state of beggary, and made his way across the continent. His friends heard of him as a bar-tender in a miserable saloon in Elizabeth, N. J., sick and broken down, and took him home to die, a worn-out debauchee at the age of thirty-six.—Narrative.

There is a model old man described by a Poor's newspaper. He hasn't taken a bit of care of himself. He chewed tobacco sixty years, and got fat on it. He drank hard for twenty-five years, and got younger every day. His eye-sight is so good that he reads his newspaper by moonlight through a microscope inverted to make the type small enough for his peculiar vision. He walks every morning four miles for his drinks before breakfast; he has tried a cord of wood between each meal; he has tried to die of old age thirteen times, and failed every time. He attends to the wants of an old and feeble grandson, and superintends the funerals of his posterity with great care and decency.

INFORMATION WANTED.
 PETER OSSELINE, aged about 36, and who was on the Summer of 1872, was employed as a teacher on Lake Superior. Any information would be thankfully received by his father, ANTHONY OSSELINE, 32 Montrose, P. Q., Ontario.

WANTED.
 A first class teacher will be open for an engagement on the 1st of September or sooner if required. Would prefer teaching classics and French. Best of references. Address "Tutor" True Witness office.

WANTED, a R. C. Teacher to teach English and French in an Elementary School.
 Apply to
 G. BARSALOU,
 CALUMET ISLAND.

WANTED—A TEACHER for a French and English School. A liberal salary.
 JOHN HANNON, Sec.-Treas.
 St. Canut, P. Q.

\$5 TO \$20 per day. Agents wanted. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

BRANCHES
 Have been Opened in
 St. Joseph Street, No. 396,
 AND
 St. Catharine Street, No. 552.

DEPOSITS from Five Cents to Two Thousand dollars will be received, but re-payments will be made only at the Head Office,
GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

Office hours from 10 to 3, and in the evening from 6 to 8.
 Another Branch will shortly be opened in the neighborhood of St. Jean Baptiste Village.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for our paper (THE TRUE WITNESS) in the above cities, and authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

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 Undertakes the Warming of Public and Private Buildings, Manufactories, Conservatories, Vinerias, &c., by Greene's Improved Hot-Water Apparatus, Gold's Low Pressure Steam Apparatus, with latest improvements, and also by High Pressure Steam in Coils or Pipes. Plumbing and Gas-Fitting personally attended to.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
 AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

CANADA
 PROVINCES OF QUEBEC } In the Superior Court.
 DISTRICT OF MONTREAL }
 In the Matter of PARADIS & LABELLE, and the said J. B. LABELLE as well individually as being a member of said co-partnership.

An Insolvent.
 The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a consent by his creditors to his discharge, and on the twenty-sixth day of June next he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.
 J. B. LABELLE,
 by ARTHUR DESJARDINS,
 his Attorney ad litem.
 Montreal 14th May 1873. 40-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
 In the matter of MOISE BOURQUE, of L'Epiphanie, Trader

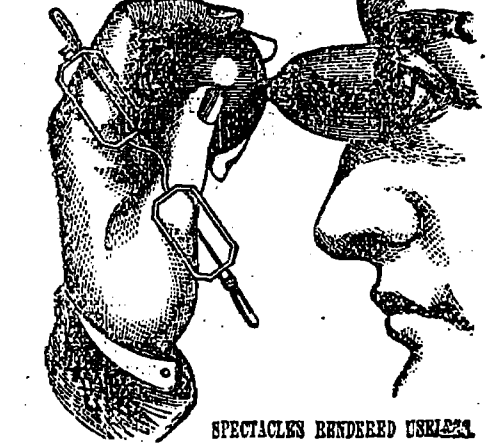
An Insolvent.
 The Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business in the village of L'Epiphanie on Wednesday the twenty fifth day of June instant at 10 o'clock a.m., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.
 L. GUILBAULT,
 Interim Assignee.
 L'Assomption, 4th June 1873. 43-5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
 In the Matter of SYLVESTER DEMPSEY,

An Insolvent.
 A first and final dividend sheet has been prepared subject to objection until the Twenty Eighth day of June 1873, after which date, the dividend will be paid.
 L. JOS LAJOIE,
 Assignee.
 Montreal, 13th June 1873. 44-2

NOTICE is hereby given that Emily Paisley of the City and District of Montreal, wife of William Reax of the same place, Carter, has instituted an action in the Superior Court, at Montreal, under the No. 2149 against her said husband to obtain separation from him as to bed and board.
 Montreal, 17th June, 1873.
 ABBOTT, TAIT & WOTHERSPOON,
 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

RESTORE YOUR SIGHT.



OLD EYES MADE NEW.

All diseases of the eye successfully treated by Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups.
 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

Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups.

Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists students, and divines, have had their sight permanently restored for life, and cured of the following diseases:—

1. Impaired Vision; 2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight-ness, or Dimness of Vision, commonly called Blurring; 3. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; 4. Epiphora, Running or Watery Eyes; 5. Sore Eyes, Specially treated with the Eye Cups, Cure Guaranteed; 6. Weakness of the Retina, or Optic Nerve; 7. Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages, or imperfect vision from the effects of Inflammation; 8. Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; 9. Over-worked eyes; 10. Mydriasis, moving specks or floating bodies before the eye; 11. Amaurosis, or Obscurity of Vision; 12. Cataracts, Partial Blindness; the loss of sight.

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.

2309 CERTIFICATES OF CURE

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.

Under date of March 29, Hon. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: J. Ball, of our city, is a conscientious and respectable man, who is incapable of intentional deception or imposition.

Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: Without my Spectacles I can see 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.

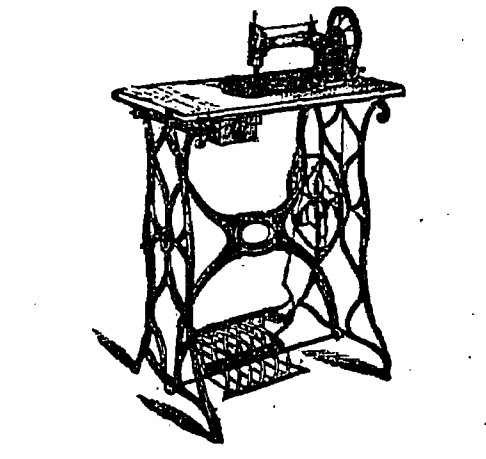
E. C. Ellis, Late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us Nov. 15th, 1869: I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them; they are certainly the Greatest Invention of the age.

All persons wishing particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send your address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, forty-four Pages, free by return mail. Write to
 Dr. J. BALL & CO.,
 P. O. Box 957,
 No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.

For the worst cases of MYOPIA, or NEAR SIGHTEDNESS, use our New Patent Myopic Attachments applied to the IVORY EYE CUPS has proved a certain cure for this disease.

Send for pamphlets and certificates free. Waste no more money by adjusting huge glasses on your nose and disfigure your face.

Employment for all. Agents wanted for the new Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups, just introduced in the market. The success is unparalleled by any other article. All persons out of employment, or those wishing to improve their circumstances, whether gentlemen or ladies, can make a respectable living at this light and easy employment. Hundreds of agents are making from \$5 TO \$20 A DAY. To live agents \$20 a week will be guaranteed. Information furnished on receipt of twenty cents to pay for cost of printing materials and return postage.
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 P. O. Box 557,
 No. 91 Liberty Street New York.
 Nov. 18, 1871.



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 That fills the soul of an Artist with delight, when a long sought subject of unparalleled beauty bursts upon the view. And it's a charm that only those can appreciate who have long tried in vain to get a really good fitting Suit, and have at last succeeded by getting the new style brought out by

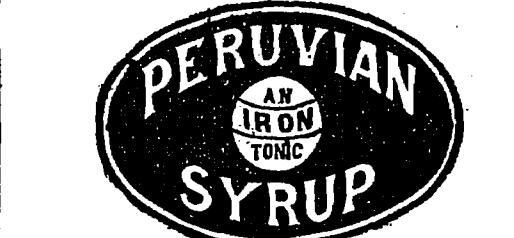
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From \$12.50, \$14.50, \$16 & \$18.
 To be had only at

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Iron in the Blood



MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

The Peruvian Syrup, a Protected Solution of the Protochloride of Iron, is so combined as to have the character of an aliment, as easily digested and assimilated with the blood as the simplest food. It increases the quantity of Nature's Own Vitalizing Agent, Iron in the blood, and cures "a thousand ills," simply by Toning up, Invigorating and Vitalizing the System. The enriched and vitalized blood permeates every part of the body, repairing damages and waste, searching out morbid secretions, and leaving nothing for disease to feed upon.
This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhoea, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by debility or a low state of the system. Being free from Alcohol, in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, insuring strength, vigor, and new life into all parts of the system, and building up an Iron Constitution.
Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy, from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.
See that each bottle has PERUVIAN SYRUP blown in the glass. Pamphlets Free.
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 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

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APPROPRIATION STOCK—Subscribed Capital \$3,000,000. **PERMANENT STOCK**—\$100,000—Open for Subscription. Shares \$100 00 payable ten per cent quarterly.—Dividends of nine or ten per cent can be expected by Permanent Shareholders; the demand for money at high rates equivalent by compound interest to 14 or 16 per cent, has been so great that up to this the Society has been unable to supply all applicants, and that the Directors, in order to procure more funds, have deemed it profitable to establish the following rates in the

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT:
 For sums under \$500 00 lent at short notice 6 percent
 For sums over \$500 00 lent at short notice 5 " "
 For sums over \$25 00 up to \$5,000 00 lent for fixed periods of over three months 7 " "

As the Society lends only on Real Estate of the very best description, it offers the best of security to Investors at short or long dates.

In the Appropriation Department, Books are now selling at \$10 premium.

In the Permanent Department Shares are now at par; the dividends, judging from the business done up to date, shall send the Stock up to a premium, thus giving to Investors more profit than if they invested in Bank Stock.

Any further information can be obtained from
 F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

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 PORT HOPE, ONTARIO,

MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE DEALER in flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Pot and Pearl Barley, Grain, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, and feed of all kinds. Orders from the Trade solicited and promptly attended to, to which can be forwarded in Bags, Barrels, or Bulk by the car load. Bakers and flour dealers that require an extra good strong flour that can be warranted to give satisfaction, will find it to their advantage to send me their orders.
 Price list on application.
 PETER M'CAE,
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Ayer's Cathartic Pills,



For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the Pills with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the impurities of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which cannot be reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although soothing, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Medicine, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor and Loss of Appetite,** they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic, and Bilious Fevers,** they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Constipation or Diarrhoea,** but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins,** they should be continuously taken, as directed, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change these complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings,** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression,** a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a **Dinner Pill,** take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageously used in serious derangement exists. One who feels colorably well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
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 THE subscribers beg to inform the public that they have recommenced business, and hope, by strict attention to business and moderate charges, to merit a share of its patronage.
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P. E. BROWN'S
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 Persons from the Country and other Provinces, will find this the

MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE,

AND
ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED
 Don't forget the place:
BROWN'S,
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 opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot;
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THE OLD SPOT,
 So long and favorably known, is now Supplied with
 A VARIED AND COMPLETE
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MENS', YOUTH'S AND BOYS HATS.
 R. W. COWAN.

CORNER OF NOTRE DAME AND ST. PETER STREETS.

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 This thoroughly Commercial Establishment is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the City.

Having long felt the necessity of a Boarding School in the city, the Christian Brothers have been untiring in their efforts to procure a favorable site whereon to build; they have now the satisfaction to inform their patrons and the public that such a place has been selected, combining advantages rarely met with.

The Institution, hitherto known as the "Bank of Upper Canada," has been purchased with this view and is fitted up in a style which cannot fail to render it a favorite resort to students. The spacious building of the Bank—now adapted to educational purposes—the ample and well-devised play grounds and the ever-refreshing breezes from great Ontario all concur in making "De La Salle Institute" whatever its directors could claim for it, or any of its patrons desire.

The Class-rooms, study-halls, dormitory and refectory, are on a scale equal to any in the country. With greater facilities than heretofore, the Christian Brothers will now be better able to promote the physical, moral and intellectual development of the students committed to their care.

The system of government is mild and paternal, yet firm in enforcing the observance of established discipline.

No student will be retained whose manners and morals are not satisfactory: students of all denominations are admitted.

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 The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.

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 Religious Instruction, Spelling, Reading, Notions of Arithmetic and Geography, Object lessons, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

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COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.
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 Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

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 Board and Tuition, per month, \$12 00
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Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness or dismissal.
 EXTRA CHARGES—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin.
 Monthly Reports of behavior, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians.
 For further particulars apply at the Institute.
 BROTHUR ARNOLD, Director.

Toronto, March 1, 1872.

