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The True Witness

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

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NO. 39.

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FLORENCE O'NEILL, THE ROSE OF ST. GERMAINS, OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

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

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"I shall write to Marlborough," said the king, laying his letter aside, "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words."

At that moment there was a knock at the closet door, and a page introduced Lord Lucan, whose prodigious size far exceeded that of the stalwart Welchman, Davy Lloyd.

"I have had a letter that has given me pleasure, Lucan," he said, showing him the epistle of the princess, as Lloyd was leaving the room, the fond weak heart of the king yearning towards his younger child. "My daughter Anne, Lucan, is surely better than her sister Mary."

Captain Lloyd's hand was yet on the handle of the door, when this remark attracted his attention. He paused, half opened it again, thrusting forward his white head, saying—

"I beg your Majesty to understand they are both alike in principle; the one is not a whit better than the other; a couple of —" and here the rough seaman used a canine comparison, to which an oath was added, which we may not repeat in these pages.

Poor, foolish, fond James! A deep sigh escaped him as Captain Lloyd closed the door. His words had been harsh and coarse, but the king knew him to be warmly devoted to his interests, and felt that he must be well convinced that Anne was only seeking to further her own selfish views, or that he would never have burst out with such uncontrollable indignation.

"Well, Lucan, and what news has the captain brought for you," said the king, as he threw the letter of the princess aside.

"Merely a letter from Florence, your Majesty. Poor child, she seems to entertain no hope of getting away from Mary's Court. She has also sent a letter to St. John, releasing him, I believe from the contract that existed between them, behold him, Sir, he is walking on the terrace beneath the window. He looks very lachrymose, does he not, rather unlike the fine, dashing, young fellow, who last year offered me his services at Limerick. Active service will rout him out of his trouble most speedily, your Majesty."

"He will not be suffered to remain long inactive," replied the king, "but I grieve for Florence very much, there is little doubt, Sarsfield, but that the rich estates of your young kinswoman are coveted by William. His conquests in Flanders are costing him dear; he is impoverishing England to carry on his wars, and the larger the number of the estates confiscated on the plea of rebellion, the better for him. My poor Lucan, how severely have you and many others suffered by your devotion to our cause."

A tear stood in the king's eye as he spoke. The brave, warm-hearted Irishman beheld it; his heart was as soft as that of a woman, and muttering a few words about only having done his duty in sacrificing his estates, and urging his countrymen to go to France, he turned to the window to conceal his emotion. For the

old mansion in which he was born, and the green hills and dales surrounding it, swam before his eyes, and with the expressions of his royal master's sorrow were more than he could bear. Nor was the scene in the open meadow beyond, where the troops had mustered for their daily exercise, in their dingy, hardworn uniform more cheering to the spirits, for it clearly manifested the scant condition of the poor king's finances.

A moment later the queen entered the closet followed by her beautiful boy, a child of some four years of age. The little prince, as soon as the door was opened, rushed at once to Lord Lucan; his head reached not much above the knees of the somewhat gigantic figure of that personage. The boy's large, dark eyes were fixed on his face, with an earnestness such as is not often seen in childhood. Alas, the little prince was well accustomed to the sight of tears, if you only remember what his parents suffered, and with the acute apprehension of an intelligent child, he at once concluded that something had occurred to make "big Lord Lucan," as he used to call him, look so sad to-day.

With dark eyes, a fair, bright complexion, an abundance of clustering curls of golden hair, and the rest of his features equally good, the little Prince of Wales deserved the appellation of a beautiful child.

He was dressed in his usual attire, a frock of the royal Stuart tartan, with a stomacher of point lace, a cap of dark blue velvet, set somewhat fancifully on the top of his pretty head, adorned with a small plume of black and blue feathers. His tiny hands caught firm hold of those of Lucan, and his golden curls fell over that brave Irishman's arm, as in childish prattle he begs him to come to see a beautiful pony which Monsieur the Dauphin had sent him.

Very good fast friends, indeed, are the child and the earl, though the brave Sarsfield did not live to raise a sword in defence of the rights of the prince he loved so dearly.

He lifted the boy up in his arms, fondling and caressing him as though he were his own. In fact, the little fellow knew well the power he possessed over the brave and gallant Lucan, who, turning with a smile to James and his consort, said, laughing, for the sight of the boy had driven away his sadness.

"You see your Majesties, big Lucan is fairly caught, and as he cannot say 'no' to your child, why you must excuse him, he is going to look at the Dauphin's present."

"A word first, Lord Lucan," said the queen. "I have a long letter from my beloved Florence. I shall read it to the king, and then send it to yourself and Sir Reginald."

"A long letter at last, Sir," she resumed as Lord Lucan withdrew with the boy under his care, shall I read it aloud?"

The king assented, and placing her chair beside that of the king, she began to read.

We must here remark, however, that the date of the letter was that of the October of the previous year. Consequently it had been kept at random, for sometimes weeks or even months had elapsed without an entry having been made. The corn was now ready for the reaper, its golden sheaves were being gathered in. Nearly another year had passed, showing that the journal had been kept by irregular intervals, and as circumstances allowed, most probably with a view of having it at hand whenever a fortuitous chance might occur, through which she might transmit it to her friends in France.

Without any preamble, for cogent reasons addressing no particular person it began thus:

This day I have for the last time looked on the dead face of my dear uncle. I have collected all his valuables and papers; to-morrow his remains will be removed to Morville for interment. How much would I like to go thither for awhile, and then return to my beloved Mrs. Whitely. (1.)

How much would I give to know if one whom I hold dear is recovered of his wounds. How much to know if I am thought of as in the old, old days, when our troth was plighted beside my dying mother.

December, '91.

The king is at Kensington, and has brought with him the Count Von Arnheim. I am persecuted on all sides. I am asked to give a reason why I dislike him; he is in favor with the king (were he in favor of two kings my aversion would be the same). He is thirty years old, good looking, rich, and enamored of myself, so says the queen. She tells me I refuse him in a spirit of obstinacy, and because I am still fostering attachment to an outlaw.—Both the king and queen were much exasperated to-day, because I still continue to refuse the Count, who urges his suit with a provoking pertinacity when he sees how I am opposed to it. Oh, how I wish I was a poor peasant girl I should not be thus tortured.

January 15, 1692.

This afternoon I received a summons to attend the king in his closet; the queen was not there; my heart beat violently. I looked at my face in the pier glass as I approached him.

(1.) One of the names by which Queen Mary Beatrix was designated in the writings of the Jacobites.

I was ghastly white; my black robe a contrast to my pale face; my knees shook under me. Then I said to myself, "there is not much of the courage of the O'Neills in their descendant," and I mastered my fear a little, and walking slowly up the long room, I made my obeisance to the king. Standing before him, I awaited his pleasure.

Let me try and remember how his Majesty opened the attack. I was so surprised that I have to think before I can clearly recollect all that passed.

His spare little person was seized with a fit of asthmatic coughing at the moment I reached his chair. His manners are always more or less disgusting, so that he did not heed at all the nature of his cough, whilst a young lady stood immediately before him till the fit was over, for I dared not move, as he made no sign; neither did he sign for me to be seated. You know he is chary of speech and very brief in his replies. I was aware that I stood before one who is dead to the generous emotions of the heart, and, at the same time, an imperious sovereign. I felt too that the queen was purposely absent.

At last the king laid aside his handkerchief, and fixing his sparkling eyes on my face, his countenance more grave even than usual, he said:

"I wish to know why you refuse to marry one who is a faithful friend of mine. Now, reply in three or four words."

"Your Majesty, I cannot marry Count Von Arnheim," I said.

"It is woman's nonsense; you shall be his wife before we return to Holland. I have said so; it is my will."

"But Sir, it cannot, must not be," and silly woman that I am, the tears rushed to my eyes, and sobs choked my utterance.

"Enough, I have said you shall, you understand; now you may go."

"But, your Majesty, I will not marry him," said I, heedless of the person whom I addressed.

The king rarely got in such a passion as on this occasion. He rose from his chair, seized me roughly by the arm, asked me how I dared set up my will against his, and in his rage, flung his handkerchiefs on the ground. I picked them up and handed them to him; he flung them on the floor again, saying: "Do you know I have power to imprison you—how dare you refuse when we approve? I see, I see, you want to endow the outlawed St. John with your estates; they shall be confiscated first, madam."

His violence brought on another fit of coughing. I again picked up his handkerchiefs, and humbly asked should I remain.

"Go, Madam, go; I have told you you shall submit," was the rough reply, and I hurried to my bedroom, and when there, dear Mrs. Whitely, I fell on my knees and had a good long cry. How can I keep my troth as I wish and marry Von Arnheim? Then, again, you know it will not do for both contracting parties to be poor; for, although I know I ought to be very rich when I am twenty-one, sometimes I fear whether a reason will not be found why I should be made poor if I continue obstinate in my refusal, as I mean to do.

January 28th.

The queen continues very cold and harsh, and her exasperation with the Princess Anne—for she persists in keeping the Marlboroughs about her—makes her worse. She told me yesterday that the king was fixed in his resolve; called me an ungrateful, obstinate minx, and said that she had ordered my *trousseau*, and fixed the day for my marriage for the middle of next month. "I bid you receive the Count properly this evening," she said; "I shall be present, and, remember, we shall enforce obedience."

I scarce know how I reached my own rooms. "This evening, this evening," I kept saying to myself. I felt as if a weight pressed on my heart. I called on him whom I must not name on this paper to come and help me, on my beloved Mr. and Mrs. Whitely; and all this while, you see, I had forgotten him who can help when the arm of man cannot sustain us. "Oh, God, come to my aid; Oh, Lord, make haste to help me," I cried out in the anguish of my heart; in the words of the Psalmist, "In Thee I have put my trust; let me never be confounded."

Then in a little while my passion of tears was over, and much time having passed; and as I was to stand behind the queen's chair at the theatre that evening, I got up from my knees, for I knew my maid would soon come to dress me.

I am sure I see no beauty in myself to make the Count so ardent. I was as white as a lily, and my eyes fearfully swollen with crying. I assure you the white silk and pearls I wore were not whiter than my face.

I saw her majesty look sharply at me when I came forward, for the Count, I found, was to be one of the royal party. The queen is a superbly majestic woman now. She looked down on me; was a mind to crush me out of existence; and with a significant glance at Von Arnheim, she said, in an under tone, though loud enough for me to hear it:

"I have fixed the day of your nuptials for the fifteenth of next month, Count; you will thus be ready to return with the king to Holland when he leaves England in March."

My persecutor, of course, presented me his arm. It was impossible for me to speak just then, there was such a throng around us, but I looked up in the queen's face to see if I could move her to pity; but no, the glance she levelled at me was expressive of anger and determination, for her lips were compressed together, as I have seen them when she has visited the princess with any outbreak of anger, and as she swept in all her regal magnificence past me, the word "Beware!" fell from her lips.

Had I formed no prior attachment, I do not think I should like the Count. As it is, I feel an unconquerable aversion for the pertinacity with which he presses his suit, and I also have a vague idea that he woos not me, but the broad lands I inherit.

I took my customary place behind the queen's chair, but tears and grief combined made me feel ill, coupled with the weariness of standing for two hours. Suddenly a cold dew overspread my face, the lights on the stage seemed all to blend in one confused mass, and I remember nothing more till I found myself in a retiring room of the theatre, whither I had been carried. That terrible Count was beside me, officiously assiduous in promoting my recovery.

I returned to the palace in his care and that of one of the queen's ladies. He conducted me to my own apartments, and you may easily imagine how hard he tried to press his suit, backed as he knew himself to be by the king and queen.

At last, dearest Mrs. Whitely—for I encourage the hope that one day, however distant, your eyes may fall on these lines—I grew angry, and turning round upon him, I asked him how he could find it in his heart to persecute one who had no affections to bestow?

"Yes, that is the very thing, Madam," he replied, with an insulting air and gesture. "I have heard of your attachment to a rebel and an outlaw, who has dared to take up arms against their Majesties. This, Madam, is the real reason why I am refused."

My hasty temper was now thoroughly roused. "You insult me by such language, sir," I exclaimed. "I have no intention of marrying at present; moreover, I will never give my hand to a person who has pursued me as you have done."

"Their Majesties—" he began.

I interrupted him at once.

"In this matter their Majesties have no right to control me, nor will I be so influenced. I again repeat I will not be forced to become your wife."

"Madam," he replied, "I forgive you, because you are evidently a young lady of high spirit, who, doubtless, grieves for having said unjust things as soon as she has uttered them; and as I am quite satisfied in the fact that the king and queen can bend you to compliance, I can afford for the present to be silent beneath your hard language."

"And would you be content with my hand unwillingly bestowed," said I, with flashing eyes, and scarcely able to articulate, in what I might almost term my righteous anger.

"Most certainly; the affection of the at first unwilling bride will follow, as a matter of course, after she has become my wife."

"Farewell, Madam," he added, rising, "I shall have the pleasure of visiting you to-morrow in the presence of the queen."

I knew well that all I that night saw red arose from a want of full and entire trust in the power of Him who alone can help us. I forgot all the calm and peace I had experienced earlier in the day, when I committed this matter and my whole being into the hands of God. And so it happened that for some time after Von Arnheim had left me, I remained overwhelmed by the shock I had received. The weather was extremely cold, and I sat for a long time heedless that the fire had almost burnt itself out, and dreading even the coming of my maid.

At length, feeling the necessity of exertion, I aroused myself, and made up my mind to throw myself at the queen's feet in the morning, and make a last effort to excite her to pity.

You may well imagine, dear Mrs. Whitely, that I passed an indifferent night. Alas, I had little to expect from the pity of Queen Mary. It was not left to me to put myself in her Majesty's way, for she sent me a message desiring me to come to her half an hour before the usual time.

Of course I well knew that this was meant for a private conversation before her ladies gathered round her. When I entered her closet she was working, and without raising her head, or vouchsafing me a single glance, she began by saying:

"I understood perfectly well the cause of your illness last night. A glance at your tearful, swollen eyes is sufficient. I have sent for you in order to tell you that I shall put an end to such scenes very quickly. Your marriage will take place a fortnight earlier than I had intended. Instead of the middle of next month, it shall be solemnized the end of this."

I cast myself at the queen's feet, imploring her not to compel me to disobey her commands, by forcing on my marriage with the Count.

"Disobey!" exclaimed her Majesty, in a tone of unqualified contempt. "I would advise you to think over the penalty of disobedience to your sovereign's will. It will be imprisonment in the Tower. Withdraw, and when you next enter my presence let it be without tears."

Wandering away again from Thee, O God, by the sinfulness of my nature; leaning for help upon an arm of flesh, a reed that beudoth beneath every wind. Oh, forgive me, my Almighty Father, and teach me to see that from Thee alone true help, in the hour of direst need, can come.

Strength was given to me; I obeyed the queen's behest, and wreathed my face with smiles when next I entered her presence.

But let me not forget in this Journal to allude to one to whom I owe this looking up to God, to whom I thus owe more than a tongue can express. I must premise by telling you she is but an humble waiting-woman appointed by the queen as my especial attendant. On that night, after my swoon, when I was so graciously molested by the addresses of the Count, I had remained for some time after his departure, cold and tearful, when Grace Wilmot entered the room.

A strange woman I had often thought her. Plain exceedingly she was; her complexion was swarthy, with large features, ill-formed; her eyes were fine, dark, and expressive—they redeemed, in some degree, the plainness of her face. She was tall, too, and her figure as beautiful as her features were the reverse.

She was a woman of, perhaps, forty years of age, singularly reticent, sparing in her speech as the king himself, but often very sorrowful and abstracted withal, so that I often felt Grace Wilmot had a story of her own, if she chose to tell it.

On the evening to which I have alluded, when she entered my chamber she paused, and an expression of deep sympathy seemed to pass over her hard features. She was about to speak, but as suddenly checked herself, and was, as usual, the humble, unobtrusive waiting-woman. Even the sympathy of poor Grace was much to me where all around me seemed as if their hearts were of adamant. I chanced to look in her face as she was helping to divest me of my dress; our eyes met, in mine the tears still trembled; heart opened to heart; the rich heiress was no more remembered; the woman looked upon the woman, differing only from each other by their social positions; the barriers raised by the conventionalities of life were for the time thrown down, and before I well knew what I was about, my head rested on the bosom of Grace, and her warm tears were falling in a plentiful shower on my brow.

"Dear young lady, dear child, how I have wished to speak, and dared not by reason of the humbleness of my position," she said; but now, blessed be God and his Virgin Mother, the well-springs of sympathy are open; for, oh, my lamb, it is a terrible thing to suffer, and I have none to cheer us with a consoling word."

I recovered somewhat, and raised my head from her bosom.

"My good Grace," I said, in much bewilderment, "you have spoken words none dare to utter here. Are you of the proscribed faith of Rome?"

"Even so, Madam, and greatly have I drank of the chalice of human suffering; but I will show you whence I draw hope and consolation. But Grace Wilmot, the handmaid of a lady of rank such as yours, still presumes to tell her mistress how to gather strength at the same fount, in absence of the Sacraments now so long denied us. From this, Madam, I have drawn my strength."

She drew from her pocket two small and well worn volumes. The one was a copy of the Four Gospels, the other an Edition of that all but inspired book, The Imitation of Christ.

She turned over its pages, and pointed to one chapter, headed: "De l'Amour de Jesus sur toutes choses."

It was a French copy of A Kempis, by which I understood my maid to be an educated woman.

"That one chapter, Madam," said she, "is often on my lips, and I hope ever in my heart. At a time of grievous suffering an aged priest bid me study it well. Since then I have realized more clearly the fact contained therein, that one must 'not trust nor rely on a windy reed; for all flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof shall fade like the flower of the grass. Have an implicit confidence in God, Madam. He will even work miracles rather than abandon those who put their trust in Him.'"

"But, my good Grace, said I, wanting, vorily, the simple, unquestioning faith of my handmaid, whom I was fast learning to regard with respect, "this marriage is resolved on by those who have me in their power; imprisonment and the confiscation of my property will be the alternatives."

Grace sorrowfully shook her head, seeing that, as yet, I had so much to learn before I could get in the right way, and her plain coun-

tenance seemed for the time marvellously beautiful by reason of the superhuman expression by which it was animated, as she said, with her splendid eyes lifted up to heaven:

"There is a King above all earthly kings, before whom the greatest of earthly monarchs is but as the dust of the earth. Bear up, Madam, this marriage will not, shall not be."

I felt touched, and in spite of myself it seemed as if the spirit of prophecy which animated those of old had descended on this extraordinary being, in whom, though about my person ever since I had come to the palace, I had discerned nothing beyond the most rigorous punctuality in the discharge of her duties; respect, without the slightest tinge of subservieny; humility, without any approach to abjection, and so careful a performance of her employments that it would have been impossible for the most exacting person to discover neglect. If Grace was required at a certain time there she was; if she was wanted to execute a certain task, it was done without delay. In short, I recognized in the exact fidelity of my handmaiden that which, until now, I had not observed or noticed in the light in which I now regarded them. She had all the qualities of one who studies to embody into her life the holy maxims of the Gospel, reduced to that practical performance which lead to perfection and which constitute sanctity.

All proud reserve between Grace and myself was now crushed beneath my feet. I had yearned for sympathy ever since the day my feet had first crossed the threshold of the queen's court. I now possessed it. I had met a kindred mind, in a quarter in which one would least have expected to find it. Moreover, that mind was intelligent and cultivated; above all else, it was educated in the highest sense of the word, in what Father Lawson termed the science of the saints, and had held forward to me as the most useful knowledge first to be gained, without which all else was vain and hurtful.

We knelt together in prayer, above all else we prayed for resignation in the inevitable. Then when I had lain down, Grace, as usual, came to draw around my bed the heavy, satin curtains, and wished me her customary "good-night."

Impelled by a sudden impulse, I threw aside the curtain and called her back. I arose, and drawing her reluctant face to mine, I kissed her brow, saying:

"Grace, dear Grace, be my friend."

She bent down and kissed the hand which still rested on the curtain. Her humility humbled me, and her answer was worthy of herself.

"Grace, Madam, feels honored by the friendship of her mistress, and it shall not cause her to forget the lowliness of her own position."

I laid my head upon the pillow resigned, I might almost say happy, such is the influence of a virtuous example.

I resolved before many days were over to ask Grace to tell me the story of her life. Outwardly there was no change in our respective positions. We each seemed, without saying a word about the matter, instinctively to understand that there must be no alteration. Indeed, when together, but very little passed between us, and yet her influence bore upon every word and action of my present life.

The queen must have observed the change, and doubtless attributed it to the fear of her threat of incarceration, and acting upon the change, gave me to understand that my marriage would not take place till the time she had first stated, and would be solemnized in the Chapel at Windsor Castle, the king intending to recruit his health in the country for a few weeks before his visit to Holland. Of course the Count's visits were frequent, and his odious attentions became daily more and more obtrusive. He naturally gave himself more latitude on account of the passiveness with which I received them.

January 27th, 1692.

Last night I was more particularly molested by the Count than has hitherto been the case. I entered my own chamber with the old weary feeling of depression at my heart. Perhaps it was increased by the terror I felt when the queen described to me the bridal robe she had ordered to be sent to Windsor for my wedding day.

Of course, Grace observed my languid look, enforced by spirits out of tone. It is only at times like these that she steps, as it were, prominently forward to bear me up, as a mother extends her hand to save her child from falling when making its first steps.

"Madam, you are forgetting the lesson you have been trying to learn; that is why you are sorrowful to-night," said she, as she unfastened the bandeau of pearls which bound back my hair.

"My bridal dress is ordered, Grace; we leave for Windsor early in the week," I said, half vexed just now, that there had been no look of sympathy in the expression of those hard, grim features of hers.

"Well, Madam, and what then?"

"And what then," said I, reiterating her words. "Do you forget that the queen means this for the beginning of the end?"

There was displeasure in the tones of my voice; I knew it, I had spoken half in anger.

"Only in so far as God wills to let His creatures have their way for some inscrutable purpose of His own; if so, vain is your rebellion to His will. I have told you you have nothing to do but to pray, and be patient and resigned, leaning on God alone. Madam, you have but very little faith."

The proud spirit within me was chafing as I sat beneath the hands of Grace, at the plainness of her words, conveying, as they did, a sharp rebuke. I changed color I knew, for I felt the warm blood tingling my cheeks, but I held my peace. She saw the flushed temples, too, but spoke no word. I inwardly admired her courage.

Dear Mrs. Whitely was present to my remembrance. When had I ever heard her murmur? I have no doubt Grace knows the amount of influence she now exercises over

me; for my good she uses it unsparringly. Perfect passiveness and resignation, these are the weapons she would have me use; nothing short of this contents her.

I made an exertion to shake off my depression, during her temporary absence on some little duty for me. When she returned I was in better spirits.

"Grace," I said, "I am going to ask a favor of you."

"I will do whatever you wish, Madam."

"I want you to tell me the story of your life."

A painful expression fitted across her hard, rugged features, tears filled her eyes, she made me no reply.

"Does my request give you pain, Grace? I long to know how it is you are here attending upon me, filling so humble a position; how you became acquainted with my dear dead uncle's friend, Father Lawson, and—in fact, I want to know all about you, Grace."

"I cannot refuse you any request, Madam; it is my duty to obey you."

I felt annoyed, and answered:

"But I do not want you to make a duty of what I ask as a favor, Grace: simply forget that I ever asked the question."

No, Madam; the lady who has sufficient virtue to listen to the admonitions of her servant, and allow her to become her mistress, surely should not find her inferior too proud to narrate her painful story."

"I do not attend the queen to-night," I replied; "we have several hours before us; be seated, Grace."

She pushed away the chair opposite to my own, which I had motioned for her to use, and placing an ottoman at my feet, seated herself thereon. Thus her face was partly in the shadow, still the fire-light revealed to me that she was moved by some strong emotion; her usually pale countenance was flushed, and I observed tears trickle slowly down her cheeks.

(To be Continued.)

REVEREND FATHER BURKE'S SERMON ON "The Peace of God."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following beautiful discourse was delivered by Father Burke, in the chapel of the "Xavier Alumni Sodality," on Sunday, the 7th of April. The Very Rev. preacher took his text from the Gospel of the day (John, twentieth chapter, 19th to 31st verses):—

"Now, when it was late that same day, being the first day of the week, and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came, and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you. . . . The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord, and He said to them again: 'Peace be to you!' Now, Thomas, the son of Didymus, was not with them. . . . Jesus came and stood in the midst of them, and said: 'Peace be to you!'"

This mode of salutation was adopted by our Divine Lord after His resurrection and not before. Invariably, for the forty days that He remained with His own, after He had risen unto His glory, He saluted them with the words "Peace be to you," as He had said elsewhere, "My peace I leave unto you: My peace I give unto you." After His resurrection, I say, He said these words. Before His passion He could scarcely say them with truth; for up to the moment that He sent forth His last cry upon the Cross, saying us, there was war between God and man; and how could the Son of God say "peace be to you?" But now, when He has reconciled all in Himself—omnia reconciliavit et in semet ipso pacem faciens,—creating peace—that which He Himself produced, He gave to His Apostles in the words which I have just read for you.

And now, my friends, let us consider what is that peace of which our Saviour speaks—what is that peace which He declares to be the inheritance of the elect—the great legacy that He left to the world,—the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding.

In what does it consist? Do you know the meaning—the very definition—of it? It is a simple word, and familiar to us, is this word peace; but I venture to say that it is one of these simple words that men do not take the trouble to seek to interpret or to understand. In order, then, that we may understand what is this "peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," and in order that in our understanding of it, by the light of faith, we may discover our own mission as Christian men, I ask you to consider what the mission of the Divine Son of God was, when he came and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. What did He come for? What work did He have to do? I answer in the words of Scripture: "He came to effect many works of peace and reconciliation." In the day that man sinned and rebelled against God, He declared war against the Almighty; and God took up the challenge and declared war against sinners. This war involved separation between God and man; and in this state of warfare did Christ our Lord find the world. He found the world separated from God, first of all, by error and ignorance. "There is no truth and there is no knowledge of God in the land," was the complaint of the Prophet Isaiah. "Truth is diminished amongst the children of men," exclaimed, with sorrow, the royal Psalmist. "Nowhere is God known."

Before the Son of God came upon the earth, the nations had wandered away into a thousand forms of idolatry and of error. Every man called his own form of error by the name of "Religion." Some were "Epicureans"—sensualists,—benests—were made Gods by them. They canonized the principle of impurity, and they called it by the name of a goddess; and they declared that this was their religion! Others there were, brutalized in mind, who worshipped their own passions of strife; and they canonized the principle of revenge, and bloodshed, and they worshipped it under the name of Mars.—"This thing went so far that even thieves, robbers, the dishonest, had their own god;—and the principle of dishonesty and thievery was canonized, or, rather, deified, and called religion, and embodied under the name of the god Mercury! It is a trick of the devil,—and it is a trick of the world,—to take up some form of error—some form of unbelief—and to call that "Religion." When He came that was "the way, the truth, and the life," there was darkness over the whole earth. The world was "civilized" enough. Arts and sciences flourished. It was the "Augustan Era," which has given a name to the very highest civilization amongst the nations, from that day to this. But what was the awful want of their civilization. They ignored God; they took no account of God in their knowledge. They thought they could be wise without God. God nullified their wisdom and abandoned them to the reprobate sense! Thus did mankind declare war against the God of Truth and of Wisdom. What followed from this? Another kind of war, more terrible, if you will,—the effect—the natural and necessary effect—of that separation of the human intellect from God. What was this? Every form of sin—nay, the vilest, the filthiest, the most abominable sin—was found amongst men.—Not as an exception; not as a thing to be hidden, but as a thing to be acknowledged, as a matter of

course. The husband was not faithful to the wife, nor the wife to the husband. Juvonal tells us that in that flourishing city of paganism, as a man saw his wife growing old—and, accordingly, as the bloom of her youth passed away from her,—he began to despise her, until, in the words of the satirist, the day came when she saw a fair, blooming maiden come into the house, and herself, the mother of children, summoned to go out; because her eyes had lost their luster, and her features the roses and the lilies of beauty; and a stranger was there to take her place. There was no principle of fidelity.—There was no principle of honesty. No man could trust his fellow-man. No man knew who was to be trusted. Even the ancient, rugged virtues that had early Republics of Greece and Rome produced, had passed away. The world was over-civilized for them. They were the rough forms, with some semblance of that virtue upon them that the rugged half-civilized man possessed, and were utterly laughed at, and scorned, and scoffed at by the civilized pagan, who was the very embodiment of sensuality and impurity!

Thus did the world declare war against God, and for sensuality. The God of Purity,—they knew Him not,—and, therefore, they could not believe in Him. "There is no truth, and there is no knowledge of God in the land," says the prophet. Then, he immediately adds: "Cursing, lying, theft, and adultery have overturned and blotted out much love,—because my people, saith the Lord, have no grace."

The second kind of war which our Lord found upon the earth, was the war between men; for they who had ceased to know God, had ceased to love or respect one another. Split up into a multitude of sects—nation against nation, province against province, the very history of our race was nothing but the history of war, and strife, and bloodshed. Then came the Son of God incarnate, with healing hand, and powerful touch to restore the world, and to renew the face of our earth. How did He do this? It could only be done by Him, and by Him could it be only done by His instituting, and leaving, and declaring the truth of God. Himself—and leaving it in the midst of men, the unchangeable truth, the eternal truth, the pure, unmixed bright light of truth as it beamed forth from the eternal wisdom of God. It was only thus that He could restore mankind to peace with the God of eternal truth. Then it was necessary that having thus established the truth He should wipe out the sin, by the shedding of His own blood, as a victim, and that He should leave behind Him, for ever, in the world the running stream of that sanctifying blood unto the cleansing of the sinner, and the unclean,—unto the strengthening of the weak, unto the encouraging of the strong, unto the revivifying of the dead. Did Christ do this? Yes. He lifted up His voice and spoke and the voice of the Saviour was the voice of the Eternal God. And mark, that, before He saved the world by the shedding of His blood, before He redeemed the sin, for three long years, night and day, in season, and out of season, He was preaching and teaching; dispelling, error, letting in the light; for mankind would not be prepared for redemption except through the light and through the truth of God. Wherefore we find Him, now on the mountain side, now on the lake; now among the Pharisees, now in the desert; now in the temple of Jerusalem, now in the by-ways of Judea; now in the little towns and villages—but everywhere—quoting dozens; teaching every day; for three years preparing the world for its redemption; reconciling the human intelligence with the light of God's truth; opening up the minds, and letting the stream of the pure light from God into the intellect. Then, when the three years preparation were over, then, when men began to understand what the truth was—then when He had formed His disciples, and established His Apostolic College;—then, did the Eternal Victim go upon the Cross, and pour out His blood; and the shedding of that blood washed away the sin of the world,—and left open those streams from His sacred wounds that were to flow through the sacramental channels, and that were to find every human soul, with all its spiritual wants, here, there and everywhere, until the end of time,—according to that promise relating to the Church of the Lord: "You shall draw waters of joy from the fountains of sorrow!" He purified the world by the shedding of His blood. But well did He know our nature. "Et naturam nostram ipse cognovit." He made us, and He knew us. Well did He know that the stream that He poured forth from His wounds on Calvary, should flow for ever, because the sins which that blood alone could wipe away, would be renewed, and renewed again, as long as mankind should be upon this earth. "For,"—and He said it with sorrowing voice—"It needs must be that scandal cometh."

Thus, in the Divine truth and the sacramental grace which He gave, did He reconcile mankind to His Heavenly Father, and restore peace between God and man. Then, touching the other great warfare, He proclaimed the principle of universal charity—declared that no injuries, no insult, must obstruct it, or destroy it—declared that we must do good for evil,—declared that we must live for souls; take an interest in all men, try to gain the souls of all men; and that this love, this fraternity, this charity must reign in our hearts at the very same time that we are upholding, with every power of our mind—and, if necessary, of body, the sacred principles of Divine truth, and of Divine grace.

Behold, my dear friends, "the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding;" the peace that He came to leave and to give. Peace means union. When nations are at war, they are separated from each other into two hostile camps, and they look upon each other with scowling eyes of hatred and anger;—and when the war is over, they come forth,—they meet—and they join hands in peace. So, the meeting of the intellect of man with the truth of God—the admission of that divine truth into the mind—the opening of the heart to the admission of the grace of God, and of our Lord Himself, by the sacraments, establishes the meeting of peace between God and man. The charity of which I have spoken—the nobleness of Christian forgiveness, which is the complement of Christian humility—the grandeur of Christian patience and forbearance—establishes peace amongst all mankind. It was the design of Christ that that eternal peace of which I speak should also be represented by unity—that all men should be one by the unity of thought in one common faith, by the unity of heart in one common charity. And it is worthy of remark that just as our Lord saluted His Apostles with the words: "My peace be with you"—after His resurrection—so, before His Passion—on the night before He suffered—He put up His prayer to God—and, over and over again to the Father in Heaven—that all men might be one, even as He and the Father were one. "Father," He says. "Keep them one, even as Thou and I are one." That is to say: a union of faith—a recognition of one undivided and unchanging truth,—a bowing down of all before one idea—and then, a union of hearts springing from that union of faith. This was the design of Christ, and for this He labored. And this the Church has labored to effect. For this she has labored two thousand years. She has succeeded, in a great measure, in doing it;—but the work has been upset and destroyed in many lands by the hands of those who were the enemies of God, in spoiling and breaking up the fair design of our Lord and Saviour.

Now, in this eternal and immutable truth, preached to all men—recognized by all men—gathering in every intelligence—respecting all honest deviations—yet uniting all in faith—in this truth and in this sanctifying peace which is in the Catholic Church, lies the salvation of the world—the salvation of society—the salvation of every principle which forms this highly-commended and often-praised civilization of ours. The moment we step one inch out of the

Catholic Church and look around us, what do we find? Is there any agency on earth,—even though it may call itself a religion,—that will answer the purposes of society? Is there any of these sects—or religions (as they call themselves) that can make a man pure? No. They are unable to probe and sound the depths of the human heart. They do not pretend to legislate for purity of thought. Practically, they reduce the idea of purity to a mere saving of appearances before the world,—to a mere external respect and decorum. Are they able to shake a man out of his sins? No; there is no reality about them. They have no tribunal of conscience, even, to which they oblige a man to come, after careful self-examination. They have no standard of judgment to put before him. They have no agency, divinely appointed, to crush a man,—to humble a man, to break the pride in him,—to make him confess and avow his sin,—and then, lifting the sacramental hand over him, by reason of his humility, his sorrow, and his confession—to send him forth renewed and converted by the grace of God. There is no such thing. There is nothing so calculated to enable a man to keep his word faithfully. No. The first principle of fidelity—lying at the root of all society—the great fundamental principle of fidelity—is the sacrament which makes the sanctity of marriage,—by which those whom it unites are sealed with the seal of God and sanctified with the truth of God's church. The man is saved from the treachery of his own passions. The woman is saved from the inconstancy of the heart of man. The family is saved in the assertion of the mother's rights,—in the placing on her head the crown that no hand on earth can touch or take away. The future of the world is saved by enabling the Christian woman and wife, and mother, with something of the purity of the Virgin Mother of God? Do they do this? Oh, I feel the heart within me indignant—the blood almost boiling in my veins when I think of it!—When I see under the shadow of the crucifix, nineteen hundred years after He had sanctified the world,—when I see men deliberately rooting up the very foundations of society—loosening the key-stone in the arch, and pulling it down, in the day when they went back to their paganism—in the day when they threatened that the bond that God had tied should be unloosed by the hands of men,—in the day when they gave the lie to the Lord Himself, who declared—"What God hath joined let no man separate,"—in the day when man is so hung out into his own temptations; and the woman, no matter who she may be,—crowned queen or lowly peasant; the first or the last in the land,—is waiting in trepidation, not knowing the hour when, upon some infamous accusation, the writ of divorce may be put into her hand, and the mother of children be ordered to go forth, that her place may be given to another!

Is there any agency to make men honest? No; they cannot do it. A man plunders to-day; steals with privy hand; enriches himself unlawfully, unjustly, shamefully,—and to-morrow he goes to some revival, or some camp meeting, and there he blesses the Lord in a loud voice, proclaiming to his admiring friends that "he has found the Lord!" But is there any agency to stop him, and say: "Hold my friend, wait for a moment! Have you made restitution to the last farthing for what you unjustly acquired? Have you shaken out that Judas purse of yours, until the last dime—the very last piece of silver for which you sold your soul to hell, has gone back again to those from whom it was taken? If not, speak not of finding Christ!—speak not of leaning upon the Lord! Blaspheme not the God of Justice!" Is there any agency outside of the Catholic Church to sift a man like this? Is there any such agency at all? No; we live in an age of shams—of pretences; and the worst shams of all—the vilest—the fondest pretences of all—are those we find in the so-called "religious world." Take up your religious newspapers—take up your religious publications outside of the Catholic Church! I protest it is more than common sense or human patience can bear! If the great Church of the living God were not in the midst of you, unchanging in truth—ever faithful in every commission—clothed in the freshness of her first sanctity, and sanctifying all who come within her sacramental influence—if she were not here as the city of God, this so-called "religious world" would bring down the wrath of God,—calculated as its antics are, to bring the Lord, Himself, into contempt, exciting the pity of angels, the anger of heaven, and the joy of hell.

A recent writer who has devoted some attention to the consideration of the question of religious indifference asks—"Why are the churches empty? How is it that the intellectual men of the day don't like to listen to sermons? How is it that they take no interest in the things of the Church? How is it that they have no belief?" And a wise voice—a pious voice—answers: "Because, my friend, you do not know how to preach to them. If you want to captivate the intellect of the men of our day—if you want to warp them,—if you want to convince them—don't rest upon these so-called doctrines of a by-gone time. Read scientific books. Find there the problems that are bursting up continually from modern science, and try to reconcile your ideas of religion with those;—and then preach them! Then will you show yourself a man of the age—a man of progress!" And so, henceforth, the subject matter of our sermons is to be electric telegraphs, submarine cables, and flying ships. "If you want to learn how, most effectively to preach," adds this wise and able voice, "read the latest novels, and try to learn from them all the bye-ways and highways of the human heart." See how delicately they follow all the chit-chat of society,—all the little gossipings, and love-makings and the thousand-and-one influences that act upon the adulterous and depraved heart of man—the wicked passions of man. This is the text from which the preacher of to-day is to preach, if he wishes to attract the intellect of the world. And all this in the very sight, and under the shadow of the Cross of Christ, who died for man! Was ever blasphemy so terrible? And this is what is called "religion" by the world. Not a word about Divine truth—not a word about Divine grace! In one of the leading journals of New York—an able paper—a well written paper—in a leading article of that paper—this very morning,—I read a long dissertation on this very question of preaching and preachers;—and the word "truth" appeared only once in that article—and then it came in under the title of "scientific truth." The word "grace" did not occur even once. But never, even once, did simple "truth" occur—or even "religious truth," flash across the mind of the able, temperate-minded, judicious man that wrote it! And I don't blame him,—for he was writing for the age! He was giving a very fair idea of what the world is, and what the world is sure to come to, if the Almighty God, in His mercy, does not touch the hearts of men, and give them enough of sense to turn to the Catholic Church and hear the voice of God—the Divine Spouse of Christ in her teachings. Without this voice they cannot hear the voice of God. Without her teaching, this hardened, dried-up heart of man will never grow into purity or love.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, April 13.—The invitation to Mr. Gladstone to visit Belfast and be entertained at a public banquet has furnished a political text to different sections of the press, upon which they discourse in the spirit of their respective parties. The Northern Whig, the organ of the enlightened and independent Liberals of Ulster, bespeaks a hearty welcome for the Premier, and points out with satisfaction to the respectable requisition, signed by 3,000 persons, representing the intelligence, social rank, and moral

worth of different creeds, as a significant tribute to the beneficial character of his Irish policy. An opposite view is presented by the Belfast Asserter, the champion of the Conservative and Orange party. It disparages the representative influence of the deputation who waited upon Mr. Gladstone, and denies that the invitation expresses the feelings of the people of Ulster. It taunts the Premier with having "turned his back on the professions of his life," and being "at the head of a party which is not him into the midst of that "Protestant community grade will be regarded as a direct insult to the community," and professes to apprehend "unsatisfactory results." It does not intimate their nature, carpenters to interpret the hint. Other Conservative journals review the Irish policy of the Government, and contend that it has proved a failure.—The necessity for coercive measures, the rejection of Rule agitation are referred to as conclusive proofs in support of the assertion. The tone of the National papers is also hostile. In the Nation Mr. Gladstone's speech is commented upon in a vein of humorous satire. It says:—"Mr. Gladstone made one of his most characteristic speeches in reply. It was only towards the close of it that the deputation could guess what the close of it was. When a man speaks, one has to perform a process somewhat resembling the unwrapping of an Egyptian mummy in the endeavour to get at the meaning of one of Mr. Gladstone's orations, and on this occasion there were reasons why he should envelope his answer with a huge quantity of bandage. Plainly put, Mr. Gladstone will come if 'the party' can get up an invitation to him 'from Ireland.' He perceives that to visit a remote corner of this kingdom, and be obliged to visit the metropolis, would be, to say the least of it, awkward. The right hon. gentleman thanks the deputation for inviting him to a small tea-party in the attic, but could they not 'by hook or by crook' get him an invitation to the drawing-room? The lady of the house has not asked him just yet; could they not manage to get him a line from her? In such a case, indeed, he would be most happy to give the deputationists a look in also; but he put it to them whether they ought not to return home and procure for him the sort of invitation which he wished for." It advises "the managers of the great Liberal party" not to bring Mr. Gladstone to Dublin just at present, suggests that he might receive a pretty fair ovation at Carrickfergus, Bangor, Strangford, or a number of other small places which it names, but that any place further inland or southward "would assuredly prove anything but salutary for the eminent gentleman just now;" "the people might happen to see the end of a Coercion Bill sticking out of his pocket or a handcuff or leg-iron of the unfortunate political prisoners might happen to protrude from his caput bag, and the results might be unpleasant." In short it says that "any attempt of the Castle party to hawk Mr. Gladstone through our country for an ovation will not be tolerated." The Irishman writes in a strain of coarse and caustic sarcasm. It is "curious to see how the people of Ulster will put up with the singular effrontery of the ten gentlemen who took upon themselves to invite Mr. Gladstone," treats with contemptuous ridicule the speech of Mr. McClure, and states that if that gentleman desired to defend his own object he could not have taken a better means of doing so than in representing the invitation as expressing the satisfaction of the people of Ulster with the policy of Mr. Gladstone. On this point it observes:—"Now it so happens that there are two parties in Ulster who abhor the policy of the Premier. The Orangemen are certainly not his friends. The Nationalists will not forgive the Westmeath Coercion Act—we might add, that the Roman Catholics will not soon or easily forget his deception on the subject of education." There is, we admit, a party in Ulster respectable in character but small in numbers, and utterly deficient in popular support, who are the thick-and-thin supporters of the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone. With the exception of Mr. McClure and Mr. Dowse that party have not a single representative among the Ulster members." It denounces as a slander on the Irish nation the statement of Mr. McClure that if Mr. Gladstone came he would "find a rich reward in the renewed affections and confidence of the Irish people," and says it is a challenge to them to abandon that tacit toleration which hitherto they have observed, and "to make it manifest that their real feelings are directly the reverse." Before the Premier sets foot in Ireland he must, according to this organ of "national" opinions, complete the amnesty of the political prisoners.—Times Cor.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE ON PARTY PROCESSIONS IN THE NORTH.—Amongst the speeches delivered in the House of Commons on the debate which arose out of the motion of Mr. Johnston, with respect to the Derry celebrations, was one by Mr. John Francis Maguire, the member for Cork. The speech we would earnestly recommend to the careful study of that class of our readers who are provoked to resent the insults offered to them by the recurring commemorations of the civic anniversaries. Mr. Maguire speaks words of wisdom, as an Irish Catholic representative, trusted by his co-religionists above, perhaps, any other Catholic layman in Ireland. His position as a man of large and tolerant views, with a wide experience of the world and unimpaired by the political considerations which must weigh with Ulster members in speaking on this question, entitles him to be heard with respect, on the subject of party processions in the north of Ireland. Like every other sensible and enlightened man, Mr. Maguire regards them as a meaningless cause of irritation, and a danger to the peace and prosperity of any district where they are accustomed to be held. Admitting all this, and looking at the question as a man anxious to promote the welfare of the country, and jealous of the rights and feelings of his co-religionists, he offers some salutary advice to his Catholic fellow-country men in the north of Ireland. The member for Cork counsels his co-religionists in Ulster to abstain altogether from interference with these periodical causes of strife and dissension, and to trust to the influences of time and the growth of more tolerant feelings amongst those who encourage party exhibitions, for the disappearance of this black spot from our social life. An earnest speaker of this kind pervades the entire spirit of the member for Cork. No doubt such advice is admirable, but those sanguine people who counsel peace and charity in the midst of tumult and provocation, should consider how far their suggestions are practicable in a heated political and religious atmosphere like ours. It is a matter of very grave doubt whether processions and exhibitions would cause if these Catholics who really loved their country would leave the Orangemen and Apprentice Boys for two of three years to a perfect freedom of their own will in vindicating what they erroneously consider to be constitutional liberty, and forgive any offence, whether intended or otherwise. This would, indeed, be magnanimous, and great honor and glory would accrue from pursuing such a course, more particularly if it should prove successful in healing a deadly breach, and removing a stumbling block to the cordial union of Irishmen. It cannot be doubted for an instant—and this should not be forgotten in any consideration of the question—that an active opposition to these displays has only begotten a more offensive development of the party spirit animating them. The advice of the member for Cork unquestionably is excellent, and if those Catholics of Ulster who are provoked to retaliation could only reconcile themselves to abide by it for a few years, a better and more tolerant spirit might show itself amongst those who now so needlessly give offence. We can well understand how strongly Irishmen

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1872.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY—1872.
Friday, 10—St. Antoninus, B. C.
Saturday, 11—St. Gregory Nazianzen, B. C. D. (May 9.)
Sunday, 12—Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension.
Monday, 13—SS. Nereus, etc., MM.
Tuesday, 14—Of the Octave.
Wednesday, 15—Of the Octave.
Thursday, 16—Octave of the Ascension.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Carlist insurrection is now suppressed. Marshal Bazaine's trial by Court Martial for the surrender of Metz is about to commence; loud complaints have been made in the National Assembly against the dishonesty of the contractors for the French army. The Cincinnati Convention has put forward Mr. Horace Greely as its candidate for the Presidency. In our Legislature, the great event of the week has been Sir J. A. Macdonald's speech in defence of the Washington Treaty. It occupied many hours in the delivery, and is on all sides admitted to have been one of the finest oratorical displays ever witnessed in Canada. We regret to say that fresh difficulties to the carrying out of the Geneva Conference arbitration have arisen.

His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal has issued a Circular Letter with reference to the visit from His Grace the Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Province of Quebec, with which Montreal is this week honored, and the ceremonies celebrated in the Church of Notre Dame on the occasion of his assuming the Pallium; the signification of which is by His Lordship fully explained, as are also the ceremonies accompanying its preparation and benediction.

The name Pallium seems to have been given originally to a kind of cloak, or ornamental dress put on by the members of the ancient *hetæra*, or confraternities. It is now confined to an ornament peculiar to the Pope, to Patriarchs, and Archbishops who alone have the right to wear it, and of whose especial dignity it is the emblem. Made of finest wool, shorn from the back of lambs blessed for the purpose, and decorated with the cross, the Pallium is the appropriate symbol of the great flock committed by Our Lord to the care of the Pastors of His Church; worn on the shoulders, it is significant of the functions of that Good Shepherd Who, having lost one of His sheep, goes forth into the wilderness to search for it; and Who having found it, lays it tenderly upon His shoulders, and brings it back with gladness to the fold from whence it had strayed. The Pallium is thus prepared.

Yearly on the 21st January two young lambs are blessed at Mass on the altar of the Church of St. Agnes at Rome, and are then presented to the Sovereign Pontiff who lays his hands upon them. Carefully tended, they are when the fit season arrives, shorn, and their wool is spun by the Sisters of a Religious Community, which is thus made into the Pallium. On the eve of the Feast of the Blessed Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, a certain number of these are reverently deposited in the Confession, from whence, after the First Vespers of the Feast, they are brought with much pomp to the Sovereign Pontiff who blesses them with duly prescribed rites; then they are replaced in a silver casket covered with gold, and laid near the body of the Prince of the Apostles. When an Archbishop is named, he makes application to the Holy See for his Pallium; and his prayer granted by the advice of the Cardinals, he receives, and assumes the mystic dress with many imposing ceremonies after Mass, and after having sworn to defend and uphold the rights of the Holy See, and the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. His Lordship concludes his Circular with an exhortation to the faithful to manifest their love, respect and loyalty to their illustrious Archbishop.

The first steambot of the season, the *Bethier* of the Richelieu Company, from Sorel, arrived in port on Wednesday, 1st inst.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK SCHOOL QUESTION BEFORE THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.—The grievance of the Catholic minority of the Province of New Brunswick in the matter of Education, was brought before the notice of the Dominion Parliament on Monday, the 29th ult., by M. Renaud, who moved for the production of the correspondence relating to the School Act lately passed by the Legislature of New Brunswick.

The motion was supported in an able speech from Mr. Anglin, who invoked for his co-religionists of New Brunswick the protection of the Confederation Act, which made the Dominion Government the guardian of all educational rights of minorities, guaranteed by local law, at the time that Confederation came into effect. He insisted that the new law was not only iniquitous, but unconstitutional; and a violation, if not of the letter, at all events of the spirit, of the clause of the Confederation Act that secured to all minorities the perpetuance of all privileges in the matter of education, and of separate schools, that were legally existing before the passing of the said Act; and he showed that, by the action in the matter of the New Brunswick legislature, the actual position of the Catholic minority in that Province of the Dominion, had been injuriously affected. He concluded that therefore the Dominion Government was bound to interfere in behalf of the unjustly used minority of New Brunswick, by opposing its veto to the lately passed School Law of that Province.

The question thus raised in our Parliament naturally splits into two distinct questions.—The first being a question as to the intrinsic merits of the New Brunswick law; the second, as to the legal right of the Dominion Government to interfere in the matter. The first is a question of right, or of principle; the second, one simply of law.

On the first of these two questions there was but little difference of opinion expressed in the discussion that ensued. Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George E. Cartier, and other speakers who took an active part in the debate, made no secret of their views as to the injustice, and inexpediency of the Provincial legislation complained of. Sir J. Macdonald appealed to his well-known antecedents to show that he was not one who could approve of any such legislation as that now brought before the notice of the House. "He was very much at one," he said, "with his honorable friend in regard to the separate schools; his record showed this, and he was right glad when his Roman Catholic brethren obtained their separate schools."—So also, much to the same purpose, did Sir George Cartier express himself upon this question on the merits of the lately passed New Brunswick School Law; for, as he remarked, "he very much regretted the action of the New Brunswick Legislature." On the intrinsic merits of that legislation, amongst our leading members of the Dominion Government, there was then but one opinion, and that altogether favorable to the claims of the Catholic minority of New Brunswick.

But on the other question, the strictly legal question: that is to say, the competency of the New Brunswick Legislature to legislate in the manner which both Sir John Macdonald, and Sir George Cartier regretted—the opinion pronounced was not favorable to the claimants.—After a careful perusal of the Confederation Act it did not appear, either to Sir John Macdonald, or to Sir George Cartier, that the new School Law was unconstitutional, or could be vetoed as unconstitutional by the Dominion Government. The Confederation Act only made provision for the perpetuating of such educational privileges as were by positive law in existence in each particular Province at the time when that Act came into force; but as a matter of fact, at that time, there did not exist on the New Brunswick Statute Book any positive provision for Separate Schools—even though as a matter of fact, or in practice, such schools did exist. Interpreted strictly, therefore, as a legal document, the Confederation Act did not oppose any obstacles to the action of the New Brunswick Legislature of which the Catholic minority of that section of the Province now justly complained.

Warmly interested as we necessarily are in the success of the claimants, and sympathizing deeply with them as we do, we feel that on a question of pure law, or the proper interpretation of an Act of Parliament, we cannot presume to set up our opinion against that of eminent members of the legal profession, who took no unimportant part in the drawing up of the Act which they are now called upon to interpret. Much as we may, and do, regret the decision of these gentlemen, we cannot doubt but that it was honestly arrived at, and we therefore bow to it. We feel confident that if the law could, without straining, be so interpreted as to give to the Catholics of New Brunswick that which they ask for, it would be so interpreted by the great lawyers whose names we have mentioned; and we know that that interpretation would be cheerfully accepted by the great body of the Conservative party

throughout the Dominion, and by the Catholics of the Province of Quebec in particular.

But, remembering how we, the Catholics of that Province, are situated; remembering that as compared with the entire population of the Dominion, we are but a minority—we would not on any account have that law strained, no not even for the sake of anticipating by a few months or years, the justice which, if but true to themselves, the Catholics of New Brunswick are certain to obtain. From a question of Education, the question at issue, as presented to our House of Commons—has passed into a question of State Rights, and of Provincial autonomy, or Home Rule. For those Rights, for that autonomy, the TRUE WITNESS has always been, ever will be, the unflinching stickler; and any opposition to, or doubts of the success of, the Act of Confederation that we may have ever manifested or expressed, proceeded purely from the dread that thereby State Rights would not be sufficiently protected, and Provincial autonomy would not be sufficiently secured against the aggressions of centralisation. We cannot, therefore, to-day be recreant to our principles, or forswear our hatred of centralisation, by advocating, even for so valuable an end as justice to our co-religionists of New Brunswick, the extension of the sphere of the Federal Government, or the granting to it powers, not expressly and clearly accorded to it by the Act of Parliament that made it. In short our rule is that, if—when the pretensions of the Federal and Provincial Governments clash—there be a reasonable doubt, the verdict should always be given in favor of the latter, or Provincial Government. Now that there is in the question before us—to wit, the legal right of the Federal or Central Government to disallow the legislation of the State legislature of New Brunswick, room for reasonable doubts—we cannot deny; since we, laymen, have not the presumption to set up our opinion on a question of law,—not of right or of principle,—but of pure law, or the interpretation of a Statute, in opposition to that of eminent juriconsults, and statesmen like Sir John Macdonald, like Sir George Cartier, and other distinguished members of our legislature, who also have adopted the conclusions of their political leaders as to the "legality," not the justice, of the New Brunswick School Law. As Conservatives we are and must be, to the backbone, in favor of State-Rights as against Centralisation.

Yet, for all this, we are not discouraged, we do not propose to ignore the New Brunswick School Question. Discouraged indeed! Why, or how should we be discouraged, after the real victory, because a moral victory, that the Catholic cause has won? It was Napoleon who used to say that in war, "the moral was to the physical as nine to one." So too in politics; and the moral victory is undoubtedly ours.

The public opinion of our best Dominion Statesmen on the merits of the law complained of, has been pronounced. In the House of Commons scarce a voice was raised, we do not say to justify, but even to apologize for it. As an unjust, iniquitous law, more disgraceful to those who enacted it, than onerous even to those who groan beneath it, it has been condemned on all hands. Can it then long stand, or be permitted to disgrace the Statute Book of New Brunswick, if the Catholics of that Province be but true to themselves, and their holy cause? No! that is impossible. For very shame, if not for justice sake, the tyrant majority of New Brunswick will have to give way; and unpalatable to them though it may well be, will be forced to assimilate their legislation to that of Catholic Lower Canada, where the true principles of civil and religious liberty are understood, and practised.

A FAIR STAGE AND NO FAVOR.—"It would thus appear," says the *Witness* of the 11th April, after enumerating the steps taken by the several governments of Europe to assume control of the schools, and to deprive the Church of all influence therein—"it would thus appear that Education is the battle ground where this 'conflict of ages' between the Church of Rome and Protestantism is to be carried on. It was by their schools that the Jesuits, three centuries ago, turned back the Reformation; and as long as the training of the young is left in their hands, they will continue to check-mate it."

This is a remarkable and valuable confession, coming as it does from the lips of an evangelical. If Education be left really free; and if the State interfere not in behalf of Protestantism, the latter has no chance with the Church, cannot resist her, and must, as was the case three centuries ago, still expect to be check-mated.

As to the question of the training of the young, that we assert is a question that the parents of the young, that their fathers and mothers alone, have the right to decide; and that with their exercise of this their legitimate parental function, neither the State, nor any human power or earthly authority has any right to interfere. If they, the parents, see fit to entrust the education of their young to the Jesuits, no one

has the right to say them no, or to put any obstacles in their way; if they do not so see fit, we ask not that the State compel them to send their children to the Jesuit School. All we crave is a fair stage and no favor. In the battle betwixt Protestantism and Catholicity, the conflict of ages, all we ask is that the State be neutral: that it interfere not in favor of either one combatant, or of the other—and we have no doubts as to the result; neither has the *Witness*.

He knows that but for State aid, that but for the material assistance given to it by the Governments, and by the princes of the day, the Reformation would have perished within twenty years of its birth. Its triumphs, such as they were, were due not to the innate force of truth, but to the force of the sword; and wherever the two forces, Catholicity and Protestantism, have been left free to fight out the battle without State interference, there, as the *Witness* recognises, the Reformation has been check-mated.

STRIKES.—These are the order of the day. There are strikes amongst the printers, the carpenters, the agricultural laborers; and the movement has extended to the religious community. The converts of the Swaddling Societies of Canada are actually on the strike, and are insisting upon better terms—failing in obtaining which, the said converts openly declare their intention of going back to Rome, or of joining some other and better paying Protestant denomination. Now the funds of the F. C. M. Society not being in a very flourishing condition, this is a very serious matter indeed; and a French Protestant paper published in Montreal is quite pathetic upon the subject. We translate, literally, a portion of an article that appeared in its columns last week:—

"Every autumn our ministers are harassed (*harcelés*) with proposals of this kind. 'We will come regularly to your church, we will send our children to your schools, but you shall clothe them for us, and furnish us with wood, provisions, etc., etc. It sometimes happens that for several months they have been careful to come very regularly, to persuade the minister that they were converted; but when they find out that our churches do not pay their proselytes, they immediately abandon them, either to return to the Church of Rome, or to connect themselves with some richer church that does not look so close.'

This it is that makes the work of converting the French Canadians so hard. What we may call the "Police Court" class of converts can still be had cheap enough; but for any grade above this class, and that of the inmates of a particular description of houses, a stiff price must be paid, and a liberal allowance made in the shape of clothes, fire-wood, and victuals, failing which comes the "strike." So true it is, "pas d'argent, pas de Suisses." It is probable, too, that the opening of the navigation, which will allow wood-barges to reach the port, and the mild weather, have had much to do with the independent tone adopted by the converts, and with that rise in their market price, of which the French Protestant paper quoted from, so feelingly complains.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.—The Athanasian Creed is the great bone of contention in the Anglican establishment at the present moment. Some are for abolishing it; a few for retaining it as it is; whilst the majority are in favor of retaining it, but with modifications, leaving belief in it optional. The damnatory clauses, if not abolished are to be explained away; and a meeting of Protestant ministers at Oxford proposed the addition to the Creed of the following note:—

"Note, that nothing in this Creed is to be understood as condemning those who, by involuntary ignorance, or invincible prejudice, are hindered from accepting the Faith therein declared."

The principle here involved throws open the gates of heaven not only to all believers, but to all unbelievers—to all heathen—to all in short who through the depths of their ignorance, or the strength of their prejudices, refuse to accept the Christian faith. The principle is also as applicable to morals as to faith; and we may shortly expect to see an Anglican modification of the moral precepts of the Gospel; and a note attached to the very illiberal denunciations of drunkenness, and unchastity which we find in several of the Apostolic writings—explaining that nothing in these is to be understood as condemning those who, from an invincible love of drink, or the strength of their passions, persist in making beasts of themselves. Catholics alone under the new regime will remain exposed to the penalty of damnation.

CAN IT BE OUR SCHOOLS?—The New York *Herald*, astonished and terrified at the rapid growth of horrid crime in the U. States, feels itself obliged to admit that something must be wrong somewhere, but cannot exactly determine what or where. "As we have intimated before," he says:—"there must be something radically wrong in our society, in the laws or the administration of them, when such fearful crimes—crimes by the wholesale—follow each other in quick succession."—*New York Herald*.

Lord Dufferin, the new Governor General for British North America, will sail for New York on Tuesday the 11th of next month.

THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—We are yet unable to report any great improvement in the health of our Bishop. He still remains at the Hospital of the *Hotel-Dieu*; but we may hope that as the warm weather comes back to us, so also may his strength and health return to our beloved Bishop.

Mgr. Poinsonneault, Bishop of Birtha, received, in the chapel of the Grey Nunnery, the vows of Sister Margaret Jane Page; and gave the religious habit to Sister M. Anne Franklin—in religion Sister St. Patrick—and to Sisters Caroline J. Janson, Clerina Ledue, and Agnes Carroll.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of the Rev. M. Prefontaine of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in the 35th year of his age, and the 9th of his Priesthood. The deceased was attached to the Church of St. Anne, of whose schools he was also in charge. His funeral service was celebrated on Monday last.

The Chapel of Nazareth was solemnly dedicated on Monday the 29th ult. This new sanctuary is attached to the Asylum for the Blind under the care of the Grey Nuns, and is a very elegant building, for which we are indebted to the zeal of the Rev. M. Rousselot, Cure of Notre Dame.

The Rev. Mr. McGavran of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, is about to make a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health. He has the prayers of his people for his speedy return, with the object of his voyage fully accomplished.

THE MILLION DOLLAR GRANT.—The voting on this question has gone on throughout the week in a most orderly manner. From the first the *Ayes* had it; indeed the votes against the measure are so few in number as to be not worth noticing.

FIRST STEAMER.—The *Scandinavian* arrived in port on Sunday afternoon, being the first arrival of the season of sea-going vessels. Navigation is now open, and many wood barges have arrived in port.

THE CATHOLIC REVIEW—BROOKLYN.—This is the title of a newly published Catholic paper of which one number has reached us.—The appearance of the *Review* is very creditable indeed, and affords a striking proof of the strong position on this Continent that Catholics occupy.

WAS ST. PETER EVER IN ROME?

In order to shew our gratitude for small favours, it is well to see what historical testimonies our adversaries are willing to grant us. We have already seen, which they wish to reject. To those from Irenæus downwards already adduced by us, Bishop Brown adds two others, that of the Apostolic Constitutions, and that of Lactantius. The Apostolic Constitutions (VII. 46.) he tells us, say that Linus was made first Bishop of Rome by St. Paul, and that after his death Clement was ordained to the same office by St. Peter.

Lactantius, he says, tells us that the time of St. Peter's going to Rome was the reign of Nero.

After enumerating the discrepancy as to dates of the various testimonies, Bishop Brown draws this—

Objection 3. "None of them say, he was Bishop of Rome. On the contrary all agree in saying that the first Bishop of that See was Linus."

As to the discrepancy of dates, which our worthy Anglican Bishop uses so adroitly, as almost to make it appear as an objection, we would remind our readers, that it does not invalidate the testimony, since it is a question of fact not of dates, that we are considering; and to the fact of Peter having been in Rome all the testimonies agree. And not only does this discrepancy of dates not invalidate the testimony of fact, but it even adds to its value, since it shews, that these witnesses are independent and are not the one following the other. This is important, and confirms what we have already said about *lost records*. There have evidently been different records of events, and these various writers are but bearing testimony from these various records. This discrepancy also points to a further conclusion: that as there were various records of events, there were also various events, and that St. Peter was not only in Rome, but that he was twice there. "Lactantius says Peter was in Rome in the reign of Claudius," says Bishop Brown exactly; and who is to say that both are not right? Has Bishop Brown any especial mission to deny historical facts? If he can prove, that St. Peter was not or could not be at Rome at both, or either of these two specified times, well and good. We are prepared to hear him. But until he can bring against these two testimonies something stronger than *invenio*, we must beg leave to hold them as valid, and as affirming the fact that St. Peter driven from Rome by the Emperor Claudius' decree, banishing the Jews from that city, returned again prior to the persecution of Nero.

That none of the authorities say that St.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR PATENT IVORY AND LIGNUM VITÆE EYE CUPS. Spectacles rendered useless, Chronic Sore Eyes cured, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated...

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

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

Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæe Eye Cups:—

CLAYSVILLE, Washington County, Pa., Sept. 29th, 1871.

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

My mother, an old lady of sixty-four years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometimes expresses herself. Certain it is, that her eyes were unusually old, and worn beyond her age to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the New York Tribune, without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the Tribune, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can imagine her pleasure. The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of the Cups. Wherever I go with them, they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience anywhere the people can be found. I was at our fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say that I myself, or rather the Eye Cups, were no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected future sales liberally. They will make money, and make it fast, too. No small catch-penny affair, but a superb, No. 1, tip-top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be life-long.

I am, very truly yours, HORACE B. DURANT, M.D.

FENTON, Mich., July 17, 1871.

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

I have applied the Patent Eye Cups, with Myopic attachments, to two persons eyes who are Near Sighted; their sight is improving at an astonishing rate. My old eyes of 14 years standing are perfectly restored.

Many blessings on the inventors of the Patent Eye Cups, for the great good they have done to suffering humanity.

I remain, most respectfully, REV. ISAAC MORTON.

BLOOMING VALLEY, Pa., Sept. 4, 1871.

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

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

Very respectfully yours, REV. J. SPOONER.

Blooming Valley, Crawford County, Pa.

CHICHESTER, Sussex Co., England, Dec. 15, 1871.

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

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

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

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

Yours faithfully, REV. J. FLETCHER.

CANBORO, C. W., June 13th, 1871.

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

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

The Patent Eye Cups are the greatest invention of the age. May heaven bless and preserve you for many years, for the benefit you may confer on suffering humanity.

Yours most truly, ISAAC BOWMAN, Canboro, Haldimand Co., C. W. February 8, 1872.

NEAR BOONE FURNACE, Greenup Co., Ky., } February 8, 1872.

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

Sworn before J. R. THOMPSON, Justice of Peace.

DEMARESTVILLE, C.W., Feb. 2, 1872.

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

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

LEEDS, C. E., March 13, 1872.

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

JOHN DONAVAN, Leeds Village, Canada East.

LEEDS, C. W., Feb. 7, 1872.

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

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

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

Write to DR. J. BALL & CO., No. 91 Liberty street, New York City, N. Y. P. O. Box 357.

Agents wanted for every County in the United States and the Dominion of Canada not yet disposed of. Send for Pamphlet, Circulars, and price list, sent free of charge.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 59 St. BONAVENTURE STREET MONTREAL. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to.

JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bligny) will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

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

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

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A very fine Melodeon, " 80
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One Microscope, " 10
One Concertina, " 10
A beautiful Statuette Tableau, " 10
One ditto, " 10
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A Splendid Cow, (gift of Rev. P. Rougier), " 50
A new Set of Double Harness, " 49
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Six prizes of \$5.00 each, in cash, " 30
Fourteen yards of Dress Silk, valued at 24
A new Saddle, " 15
One Cattle of Ten, " 15
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One Plough, " 10
One Irish Poplin Dress, " 24
And hundreds of other prizes.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH. Winning Numbers, together with the Numbers of all Tickets sold, will appear in the Renfrew Mercury, the True Witness and the Irish Canadian Newspapers, in their Second Issue after the Drawing.

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

February 1, 1870;

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. AND AMENDMENTS THERETO. In the matter of ANTOINE LEFEBVRE, Grocer, of Montreal, An Insolvent.

THE Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in room devoted to proceedings in insolvency in Montreal, on Wednesday, the Fifteenth day of May next, at ten o'clock a.m., to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

JOHN WHYTE, Interim Assignee.

Montreal, 19th April, 1872.

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MODEL OF THE LOZENGES PARIS

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February 1, 1870;

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SELLING OFF NOTICE. IMPORTANT SALE, BY J. G. KENNEDY & CO.

The public are informed that we have determined to dispose of the whole of our extensive Spring and Summer Stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, HABERDASHERY, etc., at a VERY CONSIDERABLE SACRIFICE. The advantages which we offer during this sale, (which has commenced), are—that the entire stock of Clothing will be sold off at a positive reduction of fully ONE-THIRD. We have strictly decided, that during the sale, there will be BUT ONE PRICE MADE. The character of the Stock—the present reduced prices of it—and the principle of insisting on ONE PRICE as the rule of the sale are facts, (when circulated through the entire City) that must induce any thinking person to spare half an hour for an inspection of the goods. During the first two weeks, by traders in the same business; so that those who can spare a little ready cash, will do wisely by making their call as early as possible.

MEN'S PANTS DEPARTMENT. Lot 20—150 Black Doe Pants, \$4.25 for \$2.75. Lot 21—150 Black Doe Pants, \$5.50 for \$4. Lot 22—120 Extra Fine do \$6.50 for \$4.40. Of those and Fine Cassimere Pants, there is a very large assortment. Lot 23—200 Mens' Working Pants, \$2.50 for \$1.50. Lot 24—200 Mens' Tweed Pants, \$3 for \$2. Lot 25—180 Mens' Tweed Pants, \$4.25 for \$2.75. Lot 26—160 Mens' Fine Pants, \$5.50 for \$3.75. Lot 27—150 Mens' Extra Fine \$6.50 for \$4.25. The Mechanics of the City are invited to an inspection of our large stock of Pants in which Goods there will be found to be a very considerable saving. The same fair proportion of Reduction will be made throughout ALL the Departments. Full catalogues of Sale to be had at our Store. J. G. KENNEDY & CO.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS. LYMANS CLARE & CO., MONTREAL AGENTS. THE MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY, [ESTABLISHED IN 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other Improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a Circular Address. E. A. & C. R. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! JUST RECEIVED AT WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 87 St. Joseph Street, A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of Gold Jewellery and Fancy Goods, comprising Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Lockets, Bracelets, Brooches, Scarf Pins, &c., &c. As Mr. M. selects his Goods personally from the best English and American Houses, and buys for cash, he lays claim to be able to sell cheaper than any other house in the Trade. Remember the Address—87 St. Joseph Street, MONTREAL. A. M. D. G. ST MARY'S COLLEGE MONTREAL. PROSPERS. THIS College conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Opened on the 20th of September, 1848, it was incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852, after adding a course of Law to its teaching department. The course of instruction, of which Religion forms the leading object, is divided into two sections, the Classical and the Commercial Courses. The former embraces the Greek, Latin, French and English languages, and terminates with Philosophy. In the latter, French and English are the only languages taught; a special attention is given to Book-keeping and whatever else may fit a youth for Commercial pursuits. Besides, the Students of either section learn, each one according to his talent and degree, History and Geography, Arithmetic or higher branches of Mathematics, Literature and Natural Science. Music and other Fine Arts are taught only on a special demand of parents; they form extra charges. There are, moreover, Elementary and Preparatory Classes for younger students. TERMS. For Day Scholars. \$3.00 per month. For Half-Boarders. 4.25, 9.10 P.M. For Boarders. 15.00 " Books and Stationary, Washing, Bed, and Bedding as well as the Physician's Fees, form extra charges.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y., MANUFACTURE a superior quality of Church, Academy, Fire-Alarm, Factory, Chime, Tower-Clock, Steamboat, Court-House, Farm and other Bells, of pure copper and tin, mounted in the most approved manner, and fully warranted. Catalogues sent free. Address MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Troy, N. Y.

O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, PRACTICAL HATTERS AND FURRIERS, 221 M'GILL STREET, (NEAR NOTRE DAME) WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and the public to their Stock, which has been Selected with the GREATEST Care from the BEST Houses in the Trade, and will be found COMPLETE in all its details. Montreal, May 10th, 1871.

JOHN MARKUM, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM-FITTER, TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORKER, &c., Importer and Dealer in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL STOVES, 712 CRAIG STREET, (Five doors East of St. Patrick's Hall, opposite Alexander Street,) MONTREAL.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL. Under the direction of the SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, 744 PALACE STREET. Hours of Attendance—From 9 till 11 a.m.; and from 1 to 4 p.m.

The stem of Education includes the English and French languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence. If 1 Pupil take dinner in the Establishment \$6 extra per quarter.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.

TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows. GOING WEST. Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West; at 8.00 A.M. Night " " " 8 P.M. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate Stations at 4.00 P.M. Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6 A.M. Trains for Lachine at 8.00 A.M., 9.30 A.M., 3.00 P.M., 5.00 P.M. GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate Stations at 7.00 A.M. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 8.00 A.M. Express for New York and Boston via Vermont Central at 9.30 P.M. Mail Train for Island Pond and Intermediate Stations at 2.00 P.M. Night Mail for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, Portland, Boston, &c., at 10.30 P.M. Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains, Baggage checked through. C. J. BRIDGES, Managing Director.

BROCKVILLE & OTTAWA RAILWAY WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

Trains will leave Brockville at 7.45 A.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 12.50 P.M. Mail Train at 2.15 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 6.50 P.M. Express at 3.25 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7.25 P.M. LEAVE OTTAWA. Express at 10.00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1.30 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West. Mail Train at 4.20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 7.45 A.M., and 3.45 P.M. Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on the B. and O. Railway. Freight loaded with despatch, and no transshipment when in car loads. H. ABBOTT, Manager for Trustees.

PORT HOPE & BEAVERTON RAILWAY.

Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 7 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Frserville and Beaverton. Leave BEAVERTON daily at 2.45 p.m. for Frserville, Millbrook, Summit, Perrytown and Port Hope.

PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY.

Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 10.25 a.m. and 4.25 p.m. for Quays, Perrytown, Campbell's, Summit, Millbrook, Frserville, Peterboro, and Wakefield. Trains will leave WAKEFIELD daily at 8.20 a.m., for Peterboro, Frserville, Millbrook, Summit, Campbell's, Perrytown, Quays, arriving at Port Hope at 11.40 a.m.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TRM

Depart 6.15, 12.00 Noon. 4.25, 9.10 P.M. Arrive 5.45, 10.00 P.M. 7.15, 9.55 A.M. Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY—TORONTO TRM. City Hall Station.

Depart 7.45 A.M., 3.45 P.M. Arrive 1.20 A.M., 9.20 P.M. Brock Street Station. Depart 5.40 A.M., 3.00 P.M. Arrive 11.00 A.M., 8.30 P.M.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. Commencing December 4, 1871.

DAY Express leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10.00 p.m. TRAIN for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3.00 p.m. NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 3.30 p.m., for Boston via Lowell, Lawrence, or Fitchburg, also for New York, via Springfield or Troy, arriving in Boston at 8.40 a.m., and New York at 12.30 p.m. TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST. DAY Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 p.m. NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Groulx's Corner at 9.00 p.m. SOUTH Vermont at 9.58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3.00 p.m., and Springfield at 8.10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Cheshire R.R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m.; leaves Rutland at 1.50 a.m., connecting with train over Rensselaer and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York, via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 a.m. Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy. Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston. For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street. G. MERRILL, Gen'l Superintendent. St. ALBANS, Dec. 1 1871.

GUYOT'S TAR CONCENTRATED PROOF LIQUEUR. Mr Guyot has succeeded in depriving tar of its insupportable sourness and bitterness, and in rendering it very soluble. Profiting by this happy discovery, he prepares a concentrated liqueur of tar, which in a small volume contains a large proportion of the active principle. Guyot's tar possesses all the advantages of ordinary tar-water without any of its drawbacks. A glass of excellent tar-water without any disagreeable taste may be instantaneously obtained by pouring a teaspoonful into a glass of water. Any one can thus prepare his glass of tar-water at the moment he requires it, thus economizing time, facilitating carriage and obviating the disagreeable necessity of handling tar. Guyot's tar replaces advantageously several more or less inactive pitans in the treatment of colds, bronchitis, coughs, and catarrhs. Guyot's tar is employed with the greatest success in the following diseases:— AS A DRUG.— A teaspoonful in a glass of water, or two tablespoonfuls in a bottle. BRONCHITIS CATARRH OF THE BLADDER COLOLS OBSTINATE COUGHS IRRITATION OF THE CHEST PULMONARY CONSUMPTION WHOOPING COUGH DISEASES OF THE THROAT AS A LOTION.— Pure or diluted with a little water. AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN ITCHINGS DISEASES OF THE SCALP Guyot's tar has been tried with the greatest success in the principal hospitals of France, Belgium, and Spain. Experience has proved it to be the most hygienic drink in time of epidemics. Detailed instructions accompany each bottle Depot in Paris, L. FRERE, 49, rue Jacob. General Agents for Canada, FABRE & GRAVEL, Montreal.

CENTRAL MARBLE WORKS, (Cor. Alexander & Laquehotiere Sts.)

TANSEY AND O'BRIEN, SCULPTORS AND DESIGNERS. MANUFACTURERS OF every kind of Marble and Stone Monuments. A large assortment of which will be found constantly on hand at the above address, as also a large number of Mantel Pieces from the plainest style up to the most perfect in Beauty and grandeur not to be surpassed either in variety of design or perfection of finish. IMPORTERS OF Scotch Granite Monuments, Manufacturers of Altars, Baptismal Fonts, Mural Tablets, Furniture Tops, Plumbers Marbles, Busts, AND FIGURES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. B. TANSEY. M. J. O'BRIEN.