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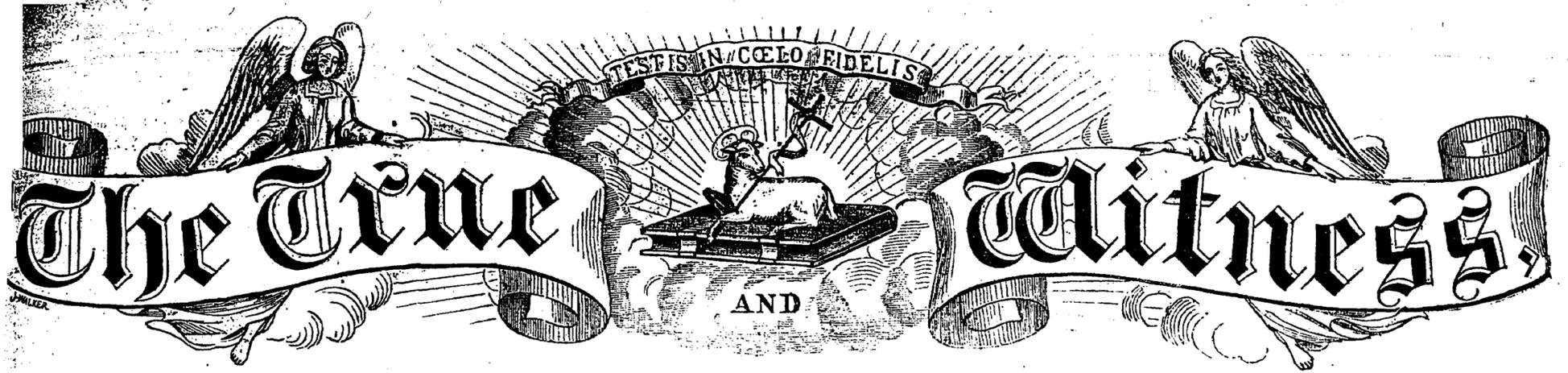
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1873.

NO. 29

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WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR? A STORY OF '93.

Charles placed the billet to his lips, and rising, said: "Gentlemen, I need not say I hope our plans will not be disarranged by the intelligence I have just received. I am now reduced to the position of each of you, for my name has been compromised. I regret it merely because the opportunities I might employ, were my movements free as they have been, are lost."

Our hero was for a moment confounded by this statement, and the extent of Sirr's information. He soon spoke. "What crime has Charles Raymond committed?" "Treason." "The penalty of treason is death, is it not?" "That is no affair of mine. Open."

How the hearts of the fugitives beat, and their breath came and went, as they watched with strained eyes his figure stealing into the shadows happily unseen by the watchful sentinels, a group of whom stood almost right in his path. Charles could perceive no guards between his hiding place and the wicket, which was the point to be gained.

message, went in solemn procession, preceded by the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, and all the officers of the House, to express to his Excellency their "horror and indignation," their "determined resolution and energy."

all hazards from the custody of the soldiers, who since his flight had occupied it, but in fear, perhaps, of such attempt, the entire collection had been removed, and lodged in the Castle. Through conscious of the hopelessness of the struggle begun under such disappointments, Raymond never felt one selfish regret for having entered upon it.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON THE "Catholic Church in America."

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in St. Patrick's Church, New Orleans. Dear Friends,—Any one who wishes to mark attentively the course of events of this world must recognize in all that he sees around him the hand of God and the hand of the devil.

—a creation of his own fancy, like the Chinese that make monsters that their soldiers carry before them in battle against other Chinese, at the sight of which their enemies turn and run away.

So, Protestantism, for three hundred years, has been making a most horrible bugbear of the Catholic Church, giving it horns, hoofs, and tail, a flaming tongue of fire, and great goggle eyes, and says to the men of the nineteenth century, who boast of their intelligence: "Don't look at it! Don't speak to it! Run away! It will bewitch you. Hate it, detest it! Don't trust the Catholic Church! If you do, she will put an end to your liberties, your happiness, your all!"—And the big boobies of the nineteenth century get frightened and run away.

Now, the subject on which I propose to address you this evening is the glorious theme that the Catholic Church is not the danger, but, under God, the future salvation of this grand and magnificent Republic of America. I confess to you, my friends, that, as firmly as I believe in the Catholic religion, convinced as I am that that religion is the only true religion; convinced as I am that that Church, under God, is the only means of salvation, out of which there is no salvation, save and except under the mean pretext of invincible ignorance—which means that if men knew a little more they would be damned—they are just ignorant enough to be saved; a little knowledge would be the ruin of them;—believing all this, I would not have the heart nor the courage to speak to the people of America and preach Catholicity to them, if in the secret recesses of my heart and mind I had the faintest idea that the Catholic religion would be dangerous to the State.

First, let us reason a little on this great theme.—I suppose all men, Protestants and Catholics alike, acknowledge that when Christ, our Lord, founded our religion on this earth, He founded that religion for the express purpose of saving the world—that that religion was to be the salvation of mankind. Now, from what did Christ purpose to save the world? What was the evil that he came to remedy? Answer—the first evil our Lord came to remedy was ignorance—ignorance the most deplorable, the most profound. Could anything be more terrible than the state of ignorance in which Christ found the world? Men of intelligence, splendid minds, varied and profound genius, bowed down and worshipped their own vices and their own wickedness, and called those vices God. The whole world worshipped impurity under the name of Venus; they worshipped dishonesty under the name of Mercury, who was the God of Thieves; revenge under the name of Mars; every vice and passion, even to the passion of avarice, that eats the heart out of the miser, which they adored under the name of Pluto, who was the protector of riches and of those that sought them. It was had enough to be ignorant of the truth; but they went farther; they not only lost sight of Heaven, but not content with the darkness of earth, they went grovelling down into hell, to find their God there.

The second evil that Christ found in the world, wide-spread, was the evil of impurity, sapping and destroying the vital energies, physical and mental, and the power and strength of men. He found as soon as manhood began to dawn upon them, as soon as they began to feel the throbs of virile blood in their veins—He found them yielding to every prompting of the baser instincts, going out ravelling to gratify the strong, unreasoning, earthly passions that poisoned the spring of life and destroyed all hope of future manhood. He found impurity all over the world, so that the virtue of chastity was not only not to be found amongst men, but it was not even known amongst them—it had no name. His Virgin Mother, the purest of God's creatures, had her virginity laid as a reproach upon her. From this impurity it would follow that there was no such thing as the family circle, with its blessed and holy influences. The Roman wife was a slave, dependent upon the mere caprice of her husband, who, when time had worn the bloom off her cheek, exchanged her for another and a fairer and a younger woman.

Reflect, first, upon truth. Why is truth the salvation of the people? For many reasons. I will give you only one. I don't know that it is the highest reason, but it is the one that bears most directly upon myself. The salvation of a people lies in unity. To be a unit is the first necessity of a people. Christ, our Lord, Himself declares that a house divided against itself must fall. And the first element of national existence, and national progress is that the people should be united; and that the enemy of public freedom and the liberty of the people in all ages has always begun his infernal work by trying to create divisions and dissensions amongst them. I might point as an illustration, to Ireland, the Niobe of nations, the martyred mother who bore me. For 700 years we have groined beneath the tyrant's hands, pitiless and unrelenting,

unrelaxing in his grasp. Why? Because he governed a divided people. It was but the other day that an eloquent Englishman in New York said, in our very teeth, that Ireland was a slave because she was divided; and on the day that she was united, no power under heaven could bind her into slavery for a single hour.

The present Prime Minister of England is a very fair-minded man, if they would only let him. He sees the injustice with which Catholics are treated. He sees that whilst every petty Protestant school in Ireland has its endowment and its charter, when the whole Irish nation founded a university in Ireland, they refused to give them a charter. They didn't ask for a halfpenny, only a charter. Gladstone would be glad to do it; but he is afraid. One of the grandest ideas of this age of ours was the unification of Germany. Bismarck, a man of wonderful genius, conceived that idea and carried it out practically—a magnificent achievement; but he is so short-sighted as to be now at work exasperating sixteen millions of the German people who are Catholics by persecuting their religion, shutting up their schools, driving out their nuns and Jesuits, and shutting their hospitals. He is doing a foolish thing; but he can't help it, because the nation decided he must do it. I must say, as a student of history, that while they lay to our doors the charge of persecution, nowhere do we read in the annals of the world, of persecution carried on with so much gusto and enjoyment as the persecutions of Protestants when they have the upper hand. You see it to-day in Germany. The Protestants there have but a small majority, but they exercise their power pitilessly. How easy it would be for Bismarck to avoid all this, if Germany were again all Catholic, as she was under Charles V. How easy it would be for Gladstone to govern England and Ireland, if they were a unit in religious faith; for when this great screw in the political union is loose, the whole machine is rickety, and is liable to come to pieces at once. The Catholic Church alone can create it. And yet men say that the Catholic Church is dangerous to America when disunion, mutual distrust and mutual disaffection, becomes one of the elements of the greatness of a nation, and not until then.

The next element of greatness, power and strength in a nation, is the virtue of purity. Every evil, every sin, in the long run, tends to the destruction of man, no matter how pleasant it may be at the moment; and every act committed by a nation, as well as an individual in the long run, although a hundred years may elapse, the punishment may be traced back to the crime that caused it. The vice of impurity has this peculiarity, that it is destructive not only of the individual but of the race; and it is noticeable, that though in punishing other crimes, God visited individuals, in punishing this, He has afflicted whole nations. The Flood and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah were quoted by the lecturer as examples of this principle.

The first point in the question before us is whether the Irish Roman Catholics—the immense majority, be it observed, of the nation—have in this matter a substantial grievance. Is this section of our fellow-countrymen excluded largely from the higher education? Does it practically shut, to a great extent, the seats of academic learning in Ireland? Our information on this subject cannot be as complete as we wish, yet it leads decisively to but one conclusion. The 4,141,933 Roman Catholics of Ireland furnish, taking the average of the last few years, a quota of 300 University students, against 1,800, or six times as many, furnished by the 1,214,533 Protestants, and this huge disproportion, even making every allowance for differences in rank and wealth between the members of the two communions, affords a presumption that, for some reason, the Roman Catholic contingent is unduly deficient. A similar result is attained by going more closely to the root of the matter. Taking the classification of the Census of 1861—that of 1871 has not yet been published—there are 3,576 Roman Catholic proprietors of land in Ireland, and 563,824 Roman Catholics engaged in commerce, trade, manufactures, mechanics, and in the learned and liberal professions, the Protestants in the same categories being 4,836 and 264,291; and it might be expected that these figures would indicate, in some measure at least, the proportions of Roman Catholics and Protestants who availed themselves of the higher education, especially as a very large portion of University students in Ireland is composed of youths of the lower middle orders. No such correspondence, however, exists; instead of being, as might be supposed, in a majority, or even in equal numbers, the Roman Catholic University men are, as we have seen, compared to the Protestants, in a ratio of one to six only; and it seems to us impossible to conceive that they would amount only to 300 students out of an upper and middle class of 567,390 persons unless some steady and potent cause repelled them from academic teaching. A comparison, between the systems of secondary and University education in Ireland indisputably points to a like inference. Taking once more the Census of 1861, 6,243 Roman Catholic boys are taught in the superior schools of Ireland, the Protestant boys of all persuasions being only 6,993, though nearly all the endowed schools of the country are Protestant foundations in the strictest sense; and this approximate equality, in such strange contrast with the extraordinary difference to be found in the next rank in the scale of instruction, is strong evidence that Roman Catholics distrust Irish University training. Additional proofs could be made forthcoming; for example, it is ludicrous to imagine that, if it were not repugnant to them, the Queen's College of Belfast would have but 17 Roman Catholic students out of a body of 351; but enough probably has been said to satisfy any impartial person. Those indeed, who attempt to dispute the position are forced either to obscure the truth or rest their arguments on unsound assumptions. For instance, it is possible to show, by a dexterous manipulation of figures, that in the University-going classes of Ireland the Roman Catholics ought to be but one-fourth of the Protestants, and easy to infer that there is no need of any decided change in the present state of things; but it has been proved that this calculation omits large University-going classes in which Roman Catholics immensely preponderate, not to allude further to the obvious fact that these premises do not bear out the conclusion, since, under the existing order of affairs, Irish Roman Catholic University students are but as one to six, and not one to four, compared with their Protestant fellows. Again, it has been plausibly urged that the deficiency of Roman Catholic University students is attributable to the great number of youths preparing for the Irish priesthood, for it has been contended that this last-named class should be reckoned as academically trained, and that, if so, the alleged disproportion will nearly, if not altogether, vanish. This argument is entitled to weight, but it is unsatisfactory if dispassionately reviewed. In the first place, it assumes that young men being educated for the Irish priesthood should never seek University teaching even if it were in accordance with their sympathies; and, in the second place, what is more important, it assumes that this class represents exactly the great body of Roman Catholic Irishmen likely to take advantage of University life if it fell in with their tastes and wishes. This assumption, however, is without warrant; and, considering that a very large proportion of the students of Maynooth and kindred institutions is composed of youths who hardly belong to University-going classes at all, it leads only to false conclusions.

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We agree, therefore, with Mr. Gladstone that "a large and evident gap" exists in the higher Roman Catholic education of Ireland; that the University

system of the sister island keeps out a not inconsiderable number of Roman Catholics from its sphere, and if we would calmly examine the facts, we should see that the cause of this exclusion is to be found in the nature of the institutions for University teaching across the Channel. The only Universities in Ireland—that is, the only bodies legally capable of conferring degrees in that country—are Trinity College and the Queen's University, and the character and tendencies of these organizations are such as to make them to say the least, not acceptable to Roman Catholics; and to alienate persons of that communion from them, in the present state of Roman Catholic opinion. Let us first state of elder foundation, the venerable and justly honoured Corporation, whose squares, quadrangles, and gardens form such a noble portion of the architecture of Dublin. Trinity College is, and has always been, the chief nursery of the late State Church in Ireland; and it remains simply an untaken bastion of the conquered citadel of Protestant ascendancy. The Governing Body must be in the main composed of Protestant Episcopal Divines; every dignitary on the foundation must be without exception of the favoured creed; until 1793 it was accessible to Protestant students alone; and though, owing to the influence of Mr. Pitt and not at all to a movement from within, this last restriction was then removed, and the College has since laudably made Nonconformists to the Anglican Communion eligible for a variety of prizes, it is still, to quote the emphatic words of a recent manifesto of its authorities, "based on the principles of the Protestant religion," and distinguished "by its Protestant constitution." Moreover, whatever may be the spirit of modern liberality in the place, and opinions widely differ on the point, its whole history and associations are purely and exclusively Protestant; and its literature and philosophy are to this day in a great degree of a Protestant complexion. In these circumstances can we feel surprised that excellent as is its teaching, and enjoying as it practically does a monopoly of the highest education in Ireland, the number of Roman Catholic students in Trinity College is exceedingly small, that it has averaged only from 50 to 80 out of a population of more than 4,000,000 of souls, and that it amounts from five to seven per cent. only of the members of the entire society? Considering the nature of the institution what else was to be expected from it but that it should possess attractions for Protestants alone, and should be viewed by the Roman Catholics with little sympathy? It is easy to denounce Ultramontane bigotry, but could we conceive the classification of creeds in Ireland suddenly transformed, and a similar change to be made in the College, would the feelings of the majority in that case be very different from what they are in the present; if the great mass of the people of Ireland were Protestants in no doubtful sense, and the principal University in the land were a very Roman Catholic type, would it be a favourite place of Protestant resort, or would it not rather be shunned by that Communion, more especially if the whole history of the country had been a calamitous succession of Protestant and Roman Catholic hatreds and discords? We shall not reason with these who imagine that such questions admit of uncertain answers.

Let us now turn to the second foundation, the Queen's University, with its Colleges in the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. These institutions were chiefly established for the higher education of Irish Roman Catholics, a want being felt in this respect as long ago as 1835, and it being acknowledged that the Protestant constitution of Trinity College was ill-suited to them. The principles on which the Queen's Colleges and University have been organized correspond to those on which it was sought to found the primary national education of Ireland; these principles, however, be it remarked, having been, even in the last-named instance, either tacitly abandoned, or widely relaxed, in consequence of the steady opposition of Irishmen of all religious persuasions. The object of Peel and his successors was to moderate the sectarian rancour of Ireland, and to diffuse elements of future concord, by uniting young men of all creeds in the association of common instruction; and it certainly was an end as laudable as ever was set before the minds of Statesmen. For this purpose it was provided that the education of the Queen's University and Colleges should be of a purely secular type; the course of studies in these institutions was limited to merely secular subjects; the Colleges and University were thrown open to all comers irrespective of creed. The same rule was applied to their dignitaries, examiners, and professors, and no kind of religious teaching was made a necessary part of collegiate discipline. At the same time encouragement was given to the voluntary religious teaching of the students; the clergy of all the Irish Churches were invited to minister to their spiritual wants, subject to the approval only of parents and guardians; and precautions were taken to make their morals conform to a reasonably high standard. By these means Peel and others expected that a system of moderately high education would grow up, which would tend to promote good will and harmony, and would prove an instrument of civilization; and they never doubted that Roman Catholics, whose benefit they had mainly in view, would resort to the Colleges in large numbers. A generation, however, has since passed away; and while, on the one hand, it may be questioned whether religious animosities are not as bitter in Ireland at this time as in 1845, so on the other, the Queen's University and Colleges have failed to gain the confidence of the class for the uses of which they were chiefly set up, although they have been lavishly endowed by the State, and the education they afford is really good. It is worse than useless in our judgment, to shut our eyes to the truth on this subject. The students belonging to these institutions being for the most part of the lower middle class, we might fairly suppose that the Roman Catholics would, at least, equal the Protestants in number; and yet, on an average, the Roman Catholic students have not been more than a third, and in some years a fourth part of the Protestant, and there are no signs that this proportion will change. Nor is the reason difficult to discern, apart even from the denunciation of these institutions by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The principle of exclusive secular instruction and of purely voluntary religious teaching falls in with the sentiments, in a great measure, of Irish Protestants of the middle orders, and especially of the Irish Presbyterians; and, accordingly, persons of these communions like the system of the Queen's University and Colleges, and send their sons freely to them. But the same principle, which is that of Secularism in education however qualified, is essentially repugnant to Roman Catholic minds, with their sacerdotal and dogmatic tendencies, and hence Roman Catholics do not commonly regard these institutions with good-will, and generally think them unfit for their children. Nor is this mere Ultramontane superstition; it was not a Roman Catholic, but a representative of Oxford who stigmatized the Queen's Colleges as "godless," a very large number of English parents would assuredly disapprove such training for their sons; and it deserves notice that while O'Connell supported the scheme of primary education in Ireland, he distinctly predicted that Sir R. Peel's experiment would fail as regards his own Communion.

It is, therefore, we think, evident that Irish Roman Catholics do not resort to the Universities of Ireland in due numbers, not even to the University designed for them. The Protestantism of Trinity College and the Secularism of the Queen's University and Colleges are felt by them as deterrent influences; and a certain portion of our fellow-subjects is excluded from University life because they cannot, in conscience, approve the University teaching offered to them. In other words, they are placed

IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION. (From a Correspondent of the London Times.) I. The time is at hand when the Administration will have to redeem the important pledges as to University education in Ireland which it has freely given on several occasions. Two of three parts of Mr. Gladstone's programme at the General Election of 1868 having been accomplished with the assent of Parliament, the third must soon attract attention; and, as in the instances of the Church and the Land, the Legislature will, it is to be hoped, remove whatever abuses and wrongs exist in the higher instruction of the sister country. The question, however,

under disabilities in this important matter, and the scheme of high education in Ireland establishes...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH GOVERNMENT.—It has been very generally stated that Earl Spencer is anxious to be relieved...

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.—The Irish Times states that Mr. Gladstone has sent for one of the most eminent of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College...

Irish Catholics demand, and must have, equality of endowments as well as privileges in common...

ABSENCE OF CRIME IN IRELAND.—The opening year offers good augury to every lover of peace and order in Ireland.

THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.—There is no longer, says the Standard any question as to the position which the Ministry mean to give to the proposal on Irish University Education.

have so long struggled to possess themselves of the control of education in Ireland. It is too like confidence in their success—too like obedience to the advice of their ministerial friends...

LECTURES ON ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC.—Sir Robert Stewart delivered on Saturday last the first of a course of lectures on Ancient Irish Music. He said that the study of Ancient Irish Music labored under this disadvantage—that archaeological literatures were not often musical, and musicians very rarely felt any interest in archaeology.

THE POOR OF ENNISCORRY.—The Earl of Portmouth has subscribed the munificent sum of £120 to the Ennischorry Poor Relief Fund, which is in keeping with his lordship's invariable benevolence and consideration.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has appointed James Arthur Dease Esq., to be a Commissioner of National Education, in room of the Hon. Thomas Preston, who has resigned.

GREAT BRITAIN

THE BRITISH LION.—The following amusing letter is going the rounds of the English papers; it commences—"Sir, Any particulars connected with the late mysterious visit of Count Schouvaloff to England must be of interest."

a most distinguished place. On arrival I found myself in the company of a party of elderly gentlemen, evidently very cross and ill-humoured.

"Now, then Mr. Simms, said one of them, 'where is the British Lion?'" "I was so taken aback that I could only open my mouth wide and give a grin, which I daresay did look rather foolish."

"Don't grin here, sir," continued the gentleman, "We want the British Lion all ready by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and he is or ought to be somewhere among the antiquities in your charge."

"I replied that there was very little time, and that provided I could find the poor animal's skin, it would be impossible for me to carry it without assistance."

"Who's to pay?" I replied, for I began to suspect I was in the presence of the Great L.—I Ministry and it was necessary for me to be very cautious.

"I will authorize the expenditure of one shilling," said a gentleman whom I understood to be named L.—a (Lowe).

"Now be off," said the first gentleman, "and come back the quickest and nearest way."

"Shan't go through the park?" I shouted another gentleman—"not unless he goes down on his knees and asks my permission first."

"Oh! do be quiet, A—!" (Ayrton, First Commissioner of Works,) says the first gentleman.

"I hurried back to the B.M., and after a long search I found the poor old animal's skin—only his tail was off. He had been in the habit for some years before he died of carrying it stuck between his legs, and a joint had given way. He had no teeth left, either, and looked very mangy altogether. There was no help for it though, so I called a cab, and away we went. There was a deal of trouble to set the animal up."

"Why, he ought to show his teeth, said one gentleman."

"Well, said another, 'it's more diplomatic, I think, to keep his mouth shut!'"

"Very good, indeed," said a gentleman called G.— (Gladstone).

"But then how about the roar? Who cares for a lion that can't roar?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed several at once, "is the tail gone?"

"We might make a tail," said the first gentleman.

"It must be very stiff, you know," said another.

"The gentleman who had objected to my going through the park, twisted up a string of paper all printed over with 'Park Rules,' and sticking it suddenly into the hind parts of the British Lion, looked at us all triumphantly."

"The effect was wonderful! The Lion himself looked frightened at his own tail!"

"Capital," they all exclaimed; "We will settle the Count this time."

"I was left in charge of the noble animal for several hours, and exactly at ten I heard footsteps approaching. A distinguished foreigner entered the apartment, and looked earnestly at the noble beast. He tried to conceal a grin of contempt as he gazed at the poor old animal's face."

"I saw it, and determined to make a bold stroke for dear old England. I slowly turned the poor beast round, and the frightful tail waggled immediately before the nose of Count Schouvaloff. He grew deadly pale."

"No," he muttered, "my master has nothing so terrible as this;" and still shuddering with terror, he quitted the apartment."

"I took the poor old beast back to the Museum, and forwarded a claim the following day for cab hire."

"R.M. to Downing Street, 15. Downing street to B.M., 1s.—total, 2s."

"Will you believe it, sir—the return fare has been disallowed by the Treasury."

Yours ever, WILLIAM SIMMS.

An auction of a very unusual character took place recently in London, the articles offered for sale being the magical apparatus, wondrous curiosities and properties of Prof. Anderson, "the Wizard of the North."

The Archbishop of Westminster and the "Times."—We noticed cursorily last week the attack of the Times upon the Archbishop of Westminster's speech at Sheffield, observing that, in saying that "Ultramontanism is allegiance to a foreign sovereign" it had confused the ideas of spiritual and temporal allegiance, of spiritual head and temporal sovereignty, and had profited by the confusion.

An article in a recent number of the Saturday Review, calls attention to the increasing frequency of divorce in England. When the Divorce Court was first opened now, several years since, people who supposed themselves competent to judge with approximate accuracy, predicted that the cases would probably average about eighteen or twenty every year.

The tone of the English Press on the religious persecution now raging in Germany deserves notice. Ashamed to avow openly their sympathy with measures inspired by brutal violence and high-handed tyranny, our journalists, who are always discoursing about "the rights of conscience" at home, are obliged to affect a certain disapproval, yet cannot hide their secret satisfaction. Indeed they hardly pretend to do so.

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ishment of the new court, were now getting settled in a body, and that subsequent years would show the anticipated paucity of English men and women disgusted with the "English home," on whose sanctity their literary countrymen are never tired of dilating. Contrary, however, to all expectation, the Divorce Court has been crowded year after year with an increasing number of applicants, until the judge threatens to break down from over work. The cases, which come from all classes, show that domestic infelicity is less general among the higher classes and among the working people than in that section of the population which also forms the strength of dissent and which is most anxious for secular education.

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UNITED STATES.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE "NORTHEAST."—The excitement which the loss of the "Northfleet" caused in England still continues to show itself in various characteristic ways. The steamer, which escaped like a conscious murderer, in the confusion and darkness, has been vindictively watched for in every port of Europe: the inefficient means of escape provided on emigrant ships is blamed; the inadequate signal system, etc., etc. Contributions for the remaining victims pour in from every quarter, from the Queen to the half-starved miner. That three hundred souls should be thus lost in a calm sea, within sight of the English coast, surrounded by a dozen vessels, within easy hearing and reach of a crowded English roadstead, would be enough to account for the thrill of universal horror, and the eagerness with which the whole nation has risen to repair the injury as far as practicable, were it not that catastrophes just as general and terrible have occurred and died out of notice in a day. But there was a single point of human interest in this ship as it went down which made all nations akin as they looked at it. A multitude of deaths of unknown men and women is, after all only a ghastly vague fact, unemotional as the sum total of a bill of mortality. But this Capt. Knowles, wakened out of his sleep to find the open sea yawning beneath, and these 400 souls dependent upon him, on the instant cool, steady, sagacious, seeing that death was inevitable and standing on its edge to choose out the weakest and most helpless to be saved—there is a real live man whom we would fain claim as the brother of us all. There is much

said now—days of the corruption of society; when our political leaders take bribes we are told that chicanery and money, and love of sham show control the majority of lives; yet sometimes death from among us takes some commonplace fellow like this ship's captain by the throat and bids him justify his right to have lived; and the man takes his footing upon his plain daily duty, and doing that, chooses so to be lost in eternal silence. But how the whole world is stirred as he goes out! How in every country in the last fortnight men's hearts have been beaten higher, and the tears come to women's eyes looking at the figure of this Knowles on the edge of his sinking ship; how we had listened to hear his last words before the sea covered him: to know something more of the man. Cleopatra puts on her crown to make a tragic ending. "What's brave, what's noble, let's do after the high Roman fashion, and make Death proud to take us!" (The Captain was the only quiet man aboard,) said one of the survivors; "he was about thirty years old, and had been married six months. He kept the crew back with a pistol in one hand from the boats, and helped the women and children in with the other. Some called him to tie himself to a spar, but he went on lifting in the women. He gave his wife to the boatswain in one of the boats. "Take care of her, boson," he said; "I will never see you again, dear girl." Mrs. Knowles was a young thing, very much of a child. She wanted to go back on deck and die with her husband, but we held her." While we look through the night at the ship going down with this man at his post on her, other remembrances come back to us; of Robert Shaw, "buried in a pit with his niggers;" of the engineer Kealey lying dead at the bottom of the river, and the train he had saved safe at the other side; and dearer than all, of another ship that sank in the British Channel not many years ago. There was part of an infantry regiment on board, returning after a five years' absence in India. "When it was found that the vessel was sinking, and that the boats were insufficient to hold the women and children, the Colonel to prevent confusion marshaled his men in rank on deck. They obeyed and "presented arms." And so, almost within sight of their home they had not seen for five years, foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, alert and immovable, as though ready to charge upon a foe, they went down. There are men whose lives are clad with great deeds or words as with a royal garment; but these were homely and commonplace, doing the task of every day, after no high Roman fashion, but quietly and steadily. Attempting and achieving no more than this, they passed through the great dark portal which never opens twice for any man, but when it closed behind them it seems to us as though a King had gone out from among us.

The Cincinnati Telegraph has a splendid article on the "Decline of the Republic," attributing much, if not all, of the rotteness brought to light by the great Credit Mobilier investigation, to our system of public schools.—The Credit Mobilier investigation has brought terrible revelations of official robberies in high places, which startle only those who have not watched the gradual decline of all national morality, of those who pretend to believe that civil government can be honest and pure without the guidance of true religion. We are repining, in this national scandal and disgrace, the fruit of godless common school education, and godless political principles. As a nation, we have discarded religion, and public as well as private conscience has been degraded, and become callous to every touch of honor and decency. Thieves clear the way, by gigantic bribery, to the highest places in the government, and then delude their official position, by secret leagues of rapacious fraud to compensate for the expense of purchase. Legislatures are bought, as men buy cattle in the market, and are too well acquainted with public morality to blush when the infamy is exposed. The purchaser takes his seat in the Senate, and has no fear that his associates, to whose garments cling the smell of like corruption, will dare to expel him. He knows well that the purification of the Senate would empty nearly all its seats; while he confesses his crime, he defies punishment. He laughs securely at popular indignation, and dreads no social ostracism. He is the model politician of the period; he is the choice production of the common schools and universal suffrage. He is a clever pupil of that system of education which we are told with an air of laudation, is purely and peculiarly American; in which the brain is trained at the expense of the soul; in which success in this life is all important, and belief in the next world is deemed of no importance at all; in which all instruction is directed to make men sharp enough to steal, emboldened, and defraud the individual or the nation without falling into the clutches of the law; in which the corrupting influence of the lessons he is daily receiving is veiled by the pretence of doing an impossible task, to make men moral without religion, without subordinating intellect, will, imagination and passions of the pupil to a higher aim and nobler purpose of life, than to attain wealth and enjoy earthly luxuries and honors. Men, like Senators Caldwell and Patterson, whose political record is so luscious that the history of other countries, older by centuries, furnish few names so revolting to honesty and honor, are exactly what we are to look for in a generation doomed to pass years in the peculiar American institution—the common school. When youth has been robbed, systematically, of conscience and left no resistance to his passions in this age, in which virtue is second to dollars, wealth is esteemed as the greatest good, and sensuality is worshipped, but the weak regard of respectability, or of public opinion equally vain and corrupt, his manhood will shrink from no crime in the pursuit of his ambition. He is taught to walk after his own lusts—to make this world his God; to care more for the road that leads to success in business or to political office and its emoluments, than for the road to Heaven. He practically follows these principles of modern education, and thus they breed for us a race of mercantile and political thieves and swindlers, who prey upon society with the rapacity of hungry wolves. Every thing sacred is thrown into the market to be sold to the highest bidder. Money becomes the universal touchstone of social and political worth.

Zion's Herald administers a well deserved rebuke to the Protestant ministers of the present day who endeavor to attract an audience by the eccentricity of their sermons; and mentions the following case in point.—We have just seen a card printed for circulation by the pastor of one of the oldest Congregational churches in Central Massachusetts; a church which has long been blessed with the labors of the most cultivated ministers and men of the finest taste. These cards bear upon one face the appointed hours for Sabbath and weekly services, and invite general attendance; than which nothing could be more proper and worthy of imitation. On the reverse side, however, of the card, we were astonished to read the following topics of discourse in order for the Sabbaths of the current month: "Deformed Feet," "The Strange Contents of a Lost Trunk," "Tragic History of a White Lie," "Frosted Locks," "Go to Jerico," (we can easily see under this topic, how an admirable practical application of the subject might be made to the preacher), "Beautiful Shoes; their Proprietary Suggestions," "Salt Again." And this is preaching the Gospel, in the year of our Lord 1873 and in the centre of Christian civilization! We are not at all surprised to learn from a friend, who heard him, that the preacher entered his pulpit with lavender kids upon his hands, which he only removed as he commenced his sermon. Neither are we surprised that the house is crowded.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1873.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Friday, 7—Ember Day. Of the Holy Lance and
Nails.
Saturday, 8—Ember Day. St. John of God, C.
Sunday, 9—Second in Lent.
Monday, 10—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.
Tuesday, 11—St. Thomas Aquinas, C. (March 7.)
Wednesday, 12—St. Gregory, P.
Thursday, 13—St. Francis, W. (March 9.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Gladstone's Education Bill for Ireland seems destined to undergo the fate of all half and half measures. It does not satisfy the Catholics of Ireland whose Bishops are determined to oppose it, and are urging strongly upon the representatives of Ireland to oppose it; at the same time it does not conciliate Mr. Gladstone's opponents in the ranks of the extreme anti-Catholic party. A really just measure, that is a measure leaving the Catholics free to educate their own sons as they please, and renouncing entirely all pretensions on the part of the State to dictate how they should be brought up, would not have made for Mr. Gladstone more enemies in England, and would have done much to assure to his Ministry the cordial good will of the Catholics of the Empire. The State prosecutions of the Catholic Clergy for the Galway election business seem to be hanging fire. The Government apparently finds itself engaged in a bad business from which it will win neither honor nor material advantage.

In France the situation is very complicated. M. Thiers is to be called upon to make a distinct enunciation of his policy, but the difficulty is that neither he nor the Assembly have any fixed policy. The present Government of France is but a Government of expedients, a mere temporary arrangement which no one believes to possess any elements of permanence, though no one can say what is to succeed it.

The reports from Spain are very conflicting. The Carlists are evidently in force in the North, and hold their own there; it is however very doubtful whether in the centre and South of the Peninsula they would find many to join them should they advance upon Madrid. A long protracted civil war, with the usual amount of massacres seems to be inevitable. From Rome there is nothing new to report.

The report of the Committee of investigation into the *Credit Mobilier* rascalities condemns Messrs. Ames and Brooks, but does not actually recommend the expulsion of any body, guilty of said rascalities. This is looked upon as a most lame and impotent conclusion. The murderer Foster, to save whom from the gallows, great efforts have been made, is to be hung on Friday. To Governor Dix much praise for this determination to vindicate the law, and to put down murder is due. Hanging is not played out; and when the roughs of New York come to realize this fact, and when an example has been made of some of their ringleaders there may again be security for life and property even in the city of New York.

Latest news from Spain is to the effect that the Carlists in force are menacing Pampeluna. The young gentleman who lately abdicated is on his way to Genoa. There is much excitement in London over the discovery of some gigantic frauds—precise amount not yet given—on the Bank of England; the guilty parties have not yet been caught; they are said to be free and enlightened citizens of the U. States, and a large sum is offered for their capture.

The Quebec election up to the time of going to press had passed over without bloodshed, though there had been some fighting with fists. The government had ordered out all the military force at its disposal to preserve the peace.

D. A. CHISHOLM, Esq., Alexandria, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the TRUE WITNESS in his neighborhood. We hope our Catholic friends there will assist Mr. Chisholm in his efforts to extend the circulation of the paper.

MY CLERICAL FRIENDS, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO MODERN THOUGHT.—New York, Catholic Publication Society. Montreal, J. & D. Sadlier. Sent free by mail by the Messrs. Sadlier on the receipt of \$1.50.

The name of the author does not indeed appear on the title page, but is well revealed by the contents; indeed it is no secret that the work is from the pen of the talented author of "Christian Missions" and of the laughable "Comedy of Convocation." Like the last named it is sparkling with wit, and full of fun, sometimes too maliciously true to be pleasing to those made fun of. Dr. Marshall has a happy knack of turning up to public view the comic side of Protestantism, especially of that phase of Protestantism that calls itself Anglo-Catholic.

The work is somewhat in the nature of an autobiography, and is divided into three parts. The first treats of the preliminary stages in the process by which, through the grace of God, the author was rescued from the slough of heresy, and brought into the Church; and throughout the history is interspersed with some amusing anecdotes, and for traits of several prominent office holders in the Establishment with whom in his early day, the writer came in contact. Amongst other portraits there is one of whom the profane speak as Soapy Samuel which is admirably drawn; we have also one of him or two laughable sketches of the gentlemen alluded to in the press as "Colonial Bishops,"—an inferior kind of Bishops—and of whom as many as fourteen are sometimes to be found in England at once. Somehow or other their dioceses manage to get on just as well or just as badly without them. What purpose they subservise no body knows; still there they are.

The writer having gone through the usual University career of young men, went up in due time to undergo the process of ordination, as practised as quite a respectable sort of rite in the Anglican denomination. Of this part of his career he thus speaks:—

"Of the period preparatory to my own ordination I will say nothing, because the most careful investigation of my past life fails to detect such a period. My University was antecedent to my pastoral career, in point of time, but not preparatory to it."—p. 62.

His first ministerial act was to baptise a lot of thirty children in a London parish church; he naturally felt a little embarrassed in the process, but was much encouraged by the parish clerk, who gave him an initiatory lesson in the vestry, "using a folio prayer-book to represent the infant." Having got through his first stroke of work fairly enough, our author was encouraged to try his hand "in the administration of the other Anglican sacrament;" and more important still in the opinion of all sound Protestants, to undertake the preaching and reading part of the clerical business. In the latter he succeeded well for a beginner. "Some of the ladies thought that I read with expression, and some even said that I was eloquent; but the judgment of that sort is apt to err on the side of leniency." From his reticence on the subject, we fear that our young minister rather bungled the sacramental part of his work.

In spite however of these successes as a reader and preacher, there was still a drop of something bitter in our young clergyman's cup of life. He was told that it was his duty to show to others the road to heaven; meditating on which, it at last forcibly struck him, that he ought to know the road thither himself. So he commenced studying the chart in good earnest; and as a Protestant, deemed it his duty to make himself acquainted with the writings of the great Fathers of the Reformation. The result on the whole was not favorable to the latter:—

"I had a vague impression that these celebrated persons were individuals of singular merits, illuminated by a preternatural light, and highly qualified to impart the instruction which I needed. And I applied myself to the Reformers. I believe I may say that I read them all—the English contingent in the convenient edition of the Parker Society—though to this hour I am wholly unable to comprehend how I survived the nauseous task. Yet I read them with violent prejudice in their favor. The impression which they produced upon me even at that time was this: that if the brute creation could speak, they would speak like the Reformers. I have since thought this opinion was unjust; I mean to the brute creation."—pp. 67, 68.

Hereupon one of his friends recommended him to abandon the perusal of the Fathers of the Reformation, and to "search the Scriptures;" but this made matters worse. If there be one thing in which more than in another the Church as by Law Established glories, it is in the extreme diversity of opinions that it tolerates amongst its ministers, as well as its laity; whereas if there be one offense to which St. Paul, so charitable in all other respects, shows himself severe and uncompromising, it is the offense of schism or making divisions in the Church, "the pillar of truth." Our minister found it as impossible in short to reconcile the words of St. James and St. Peter with those of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, as he had found it impossible to reconcile the writings of the Fathers of the Reformation with the dictates of natural reason, charity, and common decency. In a word, he began to entertain serious doubts as to the safety of the position in which he found himself—that of an office holder in a government

ecclesiastical establishment founded by such men as Barlow, Scorry, Cranmer, Latimer & Co.; men of whom many Protestants now speak as "utterly unredeemed villains," and "rascals," capable of any crime.—See *Union Review*, Nov., 1870; *Guardian*, May 20, 1868.

Under these circumstances, to cure him of any Romanising tendencies that he might have contracted, and to convince him by personal experience of the manifold perfections of Anglicanism—his friends determined that he should travel for a period on the Continent of Europe in company with a staid Anglican divine of the soundest of principles; and thus learn from the testimony of his eyes and ears the corruptions of Romanism, and the miserable condition in which it leaves its votaries. This brings us to the end of part first of the work, entitled *The Clergy at Home*.

The next part is headed *The Clergy Abroad*. In company with his clerical dry nurse, our author sails from Dover on his way "to look the great Roman Church in the face;" and from the contemplation of her features to return enamoured with the beauties of that Reformation of religion which, in the words of the Protestant Macaulay, "was begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, continued by Somerset the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth the murderess of her guest." At the very outset a terrible shock befell the reverend dry nurse; for on board the Calais steambath the travellers came across a real priest, a being for whom of course the bogus priest of the Establishment felt an invincible repugnance. Of this worthy priest, the Rev. Father Sheridan, known personally in after years to our author, we find the following characteristic anecdote:—

"Many years after I met this priest once more. In the interval he had twice nearly died of fever, and once of cholera. He had a singular habit of volunteering his services wherever such attractions were to be found. On one critical occasion he and a robust nurse were the only survivors in a certain typhus hospital, all the rest having died or run away. He made shrouds of the infected bed-linen for the corpses, which he carried on his back into the hospital-yard, whence they were removed to the cemetery. He also received the abjuration of a good many of the patients, to whom he was the only representative of the Christian religion in that desolate scene."—p. 135.

This poaching upon his spiritual preserves, which of course he did not visit in person, roused the anger of the Protestant rector of the parish "a very gentlemanly person, with a large family and a justifiable horror of contagion." This good shepherd at once on hearing of these abjurations, sent word to Father Sheridan "that he must abstain from encroaching on his flock." To which Father Sheridan replied "let him come and tell me himself." The scene that ensued is thus described:—

"The next morning he"—(the rector)—"came though he prudently remained at the door, and holding a camphorated cambric handkerchief with one hand to his nose, beckoned with the other to Father Sheridan, who was at his usual work to come and speak to him. 'Wait a minute' replied the Father as he advanced to the window at the opposite extremity of the ward, and threw it open, admitting a current of air which carried down a thick fever-laden mist towards his interlocutor, whose rapidly retreating footsteps were greeted, I regret to add, with a burst of laughter from the priest and the Protestant nurse."—p. 135.

Hotspar again had the best of it in the contest with the dainty lord who smelt so sweet, and talked so like a waiting gentle woman, holding, not a pounce box indeed, but a scented cambric handkerchief at his nose; and who could not abide that any slovenly, typhus fever-laden corpse should be brought betwixt the wind and his reverentiality. The dapper rector of the parish ran away home to his wife and children, leaving his flock to be devoured by the Romish wolf.—See St. John, x., 12.

Our travellers—the author and his dry-nurse—continue their travels and see much to astonish them. At Paris together they visit the Seminary of the *Missions Etrangères*, and are shown into the *Salle des Martyres*; the room which contains the memorials of the many martyrs whom the Seminary has given to the Church, in the shape of their blood-stained relics, and the instruments of torture whereby they had suffered death. In this room every evening the students of the Seminary—themselves candidates for the honors of martyrdom—meet for meditation and prayer, that some day they too may be found worthy to suffer torture and death for the sake of Christ. On their way to Rome they visit Avignon, and here it seems that the dry nurse met with a sad rebuff. He had been trying to convince his companion, whose Romish preclivities were by this time becoming very marked, that the Romish system was beset with difficulties, and that some of the Popes had taught doctrines admitted to be false. "Are you aware that John XXII. publicly taught that even the Saints cannot see God before the day of judgment?" The rest of the story is as follows:—

"I was not certainly aware of it, and knew no more about John XXII. than my friend had probably known the day before. . . . I was obliged therefore to take refuge in ignominious silence, and affect to be overcome by the heat. I am sure that to my triumphant friend this was the pleasantest day of our tour."—p. 137.

But before night the narrator turned the table on his friend; for on arriving in Avig-

non he looked into a library, and turning up a book he found that it was indeed true that John XXII. had as a private theologian given utterance to the opinion attributed to him; but that when raised to the dignity of Pope he authoritatively condemned it. After this the good dry nurse seems to have looked upon his youthful charge as a hard case.

It was at Rome that the grace of God at length triumphed, and that our author whom we have accompanied, was received into the Church. This portion of the book is very interesting, and we have some excellent stories about the habits of that very notorious, but very unpleasant animal known to naturalists as the *Viator Britannicus*. Here is one of these little anecdotes:—

"Two American ladies, well-known in Roman society, overheard not long ago the following dialogue in St. Peter's, of which I received a report from their own lips. The Holy Father was at the Altar, and an immense congregation on their knees, when an Anglican clergyman suddenly exclaimed, 'is there no one in this vast assembly who will lift up his voice with me to protest against this idolatry and superstition?' 'If you don't shut up,' responded an American Methodist minister, evidently inspired by the *genius loci*, 'there is one man in this vast assembly who will lift up his foot to kick you out of the Church.' The Anglican promptly disappeared in presence of the only argument which his state of mind enabled him to comprehend."—p. 201.

Of another of these very nasty animals we read further on, how he one morning came into the room where our author was at breakfast, and boasted as if he had done something very clever, "that he had just received Holy Communion at the Gesu!"—p. 206.

The reader will also learn with some surprise, on the authority of a Mr. Harris, who has a government situation as "*Bishop of Gibraltar*," that Rome has been annexed to his diocese: and "that St. Peter and his Sec being no longer of any use, were finally absorbed in the majestic Patriarchate of Mr. Harris."—p. 204. Assuredly Protestantism, whether High or Low has its comic side, and it is this side which, in a spirit of good natured, though rather contemptuous fun, the author of *My Clerical Friends* delights to hold up to the laughter of the world.

We might go on and fill our paper with interesting extracts from the book before us, but our limited space, warns us to stay our hand. Besides, our readers can procure it for themselves; and to induce them to do so, is one of the reasons why we have ventured on so lengthy a notice. They will find *My Clerical Friends* a most captivating work; full of fun and full of instruction, from which both Catholics and Protestants may draw many a useful lesson.

The Census of the Dominion presents us with very ample details as to the relative number of the various religious denominations of whom the population is made up. The total population of the Dominion is set down at 3,485,761, of whom 1,160,851 belong to the Province of Ontario; 1,191,516 to the Province of Quebec; 285,594 to New Brunswick; and 387,800 to the Province of Nova Scotia. We have the subjoined religious statistics:—

Christians	3,460,817
Jews	1,115
Mahomedans	13
Pagans	1,886
No Particular Religion	22,630

The Christian population is composed of 1,492,029 Catholics. Of these 274,162, are residents of Ontario; 1,019,850 of the Province of Quebec; 96,016 of New Brunswick; 102,001 of Nova Scotia. The Protestant population numbers 1,968,788—distributed amongst an immense number of different sects, arranged alphabetically—"Adventists, Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, Mormons," of whom it seems that the great majority are in Ontario—"Presbyterians, Quakers, Junkers, Unitarians, Universalists," besides many others which it would be tedious to enumerate. These however are the principal. Indeed what a job the Census takers must have had in their efforts to give a full religious classification of the population may be guessed from this: that of the Methodists alone no less than eight sub-sects are enumerated; of Baptists, five; of Brethren, three; and of Presbyterians, six. The Anglicans are all, whether High or Low—though betwixt these there are as great and serious differences as there are betwixt any of the several Methodist or Baptist sub-sects—lumped together, and given at a grand total of 494,094, of whom, the great majority 330,995, reside in Ontario.

In point of numbers the Methodists take the lead of all the Protestant sects; next in order come the Presbyterians, and then the Anglicans. The Mormons stand last in point of numbers of any Protestant sect, counting up only 534; but by late accounts they are making progress in Upper Canada, and by the time of the taking of the next census they may perhaps occupy a more important place in the muster roll of the Protestant Church in Canada. This enormous diversity of religions amongst the Christians of Canada is to the *Montreal Herald* wonderful:—

"The census by religious profession has its own curiosity in the wonderful vicissitudes of difference which men have been able to evolve out of the sp-

parently simple doctrines which it was found possible to deliver, together with much history, in so small a volume as the New Testament. There are not less than thirty-eight varieties of faith or discipline sufficiently distinct to prevent the Christians who hold one of them from uniting in the same society with the Christians who hold another."—*Montreal Herald*, 28th ult.

This would indeed be a "curiosity" were it true that, in the collection of brief biographical notices of the person known in history as Christ, and the fragments of the epistolary communications that passed betwixt some of the early teachers and converts to the new religion—the genuineness however of much of which correspondence has been, and still is, seriously contested by the ablest scholars and most competent critics of the Protestant world—and which make up the book called the New Testament, are to be found the entire doctrines of Christianity; or if indeed there were any rational grounds for believing that those doctrines were to be found therein. The only conclusion to be logically deduced from the "curiosity," or phenomenon of such a diversity of jarring creeds, evolved from one and the same book, would in such case be, to the incapacity and bungling stupidity of its composers, who could not express their meaning in intelligible language, or tell a plain story plainly. And thus it is that the most profound thinkers of the Protestant world at the present day scout as ridiculous, the opinion that the New Testament is the Word of One Who can neither deceive nor be deceived, and a perfect revelation of the divine will which He has been pleased to make to man, whom in spite of its obvious defects He holds responsible for knowing and doing that will.

The *St. John Freeman* of the 21st ult., publishes a searching and able analysis of the judgment lately rendered by the Superior Court in New Brunswick on the constitutionality of the School Act of 1871. That judgment, favourable to the said School Act, but against which Appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been carried, the *St. John Freeman* shows to be based on an egregious fallacy; that fallacy being the assumption that it is possible to inculcate the distinctive tenets of Christianity—those for instance which distinguish it from natural religion or pure theism—without at the same time inculcating the peculiar tenet of some particular religious denomination or sect. Were it possible to do this, then indeed public schools might be at one and the same time distinctively Christian and non-denominational; but if impossible, then the law which enjoins the inculcating of the distinctive principles of Christianity in the schools by it alimanted, implicitly sets up a denominational system.

Now, in the case of the New Brunswick schools, the School Law of 1858 did provide for or rather make imperative the inculcating in parish schools of the distinctive tenets or essential principles of Christianity. Therefore, if it be impossible to inculcate these distinctive tenets or principles—tenets or principles which distinguish Christianity from pure Deism, or what is called natural religion—without at the same time inculcating some tenet or principle which some so-called Protestant sect or denomination repudiates or protests against—the School Law of 1858 did implicitly provide for and legalize the establishment under its provisions of Denominational Schools.

That the School Act of 1858 did provide for, or make imperative, the inculcating in the schools thereby established of the peculiar tenets, or distinctive principles of Christianity, the Supreme Court in its judgment recognises as a fact that cannot be disputed, that is not so much as called in question. But so that judgment continues, the religious or distinctively Christian teaching thus provided for, was to be of such general application, as to interfere with the peculiar religious views of none; was to consist in the inculcating of "doctrines, precepts and practices which all Christian people hold in common, and which are not the dogmatic teaching or tenets of a particular denomination or sect." Therefore, concludes the Superior Court, the law of 1858 did not explicitly or implicitly provide for, or recognize denominational Schools.

Thus, as the reader will perceive, the validity of the School Act of 1871, in that it does not "prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to Denominational Schools which any class of persons had by law at the Union," rests entirely on the assumption that it is possible, or indeed conceivable to inculcate some one distinctively Christian principle, or principle which sharply distinguishes Christianity from natural religion, or pure Deism—without, at the same time, interfering with the peculiar religious views of some Protestant sect or another.

This assumption is an egregious fallacy; and it is most extraordinary that it could have been enunciated by a body of educated men.

We say it—and we defy contradiction.—There is not, there cannot be cited any one tenet, or principle, the holding of which is distinctively or exclusively Christian, whose truth is not

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Feb. 27.—In the Assembly to-day a debate began on the report of the Committee of Thirty. Urgency was voted for the bill, embodying the constitutional project submitted by the Committee, and M. Dufaure announced that the Government unreservedly accepted the Committee's recommendations. The Marquis de Castellon urged the Assembly to boldly proclaim a constitutional monarchy before it was too late. He said the present situation could not endure. It isolated France from foreign powers who feared she would become the hot bed of demagogism. M. Haugens, a Bonapartist, opposed the bill and demanded that the nation should be consulted as to its choice for a republic, monarchy or empire.

MARSHAL LEROUX AND HIS BETRAYED MASTER.—A strange story is told about Marshal Leboeur. He is considered responsible for the war and all its calamities, because he declared that France was ready, "even to garter-buttons." It was true as far as the Ministry of War was concerned, but the great majority of stores and arms had been concentrating for years in Strasbourg, Metz, and other frontier strongholds, which, at the outset, fell into the Germans' hands. Besides, readiness for war meant the certain assistance of allies, and this was the business of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to furnish. Nevertheless, Marshal Leboeur passes everywhere in Paris as the responsible author of the war, and he is denounced in most virulent terms. He went to Chislehurst to pay the last tribute of respect to his master. When ushered into the narrow chamber where his late chief lay in state, he knelt by the coffin side, sobbed bitterly, and addressed the insensate clay in tones of entreaty, the only audible words being, "Forgive me, forgive me, sire," and these were heard time and again. When he rose he staggered so violently that members of the household went to his assistance lest he should fall. He was removed from the chamber, weak, and sobbing as a woman.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Feb. 26.—The Minister of the Colonies has telegraphed to the authorities of Cuba and Porto Rico the formation of a new ministry, and says that the republic will defend, at whatever price, the integrity of the Antilles.

Advices from Spain represent prospects as gloomy, and say families are leaving the capital and principal cities.

A special from London says an agreement has been made between the Duke de Montpensier and the adherents of ex-Queen Isabella, to place Prince Alphonso upon the throne of Spain, the Duke to be regent during the minority of the Prince Alphonso, and the latter to marry the youngest daughter of the Duke. Isabella accepts the programme, and two important parties therefore will act together in the present crisis.

February 27.—Advices from the north of Spain report that a band of Carlists, commanded by Olio, is marching towards Navarre. The insurrectionist chieftain Dorriago has issued an order directing municipalities to send all their young men to join the Carlist forces. The insurgents are threatening Pamplona, and a strong force under General Pavin, who has not yet turned over the command of the army of the North to General Noailles, is hurrying to the relief of the garrison of that city. The Government troops are fortifying Guila, a frontier town in the province of Guipuzcoa, ten miles east of San Sebastian.

The chances of Monarchy are far better. The present hour is, indeed, a grand one for the scions of Royalty, more or less legitimate. France and Spain, so often allied, are now fellows in an emergency almost identical. The Throne of each is to be won, and the Bourbons of the two great branches, whom the world had looked upon as put aside for ever, are here again with the bold front of Pretenders, and with very good chances indeed. The family of Don Carlos represents a cause abandoned by the staunchest Legitimists of Europe, and yet its Chief is able to keep the North of Spain in a blaze. Biscay, Navarre, Aragon, and parts of Catalonia are overrun with Carlist bands, and the Royal Generals have recognised the difficulty of coping with an obstinate enemy, invincible because his forces are dispersed only to meet again: Priest and peasant are Carlists, and will be ready as long as a Prince of any other branch fills the Throne. We do not hear that people talk much about Montpensier, who had a few votes in 1870. He is not popular, and never will be; the Crown was within his reach when Isabella was about to fall. All things seemed to unite in his favour, but the tide in his affairs was not taken at the flood, and he has been stranded ever since. The thoughts of most men will, perhaps, turn to the Prince of Asturias, son of the exiled Isabella; he is fifteen years old, having been born on the 28th of November, 1857. The mother's cause is hopeless, but the boy, who might be declared of age in another year, is certain to have numerous partisans, especially in the Army, and it is quite possible that his claims might be supported by Serrano, who is now the recognized chief of the Conservative party, and is likely to exercise a potent influence in the country. Beyond these three, we know not where a King is to be sought. He must be a bold and sanguine foreign Prince who would trust himself in the country after the Duke of Aosta leaves it. If there were few suitable personages three years ago, there is absolutely no one now. In these circumstances, it may be that the Spanish people will have to return to their old stock, and gladden the Conservative heart of Europe by a peaceful restoration.—Times.

ITALY.

It is very gratifying to us to know that the plundering hand of the Piedmont King is likely to be withdrawn empty from at least one religious establishment at Rome; nor is our gratification any the less, to learn that Lord Granville is doing his utmost to attain that end. The college of St. Isidore is Irish property; was first founded by Irish monies nearly three centuries ago; and has quite recently been largely helped with funds supplied by the Irish people. Of course it was doomed to appropriation by Victor Emmanuel with all similar institutions; but pressure has been put upon the English Foreign Office, chiefly at the instance of the Superior, the Rev. J. P. O'Haulon, and there is a fair chance of the college being spared. The brigand who rules at the Quirinal would not of course refrain from putting its funds in his pocket along with the rest under ordinary circumstances. Fortunately England has still some little influence left on the continent, in spite of what some Tory friends say, and we believe Lord Granville will find himself strong enough to save this fine old college, with its valuable library and priceless historical records.—Catholic Times.

More prisons are wanted; for crime all over Italy is, by the statement of the deputies themselves in Parliament, everywhere and greatly on the increase. There was a small attempt when the Piedmontese first came to cry out against the Pontifical Near Gael as being insubstantial, &c. It was built for 350 or thereabouts, but now contains nearly 800, and is of course wretchedly overcrowded. What they do with all the people arrested every night, and whence such a multitude of criminals come, I cannot tell you, but a very small proportion indeed are Romans. Every day's papers tell us that some thirty at least of arrests have been made in the previous twenty-four hours, yet there always seems to be a fresh supply of offences and offenders. One paper this week remarked quite triumphantly that there had been "no deed of blood" in the last twenty-four hours, and indeed, if true, it was remarkable in the present state

of Rome; for example, on Sunday, a mason stabbed a carter in the throat in one street, and in another a hatter invited a man to drink and coming out of the osteria gave him a knife thrust in the side. As for thefts, there are at least half-a-dozen every night, and it may be said that while piety, purity, and charity are recklessly and brutally turned out of house and home, Venus and Mercury walk brazen and shameless—and no less by day than by night—through the noisy streets, re-paganizing Christian Rome.

Rome.—The number of beggars and the misery of the poor are daily on the increase, lodgings being nearly as dear as in London, while the resources are fewer; terrible indeed to the poor will be the loss of those abodes of charity, the conventual establishments; but in the meantime a noisy and vulgar proclamation from a pseudo-Pasquin who has never had the remotest appreciation of the terse epigrammatic humour of the true Pasquin, calls upon the Romans to dance, to subscribe to the carnival and, in fact, every method is taken to drown or at least to hide the real anguish and suffering of this most unhappy city. Of these fetes I know nothing, save that there are some such, as there have been ministerial and other semi-ministerial dinners.

SWITZERLAND.

CHURCH AND STATE IN GENEVA.—The Bill laid last week before the Grand Council of Geneva, as prepared by a Special Commission, contains the following provisions:—1. Priests and curates, where required, are to be elected by the Catholic citizens, to be paid by the State and in all cases removable for just cause. 2. No Bishop to have any jurisdiction or authority within the canton unless he be acknowledged as diocesan by the State. 3. The boundaries and numbers of the parishes are to be defined by a special law, as well as the manner of election to cure, and the form of the future Diocesan Council. 4. The former Constitution of the canton to be repealed in so far as it requires the Grand Council to act in Catholic matters only with the consent of the Church. 5. Existing parish priests to be continued in their offices, but in other respects to be subject to the law.—Pall Mall Gazette.

GERMANY.

We give below the concluding paragraphs of the noble protest of the Bishops of Germany against the persecuting edicts lately launched against the Church:—

"While attempting to nullify the rights of the Church to preserve her purity by excommunication, suspension, removal, and other disciplinary penalties, the State, in the Bill in question, claims the right to depose clergymen, not excepting even Bishops. The Church has never favoured those guilty of a crime against civil law and order. Still she will never admit the right of the State to inflict punishments essentially ecclesiastical in their nature, and to remove her servants from offices given not by the State but by the Church. Once for all we shall never recognise the right of the State to institute the Ecclesiastical Court to be established under the Bill. The establishment of such a Court we shall regard as a step towards the conversion of the Catholic Church, which, by Divine appointment, is free and independent, into a non-Catholic State Church. Should any of us ever be arraigned before the Ecclesiastical State Court for denying its legality, we hope we shall be enabled, with the Divine assistance, to bear testimony as steadily and endure the extreme punishment as firmly for the liberty of the Church, as numberless predecessors and brethren in the Episcopal office have done before in days gone by.

"In conclusion, we are compelled to couch the most determined protest against that proviso of the Bill which, restricting the exercise of the disciplinary power to Prussian ecclesiastical authorities, interferes with the jurisdiction of the head of the Church. Upon peace between State and Church is based the welfare of both, and of society. The Bishops, the Priests, and the Catholic people are neither opposed to the Kingdom of Prussia nor to the Empire of Germany. They are neither intolerant nor unjust, nor hostile towards other denominations. Their only wish is to live in peace with all the world. The only thing they demand is to be permitted to profess unmolested the faith, the divinity, and truth of which they acknowledge. All they insist upon is that the integrity of their religion and Church and liberty of conscience be respected. They have made up their minds, with all legitimate means at their disposal, to defend their lawful freedom, and staunchly to vindicate the very smallest of their ecclesiastical rights. In the interest of the State, no less than the Church, from the very bottom of our heart we entreat and adjure the rulers of this kingdom and all those having an influence upon the conduct of public affairs to retrace their steps from the fatal path entered upon; to restore peace and the consciousness of an acknowledged and lawful position to the members of the Catholic Church, numbering so many millions in Prussia and the German Empire at large; and to refrain from forcing upon us a set of laws, which while every Bishop would find them incompatible with his oath of office, and every priest and layman contrary to the dictates of his conscience, would entail endless misfortunes upon our beloved country, were they ever, carried out by force."

RUSSIA.

Unofficial advices from Brody, a frontier town of Galicia, state that a socialist insurrection has broken out among the peasants in the Russian Provinces of Volhynia and Podolia. The insurgents are reported to be committing frightful atrocities, murdering their opponents, and plundering and burning property in all directions. A force of Russian troops which had been sent to suppress the insurrection was defeated by a body of insurgents.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, has called Russia a "free" country: she will be such in reality whenever the minds of men shall have become emancipated; when they are no longer catalogued and penned together like sheep in a paddock and prohibited from going out of the circle which they have had drawn around them with the sabre. During the last five years the Russian Government has abolished three Catholic dioceses, five seminaries have also been closed, and 150 Catholic churches metamorphosed into "Orthodox" temples. At this very time, the lands confiscated from the Catholic Church in Poland are being put up to sale. Anybody may buy them, Jews, Turks, Protestants, or infidels; but no Catholic need apply to become a purchaser. All the "Liberal" newspapers approve those measures and applaud them. The Moscow Gazette, however, with a gleam of common-sense, takes note of the fact that all this silly and brutal persecution is at the same time utterly inefficacious. They are Judaizing Poland, but not Russifying her. Everyone here who reflects much on political presages is anticipating that a conflict with Germany must take place inevitably, at a nearer or more remote period. Would it not be the commonest prudence for our statesmen to endeavour to make Russian policy a counterpoise to that of Bismarck, rather than to become his accomplices in the war which he has declared against the Catholic religion? The policy of conciliation stares them in the face, and yet they do not see it, such is the blindness of their prejudice.

A sensible New York judge said, in a recent case, where three thousand dollars damages were awarded:—"It is as much the duty of the vehicle to keep out of the way of pedestrians as it is for the latter to escape being run over by the former. Therefore, drivers have no right to monopolise the privileges of the streets as they now do, and foot passengers should make them understand that fact by a few legal experiences."

(Continued From our Last.) WHAT AILED DEACON BANGS? (From the Chicago Times.)

II.—A STRANGE CONFESSION.

It was a couple of days later before I ventured to call around. When I entered the house I found the deacon in the sitting room. His linen was scrupulously white, his fringe of hair was neatly brushed, and his feet wore comfortably slippers.

There were dark crescents beneath his eyes, his face was pale, and his expression that of profound humility mingled with great suffering.

"How do you feel now, sir?" I asked after he had warmly thanked me for my trouble in bringing him home.

"Not at all at ease, sir. My head yet aches fearfully, and my poor brain whirrs as I try to solve the mystery of the last three days."

"May I ask you how this very singular occurrence came to happen?"

"Certainly! I will tell you, for I think the confession will enable me to obtain some clue to its explanation."

"I should be glad to listen, if it will not be too much trouble for you to relate it."

"None at all. A Christian gentleman like yourself will, I am sure, hear me with no misunderstanding ear. My dear," said he, turning to his wife, "have you any objection to leaving this gentleman and myself together, for a little?"

"Oh, no!" she said, in tones which indicated that she had the deacon well in hand, and was in full exercise of that inevitable supremacy—not to call tyranny—which gentle woman always assumes over an invalid of the stronger sex. She rose and left the room.

"That excellent woman," remarked the deacon, who began to look perceptibly braver as the door closed behind her, "knows the most of my mishap, but not all. Besides, it is unnecessary that she should hear twice the story of my misfortunes."

"You see, on the afternoon of the night you discovered me, I was greatly depressed about business matters. I was overworked, anxious and nervous. Just then, there came along a man who was the main cause of my misfortune. It is strange—"

"Pardon me, sir, but there is nothing strange about it. A man never gets into a condition for doing an improper thing, without the devil or some other agency affording him the opportunity."

"I believe so. This man, a mere acquaintance, whose business I know not, came into the office and noticed my appearance of dejection. I explained, and he said he often had the same thing, and knew how to cure it. Then we went a couple of blocks, and up a stairway, into a room, in which there was a small round table, covered with green cloth, with a hole in the center of it. He rang a bell, and a colored man appeared. My companion ordered the servant to bring two glasses of seltzer water, and that bottle. Soon after the servant returned with glasses, and two singular-looking bottles.

"You understand of course," I said, "that I never drank a glass of liquor, and hence I cannot drink anything that is intoxicating, if such be this fluid."

"Certainly I do. This is perfectly harmless beverage. All our church members drink it, even to the blessed little boys and girls of our Sabbath school."

"I was astounded as well as delighted to know that he was a church member. I felt at ease, at once. He poured out a cherry colored fluid from the smaller bottle, and then filled up the glasses with a pale fluid from the larger one. I was thirsty. The mixture had a most delicious flavor, and I drained the glass at once.

"I had scarcely done so when a gentle warmth began to pervade my stomach. My depression passed away as if by a miracle. A something like slow moving wave of happiness passed, as it were through my entire system. My blood seemed to warm with a gentle exhilaration, and my hopes became strangely buoyant."

"My dear sir," said I, "I thank you most fervently. I am cured. I feel as I sometimes feel in the midst of our women prayer-meetings, when every one feels, so to speak, the very presence of the spirit of—"

"You are even now," he interrupted, "being pervaded by the spirit!"

"I was rejoiced to believe that my cure was pervaded with a religious sentiment, although I was not quite clear as to his meaning. I rose to go. It was our prayer-meeting night, and I told him so.

"Wait," said he, your cure is not yet permanent. To fasten the effects of this medicine, a dose of something else is required, and he rang the bell, and ordered the boy to bring something which sounded like Krug.

"What is Krug?" I asked.

"Krug said he, is the name of a celebrated European chemist, who has distilled a potent medicine which takes his name."

"The boy returned with a bottle, and two tall thin glasses. The top of Dr. Krug's medicine was covered with tin foil. This the boy stripped off, and then twisted some wires with a bit of iron. Instantly the cork shot out with a loud report, and the next moment our glasses were filled with a fluid crowned with a beautiful creamy foam. From the bottom of the tall glass to its top there rose incessantly a column of busy little globules, while the contents of the glass soon assumed an attractive, pale golden hue. I tasted it; it was delicious! I said so.

"Ah, yes," said he. "Dr. Krug is a epicure as well as a physician! He labours to please the palate, as well as to cure the stomach. His mixture is perfectly harmless; the more you take of it the better you feel!"

"I was happy to hear him, and I drank off my glass. It added to my warmth. A subdued but pleasurable humming began to make itself heard in my head. I am ashamed to confess that never, even in my most devotional moments, have I ever felt so happy!"

"What is this?" I asked, pointing to the slit in the green table before us.

"That," said he, "is a contribution box into which all those who are benefited by Dr. Krug's medicines are expected to contribute for the benefit of the suffering subjects of King Pharaoh."

"The subjects of King Pharaoh! Ah, the benighted Egyptians! If it be an orthodox effort, I will gladly contribute my mite."

"I assure you, sir," he replied, "that it is orthodox to the core. There have been splits in it, but not many!"

"I pulled out my wallet: "Would five dollars be considered too little?" I asked.

"It is just as your benevolent heart prompts you, he answered. "I have seen men who, in their gratitude, have frequently given every dollar in their possession!"

"In that case, I will not be niggardly; and so I folded up a ten dollar bill, and thrust it through the slit in the table.

"Meanwhile, we had each of us taken another glass of Dr. Krug's preparation. It seemed to me life was never so enjoyable. I felt as if I were the possessor of endless wealth. New and happy ideas rushed tumultuously into my brain. My tongue was loosened, and I felt as if fancy the apostles must have felt on the day of pentecost. Just then I happened to raise my eyes towards my companion, and to my unbounded amazement there were two of them, each the exact counterpart of the other!"

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said I, "but I did not see this other gentleman enter. Are you twins? Bless me, but what an astonishing like-

ness, even to your neckties, the buttons on your coats, and the rings on your fingers!"

They both laughed, and opened their mouths exactly the same way, and laughed so alike that there was one sound.

"Then one of them disappeared, but such was the roaring in my ears and the rush and whirl of my ideas that I thought nothing singular of the fact.—I gubbed over towards my companion. I shook his hand, and called him my benefactor. I threw my arms about his neck and strained him to my bosom. We talked loudly, rapidly, and both at once. We took more of the mixture, and I grew more confused. I put another \$10 bill in the hole for the Pharosites.

"And here, my friend, things became misty. I recollect that, after getting up, I tried to sit down, and raised the chair, falling on the floor. Then I have an indistinct remembrance of going down stairs and getting into a hack and driving about. I think we went somewhere, and that there was a room and men sitting around a table with a man who was pulling pictures out of a box. I think I was told by my companions that this was for the benefit of the Egyptians, and that I was expected to contribute. I must have done so, for when my wallet was examined the next morning the \$500 which was in the night before was all gone.

"After we left the place where there seemed to be a man pulling pictures out of a shining box, I remember nothing more until I found myself in bed, at home, with a racking headache, and a thirsk like that of the damned."

Here the deacon paused in his discourse to help himself to a few swallows of lemonade.

"What do you think of it all?" he asked, after he had quenched his thirst.

"Do you know the man who called at your office, and took you away?"

"I do not. I have often seen his face, but where I know not. He had a moustache which was dyed very black, and long, slender fingers. He seemed to be a nice young man; and I supposed, at the moment, that he was somebody whom I had had business with, but whose name I had forgotten."

"My dear deacon, I will not attempt to pronounce on your case. Let me suggest, that you send for the excellent young man who has charge of your congregation, and submit the case to him. He has had a varied experience, and can possibly give you an explanation. But I am keeping your wife from you and will leave."

"I had her go out because I did not quite like to tell the whole facts about my contributions for the Egyptians. Mrs. Bangs is a most benevolent woman, but \$500 might strike her as an exorbitant amount for a single charity."

"Good-by, deacon! Heaven care for you!"

"God bless you! Good-by! Come and see us." I bowed myself out. And now I am trying to solve the problem, What ailed Deacon Bangs? POLUTO.

Assassination in Kansas appear to be inseparable from politics. On Wednesday last the case of Dodson and Fowler came up in the County Court of Pope county, by a commission from Governor Halley, issued immediately after the last election. Fowler claimed the office by election also, and took the case to the Courts, where the decision was against him. A captain of militia who had given evidence in the case was hustled out of Court after the decision was rendered and shot dead. Dodson was also tracked by a desperado to Perry Station and shot as he was entering a train for Little Rock.—N. York Herald.

A LITTLE POLICEMAN.—The following is the account of a little trouble in Louisville, Kentucky, as given by a police officer:—"Far as I know, your honor, they be werry good young men. On Sunday morning they they started to take their classes to Sunday-school, which I think be werry good for them; but they fell in with a West-Endy. That's what beat 'em, and they didn't go to school. They raised a row, may it please the Court; and Mr. Green he stuck his thumb into Mr. Nobb's mouth, and that thumb hasn't been seen since. That's all I know about it."

AN UNPREPARED JUROR.—When an Indian comes before a Nebraska Court for trial, there is difficulty in finding a jury. The other day a jurer summoned on the panel to try an aborigine, being asked if he had any prejudice against Indians, replied: "No, only I've been chased by 'em, have been in several battles with 'em, and would hang every bloody villain of 'em at sight. He was excused."

HOW AN OLD LADY GOT A FREE RIDE.—The conductor of a Baltimore city car tells how his cash was short one day the fare of one passenger:—"All paid except a fat lady who sat next the door, and who seemed to be reaching down so as to get something she had dropped on the floor. When her time came to pay, she raised her head and thus addressed the blushing youth: "I'll allers, when I travels, carry my money in my stocking, for you see nothing can get at it, and I'd thank you, young man, just to reach it to me; I'm so jammed in that I cannot get it." The youth looked at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his plight—one or two ladies among them blushed scarlet, and he beat a sudden retreat, muttering something about not charging old ladies."

A PIOUS CLOWN.—Just at the conclusion of a recent circus performance, in a North Carolina town, the clown stepped forward and informed the vast assembly that they had taken in about \$600 that day—more money, he ventured to say, than any minister of the gospel, in that county, would receive for a year's service. He then plainly told them that a large portion of the audience were church members, who would plead their poverty when asked for money to support the gospel, and severely exposed their inconsistency. A few Sundays after, he preached in the same community and made a strong appeal for missions, when a collection was taken up amounting to \$438.—Sacramento Union. And it is very likely that this "pious clown," made this \$438 pay for several champagne dinners, and that he enjoyed the whole farce about as well as a boy enjoys a circus—and is paid better."

A Correspondent, writing from Athens, curiously contrasts the mixtures to be found there of ancient and modern civilizations. Railroads spin their trains amid the temples of three thousand years; steamers dash their swells upon the Pireus, and the scream of their whistles resounds from Athos, Pontelicus and Cytheron to Olympus and the heavens beyond their gods. Dr. Ayer's world-renowned medicines, those consumptions of modern science, are posted on the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the Areopagus and the Thesion, while the modest cards of Cherry Pectoral, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ague Cure and Pills look from the windows of the shops in the streets of Athens, where they are sold.—N. Y. Sunday Globe.

No organ of thought or action can be employed without the assistance of the blood, and no organ can be employed safely or with impunity without a supply of healthy blood. With healthy blood the exercised organs become well developed, whether they be muscular or intellectual. By the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified, and so made capable of producing a sound mind and a sound body.

"Persons suffering from impure blood, or whose health is giving way, either as ministers or those who study closely, will find in the Syrup the material to build them up and the tonic to keep them there."

DR. CLAY.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—James Eppe's & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London. MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Eppe & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—Those eminent men, Dr. Jas. Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett say that consumption can be cured. Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his now widely-known BALM OF WILD CUMRAY, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

ARTISAN'S MUTUAL BUILDING SOCIETY. Notice is hereby given that the subscription book of the Society for shares in the new class of 1873, of the Accumulating Stock, will be open at the office of the Society, No. 13 St. James Street, on Saturday the first day of March next, and the ensuing days, if required.

By order of the Directors, J. B. LAFFLEUR, Sec.-Treasurer.

MONTREAL, 1st February, 1873. 26-1m

JANUARY 1873. GREAT CLEARING SALE OF FURS ALL THIS MONTH AT R. W. COWAN'S, Cor. Notre Dame & St. Peter Str's.

DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY, Office, 55 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

APPROPRIATION STOCK.—Subscribed Capital \$3,000,000. PERMANENT STOCK.—\$100,000.—Open for Subscription. Shares \$100 00 payable ten per cent quarterly. Dividends of nine or ten per cent can be expected by Permanent Shareholders; the demand for money at high rates equivalent by compound interest to 14 or 16 per cent, has been so great that up to this Society has been unable to supply all applicants, and that the Directors, in order to procure more funds, have deemed it profitable to establish the following rates in the SAVINGS DEPARTMENT: For sums under \$500 00 lent at short notice 6 Percent For sums over \$500 00 lent on short notice 6 " " For sums over \$25 00 up to \$3,000 00 lent for fixed periods of over three months 7 " " As the Society lends only on Real Estate of the very best description, it offers the best of security to Investors at short or long dates. In the Appropriation Department, Books are now selling at \$10 premium. In the Permanent Department Shares are now at par; the dividends, judging from the business done up to date, shall send the Stock up to a premium, thus giving to Investors more profit than if they invested in Bank Stock. Any further information can be obtained from F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

SINITE PARVULOS VENIRE AD ME. COLLEGE OF NOTRE-DAME, COTES DES NEIGES—NEAR MONTREAL.

PROSPECTUS. This Institution is conducted by the fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It is located on the north side of Mount Royal, and about one mile from Montreal. The locality is both picturesque and beautiful, overlooking a delightful country, and is without doubt unsurpassed for salubrity of climate by any portion of Canada; besides, its proximity to the city will enable parents to visit their children without inconvenience. Parents and Guardians will find in this Institution an excellent opportunity of procuring for their children a primary education, nurtured and protected by the benign influence of religion, and in which nothing will be omitted to preserve their innocence, and implant in their young hearts the seeds of Christian virtues. Pupils will be received between the ages of five and twelve; the discipline and mode of teaching will be adapted to their tender age. Unremitted attention will be given to the physical, intellectual and moral culture of the youthful pupils so early withdrawn from the anxious care and loving smiles of affectionate parents. The course of studies will comprise a good elementary education in both the French and English languages, viz.: Reading, Spelling, Writing, the elements of Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography and History, besides a course of Religion suitable to the age and capacity of the pupils.

TERMS: 1. The scholastic year is of ten months. The classes begin every year in the first week of September and finish in the first week in July. 2. Parents are perfectly free to leave their children in the college during the vacation. 3. Board and Tuition, \$16.00 per month, payable quarterly in advance, bankable money. 4. Washing, bed and bedding, together with table furniture, will be furnished by the house at the rate of \$2.00 per month. 5. The house furnishes a bed and straw mattress and also takes charge of the boots or shoes, provided that the pupil has at least two pairs. 6. Doctor's fees and medicines are extra. 7. A music master is engaged in the Institution. The piano lessons, including use of piano, will be \$2.50 per month. 8. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire without any deduction. 9. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit with the Superior of the house a sum proportionate to the clothing required. 10. Parents will receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, an account of the health, conduct, assiduity and improvement of their children.—3m27

A RARE CHANCE OF GOING TO IRELAND AND BACK FOR ONE DOLLAR, To be Drawn at the Fair to be held April, 1873, for the Building of the Immaculate Conception Church, (Oblate Fathers) Lowell, Mass. A First Class Cabin Passage from New York to Ireland and Back, donated by the Inman Steamship Company. TICKETS, \$1 00 Can be had at this Office, or by addressing Rev. J. McGrath, O.M.J., Box 360, Lowell, Mass. The Oblate Fathers appeal with confidence to their friends on this occasion. N.B.—Winning number will be published in this paper.

