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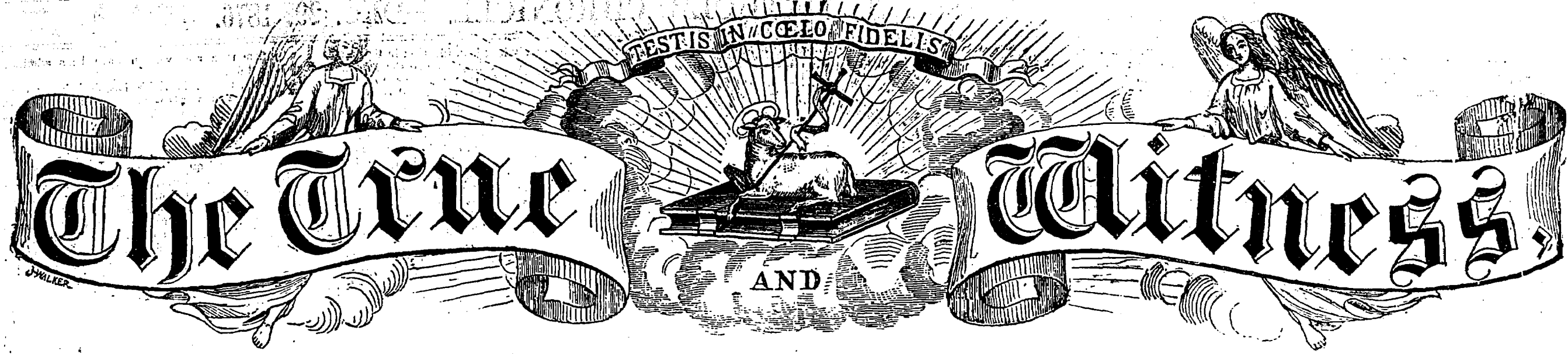
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1876.

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THE LION OF FLANDERS;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

The sun was rising in glowing splendour for the fourth time over the free city of Bruges. Matilda was sitting in the same room of Adolf von Nieuwland's house which she had formerly occupied. Her faithful bird, the beloved falcon, accompanied her no more—it was dead. Sickness and sorrow had spread their paleness over the soft features of the maiden; her eyes were dimmed, her cheek had lost its fulness, and her whole appearance showed that a deep grief lay, like a gnawing worm, in her heart.

Those who are visited with long and bitter suffering take pleasure in sad and gloomy dreams; and as if the reality were not painful enough, fashion to themselves phantasms, which appal them yet more; and thus was it with the hapless maiden. She fancied that the secret of her father's liberation had been discovered; she saw in imagination the murderers, bribed by Queen Joanna, mingling poison with his scanty food; and then she would shudder convulsively, and tears of agony would stream down her cheeks. Adolf was dead to her: he had expiated, with his life, his love and his magnanimity. These heart-rending fancies passed ever anew before Matilda's soul, and ceaselessly tortured the poor maiden.

At this moment her friend Maria entered her room. The smile which passed over Matilda's features as she greeted her friend was like the smile which, after a death of anguish, lingers awhile on the face of the departed; it expressed more of pain and profound sorrow than the bitterest wailing could have done. She looked at Adolf's sister, and said:

"Oh! I give me some comfort, some alleviation of my suffering!"

Maria drew near to the unhappy girl, and pressed her hand in tender sympathy. Her voice took its softest tone, and sank like music into the soul of the sufferer, as she said:

"Your tears flow in stillness, your heart is breaking with anguish and despair; and there is nothing, nothing to lighten your heavy burden! Alas! you are indeed unhappy."

"Unhappy! say you, my friend? Oh, yes! There is a feeling in my heart which fills it to bursting. Can you imagine what hideous fancies are ever floating before my eyes? and can you understand why my tears ceaselessly flow? I have seen my father die of poison; I have heard the voice of an old dying voice that said, 'Farewell, my child; thou whom I have loved.'"

"I pray you, maiden," interposed Maria, "banish these gloomy shadows of your fancy. You need my heart with sorrow. Your father is yet alive. You sin grievously in abandoning yourself thus to despair. Forgive me these words of severity."

Matilda seized Maria's hand, and pressed it gently, as though she would express to her what comfort these words had given her. Nevertheless she continued her desponding discourse, and seemed even to find a kind of comfort therein. For the wailings of an oppressed soul are, as it were, tears which lighten the burden of the heart. She continued:

"I have seen yet more than this, Maria. I saw the headman of the Gibbet Joanna of France—he swung his axe over the head of your brother; and I saw that head fall on the dungeon floor!"

"O God!" cried Maria, "what horrible fancies!" She trembled, and her eyes glistened with tears.

"And I heard his voice,—a voice that said, 'Farewell! farewell!'"

Overpowered by these hideous thoughts, Maria threw herself into Matilda's arms; her tears fell fast on the heaving breast of her unhappy friend, and the deep sobbing of the two maidens filled the room. After they had held each other in a long and motionless embrace, Matilda asked:

"Do you understand my sufferings now, Maria? Do you understand now why I am slowly wasting away?"

"O, yes," answered Maria, in an accent of despair; "yes, I understand and feel your sufferings. O, my poor brother!"

The two maidens sat down exhausted, and without uttering a word. They looked at each other awhile with unutterable sorrow; but their tears gradually lightened their grief, and hope returned into the hearts of both, they knew not how. Maria, who was older than Matilda, and more self-possessed in suffering, first broke the deep silence, and said:

"Why should we allow our hearts to be thus crushed by false imaginations? There is nothing to confirm the painful apprehensions which torment us: I feel sure that no harm has befallen Lord Robert, your father, and that my brother has already set out on his return to his fatherland."

"Yet you have wept, Maria! Does one weep at the smiling expectation of a brother's return?"

"You are torturing yourself, noble damsel. Oh! anguish must have struck deep its roots in your heart ere you could cling with such passionate energy to the dark dreams which are overshadowing you. Believe me, your father yet lives; and who can say how near his liberation is? Think of the joy you will feel when his voice, the very voice that rings so faintly in your disturbed fancy, shall say to you, 'My chains are broken' when you shall feel his warm clasps on your brow, and his loving embrace shall call forth again the roses upon your blanched cheek. Once more shall the fair castle of Wynnadael open its gates to welcome you; Messire de Bethune will ascend the throne of his fathers, and then shall you tend him again with loving care; then you will remember no more the sorrows of the present, or remember them only as sorrows which you endured for your father's sake. Tell me now, Matilda, will you not admit one solitary ray of hope into your heart? Cannot these thoughts of joyful promise bring you any consolation?"

At these words, a sensible change came over Matilda; a gentle gladness beamed again in her eyes, and a sweet smile played on her lips.

"O Maria!" she sighed, throwing her right arm around her friendly comforter, "you cannot imagine what relief I feel, what happiness beyond hope you have poured, like a healing balm, into my heart! So may the angel of the Lord minister comfort to you in your last hour! With what soothing words has friendship endowed you, O my sister!"

"Your sister!" repeated Maria. "This name be- seems not your handmaiden, noble damsel; it is a sufficient reward to me that I have been enabled to dispel the gloom of death from your soul."

"Accept this title, my beloved Maria; I love you so tenderly. And has not your noble brother Adolf been brought up with me? Has not my father given him to me as a brother? Yes, we belong to one family. Alas! I pray the living night that the holy angels may shield Adolf on his dangerous journey. He can yet comfort me, yet cheer me. But what do I hear? Can my prayer have been answered? Yes, yes, that is our beloved brother!"

She stretched forth her arm, and remained standing motionless, pointing towards the street. She stood like a marble statue, and seemed to listen eagerly to a distant sound. Maria was terrified; she thought the maiden had lost her senses. As she was about to reply, she heard the echo of a horse's hoofs in the street; and then the meaning of Matilda's words flashed upon her. The same hope filled her breast, and she felt her heart beat with redoubled energy.

After both had listened awhile in silence, the noise suddenly ceased; and already was the glad hope deserting their hearts, when the door of the chamber was violently thrown open.

"There he is! there he is!" cried Matilda. "God be praised that mine eyes have seen him once more!"

She ran eagerly towards the knight, and Adolf as eagerly hastened to meet her, when a sudden emotion overcame him, and he well-nigh fell trembling to the ground.

Instead of the youthful blooming maiden whom he expected to see, he beheld before him a worn and wasted figure, with haggard cheeks and sunken eyes. While yet in doubt whether this shadow could be Matilda, a cold shudder ran through him; all his blood rushed to his oppressed heart, and he turned pale, pale as the white robe of his beloved one. His arms dropped, he fixed his eyes intently on Matilda's wasted cheeks, and remained as one struck by a thunderbolt. A moment he remained in this attitude; and then suddenly his eyes fell, and hot tears rolled down his cheeks. He spoke not a word—no lament, no sigh escaped his lips.—He would probably have remained yet longer in this stupor of despair,—for his heart was touched with too keen a pain to admit of his finding alleviation in words; but Maria, who had hitherto remained in the background out of respect to Matilda, threw herself on his breast; and the warm kisses which she imprinted on the lips of her beloved brother, in the intervals of the most tender words, soon aroused him from his stupor.

The noble maiden beheld with emotion this outburst of sisterly love; she trembled, and a deep trouble filled her heart. The paleness of Adolf's features, the consternation which had so visibly seized him, said to her, "Thou art ill-favored, thy wasted cheeks and thy dimmed and lustrous eyes inspire fear and abhorrence; he whom thou callest thy brother has shuddered at thy look of death."—A dark despair overcame her; she felt her strength desert her; only with great effort did she succeed in resuming a cough; and then sank down faint and exhausted. She hid her face in her hands, as though to exclude from her view a spectacle that appalled her; and thus remained still and motionless. After

a few moments, all was quiet in the room; she heard no more, and thought that she was left alone in that dreadful solitude.

But soon she felt a hand which pressed hers; she heard a gentle voice, which spoke to her in sorrow and in sympathy:

"Matilda! Matilda! O my hapless sister!" She looked up, and saw Adolf standing before her, weeping. The tears fell thick and fast from his eyes, and his look expressed the warmest affection, the profoundest compassion.

"I am ugly; is it not so, Adolf?" she sighed forth. "You are shocked at me; you will no more love me as in days that are past?"

The knight trembled at these words; he looked at the maiden with a strange and significant expression, and replied:

"Matilda, can you entertain a doubt of my affection? O, then, you wrong me much. You are, indeed, changed. What illness, what sufferings have brought you so low, that the roses have thus withered on your cheek? I have wept, and have been alarmed indeed; but it is from sympathy and compassion, from the deep anguish which your hard lot has caused me. Ever, ever will I remain your brother, Matilda! I can comfort you now with joyous tidings; I can heal your sorrows with a message of gladness."

Gradually a feeling of joy and consolation stole into the maiden's heart. Adolf's voice exercised a wondrous power over her, and she replied, with cheerful animation:

"Good tidings do you say, Adolf? Good tidings of my father? Speak, speak them, my friend!" With these words, she drew two chairs near her couch, and motioned to Maria and her brother to sit down upon them.

Adolf reached forth one hand to Matilda, the other to his beloved sister; and so he sat between the two maidens, as an angel of consolation, on whose words one lingered as on those of some holy hymn.

"Rejoice, Matilda, and thank God for His goodness. Your father returned to Bourges; in sadness indeed, but in safety and in health. No one but the old chatelain and Diederik die Vos know the secret of his temporary liberation. He is already free even in his captivity; for his gaolers have become his warmest friends."

"But should the evil-minded Joanna desire to avenge on him the insult which has been offered to France, who will then shield him from the executioner? You are no longer with him, my noble friend."

"Listen, Matilda. The guardians of the castle of Bourges are all old warriors, who, by reason of their wounds, are no longer equal to active warfare.—Most of them witnessed the heroic deeds of the Lion of Flanders at Bevernatum. You cannot imagine with what love, with what admiration, they regard him at whose name the armies of France has so often trembled. Were Robert to seek to escape without the permission of the castellan, their master, doubtless they would prevent him. But I assure you,—and I know well the noble souls of those warriors, who have grown grey beneath their coats of mail,—that they would shed their last drop of blood for him whom they revere, were but a hair of his head threatened. Fear not, then; the life of your father is assured; and, but for the sorrow he felt on account of your sad fate, he would have borne his captivity in patience."

"You bring me such good tidings, my friend,—your words sink so consolingly into my relieved heart,—that I seem to drink in fresh life from your smile. Speak on still, if it be only that I may hear the accents of your voice."

"And yet fairer hopes has the Lion given me for you, Matilda. It may be the deliverance of your father is very near at hand; it may be that you will very soon be with him, and all your dear relations, in the beautiful Wynnadael."

"What are you saying, Adolf? It is your friendship that prompts these words; but do not mock me with hope of a bliss that is impossible."

"Be not thus unbelieving, Matilda. Listen to the grounds of this joyful hope. You know that Charles de Valois, that noblest of Frenchmen, has drawn the bravest of the knights after him into Italy. He has not forgotten at the court of Rome that he is the guileless cause of the captivity of your relatives. It has been a bitter thought to him, that he himself, like a traitor, had delivered his friend and companion in arms, the Lion of Flanders, into the hands of his enemies; and he has been striving in every possible way, to effect his liberation. Ambassadors have already been sent from Pope Boniface to King Philip the Fair, and have demanded of him, with urgency, the release of your father and all your relatives. The Holy Father is sparing no effort to restore to Flanders its rightful princes; and the court of France seems already inclined to peace. Let us embrace this consoling hope, my dear friend."

"Yes, indeed, Adolf, gladly might we surrender ourselves to these consoling thoughts; but why should we flatter ourselves with hopes so deceitful? Will not the King of France avenge his fallen soldiers? Will not De Chatillon, our most rancorous enemy, goad on his terrible niece Joanna? Think, then, Adolf, what pains cannot this bloodthirsty woman imagine, to avenge on us the bravery of the Flemings?"

"Torment not yourself; for your fears are without foundation. Probably the horrible death of his soldiers has convinced Philip the Fair that the Flemings will never bow their knees to the yoke of the alien. His own interest will constrain him to set at liberty our country's lords; otherwise he will lose the fairest fief of his crown. You see, noble damsel, that every thing is propitious to us."

"Yes, yes, Adolf; in your presence all my sorrows melt away, and disappear utterly. Your speech is so full of comfort, you awaken such sweetly echoing tones in my heart."

They conversed thus a long time, peacefully together on their seats and their hopes. When Adolf had given Matilda all the information in his power, and had filled her heart with comfort, he turned with brotherly love to his sister, and held with her a soothing discourse, which assured them all to gladness and serenity. Matilda forgot her bygone sufferings; she breathed freely, and with courage, and the reins, which were spread over her cheeks

like delicate network, were filled with warmer blood.

Suddenly they heard a loud tumult in the street; a thousand voices rang from the roofs of the houses, and the jubilant shouts of the crowd were mingled in indistinguishable confusion; only at intervals was the cry intelligible amidst the joyous clapping of hands; "Flanders, the Lion! hail, hail to our Count!" Adolf and the two maidens had drawn near to the window; they saw the countless heads of the crowds hastening to the market-place. Women and children swelled the procession, which passed before the curious maidens like a billow sea. In another street resounded the tramp of a multitude of horses, so that they were confirmed in their conjecture that a troop of cavalry had entered Bruges. While discussing the probable reasons of this popular commotion, a servant announced the arrival of a messenger, who craved an audience, and who entered the room immediately on receiving permission.

It was a youthful page, a delicate boy, whose features bore a peculiar expression of innocence and truthfulness: he was clothed in black and blue silk, set off with manifold adornments. As he drew near to the ladies, he respectfully uncovered his head, and made lowly obeisance without speaking a word.

"What good tidings do you bring us, dear boy?" asked Matilda, graciously. The page raised his head, and replied with his gentle voice:

"For the most illustrious daughter of the Lion, our Count, I bring a message from my lord and master Guy, who has just entered the city with five hundred horsemen. He sends his greeting to his fair niece, Matilda de Bethune, and will, in a few moments, express his deep affection to her in person. This is the message, noble maiden, which I was charged to deliver to you."

And with these words he made a reverential bow, and disappeared at the door. In fulfilment of the promise which he had made to Deconinck in the wood, near the ruins of Nieuwenhove, the young Guy had arrived with the promised succour from Namur. He had taken Castle Wynnadael on his way, and had put the French garrison to the sword. He had razed to the ground the Castle of Systeel, because the castellan was a sworn Liliyard, and had offered the French a refuge within its walls. The victorious entry of Guy filled the citizens of Bruges with exulting joy, and in every street resounded the cry, "Hail to our Count! Flanders! the Lion!"

When the young general with his suite had reached the Friday Market-place, the masters of the guilds presented him with the keys of the city; and he was thus proclaimed Count of Flanders, until the liberation of Robert de Bethune, his brother.—The citizens already deemed their liberty secure; for now they had a chief who could lead them forth to the fight. The horsemen were quartered amongst the most distinguished citizens; and so great was the zeal and the joy of the inhabitants, that there was quite a struggle to seize the reins of the horses; for every one wished to receive into his house one of the Count's followers; but it is easy to imagine with what kindness and courtesy these valuable auxiliaries were welcomed.

As soon as Guy assumed the Government which Deconinck had established and secured, he hastened to the house of Nieuwland, embraced his afflicted niece, and recounted to her with joy how he had driven the aliens from their beloved Wynnadael.

A costly banquet awaited them, prepared by Maria in honor of her brother's return. They drank the wine of joy for the liberation of the enslaved Flemings, and consecrated a tear to the mournful memory of the poisoned Philipppa.

CHAPTER XIX.

After the fearful night in which the blood of the French had flowed in such abundant streams, De Chatillon, Jan Van Gistel, and the few others who had escaped death, were received within the walls of Courtrai. In the city they found a numerous garrison, trusting in peaceful security to the strength of the castle; for on this place the French counted most confidently, as its fortifications were really unassailable. De Chatillon, a prey to hopeless despair on account of his defeat, was burning with the desire of vengeance. He hastily drew some small companies of mercenaries from other cities to Courtrai, in order still further to protect it in the event of an attack, and he entrusted the command of these troops to the castellan, Van Lens, a Bastard Fleming. Using the utmost despatch, he visited the other frontier cities, placed within them the troops that yet remained to him in Picardy, gave the command of Lille to the chancellor, Pierre Florde, and hastened to France, to the court of Philip at Paris, where the tidings of the defeat of his army had already preceded him.

Philip the Fair received the governor-general of Flanders with marked displeasure, and reproached him angrily with the tyrannical conduct which had been the cause of the disaster. De Chatillon would have undoubtedly fallen into disgrace, had not Queen Joanna, who, as we know, hated the Flemings and exulted in their oppression, found means to exculpate her uncle so dexterously, that Philip at length began to believe that he deserved thanks rather than reproaches. And thus the whole wrath of the king was again turned back on the Flemings, and he swore that he would exact from them a dire revenge.

An army of twenty thousand men had assembled at Paris, in order to deliver the kingdom of Majorca from the hand of the infidel; and these were the troops of whose gathering Robert de Bethune had spoken to the lords of Flanders. They might easily have marched his host upon Flanders; but Philip would run no risk of defeat, and resolved therefore to postpone his vengeance a short time in order to collect more soldiers.

A proclamation was borne throughout France by swift messengers; the great vassals of the kingdom were informed how the Flemings had put to death seven thousand Frenchmen; and that the king summoned them to Paris with all the troops at their command, and with the utmost speed, in order to avenge the insult. In those times warfare and feats of arms were the sole occupation of the nobles, and they exulted at the very mention of battle; so we need not wonder that this appeal met an immediate and hearty response. From every quarter, from every castle of mighty France, poured the

great feudatories of the crown with their vassals; and in a very short time the French army counted more than fifty thousand men.

After the Lion of Flanders and Charles de Valois, Robert d'Artois was the ablest warrior that Europe boasted that time; and indeed his great and varied experience, gained in numerous expeditions, gave him, in some respects, an advantage over these two commanders. For eight whole years he had never laid aside his armour; his hair had literally grown gray beneath the helmet. The unrelenting hate with which he regarded the Flemings, who had slain his only son at Furnes, determined the Queen to give him the chief command of the whole army; and in truth no one was better qualified to fill this honorable post than Robert d'Artois.

Want of money, and the daily arrival of the more distant vassals of the crown, retarded for some time the departure of the host. The excessive ardour and precipitation with which the French nobles usually entered on their expeditions had so often proved prejudicial to them, and they had learned at such heavy cost that prudence and foresight are important elements of strength, that they resolved on this occasion to take every precaution, and proceed with the greatest deliberation.

The fiery queen of Navarre sent for Robert d'Artois, and urged him to chastise the Flemings with the utmost cruelty. She enjoined him for instance, "to whip up all the Flemish swine, and to split their ribs on the point of the sword, and to strike every Flemish dog dead." The swine and the whelps were the women and children of Flanders; and the dogs were those heroes who, sword in hand, were defending their fatherland. The faithful chronicles have preserved for us these shameful words of a queen and a woman, as a token of Joanna's ferocious spirit.

In the mean time the Flemings had greatly increased their army. The illustrious Master John Borluut had excited the citizens of Ghent to rise and drive out of their city the French garrison; and seven hundred were slain in this insurrection. Oudenarde and several other cities effected their freedom in like manner; so that the enemy retained possession only of a few fortified places, in which the flying Frenchmen found refuge. William van Gulick, the priest, came from Germany to Bruges with a numerous troop of archers, and as soon as Master John van Rensselaer had assembled four hundred Zealanders, they united their forces, and, accompanied by a crowd of volunteers, moved towards Cassel, in order to fall upon and expel the French garrison. This city was exceedingly well fortified, so that it could not be taken by surprise. William van Gulick had counted on the co-operation of the citizens; but the French kept so vigilant a guard, that they could not make the slightest movement; so that Master William found himself compelled to begin a regular siege, and await the arrival of the necessary stores and battering machines.

The youthful Guy had been received with acclamation in all the more important cities of West Flanders, his presence everywhere infused courage, and inspired every man with a burning desire to defend his fatherland. Adolf van Nieuwland had also visited the lesser towns, in order to summon together all who were capable of bearing arms.

In Courtrai there lay about three thousand French under command of the castellan Van Lens. Instead of endeavouring to win the affections of the people by kindness, they exhausted their patience by continued acts of deprecation and petty tyranny. Encouraged by the example of the other cities, the inhabitants rose suddenly against the French, and slew more than half of them; the remainder made their escape to the citadel, which they fortified in the best way they could. There they revenged themselves by shooting burning arrows into the city; so that many of its finest buildings, especially those surrounding the market-place and the Beguinege, became a prey to the flames. The citizens thereupon invested the citadel with their whole forces; but they did not number sufficiently strong to be able to expel the French. Filled with mournful apprehension that their city would soon be entirely destroyed by fire they sent messengers to Bruges with an earnest request to the young Count Guy for aid.

The messenger reached Guy in Bruges on the 5th of July 1302, and made him acquainted with the melancholy condition of the city, and its urgent need of aid. The Count was deeply moved by the account they gave, and determined to hasten without delay to the hapless city. As William van Gulick had taken all the troops with him to Cassel, Guy had no other resource than to call together the guildsmen. He caused all the deans to be immediately summoned to the upper-hall of the prince's castle, and betook himself thither with the few knights who were about him. An hour later, all the deans, thirty in number, were assembled, and awaited, with uncovered heads and in silence, the subject to be proposed for their deliberation. Deconinck and Droydel, as leaders of the two most powerful guilds, occupied the foremost place. Count Guy sat in a rich arm-chair at the upper end of the hall; around him stood Messire John van Lichterweide and Messire van Heyne, both peers of Flanders; Messire van Gavem, whose father had been slain by the French at Furnes; Messire van Bornhom, a knight templar; Robert van Leeuwerghem; Baldwin van Raveschoot; Iv. van Belleghem; Henry, Lord of Lonchyn, in Luxemburg; Gorwyer van Goetzenhove and Jan van Coeyck of Brabant; Peter and Louis van Lichterweide; Peter and Louis van Goethals of Ghent; and Henry van Petersem. Adolf van Nieuwland was standing on the right hand of the Count, and engaged in confidential conversation with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

There were four noble families in Flanders, of which the heads were called Beers, or peers; when the race of the count became extinct, the new prince was to be chosen from amongst these Beers.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—VI

In all human history, including the ages of barbarism and the irruption of the Tartars into Europe in the fourth and fifth centuries, there is no worse specimen of incarnate egotism, cynical injustice, and frightful cruelty than the late Czar Nicholas. His whole life was a perpetual warfare against liberty, truth, justice, and mercy.

Most of the acts in the public life of this arrogant and cruel despot are indications, as Macaulay said of Frederick of Prussia, "of a nature to which the sight of human suffering and human degradation is an agreeable excitement." (2) The brutality of this man was not fitful and intermittent, nor limited to one class of victims, but incurable, impenitent, and all-embracing.

It was no religious motive, as his own character sufficiently proves, which impelled Nicholas to persecute his Catholic subjects, since they profess every Christian doctrine proclaimed in the Russian liturgical books, including the supremacy of the Holy See, and all the true saints whom the Russian Church still invokes as Catholics.

will of the Tsar, as they once were of their own. No nation ever rendered such grateful services to the Christian family as Poland. She displayed the true nobility which the Christian faith begets by more splendid actions. This is her crime in the sight of the barbarous despots who now rule her.

Have the Russian bishops acquired more liberty in the nineteenth century than was granted to their enslaved predecessors? An anecdote related by Prince Dolgoroukow furnishes an answer to that question. In the reign of Nicholas, who was in every act of his life as true an Anti-Christ as Ivan or Peter, a dispute arose between Irenous, Archbishop of Irkoutsk, and the civil governor of Eastern Siberia.

At the house of an English nobleman, where our Father spent a day or two, he entered into a discussion with a certain youth. He was giving abundant proof of various dogmas of the Catholic faith, and observed that the young man was quailing under the force of his arguments.

MISSIONARY WORK IN SCOTLAND UNDER JAMES THE FIRST

[From the London Month for December.]

We have before us two letters written by Father Patrick Anderson, S.J., to the Father General of the Society, in the years 1611 and 1620. These will be found interesting as doing something more for Scotland than any other interesting series has done for any other country.

While in Rome he was appointed in the year 1615 first Rector of the Scotch College, founded fifteen years before by Pope Clement the Eighth, but he was allowed by his Superiors to return to the scene of his former labours, after he had held this post for five years.

It was upon this second occasion that on St. Patrick's day, the 17th of March, 1620, he was betrayed by a pretended Catholic, Andrew Boyd, for the bribe of £15, into the hands of the magistrates in Edinburgh, by whom he was rigidly confined to the Tolbooth, frequently summoned and examined, and threatened with barbarous tortures.

He was given up to the custody of the French Ambassador, the Marquis de La Motte, who chose him for his confessor. After publishing in 1623 a work on "The Ground of the Catholic and Roman Religion in the World of God, and after preparing, it is said, two other parts in continuation of the same book, as well as a Manual of Devotions for Scotland, he died in London on the 24th of September, 1624, at the age of forty-nine.

At the house of an English nobleman, where our Father spent a day or two, he entered into a discussion with a certain youth. He was giving abundant proof of various dogmas of the Catholic faith, and observed that the young man was quailing under the force of his arguments.

From that part of the Bible do you prove that Baptism is a sacrament? And whence do you prove that the Lord's Supper (for so they name it) is a sacrament? Again, it is an article, and a fundamental article of faith, that Christ Jesus is by nature the Son of God, and consubstantial with God the Father.

successful in precluding identification in that respect than he was in concealing his own share in the incident recorded. The reader must not allow himself to be confused by the constant changes from the first to the third person.

There lived in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, a certain noble lady, married to a Catholic nobleman. The latter begged the Father to speak with his wife. The Jesuit and other priests were intimate visitors at his house. Our Father examined the lady's general disposition, but at first with caution.

There was a widow, who was ill, and who was visited by the minister, who offered the usual consolations. She begged him to do one thing for her, to bring her the Communion, as she was in her agony. He refused, saying it was not the custom, and she made a somewhat severe retort.

THE HOTEL DIEU HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.

ITS HISTORY—THE FOUNDRESS—AN EXTENSIVE WORK AMONG THE POOR.

The Hotel Dieu is one of the many Roman Catholic charitable institutions in this city of which little is heard or read about, but which quietly and unostentatiously dispense their charities with lavish hand, and none of them are, perhaps, more worthy or notice than that of the Hotel Dieu.

cannot but prove of interest. In 1642 the "Societe de Notre Dame de Montreal," obtained the cession of the Island of Montreal from M. de Luzon, Intendant of the Dauphin of France, and on the 18th of May, in the same year, the few members of the above-named order, along with a Mlle. Mance, a lady belonging to one of the religious societies of France, settled on the island, landing opposite what is now the site of the Royal Insurance building.

BE RECEIVED WITHOUT CHARGE.

The hospital, for a long period after its foundation, suffered greatly from the inroads of the Iroquois Indians, many of whom were often kindly sheltered and were cared for within its walls. In 1648 Mlle. Mance visited France for the sole object of replenishing the coffers of her institution, which had reached a very low ebb.

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and infirm men and women have been admitted and cared for. In 1860, the St. Patrick's Hospital being done away with, two wards were provided for English speaking patients, which were placed under the care of Drs. Hingston and Macdonnell.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOSPITAL.

To give an adequate idea of the internal arrangements would be, not only a very difficult, but also altogether too voluminous an article for our space, and we must therefore confine ourselves to a general description of the institution and its management. The building is divided into two parts by the chapel, the western division being the cloister, and occupied by the Sisters, while the eastern is used as the hospital. On the ground floor are the wash-houses, which in themselves are leviathan departments, containing wash tubs nearly equal in size to the famous wine vats of Heidelberg or Frankfurt.

A Career for Catholic Young Men.

There is no denying that the mass of Catholic young men fall to appreciate their vocation. After their First Communion, very many of them neglect their religious duties one after another, with the necessarily damaging result of a life dragged out under the shadow of God's curse.

Here one becomes known as a blasphemer—thru another passes down step by step, into a drunkard's grave. This one suffers the mental and bodily blight wrought by impure excesses. That one loses his piety first and then his faith. On them the knowledge of God's Revelation, the grace of baptism, and the whole supernatural life for which the martyrs were willing to give even their blood are lost. This is a solemn fact, attested by nearly every pastor's experience.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

Alderman Woods was unanimously elected Mayor of Clonmel on the 1st inst., for the ensuing year.

There has been no spread of the potato disease in Ireland, and although, no doubt, suffering from blight in some districts, the crop has not any alarming features.

The nomination of High Sheriff of Clare for the ensuing year has been accepted by Thomas Crowe, Esq., Drogheda, and he has appointed for his deputy Mr. Charles Pilkington, Petty Session Clerk, Ennis.

The foundation stone of a new wing which is about to be added to the Cripples' Home, at Bray, was laid on the 26th ult., by Lady Georgina Hamilton. The projected improvement will cost £3,000, of which has been subscribed.

The agency of the extensive estates in Clare belonging to E. N. V. Burton, Esq., D.L., has been given to Mr. Jas. Hynes, solicitor, Tournen, Ennis. Capt. Parkinson, J.P., has been appointed agent over the estates of Thomas Crowe, Esq., D.L., Drogheda.

On the 1st inst., Arthur McMahon, Esq., Danville House, was declared duly elected Mayor of Kilkenny for the ensuing year, there being no opposition. The three gentlemen proposed for the Shrievalty, are Simon Morris, Esq.; Mayor George Rowan, Esq., and Thos. Chaplin, Esq.

In the court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, on the 23rd ult., the case of Ferris v Ferris came up for trial. This was an action by Miss Katie Ferris of Clogher, county Mayo, to recover damages from Thomas Ferris a widower, of the same place, for breach of promise of marriage. The jury gave the young lady a verdict of £100.

The feast of the Presentation was celebrated with more than usual éclat on Nov. 24 in the Presentation Convent at Carlow, as in addition to the imposing ceremonies usual on such occasions, advantage was taken of its being the feast of the Order, to receive into the community Miss Eliza Fay, daughter of P. Fay, Esq., Edenderry, King's County.

On the 1st inst., Mr. James Spaight was elected Mayor of Limerick by a majority of six votes over Alderman Myles, Mr. John Croinin, who competed for the honor with the later, withdrawing in Mr. Spaight's favor. Messrs. E. J. O'Brien, James Harris, and J. Bannatyne have been put in nomination for the Office of City High Sheriff for 1877.

The following clerical changes have been made by order of the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Kilkenny:—Rev. Robert Fitzgerald, Adm., of Ennis, to be Parish Priest of Ruau and Dysart, in room of the Rev. Michael Spain, superannuated; the Rev. J. Fogarty, C.C., to be Administrator, in room of Rev. R. Fitzgerald; Rev. T. Hogan, C.C., Corofin, to be curate of Ennis.

On the 27th ult., a new branch house of the Presentation Order was opened at Crosshaven, with Sister Mary Teresa Lyman, of the South Convent, Cork, as the head of the new community. Three houses adjoining the coastguard station have been rented to answer the purpose of a temporary convent, pending the erection of the new establishment on the hill.

An address, which was accompanied by a valuable testimonial, has been presented to the Rev. Edmond Hogan, C.C. The presentation took place on the occasion of the rev. gentleman's removal from the united parishes of Bosmore and Clonoulty, where his untiring and successful exertions were well recognized and appreciated, to the curacy of Boherlahan and Dubhal, presided over by his uncle, Rev. James Hogan, P.P.

The Rev. James Hogan, P.P., Loughhill and Ballyshea, one of the oldest and most exemplary of the priests of the diocese of Limerick, died, on the 30th ult., at his residence Loughhill. He studied at St. John's College, Waterford, with the present Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, and with others, of whom not many survive him. He was a pious, zealous, single-minded, unsophisticated clergyman, and had been many years parish priest of Loughhill.

The Rev. J. P. Magner, O.S.F., died in the Franciscan Friary, Waterford, on 20th ult., in the 62nd year of his age. He was a native of Owens, county Cork, was educated in Rome, where he made his religious profession, and was connected with the diocese of Waterford for thirty-five years. He was also for some years connected with the church of St. Francis, Broad Lane, Waterford. Father Magner's family having contributed several members to the ranks of the clergy. His funeral obsequies took place on the 30th ult.

The Very Rev. William Blaney, P. P., V. G., of Antrim, died, on the 26th ult., after a protracted illness, aged forty-four years. Father Blaney was appointed some three years since as parish priest of Antrim on the resignation of the Rev. Henry O'Loughlin, who went to Brooklyn, New York, U.S. Previous to that he had been administrator in St. Peter's church, Belfast, from the opening of that edifice in 1867. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Milltown, Fallers Road, Belfast, on the 29th ult.

On the 28th ult., His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of the diocese, received the religious vows of two young ladies in the chapel of the Presentation Convent, Cashel; they were Miss O'Carroll, late of Flemington House, Kilmallock, and Miss Quin, of Barronstown, Kilkenny; in religion Sister Mary Aloysius, and Mary Michael. Miss Hassett, of Kiltiragh House, in religion Sister Mary Agatha, received the habit. A large number of clergy and laity attended the ceremony.

Mr. Michael Nunan, auctioneer, sold on the 27th ult., at the Mallow Court house, the interest of Mr. Chas. O'Callaghan in a portion of the lands of Ballydoon and Bellview, near Mallow. The former contains 13 acres with a term of 11 years, at the yearly rent of £20, which was knocked down to Mr. John Sheehan for £130; the latter contains 20 acres without a lease, at the annual rent of £40, which was sold to Mr. Michael O'Connor, Mallow, for £100. Much competition was exhibited in the bidding throughout the sale.

Alderman Tarpey, a Liberal, was, on the 1st inst., elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the ensuing year, and Alderman Campbell, High Sheriff of the city for the same period. Complimentary reference was made to the intention of the Lord Mayor elect to maintain the ancient hospitalities of the Mansion House in a fitting manner; and to Mr. Brookes, M.P., for his parliamentary efforts in obtaining for the Corporation its ancient privilege of electing the City Sheriff. The several committees for next year were also elected.

On the 23rd ult., there died at his residence, Kilkenny-road, near Carlow, an old man named William Lyons, at the advanced age of 78 years, and son of a veteran of the memorable Rebellion of '98. The father of the deceased was engaged at the famous battle of 'Old Killeen', near Castledermot, on the Bog Road, and, "strange enough," his wife's father was amongst the good men and true who fought in the same cause; and at the same time, at New Ross Harbor and Quilagh Hill. The deceased, who was a man of a good deal of conversational power, many times recounted interesting stories of the scenes of '98, as related to him by his father.

ressed his constituents at Black's Hotel, Galway, on the 27th ult., and rendered an account of his stewardship in the past session. E. C. Burke, Esq., J.P., occupied the chair. On the platform were several clergymen; the respectable business men of the town, and about 2,000 others were present. Dr. Ward said that this was the third time he had addressed them, and he felt proud to say he was not ashamed to come forward. He then went into details as to his course in the House of Commons, and at the close, on a motion of Father Carolan, P.P., seconded by Mr. Timothy Heveran, T.C., a vote of confidence was tendered with acclamation to him.

On the 29th ult., a man named Collins, who pursues the occupation of a dealer in cloths, was returning from the market of Newport, accompanied by his son, a young lad. He was driving a horse and cart, and on reaching Loggody, he was suddenly attacked by four men, fully armed and having their faces blackened. They required him to deliver up all the money he possessed, or his life. He became terror-stricken, and was consequently dispossessed of his money. Having obtained the man's money the men decamped. Collins reported the matter to the constabulary, who succeeded in arresting Michael McCreah, Thomas Kelly, Martin Hester, and John McGeen, who were released.

In the Court of Probate Dublin, before Judge Warren, on the 26th ult., the case of James Curry v. Christopher and Catherine Farrell, came on. This was to establish the will of the late John Farrell, of Carlanstown, county Meath, farmer, who died possessed of two or three small farms, which, together with his personal estates, amounted to about £1,500. He died on the 18th April, 1876, and by his will, which is propounded by the plaintiff as executor, he left all his property to his widow. The defendants—the brother and mother of the holder—disputed the validity of the will on the grounds of informal execution and want of testamentary capacity on the part of the deceased, but there were no pleas of fraud. The jury found for the plaintiff establishing the will.

On the 28th ult., the ceremonies of Profession and Reception were celebrated in the Presentation Convent, Sexton street, Limerick, and were witnessed by several priests and a large congregation. The young ladies were Miss O'Halloran, in religion Sister Margaret Mary, daughter of John O'Halloran, Esq., Grawn House, Fethard, county Tipperary; Miss Devane, in religion Sister Stanislaus, daughter of Mrs. Devane, Castlesand, county Kerry; and Miss Pitts, in religion Sister Mary Paul, daughter of the late J. Pitts, Esq., of Limerick. The Most Rev. Dr. Butler was celebrant on the occasion, and received the vows of the two young religious—Sister Margaret Mary and Sister Stanislaus—who were professed; and invested Miss Pitts, in religion Sister Mary Paul, with the white veil of the Order.

The total amount of Local Taxation in Ireland in 1876 was £2,578,280; last year it amounted to £3,105,945, an increase of £45,617 on that of the previous year. The Grand Jury Census at the same time the most ancient and greatest of local taxes. Last year it amounted to £1,319,156, of which £890,226 was expended on roads and bridges. The emoluments of Clerks of the Peace, including fees, came to £26,869; Clerks of the Crown, £13,635. The receipts from Petty Sessions, Stamps, and Crown fines came to £58,651, out of which all that was set apart as an Irish Constabulary Reserve Fund, was £1,922. The Dog Tax last year produced £32,037. In Dublin Pawnbrokers' Licenses produced £5,908; Publican's Licenses only £523. The only Cork Let not remaining in Ireland is that of the Manor of Kiltullagh, near Lisburn; the total amount presented for last year was £339. The receipts were £443,185, and the expenditure £368,155.

The municipal elections on Saturday last, says the Dublin Nation of Dec. 2, were not marked by any very notable incident. They passed off everywhere without any of those violent scenes which are still occasionally to be witnessed in similar contests in enlightened England. We may add that, generally speaking, they resulted, as they usually do, in a victory all along the line for the popular party; the attempt of the Cork Conservatives, for instance, to seize one of the vacant seats in that city having been defeated, and the Liberals, on the other hand, having all but achieved a victory, in a ward which has heretofore been regarded as an impregnable stronghold of Toryism. Here in Dublin, indeed, the Liberals have lost a seat—that for the Mansion House Ward—but, as is well known, this has happened simply and solely through the spathy of the Liberal electors as contrasted with the unwearied activity of their opponents.

Chief Justice Whiteside died at Brighton on Saturday, November 24 at the age of 71. The event has been seized by the Dublin daily papers to publish elaborate and laudatory memoirs of the deceased, and on the following Monday the various courts on the Liffey, as a mark of respect to his memory, adjourned without transacting any business; the senior judges and leading members of the inner bar saying, at the same time, a few words by way of eulogy. For ourselves, we must say that Mr. Whiteside, whether as lawyer, member of Parliament or judge, has been rather overrated. He achieved considerable success as a *Nisi Prius* advocate, and won a good deal of popularity by his speeches in the State Trials of 1844 and 1848, as well as by his defence of Mrs. Yelverton; but as a member of the House of Commons he was merely a very valuable Tory of the extreme school; and when he went from the bar to the bench he brought with him his prejudices, and not much legal learning. His conduct in the Father O'Keefe case was simply that of a partisan.

The Rev. Lawrence H. Hayes, C.C., Thurles, died on the 27th ult. In his death the priesthood of Cashel, always conspicuous for virtue and learning, has lost one of its brightest ornaments. Under his direction the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, established by the Archbishop a few years ago, has been a splendid success. From the beginning, though all believed him at first to be only slightly indisposed, he felt certain he was going to die, and set himself at once to prepare for that most important event. In his last will he says: "Should a slab mark where my body rests, let it be inscribed thus—'Rev. Lawrence Mary Hayes, born January 18 1835; ordained priest, June 6, 1865, died... May his soul rest in peace.'" At the Office, which took place in the Cathedral on the 29th ult., His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke presided, and a large number of priests attended. After the High Mass a procession moved up the College avenue, and returned to the Cathedral, where the remains were interred. The order of the procession was as follows:—The students of St. Patrick's College; the priests, upwards of eighty in number, followed by the members of St. Vincent de Paul Society bearing the coffin; after his immediate relatives, the members of the Holy Family, the children of all the schools, and, finally, as many of the people as could find place.

Owing to the short supply of hay in Roscommon, the yield of turnip and mangold, both of which have been stored, is regarded with more than ordinary interest, fortunately, the reports in general are favorable, though it is quite evident there are many instances of a deficient return; particularly where the crops were cultivated on stiff, upland soil. The turnips are reclaimed, more or less, as a rule; they are equal to those of last year; but the mangolds, even when grown under the most favorable circumstances, show a considerable falling-off. In very few cases, however, has the wholesale de-

struction of the mangold crop, anticipated during the past summer taken place; and farmers, notwithstanding their proverbial grumbling, are well satisfied at the moderate quantity yielded. Some monstrous specimens of roots, the growth of the present season, have been exhibited in the windows of Messrs. McHugh & Co's seed establishment, at Strokestown. A single turnip and a single mangold exhibited by Mr. Michael Flynn, of Lisroyan, weigh 14 lbs. and 13 lbs. respectively; and a mangold exhibited by Mr. Arthur Browne, of Mount Browne, weighs 16 lbs. Mr. Flynn, who is a most successful and experienced cultivator of root crops, states his turnips are actually better than those grown by him last year; and he calculates the average weight at 9 lb. His mangolds, however, are not nearly equal to 1875—the comparative returns being 59 tons per Irish acre this year against 80 per Irish acre last year. There is a much easier feeling regarding hay now than prevailed during the autumn. Should the winter be tolerably mild, it appears probable that the extreme prices expected by persons having hay to dispose of will not be realized.

"PILGRIMAGES IN IRELAND."—The Very Rev. J. McDevitt, on the evening of November 28th, delivered at the rooms of St. Kevin's Branch of the Catholic Union, in Dublin, the fourth lecture of the season. He spoke of the Pilgrimages in Donegal, and in the course of his remarks said: "What had occurred in the Holy Land in early Christian times, and at Lourdes in our own day, was repeated at the Well of Doon, and at many another holy well and shrine in Ireland, for the hand of God had not been shortened. In Donegal there was not the Holy Sepulchre, nor the Mount of Olives, nor Calvary, but we had the penitential retreat of St. Patrick in the Island of Lough Derg, and numerous spots sanctified by the presence of St. Columba, now marked by rude crosses, or a blessed well, or the grass-grown remains of a chapel. Over twelve centuries had passed away since Columba's time, but his memory was still cherished by the people of his native mountains, and the faith of which he was born. These holy places were now sadly neglected. Sheep and cattle grazed within their hallowed precincts. He was sure they would join him that evening in the expression of a hope that a faithful people would help, before many years, to build upon these privileged spots, if not imposing structures at least neat chapels, in which the local clergy could hear the confessions of the pilgrims on station days. It was not in Donegal alone these places of pilgrimage were to be found, for Glendalough, in Wicklow, Clonmacnoise, on the Shannon, and St. Brigid's, in Clare, were celebrated among the shrines of Ireland. There was Gougán Barra also, the famous sanctuary of St. Finbar, rising out of the smooth lake, with a crown of moss on its brow, in which the traveller could read another lesson on the neglect with which the shrines of our country were treated. But the story of Gougán Barra and the other celebrated pilgrimages of Ireland remained to be told as it deserved. He had begun at least to give the history and scene of the holy places of Tyrconnel. Often had he wandered from his home there among those peaceful shades, and filled his soul with their sacred associations, and in inviting his countrymen to follow his example he felt convinced they would be amply rewarded (applause)."

GREAT BRITAIN.

FLOODS.—A London special says heavy rains and floods in England and Portugal continue, causing considerable damage to property, and great distress among the people.

SEVERE GALE.—A severe gale, accompanied by torrents of rain, prevailed throughout the United Kingdom on Tuesday and Wednesday nights of last week. The gale was particularly violent on the Scottish coast, where marine disasters are apprehended.

SMALL POX.—LONDON, December 21.—Official reports from the Metropolitan Hospital state the total number of small-pox patients under treatment on Tuesday last was 722, against 128 two months ago. These figures only represent the range of the epidemic among the pauper population.

A good deal of indignation, mingled with amusement, has been excited by some malicious practical joker who has painted the fine white marble statue of the late Earl Derby, at Preston, with a blue scarf and garters. The statue, it is feared, has been permanently injured.

There is quite an epidemic of murder at London. Four roughs battered the heads of two policemen the other day at Hungerford, and there has been a cold-blooded pistol assassination in London. Thus Marwood, the executioner, and successor of Calcraft, is kept busy.

A meeting of noblemen and gentlemen has been held at Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, for the purpose of taking measures to relieve the distress at present prevailing in London. An unusually large number of men are out of employment, and thousands of families are in a state of utter destitution.

The following shows the relative increase of the different religious bodies in England in seventy-seven of the largest towns:—

Table showing the relative increase of the different religious bodies in England in seventy-seven of the largest towns. Columns include Church of England, Wesleyan Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Roman Catholics, Primitive Methodists, United Methodists, New Connection, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Society of Friends, and Calvinistic Methodists, with corresponding population figures and percentage increases.

Lord Cork is a Liberal in politics, while Lord Henry Thynne is an approved Conservative. The former governs Somersetshire as its Lord-Lieutenant, while the latter holds a seat in Parliament for South Wilts. These gentlemen have recently distinguished themselves by a lively correspondence, in which a drum seems to have played no inconsiderable part. The trouble between the distinguished disputants grew out of the attendance at a farmers' dinner by Lord Thynne, who opened the duello of words by reflecting upon Lord Cork, saying that "lots of people were placed on the bench for no other than political reasons, and were entirely unfit for the office." He also told how a former Conservative, who was desirous to be made a magistrate, had turned "yellow" as the best means of serving his purpose. Lord Cork cut this extract from the printed speech, sent it to "Dear Thynne," and requested him to recall the fact that a Conservative had been appointed to the bench at the instance of his [Lord Thynne's] brother, Lord Thynne then opened his second "battery," and requested the noble Lord to "have the goodness to return the drum which he had graciously ordered his superintendent to confiscate from the 'Frome boys.'" Lord Cork came to time with this rejoinder: "I hope you will make as good a thing as Gladstone's of his publications. He further informed Lord Thynne that he ordered the confiscation of the drum because the 'Frome boys used that' didn't annoy the inhabitants and frighten the shores."

Lord Thynne returned to the charge on the drum question, and informed Lord Cork that he seemed to be ignorant of his position both as a magistrate and Lord-Lieutenant, and closed with the following polite side-thrust: "If it is strangely ignorant not to understand the one-sided and party way in which you conduct your official duties, I prefer my strange ignorance to your peculiar wisdom. The question at issue is matter of such notoriety that it is not worth while bandying words with you about it. I treat your charge on myself with the contempt it deserves." The noble lords are now reposing upon their laurels.

AN UNFULFILLED PROPHECY.—The following letter appeared in the Liverpool Catholic Times:—SIR, My attention was drawn to a paragraph in your paper of October 27th, headed "A Fulfilled Prophecy," and commencing as follows:—"It has often been said that great men possess the prophetic faculty, and the assertion is true in a sense. Men of large minds are frequently gifted with an ability to read the future by an intimate knowledge of all the tendencies of the present. Montalembert was one of them." An instance was then given of a prophecy of his fulfilled. It occurred to me it might interest such of your readers as have not read his pamphlet *L'Avenir de l'Angleterre* to learn the mind of that great man upon the future of England and his yet unfulfilled prophecy concerning the glorious things the English people are to do for God and His Church. I have not the pamphlet at hand, or I would prefer to give you the eloquent words of the writer himself rather than my own. We know that the Fathers of the Church all held that dominion had been given to the Romans to facilitate the spread of Christianity, which it did by uniting the civilized nations together by breaking down national prejudices, by opening up countries through its network of splendid roads, and by the firm peace it maintained. Montalembert's idea was that the wonderful energy displayed by England in discovering and colonising new countries and in ruling old ones, will be made use of by God, but that they would not be blind instruments like the Romans, but would be converted, and inspired with a missionary spirit, they would convert the world. The English have indeed already given examples of this missionary spirit in past times. See the life of St. Boniface for one instance alone. This prediction of Montalembert, is well worthy our consideration, since the conversion of England has already commenced. It may, likewise, make us more earnest to hasten by our prayers and exertions the great work of the return of the English people to the true faith. We are perhaps a little too supine about the matter. We might each in our own degree do the work of a missionary in many little ways, by lending a book to a Protestant friend, by asking them to accompany us to a mission or to a simple Benediction, but before all by endeavouring to overcome their prejudice to devotion to Our Lady. A few words will often show them what we really feel towards her, and dispel the illusion many of them are under concerning the devotion we show her. Truth is wonderfully persuasive. The Protestant idea of the Church and its doctrines is not a true idea. They raise an imaginary Church in their own minds, and, naturally, it being a false one, they cannot believe in it, and perhaps in not one thing do they err more than their conception of the Catholic devotion to the Mother of God. We shall be doing an undying work if we can make our country devoted to Mary. If God, according to Montalembert's idea, intends to make use of England to convert the world, England must be first devoted to Mary. He will not make use of it whilst it dishonours His Mother. But whilst we endeavour to make others devout to Mary, we must look into ourselves and see if our own devotion is what it ought to be. Are we copying Our Lord in this as in all other things? We shall find the most perfect devotion to Mary in a beautiful book written by the Ven. de Montfort, about 200 years ago. It is called "True Devotion." It is the devotion I have advocated in "The Path of Mary." Father Faber tells us he "cannot think of a higher work or a broader vocation than the simple spreading of this devotion." England is called the Dower of Mary. Let us then endeavour to give Mary her own. God wishes it—we should wish it too. I have before me now some simple little verses of the late lamented Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Grant. I copy them as they show how his saintly mind agreed with the gifted mind of Montalembert upon the conversion of England, and likewise how Dr. Grant conceives that conversion with devotion to Mary. The verses are entitled, "The Angel's Hymn:—"

In the wood and near the river,
When no human friend was nigh,
We have loved and watched thee ever,
Heard thy prayer and marked thy sigh;
Whilst thy Father on His throne
Told us England was the flower,
In the ages past and gone,
Given to Mary as her dower;
Filled with hope our promise cherished,
Told it to her children dear,
Mary's lilies cannot perish—
Even now the spring is near,
To the dying shall be spoken,
Words of pardon and of trust;
From the captives shall be broken
Chains that bound them to the dust,
Many priests shall chant in gladness,
Monks and nuns shall aid the song,
And the voices hushed in sadness
Tell of blessings hidden long.

May the provision of these two great and holy men be verified. May we each do our part to hasten the accomplishment of the yet unfulfilled prophecy. May the maternal Heart of Mary be rejoiced by the restoration of her children, and heat with some of the ecstatic joy of the Precious Blood, as it draws to the Heart of Jesus the souls for whom it was poured forth from that heart with so much love. May the Eternal Father, in ineffable delight, call upon the angels and saints to rejoice with Him in that He has found that which was lost.—Yours, &c., MARY S. M.

Mr. John Welsh's services as President of the Centennial Board of Finance are to be recognized by the endowment of a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania, combined with the erection of a suitable tablet in the University commemorative of Mr. Welsh's work. The amount required for the work is \$50,000, and already \$45,000 has been obtained, with the assurance that the remainder will be promptly subscribed.

A will containing this clause was probated in Brooklyn a few days ago:—"Since I believe that married life is best for mankind, I beg my dear wife to try and not be hindered by any false romantic ideas from re-marrying after my death if she finds a man worthy of her, and request her to accept as a wedding gift from me, her first husband, who loves her more than he can express in words, the sum of \$1,000; to hold and own for ever."

The Boston Advertiser says:—There is a larger amount of California wheat now on the way to Europe than ever before known in the history of the trade. But the export movement from Atlantic ports has thus far been considerably below the average. The full rilling of railroad freight apparently has not added to this movement, but only enabled producers and middlemen to realize larger profits.

UNITED STATES.

In respect to President Grant, and provision for his future, a movement is said to be on foot to get the next Congress to provide for the position of field marshal, somewhat after the French plan, and to assign him to it, allowing General Sherman to continue as present, general of the army. Still another project is spoken of, to make him President of the Smithsonian Institution.

The 1876 tobacco crop will not exceed half of an ordinary one, and the same along the main stem of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, viz.—the counties of Hart, Larue, Barren, Metcalfe, Allen, Warren, Simpson, Logan, and the border counties of Tennessee. The early planting in May is reported good, better than usual, but the late planting in the latter part of June and early in July was not matured, badly damaged by worms, and cut green.

Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn, on December 8th, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, performed the ceremony of investing Miss Emma Summers, of Baltimore, with the habit of a Religious of the Visitation. The ceremony took place in the Convent Chapel, on Johnston street, Brooklyn. The Bishop's address on the occasion was very touching. Miss Summers will be known in future as Sister Dominica.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs held a meeting to-day, at which J. O'Connor Power, M.P., was present, and read the address of the Irish on the Centenary of American Independence. The feeling of the Committee is that the address should be respectfully received and suitably acknowledged. This is the address which the President declined to receive unless it should come through the hands of the British Minister at Washington.

The contest between the rival Governors of South Carolina is coming to close quarters, and there is every appearance of the near approach of a crisis. On Monday Governor Hampton made a requisition on Chamberlain for the delivery to him of the State seal, the State House, offices, etc. To this Chamberlain replied by an assertion of the validity of his own election to the gubernatorial chair, and a point-blank refusal to comply with Hampton's demand. The joint assembly of the Democratic House and Senate have elected M. C. Butler United States Senator.

The past year has shown a marked increase in the manufacture of salt, and Michigan is now rapidly taking a front position as a salt-producing State. This increased product has been partly owing to the more extended areas of the State that are coming in every year as salt-producing, but it is mostly owing to an increase of manufacturing capacities in the old salt localities, where greater attention is paid to the economy of the exhaust steam and the refuse fuel from the saw-mills during the summer and fall months. There is reported to be quite a large falling off in the supply of brine to many of the salt wells, and on this account fears have arisen that the supply of brine was being exhausted.

The Louisiana Investigating Committee have taken evidence establishing the fact that gross intimidation and violence were used during the elections to prevent coloured Democratic citizens from voting. Republicans are endeavouring to prove that the voters on their side, both coloured and white, were compelled to undergo a similar course of outrages with the same object. On the other hand the Democratic counsel have prepared a long array of charges against the Republicans, accusing them of fraud, corruption, conspiracy, and intimidation in their method of conducting the election.

WHAT ONE OLD WOMAN HAS DONE FOR POSTERITY.—I send you a few notes of a remarkable death which took place in our neighbourhood on the 3rd inst. Mrs. Nancy Patterson died at Florissant, St. Louis county, on the morning of that day, aged 98 years. She was the mother of fifteen children, all of whom were around her when she died; she lived to see them all grow up and well married. She had 98 grandchildren, and seventy-five great-grandchildren, who were all present at her funeral, making in all 188 present of her own posterity. She has lived 75 years in this place, and leaves a large estate, and never borrowed or owed a dollar in her life.—Rolla [Mo.] Herald.

The Comptroller of the Treasury reports that the aggregate tax paid to the national Government by the national banks on capital, deposits and circulation for the fiscal year was \$7,229,222; for the 13 years during which the tax has been collected, \$72,253,072. Total cost of collection to the Government since 1863, with expense of printing notes added \$4,060,224. Aggregate amount collected by Internal Revenue Bureau during the fiscal year from State banks, savings and private banking institutions, \$4,066,038. From returns made by 2,018 national banks, representing a capital of \$493,738,408, the Comptroller ascertains that these banks in 1875 paid State taxes to the amount of \$10,068,182.

CANADA.

Galt is considering a proposal for the lighting of the town by gas.

Cordwood was never so cheap in Richmond—\$2 to \$2.50 per cord.

A Sherbrooke gentleman is buying fat cattle for shipment to England.

Cleveland has passed a by-law to assist the Canada Meat and Produce Co.

The wire of the Dominion Telegraph Company has reached Halifax.

Skating rinks have been opened in most of the principal towns and many of the villages.

Brantford is proud of the way in which her water-works put out the late fire in that town.

The Hatley Council has passed a by-law granting the Canada Meat and Produce Co. \$2,000.

The Owen Sound Town Council granted an extension of time to complete the fixing of the gate sill of the dry-dock to June next.

On Saturday evening Guelfah ran out of coal oil, and many of her citizens had to go back to the light of other days—candles.

Mr. E. F. Morgan has sold his farm of 100 acres, lot 12, 5th concession, South Yarmouth, to Mr. Saunders, son-in-law of Mr. Richard Axford, for \$7,000.

An oil refinery is about to be started in St. Thomas, a short distance east of the C. N. R. Station. The well is now being sunk, and 30,000 bricks have been ordered.

HALIFAX, N.S., Dec. 19.—The steamer *Flammarion*, from Charleston for New York, encountered severe weather on Saturday; the sea carried away the wheel; chain; and one seaman was injured. The *Geo. Cromwell*, which arrived last evening from Newfoundland, also encountered severe weather on Saturday, and Sunday. Sea broke over the vessel frequently, and at one time there was 40 inches of water in the cabins and staterooms. Joseph Teddy, of Sydney, and Joseph Cook of Lockport, were washed overboard and lost from the American schooner *Ruth*, Groves, previously reported at Liverpool in distress.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETOR, JOHN GILLIES,

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To all City subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Dec. 29, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Friday, 29—St Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr.

Saturday, 30—Of the Octave.

Sunday, 31—SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS. St. Sylvester, Pope and Confessor.

JANUARY, 1877.

Monday, 1—CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Holyday of Obligation.

Tuesday, 2—Octave of St. Stephen.

Wednesday, 3—Octave of St. John.

Thursday, 4—Octave of the Holy Innocents.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Italian Government is stated to be about to prosecute the Koelnische Zeitung, at Berlin, for publishing a document, alleged to be a forgery, purporting to be programme of the measures to be taken by that Government on the demise of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The Cologne Gazette reports a saying of "the greatest military authority in Germany" on the prospect of an Eastern war. The "authority" has given it as his opinion that "Russia is engaging in a very difficult task, and is likely to lose many a tooth in biting."

A telegram from Pesth states that the anti-Russian crusade is being carried on in Poland and Hungary by Turks, while Mahomedans are preaching war against Russia throughout Asia.

It is understood that the King of Bavaria has acquiesced in the "resignations" of the two clergymen whom he had named for the vacant bishoprics of Speir and Wurzburg. It is to be hoped that when the new nominations are being made the precaution will be taken of ascertaining the views of the Holy See before the names are made public.

The parochial clergy of the great diocese of Breslau, Germany, have addressed to the Minister of Education and Ecclesiastical Affairs a remonstrance similar to that already presented by the clergy of the dioceses of Munster and Paderborn, on permitting religious instruction to be given in the National schools by teachers who have not previously obtained the authorization of the ecclesiastical authorities.

The number of students who have been entered on the rolls of the Strasburg University for the winter session is 704. Of these 504 are Germans while other European countries send 119. Only 95 come from Alsace-Lorraine; of them Lower Alsace sends 75, Upper Alsace 15, while only 5 come from Lorraine. It is plain that the Alsace-Lorrainers are not the chief persons who benefit by the costly institution which has been established in their midst. The explanation of the fact that so few have come from Upper Alsace is that the population is very Catholic, and not likely to avail themselves of a University the organization of which is almost exclusively Protestant.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the Eastern Budget says that General Chernayeff has now fallen into complete disgrace both with the Russian public and the Government. It is alleged that he kept a correspondence office at Deligrad, which regularly transmitted false reports to Russia, with the object of exciting the Russian people to a war against Turkey, and that he suppressed all letters from his camp which told unpleasant truths about his doings and those of his army.

The first act of the Italian Parliament has been to distribute a project of law, presented before the last session, having for its object the repressions of the pretended abuses of the clergy. By this law, any priest who in any way censures or insults any law or royal decree or act of public authority, will be amenable to fines and terms of imprisonment, varying from 500 to 3,000 francs, and 4 months to 2 years respectively. The Perseveranza, of Milan analysing the Royal Speech at the opening of the Parliament, assures its readers that it is the intention of the Government to explain many obscure points in the guarantee laws, to better define the relation between Church and State, and to institute a Supreme Tribunal to decide upon all the questions that may arise from the application of these guarantee laws.

The crisis in Denmark, superinduced by the action of the Select Committee on the Finance Bill in striking out and reducing the items of expenditure demanded by the Government, has taken an unfavourable turn. After a three days' debate the Ministry has been defeated by close on a two-thirds majority in the Lower House, and the Conservatives are now urging them to close the session and resort to the extraordinary means of a Royal Ordinance to provide for the expenses of the Government. By so doing the Cabinet would lay itself open to an indictment before the Supreme Court for high treason in violating the Constitution, and it thus finds itself on the horns of a very pretty dilemma.

The insult offered to the Austrian flag by the garrison of Belgrade by firing upon the monitor

Maros has been made the subject of an enquiry in the Hungarian Parliament and of a universal demand upon the Government to exert its influence to obtain substantial satisfaction. The suggestion is made at Vienna that the Servians may have planned the outrage with the intention of provoking an Austrian occupation, and thus escaping from Russian dictation. The resignation of the Servian Ministers in consequence of the difficulties engendered by the affair has been accepted, but they will remain in office until their successors are appointed. Their resignation, however, does not appear to satisfy the Hungarians, who not only demand the occupation of Belgrade, but are urging the Austro-Hungarian Government to interfere in Eastern matters in favour of Turkey.

The new Turkish constitution was solemnly proclaimed on Saturday. It consists, in substance, of the following provisions: The Empire is indivisible; the Sultan is Caliph of the Mussulmans and sovereign of all the Ottomans. His prerogatives are those of the constitutional sovereigns of the West; subjects of the Empire are called Ottomans; their liberty is inviolable; Islamism is the religion of the State, but it shall not have any other distinction or theocratic character. Religious privileges of the communities and free exercise of public worship by all guaranteed. Liberty of the press and freedom of education are granted—primary education is compulsory; right of association and right of petition to the Chambers are accorded; all individuals are equal in the eyes of the law; all are eligible to public offices, irrespective of religion; taxes are to be equally distributed; special laws are indispensable to authorize their collection; rights of property are guaranteed; the domicile is inviolable; functions of tribunals are defined; no one may be deprived of his natural judges. Legal proceedings are to be public. Rights of defence are recognized. All judgments are to be published; the ministry has no right to interfere in judicial matters. Confiscation, statute labor, torture, or infquisition are prohibited. Ministerial responsibility is established; ministers impeached by Chamber will be judged by a high Court consisting of chief judicial and administrative functionaries; no public official can be dismissed without legitimate grounds. Their responsibility is maintained and they cannot be released from it by fact of having received orders from a superior if those orders are contrary to law. Two Chambers will be instituted— a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate. They will receive messages from the Sultan, and have freedom of voting and expressing opinions. The system of imperative mandate is prohibited. The initiative of framing laws belongs to ministers and Chamber of Deputies. Laws submitted by Chamber of Deputies and revised by the Senate require Imperial sanction. The Senate cannot reject laws contrary to the constitution. Judges and functionaries are irremovable. A circuit of accounts, which is irremovable except by vote of the Chamber of Deputies, will annually present to the Chamber a complete financial account. The provincial administration will be on the broadest decentralization; general and municipal councils are to be formed by election; finally, the constitution is only to be modified by the votes of both Chambers and the sanction of the Sultan. The first sitting of the Plenary Conference was held on Saturday. Savfet Pasha presided, and in his address opening the Conference he referred to the liberal views of the Porte. He said the Porte was ready to grant to its subjects all privileges which were not contrary to the dignity and integrity of the Empire. The sitting began at noon and closed at 2 p.m. The first business was the formal verification of credentials of plenipotentiaries. During the sitting salutes of artillery were heard. Savfet Pasha explained that these salutes were fired to announce promulgation of the constitution which would effect a complete change in the Government of Turkey. After close of the sitting, ministers were presented to Savfet Pasha. Conference will probably meet again on Thursday, when the question of prolonging the armistice will be discussed, as it is thought probable that a prolongation of 15 days will be proposed, and the Conference will then adjourn until Saturday on account of Mahomedan festivals.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Happy New Year and Many Returns of the Season is the greeting that friend will extend to friend in a few days. It seems but as yesterday since the year 1876 was ushered into existence, and yet the merciless progress of time brings us once more to the fading shadows of the departing year—when all ought to be joy and gladness—when, by common consent, all gloomy forebodings are pushed aside, and people give themselves up to the contemplation of happiness for themselves and their fellow-men in the approaching year, on which the curtain is about to rise, it would be out of season not to join in the spirit of the time; but, in doing so, perhaps it may not be out of place to cast a parting glance on the fleeting events of the past twelve months. When we take a brief retrospect of that period what a tumultuous scene presents itself to our view. We remember how, at this date twelve months ago, the people of America, not only those who form part and parcel of the great Republic that adjoins us, but those outside as well, were on the tip-toe of expectation for the celebration of the first centennial of the national existence of a people whose independence Washington and his patriotic followers had secured after a glorious struggle. That event was celebrated in a manner worthy of the occasion. Philadelphia, the cradle of the Republic in 1776, was this year the scene of the happy and generous intercourse of the descendants of those who had formerly met as foes on the field of battle. The great International Exhibition brought together from all corners of the world competitors in a noble rivalry of peaceful industry, and on the ground where a hundred years ago a new-born nation was awaiting the result of a gigantic struggle for liberty, that same people extended the hand of friendship to their former enemies, greeting them as kinsmen, and glorying in the fact that in securing their independence they had succeeded in effacing the memories of the strife that had secured its accomplishment. Unfortunately, the events on the other

side of the Lines are not all of the re-assuring character of the Centennial Exhibition. If the great father of American Independence be looking down at passing events, what must not be his anguish at the trampling under foot of his glorious traditions that have been taking place in the choice of a successor to the post he once filled as the first citizen of the Republic. When the voice of the people ought to be heard, and the will of the majority rule, we have seen the bayonets of Federal troops brought into requisition, and when actual violence and intimidation of the grossest kind has not been resorted to, returning boards have abused their oath-bound privilege to stifle the expression of the peoples' will, and seek to perpetuate a state of things which have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest American citizen. Let us hope that this nefarious attempt may prove abortive, and that in the inauguration of the next President in the person of Mr. Tilden, whose career heretofore has given promise of substantial reform, the dire calamity that threatens the very existence of the neighboring Republic may be averted. This year has also witnessed the further development of republican institutions in poor old France, the scene of so many bloody revolutions, where so many crowns once proud and mighty, have rolled in the dust, and where the peaceful citizen, loving his country, and trusting in Providence for her future glory and greatness, trembles lest the madness that more than once has seized those who now appear to be in the ascendant, should once more plunge his unhappy country into the flames of discord and desolation, crisis after crisis has taken place in the Government of the Republic, the wisdom, firmness and patriotism of MacMahon has more than once saved the country from the jaws of revolution but the threatening language of Gambetta and his followers gives but little assurance that the present state of things are established on a firm and lasting basis. On the other hand, the Eastern question has been absorbing all attention, both in the old world and in the new, the revolt that broke out in the Turkish Provinces our readers have had occasion to follow in its progress. How often have not men gone to bed at night, expecting the next morning to awake to the painful realization of the din and clamor, the carnage and all the horrors of a General European War. On one side we saw the Russians greedy for a long coveted territory, on the other the Turkish Government looked upon as the "sick man," whose presence on the soil was merely tolerated, because no agreement as to the disposal of his succession could be arrived at by contending powers, showing withal signs of vitality. Details of horrors in Bulgaria and other places have reached the civilized world, and their sickening atrocity reveals a picture of man's inhumanity too painful to contemplate. The people of this Dominion have watched with the greatest anxiety the course pursued by the mother country in the tortuous course of events. At more than one time, within the past few months, it seemed almost impossible, that Great Britain could avoid being drawn into open hostilities for the protection of her Eastern possessions. But fortunately, for so far, the efforts of diplomacy have averted that great catastrophe, which must in any case, no matter what military glory and renown might be achieved, cost thousands of lives and millions of treasure, and bring desolation and sorrow to many a home now happy and prosperous. If diplomacy has been so far successful in averting a general war but little thanks are due to the ex-chief of the Liberal party in Great Britain and his immediate followers. The madness which seemed to seize Mr. Gladstone when he published his famous anti-Vatican essays, lately broke out in a new place, and in the whole annals of British Statesmanship no parallel can be found for his line of conduct in weakening the hands of the Government, and giving to the enemy the spectacle of a divided nation, at this above all other times of crisis when mere desire for party aggrandizement ought to be buried in the lowest depths, and naught but a spirit of patriotism manifested, that would make those who desire to encroach on the greatness of the empire feel that they will have to face a united people determined to maintain their country's supremacy. Latest advices tend to create the feeling that peace may be permanently established the finances of Russia are far from being in a flourishing condition. A truce now exists and the men who hold in their hands the destinies of nations are in council assembled over the momentous question of the hour. God grant that a peaceful solution may be arrived at, and the horrible calamities of war averted. In Ireland the agitation for popular rights still goes on. The Home Rule party have been gaining strength during the past year despite the unpatriotic and suicidal policy of so-called patriots who seek to belittle their efforts for the constitutional regeneration of their country. Mr. Butt is still the idol of the Irish people, and despite the wretched policy of the advanced nationalists who are virtually playing into the hands of the enemies of their country, the great leader of the Irish Home Rule cause may live to see his fondest hopes realized and the Irish people in the enjoyment of those privileges for which he has been contending with such patriotic zeal and consummate ability. In our own Dominion, this happy land, where as in no other place on the face of the earth true liberty is enjoyed, despite the crisis in commercial affairs, the people have to thank a benign Providence for the plenitude of His mercies during the past year as in many preceding ones. Removed from the scenes of strife that desolate the land in other climes we are here living in peace with one another and with the world at large. True the baneful spirit of fanaticism has occasionally troubled the peaceful flow of the current of our affairs but on the whole we may look forward hopefully to a long era of peace, happiness, and we trust returning prosperity. The lessons of the past shall not be lost on our rulers. The public men applying Gladstone in our midst have, we hope, given utterance to their last war cry against Catholicity, and with wise legislation to protect our material interests and a sound policy on the part of our Central and Local Governments for the benefit of the whole people, 1877 is likely to prove a truly happy year to the New Dominion.

CAPTAIN KIRWAN. To the Editor of the Nation. The Grove, Fallowfield, near Manchester. DEAR SIR—I heard with the greatest regret the announcement of Captain Kirwan's resignation of his position as General Secretary of the Home Rule Confederation. In this feeling of regret I am sure every member of the Confederation will join. When the fact of his resignation was first made public it was hoped that he might be prevailed upon to reconsider his determination, but it appears that private business of an urgent character compels him to adhere to his intention. He is going to make his home in Canada, and sails for Montreal on December 14th. His loss will be keenly felt by the Home Rule Confederation. Having had the pleasure of working side by side with him for three years, I can bear testimony to his untiring energy, his self-sacrifice, and devotion. It is simply impossible in a short letter to convey any idea of the enormous amount of labor and fatigue he has undergone since he joined the Confederation. It has happened again and again that he has attended and addressed twenty-five meetings at different places within a month, travelling hundreds of miles, often going direct from the train to the place of meeting, and immediately after the meeting off again to some other appointment. And this sort of work not merely for a few days, but for month after month. To Captain Kirwan must be given the credit of making the Home Rule Confederation what it is today—a great political power. Few men of any creed accomplished the work he has performed, and his name should ever hold a high place in the esteem and regard of the Irish in Great Britain. We clip the above extract from a correspondence of Mr. John Barry, a prominent Nationalist, to the Nation, of Dublin. In this instance fortunately Ireland's loss is Canada's gain. Our readers will be pleased to learn that Captain Kirwan is to take charge of the Editorial Department of this journal. Those who have had the advantage of hearing Captain Kirwan in his public lecture in Montreal are able to form an idea of his high literary merit. Under his skillful pen, we trust, the TRUE WITNESS will be able to fulfil the mission of its founder. Free from all partizanship and having in view nothing but the interests of Catholicity, we trust that in the future, as in the past, we may command the confidence of the Catholic people of the Dominion. The Publisher of the TRUE WITNESS, and has been ever, anxious to secure the most distinguished talent for the Editorial Department of the journal. Captain Kirwan comes to us with a brilliant record. An accomplished scholar, and a gentleman of high repute with the best friends of the good old cause, his advent amongst us will be hailed with peculiar satisfaction by our Catholic fellow-citizens, and we are satisfied that our conferees of the Press will welcome to their ranks a man who has already won for himself a proud position amongst the ablest men of his native land. THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON CATHOLIC INTOLERANCE. That all-wise critic, the Saturday Reviewer, furnishes from time to time a contribution to the history and the philosophy of Catholic doctrines. He does not, however, employ the word Catholic where he can help it; for what reason we are unable to discern, unless that his orthodoxy, such as it is, has received a strong infusion of the newest German science which distinguishes very needlessly between Catholic and Ultramontane. It would puzzle a good Catholic, say from Spain or the West of Ireland, to make out clearly why these Ultramontanes are whom the Saturday delights to mock, and worry and, we must add, to occasionally burlesque in its apocryphal history of their sayings and doings. But it is possible, on the whole, to see that an Ultramontane is, in the dialect of the great critic, a loyal Catholic who believes in the Church, and is obedient to the Holy Father. This premise, we can understand the title of an article which appeared last week in the columns of the Saturday on "Ultramontanism and Liberty of Conscience." It is addressed, we presume, to the reading public, and purposes to give an account of the discussion which is now going on between Dr. Mirvat and the Dublin Review in reference to the theory of the rights of conscience. The article is instructive, though, according to the witticism, "whatever it contains that is new is not true, and what is true is not new." The instruction it gives was not intended, but that cannot detract from its value. Of course we have no pretensions to judge by new lights; our rules of criticism are those which any Catholic might apply to the pages of this "orthodox" journalist. But in following up our natural reflections, we seem to have discovered in him an unusually fine specimen of the heretical way of looking at the world. Were we desired to point out the special notes of a Protestant and heretical disposition or character, the indices of all heresy, and especially of present heresy, we should select this article without hesitation, as exhibiting them in the artistic proportion which mediates between the too much and the too little, and thus enables us to come at the very nature of the thing. If, then, the Saturday will excuse our medieval prejudices, we think there is a hopeless antagonism between the philosophical and the Protestant view of things, and likewise between Protestantism and all true religion. And we think this has been admirably, but unconsciously, brought out in the article we are considering. Earlier articles have sometimes gone to an extreme of fanaticism—perhaps we should use a less expressive word, but we cannot find one at the moment—and this has robbed them of their effect in some measure; because, as is evident, no one likes to read what may verge on personality or mere hatred, when the Holy Father, the Cardinal Archbishop, the Roman Congregations, and, generally, personages distinguished by their zeal for the Church are in question. But in the present article there is a different tone, and we rejoice at it. Nevertheless, we must be permitted to call the doctrine heretical, as no doubt the Saturday will cheerfully allow it was meant to be, and then our criticism is that the heresy which dictated these sentences cannot be reconciled with philosophy, because it is narrow, partial, and inconsequent, nor with any religion, properly so-called, because it is the heresy of secularism which denies that any world exists beyond that in which we are living, which asserts that to-morrow we die, and that there is the end of us. Its want of breadth and of consistency is fatal to its claims on the reason; its want of spirituality is fatal to it altogether for even a heresy ought to have some hold upon the religious soul. The Saturday professes a horror of persecution both in principle and practice, and so far as we can gather, under any circumstances; for its own principle of non-persecution is applied "to all states of society of which the world has any experience." It charges the Catholic Church and the Roman See with being committed to "the principle and practice of persecution in its extreme form." And, therefore, it says that the Dublin Review is in the wrong, but argues consistently from the Catholic tradition, and that Dr. Mirvat is in the right, but completely at issue with the inflexible decrees of his own Church. It looks upon that Church as a

great persecuting power, and goes so far as to echo some of Mr. Gladstone's utterances on the danger of a future trial of Protestants should Catholics ever get the upper hand in England. Now here we should be inclined to begin our comment. It is narrow-minded and unphilosophic to view the history of persecution apart from the universal history of the Church. To insist upon the Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Marian burnings, and all the other mis-enseigne of commonplace Protestants, is to blunder at the outset. An imagination possessed of these dreadful visions, will believe once for all that the Catholic Church is what Macaulay said (in his haste, let us hope), that it was a "superstition exitialis." When a man is accused of having a blood-thirsty disposition, we examine, not one or other isolated act, but his previous conduct, his general bearing, his demeanour at home and abroad. When we bring a like charge against so ancient, venerable, and widespread a community as the Roman Church, so celebrated for its untiring prudence, its calmness, its knowledge of the human heart, its intercourse with States and Government of so many ages and periods, we ought to view things with the eyes of Edmund Burke, and not trust ourselves to the ignorance or the exaggeration of mere fanatics and artisans. It is time that this spectre which still suffers it to go abroad. Is the Church eager to persecute, to shed blood, to molest heretics of the sort that now may be seen in Europe? Has it ever taken a delight in the sight of suffering? Has persecution ever seemed to its rulers and its Pontiffs anything but a sad necessity? We know Janus does not care to ask or answer these questions. But they are as pertinent as they are philosophical, and if they were borne in mind we should not need to be constantly clearing up the old misconceptions and meeting the wearisome old slanders. Where is the largeness of all this? A Pantheist would know better what to think of the Church than such mere terrorists. He would, at the very worst, include in his view the Reductions of Paraguay no less than the Inquisition of Spain, the abolition of serfdom and slavery no less than the expulsion of the Moriscos, the protection accorded by Rome to the Jews no less than the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the prevention of Socialism and Communism in the thirteenth century no less than the war against the Albigenses, the merciful deeds and maxims of the Fathers and the Saints no less than their zeal against a criminal desertion of the faith, the sincere acquiescence of the Holy See in all measures that were truly necessary for the salvation of the State no less than its remonstrances against laws which basely yielded principles of everlasting right. A thoughtful and unbiased person would not see his way to condemning ruthlessly the energy of St. Pius V., or the vigilance of Paul IV. He might dissent finally from their policy, but he would allow that the matter would be difficult and thorny. Here again the narrowness of the Saturday is apparent. How is it to the purpose to lay hold of a principle and exaggerate its consequences whilst there are other principles, equally valid and important, which are left out of sight? The question is not, and never was, what are the evils of persecution? It was in the days when the duty of persecution seemed inevitable, another question, and that a comparative one, what are these evils by the side of those which follow upon licence and anarchy? Both alternatives must be weighed ere an answer can be given. Our natural repugnance to shed blood—to take an extreme case—is not to hinder the execution of justice, else we had better abolish the pain of death even for murderers. But what we have to do is to select the least disagreeable and the most efficacious course out of all those which present themselves to us. It is the theory of non-persecution which is good for Utopia; the principle of order supposes an intolerance of some evils, however the world may change. A trusteesman will maintain order with as little suffering and inconvenience to individual members of society as may be; but since he is neither passionate in his actions nor the slave of imagination in his judgments, he will not shrink by reason of the suffering which he is obliged to inflict. If suffering is the worst of evils of course we have no defence left, except perhaps this, that the repression of licence, and therefore, under certain circumstances, of heresy involves the suffering only of a few, whilst the toleration of crimes and heresies is sure to bring on the ruin of all, as we see it is threatening to do at this very hour. Once more, nothing can be settled in a matter of alternatives unless both are considered, and it is narrowed to urge only the difficulties of one of them. This fault becomes glaring when we reflect that our reviewer calls persecution a "fundamental tenet" of Catholicity. Had he compared the Church and the Churches, as his admirer Dr. Dollinger has done, or taken into account the action of civil societies all the world over, he would have known that persecution, practice and principle, has its origin rather in the nature of men and of society than in the peculiar doctrines of the "Roman Curia." What is there exclusively Catholic in that which has been done out of principle by the Lutherans of Germany the Calvinists of Scotland, the Huguenots of France, to say nothing of the persecuting Governments of Holland, England, and modern Prussia? Quotations might be multiplied on all hands, if it were not notorious that every civilized society has, sometimes or other, put a pressure on the consciences of its unwilling subjects. Does not this suggest that we are dealing with a graver question than the Saturday has caught sight of? The minority amongst mankind who have believed in absolute liberty of conscience—if we must express ourselves in this loose, inaccurate way—have to join battle with a multitude far greater than those to whom the light of Revelation has been vouchsafed. If there is odium attaching to persecution, in whatsoever form, the Catholic Church does not enjoy a monopoly of it. What clinches the matter is that neither the Saturday Review nor any one else of the same opinion has been perfectly consequent or consistent. This should be a proof that the view is held confusedly, and, in fact, is contradictory. It is not a month since the Saturday declared it impossible to tolerate Mormonism. And yet this is a religion believed in by its followers. They attribute a religious significance to their peculiar tenet of polygamy, and if they cannot plead conscience as a bar to the execution of the law upon them, what becomes of the absolute principle? The Saturday may answer that it does not defend the absolute principle. We could not find that out from the present article, but let it pass. We merely ask, What is the other principle which limits this one? Will it not be a principle of repression *malgré* the plea of conscience? Then how is the Dublin Review in the wrong? For it said no more than this. It did not, and does not, preach reckless or ceaseless persecution of every false doctrine, as may be seen from its remarks on Dr. Mirvat's answer (No. 54, pp. 567-8), where it speaks of "combined aggression" of "vigorous and widely-extended concert" on the part of the atheistic. This is not inconsistent with the abstract theory of persecution; but, if it were, the Saturday is quite as inconsistent with its own theory. Plainly, every path takes us back to the same problem, to the "res olim dissociabiles, libertatem, et imperium." Whatever mistakes, excesses, atrocities, even, have been committed in practice, there seems no way of denying the principle, and therefore, preserving consistency. One more skilled in dialectics than the Saturday Reviewer, and perhaps, more philanthropic the late Stuart Mill, was unable to keep himself out of the net. He desired the greatest share possible of individual liberty for all, and at the same time his Benthamite doctrines would have imposed the tyranny of Auguste Comte upon our shoulders. Now

can these difficulties be got rid of by talking platitudes about Ultramontanism? Or is it to be thought that anarchism will explain and reconcile all anomalies.

Take, on the other hand, the largest view, and compare the largest variety of principles, and it will be seen that the Catholic Church has thoroughly penetrated the Law of Compensation which rules society, and that the highest philosophy comes near to the wisest practice. We do not speak of what Catholic States have done, for they have not uniformly hearkened to the voice of Rome, but have gone after their own ambition and lust of power.

But since there is question of the Infallible See, judge that by its decrees and its universal action—no Catholic need fear the result.

And if a Protestant, after the utmost explanation and historical proof, is still averse from the punishment of heretics, at any time and under any circumstances of society, the reason must be because his religion is the religion of the *Saturday Review*, namely, secularism. The point at issue is really this: is there a spiritual world as well as a world of matter, and is the latter intended to serve the former? Let this be granted, we have a measure by which to estimate the relative value of commerce, civilization, social peace, temporal suffering, religious truth, aids to purity of life, good example, and in brief, of all the goods which belong to these two worlds. Even in a newspaper, it is not out of place to say that the salvation of souls ought to be our supreme interest, though this does not mean that we are ever to forget the obligations of prudence and the other virtues. Well, then, is war with its sacrifice of life and its unspeakable horrors lawful in defence of the temporal interests of society? The *Saturday Review* does not hold with Mr. Bright; it will, therefore, assent. But has the persecution which the Church sanctions ever inflicted evils greater than those of past wars? It would be difficult to say yes. And yet the interests involved in war are temporal, those at stake where it is necessary to be intolerant are eternal. The conclusion is inevitable; unless it be denied that we have any eternal interests at all, and this is the British theory of the Darwinians in science, and the secularists in politics. If the *Saturday Review* is unflinching in its advocacy of complete toleration, or its unqualified condemnation of the Church and the Holy See for their intolerance, then all its orthodoxy has vanished and we have to argue about the foundations of religion itself.

Should that be true which the *Saturday* has asserted, that the Catholic tradition is wholly in favour of the *Dublin Review* on this point, it will hardly succeed in encouraging Dr. Mivart to attempt any important change in the ordinary view. That distinguished man is certainly an Ultramontane, if it is proper to call a warm defender of the Church and most strenuous advocate of her rights by such a name. He will not think that the *Saturday Review* has assisted him in clearing up what may be obscure, or in calling attention to the new elements in an old problem by its professed advocacy of his doctrines. We know that the Devil can quote Scripture for his purposes; but we do not care to hear him preach, and we do not need the *Saturday's* help to exhibit the Catholic theory in its most reasonable and, for the present generation, least difficult form.—*London Tablet*.

MIDNIGHT MASS.

THE GENU.

Midnight service was held in most of the leading churches on Xmas eve. The Church of the Genu was filled by a congregation numbering not less than 2,000 persons, who were admitted by ticket.

The Mass selected was Mozart's 1st Mass in C, a composition of much intricacy and elaborateness of construction. It is not generally familiar to many choirs, owing to the exceedingly severe and difficult passages which mark it throughout. It may be termed, therefore, a work which only a thoroughly trained choir would attempt. However, it would scarcely be *apropos* to discuss the merits of either the composition or the manner in which it was sung and we, therefore, content ourselves with referring to the material of the choir under the able direction of Mr. A. J. Boucher, assisted by Mr. Ducharme, organist. The vocal soloists were Mesdames Leblanc and Boucher, sopranos; Mr. Menard, tenor; Madame Fiset, alto, and Mr. Laverniere, Bass. The chorus was composed of sixty-five voices. In addition to these was a string quartette, Messieurs W. Moncel and Seneor, 1st violins; Dr. Mount, clarinet; Mr. Lavalle, Sr., cello; Dr. Leclerc, double bass, supplemented by Mr. F. Boucher.

Rev. Father Fleck, rector of the College, officiated at High Mass, assisted by Father Grenier, deacon, and Father Garcaen, sub-deacon.

While the offertory was being taken up, Mr. Ducharme performed a quaint old "Noel" with variations, the work of Lefebvre Wely, a Parisian composer and organist of some celebrity in his day. The theme consisted of a simple minor passage, Gregorian in its character, with most elaborate variations, in which the softer-toned stops of the instrument were exquisitely manipulated, and blended by the skillful fingers of the organist. The service throughout was exceedingly impressive and solemly beautiful. The mass was concluded at 1.30 o'clock.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

A very large congregation, the edifice being literally crowded, was present at Midnight Mass in this church, at which Rev. Father Dowd officiated. Proceeding the celebration of Haydn's Fourth Mass, the *Adeus Fidelis* was sung with much good taste and expression by Miss Alice Crompton, accompanied by a full choir of about seventy voices. The soprano solo was sung by Miss B. McNulty and most sweetly executed. The alto solos were sung by Miss Fanny Fallon with her usual good taste. The tenor solo was filled by Mr. Timothy O'Brien with ease and good judgment, and Mr. Jas. Shea also rendered the bass solos with feeling and power. The orchestra was directed by Mr. Hone. The choir was under the direction of Professor Fowler, organist. The choir may be complimented upon the efficient manner in which this beautiful work was presented, which was chiefly due to the indefatigable exertions of Professor Fowler. The Mass concluded at 15 minutes past one o'clock.—*Gazette*.

CARD OF THANKS.—ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.—The ladies who conducted the St. Patrick's Bazaar for the benefit of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and the St. Bridget's Refuge, are happy to announce that the net sum of \$5,120.45 has been realized by the bazaar. They respectfully offer their grateful thanks to their patrons to whose generous charity this unexpected result is due. The call of the orphans and the aged poor, this year more urgent than ever, was responded to with even greater readiness and open-heartedness than usual. Whilst tendering their fervent thanks to all, without distinction of religion or country, the ladies humbly pray that such charity may receive its hundred fold reward. Thanks are tendered to the Emerald Independent Brass Band and the Prince of Wales Fife and Drum Band, for their kind attendance and excellent music during the evenings of the bazaar; also to the gentlemen who rendered such efficient aid by preserving order in the hall, and receiving admission tickets at the door. The ladies beg the St. Patrick's choir to accept their best acknowledgments for their most excellent and successful concert given in aid of the funds of the bazaar.

FACT OR PARABLE—WHICH?

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—My answer to the above would be, that Mr. Spurgeon's assertion which called forth your remarks on the 24th of November, was but a rehash from a tale I read in certain school-books some fifty or sixty years ago, being probably a nursery tale of the era, of the roundheads. Here it is in a condensed form:—

"A wag, having one day met a Romish priest, asked him for a crown, and being refused, he asked in succession for a half-crown—a shilling—a sixpence—a penny—and finally for a farthing. Upon the priest's refusal to give even one farthing, the beggar said, 'Father, it is your blessing I want.' 'Kneel down, my son, and receive it.' 'No, I shall not have your cheap blessing; for if it was worth one farthing you would not give it.'"

Look at the similitude in both cases. No date, no name of persons or places, and both aiming at ridiculing and vilifying a Catholic priest, and through him the Catholic religion. You will, of course, draw your own inferences in this case; but I think you will have correspondence from others on the subject, as there must be many of your subscribers who have read the above tale, and who are much better able to express their sentiments on the subject than I am.

Mr. Spurgeon and preachers of his stamp are impervious to argument, as they are indifferent as to the truth or falsehood of their assertions, provided they gain the applause of their bigoted hearers, and thereby (the main thing) obtain large collections.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours truly, &c.
GATINEAU.

Lowe, Co. Ottawa, 27 Nov. 1876.

IN MEMORIAM.

Tuesday, 12th inst., was a memorable day in the annals of St. Andrew's Parish, diocese of Kingston. On that day the Right Reverend Bishop attended by several of his clergy took part in a most impressive ceremony—the *Month's Mind* service for the repose of the soul of the late lamented Vicar-General Hay. During divine service the Bishop was assisted at his throne by Rev. Dr. Chisholm, of Perth, and Rev. J. Masterson, of St. Raphael's. The solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. J. MacCarthy, of Brockville, assisted by Rev. J. S. O'Connor, of Alexandria, as Deacon, and Rev. C. B. Murray, of Cornwall, as sub-deacon. The Master of Ceremonies for the occasion was Rev. W. Fox, assistant priest St. Andrew's. The other gentlemen in the Sanctuary were Rev. Alex. Macdonell of Lochiel and Rev. W. J. Kelly of Kitley.

At the conclusion of the Mass right solemnly said the Right Reverend Bishop pronounced a glowing eulogy upon the life and labors of the deceased pastor of St. Andrew's taking for his text: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow them. Apoc. XIV. 13. Permit me to give your readers a brief synopsis of this magnificent discourse. Dr. O'Brien began by vividly contrasting the past with the present as sunshine is invariably followed by shadow in this sub-lunary world. Twelve years ago and he had addressed the congregation of St. Andrew's from the same sanctuary. That had been an occasion of joy and gladness for all. That day had seen the accomplishment for Very Rev. Father Hay of his most cherished desire—the realization of the grand and noble object that had called into play the active energies of his mind. After gigantic struggles he had finally succeeded in erecting a lasting monument, a venerable pile to the honor and glory of the true and living God. Moreover in that magnificent church he had raised a choir, a beautiful, a gorgeous altar, whereon would be immolated during succeeding generations the Lamb that was slain for the sins of the world. No wonder then that the day alluded to—the day selected to humbly lay those gifts at the feet of the Most High God for his acceptance—had been for pastor and people a day of exceeding great joy. Together on that day pastor and people had rejoiced and together no doubt in their heart of hearts had exclaimed with the Royal Prophet: "Lord, I have loved the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth."

But to-day alas! all that is changed, the Bishop remarked sorrow has succeeded joy—the sombre hues of melancholy and death have succeeded the radiance of gladness and life. The house of God is clad in mourning—the sanctuary no longer gleams with light and beauty—and the ministers of religion have put on the robes that signify sorrow. The countenances of the people are no longer lit up with joy, they are cast down with grief. And why is this? Because the children have lost their father—because the people have lost their faithful counsellor, their leader, their exemplar, the vigilant guardian, who, during forty years stood on the watch-tower to shield them when danger was nigh. They wept over him who had gone forever from amongst them and justly so the holy priest, the kind friend, the zealous advocate of their interests, temporal and eternal.

But in the midst of this great sorrow that had come upon them he would remind them that they must not grieve immoderately. "And," in the words of the blessed Apostle, "we will not have you ignorant, brethren concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope." Thes. IV. 12. And the venerable Priest of God who now lay cold and lifeless beneath that altar where he had so often and so fervently offered the victim of propitiation was now, they might be assured in the enjoyment of the reward promised to "the good and faithful servant." He had now that rest which confidently hope, entered into that rest spoken of in the second part of his text: "From henceforth now, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow them." He had entered into that rest awarded according to the holy spirit of God to "the dead who die in the Lord." The venerable Priest had spent himself in the service of God—the grandest, the noblest, the most beneficent that man can engage in—and he had now gone to reap the reward of his labors. "There remaineth a rest unto the people of God" and God whom he had served so long, so well and so faithfully would now be "his reward exceeding great."

The praises of Very Rev. Father Hay, as far as this world goes, he would leave to those who had known him longest and best—to the poor whom he had succored—to the afflicted whom he had consoled—to the staking whom he had buoyed up—to the tempted whom his sage counsels had under God saved in the hour of peril. Personally he would say of their late lamented Pastor that he was a true Priest of God. In saying this he summed up and epitomized all the praises than can possibly be bestowed upon a man in his sacred calling. In his relations with other men a man of truth, a man of honor, a man of integrity, frank, open-hearted; sincere, in a word, a gentleman. As a Priest in his sacred functions he was accompanied by a priest in his saintliness of character which had caused him in his youth to aspire to the Priesthood—which went on gaining strength in his maturer years and which distinguished the old man's last days upon the earth.

In conclusion he said it behooved them to follow the example left them by their spiritual Father. If they like him labored faithfully in the different spheres Providence allotted them, they might be assured that when the time came they would be like their beloved pastor numbered among "the dead who die in the Lord" and, like him enter one day upon that rest spoken of in the text: "From hence-

forth, now; saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow them."

Then solemnly, sadly, feelingly, the words of the Absolution were pronounced by the Bishop at the Catafalque and when finally he said the last words of the Liturgy for the grand noble priest, now numbered among the dead, every one seemed to catch the inspiration and say from their innermost heart.

O! "may he rest in peace. Amen. Amen."

Before concluding this rather lengthy article a word of praise must be given to the St. Andrew's choir who performed their part of the service admirably well. The *Irish Canadian* and *Tribune*, of Toronto, and the *Cornwall Freeholder*, are requested to copy.

VIA TOR.

DOMINION ITEMS.

Harwich township has been divided into four wards.

Lake Simcoe is now frozen over, and several parties have crossed from Beaverton to Thorah Island.

Port Perry has refused to sign a petition to the Legislature to pass an Act doing away with the exemption of certain property from taxation.

Thomas Reilly, of the Ontario House, St. Thomas, was charged before the Police Magistrate, by Constable Campbell, on Saturday, with selling liquor to Indians. He was fined \$50 and sent to gaol for one month with hard labour.

Dr. Lucas, of Stratford, has been set at liberty, bail to the amount of \$10,000 having been given for his appearance at the next Assizes. He is charged with the murder of a Mitchell girl by procuring abortion.

It is reported that the G. W. R. Company has determined to erect a commodious brick station house at Chatham, on the south side of the track, early in the spring. The present building is quite unfit for the large traffic.

Mr. Macdougall, M. P., has received a letter from the Post Office Department explaining that, in consequence of Provision not having been made in the estimates, mail service cannot this year be put upon the Air Line Railway from St. Thomas, to Aylmer, or on the Canada Southern from St. Thomas to Court-right.

At the Lambton Sessions of the peace, one Lackie placed upon his trial for shooting at Alfred Joyce at Florence, was found guilty and sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary. The same prisoner was also found guilty of a common assault on Walter Joyce, and sentenced to one week in the county gaol.

The by-law submitted to the Annapolis ratepayers on Saturday, 9th inst., for the purpose of enabling the corporation to borrow a sum of \$1,000 and issue debentures to that amount, to meet the expense incurred in constructing tanks, engine-house, and hose-tower, was defeated by a majority of two. Only a few votes, comparatively, were cast.

Nova Scotia apples do not appear to have been brought to St. John in such large quantities this season as in previous years, nor is the quality so good as in 1875. Fruit has been imported from the United States quite extensively, though across the border the crop is not so good as formerly. There was a sale of apples on the 15th, prices for imported fruit (Baldwins) ranging from \$1.25 to \$1.90, while Nova Scotia bishop pippins brought \$2.70.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—If you are a merchant, a professional man or a mechanic, never buy stocks or lots without you have surplus money which you wish to invest. Let speculators make their thousands in a month or a day; mind your own regular trade, never turning from it to the right hand nor to the left. Your own business you understand as well as other men; but other people's business you do not understand. Let your business be something which is useful to the community. All occupations possess the elements of profit in themselves, while mere speculation, if it makes one man better off, makes another poorer in the same degree.—*Journal of Commerce*.

At the General Sessions of the Peace for the County of Huron, the Grand Jury, in common with the judges and jurors of both superior and inferior courts, expressed their full conviction that intemperance, if not the cause, is yet closely connected with crime in most of its phases, and they recommended that all legal steps be taken to suppress the same. With the view of preventing the formation of idle habits, which almost invariably lead to crime, on the part of the youth of the country and elsewhere, the Grand Jury urged upon the proper authorities the more rigid enforcement of the School Act, which compels a regular attendance of those of the proper age during school hours, as well as during the time prescribed by law.

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.—The City and District Savings Bank has just distributed \$10,800 among the following charitable societies, being the interest on the "Poor Fund"—Secours Grises, \$1,500; St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; St. Bridget's House of Refuge, for self, \$1,000; Secours de la Providence, \$700; Secours de la Misericorde, \$600; Secours du Bon Pasteur, \$800; St. Bridget's House of Refuge for Almoner Irish poor, \$500; L'Asile St. Joseph, \$500; Protestant House of Industry and Refuge, \$500; Montreal General Hospital, \$450; Ladies Benevolent Society, \$400; Protestant Infant's Home, \$400; Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$300; Montreal Dispensary, \$250; L'Asile des Aveugles, \$250; L'Asile des Sourdes Muettes, \$200; Orphelins Catholiques, Rue St. Catherine, \$200; L'Asile des Sourdes Muettes, \$200; Salle d'Asile, Rue Visitation, \$150; Industrial Rooms \$150; University Lying-in-Hospital, \$150; Hervey Institute, \$150; Protestant Church Home, \$150; Salle d'Asile St. Joseph, \$100; Salle d'Asile Nazareth, \$100; L'Hospice St. Vincent de Paul, \$100; Protestant Institution for Deaf Mutes, \$100; Young Men's Hebrew Benevolent Society, \$100.

There has been a couple of rather important changes in the wholesale shoe trade of late. Alex. Shannon, late wholesale grocer, has been admitted a partner in the business of Messrs. Donovan & Williams, the style of the new firm being Donovan & Williams & Shannon. Mr. Shannon brings in additional financial strength, and will have control of the office and financial departments of the business, a position for which he is well fitted in every way. In the second instance, Messrs. Mullary & Co. have admitted Mr. Samuel Coulson to a partnership. Mr. Coulson is a brother to the newly appointed general manager of the Bank of Toronto, and apparently possesses a good share of the qualities which have been so eminent in his brother. Mr. Coulson contributes some \$20,000, we believe, to the capital account of the new firm.—*Journal of Commerce*.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—The trade of the Dominion during the past three years has been greatly depressed owing to two causes. One, and this was never generally felt, was the decline in the price of some of our staple exports in British and foreign markets; another was that we imported for some years previous a great deal more than we could afford to import, and with diminished means we had to pay off the debts which accumulated during the years we thought more prosperous. We have reduced our imports very considerably, and the quantity and value of our exports has increased. There is therefore a probability that unless the threatened disturbances in the United States and in Eastern Europe affect our trade injuriously we shall shortly

be in a much better position than we have known for some years.

The following figures we take from the Toronto *Globe*:—

Taking the returns now available for the whole fiscal year the comparison between 1874-5 and 1875-6 stands as follows:—

1874-5, imports	\$123,070,283
1875-6, imports	93,210,346
Decrease	29,859,937
1874-5, exports	\$77,886,979
1875-6, exports	80,966,435
Increase of exports	3,079,456

It will be seen, therefore, that while the imports very largely diminished, the exports increased. Looking at the details of the statement, it appears that under the two heads embracing mainly the products of agricultural industry, namely, "animals and their produce" and "agricultural products" the imports were in 1874-5 \$22,743,279, while in 1875-6 they had fallen to \$17,692,363; while the exports on the other hand, had risen from \$35,057,616 in 1874-5 to \$49,856,942 in 1875-6. In manufactures the decline of imports was from \$47,664,698 in 1874-5 to \$33,324,235 in 1875-6 a decrease of \$14,340,465. At the same time the exports rose from \$2,950,583 in 1874-5 to \$5,971,913 in 1875-6 or an increase of \$3,021,330. As may be supposed, the decline in the exportations of products of the forest is very marked, the exports under this head having been \$25,208,845 in 1874-5, and \$20,337,469 in 1875-6 or a decrease of \$4,871,376.

In 1874-5 and 1875-6 the respective imports and exports were singularly equal in volume, the figures standing as follows:—

1873-3—Total imports	\$128,011,281
1873-4—Total imports	128,213,582
1872-3—Total exports	89,789,922
1873-4—Total exports	89,351,918

The conclusion to be drawn from the returns generally is that the period of decline has probably terminated, and that we may look for perhaps a slow but still steady revival of prosperity, and a corresponding effect in both the import and export trade.—*St. John Freeman*.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

L'Assomption, H. McM. \$2; Lower Ireland, P. McC. 1; New Lancaster, P. W. 2; Milton, T. H. 2; Port Hawkesbury, M. McD. 2; Harwich, E. S. 2; Kempville, Rev. E. H. M. 2; Alfred, R. C. 2; Waterloo, T. R. 2; Newboro', J. L. 2; Marysville, Cal., Rt. Rev. Dr. O'C. 4.04; Glen Norman, J. G. 2; Silver Beaudette, A. R. McD. 1; De Cewville, M. W. 2; Wilton Grove, R. M. 2; Dawson, M. J. D. 1; Wolfe Island, E. S. 8; Lancaster, A. M. 1.50; Marysville, J. M. 2.

Per P. McC. Montreal—Cushing, E. W. 2.
Per F. B. Brussels—Self, 2; W. B. 2.
Per P. L. Escott—Self, 1.50; Caintown, J. F. 1.50.
Per M. H. O'R. Sillery—Mrs. L. 2; J. O. C. 2.
Per M. McC. Haldston—Hemmingford, N. B. 1.50;
Miss E. McC. 1.50.
Per J. B. Perth—B. C. 2; Hamlet, J. B. 2; Bath, F. K. 50cts.
Per W. D. St. Brigid—P. McC. 2.
Per P. C. Tweed—Self, 1; T. McC. 2; D. G. 2; Madoc, J. C. 1.
Per J. D. West Shefford—Self, 2; J. O. B. 2.
Per R. E. Brockville—M. McC. 2.
Per P. D. Montreal—London, R. D. 2.

Birth.

KELLY.—At Carillon, on the 16th inst., the wife of Mr. John Kelly, of a daughter.

Died.

TRIBEY.—In this city, on the 23rd inst., Henry Judah, son of Thomas Tribey, aged 4 years.

McCaffrey.—On the 21st inst., at her daughter's residence, No. 315 Rideau street, Ottawa, Mrs. Rose McCaffrey, aged 78 years, widow of the late Patrick, and mother of Captain Wm. McCaffrey, of Ottawa, late of Quebec.—R.I.P.

OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS.

(CORRECTED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE.")

STOCKS.	PERCENT.	PERCENT.
Montreal	185½	184½
British North America	103½	102½
Ontario	103½	102½
City	95½	94
People's	36	35
Molson's	93	92
Toronto	82½	80
Jacques Cartier	108	103½
Merchants	93	92
Hochelaga	82½	80
Eastern Townships	108	103½
Quebec	108	103½
St. Lawrence	108	103½
St. Nationale	108	103½
St. Hyacinthe	100	90
St. Union	70	60
St. Villa Maria	70	60
Mechanics	43	43
Royal Canadian	124	124
Commerces	124	124
Metropolitan	100	97
Dominion	100	97
Hamilton	100	97
Exchange	99	96

Greenbacks bought at 7 dis. American Silver bought at 12 to 15 dis.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette.)

Flour # brl. of 196 lb.—Follards	\$9.00 @ \$9.00
Superior Extra	6.25
Fancy	5.75
Spring Extra	5.35
Superfine	4.75
Extra Superfine	5.55
Fine	4.30
Strong Bakers	5.55
Middlings	3.45
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.	2.30
City bags, (delivered)	2.35
Wheat—Spring	1.13
do White Winter	0.00
Oatmeal	4.70
Oorn, per bushel of 32 lbs.	0.53
Oats	0.37
Pease, per 66 lbs.	0.90
do do	0.00
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs. L. Canada	0.65
do do U. C. Canada	0.00
Lard, per lbs.	0.12
do do	0.00
Cheese, per lbs.	0.10
do	0.00
Pork—New Mess.	21.50
Thin Mess.	20.50
Dressed Hogs.	6.75
Beef—Prime Mess, per barrel	00.00
Ashes—Fats.	4.35
Firsts	0.00
Pearls	6.00
Seeds—Timothy, per 45 lbs.	0.00
Clover	0.00
Butter—Quiet; 16c to 25c, according to quality	0.00

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe.)

Wheat, fall, per bush	\$1 13	1 28
do spring	1 17	0 09
Barley	0 75	0 85
Oats	0 00	0 37
Peas	0 00	0 00
Bye	0 00	0 00
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs.	0 00	6 00
Beef, hind-qrs. per lb.	0 00	0 00
" fore-quarters	0 00	0 00
Mutton, by carcass, per lb.	0 00	0 00
Butter, lb. rolls	0 22	0 28
" large rolls	0 20	0 22
" tub dairy	0 20	0 22
Eggs, fresh per doz.	0 17	0 18
" packed	0 13	0 14
Apples, per brl.	1 50	2 00
Onions, per bush	0 85	1 60
Turnips, per bush	0 29	0 30
Potatoes, per bush	0 95	1 00
Hay	12 00	15 00
Straw	11 50	14 00
Geese, each	0 60	0 90
Turkeys	0 50	1 00
Cabbage, per doz.	0 50	0 60

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig.)

Flour—XXX per bbl.	6.25	to 6.75
" 100 lb.	3.25	to 3.40
Family " 100 "	2.50	to 2.70
GRAIN—Barley per bushel	0.00	to 0.00
Bye "	0.62	to 0.62
Pens "	0.70	

FOREIGN

CLOSING OF THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.—BERLIN, December 22.—The Emperor William closed the session of the German Parliament to-day with a speech from the Throne. To said: In reference to foreign affairs, the negotiations of the powers upon the Eastern Question as far as proceeded with, justify the hope that my efforts and mutually conciliatory and peaceful intentions of the powers immediately concerned will be successful in solving the pending questions without prejudice to the good relations now existing. Germany will continue by friendly, disinterested mediation to lend her co-operation for the attainment of this end.

THE POPE'S GIFT TO THE VATICAN GALLERY.—The Vatican picture gallery has recently been enriched by the munificence of our Holy Father, Pius IX., by a work of the great Spanish artist, Murillo. The subject is the martyrdom of St. Peter Arbasus. The saint is represented in church assisting at nocturn, and in prayer near the altar, with the assassins approaching with their weapons drawn. The background is obscure; the light of the sanctuary lamp, the sole illumination, shows three figures—the martyr and the two assassins. The lights are handled with great skill. The eye is attracted by the fierce expression on the faces of the murderers, and on the saint, the colours of whose dress stand clearly out. The movements are natural and life-like. The white rouchet and violet mozetta of the victim are admirably depicted. Above there is seen a beautiful angelic form bearing a palm branch. This work is worthy of the master and of the gallery in which it is placed.—Roman correspondent of Weekly Register.

DEATH OF THE DUKE DI GALLIERA.—On the evening of the 23rd November, at half-past eight, his Excellency the Marquis Raffaele De Ferrari, Prince of Lucedio and Duke of Galliera, died at Genoa. He received the Viaticum with great devotion, and the Holy Father sent him a special benediction on his death-bed. It is related that previous to his death he repeatedly made the following declaration:—"I wish to die an Apostolic, Roman, and Papal Catholic.—Voglio morire Cattolico, Apostolico, Romano e Papale." His death is greatly regretted in Genoa. During the past year he bestowed twenty million of francs on his native city for the amelioration of the harbour, and two millions for the construction of workmen's cottages. He was nominated to the Senate in 1848, but did not take the oath until 1855, at which period he voted against the Piedmontese law for the suppression of the Religious Orders. He only appeared twice in the Senate, and took no part in the atrocious war waged by Piedmont against the Church. The Duchess di Galliera is the daughter of the noble Genoese house of Brignole-Sale, and has been remarkable for her noble contributions to the Peter's Pence offering, to which she has dedicated two-thirds of the revenues of a Marquise in her family. In France, as well as in Italy, the loss of the Duke di Galliera is keenly felt.—R.I.P.—Roman correspondence of Weekly Register.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.—His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel opened the Italian Parliament in Monte Citorio, on the 20th of November. The morning was cloudy, and the rain fell in quantity sufficient to make the streets disagreeable to sight-seers. The Royal party drove to the Parliament in closed carriages, and his Majesty was cheered as he passed by the soldiers and people. His speech at the opening was attentively listened to, and at intervals loudly applauded. It contained the usual phrases about the unity of Italy, the speedy approach of a balance between income and expenditure, and the necessity of keeping up the navy and army, and paying taxes. Italy his Majesty remarked, "when she took her part among the great Powers, accepted a mission of progress and civilisation." By some this passage was considered an indication that Italy is about to consider peace a secondary object, and to take a share in the war against the barbarian, the Turk. But Signor Crispi, the present head of the Left party, gave, in a recent speech, some details which would lead one to suppose that Italy is not now prepared for war. He said that the fleet, which under the late Ministry was broken up, could not be re-made in a hurry, and that the few ships which could put to sea would scarcely venture to oppose the ships of the Great Powers. The army, headed, is in want of weapons, and scarcely a third of the available men could be sent to the field. The portion of the Royal speech which chiefly concerns Catholics is that relating to the new laws which are prepared against the Church. "It remains to us," said the King, "to attack a problem hitherto unassailed—ad offronare un problema in qui in tentato. The liberties conceded to the Church in our kingdom, more largely than in any other Catholic State may not be used (applicata) in a way to offend the public liberties or lessen the rights of the national sovereignty. My Government will present for your examination the measures necessary for giving efficacy to the reservations and conditions indicated in the law itself which sanctioned the ecclesiastical franchises." Without inquiring into the liberty enjoyed by the Church in other Catholic States, it may be remarked that the liberty which the Church has lately enjoyed in Italy is small indeed. In Italy of to-day the convents were suppressed and plundered, the Church Congresses were dispersed, the religious processions were prohibited, it was forbidden to ring bells at the procession of the Host, the profession of religious vows was forbidden, clergymen were forced to become soldiers, the Catholic schools were closed, the nomination of parish priests was taken from Bishops, and the Bishops themselves were driven out of their episcopal residences, to say nothing of the plundering and imprisonment of the Chief Pastor, Pius IX. Verily the Church enjoys less liberty in Italy under a Catholic King than she enjoys in non-Catholic countries, such as England or America, or even in a non-Christian country, such for example as Turkey. The laws, however, which the ministry has prepared against the Church, and to which the King alluded, are doubtless laws intended to modify the famous guarantees, to put the ecclesiastical stipends of bishops and priests under lay control and management, and to subject all religious ministrations to the supervision of the police. That the present Parliament will enact laws to persecute the Church is but too probable. That the Italian Bishops and clergy will do their duty in spite of persecution is almost certain.—Roman Corr. of London Tablet.

RUSSIAN SUSCEPTIBILITY.—Prince Gortschakoff's "private" letter to Count Schouvaloff has been published in the Journal de St. Petersburg. The air of injured innocence which pervades it would perhaps be more warmly appreciated were it not that the present attitude of Russia is unnecessarily and even wantonly warlike, and the past policy of Russia too evasive and subtle to admit of our feeling secure as to the future. The Prince considers that such an idea as that of "Russia wanting Constantinople" is "an absurdity beyond belief," and that it should be dismissed, with the conquest of India by Russia, to the domain of political mythology. So it might be, if the solemn promises of Alexander II. were sure to bind Russia for ever, or if other Powers beside that of the Tsar's will were not active in the domain of ambition. The Emperor's "personal loyalty is at stake," says the Prince; and we have no wish to cast suspicion on that loyalty; but was not the Emperor's personal loyalty at stake when he promised that he would not annex Khiva, or when he annexed it when six months of that promise had again, as to the political folly of such an enterprise—the taking or the hold-

amount appropriated for the navy in the latter year was 25,800,000 roubles. The Russian navy is in two principal divisions, the fleet of the Baltic and that of the Black Seas; and there are smaller fleets in the Caspian, Aral, Siberian, and White Sea waters. The total comprises 108 men-of-war, 1,477 officers, and 7,217 seamen. The iron-clad fleet of war comprises the powerful turret-ship Peter the Great, 3 frigates, 3 corvettes, 14 turret monitors, and 3 floating batteries. The entire fleet now consists of 225 steam vessels, with 521 guns and a total tonnage of 172,501. As to the direction which the Russian military movements will take, the following statement is probably nearly correct: "The main strength of this vast military force will be concentrated at two points. The first army is already gathering about Kichiney, in the vicinity of the Pruth, which divides Bessarabia from Roumania. Across the river her forces will sweep down through Roumania into Bulgaria, threatening Constantinople on the left. To meet this force the Turks are about concentrating 200,000 men in Bulgaria. They are also strengthening Widdin and other Danubian fortresses, and reinforcing the fleet on that river. The second army will have Tiflis as its base, on the trans-Caucasian side, and operate in Armenia, which is friendly to Russia, Trebizond and Ziva, threatening Constantinople on the right. A powerful army is already concentrated at Tiflis, with no corresponding Turkish army to meet it, so that the principal fighting, if war should be declared, would be in European Turkey."

GREEK INTERESTS IN THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The influence of the Powers has been wisely employed to keep Greece quiet in the present conflict; but Greece has none the less her own grievances. She would wish that "Turkish misgovernment" might be completely erased out of Thessaly, and Macedonia, and Epirus, as out of Servia, Bulgaria, and Herzegovina. The extension of the Greek monarchy over certain portions of the Turkish empire would be viewed with satisfaction by most Greeks; or a confederation of States north of the Balkan might be agreeable to her politics and her traditions; but very little has been said on such questions because the Greeks have no taste for a new war. Southern Turkey may yet cause some disquiet, unless the Conference give attention to Greek interests; though from what has transpired it does not seem likely that these interests will hold a chief place. Certain of the Greek subjects of the Sultan have, however, forwarded an address through the Ecumenical Patriarch, Mr. Joakim. Its tone is certainly respectful, and perhaps even exaggerated by flattery; for the signatories express their regret that the Powers should interfere with the Sultan, and not leave him to his own excellent ideas. The following brief extracts will serve to show the spirit and also the burthen of the address: "Holiness!—With heartfelt pleasure we observe the noble intentions and the constant efforts of the Sultan and his Imperial Government to ameliorate the bad state of the empire by giving full equality to all his subjects without distinction, and by introducing liberal reforms in the existing system of government. We are astonished and saddened on seeing lately that the great Powers of Europe have demanded privileges and a political improvement in the condition of the insurgent Slavic provinces. . . . Should these demands of the great European Powers be granted, we fear that these exceptional privileges will be considered as the reward of rebellion and civil war—a bad principle in general, and highly detrimental to this empire inhabited by so many nationalities. Secondly, should the Imperial Government ever think it necessary or just to grant exceptional privileges, these should also be granted to our nation, on account of its political situation and importance in the empire, and because Sultan Mahomet conquered the kingdom from us. He gave to Gennadius, the first Patriarch, after the taking of the city, the first berat, containing the privileges of his Christian subjects.—London Tablet.

THE SOPHISTRY OF COMMUNISM. A foolish question sometimes requires a studied answer. A representative of American Communism the other day stigmatised the religious reading of the Columbian and other Catholic journals, as only "a reproduction of the catechism," and asks what is the use of paying two dollars for a paper which only tells what you might learn in a five cent catechism? Garibaldi's familiar, or Robert Ingersoll's inspirer could not have put the question in a more cunning way to justify contempt for anything like a pious or religious life. Since Luther this has been the aim of heresy—to separate belief from works. This is now the sophistry of Communism. You buy a five cent catechism; and when you have read it over, you throw it aside, and thenceforward you do as you please and read what you please. You have found out what your faith is—thenceforward you have nothing to read but what is opposed to faith. You know all about the duties you owe to God, to His Church, to your neighbor and yourself; thenceforward you devote yourself to the study of what you are forbidden to do to God, your neighbor and yourself. Who does not see the miserable sophistry of this? If we must take care of our soul, then all the knowledge of life must take its own tone and color from the catechism. If then, there is anything in religion, then every interest of life is in religion. Everything is granted to the Puritans, when it is conceded that our duty to God is a form to go through on Sunday and forget on Monday; that the reading for a Catholic is to be a little at some stated time and after that the sentimental stories, the sensational items, the scandals, the murders, forgeries, rapes, seductions, divorce trials, and other horrible and nasty things that make popular reading amongst those who have no respect for Jesus Christ and His Immaculate Mother. Faith, without works, is dead. Those who call themselves Catholics, while they follow the practice and hold the sentiment of heathens and libertines, will be worse off in the day of judgment than if they never had been baptised. Catholic Columbian.

A Score of Impolite Things. 1. Loud and boisterous laughter. 2. Reading when others are talking. 3. Reading aloud in company without being asked. 4. Talking when others are reading. 5. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing. 6. Cutting finger nails in company. 7. Leaving church before public worship is closed. 8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God. 9. Gazing rudely at strangers. 10. Leaving a stranger without a seat. 11. A want of respect and reverence for strangers. 12. Correcting other persons than yourself, especially parents. 13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude. 14. Making yourself the hero of your own story. 15. Laughing at the mistakes of others. 16. Joking of others in company. 17. Commence talking before others have finished speaking. 18. Answering questions that have been put to others. 19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. 20. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make any observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

Not Yet. "My son give me thy heart," said the Lord Jesus to a little boy. "Not yet," said the little boy, who was busy with his bat and ball; "when I grow older I will think about it." "My son give me thy heart," said the Lord Jesus to a young man. "Not yet," said the young man.—"I am just going into business, and when I see it prosper I shall have more time to attend to the matter." "My son, give me thy heart," said the Lord Jesus to the man of business. "Not yet," said the man of business; "I am pressed now. When my children are well settled in life I will be better able to attend to the affairs of religion." "He lived to be an old man. "My son, give me thy heart," said the Lord Jesus to the old man. "Not yet," he cried, "I shall soon give up trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray." And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been attended to in his childhood. He therefore died as he had lived, without God.—S. S. Germ.

Give Your Child a Paper. A child beginning to read is delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things which are familiar to him, and he will progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ill of life, and is braced for emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course, more considerate and easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a dog-shop who ought to be reading! How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books or papers for their families, who have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation from the want of wise counsel, or from the want of something to occupy the mind!

Units. "Brothers unite! unite! he cried, And died for what his Saviour died." Wake of William Orr. "Brothers unite!" There's a day approaching Swift and sure on the wings of time When the old-time foe on our rights encroaching Must be stayed and thwarted by our manhood's prime.

Unite, Unite for the day is nearing. When our own old land must assert her right; Dear Erin's star is but now appearing And soon 'twill shine on us both clear and bright. Unite, unite for your common mother; Unite, and swear before God above, To grasp the hand of each Irish brother Who has for Erin a soul of love.

Unite, unite, while the war-clouds lower, And lightning flashes athwart the sky; Prepare, prepare for the dreadful hour, The wished-for moment again is nigh.

The Czar looks towards where Gange's waters Rolls thro' a land of flowers and gems; The Sultan's throne and the crescent totters There's fear and trembling upon the Thames.

The lion growls, but his teeth are rotten; He fain would shrink from the coming fight His power, by plunder and blood begotten, May soon be crushed by the Russian's might.

Prepare, prepare! in the clash of nations Let Erin's tocsin be heard afar, Calling her sons from their distant stations To draw the sword in her holy war.

Cease to think of our fell disunion, Let it pass like the clouds away, We must join in a grand communion To prepare for the final fray.

Work there is for the strong and willing— Work there is for the brave and bold; Let the breasts of the people thrilling, Rouse the hearts of the young and old.

Be prepared; there are hosts to scatter, Work to do with the hand and brain; Be prepared there are walls to shatter, How to strike that must not be vain.

Can you fight 'mid the bullets pouring, Face to face, eye and hand to hand? Can you stand 'mid the cannon's roaring Firm and true to your native land?

What the steel, let the cloud impending Burst and find you prepared to fight; Draw the sword, let your blows descending Crush to ashes the tyrant's might. —Itd Hugh.

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. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemist, 48, Threeedney Street, and 176, Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London."

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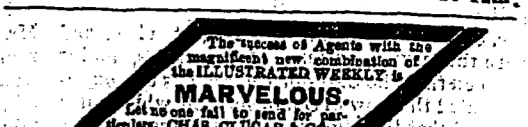
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A VERY SICK WOMAN. While calling at the office of a friend the other day, we were handed a letter from which we read the following: Friend Craddock—My best friend for thus I must address you, as you have done me more good than any one on earth under God, and I believe I owe my life to you, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for all that you have done. It would take several sheets of paper to enumerate all my sufferings, so will only speak of the most important. For four years I had hemorrhages, beginning in February and lasting until fall; palpitation of the heart; soreness of the breast-bone and short ribs; pain in the back and lower part of the abdomen; cold hands and feet, even in August; constipation and headaches. I had tried doctors far and near, but all in vain. Some said I had consumption; others liver disease. I quit all doctors, and wrote to you for help, and obtained it from your great "East India Remedy." I depend upon you alone for a perfect restoration to health, and feel that I shall not be disappointed. Please send two more bottles, with Pills and Ointment, which I think will do the work. Yours truly, A. E. RICHARD.

Yours truly, A. E. RICHARD. 10-13

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9. 7 Lots from \$30 to \$50 each (1 Bronze Statue, 1 Winter Carriage, 1 Lace Shawl, and different articles of vertu) 280 00
10. 10 Lots from \$20 to \$30 each, different articles 250 00
11. 20 Lots from \$15 to \$20 each, different articles 350 00
12. 30 Lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles 375 00
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14. 50 Lots from \$4 to \$6 each, different articles 250 00
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16. 150 Lots of \$2 each, different articles 300 00
17. 200 Lots of \$1 each, different articles 200 00

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have much pleasure in announcing their Popular Weekly Newspaper for 1877. The chief aim of its conductors is to furnish to the Canadian public a respectable and trustworthy weekly companion, replete with information and good sense, and made additionally interesting by the introduction of a superior class of literary matter. The Farm and Fireside Department presents, week by week, matters of vital importance to the agriculturist and housewife, forming a fund of information concerning the farm, stock, implements, and general husbandry, together with notes and hints on household economy, not to be found elsewhere. From week to week correct reports from all the leading markets are given, enabling the farmer to take advantage of the "upward turn." Ample Parliamentary Reports, British and Foreign News, and a large amount of general information, is given. A Popular Tale is continued from week to week, and a Fund of Fun for the Family supplies a want long felt.

Premium Picture. In addition to the splendid attractions which the newspaper of itself offers, the proprietors have been induced, by the satisfactory patronage which has been awarded them, to issue a magnificent War Picture, 24 x 30, to their subscribers for 1877-78.—This is a beautiful production, after the celebrated French painter, Horace Veruet, called, "The Dying Trumpeter," the original of which was painted for the Emperor Napoleon, and is descriptive of an affecting episode. \$1.60 PER ANNUM.—BALANCE OF 1876 FREE. Agents wanted everywhere. Sample copies and terms sent free to any address. Address communications to, LONDON FREE PRESS PRINTING CO., LONDON, ENGLAND.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. Dame Melina Guillette, wife of Ovide Houle, Townsh, of the City of Montreal, duly authorized a Ceter en justice, Plaintiff; vs. The said Ovide Houle, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this case the sixteenth day of December, instant (1876). TRUDEL, TAILLON & VANASSE, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, December 16th, 1876. 19-6

Vulgar Words.

A distinguished author says:—"I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her."

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked."

Faith in the Efficacy of Prayer.

He was a very solemn-looking individual. The preacher thought he had certainly called to make arrangements for the funeral of a near and dear friend.

Catastrophe to a Cat-Chaser.

"The charge is hollering and creating a noise," said his Honor, as Anthony Rowley wandered out.

"He's clawed his claw upon the roof, He's galloped o'er the yard; He's uttered howls and awful yowls,

"I've riz at night to club that cat, For hours I've laid awake; I've yelled at him with awful vim,

"The fact is, Judge, that cat wore me out. I borrowed a gun and shot at him; I climbed upon the roof and chased him; I hired boys to set traps for him,

"Discharged you are and you may go, And as you homeward fly, Some other plan get if you can

"But be quiet about it, Mr. Rowley. I've had forty-nine years' experience with cats on the roof and cats under the house,

Efficacy of the Lift-Cure.

"It's all owing to my nervousness," began William Lockport, as he front-faced the desk. "I haven't been able to sleep over two hours for the last three nights,

"He was a man about your size, And when I pulled him in, He said he'd be the death of me, For he was full of sin.

The stranger with one eye was highly delighted with the prompt disposal of the case, and lifting himself up he cheerfully remarked: "That's it Squire,

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The Class-rooms, study-halls, dormitory and refectory, are on a scale equal to any in the country.

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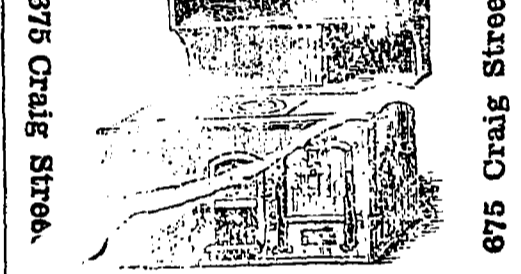
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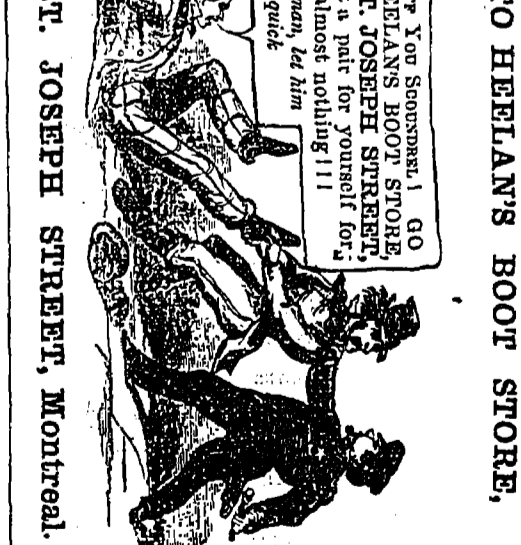
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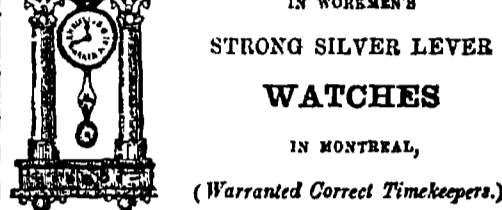
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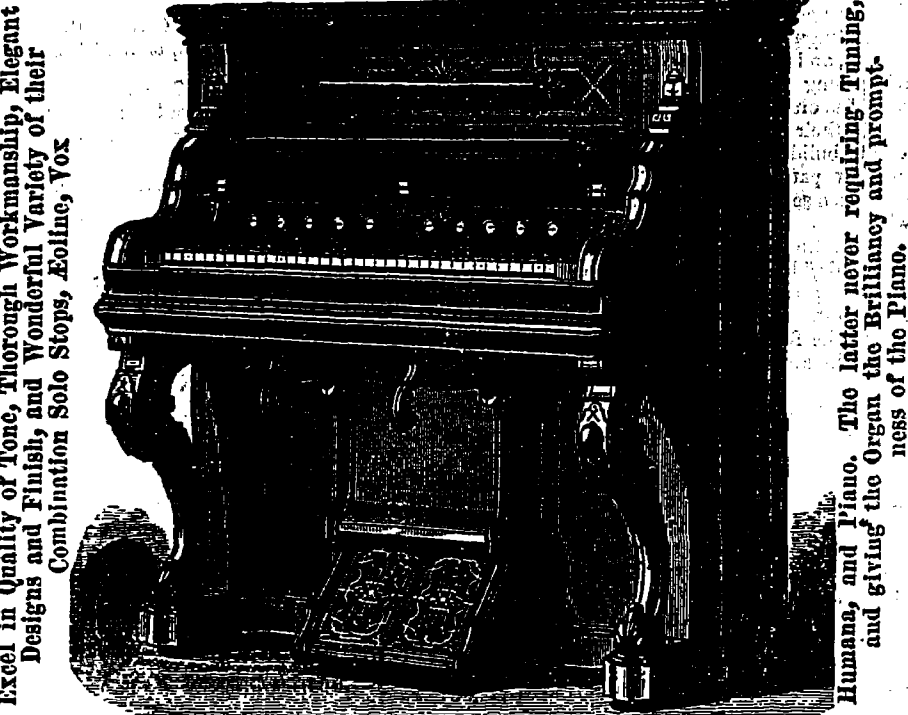
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