

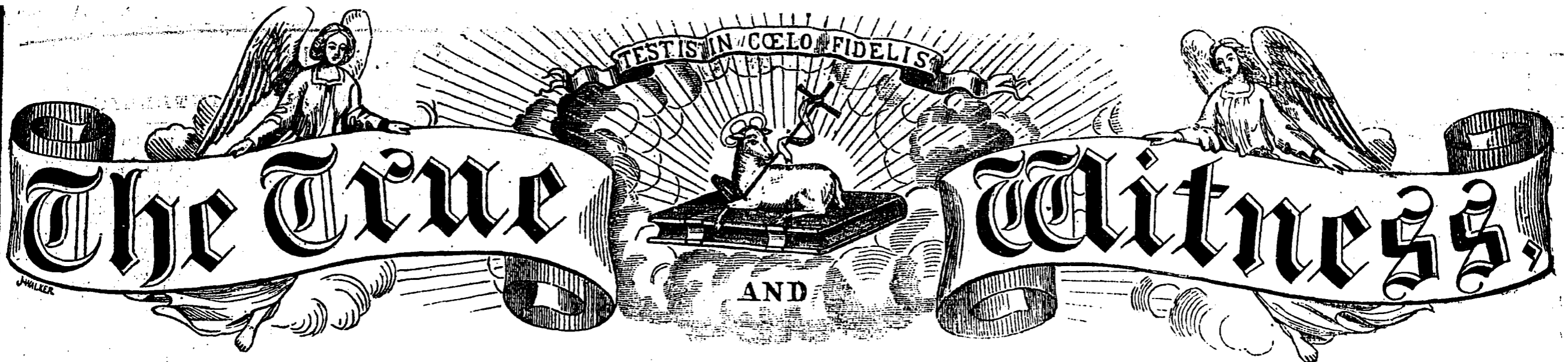
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1873.

NO. 24

- BOOKS FOR JANUARY. THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, being a series of Five Lectures delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, in reply to a Course of Lectures by James Anthony Froude, the English Historian; to which is added, and for the first time published, a response to Mr. Froude's last lecture, reviewing this course of lectures, together with notes and appendix, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 1 50

The good Vicar fussed hither and thither, while the modest curate felt his honest heart thump as he looked at the Vicar's youngest daughter, who so provokingly now and then would archly beg of him "to compose himself." As if any young pastor of twenty-five could be calm with such a roguish pair of grey eyes beaming on him.

"And, Harry, dearest, I shall always remember you," she gently said, as her blue eyes, full of trusting affection, gazed up at him. "Yes, Eda, I dare say you will sometimes think of me—that I have no doubt. Perhaps when you find some trivial, valueless moments it may recall the memory of my earnest love, then you may breathe the name of one who would gladly have shed his hearts blood to save you from a pang of sorrow. Listen Eda, my darling, my wee birdie, tell me, may I hope?"

was rested, they pushed on by easy stages to Rome, and a fortnight after their departure from Oakfield, saw them comfortably established for the winter in the Hotel des Iles Britanniques, where in a couple of days they were joined by Colonel Hamilton and his daughter.

how I have crushed my love, and my love has crushed me? No, Kate; leave me alone to battle with my sorrow; you cannot say you see me grieve; outwardly I am calm, but the perpetual flow of inward tears is wearing me. How can it be otherwise, when the hope upon which I built a dream of joy has crumbled. The future, perhaps, holds no joy in store for me; the last three have been long, weary years.

FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Yes, Katie, do," urged Eda. "You know papa will not let me over again for a long time, as I have been absent from him the whole summer. Please, Katie, do say yes," Eda continued as she knelt beside her cousin, while her blue eyes looked pleadingly for an answer.

At length the wedding party was assembled in the quaint old turreted church, where Mark and Kate had knelt as children together. Now side by side they stood, while the good old pastor they had known from childhood said the solemn words which bound them to each other for ever. Then gentle and simple in that thronged building bowed the knee, but the hearty blessings of the grateful poor waited Kate Bindon's name heavenwards.

A day or so after the wedding, 'Colonel Hamilton, Harry and Eda stood on the Oakfield steps, waiting for the carriage to come round. Their visit was over. With sad hearts Harry and Eda were taking their last look over the dear old place. They were each busy with their own thoughts and regrets. She was gazing where the pine trees waved over the little summer house in which Aylmer had breathed that passionate farewell. Harry's eyes were lingeringly bent on the old-fashioned box-edged walks, where on the bright June morning he had seen Eda tripping towards him in her airy muslin dress. How different she looked now as she stood beside him in a sweeping brown poplin, and a heavy velvet jacket, with no bright colour near her, not even a scrap of fluttering ribbon, nothing to relieve the darkness of her costume but Harry's gift the blue bird in her velvet hat.

After the greetings were over, Eda eagerly inquired for "the baby," so Kate carried her off to her own room, where he was supposed to be asleep; but the little fellow was sitting up in his cot rubbing his eyes with his round fat hands, his cheeks were flushed and his curly hair tossed, while his eyes opened wondrously at the new arrival. He stretched out his white, dimpled arms to his mother; she took him and kissed his rosy pouting lips, while Eda thought that, beautiful as Kate had looked on her bridal day, she looked a thousand times lovelier now with her fair boy crowing in her arms, as he shyly peeped at the golden-haired stranger. But little Stuart's shyness did not long withstand Eda's winning smile; soon his arms were rambling round her neck, and his tiny, wilful fingers pulling down her sunny hair, while he tried hard to kiss his new friend's name, "Eda."

An expression of anger and restlessness quivered on Eda's lips. "Kate, once before you blamed me; now again you do so; perhaps you mean well. Had not my love been returned, I would loathe myself for my lack of pride in still caring for Aylmer; but he loves me as well now as when, three years ago, he whispered in the little summer house, 'God bless you, my darling.' You ask me how I know. Is there no power by which our minds are drawn and held in communion by those who love us? Thus have I learned Aylmer Courtenay loves me still. You say he has drifted on in the human tide, I say he is coming towards me. There is a mystery in the future, and that mystery will hover round Aylmer and myself. There may be joy in store for me, but it is far more likely that some bitter trial awaits me. Since I have entered Rome the shadow of a great melancholy has fallen upon me. Do not think me ungrateful, but I feel isolated and alone, with no refuge but my own thoughts, and those very thoughts, taking color from surrounding influences, partake of the universal gloom. You smile at me saying Rome is gloomy, forgetting that you have happy thoughts to glorify every place. You love the tumble-down old ruins, but when I see the stupendous monuments of the past crumbling to decay my heart is weighed down with sorrow. As we walk through the streets my thoughts are with me spirits of the past, and involuntarily I exclaim, 'Not to the living but the dead does Rome belong.' My natural sensitiveness to sight and sound is sharpened to an unnatural keenness; but I must wait, for a great change will meet me here. Kate, I tell you I have a firm presentiment; I will either leave this city with an eternal joy or an eternal sorrow. But, as I said before, there is no use in talking over the old story. Look! Mark is smiling up at you, and wondering why you do not look at him."

Harry watched the pair, and some way or other a mist swam before him. However, he quickly recovered himself, and glanced at his brother who was leaning against the open glass door; but Mark was not thinking of either Harry or Eda, for he was intently watching Kate's flushing face, as she bent low over the work she was pretending to do.

Peerlessly beautiful she looked in her bridal dress of white Irish poplin, through which gleamed the sheen of silver thread. The purity of the orange-blossom wreath only equalled the whiteness of her brow. From her classic head hung the superb Honiton lace, which veiled her liliesome figure. A lovelier light than ever shone in her violet eyes, and the smile of content and happiness played round her curved red lips.

CHAPTER XI. Time has moved on with quick pleasant steps for the Bindons. Kate can hardly realize the trees have changed their foliage three times since that September morning when the merry wedding bells rang out a welcome to her. But for all that, time has wrought its changes. Little feet now totter through the wide halls of Oakfield, little waxen fingers patter over Kate's face, while a tiny voice rings sweetest music to her ear, as it tries to lisp "pa-pa."

Like the hour, the scene, for ever varying, like the views in a kaleidoscope; the plaintive music and the splashing water, all combined to work a dreamy charm. For a time the cousins did not speak, each had her own thoughts. Kate was now "crowned with joy," her happiness as wife and mother shone in her face. Eda had her own sorrow, her blue eyes were sad and wistful. Five weeks had elapsed since she had joined the Bindons, and in that time Kate had not been slow to perceive the change in her cousin. Cheerful Eda always was, but her airy lightness, her bird-like buoyancy had fled. She was as graceful as ever, as winsome as when she bounded like a happy child through the garden at Oakfield, but at times a patient, far-away look in her blue eyes spoke of the past, she never alluded to Aylmer, but Kate surely knew that though her sorrow was put out of sight, it was none the less sapping all her youth away.

On their return to the hotel Eda found an old friend waiting for her, Signora Carlotta Zurilejo, who had been invited by Lady Bindon to accompany her party the following day to witness the grand ceremonies at the opening of the Oecumenical Council. The Signora was English by birth, but having married a foreigner, it was her highest ambition to be thought Spanish. Poor woman! her appearance was sadly against all suspicion of Castilian descent; her figure was stout and comfortable; her eyes were the palest blue, while her manner was so animated that she appeared far more a Frenchwoman than a Spanish grande. However, her heart was kind and good, so her friends overlooked her two eccentricities—one was wearing a lace mantilla Spanish-wise over her head, instead of donning a sensible bonnet, and the other prefixing Donna or Signora to her name, for she had an unconquerable aversion to Madame. But it always seemed so much more natural to call her Madame that Mad—came out, then an abrupt change to Signora, and, strange to say, no one thought the addition out of place. Apart from her oddities, she was kind, generous, impulsive, and never happy except when doing some charitable action. Thoughtful and busy ever, she had come now to impress upon the Bindons the necessity of being up early the next morning, and her parting injunction, as she bid them good-bye, was, "There will be a terrible crush; we must be at San Pietro early to secure places. Now addio, and do not forget to be up at five o'clock."

The day which would crown Kate Vero's happiness had come, and rarely had Oakfield presented such a festive appearance as on that sunlit morn. Marquees were set on the lawn, gay festoons of flowers adorned them, and a huge triumphal arch spanned the avenue. The sun gave still a summer glow, the breeze was fresh and balmy, and the happy birds trilled joyous songs. The trees looked glorious in their variegated foliage; rich dashes of orange and scarlet mingled with the copper coloured beeches, while the deep green of the oak leaves were crisped with faint yellow or sombre brown. Some trophies of the autumn wind lay underneath the trees, but Nature, so bountiful of beauty, had touched them with her finger and their exquisite tints had blended into a mosaic of unrivalled harmony. The eye could feast on loveliness—from earth to sky all was beauty on Kate Vero's wedding day.

The ceremony was over, the books were signed in the vestry, and the gay party left the Church. Then the rustling of silks, the fluttering of veils, the clanging of bells, the shouting, the cheering, and waving of hats, beat all description. Stentorian lungs shouted, "Long live the young masher," "God bless the bee-u-tiful bride," "Good luck to you, Miss Katie;" while one adventuresome brat, with a comical touch of originality, screamed "Good luck to her second ladyship." Then the bridal carriage dashed on, with the postillion cracking his whip, to the infinite terror and delight of all the small boys in the parish.

Lady Bindon and Kate are out paying farewell visits. Mark is very busy with the agent, and Oakfield is in confusion, for, as the woman at the lodge tells every one, "The family is goin' to-morrow on a tower through farrin parts." Poor old Sir Stuart, notwithstanding his deep love for his country, was obliged to become an absentee and reside during the winter in some more genial climate. Accordingly he had determined upon wintering in Rome. Kate had always longed to visit the Eternal City, and what better time could be chosen than the present? The Oecumenical Council would attract thousands, Rome would wear its gayest aspect, but superior to all other inducements, Eda Hamilton would be there.

Many a time Mark inquired, "Do you think, Kate, Eda has forgotten Courtenay?" But she invariably replied, "Eda never forgets. I wish she could; it breaks my heart to see her growing so quiet and reserved, she who used to be as gay as a lark. If she would only unburden her sorrow to me it would be better, instead of letting that secret eat her life away. Courtenay's name has never passed her lips since the day he left Ireland."

The next morning, the memorable 8th of December, the family party, with the exception of Sir Stuart, had assembled for breakfast at half-past five, when Madame entered, blooming as ever, exclaiming—"The rain is one giant water spout. Ah! what is it you English call it?" "One shower bath," gravely suggested Mark. "Si, si, you are quite right, Signor; but I pray of you to make despatch; sans doute we shall be late. Then the energetic little woman jumped up and adjusted her mantilla before the pier glass, while Mark and the Colonel, greatly to her dissatisfaction, leisurely finished their cafe.

The village had donned its holiday attire, the peasants all dressed in their best were grouped in the High-street, lustily cheering the occupants of carriages on their way to the "big house," and some sturdy fellows were putting finishing touches to a floral arch over the churchyard gate. The school children, with glad faces and new print frocks, were grasping bright flowers in their chubby hands ready to throw in "Miss Kate's" path.

On the return to Oakfield photographers were in readiness, and the whole party, with much fussing and fluttering, were at length artistically grouped on the lawn, outside the schoolroom window. Harry stood next Eda, and softly whispered to the little lady, "I shall be very glad to have a photograph of you, pet, in all your white finery," and he touched her glistening dress. "Not that I require the services of a go-between-artist to give me your picture, for your image is stamped on my heart by the sunlight of love, and that unfading portrait will always be visible to my recollection."

Contrary to anxious expectations, Sir Stuart bore the journey bravely; the simple minded baronet found pleasure in everything, with one exception—he did not like "the cockle shells," between Dover and Calais. "Ah! Fannie, my dear, no boats to compare with our mail boats. How Providential the weather is fine, or we should run a bad chance." They stayed a few days in Paris then; when Sir Stuart

Colonel Hamilton, owing to the death of his only brother, had left the army and for the last year had lived in Warwickshire, where the family property, Avon Park, was situated.

After the greetings were over, Eda eagerly inquired for "the baby," so Kate carried her off to her own room, where he was supposed to be asleep; but the little fellow was sitting up in his cot rubbing his eyes with his round fat hands, his cheeks were flushed and his curly hair tossed, while his eyes opened wondrously at the new arrival. He stretched out his white, dimpled arms to his mother; she took him and kissed his rosy pouting lips, while Eda thought that, beautiful as Kate had looked on her bridal day, she looked a thousand times lovelier now with her fair boy crowing in her arms, as he shyly peeped at the golden-haired stranger. But little Stuart's shyness did not long withstand Eda's winning smile; soon his arms were rambling round her neck, and his tiny, wilful fingers pulling down her sunny hair, while he tried hard to kiss his new friend's name, "Eda."

(To be Continued.)



FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "Ireland's Faith, the Triumph of the Age."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, before a large and highly respectable audience.

Ladies and gentlemen: It affords me much pleasure to introduce to you this evening the Very Rev. Father Burke, although I scarcely think it necessary to do so, as he is so well known to all present.

I have, at first, my friends, to tell you that I have been requested to invite your attention to the Fair which is going on amongst us, in Irving Hall, for the benefit of the "Home for the Poor and Aged."

And, now, I approach the subject of this evening's lecture. I am reminded, at the very outset, that four years ago, I met a poor fellow in the county of Galway; he was going along the road, whistling, I think, the "Humors of Glynn" (laughter).

"Ireland's Faith, the Triumph of the Age." This proposition means two things: first, that Ireland's faith has triumphed; and, second, that there is no victory which this age of ours celebrates that can be compared to the triumph of Ireland's Catholic faith.

No bloodshed in the moment of their triumph; no saddening recollections thronging around it; nothing, but an assertion of the power of God, and the hand of God making itself visible in the councils even of the nation that resisted Him for three hundred years (renewed applause).

And, my friends, such were the conditions of Ireland's victory; and such was the promise that God made. Among the titles of God,—which He takes to Himself,—there is that of King of Kings, and conqueror of Kings; but He also calls Himself the King of peace,—*rex pacis*; a King who will assert His sovereignty but not with the sword; a King who will proclaim His triumph in His own time, and whom nothing can resist. When the triumph comes, the brows of the victor are crowned with the crown of peace. Such is the description given of the victories of God. My friends, what is the element which God Himself has declared shall be and must be, unto the end of time, the secret of a nation's faith, as well as a man's triumph? It is Divine Faith.

My friends, it is really worthy of our attention as Irishmen and as sons of Irishmen. During the first four hundred years that the English were in Ireland, the country was divided—every little chieftain fighting with his fellow chieftain, trying to patch up a piece, or trying to curry favour with the English, and playing into the hands of their strong and merciless invaders.

My friends, the century opened thus. Ireland's Parliament was gone; Ireland's heart was broken. Nothing remained to Ireland but her people and her faith. Her people were still at home; her faith was still in their minds and in their hearts; and, starved, heart-broken as she was, she still had the two highest gifts that God can give a nation,—Divine Faith, and a plentiful, strong and loving people (applause).

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Dublin, Jan. 3.—The tenant farmers of the county of Dublin have joined the agitation against the Land Act, and for the first time formed a "Defence Association." It is evident that the Land Act, which the Act was intended to do, is not a final settlement of the question, and are disposed to use the increased power which legislation has placed in their hands to make further encroachments upon the rights of property as they hitherto have understood. A preliminary meeting was held yesterday in the European Hotel. Mr. Kettle, a poor-law Guardian, occupied the chair, and commenced the proceedings by the delivery of a speech, in the course of which he expressed some surprise that a body of men possessing so much intelligence and energy as the farmers of the country had kept so much aloof from public matters, and told them that they must now be up and doing, as they lived in a very progressive age.

An old lady named Kerr and her servant were murdered on Sunday night in Holywood, near Belfast, under mysterious circumstances. A light was seen in the house all night, and in the morning the milk-boy, getting no answer when he knocked, walked into the house, and the old lady was found lying with her head smashed in a brutal manner, her servant near her, both quite dead. There were no marks of violence, it is said, on the servant, but a bottle of poison was found beside her, which suggested the suspicion that she murdered her mistress and then destroyed herself. Two persons, however, in women's clothes, one of whom is supposed to have been a man in disguise, were seen coming from the house with bundles in their hands containing articles which, it is stated, can be identified, and this alleged fact is not easily reconciled with the theory that a murder and suicide were committed. Later accounts state that one of the two women who were met near the house can be identified. It is believed that Miss Kerr was first attacked in the hall and dragged into the kitchen, where the murder was completed, and the body carried into a pantry. The servant is supposed to have been an accomplice. Two women had been drinking in the house with her on Sunday night, and her mistress remonstrated with her and sent them away; she was to leave today. After the murder the three women must have had a carouse, and the servant either died from the effects of it or was killed, and her two companions went upstairs lay down in a bed, and slept till morning, when they rifled the house. A quantity of plate and clothes was taken away. Miss Kerr was aunt of the late Mr. Simms, of the publishing house of Simms and McIntyre.

A telegram from Belfast stated that the police have at length succeeded in arresting the woman Charlotte Rea, a sister of a prisoner charged with being concerned in the murder of Miss Kerr and her servant at Holywood. She is believed to have been an accomplice, and manifested great alarm when her hiding-place was discovered. The excitement produced in the locality by this tragic affair has not abated. The Northern Whig gives the following description of the cottage called "The Croft," in which the murdered lady lived.—"This picturesque cottage on the Victoria-road, inside the walls of which the dreadful murder was perpetrated, is no doubt the chief place of interest in connexion with the tragedy. The Victoria-road commences at the end of the town in High-street, and is a junction from the Bangor-road. It is narrow, winding, and ascending and at the top, near the residence of the late Miss Kerr—the murdered lady—it commands a beautiful view of Belfast Lough, and the Antrim coast. The cottage is built of brick, and is distinctly irregular in form. A tiny flower-pot, a few ferns in width, separates it from the road. Ivy and jessamine-climb half-way up the walls, and at the east end, flowers are in bloom both summer and winter. Surrounding the dwelling there are several flower plots, and behind there is a large garden, where the deceased took pride in cultivating the plants. Each room in the dwelling contains suites of furniture of the best description, and valuable pictures decorate the walls. Nothing seemed to have been left undone by Miss Kerr to provide for her personal comfort, and 'The Croft' had the reputation of being not only one of the nicest structures in the neighbourhood, but one complete, in every respect, in its internal furnishing and adornment. The house since the intimation of the bodies has remained closed, but the little window in front, which the milk-girl looked through to ascertain the cause of the delay of the opening of the door, and through which she saw the body of the servant lying on the hall floor near the door, was eagerly scanned by the visitors, as was also the window in the end of the room, which the murderers are believed to have caroused and slept after the commission of the horrible deed, and also the window in the rear looking into the kitchen, into which they dragged the body of Miss Kerr, and terminated her existence by blows, after which they placed her in the scullery, and rolled her up in the blanket and quilt in the extraordinary manner that has already been described." Charlotte Rea is a girl about 23 years of age; who with her sister has been employed, sometimes as a domestic servant and sometimes as a factory hand. Some bundles of wearing apparel which are be-



found to have belonged to Miss Kerr and her servant... The Philadelphia... The brightest glory of Ireland...

Mr. McEvoy, M.P., and a number of priests and landed proprietors of the county Meath, presented a memorial to the late Mr. Nicholson...

A New Year's gift, which seems to have been reserved for this season, has just been presented to Captain Nelson. It is the bill of costs of the Galway election...

The county of Roscommon suffers far more than any other county in Ireland or England from inundations...

How THE UNION WAS CARRIED.—The Hon. Robert Shapland Carew represented this county in the Irish Parliament at the time the Union was debated...

A religious ceremony held in Dublin, Cardinal Cullen delivered an address, in which he congratulated the faithful on the progress the Catholic religion had made during the year...

The Watford Dispensary Committee has elected a medical officer purely upon theological qualifications, after a very uproarious discussion...

Dublin milkmen are in sore straits by reason of the war going on between themselves and the city authorities. It is a hard case, that the sellers of milk will not be permitted to dilute it so far as to render it drinkable...

ate regard for the people's health, which is very uncommon in this selfish age, in preparing the prized production of the cow for our delicate constitutions...

ACTING FOR LIBEL AGAINST THE "NORTHERN WHIG."—Mr. Stannus, the discharged agent of the Hertford estates, can hardly be said to have won a victory against the Northern Whig...

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bruce have been speaking at Liverpool on education. The Times observes that "the friends of education ought to be happy" and the Standard, that the same not clearly defined individualities will read the speeches "with a sense of disappointment"...

Friday was appointed as a day of "public intercession and prayer" for the success of foreign missions of the Church of England...

SELLING A WIFE.—At the Watford Petty Sessions, on Tuesday fortnight, a navy man named Edmund Dean, employed on the London and North-Western Railway was brought up in custody...

REV. W. NEVINS ON ROMANISM.—Rev. Willis Nevins, an Anglican minister, in his essay on Protestantism, Anglicanism and Romanism, thus speaks of Romanism:—"Nothing is so talked of, in what is erroneously called the 'Religious World,' as Romanism; and, I may say, nothing is so little understood..."

It is another example of the truth which men—that even the vergers of a Protestant Cathedral—may speak unwittingly:—"A few weeks since, one of the vergers of St. Paul's Cathedral, accused a poorly-clad, threadbare looking individual, who stood scanning the altars of the edifice, with 'Now, then, move on, we don't want any more of your sort here.' It was John Henry Newman!"

PARADISE FOR PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.—The Rev. Mr. Tyler, from South Africa, in giving an account of the missionary work among the Zulus, made this remarkable statement, that during over twenty years residence in that country, not a single death had occurred among the families of the mission, although some were blessed with over a dozen children!

Two members of the Imperial Parliament, Messrs. Whalley and Onslow, have been taught that there is a limit even to the liberal latitude allowed orators in England. Both gentlemen have been fined £100 for publicly accusing the Attorney-General of conspiracy to deprive the Tichborne claimant of his estates.

THE SOUTHS TO FATHER BURKE.—The Irishmen of Savannah, Ga., extended the following invitation to Father Burke:—"Reverend Father—The Irishmen, and the descendants of Irishmen, in Savannah, call upon you from the Sunny South. Your name is engraven on their hearts, and your fame and your influence is now recognized as world spread as that of St. Patrick or O'Connell..."

"If the Holy Ghost can preserve three hundred Bishops in council from teaching error, cannot the same Holy Spirit guide one man easily? Both claim supernatural aid; and with that aid all things are possible." With this quotation we must conclude but not without expressing a hope that we may hear more of Mr. Nevins.—London Register.

FAMINE FEVER IN THE METROPOLIS.—Famine fever (the "relapsing fever" of the technical writers) has reappeared in the metropolis. Several cases of this disease have lately occurred in more than one locality of South London. These cases arose in families suffering from great destitution, and the popular name of the fever appears to have been with respect to them, unhappily, a too accurate name. The attacks of the disease have been limited as yet to two or three families, young and old have suffered from it. It seems desirable to direct attention prominently to these cases at the present moment; for, having regard to the very close connexion of the disease with destitution, it is to be apprehended that it may become epidemic before the close of the winter. The persisting high prices of articles of food will necessarily add to and intensify the destitution existing in the metropolis, and thus aggravate the chief predisposing, if not the actual determining, cause of the malady...

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bruce have been speaking at Liverpool on education. The Times observes that "the friends of education ought to be happy" and the Standard, that the same not clearly defined individualities will read the speeches "with a sense of disappointment"...

Friday was appointed as a day of "public intercession and prayer" for the success of foreign missions of the Church of England, which prefers Timbuctoo to Whitechapel as a field for evangelical enterprise, and benighted Irish Papists to the native savages of the Potteries, as "converts." We have not heard that in the discourse delivered on the occasion, any allusion was made to the suggestive fact that there are seventeen salaried "Colonial Bishops" now living in England. It is, perhaps, sufficient to satisfy any conscientious scruple on their part that the Japanese Ambassador considered England "Heathen."—Cath. Opinion.

PROTESTANT REVIVAL.—After nearly twelve years' quietude the Princeton inmates of the Agape Home, or "Abode of Love," near Bridgewater, are now holding a series of revival meetings. One of these was held on Sunday afternoon at Hamp, near Bridgewater, and was largely attended, and addressed by two of Brother Prince's followers, including a former clergyman of the Church of England, who declared that the Gospel dispensation had ended; that the judgments day had commenced; that Brother Prince had the spirit of judgment in him, and had purged and purified their bodies as well as their souls. He then alluded to the reproach heaped upon them, and professed that they lived moral lives, and received in the Agape Home nothing but spiritual good.

SELLING A WIFE.—At the Watford Petty Sessions, on Tuesday fortnight, a navy man named Edmund Dean, employed on the London and North-Western Railway was brought up in custody, charged with marrying Jane Swan, a young woman of respectable appearance, whilst his first wife was alive. When apprehended the prisoner at first denied the charge, but afterwards made a statement admitting the former marriage. He did not live very comfortably with his first wife, and at Watford, while she was in London, he was informed that she was unfaithful. He returned home unexpectedly on one occasion, and ascertained that this was the case; and he then sold his wife and furniture to the man whom he found in the house for 10s. The prisoner repented this statement before the Bench, and was committed for trial at the Herts Assizes.

It is another example of the truth which men—that even the vergers of a Protestant Cathedral—may speak unwittingly:—"A few weeks since, one of the vergers of St. Paul's Cathedral, accused a poorly-clad, threadbare looking individual, who stood scanning the altars of the edifice, with 'Now, then, move on, we don't want any more of your sort here.' It was John Henry Newman!"

PARADISE FOR PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.—The Rev. Mr. Tyler, from South Africa, in giving an account of the missionary work among the Zulus, made this remarkable statement, that during over twenty years residence in that country, not a single death had occurred among the families of the mission, although some were blessed with over a dozen children!

Two members of the Imperial Parliament, Messrs. Whalley and Onslow, have been taught that there is a limit even to the liberal latitude allowed orators in England. Both gentlemen have been fined £100 for publicly accusing the Attorney-General of conspiracy to deprive the Tichborne claimant of his estates.

claim for you the attributes of those two immortal names. Although a thousand miles separate us, your words have reached our hearts, and the burning eloquence of your tongue has stirred up feelings of patriotism and religion that languished for support. Your unequalled career of popular success has brought your mission glorious fruits. It has checked the ravages of sin, the vice of intemperance, and created a union amongst Irishmen. It has excited patriotic feelings, and revived national hopes. It has strengthened the character, and sustained the status of Irishmen throughout the length and breadth of this immense continent. It has penetrated the hearts of the most profligate.

It has extricated those who had fallen into the slough of indifference, and animated the lifeless, and strengthened the feeble and wavering in the good resolutions they had formed for the future. With this record before you, with these gladdening results of an inspired mission, and the certainty of adding to your laurels, you cannot refuse the invitation of the Irishmen of Savannah, to deliver the oration on St. Patrick's day. As the defender of our country and our name, as the champion of our faith and our honor, we ask you to gladden our hearts on that day—or any other, should a pre-engagement prevent you—when you will engage to give you a royal Irish cord mille fois.

Continue, reverend Father, your noble, patriotic, and charitable course. The eloquence of the immortal Gratian, the glowing genius of Shiel, the patriotic enthusiasm of O'Connell, the dignity of the illustrious Doyle, the undaunted vigor of the Lion of the Field of Judah, are yours, use them for the sake of truth, the spread of temperance, the glory of religion and the regeneration of poor old Ireland.

FROM AN AMERICAN.—Most critics have confined themselves to investigating the merits of Mr. Froode's lectures, with respect to their reliability as compendiums of Anglo-Irish history. "The Appleton," however, probably the largest book publisher in New York, in their "Monthly Journal," thus find another reason for adversely mentioning the English "historian":—"As a lecturer, pure and simple, Mr. Froode may be pronounced a distinguished failure. For it is the characteristic of the lecturer, as contrasted with the writer, that, by his personality and acquired art of delivery he makes it more impressive, instructive, and agreeable, to hear his words than to read them. With Mr. Froode just the contrary obtains. By his queer, disjointed, and somewhat cockney pronunciation, his monotonous intonation, and utterly confusing manner of ending all his clauses, phrases, and sentences, alike with the same dreary rising inflection, he produces on the mind of his hearer much the same weariness and confusion as a puzzled editor or proof reader in reading exceptionally bad 'copy' or rough 'proof.' All that aid to memory and attention which a skillful speaker can give by emphasis, shading, or stress of voice, is utterly lacking, and the resultant confusion and weariness to the hearer makes it more than questionable whether the morrow's verbatim report in the daily journals is not altogether preferable to an hour and a half of strained attention, blinding gas-light, constrained position, and carbonic acid."

THIRTY-TWO MURDERS IN THE NEW YORK TOMBS.—At the moment I begin this letter, there are thirty-two persons in the city prison charged with murder in some of its degrees. Stokes is the most prominent of the murderers now in the Tombs with the possible exception of Foster, he of en-look proclivity, who has had trial and conviction, but managed to secure a stay of proceeding through the action of Judge Pratt, of Brooklyn. The other slayers of their race are mostly low fellows, the enukers of a calm age and long peace, and are unprovided with money or moneyed friends like the two I have mentioned. The rapid increase of crime has alarmed them, and they naturally look with apprehension on the chances which lie before them. The murderers now in prison are keen observers of events, and I am told by an officer connected with Tombs, that every fresh assassination is regarded by them as a matter of personal chance. Naturally, their indignation is roused at any event that threatens to deprive them of life, and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and they know, or at all events believe, that their chances of acquittal are diminished in proportion as their numbers are increased. Foster looked with disdain upon Stokes when the latter shot the Prince of Erie and was consigned to the Tombs. Stokes was sore until another murderer was brought in, and made the cause of Stokes identical with that of Foster. The bond of sympathy grew and strengthened as another murderer, and another were added, and the two famous butchers came at length to be moved by a common sorrow at the degeneracy of mankind. Dougherty who killed Scannel, received the severest censure until King murdered O'Neil in a lawyer's office on Pine-street, and in the presence of his wife and several other witnesses. Then Dougherty became one of the select, and King was despised. But this was not long, and if King has any sensibility he must have owed a debt of gratitude to Blakely. The latter shot his niece, because she would not, out of her disreputable earnings, supply his demand for money. She had forgotten her duty to her uncle; naturally the uncle became enraged and there was nothing to be done but to kill her. By this act he elevated King to a place among the other murderers, and caused them to unite in hatred of himself. But the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to look out for the life of poor Jack, or any other man, could not bear to see Blakely thus alone. He impelled Simmons to the use of his bowie knife upon an acquaintance with such artistic success that the latter looked as if he had been used for the practice of beginners in a medical school, and rendered a general an imperative necessity. Now, Simmons is the taboed and despised murderer, and the other murderers are united in common cause against him. Before you receive this letter there may be another slaughter which will place Simmons among the elect, and leave some other irresponsible unfortunate in the position of latest murderer. The drunken gentleman at Harlem who tied his young son to a stove recently, and then roused up the fire till it roasted the rascal to death, does not count in this assassin's association, for the reason that his little transaction is regarded as a private and family affair. Wedding victims frequently announce:—"No presents received, except from relatives;" on the same principle, or an inversion of it, the murderer's union consider it a trifle odd colour to assassinate a person to whom you may be attached by consanguineous ties. You may murder a mother-in-law, a wife, or a personal friend with impunity, but it isn't the respectable thing to butcher your mother or your child. A cousin might do, and an uncle or a niece would not be objectionable, but the people are getting fastidious and the line is understood to come nearer than these relationships.—New York Letter to the Cincinnati Gazette.

An ex-officer of the United States navy has published a long article on the present state of the iron clad fleet, taking a late official statement of the Secretary of the Department as its strength. We say the Boston Globe, have presumably fifty-one iron-clad vessels, besides our wooden fleet, a force which one would think would be sufficient to protect our harbors and vindicate any national insult offered us. But this is what an ex-officer has to say about it:—"Four of the most ponderous are on the stocks, and probably never will be finished, for they are nearly rotten and not worth building; five are repairing by removing rotten wooden decks and beams and putting in iron beams and decks, which was absolutely necessary, and by the time these decks and beams are in they will need new iron"

bottoms; one is at Key West, and cannot go out of the harbor; one at the naval academy, sadly needing extensive repairs; forty are laid up in ordinary at League Island, New London, New Orleans, Washington, Mount City, and Boston. Out of these last, the Dictator, Puritan, and Monnoke may possibly be used. The Misnomer is condemned out-and-out. So thirty-six may be considered worthless for any use they can be put to, as it would cost more to repair them than to build new vessels." We have before alluded to this subject at length, and the statements here made only serve to confirm what we have said on those occasions, and to show that the "splendid navy" of the United States exists almost wholly on paper.

It cost the American people five thousand dollars to study Irish history under Prof. Froode; and they then turned round and paid Father Burke one hundred thousand dollars to unlearn it. The experience of Mr. Froode in America has dissuaded Mr. Spurgeon and a half dozen other English platformers from coming across the ocean. They have advised their friends here to postpone indefinitely all arrangements for their reception, and to cancel all engagements for a starring tour. We breathe easier.—Western Catholic.

The New York Sun remarks that:—"The new system of securing honesty in the collection of street-car fares indicates a pitiable lack of confidence in human nature. The introduction of the patent indicator is said, however, to have had a marked effect in increasing the revenues of Boston street-car companies, and is almost a perfect safeguard against embezzlement. What is wanted now is a machine that will prevent the office-holders from stealing. The inventor would deserve to be called the father of his country. The only instruments which have been found to stop such thefts as herebefore are a pair of handcuffs." Which is not saying much for American morality.

A party of Chinamen in San Francisco, not appreciating the subtleties of the law's delay, and having suffered from the tricks of one of their own countrymen, who had been accused of stealing \$300 in coin, took the culprit into a wash-house, twisted a towel around his neck, pronounced him guilty, and proceeded to carry the sentence into execution by pitching him into the bay, from which he was rescued by a boat-man. The self-constituted court are suffering some of the rigors of the law's delay, being in prison on an indictment for attempt to murder.

An ex-judge, of one of the Westchester county (N. Y.) courts, has been arrested for bill-lapping, having been caught in the act. He seems to be a confirmed kleptomaniac, as in his room were found law books, envelopes, paper, wax-candles and a variety of articles of no use to him, which he had stolen from other people. He is a man of means, and had an extensive legal practice, which brought him in a large revenue.

There is a statesman in the Chicago Board of Aldermen who has discovered a new reason in support of open tipping houses on Sunday. "Whiskey," says he, "is a thing which can be kept over from Saturday till Monday; but lager beer cannot." Hence arises a most logical necessity that lager beer shall be consumed on Sunday.

In descending upon the death of "servant girl" in Chicago, the Post of that city takes occasion to remark that "the unaccountable neglect of Providence to create at least one servant for every lady who is brought into the world, has long been felt as a grievance by civilized humanity."

FEDERAL FOWLS.—Don't keep fool always by your poultry, because, if laying fowls, they are made too fat, and if fattening ones, not fat enough. To fatten poultry, feed three times in twenty-four hours all they will eat, and remove all they leave, and they will eat more than when clover and disjuncted by the constant presence of food. To keep layers in proper condition, feed twice or three daily a regular ration, but not as much as they will eat. Some say, feed as long as they will run for what you throw to them and eat greedily, but that is not right, for they get too fat unless they are laying freely. They will show eagerness about as long as they can swallow, and will scramble for what you give them until in their rivalry they stuff and cram themselves week after week, and become a mass of fat, yet they will not act as feeding time as if they were half starved. Feed your regular laying stock moderately, and be governed by their state of flesh rather than by their greed. Take a few fowls from the perch at night to test their weight occasionally, and a little practice will enable you quickly to decide on the condition of the flock. Increase the ration as the yield of eggs increases; and so long as the laying keeps up with the diet, you may give rich and stimulating food, in any quantity. Feed the select breeding stock more sparingly than the rest of the layers, so as to give only a moderate yield of eggs for hatching purposes, for if you promote great prolificness in the parents, the result will be weakness in the progeny. Chickens, during the period of their rapid growth, should be fed very often with a variety, and all they will eat. While they are growing, there is no danger of over-feeding if they are fed frequently, and allowed perfect freedom, so that they may take the exercise that is indispensable to their thrift.

Speak well of your neighbors, or do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but a little each day; learn something each day, even if it is but to spell a word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to one's face.

WEEDS.—The best thing to do with weed seeds cleaned out of the grain is to burn them. If the screenings contain weeds, as they almost always do, they should be thoroughly boiled before feeding. If possible, allow no weeds to go to seed in the growing crop or in the fence corners and waste places. Mow the weeds in the pastures. If the wheat or barley stubbles are weedy, it is a capital plan to go over them with a mowing machine.

PERMANENT MARKING-INK FOR LINES.—A good and permanent marking-ink for lines may be made by dissolving platinum, in a mixture of three parts of hydrochloric acid and one of nitric acid, and letting the solution go on until the acid can dissolve no more. The liquid is then to be diluted with water and some caustic potash added. Some sugar and gum must also be put in to thicken it. All writing done with this ink afterwards requires a hot flat-iron to be passed over it, to make the writing indelible.

HOW TO KEEP A GATE FROM SAGGING.—Set the hanging-post three and a half feet in the ground, tramp well at the bottom, on the side opposite the gate; then dig a trench six inches deep from one post to the other; in this put a three by four scantling, or a pole of white oak, black mulberry, or some other lasting timber, seeing that it just fills the space between the two gate posts, and cover with earth, and the gate will stand as you hang it until the posts rot off.

AN INDIAN REMEDY FOR SORE EYES.—A correspondent of the Delhi Gazette asks:—"Did you ever try the use of common sugar in the case of sore eyes? I know that Mahons always put sugar into elephant's eyes when they are bad at all. A man here had very bad eyes in the hot weather. The doctor applied lotions and caustic, but did no good; so I made him bathe them in sugar and water, and he was cured in a few days."



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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1873.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY—1873.

Friday, 31—St. Peter Nolasco, C.

FEBRUARY—1873.

Saturday, 1—St. Ignatius, B. M.

Sunday, 2—Fourth after Epiphany.

Monday, 3—St. Blaise, B. M.

Tuesday, 4—St. Andrew Corsini, B. C.

Wednesday, 5—St. Agatha, V. M.

Thursday, 6—St. Titus, B. C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is now asserted, positively, that the long-looked-for union of the elder and younger branches of the Bourbons has been accomplished, the several princes of the Orleans family having recognized the Comte de Chambord as their legitimate sovereign: thus, by implication confessing that all occupants of the throne since 1830 have been usurpers; for since the voice of the nation has not been heard, it is only upon the ground that the hereditary rights of Henry 5th are indefeasible, that the lawful sovereignty can be attributed to him. We attach however but little importance to this announced union; we want to hear what the people of France will say to it; if they refuse to recognize Henry 5th as their King, it matters little what the Orleansists say or do.

There has been a terrible disaster in the Channel which is exciting much feeling in England. An emigrant ship, the *North Fleet*, with a large number of passengers, mostly of the poorer classes, lying at anchor off Dunegness, was run into by a steamer unknown. A scene of terrible confusion occurred on board of the ill-fated ship; the efforts of the captain to save the lives of his passengers were rendered useless by the frantic disorder of the latter, and the captain, it is said, had to fire upon them—but all was in vain. The *North Fleet* soon sank, carrying to the bottom with her the great majority of those on board.—Nothing certain has yet been heard of the steamer that caused the accident, and much indignation is expressed at the heartless conduct of her captain and crew in not waiting to tender assistance to the vessel which they had cut down. It is very probable however that the steamer may have shared the fate of the *North Fleet*. Such a collision as that that occurred, though of course more dangerous to the vessel struck, than to the one striking, must have inflicted severe injuries on the latter; injuries sufficiently serious to compel her to put into port to repair damages before continuing her voyage. From the fact that no steamer under such circumstances has entered any of the Channel ports, it is we think very probable that the steamer that cut down the *North Fleet* has herself foundered at sea.

The misunderstanding, or as they would say on this Continent, the "unpleasantness" between Great Britain and Russia on the Central Asia question is exciting some apprehension in Europe. The dispute at present seems to be as to what are the boundaries of Afghanistan whose independence Great Britain asserts against Russia. By the former one line is insisted upon as the true boundary; by the latter another line is claimed. Out of this trouble may yet arise; for of late years the peace at any price, policy of Great Britain has produced the opinion that she will always yield at last.

**CATHOLIC MISSIONS.**—We continue our notice of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, wherein that Protestant periodical gives us a sketch of the progress of Catholic Missions in the Corea.

After the martyrdom of the Rev. Jacques Velloz in May 1861, an interval of about thirty years elapsed before it was again possible, such was the vigilance of the Corean authorities, to smuggle another priest into the country. Rome, however had not forgotten it, and the cry of the thousands of her children thence calling to her for assistance, was ever in her ears. In

1832 Mgr. Bruyere, coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic in Siam, offered himself to attempt an entry into the Corea. The offer was accepted, and he was appointed Vicar Apostolic for Corea; but after traversing a great part of China in constant danger and in much suffering, his health gave way, and he died in Manchuria in 1835. Amongst those who were with him at the last moment, was a Chinese who had been converted to Christianity, and raised to the dignity of the Priesthood, having been trained at the Propaganda in Naples. He at last managed to get across the frontier, and subsequently found means to introduce two French missionaries, the Rev. MM. Maubert and Ghastran, "the first Europeans"—the *Reviewer* tells us—"who succeeded in setting foot upon the soil of Corea which they were destined ere long to reddon with their blood." In the meantime, Mgr. Imbert had been named as successor to the deceased Mgr. Bruyere, and he also after incredible hardships reached the Corean capital on the 31st December, 1837. Now for the first time, the missionaries were firmly planted in the hitherto inaccessible land. How this was accomplished, by what artifices the missionaries contrived to gain access to the country, and to move about therein from place to place, is told in the following:—

"A singular custom prevails in Corea with regard to the dress worn by persons in mourning for their parents. The son who has lost a father or mother is considered, during a specified period, as one who is himself dead to the world; he may neither engage in conversation, nor in any active employment, nor is it lawful for him to look any human being in the face. His condition is indicated by a special costume, of which the most conspicuous feature is an enormous wicker hat, shaped like a huge extinguisher, which completely screens the head and face. An additional disguise is provided in the shape of a veil held down by a pair of sticks which the mourner carries in his hands. His clothing is of coarse unbleached hempen cloth, and his feet may be shod in straw sandals only. If spoken to he may refuse all reply; and when travelling he occupies a solitary room in the wayside inns. This singular custom is greatly in favor, as the Abbe Pichon observes of the 'sainte contrabande des ames.'"

Thus disguised, and protected against discovery by the customs of the country, Mgr. Imbert and his two priests for some time managed to pursue their sacred labors in Corea. Not for long however, for the career of the Catholic missionary, though glorious is necessarily short. We again copy from the *Review*:—"What followed may be best narrated in the words of the Abbe Pichon:—

"The presence of the prelate and the other missionaries could not long be kept a secret; the very eagerness of the Christians to participate in the sacred mysteries betrayed their presence. A frightful persecution broke out in 1839. A great number of Christians were arrested, and subjected to the most rigorous tortures, either to cause them to apostatize, or to compel them to reveal the place of refuge of the missionaries. Upon this Mgr. Imbert, in order to save his poor Christians, resolved upon giving himself up to the persecutors, and he wrote to his two companions to do the same. MM. Maubert and Ghastran joyfully obeyed their Vicar Apostolic as the mandate of God Himself. They received the glorious crown of martyrdom together on the 21st September, 1839."—p. 163.

These infatuated agents of a brutal superstition, as Protestants generally term the Catholic religion, having, like good shepherds given their lives for the flock, another period of six years ensued during which the Corean Christians were left without a priest; but,—

"meanwhile some Coreans who had been smuggled out of the country a few years previously were receiving a clerical education at the Portuguese settlement of Macao, (near Hong-Kong) and with the assistance of one of these neophytes in deacon's orders, a new Apostolic Vicar, Mgr. Ferreol, attended by a missionary named Daveluy, contrived to enter Corea in 1845."

Here for the space of eight years, living in strictest seclusion Mgr. Ferreol labored with much success; the number of Christians rising from 7,000, the figure to which they had been cut down by the persecution above mentioned, to 11,000. In 1853 Mgr. Ferreol died, naming as his successor Mgr. Berneux, at that time pro-vicar Apostolic in Manchuria. Of this zealous emissary of Satan, as Protestants must of course consider him, if Romanism be idolatrous and what in justification of their Protest its enemies pronounce it to be, the *Edinburgh Review* gives the following details:—

This active and devoted missionary had been employed in different parts of China, Cochinchina, and Manchuria since 1839, and had at one period spent months in chains in the dungeons of Hae, the capital of Cochinchina, whence he was released almost by a miracle through the casual arrival of a French corvette upon the coast."—p. 163.

The choice of Mgr. Ferreol was confirmed by the Holy See; and in 1856, Mgr. Berneux, together with two other missionaries embarked on board a Chinese junk; and at last, aided by two devoted converts he managed to effect his entrance in disguise, into the capital of the Corea. For ten years Mgr. Berneux contrived to elude the vigilance of the authorities; shifting his residence from place to place when his hiding place was discovered. His mode of life he thus describes:—

"I am forced to condemn myself to remain hidden in my little room from morning to night, and from night to morning, without being able to go out into the courtyard, without opening my window even in summer, and without venturing to speak unless in a subdued voice."

province, sometimes in another, continued to press heavily on the native Christians; but still the abominable superstition of Romanism continued to spread, as it also does both in England and the U. States. At last, however, the residence of the Bishop was discovered, and on the 23rd February, 1866, he was suddenly seized at his own residence, pinioned, and carried off to gaol; whilst at the same time the other missionaries and a number of the converts were also made prisoners. What followed we will let the *Reviewer* tell in his own words:—

"On the 26th February Mgr. Berneux was arraigned for trial before the Regent himself, assisted by his eldest son, and four judges. It is unnecessary to enter into the harrowing details of torture and insult which the biographer of the martyred prelate recounts, on the authority of two native Christians who as members of the numerous body of soldiers on duty as guards at the trial, witnessed the whole proceedings; and their statement, although precise enough as regards the replies given by the venerable prisoner to the judges, shrewdly little, if any, light upon the motives which so suddenly led to his apprehension, and the commission of a frightful crime. After enquiries as to Mgr. Berneux's country, the means by which he had reached Corea, the number of missionaries and converts &c., the significant question was put: 'If you are told to go away, will you go back to your own country?' To this the reply characteristically given was: 'No, unless I am taken away by force.' Shortly after this defiant answer had been returned, torture was applied for the purpose of extracting a confession (it is needless to say how unsuccessfully) respecting the names and whereabouts of native converts; until at length reduced to a pitiable condition—the unfortunate victim was dragged back to his prison to await the hour of release by death."—p. 167.

This was not long of coming. On the 8th of March, Mgr. Berneux, together with three of his priests the Rev. MM. Bretenieres, Beaulieu, and Dorie were led out to a sandy plain on the banks of the river, and there put to death:—

"Having been unbound in presence of a vast crowd, from the chairs on which they had been carried to the execution ground, and stripped of almost all their clothing, the unhappy victims were butchered in succession. Mgr. Berneux was the first to die after the third stroke of the headman's sword. Three days later two other missionaries MM. Petitcolas, and Pourthe met a similar fate near the city of Hanggang; whilst the coadjutor Mgr. Daveluy, with L'Abbe Hain, and another missionary M. Amaitre fell one after another into the hands of their active persecutors, and alike suffered death on Good Friday, the 30th March. At the same time measures of unrelenting severity were put in force against the native Christians."—p. 167.

There were thus left alive but three of the gallant band of missionaries of whom one, Mgr. Ridel, has been designated as Mgr. Berneux's successor. The sickle of death reaps fast and close, but still a fresh crop springs up. As fast as falls one set of Bishops and Priests, another shows itself above the surface, and is soon ripe for the harvest; far from it being necessary to put forth great efforts to effect this wonderful growth, it shoots up spontaneously; and the chief difficulty is to select from amongst the number of candidates for martyrdom eagerly presenting themselves, those to whom shall be awarded the much coveted prize of being the next victims. Amongst the many strange effects of the debasing superstition of Romanism upon its votaries, there is none more striking and more constant than this. The Catholic missionary, the Protestant missionary is each the product of his peculiar religious system. Of the one, Mgr. Imbert, Mgr. Berneux with their martyred companions are the representatives; the comfortable well clad Judson, taking to his bosom his third wife, is the highest type of the other. Which is of God, which of earth, every man will determine for himself.

We care not to follow the *Reviewer* in his account of the secular consequences of the late martyrdoms of so many French priests; but we cannot doubt that the soil of the Corea saturated and enriched with the blood of so many martyrs, will yet bring forth a plentiful harvest; and that the Lord will grant to the prayers of the martyrs the conversion to Christianity, of the people for whose conversion these martyrs laid down their lives, amidst many and cruel tortures.

**MOVEMENTS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.**—His Excellency is indefatigable in his laudable efforts to encourage the cause of education in Canada, and to testify to the interest taken in the same cause by the illustrious Lady, his Royal Mistress, whose worthy representative he is. During the early part of last week he visited the McGill College and other institutions of our Protestant fellow-citizens; and in the latter part several of our Catholic institutions were in like manner honored with the Vice-Regal visit.

Wednesday, the 22nd, His Excellency devoted to the College of St. Mary, under the R. R. Fathers of the Company of Jesus, and to the school of the Christian Brothers. Accompanied by his A. D. C., the illustrious visitor alighted at the doors of the first-named Institution about 3 P.M., amidst the cheers of the students, and was received and led to the Library by the Rev. Professors, on whose behalf an Address was presented, in which they testified to the great pleasure that the visit afforded them, as enabling them again to assure their sovereign of the love and esteem they bear towards her royal person, and as a proof of the interest that her representative took in the holy cause of education.

To this Address a suitable reply having been returned, His excellency visited the Church of Gesu; and then the large Hall, beneath where the *Seances* of the College are held. Here Addresses in both languages were presented by the students, to which replies were given, first in French and then in English, by His Excellency, in which he expressed, on his own part and on the part of Lady Dufferin, his regret that the latter had not been able, owing to indisposition, to accompany him. Some pieces of music having been skilfully executed by the College Band, amidst the loud plaudits of the assistants, His Excellency retired, and drove to the

SCHOOL OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The large building had been handsomely decorated with flags for the occasion, and a carpet led from the great entrance in the yard to the reception room, where His Excellency was received by the Principal and his fellow-laborers; a number of our clergy, amongst whom we noticed the R. R. M. M. Rousselot, Fabre, and Barbarin; together with Mr. M. P. Ryan, M. P., M. L. A. Jette, M. P., and others of our citizens who had been honored with an invitation to be present. After a few words of introduction, the Governor-General was led through the *Salle d'Etudes* to a platform raised at the further end, where, having taken his seat, the proceedings were inaugurated by an Address in French, the excellent delivery of which was noticed—and by another in the English language. To both of these His Excellency, again both in French and English, returned gracious replies, full of good advice and encouragement to the pupils of the good Brothers, of whose noble labors in behalf of education the speaker had been witness in all parts of the world. A little fellow then came forward and laid at His Excellency's feet a handsome *bouquet* for Lady Dufferin whose unavoidable absence was much regretted by all. During the course of the afternoon the proceedings were diversified by music, vocal and instrumental, of the pupils. Having demanded, and of course obtained, the grace of a holiday for these, His Excellency took his departure about 5 P.M., amidst the cheers of those assembled, given with hearty good will, for the Queen and her deservedly popular representative.

On Friday, the 24th, in spite of a pelting snow storm of the genuine Canadian type, and a biting gale from North East, His Excellency, accompanied by Lady Dufferin, visited the Convent of Villa Maria, under the charge of the Ladies of the Congregation. The Vice-Regal party experienced some difficulty, owing to the severity of the weather, and the depth of the snow drifts; however, in spite of all obstacles they at last reached the gate of the Convent where a warm reception awaited them. They were received by the Lady Superior and conducted all over the large building whose internal arrangement won much admiration from the visitors. His Excellency, and the Countess of Dufferin were then conducted to the large *Salle* where the young lady pupils were seated as in an amphitheatre, and the walls of which were profusely and tastefully decorated with garlands and wreaths of flowers. As the illustrious visitors advanced to the place prepared for them on an elevated platform, their ears were greeted with sweet music from the voice and the instrument, after which Addresses remarkable for the elegance of their language were presented, one by Madlle. A. Pinsonneault to Lord Dufferin, and another by Miss Mullarky to Lady Dufferin. We regret that the limits to which by our functions as a weekly paper, we are restricted, prevent us from giving these at length, as well as the very neat and appropriate replies which they provoked, and from the tone of which it was evident that their Excellencies were deeply impressed by the spectacle before their eyes. But it is not necessary for us to attempt the panegyric of the Convent of Villa Maria. Its reputation is wide spread as the Continent, solid as the base of the Rocky Mountains. We should add that Lady Dufferin herself replied to the Address presented to her by the young ladies.

Then again the party set forth to face the storm still raging in all its fury. Lady Dufferin fatigued no doubt by the exposure to such severe weather, returned home; but His Excellency, who in his punctuality well represents his Royal Mistress, proceeded to the Grand Seminaire, or College of Montreal, where the Reverend Fathers of Sulpice awaited him to do the honors of their institution. The vast building was visited in all its parts; class rooms, dormitories, and *cabinet de physique*; after which the party proceeded to the *Salle Academique* where the pupils were arranged in two lines, whilst the enlivening strains of the excellent College Band welcomed the approach of Her Majesty's representative. Having taken his seat on a raised platform, His Excellency received the Addresses presented to him by the pupils; one in French and the other in English which was well delivered by the son of our respected fellow-citizen Judge Monk. A very little fellow then stepped forward, and in a few simple words presented a

handsome *bouquet* for Lady Dufferin, accompanied by a sly request for a holiday through her ladyship's intervention—a demand which we need scarcely say was cheerfully complied with. Again in both languages His Excellency returned his thanks for the Addresses presented to him; accompanied by plain but most excellent advice to the youths before him, on the importance in this go-ahead country of preserving respect for others. The proceedings were terminated by the performance by the entire body of pupils, of the National Anthem when the party broke up, much gratified by what they had seen and heard.

We are sure that all Her Majesty's subjects in Canada must be delighted with their new Governor, and must appreciate the interest that he takes, in all our institutions, Catholic and Protestant whose inmates can all alike join in the petition God Save the Queen. *Domine salvam fac Regnam.*" Amen.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.  
SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.  
No. XXV.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL." "LOVE THY ENEMIES."  
Having established, Christian soul, the great christian duty of loving your enemies, it becomes us now to examine the true nature of that love. We have seen that it is a matter of vital importance; we have established without knowledge of doubt the great principle that without this love of our enemies we can never see God. This being established, it becomes our duty to examine with an equal anxiety and care the true nature of this love.

As there is nothing more rare than a true and sincere reconciliation of enemies; so there is nothing so rare as a true and sincere love of them. Even those who respect the law of God the most and who are most disposed to fulfill its holy precepts; even those laying claim to the sincerest piety often deceive themselves on this point. And how is this. The reason is obvious. The Apostle St. James (Ep 1 c 2) tells us that "the man who hates his brother is in darkness and walketh in darkness and knoweth not whether he goeth because the darkness hath blinded his eye." Tremble, Christian soul, lest this be your case. Of all states there is none so terrible as that of spiritual blindness. As long as we are conscious that we are in a state of sin, so long is there some hope of amendment, because the knowledge itself of sin is often the strongest incentive to repentance; but to be blind to sin; to think that we can see when we cannot; to think that we are leading a life of grace, when we are not, this is the most fatal of all states; this is the most terrible of all blindness. But this Christian soul on the word of an Apostle is the state of the hater. He is in darkness and walketh in darkness and knoweth not whether he goeth because the darkness hath blinded his eye. Let us then study attentively this terrible evil in order that we may not be led to eternal destruction by it.

There are three classes of people who walk in this terrible state. The first are those who persuade themselves that they have forgiven their enemies, and yet do not wish to give any outward signs of this forgiveness.

The heart of man says the prophet Jeremiah is evil and impenetrable for it is full of illusions and many errors. "We have forgiven our enemies" you say "but we will not salute them; we will not frequent their company." Alas Christian soul, if this be your case you are a liar and a hypocrite, and thus you lie and your hypocrisy is the more dangerous because you deceive yourself. If you refuse to salute your enemy, you do not love him; nay you hate him. For what stronger proof can there be that you love him not and that you hate him than that you cannot suffer his presence and that you seek to avoid him? Do men refuse to see and to speak to them whom they love? On the contrary, do they not seek every opportunity of being in their presence, do they not seek every occasion of speaking with them? Do they shun them on the streets, do they refuse to salute them?

Oh! but we avoid their company only because we wish to avoid quarrels and contentions with them! Ah, Christian soul, you have condemned yourself. You are afraid of quarrels. Then assuredly you do not love. For do men quarrel with those whom they love? Does not your own defence betray you? does it not prove beyond all doubt that hatred still rankles in your bosom? that the wound is still there and that if it is healed at all, it is only with the thinnest of thin films? that though you persuade yourself that it is covered over by a healthy scab, beneath is only a festering mass of corruption?

But we are not bound to salute them or to speak to them. What! Christian soul, are Christians on this earth then not to speak to each other? and not to salute Christians who are members of the same body; Christians who are children of the same Father who is in Heaven; Christians who are disciples of the same divine master, Jesus Christ; Christians who are heirs of the same kingdom, Heaven; Christians who partake in the same holy spirit; who pre-







FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, January 21.—In the Assembly to-day, after a noisy and undignified discussion, M. Christoph's motion, approving the circular of the Minister of Public Instruction on educational reform, was adopted by 420 to 35. The members of the Right abstained from voting, but in vain, and the vote was declared valid.

The Orleans-Princes to-day, for the first time, attended Mass in commemoration of Louis XVI, at the Chapel of Expiation. The circumstance excites comment, and is regarded by some of the journals as an indication that the union of Legitimists and Orleanists has been completed.

Paris, January 22.—Finonilly, de Camyaz and Benot, the condemned Communists, were shot early this morning on Satory Plain. Finonilly died without uttering a word. De Camyaz' last words were: "I die assassinated. Down with false witnesses, lawyers, and Thiers!" Benot died cheering the Republic, the Commune, and the army. Only one volley was fired, as all died simultaneously. There were but few spectators on the ground to witness the execution.

Paris, January 23.—General Von Mantuffel made a speech recently at Metz, in which he defended Marshal Bismarck from attacks on his military conduct. He dwelt in terms of generous praise on the bravery displayed by the Marshal, which he declared was quite equal to that of any general in the German army. The passions of the hour prevented an impartial judgment in this case; but history would justify Bismarck.

Legitimist deputies say the Count of Paris will visit the Count de Chambord in a few days. A compromise in regard to the white flag is anticipated. Count de Chambord will insist on retaining the white flag as the Royal Standard but will consent to allow the army to keep the tri-color.

The Memorial Diplomatic states that the Count of Paris has requested an interview with the Count de Chambord, but as yet he has received no answer.

The committee of Thirty have agreed to an amendment proposed by M. Decadus to the first article of the constitutional project reported by its sub-committee whereby the President is allowed to address the Assembly only on the bills before it.

Ten more members of the International Society were elected in France.

"Vive Robin!" the French students shout, and "Vive Robin!" is taken up by a crowd who know not what they say. "Robin" is a professor who has been struck off the jury list on account of his dangerous religious doctrine. But three thousand medical students, approving of his "free thought," applied him in the lecture hall. If Robin were guilty of an offence against morals or religion, and if he could not be punished unless by striking him off the jury list, it might have been wiser to have taken no notice of him.

FASHION AND POLITICS IN PARIS.—There is one peculiarity about the French assembly, and that is, that the more threatening the political clouds become, the more the ladies throng it. Thus whenever you see the tribune or "boxes" filled with elegantly-dressed young ladies, you may be sure that there is a storm in the air. These disturbances, also, being prognosticated some days before they actually take place by the weather-wisdom, who from certain signs can tell to the hour when the clouds will burst, ladies belonging to the diplomatic world immediately prepare their toilettes according to the occasion. And as it is only the very greatest ladies, sociably speaking who attend these parliamentary meetings, the very best taste, united to elegance, is sure to be displayed.—From the Little Dressmaker.

PARTY ANIMOSITIES IN FRANCE.—An article appears in the Pays of Thursday evening signed Paul de Cassagnac. That gentleman had hardly left France for Chislehurst to pay his respects to Napoleon III. when he was attacked with considerable violence in La République Française. It was no secret that the article in M. Gambetta's organ, which was equivalent to a challenge, was written by M. Ranc, the only member of the Commune who, for some inexplicable reason, was not prosecuted by the Government. M. Paul de Cassagnac, on reading M. Ranc's attack, immediately wrote to say that that gentleman would lose nothing by waiting, and this evening he replies to his assailant. After reprinting the anonymous article complained of, M. Cassagnac says:—"You mean, therefore, to keep on your mask? But that does not stop me, Sir, for I know who you are. I have only to look through your linen to read on your shoulder the name of Ranc. You are Ranc, the Communist; Ranc the friend of incendiaries and cut-throats; Ranc, the executioner of the Radical party, the right arm of Gambetta. It is with you that I have business. It is you who have written this article. I know it." M. Paul de Cassagnac then says that when his opponent accuses him of never having fought a serious duel he is not complimentary to his friends Lermine, Lissagaray, Rochefort, Lockroy, and Florens, and all of whom he has wounded in duels. "They did not know how to hold a sword," you say. Be it so; but with you it is different, and I am far from denying your skill, having had the advantage of attending the same fencing-school as you, but with less assiduity." The reply of M. Paul de Cassagnac, who promises to accept a meeting, but who declines to challenge M. Ranc, occupies the whole side of his journal.—Among other accusations brought against M. Gambetta's ex-Minister of Police is that of having been mixed up in the Orsini affair. The Imperialist champion distinctly calls his antagonist an assassin. It is thought that the result of this polemic will be a deadly duel. M. Ranc fought a few months ago and wounded his man, and as for M. Paul de Cassagnac, no one has yet been able to scratch him, though Florens and Lissagaray were both cunning of fence.—Pall Mall Gazette.

AN ERRAND OF THE COMMUNE.—A snit has recently been disposed of by the Tribunal Civil de la Seine which incidentally threw light upon the condition of Paris during the reign of the Commune. The Comtesse d'Orlandes sued M. Gustave Fould, son of the former Minister of Finance under the Empire, for the rent of apartments in a house adjoining the Ebat Major in the Place Vendome. According to the defendant's case, on the 18th of March, 1871, when the so-called Federal troops took possession of Paris, the head-quarters were established in the Place Vendome, and the house of the Comtesse d'Orlandes was occupied militarily. M. Fould had left Paris, having been wounded in a reconnaissance during the siege, and Madame Fould was exposed to the insults and menaces of the Communist soldiers. She was so alarmed at the threats levelled against her that, after having been arrested and confined for some hours in a police-cell, she left her apartments in the charge of a femme de chambre, and sought shelter in the provinces. The Federal Colonel, Brunel, who had formed an acquaintance with the waiting-maid, remained in the house until the entry of the Versailles troops, when, having been discovered concealed after his presence had been denied by the woman, he was at once shot; in Madame Fould's bed-chamber. The woman being regarded as an accomplice, was condemned to the same penalty, and four shots from a revolver laid her apparently dead by the side of the so-called Colonel Brunel. A few hours later, when the bodies were about to be removed, it was found that the woman was still living, and, having fallen into more humane hands, she was conveyed to an hospital, where she ultimately recovered from her wounds, although sorely disfigured. The defendant's counsel, relying upon these facts, contended that the rent claimed for the

period between March and July, 1871, was not due to the tenant, not having enjoyed possession of the apartments. M. Fould had also suffered considerable loss by the pillage of his wine-cellar, a fact which he attributed to the pillage of the Comtesse d'Orlandes, who was subsequently sent to the hulks as a Communist convict. The plaintiff's counsel insisted that the defendant was bound to pay the quarter's rent, as all the occupants in the same hotel had done, and that the sole cause of the danger which Madame Fould had incurred was her connexion with a late Minister of the Empire, and not the proximity of her residence to the head-quarters of the insurgent Communists. The Court decided that, as it was proved that for a considerable portion of the period between March and July, 1871, the defendant had been prevented by force majeure from occupying the apartments held by him of the plaintiff, the claim of the latter for rent during that period could not be sustained, and she must bear the expenses of the suit.

ALGERIAN EMIGRANTS TO ALGERIA.—The Courier du Bas Rhin states that the total number of families which have emigrated from Alsace and Lorraine to Algeria amounts to 282, comprising 1,930 persons. Of this number only 28 families possessed the capital of 5,000fr. required by the law of September 15, 1871. "Notwithstanding that fact," says the report of the Governor General, "the Administration has thought it right, in consequence of their option in favour of French nationality, to receive, settle, and support the whole of these families, and also to grant them allotments of land, and to supply them with agricultural implements and domestic utensils, and to place them in a position to await the next harvest." Besides the Alsaciens and Lorrains, 621 other families, comprising 2,988 persons, have since the war, emigrated to Algeria. The total number of 1,003 families, with 1,202 men, 1,113 women, and 2,701 children, have been settled in 24 villages, of which a portion are only in course of formation.

ITALY. The bishop of Bari, Italy, Mgr. Bittoni has been fined 100 francs, for venturing to open the seminary of his diocese without the formal approbation of the government.

It seems to have been decided that the Jesuits will withdraw to the Vatican immediately after the passing of the Bill upon the Religious Corporations.

PRINCE ARTHUR AT ROME.—ROME, January 23.—Prince Arthur, to-day, visited the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli.

GERMANY. ADDRESS OF THE "CATHOLIC POPULAR UNION" OF LOWER AUSTRIA TO THE BISHOP OF BRANLBURG.

The whole population of Lower Austria has signed this address, which is an extremely good one, without any unnecessary phrasemaking, very plain and straightforward, and imposing, from the fact of the large number of signatures. Amongst other sentences is one which might form a profitable text for the Emperor Franz-Joseph's meditations— "if he ever does meditate"—"all true and loyal sons of the Catholic Church see that a life and death struggle is beginning, and one which concerns their most sacred interests. . . . and this struggle must and will be carried on to a decisive conclusion one way or another. The Catholic population is perfectly aware of this, and it has rallied, and does rally every day more closely, and more heartily, round its natural leaders, the Bishops, and round its chief commander, ever victorious in the end—the heroic old man, Pius IX. . . . May the day soon come—as come it will—when outraged right will be vindicated, and your lordship will receive ample satisfaction for the present injustice and wrong done to you." Yes, that day will come, but we question whether it will be a bright one for the house of Zollern, and if his Apostolic Majesty, Franz-Josef, would, like the hare in La Fontaine's fable, "mediter au son gîte" on the above sentences, he might perhaps take warning in time.

SISTERS OF CHARITY EXPELLED FROM BISKUPITZ IN SILESIA.

Three Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul's Order, who kept the schools in this town, and others established at the head of schools in various towns of Upper Silesia, have received notice to close their schools, and leave in four weeks. Several of these Sisters served in the ambulances and the hospitals all through the late war, and have suffered so seriously in their health in consequence, that the schools have been allotted to them as less hard work than any other that could be found.

One of the suppressed German papers is said to have drawn governmental wrath on its head by inquiring, in an innocent way, apropos of Prince Bismarck's boast that his Emperor and he did not intend to "go to Canossa," whether his Excellency had a preference for St. Helena or for Oriskany.—Catholic Review.

THE DARK SIDE OF BERLIN.—"Berlin may be great, but is Berlin happy?" dolefully demands Herr F. A. Held in a recent brochure. "Strangers who promenade under the Haden and think Berlin an abode of pleasure should look a little closer, examine the sullen and discontented faces encountered in the streets, and afterwards visit the poorer quarters, enter the houses and witness the misery that reigns there. Berlin has become the capital of the world, say certain people intoxicated with their own foolish pride: the capital of the world of misery and wretchedness." Out of a population of 833,000 no fewer than 125,000 are inscribed on the lists of the administration for public relief, and the municipality, the parsimony of which is proverbial, has to appropriate a million of thalers of its revenue annually towards the relief of the known poor of the city. As to the criminal classes of Berlin, the Tribuna pronounces those of London and Paris to be models of virtue in comparison with them.—Pall Mall Gazette.

There is an extensive emigration movement to America in Prussia. One hundred and twenty families have left Bessina alone.

RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 23.—The Official Gazette states in confirmation of the various rumours circulating in the contrary, that there are no important differences in the views of Great Britain and Russia with regard to the present movement in Central Asia.

The capital of Russia is threatened with an epidemic as terrible as that which not long since devastated Buenos Ayres. Dr. Mowatt, lately a British delegate to the International Statistical Congress, asserts that the cholera has found a resting-place in St. Petersburg, on account of the neglected sanitary precautions in that city. The soil on which the houses are built is saturated with sewage, and the canals which intersect the city are great open sewers, and at the same time sources of water supply to a portion of the population. The amount of filth deposited in the canals is so great that the authorities, it is said, are afraid to disturb it for the purpose of removal, lest the attempt should cause a pestilence. St. Petersburg, however, is probably in no worse condition than most Oriental cities.

A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipes, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once.

"No," said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for a single snipe."

Whereupon, the Englishman, rather riled, and determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston.

"Did you see him?" asked the Yankee.

"Why of course I did. I was coming across, and my vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor."

"Well, I'm glad you saw him, stranger, 'cause you're a witness that I did it. That was me."

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE.

Continued from 2nd Page.

money, and usurping the ancient titles of the true Church of God, the old Church of St. Patrick, in Ireland; upholding itself on the power and the wealth of England; absorbing every vital resource of the country. If anybody asked, "To what Church does the Irish nation belong?" "Oh! the Protestant Church is the Church of Ireland!" The Protestant Church is the Church of Ireland! Why, there was a Parish Priest down in the county Cork; and he was called in to the assizes to give evidence on some question or other. The Protestant Lord Chief Justice was a little bigoted; so he said to the priest: "My good sir, will you be kind enough to tell me, how many Protestants there are in your parish?" "Not one, glory be to the Father Son and Holy Ghost," said the priest (great laughter). When Dean Swift went once to preach a sermon, his congregation consisted of Roger, the clerk; and he began: "Dear beloved Roger" (renewed laughter). And they tell us a story even of a Protestant Minister coming to the Parish Priest, and saying to him: "Our Bishop is coming down to look at the parish; and he'll see so few Protestants, that I want you to lend me a congregation" (laughter). According to the story (which, of course, is only a story), the Catholic Priest did lend him a few of his congregation; and when the Protestant Bishop came and saw the decent people so quiet, none of them opening their mouths—according to the old chroniclers, he said: "By this blessed book, that is the dearest congregation that ever I saw" (uproarious laughter). There, however, that Church remained, staring us in the face, insulting the mighty Catholic nation, the great Catholic race—insulting them, both at home and abroad, by calling itself "the Church of Ireland!" Well, now comes the wonderful part of the business. O'Connell was in his grave; the Irish people were peaceable; there was no agitation; we were not holding any public meetings to discontinue and denounce the Protestant Church. We did not send any petitions to Parliament to solicit the abolition of the Protestant Church. There was just a little whiff from America,—just as if a man took a cigar out of his mouth, and let out a little smoke, as much as to say: "There may be fire where there is smoke" (great cheers). But Ireland was not only peaceable; she was almost indifferent. The hour of God came. God had been looking at this nation, robbed, and plundered, and banished; stricken; aye, and put to death. For three hundred years, the voice of the martyrs, the martyred saints of Ireland had demanded justice. The voice of the martyrs, in their graves in Ireland, clamored for God's hour to come. God's hour came; and a voice, apparently from heaven,—for certainly it did not come from Ireland;—a voice whispered in the ear of the English Premier—"Put an end to the Protestant Church in Ireland. Its hour has come; it has been tried and failed; it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. There is blood upon its hands; there is blood upon its face. Let it depart. Let it go with all the old falsehoods, with all the humbugs that have ever lived in the world." And, to our astonishment, Wm. Ewart Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, called upon the English Parliament to make a law that the Protestant Church was to cease to exist as the Church of Ireland (loud cheers). The law was passed; and the Queen,—the head of the Church mind you,—was obliged to sign the bill with her own hand (cheers). Fancy the Pope signing an act declaring that the Catholic Church was to exist any more in America (laughter). And the Queen of England, the head of the Protestant Church, signed the law that declared the Protestant Church no longer was to be acknowledged as the established Church in Ireland (renewed cheers).

Now, my friends, I ask you to consider with me one or two serious thoughts, with which I shall conclude. What is taught us by all this? First of all, I ask you to reflect upon the singular historical fact that the victory of Ireland—this great victory—was not the triumph of the sword. Ireland did not strike a blow to demolish the Protestant church in Ireland. She held her hands in peace, and the people maintained a quiet, modest, dignified silence. But under that silence there was a determination to wipe away that old and blood-stained grievance: even though they were to work for a thousand years it had to be done (applause). The determination of principle was there. That principle was a divine one—the principle of Catholic faith—coming from heaven, not from the earth. God has said in heaven: "The victory that conquers the world, and shall always conquer it, is faith." How dear, then, to us should be the preservation of that principle! What strength it is to every man to have some high and glorious principle by which to regulate his social life, his civil life and his political life! What more glorious record can be put upon any man's tomb than that, when it is with truth said: "Here lies one that never denied or played false to his principles (cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers). Secondly, my friends, reflect upon the significant fact that this history of Ireland tells you and me, namely, that in order to succeed in any enterprise, national or otherwise, the people must be united. "Union is strength." Where union is, there is the element of success; because there is the presence of might and strength. God is omnipotent—God is essentially One; therefore He is omnipotent. The Catholic Church has fought the world for nearly two thousand years, and she has always come out victorious; and why? Because the Catholic Church is one—one in faith, one in obedience, one in jurisdiction, and one in devotion to God. One, because He who created her prayed to the Father, and said: "Oh, Father, let them be one, even as Thou and I are One." To preserve that unity, the Catholic Church has been obliged to cut off individuals and nations. One day a powerful king contradicted her teaching; she excommunicated him and tells him to go his way—to find his own way to heaven if he can. Another day it is a whole nation, as in the case of England, that says: "We will depart and leave you; we don't believe this that you call your doctrine." She says: "You are excommunicated. Go out from me. You have no communion with me. Go and find your own way to your doom." To-day, it is Bismarck telling a Bishop that he must not excommunicate a priest for this or that heresy. A priest in Germany denies the Catholic faith in a public church; and a Bishop excommunicates him, tells him to go about his business. He says: "I will not lay a wet finger upon you; but you must go. I won't keep you." Tell me, my friends, if I, here to-night (God between us and harm)—if I denied any one of the Catholic truths; if I denied the Divinity or the Real Presence of Christ; if I denied that the Blessed Virgin Mary was the Mother of God; if I denied that the Church of God or the head of the Church was infallible—wouldn't you be very greatly surprised to see me upon the altar next Sunday, or in the pulpit preaching? The first thing you would say would be: "Oh, the poor Archbishop! he must have lost his head; for here is that fellow,—that heretic, here again! what is the matter?" Of course, if I were to speak thus here to-night, it wouldn't be two hours from now until I would get a letter from the Archbishop of New York, saying to me: "My friend, you are no longer a Catholic nor a teacher of Catholic doctrine. I suspend you. Get out of this as quick as you can" (laughter). This is precisely what the German Bishop did. What did Bismarck do? He said: "My Lord Bishop, you have no business to suspend or excommunicate a priest without my leave." Bismarck is certainly not a Catholic; nobody knows of what religion the fellow is. Now, imagine for a moment to yourself, Governor Hoffman or President Grant writing to the Archbishop of New York and saying to him: "My Lord Bishop, I will put you in jail for suspending or excommunicating Father Tom

Burke, because he denies the infallibility of the Pope" (roars of laughter). That is the state of affairs now in Germany. That is the real issue to which this great statesman brings things. This has been going on for two years. And the Catholic Church just cuts them off,—the same as Horace Greeley would lop off a rotten branch at Chappaqua (great laughter, followed by tremendous cheering). Right and left, off they go. And why? Because all things must be sacrificed in order that the great Church of the Living God may preserve the unity of her faith, and the unity of her doctrine; and her strength. We are two hundred millions of Catholics all the world over. Whenever a question of faith arises touching the Catholic doctrine of the Church,—that moment the minds of all the two hundred millions, that feel, and think after their own fashion upon every other subject,—upon that there is but one thought—and that one thought the faith of the Church. That is the secret of her strength and unity. So it is with nations. Ireland was divided, on the great question,—on the great test of her nationality. Ireland failed. Ireland united on the glorious question of her religious freedom; and Ireland triumphed with the magnificent triumph which is the wonder of our age (tremendous cheering). What was the secret that united her? It was her Catholic faith that told her that Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for. Why did the nation,—in the deepest midnight hour of sorrow and persecution,—why did she never despair? Why does she not despair to-day? Because she has faith that is the substance of things to be hoped for. Because where the true faith is,—where the Catholic faith that binds the people together,—there is the breath, the living breath of the undying God. And until God abandons those who are faithful to Him,—which he will never do,—that nation may go on through centuries of suffering and sorrow; but, eventually, the sun of Divine favor will burst upon her gloriously,—coming from God, resting upon her faithful brows,—and will surround her with his light: for God, who is never outdone by His creatures in generosity, will remember her, will crown her with all honor and glory, and will set yet upon the brows of this native land—this mother-land of mine,—the crown of religious and civil freedom, of honor and glory, which will be, in the time to come, what the diadem of ancient Ireland was in ages past,—the wonder of the world and the glory of mankind (tremendous cheering, amid which the lecturer withdrew).

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF PIUS IX.

During the insurrection of 1831-32, Mgr. Mastai, then Archbishop of Spoleto, succeeded in sparing his flock the horrors of civil war. However, a band of insurgents, conquered and pursued by the Austrians, presented themselves at the gates of Spoleto, demanding food and shelter. The Archbishop left the city and sought audience of the Austrian General to entreat him to arrest his pursuit of the fugitives, promising himself to induce them to lay down their arms. He obtained their pardon, and returning to the Episcopal city, he pointed out to those wretched rebels against their Pontiff and their King, the enormity of the crime they were committing. He disarmed them by his words, and protected them against their own passions as well as from the wrath of the Austrian General. But the insurgents had accomplices in the city, and the latter were quietly tracked by the enemy; the agent who had drawn up the list of culprits, inflated by his success, showed it to the Archbishop, awaiting his felicitations:—"My good man," said the prelate, "you understand neither your calling nor mine. When the wolf intends to devour the sheep, he does not forewarn the shepherd." And the astonished police officer beheld his list the prey of the flames.

Mgr. Mastai was transferred to Imola in 1832, and proclaimed Cardinal by Gregory XVI, in the Consistory of December 14, 1840. He had so exhausted his pecuniary resources in the administration of the hospital of St. Michael, that when named Archbishop of Spoleto, he had no money to pay for his Bulls, and was forced to sell his small patrimonial inheritance to obtain the necessary funds. At Imola he was so prodigal of his charities that he frequently gave away the last cent he possessed. But not even under these circumstances did he dismiss the poor empty-handed.

One day, whereon charity had thus completely beggared him, and a poor woman had come to him asking alms, he looked around, and perceiving a silver spoon and fork on the table, "Take this," he said to her, "and pawn them at the Monte di Pietà; I will redeem them when I can." The domestic, remarking the disappearance of the articles, sought for them, but not finding them, came to inform the Cardinal that he had been robbed, that the thief must be in the house, and that he must be discovered. The Cardinal smilingly reassured him, and the servant, habituated to similar ruses of charity, understood that the missing articles had passed into the hands of the poor.

Another time the Cardinal received the visit of an inhabitant of Imola, who, importuned by a creditor, and totally unable to meet his debt, saw no hope but in the charity of his Bishop. The purse of the latter was as empty as that of his visitor. But that was no argument against assisting him in his dilemma: "What sum do you require?" Forty scudi (43 dollars), your Eminence—My poor friend, I have not a bajocco (penny). But take these silver candlesticks, and sell them; they will certainly fetch the amount you need." The Cardinal well knew, that in giving away his candlesticks, he would incur the wrath of his steward; but he was hardened against such reproaches. Meanwhile the jeweller, to whom the candlesticks were offered for sale, recognized the arms of the Cardinal, detained the seller, whom he mistook for a thief, and hurried to the Episcopal palace:—"Your Eminence has been robbed—No.—They have just brought me some silver candlesticks belonging to you." "Thanks for your interest, my friend; but those candlesticks no longer belong to me, and you are quite free to purchase them if they suit you, and if the owner wishes to sell them. Be quite at ease; nothing has been stolen from me." Returning to his store the jeweller drew from the seller the precious secret. He gave him the forty scudi, and hastened back with the candlesticks to the Cardinal:—"I know the whole story, your Eminence. Here are your candlesticks. I to whom you gave them has the forty scudi he requires, and you can return them to me when you have it in your power so to do."

Gregory XVI. died July 1, 1846. When Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, repairing to Rome for the Conclave, was passing through Fossombrone (an Episcopal city of the delegation of Urbino and Pesaro), the carriage halting for a moment, was quickly surrounded by the Italian people, ever eager to gaze on the princes of the Church, and more than usually attracted by Roman purple, at a time when all were wondering which Pope was to succeed Gregory XVI. Whilst the crowd were watching with indiscreet curiosity that Cardinal, who in a few days was to concur by his vote in giving a Head to the Church, and a King to the Pontifical States; and those simple hearts, won by the gentleness and majesty imparted upon the features of the Cardinal were possibly wishing that he himself might become Pope—a white dove flew down and alighted upon the carriage. The crowd hailed that presage, and shouted: "Evviva! Evviva! behold the Pope!" They sought to frighten the dove to cause it to depart, but it remained. They drove it off with a stick, but it returned, and again alighted upon the carriage. The people, remembering that already the sign of the dove had preceded the election of a Pope or of a Bishop, shouted still louder: "Evviva! behold the Pope!" and the Cardinal pursued his journey, humbly imploring God to spare him so overwhelming a burden.—Alex de Saint-Albin.

A Quaker who had been troubled by rats informed a friend that he possessed a thirty-foot board, filled with fish-hooks, set it up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and put an old cheese at the top. The rats went up, slid back, and he caught thirty of them the first night.

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WANTED. A CATHOLIC SCHOOL TEACHER for the coming year, for School Section No. 1, in the Township of Montclair and Hershel, Co. of Hastings, Male or Female, holding Second or Third Class Certificate, for Upper Canada. Apply (stating salary) to JEREMIAH GOULDEN.

WANTED. AN EXPERIENCED ENGLISH TEACHER desires to obtain employment in an Academy, or other Institute of Education, where a proficiency in Latin and Greek Classics with a perfect knowledge of French would be required. Satisfactory references can be given. Address to "M. F.," Buckingham Post Office, Co. Ottawa, P. Q.

WANTED. FOR THE SEPARATE SCHOOL of the Town of PICTON, P. E. County, a duly qualified Male or Female TEACHER, to enter on duty on or before the first of January. Salary liberal. J. BRENNAN, P. P. Pictou, October 28th, 1872.

WANTED. For a School at St. Columban, a MALE TEACHER (Elementary Diploma). For particulars apply to JOHN BURKE, President.

WANTED. A THIRD CLASS TEACHER wishes a SITUATION will be ready to commence in January; satisfactory Testimonials given if required.—Address (Stating Salary given) "S. K. T.," Martinova P.O., Glengary Ont.

WANTED. A MALE OR FEMALE TEACHER for School Section No. 2, Grattan, County Renfrew. Application stating salary, to be made to THOMAS POWER, DAVID BEHAM, JOHN POWER, Trustees. S. HOWARD, Secy-Treas.

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

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ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of JOHN MORRIS, the younger of the City and District of Montreal, carrying on business under the name and style of M. W. Avery & Co., as well individually as having been in co-partnership with the said M. W. Avery.

On the seventeenth day of February next, the Undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act,

JOHN MORRIS, Jr., By ABBOTT, TAIT, WOTHERSPOON & TERRILL, His Attorneys at Montreal, 18th Dec., 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal.

THE Undersigned has filed in the Office of this Court a consent by his creditors to his discharge, and on Monday, the seventeenth day of February, next, A.D. 1873, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation to the discharge thereby effected.

Montreal, 18th December, 1872. CHARLES F. PERLIN, By CASSIDY & LAPOSTOLLE, His Attorneys ad Adm.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, PNO. OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dis. of Jolicoite. In re, FRANCOIS FOREST, Insolvent.

On Monday, the Seventeenth day of February next, the undersigned will apply to the said Superior Court for a discharge under the said Act.

FRANCOIS FOREST, By GODIN & DESROCHERS, His Attorneys ad Adm. Jolicoite, 4th December, 1872.



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gent, Montreal.  
13m.

February 1, 1873

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**BROTHER ARNOLD,**  
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Toronto, March 1, 1872.

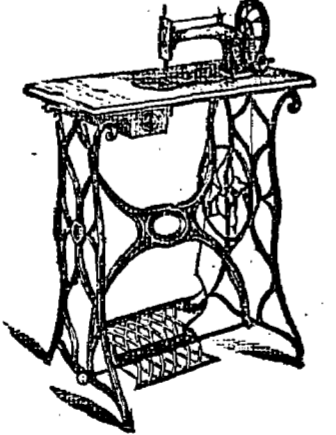
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**WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.**

Trains will leave Brockville at 8.00 A. M., and 3.30 P. M., connecting with Grand Trunk Express from the West, and arriving at Sand Point at 1.25 and 8.20 P. M.  
 Trains leave Sand Point at 8.50 A. M., and 3.50 P. M., arriving at Brockville at 1.50 A. M., and 9.30 P. M.

**LEAVE OTTAWA.**  
 Express at 10.00 A. M., and 5 P. M., arriving at Brockville at 1.50 A. M., and 9.30 P. M.  
 Trains leave Brockville at 8.00 A. M., and 3.30 P. M., arriving at Ottawa at 12.30 A. M., and 7.40 P. M.  
 Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on the B. and O. Railway.  
 Freight loaded with despatch, and no transshipment when in car loads.  
**H. ABBOTT, Manager for Trustees.**

**PORT HOPE & BEAVERTON RAILWAY.**

Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9.20 a.m. and 2.15 p.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville and Beaverton.  
 Leave BEAVERTON daily at 7.00 a.m., and 3.00 p. m., for Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit, Perrytown and Port Hope.

**PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY.**  
 Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. for Quay's, Perrytown, Campbell's, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville, Peterboro, and Wakefield.  
 Trains will leave WAKEFIELD daily at 5.30 a.m., and 1.50 p.m., for Peterboro, Millbrook, Summit, Campbell's, Perrytown, Quay's, arriving at Port Hope at 11.40 a.m.

**A. T. WILLIAMS, Superintendent.**

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TRN.**  
 Trains leave Toronto at 7.00 A. M., 11.50 A. M., 4.00 P. M., 8.00 P. M., 5.30 P. M.  
 Arriving at Toronto at 10.10 A. M., 11.00 A. M., 1.15 P. M., 5.30 P. M., 9.30 P. M.

Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

**NORTHERN RAILWAY—TORONTO TRN.**  
 City Hall Station.

Depart	7:45 A.M.	3:45 P.M.
Arrive	1:20 A.M.	9:20 P.M.

Brock Street Station.

Depart	5:40 A.M.	3:00 P.M.
Arrive	11:00 A.M.	8:30 P.M.

**VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE**  
**SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.**  
 Commencing July 8, 1873.

Day Express leaves Montreal at 9.00 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10.00 p.m.  
 Train for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3.15 p.m.  
 Night Express leaves Montreal at 3.45 p.m., for Boston via Lowell, Lawrence, or Fitchburg, also for New York, via Springfield or Troy, arriving in Boston at 8.40 a.m., and New York at 12.30 p.m.

**TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.**  
 Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 p.m.  
 Night Express leaves New London at 2.45 p.m., South Vernon at 9.58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3.00 p.m., and Springfield at 8.10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Cheshire R.R., leaving Boston at 6.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m., leaves Rutland at 1.50 a.m., connecting with train over Rensselaer and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York, via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 a.m.

Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy.  
 Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston.  
 For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street.  
**G. MERRILL,**  
 Genl Superintendent.

St. Albans, Dec. 1 1871.