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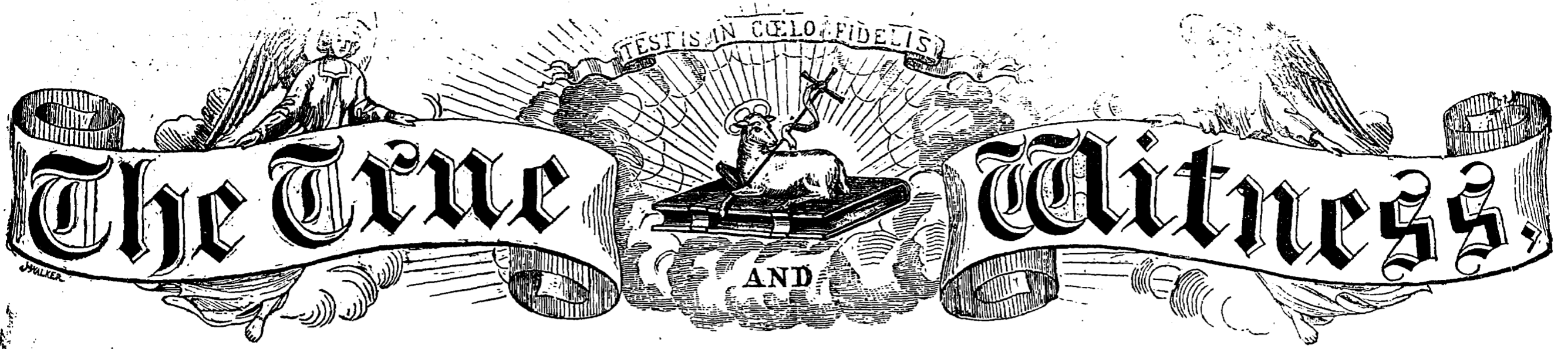
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Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00
We have also his late works, Sin and its Consequences. 1.00
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AGENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Catholic Review, Boston Pilot, Dublin Nation, Weekly News, London Tablet, Register, New York Catholic World, Messenger Sacred Heart, London Month, and Dublin Review, with their respective prices and frequencies.

JUST RECEIVED,

SERMONS BY THE LATE

REVEREND J. J. MURPHY, who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00. Free by mail on receipt of price from D. & J. SADDLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

SONG OF THE ROBIN.

Hark to the robin singing
In the deep thicket so clearly;
List to the chorus upspringing,
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
Sweet, in the balm and the leisure
Of sunset, loved ever and dearly,
Sounds that blithe, musical measure,
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
Far, in the beauty and glory
Of eve, as a silver bell clearly
Rings that most beautiful story,
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
'Tis a canticle, "Praise the Creator,"
Who loves all His creatures sincerely,
And even takes care of poor robin,
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
He sent down on earth's thirsty bosom
Showers refreshing and pearly,
He smiled on the earth, and said "blossom,"
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
'Tis a bright, sparkling hope for to-morrow,
For the long, rosy hours late and early;
A merry defiance to sorrow,
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
Come, oh, ye doubting and weary,
No longer doubt, hopeless and drearily,
Cast all your care on the "Father,"
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
Look on this sunset's bright portal,
Heaven's cities are seen thro' it, nearly,
Hark, and be happy, O mortal,
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."
LOWE, P. Q. D. C. DEANE.

THE GOOD GERARD OF COLOGNE.

By RUDOLPH EMS, VASSAL AT MONTFORD (THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

Compiled after the German of Carl Simrock.

I.

In the new Cathedral at Magdeburg, the bells were ringing for the first time. A large crowd gathered to witness the consecration of the church, founded and endowed by the Emperor Otto the Great. He went up the aisle before all the people, not, as was then the custom, to lay down gifts at the new altar of God, but with erect brow he stood, and thus he spoke: "There is no gift in my hand for Thee, O Lord, but when I lift mine eyes, whatever I behold around me is my gift to Thee! This church I built for the glory of Thy name, and I endowed it and made it so great that the sons of kings think it an honor to bow to its prince bishop, and serve him. The heathen that troubled Thy people, see I conquered them with my strong arm—the Wends, the Sarbs, and the Hungarians, they bow their heads to my sword, and their knees to Thy glory; and I made Thy name great in all the pagan lands, and erected churches and bishoprics to Thy honor. And now show me to-day, O my Lord, that Thou hast seen my foot going in Thy path, Thou, who wilt give glory from heaven to him who spreads Thy glory on earth." Thus the Emperor spoke before all the people. And lo! a voice sounded from heaven as the voice of an angel in anger, and it

spoke with a voice like thunder rolling in the mountains: "Otto, king on earth, see, the King in heaven had put a chair by his side for thee to sit on, and thou has despised it in thy vanity; he had prepared for thee a crown of glory, and thou has taken the crown of pride that made angels fall. He has heard with little pleasure the thoughts of thy heart, that asks for the highest place. Know, that place is for him who most serves God in humility and purity of heart; that is for the good Gerard, the merchant in Cologne, whose name is written in the book of life. And now go and learn from him what is agreeable to God, and then confess that thy glory is vain and thy doing but little. But know that not readily will he speak to thee; well would he lay down his life, rather than let the fame of his righteousness sound up to God by words from his own mouth." When Otto had heard this, he bowed his head in shame and was humbled. He mounted his good horse, and with three of his knights rode over to Cologne. Among the citizens who came to greet their Emperor in the vast hall, Otto saw one, a tall man with a long white beard and the step of a youth; and when he asked the Bishop who sat by his side who that man was, he received in answer, "That is the good Gerard, the richest merchant in Cologne." Then the Emperor spoke to all the people assembled: "I came here to seek your advice, as I am in great need of it. But I was counselled and even commanded not to speak but to one of you, and for that one I choose thee, O Gerard! Thou seemest to me rich in wisdom and experience." And Gerard answered, bowing before the Emperor: "Shall I go alone to give my advice, while there are so many worthier ones here? But all the people said, 'O king, thy choice is good; there is no one in this hall his equal in wisdom.' So the Emperor took Gerard by the hand and led him to a chamber near by, and locked the door after him, and they sat down on one couch, Gerard by Otto's side. Then Otto said: "Gerard, it was to see thee that I came here; pray tell me how did it happen that the name 'Good' was given to thee? I would fain like to know." "O great king!" answered Gerard, "I do not know myself what that means; there are so many Gerards here: people only gave me that name to distinguish me from them." "Gerard, thou art deceiving me!" the Emperor called out; but Gerard answered: "Oh, no, great king, I should deceive thee if I spoke otherwise. Never did I merit that name, and it was often a burden to me; because, while the world called me 'the Good,' it reminded me how seldom I did what pleased God. Often do I send the poor man away with a mean gift, whilst God gives me riches: I give him sour beer and black bread, I give him an old gown, whilst many a new one I had, and would not have missed them. I always have liked to go to church where the service was shortest, and when I had once prayed with my whole soul, I thought that would do for half a year. Therefore, O king! do not ask me what I have done to deserve that high name." The emperor said: "Gerard, thou must give me a better answer, for I have sure knowledge that thou hast done a great deed for God's sake, and I came to hear the account of it from thy own mouth; therefore speak!" "Oh! spare me," called out the good man; "spare me, most gracious king!" But Otto replied: "No, no! thou only awakenest my impatience, and I tell thee thou must yield to me at the end, if even much against thy will!" Then prayed the good man in his heart: "O God! look at Thy servant! My king is angry with me, and I cannot resist him any longer. So, if I reckon with Thee, O Lord! and praise myself for the little good I ever did, do not Thou turn away Thy grace from me, for what I say, I do it much against my will." And presently he threw himself at the Emperor's feet, saying: "Ten thousand pounds of silver I have in my cellar, take it and spare me the answer!" "Gerard," said the rich emperor, "I thought thou wert wiser. Such a speech only excites my curiosity. And I will tell thee, thou canst reveal me everything, and it will be no sin to thee—so I swear before God." Then the good Gerard said, arising from his knees, and sitting down: "God knows my heart; He knows that, when I do now as my king commands me to do, my heart is full of grief, and vanity is far from it."

II. THE GOOD GERARD'S STORY.

"When my father died, he left no small fortune to me, his only heir. But as I was a merchant, I thought to double and double again my possessions, and cause my son to be called the rich Gerard, as his fathers had been called before him. So I left him such fortune as would be full enough for him, and took all the rest, fifty thousand pounds of silver, and carried it to my ship, together with food for a three years voyage. Experienced sailors were in my pay, and my clerk was with me, to write my accounts and read my prayers. So I went to Russia, where I found sable in profusion, and to Prussia's rich amber strand, and from there, by the Sea of the Middle, to the East, and there I took in exchange silk and woven goods from Damascus and Ninive; and well I thought a three-fold gain should be mine. Then my heart began to long for wife and child, and with great joy I told the mariners to turn the ship homeward. But a storm arose, and water and wind were fighting for twelve days and twelve nights, and threw my ship to an unknown land, where a bench gave us shelter. When the sun shone again, and the sky looked clear I saw villages and hamlets and fertile fields as far as my eye could reach, and near the sea a large city with pinnacles and high walls. We went to the port, and I found it full of merchandise, a rich and stately place, not unlike the old Cologne. I went on land, for I saw the governor of the city coming to view the goods in the port, and many a knight and vassal rode by his side; I thought to go up to him and ask his protection. But when I came near him, he approached me with a quick step, and greeting me with his hand, he thus spake: 'Welcome, the first one who comes to my market! Thou art my guest, stranger! I see thou comest from afar off, perhaps from the land of Christians who seldom come here, in false fear that I would harm them. Be of good cheer! I do not harm the merchant, nor need I covet his goods, for my land is rich, and all the gold and precious stones that it has in its mountains are mine, and the pearls in

the sea, and many a rich vessel that the storm throws on our coast.' Well was I astonished at such a greeting; but I accepted gladly; and the governor, Strannur by name, gave me the best house, and took care of me that nothing might harm me. Again and again did he show me his love, and soon friendship and confidence reigned between us. Presently he wanted me to show him the treasures of my ship, and I let it be done readily. I saw him wonder at their splendor, and with good cheer he said: "Gerard, I tell thee thou hast brought riches to this land so great that nobody can buy them. But I will show thee my treasures now, and then, if it so please thee, we will exchange; for in this land my treasure is of no value, while in the lands of the Christians it might bring thee at least a twenty-fold gain." And I answered: "To seek gain is the merchant's duty. I did show thee my treasure; now let me see thine." Then my host led me by the hand to a hall, and as I entered with a cheerful mind, hoping to behold the riches of India, gold and spices. I found the place all empty of joy and filled with misery. Twelve young knights were lying here in chains so heavy that their weight pulled them down to the low couches, and, though grief and want had disfigured their beauty, I saw they were of noble blood, and sons of high lords, born to govern the world. Then my host beckoned me to the next hall, where I found again twelve knights in chains, but old and pale, with venerable figure, and hair and beard silver-white. Then my host led me away by the hall, and said: "Behold my most precious goods!" Well, I found there goods great in riches and beauty, for fifteen lovely maidens were what he called the precious merchandise. And my heart pained me as I beheld them, for their loveliness and gentle mind shone amid the prison walls like stars in the night; and I saw one like their queen, a moon among the stars. But Strannur led me away and said: "Thou dost behold my goods; shall we exchange? Thou mayest easily get a rich ransom for each of them, more than one hundred thousand pounds of silver. In England they were born; William, their king, sent them over to Norway to bring him home his bride, King Reinemund's daughter, Irene, whom thou hast seen. Coming home, a storm threw them on my coast, and so they were mine by right; for after the custom of this land the strand is mine. And I offer these knights to thee, together with the fifteen maidens, that thou mayest give me the treasures I saw on thy ship." I had good reason to be astonished at such an offer, for I saw clearly it would be giving my goods for mere blanks, and so I asked the governor to let me please consider till the next morning. And when I came to my house I sat down thinking, and though my heart told me to help the prisoners in their misery, there was a voice in my mind saying: "Do not give away the earnings of thy life for a mere idea; and well would I have passed that night without coming to an end, if God in His goodness and grace had not given His advice in my heart. For I feel asleep, and in my sleep I heard a voice of God's angel, who spoke to me these words: 'Awake, Gerard, God's anger is calling thee! Did He not say in His mercy, "What thou givest to the poorest of My brethren, thou givest unto Me?" What thou givest to the needy ones, thou ledest to the Lord; and doubt in Him is great sin to thee!' Then I awoke and fell on my knees, and thanked God that He had given me shame and repentance in my heart, and humbled me so as to save me from sin. The next morning my host met me at the gate, and with anxiety he asked what it was my wish to do. And I answered: "I am willing to make exchange with thee, O Strannur! if thou allowest me one thing: give back to the prisoners their ship and all they brought on it, and give them food and mariners and whatever they need to go home." And the Governor answered: "Dost thou think me a thief, O Gerard? I thought, friend, thou knewest me better. Not one penny's worth will I keep from the prisoners, and theirs shall be whatever is needed for a safe and speedy voyage." After that he gave me his hand, and we changed thus mine and thine. Then the prisoners were told of what had happened, and they were clothed as became them, and refreshed, and when they beheld me their thanks and tears were such that my eyes overflowed even against my will. And I saw the women's great beauty, and Irene their queen, and though the earthly crown was taken from her, there was the crown of beauty and loveliness on her brow. Then my clerk read prayers and we went to sea; the right wind blew in our sails, and bore us quickly out ward. When we came near the coast of England, I spoke to the knights: "Tell me, who of you were born in England, that they may go on their way home now." And they answered: "From Norway only came Queen Irene with two of her maidens; all the rest of us were born in England." I said to the knights: "Go home, then, with my blessings, noble lords; and if I did what pleased you, think of me with a friendly heart. Let King William know, and also Reinemund of Norway, that Queen Irene is in my house and under my protection, and that I am ready and willing to give her up whenever they claim her. When I send my messengers to you, pay them back, O knights! what I left for your sake in the strange land of the heathen, if it so is convenient for you." Then they thanked me so that I had to hide from their embraces; and we parted with many tears; and they went their way, I mine.

"Soon I was home again. My wife and son welcomed me gladly and with thanksgivings, and after I had told them all, they led Irene to my house. And Queen Irene lived in my house like one of us for many a month, and my wife loved her, and all the women of my household and friendship, and she taught them many a fine art, such as to embroider with gold and thread of silver and pearl. And God gave His blessing to my trade, and I prospered. But every day Irene's loveliness grew more lovely, and when I saw her so gentle and smiling, I forgot my losses, and my joy was greater than seventy-fold gain would have made it. So passed a year, and no message came from Reinemund, nor from William, the King of England, and I beheld with sorrow that my queen's mind was grieved, though she hid her tears from our eyes. That I took to my heart, and said to myself: 'I brought our sweet queen free from great pain, and now I must see her in greater grief.' There is no one here kindred to her, and when I am gone, who is there

to be her friend and protector? King William is dead, and so is Reinemund, the King of Norway, and Irene, their queen, will die of grief for them!" Therefore I spoke to her one day, and asked her to listen graciously, and then I said thus: "Thou must know, O queen! that there is nothing that gives me so much trouble than the thought that one day shall become of thee when I am no more. It is clear now, sorry as I am for it, that thy friends are dead, therefore I think it our duty to counsel wisely what is best for thy future, O queen! And he is considered a wise man who tries to forget what fortune took from him, so I advise thee, O my daughter! to choose for a husband one from among my family, that is, my son, as whose wife honor and ample fortune will not be wanting to thee." At that Irene answered, and spoke to me: "O dear father! I know me no better adviser than thee in this world; so I will do whatever pleases thee. Only let me wait one year longer; if till then no tidings have come from my friends and kindred, thy wish shall be mine!" But the year was soon past, and no tidings had reached us, neither from England nor Norway; and so Irene, the queen, was to be the merchant's wife. I ordered the wedding to be prepared with the greatest splendor, and my mind's only thought was to boast with my riches; and I asked to the feast many a rich merchant, and nobles and dukes, and our prince the Bishop. So when Pentecost came, that was to be the day of the wedding, the Bishop stood up before the altar, and eleven noble squires knelt down before him, and the twelfth one, who was Gerard, my son, and the Bishop blessed their swords, and they arose as noble lords and knights. My eye rested on him, and I saw he was happy; he broke his lance in honor of his bride; he watched for the bell that should call him again to the altar of God, there to receive Irene as his wife; what could there be to make his happiness greater and to hinder him from drinking the cup of bliss? But lo! I beheld one standing far aside, a stranger with a pale face and his eyes full of tears; he gazed at Irene, my daughter, and he shuddered, and his arm was around a column that he might not fall. He was a young man of great beauty, and his skin was fine and white, but his beard gray, and his dress that of a beggar. As I saw him so full of woe and tears, I went up to him, and asked him the cause of his grief, that perhaps I might give help and make joy and happiness come back to his mind. But he would not speak. At last, as I pressed him very much, he said to me these words: "Such as thou dost see me here with my hair gray before the time, I am William, King of England. I went to sea to meet my bride coming from Norway, where I had sent twelve maidens and twenty four knights to escort her over to me. But a storm arose and threw my ship against the rocks while I was already in sight of them, the tempest carried me to the shore and I was thus saved, but not a word I ever heard of the knights, or the maidens, or of Irene, my bride, the King of Norway's daughter. For years and years I have wandered about in search of her, with my heart full of despair and my hair and beard gray, till at last I found here to-day, the bride of another man. What shall I tell thee more? My soul and body are hers whom I love, and for her sake I will now give them up into death!" When I heard these words from my guest, him who destroyed all my joys, I said unto him: "The Lord has done great things; honor and fortune he might still give thee back; wait here awhile and be of good cheer!" And I sent my valet to him, to attend to all his needs and wants, but I went to my prince the Bishop and told him the wonder God had shown to us, and asked him to help me with my son Gerard, and teach him a Christian's duty. So I called my son away from the side of his bride, and after he had heard the tale, so full of marvel, the Bishop asked him: "Wilt thou then separate, Gerard, what before God is united?" Then he answered me and he said, "What do you think of me? Shall I give up my love and happiness and rest and peace?" But the Bishop spoke: "Yes, my son, thou shalt!" And my son began to cry at these words, and I cried with him, and he put his arms around my neck, and said, "My father, then let it be so!" and my heart felt joy at these words. Shall I tell thee what my heart felt when I saw King William greet his bride? I am old as thou art, O Emperor! but I know not without jealousy thou wouldst have beheld it. And I thanked the God of goodness who had given so wise counsel in my mind, that my blessings are now greater than what gold or silver could ever have bought for me. After that I filled my ship and took them over to England, and great was the joy of the four-and-twenty knights on beholding their king and queen and of the whole people, and great were their thanks to me, and only with great pain could I hinder them from bestowing all their riches on me, and making me a prince and a great man among them. But I will not repeat to thee all they meant to do to me, and the praises they gave me; for God knows, in all my life I cannot deserve them. And when I came home the people made much of me, and called me the 'Good,' thou knowest now as well as I do, that I am not good. It was only by the angel's voice that my doubts were taken from me; I was full of fear to lose my goods, and weak. Besides I am a poor sinner and am proud and vain, so that I have been praising myself before thee, O Emperor, while, couldst thou see my heart, many a fault thou wouldst observe within."

III.

Before Gerard had finished speaking, the Emperor's heart grew large within him, and made his eyes overflow—for tears are a blessing which God sends from heaven. He felt shame and repentance, and these two re-created his heart, and his mind was healed from all false glory. And he said: "Gerard, I tell thee, better a good deal than silence is what thou hast made known to me; for my heart was sick with vain glory, and pride overgrew the good deed. I had built a great house to the Lord, and the thought of that poisoned my heart, so that it asked for reward. But what I asked has turned against me as a punishment, for no heart is pure that seeks for glory only. When I then praised myself at my good deed, God sent me to thee to learn true humility and charity. Truly thou art good; for thy heart was not moved by the praise of this world. Thou hast given thy goods for the poor prisoners, thou hast taken the wife from thy

son, and refused the riches of England in humility and charity, only for the sake of the Lord thy God, Well, my ride to thee has brought me benefit. But thou, O Gerard! pray the Lord to have mercy upon him that prides in vainglory; pray for thy Emperor to our God in heaven."—Catholic World.

BARRIERS AGAINST GOD—A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON THE BARRENNESS OF PROTESTANTISM.

An interesting sermon was recently delivered in New York, by the Rev. Mr. Gunnison, Pastor of All Soul's Universalist church, on the nakedness and coldness of Protestantism as "barriers against God." He chose the 8th verse of the 24th Psalm as his text:—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." These words were chanted at the gates of Jerusalem when the Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of Jehovah's presence to the Israelites, was being carried with solemn rites, to Solomon's temple on the day of its dedication. Commenting on these words of the Royal Psalmist, this eloquent Protestant divine said:—"The temple, rich in its beauty and decorations was admired by the people, but when within its recesses the Ark of God was placed, then it became dear to them, for God dwelt within it, and in this consisted the significance of Israel's temple—a holy significance that will never utterly perish. The temple was but a building grand in structure, but when the King of Glory entered it, the associations of Israel's God and history lodged themselves within it, and it became the holiest and divinest spot on earth."

"Protestantism can never know how much it has lost in the surrender of the grand architecture, the poetic rites and imposing symbolism of the Catholic Church, which inspires in the worshippers a spiritual emotion that makes the Church the house of God."

The Rev. Mr. Gunnison, calling attention to the defects of the Protestant system of public worship limited in its nature to a partial use of the ear and an almost entire disuse of the eye, as channels of instruction and edification to the human soul, shows the contrast between this and the Catholic Church; he says: "Catholicism aims at devotion and quickens, not by the ear but by the eye; the grand architecture and services giving a majesty and brilliancy that charms the mind through the sight; so that in one of their Cathedrals it is almost impossible not to worship, and if their ceremonies and worship exert such an influence on one out of their creed, what influence must they exert upon those whose fathers have worshipped within them for a thousand years!"

"But what would Solomon's temple have been had the gates not been opened to let the King of Glory in? The gates had been built by the hands of Jews but being opened to the Lord, He made Jerusalem the city of cities."

"Our hands are continually building up gates against the Lord, and while we consider that we are safe, He is on the outside clamoring for admission. The first of these is irrevocable."

The distinguished minister then goes on to show from his standpoint, that Protestantism, by its spirit of restlessness and criticism, "has left uninvited the religious and spiritual element which is chief in the soul of man—its cold when the soul needs fervency, its ministrations tending to intellectual development rather than spiritual growth. The disciples of Catholicism, on the other hand, are men of feeling, because by memory, music, art, and association they cultivate feeling. The Catholic regards his church as the house of God, the Protestant as his place of meeting, and to this must be attributed the atmosphere of contention among its denominations which builds up against the King of Glory a seeming everlasting barrier."

After an exposure of the contradictions and turmoil of the innumerable sects which distract Protestant Christendom, the Rev. Mr. Gunnison thus frankly but sadly admits the failure of Protestantism to meet the wants of the human soul:—"Selfishness in another harbor, how sad its story—sect arrayed against sect, church against church, creed against creed; jealousy, envy, all uncharitableness with evil speaking and malice—these come and dwell within the 'house of God.' The strong refuse to bear the burdens of the weak, and the weak will bear no burden at all; whose houses are of brass and timbers of impenetrable oak. Within the Church there ought to be no room for personal selfishness; bigotry, self-conceit, carping criticisms of men and methods, sensitiveness, a constant crying out of neglect, lack of earnestness—these are the bolts in the door which keep the King of Glory out."

"There are other gates, as those of pride, folly, and unconsecrated service, all of which we are building up against the King, while within, because of them, our churches, our sects, yes, our own hearts are desolate; because the King stands without knocking, the gates preventing His entrance." The want of a more consoling and expressive system of public worship among our separate brethren is to be seen in the remarkable growth of what is styled the High Church and Ritualistic party in the Protestant denomination in the United States, and in Great Britain and her dependencies.

This "Romanizing" element has succeeded in gradually introducing altars, crosses, pictures and statuary, processions and recessional, altar cloths, choral services, Gregorian music, floral decorations, and other customs peculiar to the Catholic Church. In architecture this approximation to Catholic art is seen everywhere in the revival of Gothic architecture, with all its beautiful symbolism, which has almost superseded the old orthodox Protestant square windowed, galleried, and white-washed house of worship of forty years ago.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

Pious old party.—"And now, Mrs. Stubbins, I've one important question to ask. Does not Satan oftentimes tell you that you are not a Christian?" Mrs. Stubbins.—"Yes, 'ee do so." P. O. P.—"And what say you to him on these occasions?" Mrs. S.—"Well, I say, whether I be or no, it can't possible be none of his business."—London Fun."

MY IRISH GIRL.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.

Her name isn't Maimie nor Minnie, Nor Laura, nor Sophie, nor Sue, She doesn't ride out in a carriage, Through Broadway or Fifth Avenue; She don't care a fig for the fashions, Nor wishes "a brown front" to own, Yet fairer is not in the city, Than my Irish girl, Bridget Malone.

CARDINAL MANNING

ON THE LESSON FROM OUR LADY'S LIFE.

Concluding a series of sermons at St. Mary's, Chelsea, during the month of May, Cardinal Manning preached, on the last Sunday of May, a discourse, which will probably rank, when it is published, among the most attractive of the many beautiful sermons preached by his Eminence. We are indebted to our esteemed Contemporary the Liverpool Catholic Times for the following report. The text was taken from the 10th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark, "Woman behold thy son." His Eminence said:—"We are come to the last of the four reasons which I gave in the beginning for the love and veneration—the devotion—which we owe to the blessed mother of our Redeemer—the sanctifying power of this devotion upon ourselves, that is, the reflex action upon the minds and hearts of those who love and venerate her. The first of these reasons were derived from the substance of the faith and sanctification and the glory of her own person; this is personal to ourselves. The greatest saints have always loved the Blessed Virgin most; and in proportion as we are sanctified, we shall love her more; and in proportion as we love her more, we shall be more sanctified. This is what I propose to consider to-day. The words I have taken for my text were the words of Our Divine Lord Himself, as you will remember, upon the cross. He said to His Blessed Mother, "Behold thy son," meaning thereby the beloved disciple, St. John, who stood at the foot of his cross, and he went on to say to his disciple "Behold thy mother." These words are not a mere deed of grant; they do not signify that Our Divine Lord, gave, by a metaphorical expression, His Mother to be our mother; but He revealed what the mystery of the Incarnation had accomplished, namely, that there are living relations between God Incarnate and us, whereby He becomes our brother, and so by the adoption of grace His Father our Father, and therefore His Mother our Mother, so that there is a supernatural consanguinity of our manhood in the Incarnation, whereby we are as truly the sons of the second Eve by grace as we are sons of the first Eve by nature. From this it follows that there are living relations, perpetual and eternal, between us and her, and that these living relations are the sources of living and personal duties and affections now and for eternity; and in the measure in which we practise these duties and cherish these affections, in that measure we, ourselves, shall be sanctified. I have pointed out, before, how this love and veneration springs from the very substance of the faith itself; therefore this devotion perfects the faith in the hearts of those who believe; the tendency of it is to complete and to preserve the life and consciousness of faith in those who love and venerate the Mother of God. The mystery of the Incarnation, as it was from all eternity before the divine mind of God, is the perfect image of the Mother and the Son, the union, in one person, of Godhead and manhood and the mother from whom he derived it—the Second Adam and the Second Eve. Upon the unity of that mystery depended the perfection of our faith. We cannot separate it, we cannot divide it, we cannot diminish any part of its perfect circumference without destroying the perfectness of our faith. The devotion—the love and reverence to the Blessed Mother of our Redeemer—turns round about that mystery of the Incarnation, a circle and a circumference of defence and of perfection. In the whole history of the Church the manifestation of the glory of the Incarnation has been at the same time, the manifestations of the glory of the Blessed Virgin. The doctrine of the Incarnation has never been assailed by heresy, and therefore defended by the divine authority of the Church, without, at that same time and in that same action, the glory of the Son and the glory of the Mother becoming at the same time more manifest. When those who denied the true substantial manhood of the Son, and taught that the body in which he appeared was a phantasm,—when they were condemned by a declaration that the manhood of Jesus Christ was true and substantial like ours, in that declaration His Blessed Mother was declared to be the source from which that substance of our manhood was assumed, and in the assumption of it was defined. When the Arians ascribed, to the Son of Mary Godhead in every sense but one, Godhead in perfection save in that of co-eternity of the Son with the Father when the Council of Nice declared that the Son was not of a like substance, but of one substance with the Father,—in that moment the glory of the Mother of God was manifested. When the Nestorians affirmed, indeed, that the Godhead was perfect in its proper substance, but that there were two persons—the Eternal Son and the Emmanuel, united by some mysterious economy to the Eternal Son—thereby denying the truth of the Incarnation of God altogether, and thereby denying the redemption of the world, for the blood that was shed on Calvary would have been no longer the blood of God but of man, the Council of Ephesus, in giving to her the title of Mother of God affirmed this precise truth—that the Divine infant whom she bore into the world was a Divine person and, if in a truly Divine person there was no human personality, there was a Divine person clothed with human nature, but no human personality, because two persons could not so exist in the mystery of the Incarnation; it would not be the Incarnation of God. I might even go further—the faith itself has hardly been touched—but directly or indirectly the glory of the Blessed Mother of God has been made more manifest. When St. Augustine laid down against the heresy of the Pelagians the doctrine of original sin, he declared, in speaking of the universality of original sin, "I say nothing of the Blessed Virgin out of reverence for her Divine Son," and the Council of Trent, in like manner, when it made a decree—the first decree that a General Council of the Church ever made on the subject of original sin; for until then that doctrine which is the foundation of our whole faith, rested upon the definitions of a provincial council in Africa—with the confirmation of the Roman Pontiff thereby becoming an infallible definition,—in declaring the universality of original sin of mankind,

it does not include the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God. I may say, therefore, the glory of Mary has been manifested concurrently with the glory of her Divine Son; and the Faith itself is so intimately related to the mystery of her sanctity, that whenever any of the doctrines of the faith have been touched directly or indirectly, some reference to her has been made, and her singular and pre-eminent sanctification and glory have been manifested. Now let us take a contrast. There was a time when England was full, from sea to sea of this undivided mystery of the Incarnation, when the glory of the Son and of the Mother was in the heart and on the lips of every man and every child. Three hundred years ago in every cathedral and abbey and parish church, her feasts, her litany, the "Hail Mary," her memory venerable and dear in the heart and upon the lips of all who believed in Christianity. Then came a separation; the glory of the Son was isolated, and men thought to adore Him with divine worship and to leave His Blessed Mother in the shade without so much as an invocation. What has followed? You see the condition of religion in England at this day. I know not how many millions do not believe even in Jesus Christ: I don't know how many who profess to believe in Jesus Christ deny his Godhead; I don't know how many there are who believe in the Incarnation, nevertheless deny to her the title of Mother of God. And if they believe her Divine Son to be the co-eternal Son, how can they deny that she is the mother of a divine person? Does it not show that a latent, if it be only a subtle and unexpressed, thought of Nestorianism runs through the mind even of those who profess to believe in the mystery of the Incarnation? What would the Council of Ephesus have said to these numbers of Christians in England of every kind who refuse to give to the Blessed Virgin the title which the Council gave—"Mother of God"—one of the Four General Councils which we are told the Anglican Church receives and makes the foundation of all things, like the Four Gospels, and by which heresy is to be tried in the tribunals of the land? The Council of Ephesus would say, Why any man who denies that Mary is the Mother of God is a heretic, either implicit or explicit, conscious or unconscious. I might carry matters further. The instance I have given is enough to show this—you cannot obscure the glory of the Mother without at the same time in some degree diminishing and destroying the fulness and the perfection of the Faith. If I were to give other examples, I might refer to Poland, to Switzerland, and to Germany, where Socinianism and Rationalism have devoured not only doctrine after doctrine, but the whole Revelation of God, not only the leaf but the fruit, not only the fruit but the branches, not only the branches but the trunk, not only the trunk but the root. It is all gone. And where did it begin? With that same intellectual rising against the divine authority of the Church called the Reformation, the first sign of which was the rejection of the loving veneration of the Blessed Mother of God. I remember some years ago seeing a map, drawn by pious and well-intentioned men no doubt, describing the state of the Christian world.—These vast countries, nations, and regions over which the Vicar of Jesus Christ holds spiritual sway were painted in deep black; those other portions which were liberated by the Reformation as hope and light in bright colours. When I looked upon that map, I said to myself, "In those lands of light there is not a 'Hail Mary' said, but neither is the Godhead of Jesus Christ believed, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity is rejected, and Christianity is abolished and gone up from the earth like dust; but in those dark lands there is no man, woman, or child, unless they are among the units who have fallen away, who do not believe in the Ever-Blessed Trinity, in Jesus, God and man in one person, and who do not say the 'Hail Mary' every day after they had said the 'Our Father.'" I think then I have not said too much in affirming that the loving veneration of the Mother of God has been the circle of circumference round about the Faith itself. As it preserves and amplifies the consciousness of Faith, so does it preserve and amplify the habit of Charity. More perfect Faith, more perfect love; the one is the commensuration of the other. Do you believe that any man can love the Mother without loving the Son? Do you believe that anyone believes Mary to be the Mother of God without believing Jesus to be God? Do you think it possible for anyone to love the Mother of God and not to love Jesus as the Divine Lord and the Redeemer of the world? Why should anyone love the Mother except in and through the Son? How can they know the Mother unless they know the Son? They are co-relative terms. How can they know the dignity and the sanctity of the Mother unless they know the Godhead and the manhood of the Son? It is from the son that they have knowledge of the Mother; it is through the Son that they love her, and their act of love to the Mother of Jesus is an act of love to Jesus Himself. Charity is like the light of heaven; you cannot take it and subdivide it by a prism in the human soul. Where Charity exists, it exists in one gift of God. Do you think it possible for any man really to love the Son and consciously to refuse to love the Mother? I do not believe it. I believe there are millions in England who do love our Lord Jesus Christ, and who do not love His Blessed Mother. That would seem to be a contradiction of my words, but it is none. Three hundred years ago in every church throughout this land there was the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. All in a day the Blessed Sacrament was removed. Those who had lived to man's estate, or to the age of reason, while the Blessed Sacrament was upon the altar, no doubt, were trained to realise the divine presence in the supernatural mystery, and to the end of their lives they retained some recollection of it, fading perpetually, for they were carried away, as the great majority were, in the tumult and the riot of that spiritual revolt. Nevertheless they retained some sort of consciousness to their dying day, that in the Most Holy Sacrament there was the real presence of Jesus Christ, and that if it were upon the altar they would bend the knee. But their children—the next generation who were born afterwards, and had never seen a tabernacle, nor the light hanging before it, had never seen the presence of Our Lord in the Holy Sacrament at all, who had been reared up in the empty churches of England in the desolate untenanted sepulchres where once the Lord had lain—what consciousness had they? It is no surprise to me to see true Christians who believe in Jesus Christ coming to our churches without so much as bowing in passing to and fro before the high altar, gazing at pictures, making observations on the architecture, as unconscious that they are standing in the presence of our Divine Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament as if He did not exist. I don't find fault with them. Some people are impatient; I am not impatient with them. Who has ever trained them? They believe in Jesus Christ, and I hope and trust they love him in their hearts, but they don't know His presence in the Holy Sacrament. Let me apply what I have said only as an illustration. Those who lived at the time of the Reformation, and had been taught from their infancy to say the "Hail Mary," continued to the end of their lives, no doubt believing and loving her; but those who were born in the next generation—who had never been taught to say the "Hail Mary," not to know who Mary is; had never been instructed to understand that He is God Incarnate, and she is the Mother of God, because she bore Him as a Divine Infant, they who had grown up in the utter unconsciousness of these truths—I can quite understand them never saying a prayer in honor, or affection, or love of a person of whom they knew so little; I can quite understand

that they, having never been taught that through the Incarnation she is as much our mother in the order of grace as the first Eve in the order of nature, and that our relations to her are living relations, carrying duties and affections; I can perfectly understand those who have been deprived of this influence—growing up in a perfect unconsciousness of their duties to the Mother of the Divine Redeemer and yet knowing and loving Him. Therefore, understand me, when I say I cannot understand any man loving the Son and consciously refusing love to His Blessed Mother, I mean this, that they that are unconscious of the relations in which they stand to her and the Son, they cannot understand, but as to those who know this influence I must charge upon them an impurity of heart, a hardness and unfeeling coldness—I must say more, a spiritual insolvency to venture to think her Divine Son will accept the love of hearts which consciously, deliberately, and explicitly withhold the love which for His sake is due to His Mother. In order to give a further proof of the assertion I made in the beginning, that the greatest saints had loved her most, and that in the measure in which we are sanctified we shall love her more, I will give you the example of the saints of the Church. I would ask you to take the literature of the Church, and to tell me where you find the love of Our Divine Lord, the love of His Name, the love of His Sacred Heart, of His Five Sacred Wounds, of His Incarnation, of His person, in the greatest degree of fervour both of conception and of expression, if you do not find it in St. Anselm, whose whole mind was pervaded with the light of the Incarnation, and the love of Our Lord; St. Bernard, who had given the name of Jesus his own devotion; St. Bernardine, who is called the Seraphic Doctor; and St. Alphonsus, whose works are filled with the love of Jesus. All these writers are the most profound in their love and veneration of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord. St. Bernard has received a special title for the love that he bore to her; St. Bonaventure preached all over central Italy of Mary; St. Bernard is reproached for writings in which he has adopted the words "O God" to express the dignity of His Blessed Mother; St. Alphonsus is crowned with a diadem of reproach and of rebuke for the "Glories of Mary." Thirdly, this devotion perfects the filial spirit. By our baptism, we are made sons of God and sons of the Church; and when we are made sons of God we are made the sons of Mary. And when the Spirit of the Father and the Spirit of the Son is sent forth into our hearts, whereby we cry, "Abba, Father," and when we receive power to become the sons of God, it means this, and the filial spirit which is implanted in us by gift must be trained in us by discipline. Now, we can only serve God in one of three ways. We must either serve Him as slaves, in trembling like the devils that believe and fear; or, secondly, we may serve him as hirelings and mercenaries, looking only for our pay; or, thirdly, we may serve Him as sons, by love, obedience, freedom, and generosity. Now, I ask how is this spirit to be trained by us? There are two gifts of the Holy Ghost out of which that spirit arises. There is a gift of holy fear, it is the gift, not of slaves or of hirelings, but of sons who fear to offend the love and holiness of their Father; there is a gift of piety, which means especially the natural affection of children for a father, raised and elevated, by the Holy Ghost, with sanctity and charity. How is this character trained? I should ask you, How is the filial love of your children trained? Who forms the first character of the child? Who impresses upon the boy in his infancy the outline and the qualities of the character which he will have when he grows up a man? Whom does the law of England call the guardian of nurture until the age of discretion is reached? The mother. Into whose hands does nature commit the child to be fashioned and formed and trained and disciplined before, as yet, the father exercises authority? You know how the love of a mother is the first formation of the whole character of the boy and of the future man; you know the words of a mother will follow a man through life; how to the end of life the affection of a mother will hang over the head of a son even in the riot and disorder of his life, for his rebuke and guidance; how the memory of a mother's love will soften a flinty and hard man in the midst of iniquity; how there is a creative power I may say, in a mother's heart. Is there anything like this in the order of grace? Certainly. The first Eve was our mother to sin and death, the second Eve is the Mother of our Redeemer, the perfection of purity, humility, charity; that divine example hangs before us all our days, as Catholics, and also her known and conscious love, for, if we once love her we are sure of it she loves us first, and her prayers are ever offered up for us; and it is from the contemplation of her perfect love that men learn first manly tenderness. Men are proud of their hardness and hardness is a departure from perfection. There is a manly tenderness which belongs to a soldier's character. The sacred heart of Jesus is a divine heart, the spotless heart of Mary is a human heart like ours, and from the example alone we learn a meaning. We learn a chivalrous fidelity to her Divine Son, to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ. The martyrs learned it from the Queen of Martyrs, who stood at the foot of the Cross when men fled. A chivalrous spirit will not endure to hear a word of reproach or shame or dishonor against Jesus Christ, or His mother, or the Faith. The life it lives is a life above the mere literal commandments, and shows a promptness to make self-sacrifice, as she at the foot of the Cross united herself, united her heart, united her will to the heart and will of her Divine Son in the moment of his self-oblation when He redeemed the world. In His infinite merits she by a conscious act like His, as the priest when he raises the Holy Sacrament of the altar, she made oblation gladly and willingly of her Divine Son for the redemption of mankind. If our children be taught to contemplate her from their earliest history, to ask her prayers, study her life, follow her footsteps, can there be a discipline by which the filial character of a child can be better formed so as to love our Heavenly Father more surely and more perfectly. I have affirmed that those who love and venerate her must have most of the character of true disciples of Jesus Christ; that they have the most conformity to their Divine Master; that their love and veneration is only a conformity to His; only an approximation to that love and veneration which he bore. He, a perfect Son, is our example; His example is our pattern. His life is our law. If in some musical instrument of great compass, richness, and power, one single stop were untuned the whole harmony would be marred; if in some beautiful human countenance one feature only was effaced, the whole beauty would be marred; if whilst the love of His Blessed Mother was in His heart, the love of His Blessed Mother is not found in ours, I ask what perfection can there be in conformity to Him. In that measure there is a defect and a deformity. The love of the Blessed Virgin was taught first of all by Jesus Christ; He was the founder of that devotion. It was preached to the world by the apostles, and the evangelists of the Incarnation, and has come down as a living stream of love and veneration in the heart of the Church from that day to this. The supernatural instinct which we call devotion rises from the supernatural intuitions of the faith, and what we do not they did then; and what we do now is what we shall do in eternity, and therefore devotion to the Blessed Virgin is not only no hindrance in the way of submission to the divine authority of the Catholic Church—it is a sign and proof of the true Church of Jesus Christ, and a reason for that submission. Lastly, what are our duties? The duty of love stands to reason; the duty of veneration is abundantly proved; but there are duties of invocation and

the duty of imitation. Having touched briefly on the first of these duties, his Eminence proceeded as to the duty of imitation.—I will say to men, imitate the example of the Blessed Virgin. Imitate her in courage. I don't mean that burly, noisy, boisterous overbearing which men call courage; I mean the calm, passive, silent, enduring, self-mastery patience, which was the courage of the martyrs. That is true courage. The courage of a soldier who can stand under fire is greater than the courage of a soldier who can rush because his blood is hot. Another lesson to learn is a lesson of compassion; compassion with the crucifixion in our nature; compassion to every soul about us; compassion to every penitent; compassion to everyone that is afflicted; compassion to everyone that is in sin—hating the sin, have compassion on the sinner; compassion to the dumb-creatures that are the creation of God; to those innocent and beautiful works of His hands made for our use, over which we have dominion, but not for tyranny. I will say to women, imitate the Blessed Virgin; and if you love and venerate her, her image will pass unconsciously into the very substance of your life and heart. Imitate her true dignity which does not consist in clamouring for rights and in running a race in the intellectual culture of men. Man and woman have a diverse perfection, and the union of these perfections, which are diverse, make up one perfection which is indissoluble. Women have a dignity and perfection of their own which no man can imitate without lowering himself. An effeminate man is an abomination, a masculine self-asserting woman is a monster. The pattern of our Blessed Mother is a pattern of womanly dignity. Woman has her sovereignty, and her kingdom is her own heart; and in the house over which she rules no man can dispute that sovereignty; if he rises against it he is mutilating that divine law by which he reigns supreme. Such was the state when God created man and woman in Paradise, and the world has wrecked the recollection and is striving to efface the image of that two-fold perfection which rises into one. Man is the image of God; man is the head of woman, and the head of man is God. These are the words of the Holy Ghost. In Jesus and His Blessed Mother the first creation is not only restored but elevated to a divine perfection, and you are called to be children of the Incarnation. The highest creature in the new creation of God is a woman, and the second Adam is God Himself. Therefore, dear brethren, let the humility and the charity and the tenderness and courage and compassion and piety of the Blessed Mother of God be your example; and if that does not make you perfect, I know of no means by which you can obtain perfection. The greatest saints have loved her most, and in the measure in which you are sanctified you will love her more; in the measure in which you love her more, you will be like her Son.

TO OUR PROTESTANT FRIENDS.

The word convert has in this country two meanings, Catholic and Protestant. In the Catholic Church a convert means a person who has abandoned false worship and erroneous opinions, and has embraced the Gospel of Truth in the Church of Christ. Among our separated brethren a convert means a person who experiences a "change of heart," often instantaneous, whereby, instead of carelessness of things spiritual or criminality of life, the "convert" thereafter mainly shapes his life after the model of Scripture, as he understands it. This use of the word convert is almost peculiarly American. It is open to the praise of being economical, as if not used in this way our Protestant fellow citizens would have no practical use for the word as combined with the indefinite article. A convert, in the Catholic sense of the term, they never see. We address this article in part to our Protestant readers, of whom we have a few hundred, and we desire their earnest attention to it; and we ask for some explanation of the facts which we allege, if such explanation can be given. We shall now roughly outline two pictures of the Catholic and Protestant Churches as popularly presented in the ordinary Protestant newspapers of the day. The Catholic Church, say they, is intriguing, ambitious, full of profound worldly wisdom; it keeps its followers in blindness and ignorance; it fosters laziness and uncleanness, and is inconsistent with intellectual advancement, with the progress of society in its industrial and commercial aspects, and is utterly at variance with the plain letter and obvious interpretation of the pure Word of God.—Both from a temporal and a spiritual point of view it is an illogical monstrosity, worthy only of untutored barbarians. Protestantism, on the other hand, happily approves itself to both the temporal and spiritual senses. Based on the pure word of God, it obtains the seal of his indirect approval in the great advances in wealth and comfort which are to be noted in Protestant countries. Progress, education, refinement, wealth and advancing enlightenment in science are sure concomitants of the Bible Christian. They are in some sort, what we call the "notes" of the Protestant Church. Well, these systems of religion stand before the American people on their merits, or demerits, as the case may be. No state thunder is used on behalf of either. All their action is public to every citizen. Communications between people and pastors is made in churches with open doors and with congregations invariably mixed. The proceedings of Catholic Councils and of Protestant Synods and Conferences are alike printed and published to the world. We are looking at these opposing systems from the outside, as it were, and divesting ourselves of partiality or prejudice, if we previously had any.—Prejudice, in its right meaning, ought to be unknown among American citizens on the subject of doctrinal differences, for ample opportunities are afforded every Catholic of knowing just what Protestantism asserts, and claims and teaches. Catholics need not be, and in fact rarely are, ignorant of what Protestantism is. Protestants have equal facilities of knowing what Catholicity has to say for itself, if it has anything to say. Whatever may be the strength or the weakness, the merits or the demerits, the good or the evil of these totally incompatible religions, it is at least certain that both stand before us in the brightness of noon-day. Both have active writers and thinkers dealing with matters of dogma or discipline. Attack and defence is going on now as in the past along the whole line, and there is no possibility of masked batteries. It may be admitted, we think, that Catholicity labors under what to any other body would be deemed an insuperable difficulty, in that her living teachers adopt all that their predecessors taught as immutably true. The American people are the great national jury before whom these contestants appear. It is true that many of the members of the National Inquest neglect to listen to or note the evidence. But there are those who do—and what is the result? This is a legitimate query, and one which has to some extent a logical sequence. Well, the facts are these, so far as this city of Newark is concerned. There is no instance on record of any Catholic having embraced Protestantism on conscientious conviction. On the other hand, converts from Protestantism to Catholicity may be reckoned by the hundreds; and we believe exceeding ten hundreds in twenty-five years. Converts to the Church are almost always men of more than ordinary education and ability, and conspicuous for purity of life and character. A couple of weeks ago Father Damen concluded

a mission at St. James' Church in this city. A mission is simply a special effort made to bring sinners to repentance, and in this sense resembles a revival, lacking the sensational. The close of this mission brought a great number of penitents, whom our Protestant friends would call converts, and a large number of converts, whom our Protestant friends would call perverts; to the Catholic faith. They have been baptized, and henceforward will be undistinguishable from other Catholics in thought, habit, instincts and religious observances, beyond a little extra zeal and a very joyous demeanor.

As it is in Newark, so it is wherever the English language is spoken. The question we wish to have solved is this: How is it that this Catholic Church, debasing, illogical, unscriptural, sensual, intriguing, worldly, spiteful, lazy, unprogressive, unintellectual, and in total variance with the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century—how is it that this unattractive mother of iniquity, here and there and everywhere, continues to draw to her bosom precisely those men to whom the repulsive features mentioned would be most noticeable and most abhorrent. This is an age devoted specially to the study of phenomena. Here is a phenomenon before our eyes. Twenty odd persons, being Protestants, go to hear certain men preach in a Catholic church during the month of April, 1875. Whatever they heard there induced them to apply for admission to that Catholic Church, of which they are now members. What caused these men to take this step?—Are the doctrines of the Catholic Church less unreasonable than is so often stated? What are these doctrines? Whence the striking fact that all the converts go in one direction? We think, dear Protestant readers, that these are questions that a reasonable man might ask himself, and we suggest them in a spirit of desire for truth, which we are all, Jew and Gentile, desirous of attaining and possessing.—Irish Citizen.

THE IRISH IN PHILADELPHIA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

GEN. STEPHEN MOYLAN.— Was a native of Cork, and brother to Bishop Moylan. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War he had raised a regiment of Cavalry, the fourth regiment of Light Dragoons, and so effective was it in service that it was called a "brigade," it being regarded as efficient as that number of men.—"Moylan's Dragoons" being in fact a terror to the British. The Dragoons fought valiantly and served faithfully; they were almost entirely Irish. On January 1st, 1781, the revolt of the Pennsylvania Line occurred near Princeton, N. J. It was caused by the discontent of the soldiers as to uncertain enlistments, deficiencies of clothing, arrearages of pay. The soldiers to the number of 1300 marched to Trenton, and making fit the headquarters, negotiations were completed by which the trouble was settled. Gen. Moylan, being at Princeton, January 4th, 1781, wrote to President Reed, of Pennsylvania, as follows: "I joined General Wayne this day in order to give any assistance in my power, as the enemy will, in all probability, come out. If the Line act as they say they will, I shall then be of some service. Should your Excellency think it would be my duty to join my regiment or stay to see the end of this affair, pray let me know by the bearer. I think my presence at Lancaster may well be dispensed with." He wrote thus because the British had sent a force to South Amboy, expecting the mutineers would join them. Two spies were sent to the Pennsylvanians, who handed them over to Gen. Wayne, assuring him that though they had revolted they ceased not to be enemies of the oppressors of America, and would always oppose them. Moylan was ready in case of an engagement to take command under Wayne. He was appointed Brigadier and Commissary-General, and acted as Washington's aid at Cambridge. After the war he resided in Chester county, but he died in Philadelphia. He was the first member and the first, and also the last, President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, formed September 17th 1771, and served as President until 1773. On March 17th, 1796, on the resignation of J. M. Nesbit, he was chosen President, and served until the dissolution of the society, 1798. Moylan was also a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. It is stated that he is buried in St. Mary's Church Yard, South Fourth st., Philadelphia, but after a diligent search we failed to find any tombstone bearing the name of Moylan, and if the trustees of the church ever erected a monument to him, as we have seen stated, it certainly has no existence to-day. Perhaps through neglect like Commodore Barry's tomb, it was allowed to decay. Who can tell us of the burial place of Moylan?

GEN. WALTER STEWART. The military camp on the Centennial Exposition Grounds is named Camp Stewart, in honor of Colonel Stewart, Commander of the 13th Pennsylvania Regiment during the Revolutionary War. Stewart was a native of Ireland, and at the outbreak of hostilities took an active part on the side of the colonists. His regiment served faithfully and efficiently, and on one occasion, February 26th, 1778, while stationed at Newtown, Bucks county, the Major and a number of the men were taken prisoners by the British, who also capturing clothing entailed great suffering upon the regiment. In 1777 was captured in Philadelphia James Molesworth, a British spy, who had come from New York to obtain pilots to bring war vessels up the Delaware River to attempt the capture of Philadelphia, and to secure men to spike the guns of the Americans. After the arrest of Molesworth he confessed these details of the plot to Stewart. He was executed March 31st, 1777. Stewart served as assistant aid-de-camp to Major Gen. Gates. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati and of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

CAPT. JOHN McDONALD was an Irishman, who commanded a company of Col. Swope's regiment of Pennsylvania Flying Camp. He was captured at Fort Washington November 17th, 1776; was paroled at Long Island June 28th, 1777, and on August 23rd, 1779, was ordered to the New York Prisons, where he received supplies from Louis Pintard, John Beatty, Abraham Skinner, Commissary-General of Prisoners, and John Brook, Assistant Commissary of Issues. Capt. McDonald was exchanged at Elizabethtown, N. J., November 2nd, 1780, and walked from there to York, Pennsylvania.

JIMMY McCoy was a noted character in Philadelphia during the latter part of the Revolutionary War. His name indicates his nationality, and as he had but one leg it is to be inferred that he had lost the other in the service of his country. The Evening Post was a paper published once a week by Charles Town. Jimmy McCoy would dispose of copies throughout the city by blowing a trumpet, and crying out with a loud voice, "Here's your bloody news—here's your fine bloody news.—T. C. U. Journal. Politics are full of tricks, Of politics beware, A good stout spade ne'er yet betrayed The man who used it fair. Buggins thinks that dynamite is a contraction of the any minute.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, June 30, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE, 1876. Friday, 30—Commemoration of St. Paul. JULY, 1876. Saturday, 1.—Octavo of St. John Baptist. Sunday, 2.—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. VISITATION OF THE B. V. M. Monday, 3.—MOST PAINFUL BLOOD OF OUR LORD (July 2). Tuesday, 4.—St. Francis Caracciolo, Confessor (June 4). Wednesday, 5.—St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany (June 5). Thursday, 6.—Octavo of SS. Peter and Paul.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Serious differences of opinion are said to prevail in the British Cabinet as to the measure of aid that England should afford to the Porte, in case of a crisis.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces has been ordered to proceed to Nitsche and prepare for immediate hostilities with Serbia.

The Porte intends to invite qualified British officials to enter the Turkish service, in connection with the establishment of a financial administration for the country.

Russia is reported to sustain Serbia in her warlike movements against Turkey.

Austria will preserve a strict neutrality in the event of war between Serbia and Turkey.

M. Rouher, a staunch Bonapartist, has been elected a member of the Council General from the Department of Puy de Dome.

The bill authorizing the municipality of Paris to raise a twenty-four million loan for public works in that city, has passed the French Senate.

Egypt's reply to the announcement of Murad Effendi's succession to the Turkish Throne, has been despatched.

The Russian Telegraph Agency endeavors to attach the blame—should impending hostilities between Turkey and Serbia take definite shape—to England's support of the former.

Kingston, profiting by the lesson inculcated by a recent fire, has ordered the removal of all wood-buildings within the fire limits.

Jean Baptiste day was celebrated on Monday various towns of the Dominion with the usual pomp and circumstance. In Ottawa the celebration was especially brilliant. Part of the programme was the laying of the cornerstone of the new French Catholic institute, by Bishop Duhamel.

THIRTY YEARS OF THE PAPACY.

The month of June 1876, has come and gone, and it is memorable for more reasons than one. But the reason why it will not be forgotten in Catholic hearts, and that is, it brought around the Thirtieth anniversary of the coronation of Pius IX. It may be regarded as thirty years an Emperor. But to be thirty years a Pope, is an event which never before occurred in all the cycles of the existence of mankind. No generation of the races of our species has ever beheld it, and it surpasses all the calculations of the generations of the race that preceded ours. It is a miracle done before our eyes, done with the wordless thought of God. Ever in the ears of the Popes rang one admonition from the ages. "The y ears of Peter thou shalt never behold!" A miracle has reversed the awful decree and we ought to stand amazed and reverent before it!

In all the history of the Church for eight thousand years such a thing has not been.

We can trace all that long line of Pontiffs who have ruled the Church, from these modern days with their whirl of giddy excitement down to the Middle Ages when the clang of the mailed heel of the armoured Baron rang in the Cathedrals and the Courts, down still further to the time of the rush of the Alarics and Attilas upon Rome, further still to the age of the Constantines, and further still until our minds pause before the gates of the Catacombs, or at the feet of the Emperors throned in the Coliseum to witness the slaughter of the Christians flung to the lions, and there is no other amongst all these hierarchs to whom such a special honor has been vouchsafed by heaven.

And this Pontiff specially selected out of so many for this singular prerogative, in its possession appears only to be assigned a special agony, and a special sorrow. A prisoner in the Vatican, plundered, discredited as far as human hands could disgrace him, insulted by a brutal Government in these his days of age, his existence is simply a prolonged martyrdom. If he turn his gaze upon the seven hilled City, once the seat of his temporal throne and rule, he beholds what must embitter his soul. The Convents, the Monasteries, the holy places familiar to his youth and manhood are desecrated and despoiled. Their inmates are driven away homeless and penniless, without power to resist; whilst the Scoffer and the Infidel are thrust into their inheritances and hold within them the Sabbaths of the Devil, as threats ring loud from their ranks that the reign of the Vicar of Christ is over for ever in the ancient Capital of the Faith, and that his Kingdom has passed away to his enemies and the enemies of the Cross.

It is a bitter trial indeed to a soul like that of Pius IX. Thirty years ago the applause of Europe followed him to his throne, and he was hailed as "the Great

Reformer of the Age." Italy worshipped him for his sagacity, his generosity, his mental grasp. He desired to rule as a constitutional monarch, or at least he would give his people a constitution, and instructed his Prime Minister, one of the ablest men in Europe, Count Rossi, to prepare it. He was indefatigable. The old world beheld in him a regenerator of its political condition, and men felt as if he brought the breath of liberty nearer to the exhausted and worn out peoples. He swept time-honored abuses away with unsparing hand in his own dominions. Where the shadow of his sceptre fell, it withered every hoary old wrong. No department of his Government was free from his inspection. The Princes began to feel that there was an embodiment of Royalty and liberty in the world, of which their dynasties never dreamed. Pius IX thought for himself, and he determined that his people should be happy. The nations divided his thought, and not long had he worn the Tiara, not long were his edicts promulgated from the steps of the Castle of St. Angelo until from every lip arose the cry "This is a great man." Ireland trembled with a gush of affection for him as her dying leader the immortal O'Connell turned as if he beheld a new light giving glory to his fading vision of the world. Hungary, Poland, all oppressed nations saw in him the exemplar of justice amidst the monarchs who were oppressors. They palpitated with a hope that was born of his presence, of his energy, of his great spirit of justice. Charles Albert, the brave father of a degenerate son, Victor Emmanuel, proclaimed to Europe from his palace at Piedmont, that liberty had descended upon Italy in the person of Pius IX. "Let us have a confederated Italy," he said, "and place Pius IX. as President of the Confederate States at its head." There was not a dissentient voice of any note in Europe to the proposition except one, and that was one memorable; it was the voice of Pius himself! He had "only to guard the patrimony of St. Peter, and beyond that he had nothing to do with temporal rule."

These things are history. Then came the change, the turn of events. The revolution appeared on the scene. Mazzini and Garibaldi, like stormy petrels, above a sea of disturbance, shot into light. No other monarch imitated, Pius IX and insurrection seized on their capitals. France was up and Louis Philippe fled from Paris. Hungary with Bein and Kossuth and Georjey was in arms, Venice flung herself on the brutal Austrian Poland panted for a blow, and Ireland in the grips of famine, reeking with blood from her memories of the penal laws, O'Connell dead, and William Smith O'Brien leading her, pale, attenuated and gory from every pore, tottered drunken with staggering agony to strike at England with naked and unchained hands.

There was danger to the most absolute of Governments, even that of Berlin. How could the wily statesman of the day best oppress the peoples, how could they have their revenge?

It was by striking at the Pope. To do this was to let the Revolution loose. Some of the Royal freebooters could profit by that, whilst they could never gain by the existence of the Moral law amongst Governments and Nations. Savour, whilst head of modern times in whose hands if he lived Bismarck would have been a puppet, caught up the idea. There were bigots in England, Lord Palmerston was there, the bigots and Lord Palmerston might be fooled and the Revolution let loose; did the Kingdom of Sardinia follow it there might be a Kingdom of Italy!

If ever in future years the State papers of the Cabinets of Europe come to light, a conspiracy was entered into beyond question at that time, as they will prove, to attack the Papacy, as the friend of the national freedom of Europe, and the advocate of justice to the oppressed.

Mazzini was in England, he was harboured, he was cherished, he was lauded and upheld in that country. Of course he was carried off. He was told to go and do the work of liberty, and here one cannot help exclaiming with Charlotte Corday, "Alas liberty how many crimes are committed in thy name." "Stop Pius the Ninth and Charles Albert," was the injunction, and Mazzini supplied with money began his work. He hired assassins, one Signor Gallenga, afterwards Roman Correspondent of the London Times who purchased a lapis lazuli dagger to kill Charles Albert, and another assassin was engaged for Count Rossi or the Pope. Charles Albert escaped, but Count Rossi was slain, foully murdered, dying with a dagger in his throat, and a schedule of proposed reforms of the Government in his hand as he was passing from the apartments of the Holy Father.

Then came Garibaldi subsidized with English money and Prussian wild and Austrian weakness, and then the flight of the Pope to Gaeta and the bombardment of Rome, and his return under French protection.

It was over, all over, Pius IX was stopped, reform in Europe was stopped but the Revolution was not stopped. The Emperor of the French truckled to it, Charles Albert died and Victor Emmanuel whose life is a continued lust became its tool. Prussia took up its spirit as the only means for building herself up an Empire, and with Italy she constituted herself the foe of every moral right, in order that she might with consistency be guilty of every moral wrong, and call it Statesmanship, Government, Progress. We can wait! These Governments may be done with the Revolution, but the Revolution is not done with them. He who lives by the sword shall perish by it.

The antagonism to Pius IX can be clearly traced through all these events as an antagonism of tyranny against true and rational liberty, organized continued and maintained to this hour. The connection once caught is indubitable to the shallowest mind, but is as clear as light to any which is used to the study of political events. Justice however is not dead. She is to triumph yet.

There was no Te Deum in St. Peters with all the grandeur of the old days on the morning of the 21st the Miraculous Anniversary of the Coronation of Pope Pius IX. A festival which the three hundred millions of Catholics would have observed passed over in mourning rather than in joy for fast as ever Peter was in the Mamertine, Pius was a prisoner

in the Vatican. The silver trumpets were silent through the vast aisles dedicated by Catholic genius to God. The Pontiff was not borne in his sedia through the thronging crowds in the transepts to bless the kneeling multitude. The Guardia Nobile did not spring to arms to salute the rising Host in the Mass coram Pontifice Maximo. But from myriads of altars over all the earth, in great cities, on lofty mountains, and in wildernesses where the savage has his home pealed forth the prayer of the priests according to the order of Melchisedech, "with an Eternal oblation worthy the Lord God of Sabaoth" in an appeal to heaven. "May God bless Pius, IX, may God preserve him, may He give him life, and deliver him from all his enemies." Amen O Lord Amen!

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.

It is a custom amongst a certain class of Englishmen to decry the Irish as a nation of drunkards. With these gentry Pat and his whiskey are synonyms—Ireland and drunkenness run in couples. It is not difficult to find a reason for all this. Religious bigotry and national superciliousness have no little to do with it. Ireland is Catholic, her accusers Protestant. English superciliousness can see the mote in its neighbor's eye, and cannot discover the beam in its own. For our own part, and speaking from our own experience of England and English habits, if Ireland can beat England in her intoxication, it is a poor look out for humanity. If Ireland is going to the dogs through drunkenness and crime as fast as England, the Progressionist theory is, by no very slow process, being most surely knocked into a cocked hat.

Iron and cotton are undoubtedly two great staples of English commerce. The united capitals of these two great trades at present reach 400 millions of dollars. This is a large amount to be invested in two trades alone; and yet if we throw in the third great staple—wool—and the money invested in its manufacture, and call the whole sum invested in these three great staples 600 million of dollars, we shall not even then have reached the amount invested by English capitalists in the production of intoxicating liquors! 700 million dollars is the sum which represents the Englishman's throat versus 600 millions which represent his back.

And what is the consequence? Drunkenness and crime are largely on the increase. Taking the five years from 1820 to 1834, the police reports show 65,000 cases of crime; take the five years from 1870 to 1874 and there are 406,000 crimes on record.—It is true that during this period of 40 years the population has nearly doubled, but, unfortunately for English national honor, crime has at the same time increased six-fold!

This is indeed a somewhat lively picture for the Progressionists, and an ugly fact for the Darwinites. It is literally going down to the dogs with a vengeance, rather than being improved from the dog upwards.

But this estimate of the increase of crime only comprises convicted crime, and by no means includes those innumerable crimes, including even murder, the perpetrators of which are never found out.

This is indeed sad, but even it is nothing in comparison to the amount of that one unconvicted crime—simple intoxication—which a consideration of the number of taverns licensed and the quantity of intoxicating liquors sold reveals. In the year 1829, there were in England 50,000 places where intoxicating liquors were sold; whereas, 40 years later, there were 185,000, and the probability is that at the present time there are at least 150,000. Nor does this estimate include all, since in it no account is taken of grocers' licenses.

And the strength of liquors consumed has also increased. In 1829 the chief liquor sold was beer. In the five years ending 1824, as compared with those ending 1874 (a period of 50 years), with a population increasing 88 per cent, there was an increase in the consumption of beer 92 per cent; of British spirits, 237 per cent; of foreign spirits, 132 per cent; and of wine, 250 per cent. If Ireland can beat this, she can certainly do great things.

Nor does the 700 million dollars invested in the manufacture of liquors represent the whole. Seven hundred millions invested must give at least 25 per cent interest to pay wear and tear, and a remunerative return on capital invested. This sum (805 millions) must again give at least 25 per cent to the tavern-keeper for wear and tear, and rent and remuneration. Here then we have upwards of one thousand million dollars poured down the enlightened Englishman's throat every year. If Pat can beat this with his whiskey, he is in sooth a brave boy.

PERSECUTION (?)

"L'Aurore has a communication from Otter Lake to the effect that a family named Gravelle, who abjured the Roman Catholic religion a short time ago, was threatened with violence by the Papists, who also threatened to burn their house unless they returned to the Church of Rome. Being obliged to go away for a few days, they found the house in ashes on their return. It was burned on the Queen's Birthday. Will not the Nouveau Monde and the True Witness say something in excuse of their co-religionists?"—Witness, June 19.

The Witness knows that the True Witness during a career of over a quarter of a century has never sought to excuse, palliate, or defend in any way, any violence on the part of "Papists" towards Protestants or converts, no matter how strongly provoked by sanctified vagabonds, and its insinuation in our regard is both malicious and unjust. As to the present case, we decline to believe on the mere statement of L'Aurore, which is over a greater liar than the Witness itself, that our co-religionists at Otter Lake were guilty of such a cruel wanton act as that attributed to them, of which, strange to say, no paper published in that vicinity has so far made report. At the same time we unhesitatingly say that if guilty they deserve to be, as we hope they will be, punished with the utmost rigor of the law. Will the Witness near Otter Lake please communicate with us on the subject?

INCORPORATION.—Application will be made for an Act to incorporate the St. Jean Baptiste Society of the village of Buckingham.

TRUE COLORS.

If there be one thing that gives us more gratification than another, it is to see the so-called Evangelical journals in this Province exhibiting themselves in their true colors. So long as they keep masked under a veil of assumed moderation and carry on an insidious warfare, they are more or less dangerous to the unwary, but when they come out, boldly, and nail their flag to the mast then the most unsophisticated can determine what they are about. In our last issue we referred to a statement that appeared in the French column of the Daily Witness, in which the writer, speaking Editorially, regretted he could not contemplate in this Canada of ours, the glorious scenes (ravissante) that are now being enacted at Rome, where the properties of the Church are being confiscated by the State and put up at public auction, so that the proceeds may be swallowed by the public Treasury. Since the publication of our remarks, anon this effusion, our religious contemporary has not had one word to say in reply; we take it therefore that silence implies consent, and that there is perfect harmony of sentiment in the French and English management of that journal. We are sincerely glad of this. If there ever lurked in the mind of any Catholic a doubt as to the wisdom of our Reverend Prelate, when he forbade his flock to read the poisoned contents of the columns of our contemporary, we have in the article referred to last week, the best indication of that salutary prohibition. We were always aware it was galling to the Witness and his ranting followers to see the Catholic institutions of the land in possession of any privileges. But we did not think that they would so soon come out boldly and hail with delight the prospect of a day dawning when the Government of this Dominion might be induced to take a leaf out of the book of the robber-king and divest our religious communities of their vested rights. We have perfect confidence in the liberality of the overwhelming mass of our fellow-subjects, and we are satisfied that the Witness has but few sympathizers outside of its own Conventicle. Nevertheless, it is a good thing that our religious daily has spoken out so freely, even in its French column. This hoisting of the True Colors shows unmistakably what the ultimate objects of our enemies are.

OUR COURTS OF LAW.

For some time past the state of the judicature in this Province has been attracting the attention of our contemporaries. The Court of Appeals is now in a satisfactory condition and in effective working order. If unanimity does not always prevail amongst its members in the decisions at which they arrive, that difficulty is perhaps insurmountable owing to the system of appeal on questions of evidence as well as on points of Law. A less satisfactory state of affairs exists in the Superior Court, at all events, for the District of Montreal. The fact is, a glance at the records will show that an immense increase has taken place, as might naturally be expected, in the business brought before the tribunal for adjudication, and the number of Judges is altogether inadequate for the discharge of the duties allotted to them. This is bad enough, but it is a notorious fact, that one of the judges of our Superior Court refuses, on what he styles conscientious grounds, to sit in matters relating to insolvency of which the number is daily increasing at a rapid rate, as well as in petitions under the Dominion Elections Act, claiming that both these laws, are unconstitutional. His Honor Justice Mondelet, for whom we entertain a very high regard, may be right in his view of the law; but if that be the case, then every judge in the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific is wrong, and we must be pardoned if we incline to the opinion of the majority. The fact is there, Mr. Justice Mondelet refuses to sit in these matters, and as a consequence, the work he ought to do is thrown on the already overburdened shoulders of his colleagues. Under these circumstances it would certainly be more delicate, (this is the mildest way we can put it,) on the part of the Hon. Judge, since his conscience will not permit him to discharge the duties for the performance of which he pockets unscrupulously his salary, to retire from the Bench after his long and arduous career, on the pension which we know lies at his disposal. By so doing he would cease to fill the position which if held by a man of vigorous mind and body, would have its duties discharged to the satisfaction of the public. A recent article in the Montreal Gazette, whose views on public matters are usually very sound, is very severe on that branch of our Judicature known as the District Magistrates Courts. This is comparatively a new institution, but it has existed long enough to convince every one that it has totally failed to secure the objects for which it was intended: speedy justice at trifling expense. It will tax the ingenuity and ability of the Attorney-General to devise a plan by which the labor of the Courts will be equalized and the different parts of the Province satisfied with their facilities for the administration of Justice. As the matter now stands, we have not a sufficient number of Judges in the city of Montreal, in many rural Districts the judges have hardly anything to occupy them. The District Magistrates Courts in most instances are a source of extravagant expenditure to the Province without any corresponding benefit—they ought to be abolished altogether—and if such Judges as could be reasonably dispensed with in the rural districts were removed to the City to relieve their overtaxed brethren here and a system of County Courts established, possessing all the powers in criminal matters that the District Magistrates now possess with far more extended civil jurisdiction, that equilibrium might be obtained that has so long been desired by the people of this Province.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The great rejoicing, occasioned in Ireland, by the fortunate escape of the Fenian prisoners, has not yet subsided. Our exchanges teem with congratulatory articles on the subject. Several journals, and amongst them the Dublin Nation, have strong appeals to the Government, asking that the few men who still remain in custody, be set at liberty. The article in the Nation is very powerful, and after

setting forth all the facts connected with the grand mistake committed by the Government, in refusing to listen to the petition of the whole Irish people through their representatives in Parliament, it concludes in the following language, which we trust may have the desired effect:—

The mistake we have referred to has certainly been committed by the Queen's advisers. But an opportunity of doing a wise and good thing yet remains to them. They have still a few of the political offenders in custody. In the name of humanity, and good feeling and common sense, let them open the prison gates for those men, and so make an end of this disagreeable and dreary business. The act would be well received. It would go very far to remove from the popular mind the bitterness which has been created by the vengeful and unrelenting spirit in which the Government have recently been dealing with this question. Some of the convicted and sentenced men had pardons granted to them several years ago; others, have fulfilled their terms of punishment, have been liberated as a matter of right; death has released others; and now a considerable number, with the aid of some practical sympathisers, have gallantly succeeded in freeing themselves. After the occurrence of these things, to keep the small remainder of the party in jail would be especially cruel and ridiculous. Out with them, Mr. Disraeli; end in this way the amnesty question while the Irish people are in good humor, and thereby come in for a share of the congratulations and the applause which would certainly follow that long desired event!

VIVE LA CANADIENNE!

Our French Canadian friends in this city celebrated, on Monday last, the festival of their Patron Saint, John the Baptist, with all the usual pomp and patriotic display. To judge from the magnificence of the turn out and the numbers who participated in it, the French Canadian population of Montreal seem to preserve, ever fresh in their memories, the grand old traditions that have been handed down to them from the mere patrie. The mission of their race on this continent is one of which they may well feel proud. Holding the legacy of the true faith they are called upon in a great measure to perpetuate it, to cause it to take root, to flourish and to fructify in this land; and we are happy to acknowledge that up to this time they have shown themselves faithful to the noble cause which it has been their duty to espouse. Few peoples have been more favored than the French Canadian Nationally. They have had their own trials, they were but brief however. They passed from beneath the flag of their ancestors to a new allegiance: their Religion, their language and their laws guaranteed by solemn treaty. Unlike other peoples whose country's claims have been sought to be crushed out by the iron heel of the most cruel oppression—they have, through the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence, had their fondest remembrances fostered and cherished, their religion protected. Under such benign influences they have increased and multiplied, and despite the drain of emigration, the small handful of the descendants of *Le Belle France* who passed under British rule, have now become, and we trust shall long remain, a power in this land. There are dangers ahead nevertheless, against which this people will have to guard—their prosperity is envied, their power is hated, the religion they profess is execrated by many, and as we have seen only lately, some people have already begun to exult over the prospect of the time when they shall be despoiled of their grand Catholic institutions of learning and piety. Missionaries, whose love of the gospel does not take them to foreign lands where the name and the teachings of Christianity are unknown, have been busy seeking to deprive the French Canadian people of the faith of their forefathers, and ranters and sowers have spared no pains to shake their confidence in the truths of Catholicity. So far the proselytisers have had but little success. Those who have flaunted their own apostasy in the faces of their fellow countrymen have had to turn to the enemy for comfort. Let us hope that the power and the prestige of our French Canadian brethren may go on prospering and increasing. Let us hope that amongst them peace and harmony may reign even to a greater degree in the future than in the past, and that as descendants of an old and chivalrous race, they may never prove recreant to the grand trust that has been reposed in them, as the children of the Church in the new Dominion.

MONTREAL, OTTAWA AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

The people of this Province, who have consented to such great sacrifices, for the promotion of what is now known as the Montreal, Ottawa and Western Railway, are waiting anxiously to see the work forwarded with the rapidity which its importance requires. So many promises have been made, on the part of the contractors, that the work is to be pushed forward with vigor, that people are now beginning to doubt their sincerity, and complaints at the delays not loud but deep are the result. It is to be hoped that the Government Railway Commissioners will not allow any valuable time to be trifled away. If the railway were once in working order, it is not difficult to calculate what the revival of business in certain branches of trade must necessarily be. Some days ago, the new engines for the railway were received. One called the "Rev. Cure Labelle," in honor of the indefatigable priest to whose exertions so much is due for the success of the road so far; the other the "De Boucherville," so named after the popular leader of the present Quebec Government. It appears that owing to a dog in the manger policy on the part of the Montreal Harbor Commissioners, the right of laying temporary rails on the wharves has been refused to the railway contractors for the transportation of these locomotives to the main track and thus considerable delay and expense will have to be incurred. It is stated that the work between Montreal and Grenville cannot be proceeded with, without the employment of locomotives and that when they are on the spot over 100 men will be employed on this section alone. The action of the Harbor Commissioner is deeply to be regretted and whoever the prime mover is in thwarting the proceedings of the contractors, is greatly to be blamed. We hope that in our next issue we may be able to inform our readers that all the difficulties, more particularly the wretched bickering, that give rise to so much trouble, have been overcome and that our great provincial railway line is being pushed forward with commendable activity.

VILLA MARIA CONVENT SCHOOL.

The annual distribution of premiums, medals and honors to the pupils of this Institution, took place on the 22nd inst. This annual event was formerly counted among the most brilliant of the season, being witnessed by the elite of Montreal society who made a point to visit what was in former days the Vice-Royal mansion, eager to enjoy the treat there offered to the admirers of beauty, art and talent. It was, however, celebrated, without its usual éclat this year, owing to the death of the late Superiress, the well known and lamented Sister Nativity. The exercises were conducted in private, a few only of the more intimate friends of the Institution being in attendance. The medals for general proficiency, presented by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin were awarded as follows:—The silver one was awarded to Miss Josephine Perrault of Montreal; Miss Maggie O'Meara of Pembroke, Ontario, being almost equal in merit, received a handsome medal as a testimony of successful competition, from the Lady Superiress General. In the contest for the bronze medal, Miss Hortense Murphy, of Montreal, and Miss Marion Murphy, of Québec, were proclaimed the successful candidates in a class of nineteen. The question of assigning it was decided by drawing; the higher number favouring Miss Hortense Murphy. The other young lady was compensated for her loss, by a beautiful wrought silver medal, presented by the Reverend Mother Superiress. Congratulatory addresses were afterwards tendered by the members of their respective classes to the happy winners of those honors. The Edward Murphy prize, a valuable microscope, with an accompanying treatise, was awarded to Miss Lizzie Brennan, for success in the study of natural sciences. The exquisite gold medal, presented by Mrs. Edward Murphy, as the prize of culinary and domestic economy, was taken by Miss Zoe Satche, of Montreal. This course is complete, and affords young ladies every advantage for acquiring a practical knowledge of housekeeping. An address of thanks in the name of the graduating class was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Murphy, whom this institution counts among its most distinguished and generous patrons. Medals for excellence of deportment were awarded to Miss Alice Collins and Miss Lena Kelly; for composition to Miss McLaughlin and Miss Gibson, and for mathematics and book-keeping to Miss M. Cuddy and Miss Marion Murphy. The names of the young ladies who received the graduating honors are as follows:—Misses Josephine Perrault, Zoe Satche, Lizzie Brennan, Katie Donnelly, Maggie Cuddy, Alice Collins and Agnes Donovan, of Montreal; Miss Maggie O'Meara, of Pembroke, Ont.; Miss Bruneau, of Sorel; Misses Fortin and Slavia, of St. John's, and Miss McLaughlin, of Portland, Me. A handsome volume was presented to each of the pupils. This work is a collection of the reminiscences of their school life, and personal recollections of Sister Nativity, made by the young ladies of the Institution, and to which have been added several letters, received by members of her community, or by the pupils themselves at the death of this venerated Superiress; also the obituary notices and accounts of the obsequies as given by the press, and selections from the "In Memoriam" written on this occasion. Beautiful and touching valedictories were recited by the young ladies of the graduating class, during which the deepest emotion was evinced by those sweet girls, who, in their turn, had now to cross the threshold of their well-loved "Alma Mater," where they are preserved from the world's blighting contact, far removed from its pomps and its vanities, and where they are taught to prize and emulate those more real and noble accomplishments which constitute true worth and dignity in woman.

At the close of the seance the Very Rev. Superiress, who presided, made a few feeling and appropriate remarks on the general satisfaction given by the pupils to their devoted teachers. She bade them adieu and hoped they would enjoy their vacation, and announced that the convent would re-open on the 31st of August next.

Mr. Ed. Murphy made a few brief remarks, thanking the young ladies for the beautiful and flattering address presented to Mrs. Murphy and himself. He complimented them on their success, as evidenced by the prizes and honors awarded. He said their expressions of gratitude to their teachers for their motherly solicitude or tender care were peculiarly grateful to his feelings, as he also was deeply indebted to their devotedness. Addressing the graduates, he said, now that their school days were ended and they were about to mix with the world, he hoped they would carry with them the fruits of the moral and religious training instilled so carefully into their young hearts, and to follow in the footsteps of the former graduates of the Institution, who are now not only joys to their families, but also ornaments of society, remarkable for their unaffected piety and simplicity of manners which add lustre to the brilliant educational accomplishments they received at the Villa. He said that his observation of the young ladies brought up in the Institution proved to him, and he was glad of this opportunity to bear testimony to the fact, that the well-grounded principles of piety were implanted so deeply and so solidly into their youthful minds that they did not wear off by change or position and contact with the world, but only shone the brighter contrasted with those less favored in their training. He remarked that the pupils brought up in the Institution looked back to their bright and happy school days at Villa Maria, and their eagerness to visit their teachers was different from his experiences and reminiscences of his own irksome school days. He added, that the tears and emotions of the young ladies in parting from their loved and devoted teachers spoke eloquently that they also shared the feelings of former graduates. He concluded by congratulating the good Nuns on the marked success of their admirable Institution, and said that the citizens of Montreal were favored in having in their midst a community doing such a vast amount of good as is done by the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

As we took our departure from this grand and time-honored Institution, which has given so many virtuous and accomplished women to society, our hearts uttered a blessing on the noble, self-sacrificing daughters of the sainted Margaret Bourgeoys, whose untiring labors have achieved so much for the cause of Education and Religion in this our favored country, whilst the words of our eminent poet and statesman, D'Arcy McGee, came instinctively to our lips:—

"For thee, my country, many are the gifts God gives to thee, And glorious is thine aspect from sunset to the sea, And many a cross is in thy midst, and many an altar fair, And many a place where men may lay the burden that they bear. Ah! may it be my crowning gift, the last as 'twas the first, To see thy children at the knee of Margaret Bourgeoys nused."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We do not wish in these hard times to be calling on the pockets of our subscribers. But they must be awakened some how. To send our agent around to each person who has not paid us for the present, would force us to an expenditure that is inconvenient. We try to do our duty; we endeavour to give good value for our subscriptions, and as there are many, very many, in both city and country now much indebted to us, we require some money from everybody who is as honest as our purpose is to serve them. We therefore, request those so indebted to pay up quickly.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE GLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART.—We have received from Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., a copy of their edition of this beautiful work. The name of the distinguished author, Cardinal Manning, is of itself sufficient to recommend it to every Catholic household. It has been greeted by the whole Catholic press with the highest praise, and we add our humble voice to that of our conferees. The present volume is neatly printed and handsomely bound. Price, \$1.00; forwarded free of postage on receipt of that amount.

MONTEAL AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first report of joint Committee of the Montreal Agricultural and Horticultural Society. This little book, we have no doubt, will prove very valuable to those for whom it is intended. In the preface the committee state that no pains have been spared to make the work, as far as it goes, thoroughly reliable, and to give all the information possible relative to the culture of different fruits, and the varieties which experience has proved best suited to our climate, as well as profitable to the grower.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Archbishop of Philadelphia, says the Catholic Review, in accordance with the old Catholic tradition of giving public thanks to the Almighty for public benefits, has determined that the coming Fourth of July shall be celebrated in the Centennial City with those acts of thanksgiving which the Church prescribes for such memorable occasions. America, we have often urged, has reason to be grateful for her Catholic children, but they are far from forgetting that they should be grateful for America. They have, unlike the Wesleyan Methodists, wished for, and prayed for, and fought for her liberty. Unlike the Methodists, they can remember with gratification on which side they and their priests were one hundred years ago, when George III, was King, and Mr. John Wesley, Protestant pastor and religious reformer, was a most loyal and devoted servant of English Church and English State. They can remember how they have worked, toiled and fought for American liberty and American prosperity. Having, then, no small part in this republic, casting their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor with her fortunes, winning with her, enjoying with her, liberty and the pursuit of legitimate happiness, having here protection, and a tolerably fair field, and a future for themselves and their children, no men in America will rejoice with a more honest and rational joy on this occasion than the Catholics of the Carrolls, the Fitzsimons and the Lynchs. Philadelphia rightly takes a foremost part in the Catholic celebration, and, as will be seen from this circular of Archbishop Wood, the ecclesiastical functions will be as complete as they can be made. This letter is dated on May 10, the feast of St. Antoninus, the opening day of the Centennial celebration.

We are on the eve of a most interesting solemnity—the celebration of the hundredth year of our existence as a nation. We have reason to thank God for the innumerable blessings bestowed upon us during that period. Let us do so, reverend brethren of the clergy, and beloved children of the laity, with great unanimity and earnestness, remembering that gratitude for past favors is the best guarantee for their continuance in the future. We desire, therefore, that throughout our entire diocese the coming Fourth of July be religiously celebrated, but particularly in our beloved city, which Providence was pleased to select as the place where first the Declaration of our Independence was proclaimed. We prescribe as a mass of thanksgiving the solemn celebration of the mass of the Most Holy Trinity, cum Gloria et Credo et oratione pro gratiarum actione sub una conclusionis, and a discourse appropriate to the occasion. After the mass, the exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament, and the Te Deum, followed by the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. During the Te Deum the bells will ring out a glad and joyous peal.

We have reason to believe that all the right reverend prelates of our province will join us in the celebration of this glorious festivity. And now, reverend brethren of the clergy and beloved children of the laity, may the peace and blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost, descend upon you, and remain with you forever.—Amen.

WHAT IS TYPHOID FEVER?

The following article from the London Times bears internal evidence of being from an able medical pen, and we reprint it as a clear and succinct summary of what is at present known concerning the causes of typhoid fever:— "Typhoid" or "enteric" fever is the common fever of this country, which spares neither age, sex, nor social condition, which destroys an average of about 10,000 or 12,000 people annually, and which sickens and endangers about 10,000 more. It is essentially an eruptive disease of the lining membrane of the intestines; a sort of small-pox which affects the bowels instead of the skin; and, like some other eruptive diseases, its destiny is to run a definite course over a stated period of time. It is spread abroad chiefly, and probably exclusively, by the discharges from its specific eruption—that is to say, by the discharges from the intestine. These, in the natural course of things, find their way into cesspools and sewers, and when then they do so they render poisonous the solid or liquid contents of the receptacles, and also the gas which is evolved from them.

The fever is reproduced mainly in three ways: first, by the poisoned sewage obtaining direct access to drinking-water, by leakage or soaking, and so being swallowed; secondly, by the poisoned gas escaping from sewers into water-mains or cisterns, so that it is absorbed or dissolved by the water, and so swallowed; thirdly, by the poisoned gas making its way through badly trapped drains or other channels, into dwelling or sleeping rooms, and so being breathed by the occupants. To one or other of these methods of diffusion every outbreak of typhoid fever may be referred, and nearly every single case, the tendency of modern research, by increasing our knowledge of the outlets for sewer poison, and of the distances which it may travel unchanged, being constantly to bring apparent exceptions within the general rule. Hence two things are manifest: first, that typhoid fever is very little infectious in the ordinary sense, or through the atmosphere which surrounds the patient; secondly, that it is very actively infectious through concealed channels of indefinite length or tortuousness, so that B may derive his fever directly from A, of whose very existence he is ignorant.

The connections which constantly exist between sewers or cesspools and the water or air supply of dwellings, however disagreeable or disgusting, are harmless, as far as the production of typhoid is concerned, until the sewers or cesspools have themselves received the typhoid poison. In towns which have an intermittent water supply, and in which mains and sewers lie in close proximity in the streets, as soon as the mains are empty of water they become filled by the sewage gas, which makes its way through cracks; and in the many houses in which an untrapped overflow pipe descends from the cistern to the sewer, the gas ascends by the pipe, and the water contained in the cistern is always more or less contaminated. In both cases the water may be made to sink, or it may be rendered more or less unpalatable or unwholesome, but it does not become a source of typhoid until typhoid poison has been cast into the sewer. There are few villages in which there is not continued soaking from cesspools to wells, but this soaking is likewise—qua typhoid—harmless until the specific material is supplied. The danger of such structural defects is that they leave an open door for the entrance of the typhoid poison whenever it does get into the sewers, and the typhoid poison is so widely diffused in this country that it is never safe to speculate upon its absence. When the fever appears, the only question is, practically speaking, "How and when does the sufferer drink water which was contaminated by typhoid-tainted sewage, or breathe air with which typhoid-tainted sewer gas was mingled?" All the popular talk about "exposure to cold," or about "bad smells," or "over fatigue," or other vague speculations of like kind are entirely erroneous and misleading. Typhoid may be assumed, for all practical purposes to spring only by the path of sewage pollution. If it ever does arrive de novo, the cases are entirely exceptional, and we have no certain evidence of their occurrence.

OUR DUTY TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

A USEFUL LESSON. We make the following extract from our valuable contemporary, the New Orleans Morning Star, which has bravely fought the good fight of Catholic literature against the indifference of educated wealthy Catholic laymen too much engrossed in worldly affairs to care much for Catholic news or tidings of Catholic efforts and struggles. We commend these lessons to the Catholics of this city with the suggestion that if they want good newspapers they must co-operate; at least to the extent of five cents a week and an occasional advertisement:

HOW TO SUPPORT A PAPER. Buy it regularly. Read it thoughtfully, and talk to your acquaintances about its contents, commending or condemning this or that article. Read its advertisements, and when you make purchases from the advertisers, mention where you saw their advertisement. If you are in business, advertise in it yourself.

HOW NOT TO SUPPORT A PAPER. Borrow it regularly from your neighbor. When you speak of it, just say, in a contemptuous way, that there's nothing in it, without showing how there can be absolutely nothing in what other men, at least as intelligent as yourself, think there is a great deal.

Make it a point never to buy off those who seek to attract your custom by advertising; but should you find it to your advantage to patronize them be very careful not to state that you have seen their advertisement. Never advertise your business in its columns in the usual and legitimate way, but get all the gratis notices that you can.

Make it do all the advertising and job work for your pet charity for nothing, and then forget to give it credit. If you can make it do three times more work than is necessary at the same price, so much the better. You know that the proper way to prove your charity is to abstain rigorously from parting with your money, and to force others to spend theirs.

PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the new Council held on Tuesday afternoon, the 20th inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Association for the coming year, namely:—H. R. Gray, President; Edmund Giro, (of Quebec) First Vice-President; Alexander Manson, Second Vice-President; John Kerry, Treasurer, and E. Muir, Registrar and Secretary. The Board of Examiners elected are as follows:—Messrs. E. R. Gray, N. Mercer, J. D. L. Ambrose, R. McLeod (Quebec), H. F. Jackson, A. Manson. No one is allowed to act as a Chemist, Druggist or Apothecary in this province, without having obtained the License of the Association, in accordance with the pharmacy Act of 1875.

At Trinity Church last Sunday the Archbishop confirmed Mr. Bohm, a Methodist preacher of four years standing at the Delaware, Ohio, University. This young gentleman, now a teacher in St. Joseph's College, never could understand the ambiguous teaching of the Methodists on the subject of the Holy Eucharist—always found what they did do on the subject unanctioned by the Bible.—Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati.

DOMINION ITEMS.

No DRAINAGE.—A good deal of dissatisfaction exists on Ontario street among people who have been struggling for some time past to get their premises drained, and, although some have actually paid the city for the sewer, nothing has been done to give them one. At numbers 233 and 235 the cellars of the houses are two feet deep with water and in the cellar of a school opposite, where there are 150 pupils, the cellar is in a like condition. This is the way to propagate disease and spread it over the city. We understand the tunnel in the street is within 100 yards of the houses in question, and although the inhabitants have been knocking at the Road Department for months, they can get nothing done. We are aware that Mr. Brittain has interested himself in trying to get this work proceeded with, and that he will endeavor to have it carried out at once, as the inconvenience suffered by the dwellers in the inundated houses is very great.—Star.

FOR WIMBLEDON.—The Canadian team for Wimbledon sailed Saturday morning by the Allan mail steamer "Polynesian." Previous to leaving they were inspected by the Governor-General, who delivered a few words of encouragement to continue their praiseworthy course in hope of gaining as high a reputation as did their predecessors.

SEIZURE OF AMERICAN BARGES.—On Saturday Mr. W. P. Veir, Tide Surveyor H. M. Customs, seized the "Volunteer" and the "Henry Mankin," two American barges, for infringing the Revenue laws. For some time past it appears that these and several other river craft have been engaged in conveying freights from towns on the St. Lawrence to this port without first being duly registered at the Custom House. Their seizure has been reported to the authorities at Ottawa.

About 10,000 salmon trout fry have been deposited in Gull Lake in splendid condition. Another lot is to go into Stony Lake, and the waters near Apsley. Mr. Wilnot promises a quantity of white-fish fry for these back waters next year.

The forts at Point Levi are to be armed with heavy ordnance and manned by a detachment of B. Battery.

Lobster packers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia report an unusually good catch this season. At one station in the latter province twenty-five thousand were taken in one day. All the packing establishments are kept busy.

ELECTIONS.—They are in the midst of an election campaign in Prince Edward Island for members of the House of Assembly; the school question seems to be the principal matter discussed by the candidates.

CATERpillars are seriously damaging the fruit trees in Hants and Kings Counties, N. S.; so destructive are the pests that many of the trees are bare of leaves as in midwinter.

FOUND DEAD.—Gunner Fitzgerald, a member of B. Battery, was found dead at an early hour on Saturday morning at the foot of King's Bastion on the Citadel, Quebec. It is supposed he had gone to sleep on the top of the earthworks and unconsciously rolled over the edge; he belonged to St. Catharines, Ont., and was a printer by trade.

LACROSSE IN ENGLAND.—The Toronto Globe's correspondent says: "It seems very doubtful if the club team will be able to pay expenses in England, which are of course heavy, but the object of introducing lacrosse to English athletic clubs and of adding it to our manly sports will doubtless be secured, as clubs are being formed and several applications have been made to the Indians for one of them to stay at each of several clubs and teach the game to the members. These offers, however, have necessarily been declined."

The Victoria, B. C. Standard says:—It is our sad duty to record the recent but not unexpected death of a most praiseworthy priest belonging to the Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia, Rev. M. Hetu, O. M. I., who departed this life on the 23d ult. He was a native of Canada, from whence he came to this coast a few years ago, and was stationed at the Indian mission on the St. Charles in New Westminster, but the insidious malady of consumption had marked him for its prey. Two months ago he journeyed to the Tulalip Indian mission in Washington Territory, where every attention was paid him by the Oblate Fathers and the Sisters of Charity resident on the reservation. He died a most edifying death, fortified by all the sacraments of the Church.

In our obituary notice to-day, writes the Antigonish N. S. Casket of June 15, we have to record the death of a most worthy resident of this town, Mr. James O'Brien, who died on Thursday last. He was a native of Wexford county, Ireland, whence he came to this county in 1815. The deceased was one of the first settlers, having come to this place when the site on which the town is built was mostly yet a wilderness. A currier by trade, he by strict attention to business, made a liberal competency for himself and family. When in 1843 the late Bishop Fraser instituted the teetotal temperance pledge, he joined it; and he was never since known to have tasted any ardent liquors. With these temperate habits he coupled a life of exemplary piety and virtue; and by kindly disposition he endeared himself to all members of this community by whom he was universally respected.

From this forth all Letters and Communications intended for this office should be addressed "to the Publisher."

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. Andrews, A. K. McD, \$2; St. Eugene, Rev. F. T. 2; Huntingdon, J. D. 3; W. H. jr, 1 50; Sheet Harbor, N. S. J. F. McK, 2; Lindsay, F. C. 2; J. D. 2; La Guerre, Mrs. Q. 2 50; Milleroches, D. McR, 2; Guelph, J. M. jr, 2; Portage du Fort, Rev. P. A. 2; Orillia, Rev. K. A. C. 1; Dundee, Mrs. D. J. McK, 2; Calabogie S. L. 2; East Bay, A. R. McL, 1; North Side East Bay, W. McD, 1; Sorel, P. M. 2; St. Raphael, A. McD, 2; Cape Causo, J. L. 1; Otterville, M. F. 2; St. Canute, J. M. 2; Alexander, D. C. 2; Princeville, A. L. 2; Rockburn, Rev. J. A. McE, 2. Per J. Q. Hamilton—F. B. 2; J. L. 2; J. Q. 2. Per J. C. H. Read—B. O. 2; Albert, M. C. 2. Per J. B. Perth—T. F. 2; Mrs. K. 4 50. Per J. A. Kalladar—Self, 2; Cloyne, J. K. 2; J. G. 2. Per P. L. Escott—McIntosh Hill, J. B. 1 50; Farmerville, T. C. 25 cts. Per Rev. A. McD, Lochiel—H. McD, 2. Per Rev. J. M. St. Raphael—L. McL, 1. Per F. L. E. Kingsbridge—W. O'N, 4; E. F. 1. Per R. McD, Brechin—D. O'D, 75 cts; M. O'D, 75 cts; A. McR, 75 cts; P. M. 75 cts. Per J. O' B, Kingston—S. L. 2.

Married.

VARIN VALOIS.—On the 21st inst., at the Church of St. Joseph, by the Rev. Mr. Deschamps, Mr. J. E. Varin, clerk in the Court of Appeals, to Antoinette, daughter of Narcisse Valois, Esq., of this city.

Died. MANSFIELD.—In this city, on the 20th inst., Patrick Mansfield.—R.I.P.

WALL.—In this city, on the 23rd inst., Martha, sister of Patrick Kennedy, gardener, Guy street, and wife of Richard Wall, aged 35.—R.I.P.

McKAY.—In Texas, on the 5th inst., James, the beloved son of William McKay, Esq., Ottawa, aged 23 years. The hand of affliction has been laid heavily on our esteemed friend, Mr. McKay, whose family has been lessened each year for the last five by the death of one of its dear members. With truth may it be said that the departed ones but ripened for the grave; yet their virtuous and edifying lives, their gentle and lovable nature, their filial affection and obedience, prepared their pure souls for an immortality of bliss. All who know Mr. McKay will deeply sympathize in his bereavement, and pray that his grief may be assuaged and tempered by the consolations of a holy and happy death promised by the Church to those who die in her sanctity.

O'BRIEN.—At Antigonish, on the 8th June, James O'Brien, Senior, in the 85th year of his age—an old and respected resident of the last half century. The known virtues of his character, ever exemplified by his integrity and moral worth, form his lasting memento amid a large circle of friends, who condescend with his family in their bereavement. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—R.I.P.

OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS. (CORRECTED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE.")

STOCKS.	Sellers	Buyers
Montreal	187	186 1/2
British North America
Ontario
City
People's	96 1/2
Molson's
Toronto	188 1/2
Jacques Cartier	34	33
Merchants'	93	92
Hochelaga	83	72 1/2
Eastern Townships	116
Quebec
St. Lawrence
Nationale
St. Hyacinthe	78
Union
Villa Maria	50
Mechanics'	29	18
Royal Canadian
Commerce	120 1/2
Metropolitan
Hamilton	96
Exchange	97 1/2

Greenbacks bought at 11 1/2 dis. American Silver bought at 12 to 15 dis.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Flour #1 of 196 lb.—Follards	\$0.00	\$0.00
Superior Extra	5.30	5.35
Emily	5.00	0.00
Spring Extra	4.60	4.65
Superfine	4.30	4.40
Extra Superfine	5.15	5.20
Fine	3.75	3.85
Strong Bakers'	4.80	5.00
Middlings	3.35	3.60
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs	0.00	0.00
City bags, (delivered)	2.45	2.50
Wheat—Spring	1.12	1.14
do White Winter	0.00	0.00
Oatmeal	4.30	4.45
Corn, per bushel of 32 lbs	0.52	0.53
Oats	0.35	0.36 1/2
Pease, per 66 lbs	0.91	0.92
do alfalfa	0.00	0.00
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs L. Canada	0.55	0.65
do do U. C. Canada	0.00	0.00
Lard, per lbs	0.12 1/2	0.13
do do do	0.00	0.00
Cheese, per lbs	0.09 1/2	0.09 1/2
do do Fall makes	0.00	0.00
Pork—New Mess	21.00	21.50
Thin Mess	20.50	20.00
Dressed Hogs	0.00	0.00
Beef—Prime Mess, per barrel	00.00	00.00
Asbes—Pots	3.95	4.05
Firers	0.00	0.00
Pearls	4.75	4.85
Seeds—Timothy, per 45 lbs	0.00	0.00
Clover	0.00	0.00
Butter—Quiet; 17c to 20c, according to quality.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe.)

Wheat, fall, per bush	\$1 00	1 05
do spring	1 07	1 08
Barley	0 00	0 00
Oats	0 33	0 34
Peas	0 72	0 73
Bye	0 00	0 00
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs	7 50	8 00
Beef, hind-qr, per lb	6 00	7 00
" fore-quarters	3 50	5 00
Mutton, by carcass, per lb	8 00	9 00
Butter, lb. rolls	0 20	0 22
" large rolls	0 00	0 00
tub dairy	0 18	0 19
Eggs, fresh, per doz	0 11	0 12
" packed	0 10	0 11
Apples, per bush	1 50	2 25 1/2
Geese, each	0 60	0 90
Turkeys	0 70	1 50
Cabbage, per doz	0 40	0 50
Onions, per bush	0 95	1 00
Turnips, per bush	0 22	0 28
Potatoes, per bush	0 35	0 40
Hay	13 00	18 00
Straw	09 00	10 50

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig.)

Flour—XXX per bush	6.00	6.25
" " " 100 lbs	3.25	3.40
Family " 100 "	2.40	2.50
GRAIN—Barley per bushel	0.00	0.00
Rye "	0.60	0.61
Peas "	0.70	0.72
Oats "	0.35	0.40
Wheat "	0.00	0.00
Fall Wheat	0.00	0.00
MEAT—Beef, fore per 100 lbs	4.00	5.00
" hind " "	5.00	0.80
" per lb	0.00	0.00
Mutton per lb	0.05	0.07
Ham	0.15	0.17
Veal " in store	0.15	0.17
Bacon " "	0.12	0.13
Pork	0.12	0.13
GENERAL—Potatoes, per bag	0.45	0.55
Butter, tub, per lb	0.15	0.16
do print	0.15	0.16
Eggs, per dozen	0.11	0.12
Cheese, home made	0.07	0.10
Hay, per ton, new	10.00	12.00
Hay, per ton, old	0.00	00.00
Straw	4.00	4.50
Wood, Hard	3.50	4.00
Coal, per ton, delivered	6.50	7.00
Wool, per lb	0.00	0.00

J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

TEACHER WANTED.—For the R. C. S. School Section No. 10, Alexandria, Ont., having a first or second class certificate. Apply stating salary to A. B. McDONALD, Secy-treasurer. 46-3

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING OF THIS CORPORATION will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY HALL, corner of Craig and St. Alexander Streets, on MONDAY EVENING next, 3rd July, at 8 o'clock. SAMUEL CROSS,

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING OF THE MONTREAL BRANCH OF THE IRISH HOME RULE LEAGUE will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, corner of St. Alexander and Craig Streets, on WEDNESDAY EVENING next, the 5th July at EIGHT o'clock, sharp. By Order, M. MACNAMARA, Rec. Sec.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE HOLY FATHER AND ISLAMISM.—The Holy Father in replying to a body of Pilgrims from Paris, who recently waited upon him, said:—"I pray that God may guide us to the means of destroying Islamism, which is now no longer confined to the banks of the Bosphorus, but is extending to so many other countries."

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Several Circassians have been arrested on charges in connection with the recent assassinations. The police have seized a quantity of arms and ammunition.

SERVIAN PREPARATIONS.—The Servian minister of war has informed Prince Milan that the entire 2nd band of militia has been mobilized and sent to the frontier—this adds 42,000 men to the 70,000 already under arms, and completes Servian armament; The German Exchange has almost suspended business, pending decision as to what is the meaning of the Servian armaments.

A special from Vienna says Count Andrássy has frequently conferred of late with Russian and other Ambassadors. It has been agreed to instruct foreign representatives at Belgrade that Servia must not expect any assistance, or even benevolent neutrality, if she commences war against Turkey. Russia and Austria have agreed to meet jointly any emergency arising in Servia.

A telegram from Ragusa reports that a body of insurgents, taking advantage of the departure of Mukhtar Pasha's expedition to Niscic, ravaged the plain of Nevesinje. The booty was immense; 8,000 animals of various kinds were taken to Baniani. The insurgents absolutely reject the armistice, and have refused an interview with Baron Rodich. The insurgents in the Duga pass did not oppose the re-occupying of Niscic, because they had received positive orders from Montenegro not to interfere.

TURKISH OUTRAGES.—A special despatch to the Standard, dated Constantinople, June 21st, via Athens, says great uneasiness prevails and is increasing. The Pacha of the Sultan Murad is surrounded day and night by pickets of cavalry. The Russian residents are sending their families away. Ibrahim Pasha has been placed under arrest. There are various rumors that he is implicated in Russian intrigues and that he assisted Abdul Aziz, in disposing of his treasure. The censorship of the press is extremely severe. Three Turkish and three French journals, are now suspended. The Government is fast becoming unpopular, and will speedily fall if it does not abandon its undecided attitude.

A special despatch from Berlin, published in the second edition of the Times of the 22nd, says that according to intelligence received from Belgrade an order for the mobilization of the first contingent of the Servian militia has been issued; each brigade is to assemble in its station to-morrow. Next week an order will be issued for the mobilization of the second contingent. At the end of that week the army is to take the strategic positions on the frontier. At the same time Prince Milan is to issue a manifesto to the people, and proceed to the army. As intention to attack Turkey is still disclaimed, these measures, if carried into effect, may be meant as a demonstration and pressure to promote the diplomatic success of M. Ristić, Servian Minister.

THE BARBARY STATES.—OUTRAGE BY A MOOR.—The Gibraltar Chronicle reports that on the 5th inst., at Alcazar, in the Province of Feza, a Moor stabbed eleven Jews with a dagger. Among the persons wounded are a British subject and Moses Abacas, a son of the Vice-Consul of the United States at Laroché (Morocco). The Moor has been arrested and severely bastinadoed. The Governor, Cadi, and principal inhabitants of Alcazar, at the demand of the British and Italian Vice-Consuls, have signed a document guaranteeing the lives and property of foreign Jews in that place. The Moor declares he was not aware of what he was doing when he committed the crime.

The dignity of Roman Count has been conferred by his Holiness the Pope on the Chevalier F. M. O'Connell, an Irish gentleman, for some time past resident in Paris. His services to the Church in that city have been often the subject of precious acknowledgements, and during the Commune he saved the lives of many of the clergy at the imminent risk of his own. He worked among the wounded in every engagement round Paris while the siege lasted, and generously placed his fortune at the service of the ambulance, and his unselfish devotion to the suffering soldiers was rendered more effective by his medical skill. Mr. O'Connell has received the Commandership of several Orders of Knighthood for his services in the cause of humanity.

A society has just been started in Rome for the maintenance of divine service and the carrying out of sacred functions. The originator of this society is the parish priest Giovanni Monti. A deputation of the society, composed of persons distinguished both by their piety and social position, was received by the Holy Father, at the Vatican, for the purpose of laying before him the aims and plan of their institution. Besides the verbal statement, they placed in the Pope's hands a most neatly engrossed parchment, declaring fully the scope of the society. His Holiness was pleased to receive them graciously and bless them and their work. They are planning pilgrimages to go from Italy to visit the Holy Land, and two caravans are advertised to set out this summer for Palestine; the prices for going and returning are calculated at what seems a very reasonable figure, ranging from 320 francs to 1150, according to class and accommodation.

What becomes of great statesmen in Prussia when they have the audacity to oppose their mighty chief, will be seen by the following writ of arrest, launched against Von Arnim, and published in all Berlin newspapers by order of the Criminal Court of the Capital, to Bismarck's everlasting shame:—"The Imperial German Ambassador, Prins Ruy Councillor, Dr. Jur. Count Harry Von Arnim, born on the 3rd October, 1824, at Moltreitz, has been condemned to nine months' imprisonment for wilfully abstracting official documents entrusted to his care. As the sentence has not been executed, the police are requested to watch for Count Arnim, and if he is met with to apprehend and deliver him by escort, with all objects and money found in his possession, to the Royal Direction of the State Prison near Plothensee. All expenses resulting from the arrest will be duly repaid, etc." As the whole world knows Bismarck's hatred against Arnim, the above publication must make the great man appear very little, especially if it becomes generally known that Arnim suffers from an incurable disease, and that his physicians, including the highest medical authorities, have declared to the tribunal that incarceration would be death to their patient.

Strange things happen in Prussia—even impossibilities are made possible. Who ever heard of a Jewish baptism, at which a Christian Emperor stood godfather? Such an incredible event took place in Berlin a fortnight ago, under the following circumstances. On the anniversary of the Emperor's birthday a male child was born to a Mr. Hinkel, a Jewish merchant of Berlin. Thinking the birth of a boy, on the holiest day in the Prussian calendar, a piece of luck that ought to be improved, the happy father addressed a letter of congratulation to the Emperor, in which he informed him of the honour his boy had of entering the world on "King's birthday," and humbly prayed his Majesty to crown the fortune of his child by becoming its godfather. Contrary to all expectation, the Christian Emperor granted the application, and sent a considerable present to his godchild, as a sign of his special favour. On the 7th of last month the unheard-of ceremony was performed in a synagogue,

or, as a Berlin Liberal paper puts it, the child was baptised according to the Jewish rite, and received the name of William.

The windows of the newly-opened "Evangelical church" at Naples, have been ruthlessly smashed with a shower of stones hurled from the strong arms of ungrateful Italians, and of course, the mischief is laid at the door of the "Clericals." The Catholic papers, however, in Rome and elsewhere, disclaim all participation in this violence, evex by desire—much less by counsel—and advise the Neapolitans to let the stones remain in the road. They do not wish to see anyone's windows broken, whether he be good or bad, Clerical or Evangelical; but in giving this advice to the natives, they have a word of good counsel for the Quixotic Missionaries also, which is to shake off the dust of their feet against the Italians, and go to the place whence they come; there are many ships in the Bay of Naples, especially English and American ships, and by taking a passage in them, they can at once secure their safety, and find a field for their work among their two hundred sects at home. The Neapolitans, they add, are a people of large faith but small patience, and if they will insist on an exchange of new lamps for old ones, they must not be surprised if some of them get smashed, and perhaps find some broken bones as well as broken windows. The Parliament, though so shaky, is still discussing Education Laws. It is really wonderful how this education mania seems to possess all legislators; and yet there is less real education in the world than before they began their work. The Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, is at Rome and has been received by the Pope.

The London Daily News publishes a letter from its Constantinople correspondent dated June 16, giving details of the atrocities committed in Bulgaria during the insurrection, and which still continues by Turkish irregular troops. All moveable property has been plundered, houses and villages were burned, and old men, women and children indiscriminately slaughtered. It is estimated that the province, which heretofore yielded to Government an annual revenue of \$4,000,000, will not pay one quarter of that sum this year, or for years to come. Various estimates place the number of lives sacrificed at from 18,000 to 30,000. The correspondent names 37 villages as known to have been destroyed. Among the refugees the number of whom are very small, there is not a girl over ten years of age. In the village of Serusitz, in the district of Philippopolis, 1,500 persons are known to have been killed. This village consisted of about four hundred houses and was prosperous and peaceful. Every house has been burnt and all the inhabitants killed, except a few women and children who took refuge in Philippopolis, and some women who were carried off by Dashi-Bazouks. These cruelties have made a great impression at Constantinople. The English Ambassador has intervened with the Government to put an end to them.

IMPROVING ROME BACKWARDS.—The Italian Government in coming to Rome was to have liberated the city from all the evils in which Papal tyranny had immersed it, and amongst others from malaria. If there were hills at Rome, as in every other city governed by men, not a single one has been removed; many new ones have been added, and some of the old ones immensely aggravated; and amongst these, wonderful to relate, is the malaria itself, the very thing upon which so much money and thought have been spent by the Italian Government, aided by the engineering genius of Garibaldi and Co. The increase of malaria is owing to the digging and delving which has been going on in every direction not only in the search after hidden treasure which has never come to light, but even more unwisely in disturbing old foundations and digging new ones for houses which will never be built, and, if built, never inhabited. Another fruitful source of malaria, and even of mortality, is that transformation of the Sanctuary of the Colosseum, which the Popes had consecrated, into a stagnant lake, reducing the place, in fact, to what it was before the Colosseum was built, when the place had the name of *Stagna Neronis*. From the very commencement of these labours the Catholic papers cried out, and foretold what was to come to pass, but their warning was unheeded, and their complaints called "Clerical exaggerations." Now, however, the Communal Council and the Italian Parliament are making the very same complaints, and take credit to themselves for their sagacity in having pointed out the principal source of that increased malaria, of which the living feel the effects, and to which the dead may ascribe their being hurried into the next world. The statistics of mortality prove this, and the Communal Council, seeing that they who ought to care for these things are neglecting their duty, have made proposals for the construction of a committee to watch over the public health and sanitary condition of Rome.—*Catholic Times*.

THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT WISHING FOR PEACE WITH THE CHURCH.—The conviction that the May Laws are a great political blunder is more and more gaining ground in Government circles; but the Prussian rulers lack the moral courage to acknowledge and redress their wrong; they prefer to get out of their unpleasant situation by underhand dealings, if possible at the expense of their own victim, and with as much honour and as little disadvantage to themselves as their base mode of proceeding will allow. The stories invented some time ago by the official press, according to which the Catholic Church was anxious to come to terms and had already made overtures of peace to the Prussian Government soon exploded, and had no other effect than to inspire Catholics with pity and contempt for a Government that seems as devoid of honour and self-respect as it is of all sense of right and justice. The failure of these dishonourable manoeuvres has made the Ministers change their tactics. Through the mouth of Dr. Falk they now declare to the country that they wish for peace, and that such a happy state of harmony can be realised. At the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Glogau Gymnasium—on which occasion Dr. Falk and the Protestant Ober-President, Count Arnim were present at High Mass—the Minister of Public Worship spoke these memorable words: "The Prussian Government wishes for peace; here in Glogau I have convinced myself that peace is possible; I see members of both religious persuasions assembled in harmony around me, and, if I receive support, peace will soon be restored." If Dr. Falk thinks that he can catch mice with such utterances, he is greatly mistaken. Catholics have no more faith in him than in the Reptile Press; they know that he speaks for a selfish purpose and not in the interest of truth—that his whole aim is to deceive them. If the Government really wants peace, let them abolish the May Laws; there is no other condition of peace possible. Dr. Falk knows this better than any other man in the country, and yet he talks as if war existed between Catholics and Protestants, and offers himself as apostle of peace if the contending parties will help him in his generous endeavours. Is not this hypocritical, truly Bismarckian?—*Catholic Times*.

VATICAN POLICY.—ROME, May 27.—A telegram from Rome to the London Times produces the same effect as an earthquake. It is always sensational and destructive. We are told, on the most reliable authority, that there is a prospect of peace between the world and the Vicar of Christ; and again that the whole governing Church is agreed upon a certain policy, which, however, is obstructed by the obstinacy of one old man, and he the head. So that at one time the Pope is giving away against his advisers, at another the advisers are baulked by the Pope. It may suit the ends of daily papers to produce such contradictory assertions, and to warrant

them as facts; but the effect on Christian minds is not salutary. Too much electricity unnerves, and too many shocks unsteady the brain. With that natural simplicity which is the inheritance of the just, Catholics are at first inclined to credit every man's words; but they have certain principles deeply fixed also which war against reliance; the effect is a wrench to the intellect, a momentary indecision, and a constant after-mistrust. For some years the relations between the Holy See and the Governments in Spain have been suspended. The violent events of the year 1868 were the cause. The Concordat was set aside, and what is called "religious liberty" was set up for the first time in Spain. On the elevation of the present young King to the throne, Don Carlos was struggling in the north to crush the revolution and obtain the reins of power. The favour of the Holy See was largely sought by the Madrid Government, in order to win for itself the confidence of the nation. It was stipulated that the Concordat should be again put in force, that the articles of the revolutionary programme should be rescinded, and that the injury done to the Catholic faith of the people should be repaired. The most important to be settled was the withdrawal on the part of Spain of the concession called religious liberty. Rome considered this fundamental when she made the Concordat, and she adhered to it as essential when she was asked to renew her relations. Difficulties beset the immediate abrogation of this article. The Pope was inflexible, but the ruling party was not less obstinate. Negotiations were interrupted, and again resumed. When Don Carlos abandoned the struggle, and Spain was freed from domestic strife, the determination to win over the Pope to the new ideas of modern Liberalism waxed stronger, and in a short time the wires flashed the grand announcement that the Pope was not adverse to the concession of religious liberty. The papers re-echoed the news, and the policy of the Vatican was hailed rapturously. This question of religious liberty is just the one of all others which is most likely to puzzle even Catholics. In countries where heresy is dominant, the right to worship God freely is accepted as a concession. For so many centuries have Catholics been outlaws and slaves in their native countries, that they hail with gladness this liberty, and they call it religious liberty because they are exempt from penalties in the performance of their duties to God. The words of their mouths, therefore, have a holy meaning. Religious liberty for them is the freedom to know the truth, to teach the truth, and to practice the truth. Rome favoured their efforts, blessed their struggle, and welcomed their victory. But there is a difference between the religious liberty demanded by persecuted Catholics in a Protestant country, and the religious liberty sought for by a handful of unbelievers in a nation thoroughly Catholic. The words are the same, but the end to be attained diametrically opposite. In Spain the religious liberty now in dispute means the leave to teach error, to set up heresy, and to upset truth. It is not the nation which asks it; the people are staunchly true to the faith of their fathers, and look fondly to Rome to protect them against its disturbance. The Pope would be double-tongued did he consent to error, and would fail in his office of Vicar if he did not his utmost to save those souls for which his Lord and Master died. The announcement in the papers was consequently false and calumnious; and the letter which the Pope wrote to the Archbishop of Toledo refutes for ever all complicity in the treachery. In it he declares to the people of Spain that the unity of the faith is a most important and precious point; that the law which contemplates the tolerance of any other worship except the Catholic does an injury to truth and religion; burdens the State with great misdeed; opens the gates to error; widens the way for persecuting the Church; and prepares a mountain of evils which will be the ruin of that illustrious nation. By these solemn words the policy of Rome is vindicated from all hesitation or truce. She never sanctions an unmixt evil, though at times she is compelled to tolerate one for fear of bringing about a greater, "lest gathering up the cockle, you root up the wheat also together with it." In Spain it is a question not of the harvest but of the seed-time, and the reasons which urge this ungodly liberty are political, temporal not religious. Catholics can well comprehend this steady unflinching action of the Church in the cause of truth—those outside, however, consider it narrow, antiquated, unprogressive.—*Cor. of Catholic Times*.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY COURIER notes the following scene in a Mount Pleasant car: Corpulent Teutonic Dame (in a high key)—Meesher Condugder, ven I vants to get owt, do's Dover street. (Sensation.) PHOTOGRAPHING ECLIPSES.—Since 1860 almost every eclipse of the sun has been photographically recorded—from 1860 to 1868 for the purpose chiefly of determining the nature of the red prominences, and in 1870 and 1871 to ascertain whether the corona is an appendage of the sun or an effect produced on our own atmosphere. In 1870 it was determined to adopt a properly corrected photographic lens, and by a graduated series of exposures to obtain, if possible, the whole pictorial effect. This method having been found successful, it has been adopted in all eclipse work since. Mr. Alfred Brothers suggests that for taking the unage of the corona, three achromatic lenses of 5 to 6 feet focal length, corrected for the atinic rays, should be constructed, and he states "that the light of the corona is sufficiently actinic to produce enough pictures when an instrument of long focus is used." FIDELITY OF A DOG.—Numerous instances of fidelity of the dog to his master are on record, but we venture to assert that there are none equal to that displayed by the animal of the man whose body was found at Quatta. The deceased's body was found by the boundary rider, Mr. James Millan, across the trunk of a fallen tree. He was attracted to the spot by the pitiful yelping of the faithful dog. For days, without food or water, the poor beast kept watch over the body, during which time it killed fourteen various reptiles, or iguanas, whose carcasses were since discovered near the spot. It fought the birds of prey, and though it could not keep off decomposition, it succeeded in keeping the body from being devoured. There was no casting of lots between master and dog to see which should die first to satisfy the cravings of the survivor. When the deceased was buried, the poor animal laid down and died on the newly made grave. The animal must have gone fourteen days at least without food.—*Sydney Freeman*.

ERPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Erps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maldies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES ERPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemist, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London."

COUNTERFEIT BILLS.—A large number of counterfeit bills are now in circulation. The following is a list so far as they have been detected, lately made up in New York:—\$20 on the National Bank of Utica, New York. \$10 on the Farmers' and Manufacturers' Bank of Poughkeepsie. \$5 on the First National Bank of Chicago, Illinois. \$5 on the First National Bank of Paxton, Illinois. \$5 on the First National Bank of Canton, Illinois. \$5 on the First National Bank of Peoria, Illinois. \$5 on the First National Bank of Aurora, Illinois. \$5 on the First National Bank of Galena, Illinois. \$5 on the National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts. \$5 on the Hampden Bank of Westfield, Massachusetts. \$5 on the Mechanics' National Bank of New Bedford, Massachusetts. \$5 on the Traders' National Bank of Chicago, Illinois. \$5 on the First National Bank of Louisville, Kentucky.

which was very effective. It consisted of birds and birds nests in foliage. Borders, Bannerecs, and screens were painted in groups of calla lilies, roses buds, pansies, tulips and lilies of the valley upon white velvet. The Gray Nuns of Montreal send beautiful specimens of Honiton lace and one handkerchief with needlework border valued at \$3000.

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LOSSES.

BY FRANCES BROWNE, THE BLIND POSTESS OF DONEGAL.

Upon the white sea-sand There sat a pilgrim band, Telling the losses that their lives had known; While evening waned away From breezy cliff and bay, And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

SCRAP BOOK.

"What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It cannot both be and not be. For example, the door over there must either be shut or open."

Bismarck is baldheaded, but you don't catch any German newspapers saying that Mrs. Bismarck is a high-tempered woman, or making any jokes about baldheads generally.

Cruz Lopez, a former pensive peanut vender of San Francisco, is now the wildest bandit on the Mexican border. He went to the bad because every policeman or millionaire that passed his stand stole a nut with an air of abstraction.

A youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go away from the stove, the weather is not cold."

"What will you have?" asked a waiter of one of the Indiana editors, at the dinner in Philadelphia, as he handed him the bill of fare.

"Say, pop," said John Henry's hopeful, the other day, "wasn't it the price of whales that swallowed Jonah?"

The reason.—Two men were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather vane, when one addressed the other thus: "What's the reason they didn't put a hen up there instead of a rooster?"

A gentleman, well known for his parsimonious habits, having billeted himself on his acquaintance in Edinburgh during some royal visit, was talking to a friend on his return of the great expense of living.

"What would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was examining. "Well," said the witness with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to him, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd got time to go home and get it, was a little absent-minded."

"Cursed, if the damned thing ain't a-going!" was the surprised remark of a sight-seeing Grainger from Maine, who carressed the teeth of a circular in a North End planing mill; and now should you propound to him that first problem for young arithmeticians: "How many fingers have you on your right hand?"

A large, fine rooster was feeding on the track just below the Franklin street bridge, Pottstown, just as the up freight was coming, and falling to get off in time was struck by the cow catcher, and a perfect shower of feathers surrounded the engine, and as soon as the train passed he got up and started for home as if nothing had happened, much to the surprise of all who saw it.

Brown came home late the other night, and Mrs. B, reaching out of the bedroom window, said: "So you've been tipping the glass again, have you?" "Glas," said Brown, "(hic) is a funny word; take off the 'g,' and it's you, my dear." "Yes," answered the wife, "and then take off the 'l' and it's you, you wretch," and she slammed down the window with a bounce.

A number of New York sportsmen have had several fox chases in New Jersey recently, and each time the fox escaped, and a number of hounds were lost. Another chase is announced, and to obviate similar mishaps, a fifty-six pound weight will be attached to the fox's hind leg, and the hounds will be tied on the hunters' horses to prevent them getting lost.—Norristown Herald.

A remarkable instance of calculation was recorded at Aylmer, Canada, where a barber named Johnson, for a bet of fifty cents, ran under the cars of a railway train that was passing at a rapid rate of speed. He won the wager, though he lost the heel of one boot by a wheel that came unpleasantly close as he emerged. The man who lost the bet said he had expected to win and get a couple of dollars for attending the inquest.—American Paper.

Some time ago two London thieves put in practice a plan of robbing a jeweller which had been described in a story in a popular periodical—a piece of pure invention. The jeweller was furious (he lost forty thousand dollars, so it was excusable), and wrote to the editor of the magazine, asking him if it was his mission to instruct thieves in new ways of plundering the public. "My dear sir," replied the editor blandly, "if you had taken in my periodical (which I hope in future you will do), you would have been put upon your guard. This comes of neglecting the claims of literature."

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

CHARTERED IN 1868.

UNIVERSITY COURSE.

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Tuition and Board, Medical Attendance, Bed and Bedding, Washing and Mending, per Term. \$80.00 Day Scholars per Term. 12 50 Drawing and Vocal Music entail no extra charge.

Music Lessons on the Piano per Term. 12 50 Use of Piano per Term. 5 00 Use of Library per Term. 2 50

The Students who wish to enter the College Band make special arrangements with its Superintendent.

N.B. All charges are payable each Term in advance, and in Gold. For further information consult the printed "Prospectus and Course of Study" which will be immediately forwarded on demand. 42-5m.

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Full Boarders, per month, \$12.50 Half Boarders, do 7.50 Day Pupils, do 2.50 Washing and Mending, do 1.20 Complete Bedding, do 0.60 Stationery, do 0.30 Music, do 2.00 Painting and Drawing, do 1.20 Use of the Library, do 0.30

N.B.—All fees are to be paid strictly in advance in three terms, at the beginning of September, 10th of December, and 20th of March. Defaulters after one week from the first of a term will not be allowed to attend the College.

Address, REV. C. VINCENT, President of the College, Toronto, March 1, 1872

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The Sanitary arrangements are being copied into the New Normal School at Ottawa, the Provincial Architect having preferred them to those adopted in any Educational Institutions in the United States or elsewhere.

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