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The True Witness

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1872.

NO. 40.

NEW BOOKS FOR MAY.

ADVICE TO IRISH GIRLS IN AMERICA. By the Nun of Kenmare. Gilt back and sides.	1 00
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FLORENCE O'NEILL, THE ROSE OF ST. GERMAINS, OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

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

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—GRACE WILMOT'S STORY.

I was the only and beloved child of a rich citizen; he was a wealthy goldsmith of Cheapside, and his name was Edward Mayfield. Unfortunately for my future welfare, my mother died when I was but fourteen years of age. Up to that time, I had been carefully and religiously brought up in the tenets of our proscribed faith.

Personally, I had no reason to be proud. As I advanced towards womanhood, I saw that my glass reflected only the face of a girl, plain even to ugliness, with large, hard features, and a swarthy complexion.

I had soon sense enough to discover, when amongst the young beauties of my sex and age, as years passed on, that the more plainly I dressed the better, so far as my personal appearance was concerned. I chose only dark colors, and except a costly gold chain which my dear father presented me with on my sixteenth birthday, I scrupulously abstained from wearing any ornament beyond, perhaps, the occasional use of a ring.

Jewels, I might have had in abundance; the costliest gauds of fashion might have been mine in profusion; satins, and velvets, and laces, and exquisite scents, I abjured them all. There was an inordinate pride in my studied simplicity. I saw that I was plain even to ugliness, and at last Edward Mayfield's only daughter was pronounced a devotee, because she never dressed but in sombre garments, and ordered them to be made with extreme simplicity.

Sometimes that inward voice which speaks interiorly to all of us, seemed as though calling me from a world for which I was scarcely fitted, to bury myself in the retirement of a religious life; well would it have been for me had I followed the call.

I stifled it, saying to myself: "My father is growing aged; for my sake, and in order to endow me with all his wealth, he has never extracted a second marriage. When he dies, I will leave the world; alas, an earthly love soon filled my heart. I felt within me an insatiable thirst for knowledge; my dear father helped me to gratify it at any cost. I devoted myself to the study of Latin and French. I made myself mistress of the best authors of our own country. I played well on the guitar, and filled up my time with various ornamental works.

Here Grace for a few moments paused, and I expressed my astonishment that a gentleman, highly educated, should fill the position she occupied.

"You will not be surprised," she said, "when you have heard my story to the end."

At length she continued:

Mixing but little with others of my sex, more from an indomitable vanity on account of my want of beauty than for any other cause, I reached my twenty-fourth year, about the time that all London was busy with preparations for the marriage of the present queen with the Prince of Orange.

One evening I was seated with my dear father, when the arrival of a gentleman from the palace was notified. His errand was to consult my father about some jewels which the

king intended to give as a wedding present to his niece. Charles Wilmot, for such was the name of the messenger, was shown into the room where I was seated; the conversation between my father and himself was a long one. He was offered refreshments, of which he partook, and departed shortly afterwards, promising to call again the next evening.

He came about the same hour, and brought the order from the king for a set of jewels composed of pearls and diamonds.

On this evening he conversed much with myself. He looked over my books, spoke of his tastes as similar to my own, and fascinated me with his witty and animated conversation.

That visit was the prelude to many others; at last, we read, and sang, and played together, and I had arrived at that point at which a dead vacuum seems to take place when the missing friend is absent.

At length, from being merely a visitor in the evening, when my father and myself shared one common apartment, Wilmot not infrequently called when I was alone in the morning; frequently, the pretext for these visits would be to bring me a new book or a piece of music.

Gradually the attachment sprang up in my heart which sealed my future life with misery.

He made me an offer of marriage. What did I care for his poverty? I knew I should have money, and I was told he was a spendthrift, a gambler. No matter, I could reform him, and for the first time in my life, when he asked me in marriage and was refused, I had words with my father.

I have told you, madam, that I made a point of never entering into company. Alas for me, I overcame my reluctance; female vanity even whispered to me, that as my hand was sought with such pertinacity, I was, perhaps, less plain than I had considered myself to be.

During the Christmas festivities of that year, there was to be a large gathering at the house of John Golding, a rich citizen. I had fancied his daughter Alice was my friend; she was one of the very few of my own sex with whom I had been on terms of intimacy.

On the night in question, I was standing apart from the gay throng of young people talking with Wilmot, when turning faint, he left me to fetch a glass of water. I had drawn aside, and had thrown myself on a couch in a small ante-room opening out of that which I had left, when I heard the murmur of voices of persons evidently standing by the spot I had vacated.

"It is true, Elinor, quite true; he has proposed to that ugly woman Grace, and they are going to be married."

The voice was that of my friend Alice. I know not why I should have wished to hear more than that painful, for a deadly feeling had seized on my heart. I lay perfectly still, anxious to hear the reply.

"Grace Mayfield going to be married, I do not believe it," ejaculated another person in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes Elinor, and Grace Mayfield has made me the most unhappy of women. Wilmot's attentions to me before he met her, have made me the talk of the whole city, but I am not an heiress," and the words fell with great bitterness from the lips of Alice, "but one of a large family. No one, however, can imagine for a moment, that Grace, ugly as she is, is married for anything but her father's money. She must be one of the vainest of women if she fancies, for a moment, that she is married for love of herself."

Scalded tears of wounded pride and indignation fell from my eyes. At that moment I heard the voice of Wilmot, my fair enemies addressed him. I heard him say, "Miss Mayfield has been taken ill and has gone to the ante-room, while I went to fetch her some wine and water."

Of course, they well knew I had overheard their conversation, and had the good sense rather to be condemned for unkindness by him, than to insult me by following him into the ante-room.

I made my adieu early. I was ill; and anything in short, to get home. Why was I made so ugly, asked I, in the bitterness of my soul, for the barbed arrow had entered very deeply. I would not hear of Wilmot accompanying me; he saw me safe in my chair, and I cried the whole way home.

Wilmot never came again after the quarrel with my father, well would it have been for me had I never seen him after that night.

The old, old happy days had forever fled; my books had lost their charm; my music its melody; my father his love; rather ought I not to say, I had lost my love for him.

On one of these days, Father Lawson, an old friend of my father's, called at the house in Cheapside. He was vested as a clergyman of the Church of England as a disguise.

Poor father, he opened his whole heart to his early friend. At length I was summoned; my father had gone to his shop; I found the priest alone.

"Grace, my child," he said, "your father is unhappy, it is in your power to restore peace to his heart and home."

"How!" said I, "has he complained that I have robbed him of it?"

"Listen to me, Grace." Priest though he was, I yielded but a sullen compliance. "For your sake to make you, child as you were when your mother died, the entire mistress of his home, your dotting father remained a widower; for you, to leave you the heiress of his wealth. He put no woman in your dear mother's place; he does not wish to forbid you to marry subject to his better sense and experience, he only forbids you to marry this man Wilmot. Your old father loves you, Grace, and knows that man unworthy of your love, and that he seeks you only for what you will inherit. Tell me child, you will do your father's will."

Here Grace paused, and covered her face with her hands; I saw the tears trickle through her fingers. She then continued; I exclaimed with bitterness of tone and manner: "Oh yes, I see and understand it all. Edward Mayfield's daughter is so ugly, so repulsively ugly, that she has no single attraction beyond that of her father's money bags."

"You shock me child," said the priest; "God made you what you are, thank Him that He made you not blind and deformed; thank Him that He gave you fine mental powers, a pious home, a loving Father; how dare you hurl the gifts of your Creator in His face."

"For a moment I was awed, and I burst into tears.

The good Father fancied my heart was touched; ah no, it had to be purified in the furnace of long years of tribulation and suffering, ere that heart of adamant was softened.

"You will break off this match, Grace?"

"No, I will not break it off; my father is unjust and cruel; I will marry Charles Wilmot."

Father Lawson rose from his seat.

"And you will live to rue the day you lay your hand in his. Misguided girl, your father loves you; you are breaking his heart; it is because he loves you with a matchless love, that he forbids this union."

"Then is he selfish," I dared to say, "and he would keep me ever with him, forgetting that the old have to die, the young to live?"

Ah, shall I ever forget that day. Father Lawson drew aside for a moment, too shocked to speak. I buried my face in my hands, but I heard him say:

"Oh my God, just and merciful, why is it that parental love flows downwards with so strong a current, and oftentimes returns in so thin a stream; visit thou this soul with suffering in thy mercy. Lord, purify it in the furnace of tribulation, so that thou call it back to thee at last."

He turned to leave the room; I called him back, awed by the words he had uttered; but no, what more could he do? He left me to myself and went to seek my injured father. To me, Wilmot only showed the fair side of his character; if he spoke of my dear father it was not with contempt or anger, but rather with a feigned forbearance.

He met me the evening after my interview with Father Lawson, asked me if it was in vain to hope for my father's permission to marry, and on my replying in the affirmative, suggested marriage in spite of his refusal.

In an evil hour I acceded to his wish.—There was a small annual income to which I had succeeded in right of my deceased mother, of which my father could not deprive me. We agreed to lend to time to heal the breach that was sure to ensue, and be married at once.

I packed up the fine trinkets my dear father had, from time to time, forced on my acceptance, together with my wearing apparel, and sent it away privately the night before I left my home.

My father scarcely spoke to me that memorable evening; he was ill and care-worn; he was in delicate health, and I felt a pang as I stole a glance at him when in the act of handing him a silver cup containing his evening draught of hot spiced wine.

Tears stood in his eyes; they looked dim and bloodshot, and his hand trembled as he took the cup from mine, as if he had the palsy.

"Read to me some good book, Grace, before you go to bed," he said, speaking as he used to do before we quarrelled. "Ah yes, here is my favorite, The Following of Christ; let it be that chapter—True comfort is to be sought in God alone."

I did as he desired, and read on till I came to the verse: "All human comfort is vain and short." He repeated these words after me twice, as though he pondered over them.

I had constituted all his human comfort. I did not think of it at the time, but later those words remained indelibly engraved on my memory.

"God bless you my child," he said, as I pressed my lips to his forehead, and drawing down my face to his he kissed me long and passionately.

Had he a presage of what was about to take place, or a foreshadowing of personal misfortune, to be brought on by the cruelty of his own child?

Fond, indulgent, betrayed father! I had left the house before the servants were down in the morning.

An hour later I was the wife of Charles Wilmot.

After we were married we went to Soho,

where we engaged a lodging commensurate with our present position, till as he jestingly remarked,

"Your father shall have come to his senses." These words were the first which annoyed me; it was not so much the words themselves as the tone and manner in which they were uttered.

The following morning I wrote to my father petitioning for his forgiveness.

I had no reply.

Weeks passed on and lengthened into months. I had become a mother. Again and again I wrote; no answer ever came.

I had long become used to cruel insult from the lips of my husband. At first I rebelled, and repaid insult with insult, scorn with scorn. "Fool," he would oftentimes say, "to fancy such a gorilla-like face was acceptable except for money." The staff of well-paid servants in my father's home had prevented the necessity of household duties on my part. Thus I was ignorant of many things which I should have known had my mother lived. This was a source of bitter invective on my husband's part. I quickly found that I must learn many things of which I was ignorant, and moreover, that I must work hard, and save, and economize, that he might spend, and gamble, and drink. I had united myself to one who added the grossest brutality to his other vices. When the birth of my first child occurred, it brought the expenses incidental to my situation, deteriorating from the comforts I had managed to procure him. My pretty babe was but two months old—pretty as his wretched mother was the reverse—when I received the greatest indignity a man can inflict on a woman, a heavy blow on the face.

"That blow cannot well make your face darker than nature has made it," he said. My eyes filled with water, my old spirit had died out, I said not a word. I was beginning to see that I was about to pass through the ordeal of tribulation Father Lawson had spoken of.

A few days later I passed down Cheapside in a sedan chair. I had not dared to seek my father's face from the time of my shameful flight. I drew aside the curtain of the chair to look again at the old house. It was shut up; the shop was closed, the business then had not been sold.

A sickening dread seized on my heart.—My father, was he dead? Ah, my God, grant that I may see him once again.

I ordered the man to enquire of the neighbors if Mr. Mayfield were yet alive, and if so, if they could tell where he lived.

He had suddenly vacated the house; they believed he had retired to Highgate with one servant, who was to keep house for him. He had become imbecile, the neighbors said, after his daughter left him.

I hurried to the village of Highgate, and from enquiries I made I ascertained that my dear father rented a small house insignificant for a man of his ample means, the direction of which I obtained. The cottage stood a little way back from the high road; a trimly kept garden, gaily adorned with flowers, stretched in front of the house.

I knocked at the door, predetermined to trust no longer to letters. It was answered by a middle-aged woman, who had been cook in my father's house at the time of my marriage.

She started when she beheld me. "Mrs. Wilmot!" she exclaimed with an accent of surprise.

"How is my father, Deborah?" I said; "I must see him at once."

"It is impossible, ma'am; the sight of you would make him worse than he already is."

"Woman, stand aside," I exclaimed; and pushing past her, I entered the parlor. What a sight met my eyes! My beloved father, attenuated, worn almost to a shadow, was seated on a couch, talking incoherently to himself.

"Father, father," I said, "do you not know me; I am Grace, your daughter Grace."

"Grace, Grace," he repeated; "yes, I had a daughter of that name once, long years ago; but she died, and then I was left all alone."

"Do you not know me, father?" I said, and I kissed the thin, shrivelled hand; and then, bending down my head, I laid his hand upon it. Alas! alas! he was not conscious of the act.

Then he rambled on again, but of me he took no heed. It was another phase in the punishment I so well deserved. What should I do was then the question. To leave the house was madness. Deborah looked daggers at me, and I involuntarily trembled at hearing the voice of a man below stairs.

I had noticed, too, a wedding ring on her finger, and nothing doubted but that the sudden disappearance of my father from the city was owing to the machinations of this woman.

I was standing at the window, and seeing a boy asking an alms, I beckoned him to me.

I showed him half a crown. "Will you earn this?" I said. His eyes sparkled with delight.

I tore out a leaf from my pocket-book, and scrawled in pencil these words:

"Come to me directly; I am with my father; for pity's sake do not delay."

I gave the boy a shilling, told him to seek the address written on the card, and to bring

the gentleman back with him, when I would give him eighteen pence more.

I then sat down as patiently as might be to await his arrival, ever and again trying to awaken in my father's darkened mind some memory of the past. A signal failure attended my exertions.

At length I sang the first stanza of a song which had been a favorite of his in the old times.

He started, pressed his forehead with his hand, and exclaimed:

"Sing it again; my dear daughter, Grace, used to sing that song."

"I am Grace," I said. "Now bless me, father, I have come back to live with you and take care of you." Alas! alas! his last blessing was bestowed on me the night before I left him to the mercy of hirelings. And why should I speak thus; were they more merciless than his own child?

I drove back my tears because I found it pleased him to hear me sing. One after another I sang all the old songs which I knew he had liked the best.

"Stay with me," he said "do not go away again, I like to hear you sing," and he put up his dear aged face and kissed me, and I felt wondrously happy, though he knew not I was his own Grace.

And so we sat hand in hand, and I sang the time away, I never thinking of the woman Deborah, but looking for my husband, because I should not fear confronting her when he was with me.

I saw a man leave the house, and then return with a coach, into which many parcels and boxes were placed, and the man getting in, the coach drove away.

I had my suspicions, and as I sat by the window I marked down the number of the coach.

At last I saw my husband and the boy hasten up the garden, I flew to the door and admitted him, detaining the boy till I should see if he wanted him.

To my infinite pain, my husband looked coolly at my dear father.

"Is this the end of his wealth?" he said, with a contemptuous glance round the room, adding, "a clear case of lunacy that, I should imagine."

God forgive me, how I did hate him just then.

I arose and closed the door.

"Deborah, the former cook, is here," I said; "she is now married. The house in the city is closed. Do you not see some villainy has been practised. It is our business to look into the state of my father's property, to enquire if his valuable stock was sold before he left the city."

The wretch whom I addressed at first looked at me with back-lustre eyes. He was generally under the influence of liquor, and either half stupid or in a state of semi-intoxication.

After a short time he recovered sufficiently to resolve on calling up the woman. We rung the bell three times; there was no answer. We went down stairs, above all over the house. We were the sole inmates, and the open drawers and boxes showed they had been rifled of their contents. We then discovered that there was a back entrance to the house, by which the woman Deborah had evidently decamped.

My husband sent the boy to Soho with a letter to our landlord, bidding him bring to Highgate the servant and baby, and he himself went to the nearest magistrate, laid the case before him, and gave the number of the hackney coach, so that some of the property might be traced.

I made a comfortable meal for my beloved father. It was sweet to serve him, though he did not know me. Then while he partook of it I examined the house. I recognized many well-remembered articles, though the best had disappeared. There was a good stock of linen, a small quantity of silver, but none of the fine old silver services. I then put him to bed in a room evidently intended for his use. He followed me about docile and submissive as a child. I sang to him meanwhile. It was the happiest moment I had known since I had left him when, for the second time, he drew me to him and kissed me.

I moved about his room after he was in bed. I heard him speak, and turning round, I saw his hands joined. I listened; he was saying the Our Father, but not correctly. Then he made a recommendation of himself to God—this he repeated many times; prayed for his dead wife and child, and awakening me to the sinful past, he repeated the words I had last read to him:

"All human comfort is vain and short."

At last my husband returned, and a little while later the servant and child. The officials of justice were on the track of Deborah.

The result of their enquiries ended in the recovery of many valuable articles and their committal to prison. My father, it appeared, had never recovered the effect of my guilty flight, and had very shortly fallen into a state in which he was irresponsible for his actions. Thus he was easily the tool of this artful woman. They induced him to convert much of his costly stock into cash, of which, between fast living and what they plundered him of, the

whole amount had gone; all that remained being a couple of houses he had purchased years since, one of which, my early home was now unlet.

Insult and wrong were daily heaped on my head by my husband, who had always counted, sooner or later, on my winning my father's forgiveness and obtaining a handsome property. To obtain permission to keep my beloved imbecile parent near me, I allowed him to sell the home I have spoken of, but the term of peace effected by yielding to his brutality was of short duration. In all I suffered I recognized the hand of retributive justice, and considered myself as one undergoing a term of penance. I felt that if those who are righteous bear their cross without murmuring, how much more was it incumbent on me to do so.

It was at last with a kind of melancholy pleasure that I heard my dear father speak of and mourn for me as one dead. Far better he should have entertained that idea than the correct one.

I knew my old friend, Father Lawson, was often in London, and I sent him my address, at a time when I knew my husband (a Protestant in faith) would be absent.

I longed to let him see that the days of purification were passing over my head.

Of course, my poor father retained no recollection of him. I saw his eyes fill with tears when I led him in. I told him my whole story, the kind of husband the man had made whom I had chosen to marry in spite of the prayers and wishes of my best friends. I told him how my father's wealth had vanished like chaff before the wind; how my pretty babe was pining away before my face; how I was abused, ill-treated, struck. I laid my hands on that of him who had loved me with such matchless love, my father, and I said, "In singing to him and soothing him is my sweetest consolation; my greatest fear lest my tyrant husband should separate me from him," adding, "think you, father, I am redeeming the past? I have schooled myself to the strictest patience; I have learned to be reviled and not revile again, to work for him to reap, to be silent under his abuse, to regard all that happens to me as the penalty of sin and folly, to consider that my future life must be a cross borne in the spirit of expiation."

"The days have, indeed, come," he said, "of your earthly purification. Continue thus to atone for the past, which you cannot now recall." He then drew from his pocket that French copy of the Imitation of Christ which I showed you, and turning down the chapter headed, "The Love of Jesus above all things," told me to make that chapter my daily study.

My baby died; a little girl was born to me; it faded away and died, too, when it was but a few months old. How pitiful a sight it was to witness the love of my dear father for that child, whom he would call by no other name than Grace.

My grief was very great at first after consigning my little ones to the grave. At last a dull apathy stole over me, and I finally rejoiced that the sinless ones had been gathered home by their Heavenly Father's mercy before their own earthly father could teach them to sin.

At last the day of release came, but not before my husband had well nigh stripped our house of every comfort—I may almost add, of every necessary.

His brutality had become unbending on account of my constant refusal to commit my poor father to an asylum. He was harmless, quiet, and docile; if he was now poor it was my work, and what was still left was his. I resisted every endeavor to part me from him.

At last my husband sickened with the small-pox. I nursed him carefully and showed him every attention possible. The crisis arrived, and the physician declared there was no hopes of recovery.

He could not see. The violence of the disorder had deprived him of his sight some days before his death. I strove to awaken him to repentance, but his heart was callous; he died and made no sign.

My old father and myself were thus alone in the desolate house at Highbury, but the shadow of death still lingered by my hearth. Its touch fell very gently on the only creature who attached me to the world.

It was a pleasant day in Spring. I had drawn an easy chair under the porch in the back garden, and with my work in my hand (for I now had not enough to live upon save by adding to our little income, by embroidering gay scarfs and dresses for the court ladies), I sang my old songs, while my dear, wronged father sat and listened.

These were the happiest hours I had known since I buried my little ones.

I chanced to speak to him, but he did not answer. I fancied he had not heard me, and I spoke again; still no answer. I looked up alarmed; his head had fallen on his breast, I leant over him; he was dead!

A burst of tears put an end for the present to the story of poor Grace. I thought myself very cruel, dear Mrs. Whitely, that I had pressed her to call back these sad memories of the past. After a while she recovered herself, and stopped my protestations of sorrow, that I had urged her to tell me her story.

I have not much more to say, Madam, she continued. A few days later I, the solitary mourner, followed the remains of the once rich citizen to the village churchyard. I was loath to leave a place hallowed at once by such painful memories and sweet recollections of my little ones and my poor father; but Father Lawson, who called on me whilst my father was yet unburied, urged me to do so.

From Father Lawson I learned that you, Madam, were one of the favorite ladies of our dear, saintly ex-queen. He told me how it was you were here, and charged me to aid you, if in my poor power, to do so.

"My poor, poor Grace," I said, and quite overcome by her sorrowful state, I laid my head on her shoulder, and gave way to a flood of tears.

(To be Continued.)

ATONEMENT.

"The Passion and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ."

SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. FATHER BURKE, ON GOOD FRIDAY, IN NEW YORK CITY.

(From the New York Irish American.)

"All you that pass this way, come and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

These words are found in the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah. There is a festival, dearly beloved brethren, ordained by the Almighty God, for the tenth day of the seventh month of the Jewish year; and this festival was called the "Day of Atonement." Now amongst the Commandments that the Almighty God gave concerning the "Day of Atonement," there was this remarkable one:—"Every Soul," said the Lord, "that shall not be afflicted on that day, shall perish from off the land." The commandment that he gave them was a commandment of sorrow, because it was the day of atonement. The day of the Christian atonement has come—the day of the mighty sacrifice by which the world was redeemed. And if, at other seasons, we are told to rejoice—in the words of the Scripture—"rejoice in the Lord; I say to you, rejoice,"—today with our holy mother, the Church, we must put off the garments of joy, and clothe ourselves in the garments of sorrow. If, at other times, we are told to be glad in the Lord—according to the words of Scripture, "rejoice in the Lord and be glad,"—today the command is that every soul shall be afflicted; and the soul that is not afflicted shall perish. And, now, before we enter upon the consideration of the terrible sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ—all that He endured for our salvation—it is necessary, my dearly beloved brethren, that we should turn our thoughts to

THE VICTIM.

whom we contemplate this night dying for our sins. That Victim was our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Son of God. When the Almighty God, after the first two thousand years of the world's history, resolved to destroy the whole race of mankind, on account of their sins. He flooded the earth; and in that universal sin, He wiped out the sin by destroying the sinners. Now, in that early hour of God's first terrible visitation, the water that overwhelmed the whole world, and destroyed all mankind, came from three sources. First of all, we are told, that God, with His own hand, drew back the bolts of Heaven, and rained down water from Heaven, upon the earth. Secondly, we are told, that all the secret springs and fountains, that were in the bosom of the earth itself, burst and came forth—"the fountain of the great abyss burst forth," says Holy Writ. Thirdly, we are told, that the green ocean itself overflowed its shores and its banks; and the sea uprose, until the waters covered the mountain tops. Thus, dearly beloved brethren, in this inundation, this flood of suffering and sorrow that came upon the Son of God, made man, we find that this flood of agony and sufferings burst forth from three distinct sources. First of all, from Heaven, the Eternal Father sending down

THE MERCILESS HAND OF JUSTICE,

to strike His own Divine Son. Secondly, from Christ our Lord Himself. As from the hidden fountains of the earth, sending forth their springs so, from amid the very heart and soul of Jesus Christ—from the very nature of His being—do we gather the greatness of His suffering. Thirdly, from the sea rising—that is to say, from the malice and wickedness of man. Behold, then, the three several sources of all the sufferings that we are about to contemplate. A just and angry God in Heaven; a most pure and holy and loving Man-God upon earth, having to endure all that hell could produce of most wicked and most demoniac rage against Him. God's justice rose up—for, remember, God was angry on this Good Friday—the Eternal Father rose up in Heaven, in all His power,—He rose up in all His justice. Before Him was a Victim for all the sins that ever had been committed; before Him was the Victim of a fallen race, that was never, never to see him, so long as they remained upon this earth; before him, in the very person of Jesus Christ Himself, were represented,

THE ACCUMULATED SINS OF ALL THE RACE OF MANKIND. Hitherto, we read in the Gospel that when the Father from Heaven looked down upon His Own Divine Child upon earth, He was accustomed to send forth His voice in such language as this—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Hitherto, no sin, no deformity, no wilfulness was there but the beauty of Heaven itself in that fairest form of human body—in that beautiful soul, and in the fullness of the divinity that dwelt in Jesus Christ. Well might the father exclaim—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!" But, to-day,—oh, to-day!—the sight of the beloved Son excites no pleasure in the Father's eyes—brings forth no word of consolation or of love from the Father's lips. And why? Because the all-holy and all-beloved Son of God, on this Good Friday, took upon Him the garment of our sins—of all that His Father detested upon this earth; all that ever raised the quick anger of the Eternal God; all that ever made Him put forth His arm; strong in judgment and in vengeance—all this is concentrated upon the sacred person of Him who became the victim for the sins of men. How fair He seems to us when we look up to that beautiful figure of Jesus—how fair He seems to His Virgin Mother, when she held Him in her arms, when no beauty or comeliness was left in Him—how fair He seemed to the Magdalen, again who saw Him,

ROBED IN HIS OWN CRIMINAL BLOOD.

The Father in Heaven saw no beauty, no fairness in His Divine Son, in that hour; He only saw in Him and on Him, all the sins of mankind, which he took upon Himself that He might become for us a Saviour. Picture to yourselves, therefore, first, this mighty fountain of divine wrath that was poured out upon the Lord! It was the Father's hand—the hand of the Father's justice—outstretched to assert His rights to restore to Himself the honor and the glory of which the sins of all men, in all ages, in all climes, had deprived Him. Picture to yourselves that terrible hand of God drawing back the bolts of Heaven, and letting out on His own Divine Son, the fury of this wrath that was pent up for four thousand years! We stand stricken with fear at the contemplation of the anger of God, in the first great punishment the Universal Deluge. And all the sins that in every age roused the Father's anger were actually visible to the Father's eyes in the person of His Divine Son. We stand astonished and frightened when we see with the eyes of faith and of revelation, the living fire descending from Heaven upon

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

—the balls of fire floating in the air, thick as the descending flakes in the snow-storm—the hissing of the flames as they came rushing down from Heaven, like the hail that comes down in the hail-storm; the roaring of these flames, as they filled the atmosphere; the terrible lurid light of them; the shrieks of the

people who are being burned up alive; the howling of the tortured beasts in the fields; the birds in the air fluttering, and sending forth their plaintive voices, as they fall to the earth, their plumage scorched and burned. All the sins that Almighty God, in Heaven, saw in that hour of His wrath, when He rained down fire—all these did He see, on this Good Friday morning, upon His own Divine and adorable Son,

ALL THE SINS THAT EVER MAN COMMITTED,

were upon Him; in the hour of His humiliation and of His agony, because He was truly man; because He was a voluntary victim for our sins; because He stepped in between our nature, that was to be destroyed, and the avenging hand of the Father lifted for our destruction; and these sins upon Him became an argument to make the Almighty God in Heaven forget, in that hour, every attribute of His mercy, and put forth against His mercy, and put forth against His Son all the omnipotence of His justice. Consider it well; let it enter into your minds—the strokes of the Divine vengeance that would have ruined you and me, and sunk us into hell for all eternity were rained by the unsparring hand of Omnipotence, in that hour, upon our Lord Jesus Christ.

The second fountain and source from which came forth the deluge of His sorrow and His suffering was His own divine heart and His own immaculate nature. For, remember, He was as truly man as He was God. From the moment Mary received the

ETERNAL WORD INTO HER WOMB,

from that moment Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was as truly man as He was God; and in that hour of His Incarnation a human body and a human soul were created for Him. Now, first of all, that human soul that He took was the purest and most perfect that God could make—perfect in every natural perfection—in the quickness and comprehensiveness of His intelligence—in the large capacity for love in its human heart—in the great depth of its generosity and exalted human spirit. Nay, more, the very body in which that blessed soul was enshrined was so formed that it was the most perfect body that was ever given to man. Now, the perfection of the body in man lies in a delicate organization—in the extreme delicacy of fibre, muscle and nerve; because they make it a fitting instrument in order that the soul within may inspire it. The more perfect, therefore, the human body is, the more sensitive it is to shame, the more deeply does it feel degradation, the more quickly do dishonor and humiliation, like a two-edged sword, pierce the spirit. Nay, the more sensitive it is to pain, the more does it shrink away naturally from that which causes pain; and that which would be pain to a grosser organization is actual agony, is actual torment, to the perfect man, formed with such a soul that at the very touch of his body the sensitive soul is made cognizant of pleasure and of pain, of joy and of sorrow. What follows this? St. Bonaventure, in his "Life of Christ," tells us that so delicate was the sacred and most perfect body of our Lord, that even the palm of His hand or the sole of His foot was more sensitive than the inner pupil of the eye of any ordinary man; that even the least touch caused Him pain; that every ruder air that visited that Divine face brought to him a sense of exquisite pain, that ordinary man could scarcely experience. Add to this, that in Him was the fullness of the Godhead, realizing all that was beautiful on earth; realizing, with infinite capacity, the enormity of sin; realizing every evil that ever fell upon nature in making it accessible to sin; and, above all, taking in, to the full extent of its eternal duration, the curse, the reprobation and damnation that falls upon the wicked. Oh, how many sources of sorrow are here! Here is the fullness of the infinite sanctity of God; here is the infinite horror that God has for sin. For this man is God! Here, therefore is at once the indignation, the infinite repugnance, the actual sense of horror and detestation which, amounting to an infinite, passionate repugnance, absorbed the whole nature of Jesus Christ in one act of violence against Him. Now, every single act that is committed in this world comes and actually effects, as it were, its judgment in the soul and spirit of Jesus. At other times, He may rest, as He did rest, in the Virgin's arms—for she was sinless; at other times He may allow sin and the sinner to come to His feet and touch Him; but, by that very touch, she was made as pure as an angel of God. But, to-day, this infinitely holy heart—this infinitely tender heart must open itself to receive—no longer to purify, but to assume—

ALL THE SINS OF THE WORLD.

The third great source of His suffering was the rage and the malice of man. They tore that sacred body; they forgot every instinct of humanity; they forgot every decree, every ordinance of the old law to lend to their outrages all the fury of hell, when they fell upon him, as the Scripture says, "LIKE HUNGRY DOGS OF CHASE UPON THEIR PREY." He is now approaching the last sad day of His existence: He is now about to close His life in sufferings which I shall endeavor to put before you. But, remember, that this Good Friday, with all its terrors, is but the end of a life of thirty-three years of agony and of suffering! From the moment when the Word was made flesh in Mary's womb—from the moment when the Eternal God became man—even before He was born—the cross, the thorny crown, and all the horrors that were accomplished on Calvary, were steadily before the eyes of Jesus. The infant in Bethlehem saw them: the Child in Nazareth saw them: the Young Man toiling to support His mother, saw them: the Preacher on the mountain-side beheld them. Never, for a single instant, were the horrors that were fulfilled on Good Friday morning absent from the mind or the contemplation of Jesus Christ. Oh, dearly beloved brethren, well did the Psalmist say of Him, "My grief and my sorrow is always before me;" well the Psalmist said, "I have during my whole life, walked in sorrow! I am sorrowful the whole day!" That day was the thirty-three years of His mortal life. Picture to yourselves what that life of grief must have been. There was the Almighty God in the midst of men, hearing their blasphemies, beholding their infamous actions, fixing His all-pure and all-holy eyes on their licentiousness, their ambition, their avarice, their dishonesty, their impurity. And so the very presence of those He came to redeem was a constant source of grief to Jesus Christ. Moreover, He knew well that He came into the world to suffer, and only to suffer. Every other being created in this world was created for some joy or other. There is not, even in hell, a creature whom Almighty God intended, in creating, for a life and an eternity of misery; if they are there, they are there by

THEIR OWN ACT, NOT BY THE ACT OF GOD.

Not so with Christ. His sacred body was formed for the express and sole purpose that it might be the victim of the sins of man, and the sacrifice for the world's redemption. "Sacrifice and oblation." He said, "Thou wilt not, O God; but Thou hast prepared a body for me." "Coming into the world," says St. Paul. "He proclaimed, 'for this I am come, that I may do Thy will O Father.' The Father's will was that He should suffer; and for this was He created. Therefore, as He was made for suffering—as that body was given to Him for no purpose of joy, but only of suffering, expiation, and of sorrow—therefore it was that God made Him capable of a sorrow equal to the remission He was about to grant. That was infinite sorrow.

And now, dearly beloved, having considered those things, we come to contemplate that which was always before the mind of Christ—that from which He knew

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE—

that which was before Him really, not as the future

is before us, when we anticipate it and fear it, but it comes indistinctly and confusedly before the mind. Not so with Christ: every single detail of His Passion, every sorrow that was to fall upon Him, every indignity that was to be heaped upon His body—all, in the clearness of their details, were before the eyes of the Lord Jesus Christ for the thirty-three years of His life. More than this—when that life is drawing to its close in this world, the Son of God is about to realize it in all its agony.

As the sun was sloping down toward the western horizon on the evening of the vigil of the Pasch, behold our divine Lord, with His Apostles around Him, in company with His Virgin Mother; and there, seated in the midst of them, He fulfilled the last precept of the law, in eating the Paschal lamb; and (as we saw last evening), He then changed the bread and wine into His own Body and Blood and fed His Apostles with that of which the Paschal lamb was but a figure and a promise. Now they are about to separate in this world. Now the greatest act of the charity of God has been performed. Now the Lord Jesus Christ is living and palpating in the heart of each and every one of these twelve. Now, horror of horrors! He has gone into the heart of Judas! Arising from the table, our Lord took with Him Peter and James and John, and He turned calmly and deliberately to enter the red sea of His Passion, and to wade through His own blood until He landed upon the opposite shore of pardon and mercy and grace, and brought with Him, in His own sacred humanity the whole human race. Calmly, deliberately, taking His three friends with Him, He went out from the supper-hall as the shades of evening were deepening into night, and He walked outside the walls of Jerusalem, where there was a garden full of olive trees, that was called Gethsemane. The Lord Jesus was accustomed to go there to pray—Many an evening had He knelt within those groves; many a night had He spent under the shade of these trees, filling the silent place with His cries and sobbings, before the Lord, His Father, to obtain pardon and mercy for mankind. Now He goes there for the last time; and as He is approaching—as soon as He catches sight of the garden, as soon as the familiar olives presented themselves to His eyes, He sees—what Peter and James and John did not see—He sees there in that dark garden, the mighty army—the mighty, tremendous army of all the sins that were ever committed in this world—as if they had taken the bodily forms of demons of hell. There they were now—waiting silently, with eyes glaring with infernal rage; and He saw them. And among them was He, the Lord God, to go! No wonder that the moment He caught sight of that dread scene, He started back, and turning to the three Apostles, He said: "Stand by me now, for

"MY SOUL IS SORROWFUL UNTO DEATH."

And leaning upon the virgin bosom of John, who is stung with this divine trial of his Master, he murmured unto him, "My soul is sorrowful unto death! Stand by me," he says, "and watch with me—and pray!" The man—the man, proving his humanity, which belonged to him as truly as his divinity! The man, turning to, and clinging to, his friends—gathering them around him at that terrible moment when he was about to suffer. He cried again and again—"Stand by me! stand by me! and support me, and watch, and pray with me!" And then, leaving them, alone He enters the gloom. Summoning all the courage of God—summoning to His aid all the infinite resources of His love—summoning the great thought that if He was about to be destroyed, mankind was to be saved. He dashed fearlessly into the depths of Gethsemane; and when He was as far from His Apostles as a man, could throw a stone—there in the dark depths of the forest, the Lord Jesus knelt down and prayed. What was his prayer? Oh, that army of sins was closing around Him! Oh, the breath of Hell was on His face! There did he see the

DEVIL DEMONS MARSHALLING THEIR FORCES.

—drawing closer and closer to Him all the iniquities of men. "Oh, Father!" He cries—"Oh, Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away from me!" But he immediately added—"Not My will but Thine be done!" Then, turning—for the Father's will was indicated to Him in the voice from Heaven, with the first tone of anger upon it, the first word of anger that Jesus ever heard from His Father's lips, saying: "It is My will to strike Thee! Go!" He turned; He bared His innocent bosom; He put out His sinless hands, and, turning to all the powers of Hell allowed the ocean wave of sin to flow in upon Him and overwhelm Him. To flow in upon Him the adulteries of Judah, the ingratitude of Israel, the blood of Absalom—the impurities of Sodom and Gomorrah—the terrible ingratitude that filled the earth—all the sins that ever appeared under the eyes of God's anger—all—all—like the waves of the ocean, coming in and falling upon a solitary man, who kneels before that terrible inundation—all fell upon Jesus Christ. All that was in Him—God and man, resisted—but it is the Father's will. It is the defeat of the powers of darkness. He looks upon Himself, and He scarcely recognizes Himself now. Are these the hands of Jesus Christ scarcely daring to uplift themselves in prayer, for they are red with ten thousand proofs of guilt? Is this the Heart of Jesus, frozen up with unbelief, as if He felt what He could not feel—that He was the personal enemy of God? Is this the sacred soul of Jesus Christ darkened for the moment with the errors and the adulteries of the whole world? In the halls of His memory nothing but the hideous figures of sin!—despair, dire blasphemies;—these are the things He sees within Himself; that He hears in His ears! It is

A WORLD OF SIN AROUND HIM.

It is a raging of demons about Him. It is as if sin entered into His blood. Oh, God! He hears it as long as a suffering man can bear. But, at length, from out the depths of His most sacred heart—from out the very divinity that was in Him—the fountains of the great deep were moved, and forth came a rush of blood from every pore. His eyes can no longer dwell on the terrible vision. He can no longer look upon these red scenes of blood and impurities. A weakness—an insensibility—comes mercifully to his relief. He gazes upon the fate that God has put upon him; and then he falls to the earth, writhing in his agony; and forth from every pore of his sacred frame streams the blood!

BEHOLD HIM!

Behold the blood oozes out through the garments, making them red as those of a man who has trodden in the wine press! Behold him as his agonizing face lies prone upon the earth. Behold him as in the hour of that terrible agony He flushes the soil of Gethsemane! Behold him as he writhes on the ground—one mass of streaming blood—sweating blood from head to foot—crying out in His agony for the sins of the whole world! God-like, a mountain of the anger of God is upon Him. Behold Him in Gethsemane, O Christian man! Kneel down by his side! Lie down by that blood-stained earth, and, for the love of Jesus Christ, whisper one word of consolation to him! For, remember that you and I were there, and He saw us—even as He sees us in our quality of sinners; as with every sin that ever we committed—as if, with a stone in our uplifted hand, we flung it down upon His defenceless form? When a culprit was convicted of a crime, Joshua gave word that every man of the Jewish nation should take a stone in his hand fling it at him; and all the people of Israel came and flung them upon him, and put him to death. So, every son of man from Adam down to the last that was born on this earth—every son of man—every human being that breathed the breath of God's creation in this world was there, in that hour, to fling his sins, and let them fall down upon Jesus Christ.

There was one whose hand was not lifted against him. There was one who, if she had been there, could be only there to help him and to console him. But no help!—no consolation in that hour! Therefore, Mary, the only sinless one, was absent—He rises after an hour, no scourge has been yet laid upon that sacred body. No executioner's hand has profaned his hands. No nail has been driven through his hands. And yet the bloody wounds covered his body—for His Passion began from that source to which I have alluded—his own divine spirit! His Passion—His pain—began from within. He rises from the earth. What is this which we hear? There is a sound, as of the voices of a multitude. There are hoarse voices filling the night. There are men with clubs in their hands and lanterns lighted. They come with fire and fury in their eyes, and the universal voice is:

"WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE?"

Ah, there is one at the head of them! You hear his voice—"Come cautiously! I see him! I will point him out to you! There are four. There he is, with three of his friends. When you see me take a man in my arms and kiss him, he is the man! Lay hold of him at once, and drag him away with you—and do what you please!" Who is he that says this? Who are they that come like hell-hounds, Christing for the blood of Jesus-Christ? That come, with the rage of hell in their blood and in their mouths? They are come to take him and to tear him to pieces! Who is this that leads them on? Oh, friends and men! It is

JUDAS THE APOSTLE!

Judas, who spent three years in the society of Jesus-Christ! Judas, that was taught by word and by example. Judas, who received the priesthood. Judas, upon whose lips, even now, blushes the sacred blood received in Holy Communion! Oh, it is Judas! And he has come to give up his Master, whom he has sold for thirty pieces of silver. He went after his bloody communion, to the Pharisees, and he said: "What will you give me, and I will sell him to you?—give him up?" He put no price upon Jesus. He thought so little of his Master that he was prepared to take anything they would offer. They offered him thirty small pieces of silver; and he clutched at the money. He thought it was a great deal, and more than Jesus-Christ was worth! Now he comes to fulfil his portion of the contract; and he points the Lord out by going up to him—putting his traitor lips upon the face of Jesus-Christ, and sealing upon that face the kiss of a false-hearted, a wicked and a traitorous follower. Behold him now. The Son of God sees him approach. He opens His arms to him. Jesus flings himself in His Master's arms, and he bears the gentle reproach—"Oh, last proof of love!—Oh, last opportunity to him to repent—even in this hour!"

"JUDAS, IS IT THUS THOU COMEST TO ME?"

Now the multitude rushes in upon him and seizes him. We have a supplement to the Gospel narrative in the revelations of those holy men—saints of the Church—revelations which were seen by them, and related and known to others of them, and tolerated by Rome. And one of these holy souls, contemplating the Passion of our Blessed Lord, tells us that the moment he laid his hands upon the Lord, the moment he permitted them, once or twice, he merely turned round and said to them—"I am the man whom you seek!" and, at the sound of this terrible voice they fell down, as if in a fit. At last, of his own free will, he gave himself into their hands, and then, this holy woman tells us that she saw in her vision the rope with which his hands were tied. It was passed around his body; and pulling upon the end of it, they rushed towards Jerusalem, dragging the exhausted Redeemer with them. Exhausted, I say, for his soul had just passed through the agony of his prayer, and his body was still dripping with the sweat of blood, between that spot and Jerusalem flowed the little stream called the Brook of Kedron. When they came to that little stream, our Saviour stumbled, and fell over a stone. They, without waiting to give him time to raise, pulled and dragged him on with all their might. They literally dragged him through the water, wounded and bruised his body by contact with the rocks that were in the stream. It was night when they brought him into Jerusalem. That night a cohort of Roman soldiers formed the body guard of Pilate. They were called archers; men of the most corrupt and terrible vices: men without faith in God or man; men whose every word was either a blasphemy or an impurity. These men who were anxious only for amusement, when they found the prisoner dragged into Jerusalem at the hour, took possession of him for the night, and they brought him to their quarters, and there the Redeemer was put sitting in the midst of them. During the whole of that long night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday morning, the soldiers remained sleepless, employed in loud revel, in their decision and torture of the Son of God. They struck him on the head. They spat upon him. They buffeted him with scorn from one another. They bruised him. They wounded him in every conceivable form. Here—silent as a lamb before the shearer, was the Eternal Son of God, looking out, with eyes of infinite knowledge and purity, upon the very vilest dogs that all the iniquity of this earth could form around him.

The morning came; but, such were the horrors of that terrible night, that the Saviour already felt still greater horrors in waiting for the day. He was brought before the High Priest. He was asked to answer. The moment the Son of God opened his lips to speak—the moment he attempted to testify a brave soldier came out of the ranks, stepped before his Divine Lord, and saying to him: "Answerest thou, the High Priest?" drew back his clenched mailed hand and with the full force of a strong man, flung himself forward, and

STROKED ALMIGHTY GOD IN THE FACE!

The Saviour recoiled. It stunned him. The morning came. Now, he is led before Pilate, the Roman Governor, who alone has power to sentence him to death, if he be guilty—and who has the obligation to protect him and to set him at liberty if he be innocent. The Scribes and the Pharisees and the Publicans are there—the leaders of the people; and the rabble of Jerusalem was with them—and in the midst of them was the silent, innocent Victim who knew that the sad and terrible hour of his crucifixion was upon him. Brought before Pilate, he is accused of this crime and that. Witnesses were called; and the moment they came—they look upon the face of God—they are unable to give testimony against him. They could say nothing that proved him guilty of any crime; and Pilate, enraged, turned to the Pharisees, turned to the learned men: "What do you bring this man here for? Why is he bound? Why is he bruised and maltreated? What has he done?"

FIND NO CRIME, OR SHADOW OF A CRIME IN HIM.

He is not only innocent, but the judge declares, before all the people, that that man has done nothing whatever to deserve any punishment, much less death. How is this sentence received? The Pharisees are busy amongst the people, whispering their calumnies, and prompting them to cry out and say, "Crucify him! Crucify him! We want to have Jesus of Nazareth crucified! We want to do it early, because the evening will come and bring the Sabbath with it. We want to have his blood shed! Quick! Quick! Tell Pilate he must condemn Jesus of Nazareth, or else he is

"NO FRIEND TO CÆSAR!"

The people cry out: "Let him be crucified! If you let him go, you are not a friend of Cæsar!" What says Pilate? "Crucify your King! He calls himself

(Concluded on 6th Page.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE HOME RULE MOTION IN PARLIAMENT.—WARREN-PORT, 15th April, 1872.—To the Editor of the Freeman...

opposed to Catholic faith and doctrine. After 1876, Trinity College shall return but one member, and the new College one member.

THE DUBLIN DIFFICULTY.—In the heart of the city of Dublin, almost facing its old Parliament house, stands a vast and stately pile inclosed within railings.

According to the Dublin Evening Mail a sort of collision is imminent between the government and the Board of National Education...

ORANGE FRINGS.—COUNCIL POINTS OF LAW.—The Motion of the 26th April says: A curious case was heard in the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday the 17th.

Mr. Isaac Butt, member of Parliament for Limerick, has written a letter on Home Rule. He asks for an Irish Assembly, in which Home Rulers shall be fully represented...

A number of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, are in Wexford soliciting donations to pay off debts contracted in erecting charitable institutions in Kansas.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.—Died, at Lisburn, on the 10th, John Kincaid, in his ninety-ninth year, a pensioner from the 82nd Foot.

DERBY CASTLE, the magnificent residence of Mr. William Spaight, situated upon the shores of Lough Derg, near Killalee, was burned to the ground on Tuesday night the 16th ult.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.—At Fairyhouse Races, near Dublin, a curious accident occurred. Two gentlemen were galloping in opposite directions when the heads of their horses struck full tilt together...

EMIGRATION FROM WEXFORD.—The youth and strength of this county are still outward bent. Thirty-eight emigrants passed over to Liverpool recently by Liverpool and Wexford Company's Steamboat "Heres," intending to proceed to the United States.

MR. CAPEL IN DUBLIN.—Mr. Capel preached in the Church of the Dominican Fathers, Lower Dominick-street, on a Sunday recently in aid of the Sisters of Charity, St. Ann's-street.

his friends and forgive his enemies. He was in his 77th year.—Waterford Citizen.

AN IRISH FARMER.—A vigorous old man, a farmer, named John Dempsey, residing at Myross, five miles from Skibbereen, put in an appearance at the market on the 13th.

HEURICIDE IN TIPPERARY.—A young man named Ryan has been murdered at Newport, near Nenagh, county Tipperary, by another young man named Capel, who beat in his skull with a stone.

SHOCKING APPEAR IN DUBLIN.—Miss Fanny Graham, 17 years of age, was burned to death at Dublin on her return from a ball at one o'clock on a Sunday morning recently.

GREAT BRITAIN.

DENSITY OF POPULATION IN LONDON.—The population of London—what is to say, of the Metropolitan registration division, one of the 11 divisions of England—was stated at 2,251,807 in the preliminary report of the census of April, 1871.

SMALL-POX.—E. C. Dudley, Esq., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, writes as follows to the editor of the Scotsman:—Sir,—It is not usual to communicate in the first instance to general newspapers subjects of scientific importance...

PROFESSOR MURDER AND THE FALLING STAIRS.—Many falling stairs have been seen lately. Mazzini has dropped into the grave; Napoleon III. is at Chislehurst; Dollinger has lapsed into schism; Dr. Pusey has been very ill; Professor Maurice, one of the lights of the Broad Church, is extinguished.

THE JEWISH CHURCH.—The Jewish Chronicle pronounces a eulogium on the last as a Christian evangelist who courageously repudiated the doctrine of eternal punishment, which doctrine, it says, the Hebrews also uniformly disavow.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince of Wales, who is now in the prime of his life, is reported to have been severely wounded by a falling star.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Under this title the Weekly Register (London) has commenced a series of articles intended to develop the fearful evils caused by intemperance.

THE PRIMATE'S PREDICAMENT.—One of the religious papers of this week has an article in which the trials and troubles of a bishop are significantly hinted at. In administering the rite of confirmation the bishop must lay his hands on the head of the candidate, and

And there is no pause in this murderous work.—This week's record is fully up to the average. On Monday evening a shoemaker in London cut the throats of four of his children, and then killed himself in like manner.

POPULATION AND REPRESENTATION.—At the instance of Mr. McLEOD, M.P., a Parliamentary paper which is of very considerable interest has just been issued.

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it appears that the venerable prelates have been much distressed of late by the amount of false hair, flowers and ribbons which the young lady candidates wear on their heads, and which by their cringing, bowing attitude as they kneel before the bishop, are presented directly to him.

But the saintly prelates have another affliction. It lies in the fact that men and especially boys will use hair oil! Particularly on such occasions as a confirmation is this indulgence carried to excess.

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The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 210, St. James Street, by
J. GILLIES.
G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1872.
ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
MAY—1872.
Friday, 17—St. John N. M.
Saturday, 18—Fast. Vigil of Pentecost.
Sunday, 19—Pentecost.
Monday, 20—Of the Octave.
Tuesday, 21—Of the Octave.
Wednesday, 22—Ember Day. Of the Octave.
Thursday, 23—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
At the moment we write it would seem as if
the Washington Treaty were about to be
abandoned, in so far as the Alabama claims
are concerned. The U. States government re-
pudiates the compromise said, last week, to
have been mutually accepted by both the par-
ties to the Treaty; according to which, the
U. States were to abandon their claims for
consequential damages, upon the understanding
that, on its side, Great Britain should agree to
the principle that, in future wars, neutrals
should not be held responsible for similar in-
juries inflicted on either of the belligerents,
through neglect on the part of the neutral na-
tion. This compromise the President now re-
pudiates, and the claims for consequential
damages are to be insisted on. This leaves
the British government no alternative but to
withdraw its arbitrators, and to abandon the
present Treaty. Reports reach us also to the
effect that the relations betwixt Spain and the
U. States are in a very critical position, and
that both nations are preparing for possible
hostilities: the U. States putting their iron-
clads in a state of efficiency, and Spain arming
its defences of Havannah, with guns of the
heaviest calibre.

The rumors, for they are at best but little
more, that reach us as to the progress of the
Carlist insurrection, are most contradictory.
From Spanish governmental sources we learn
that the insurrection has been stamped out;
by Carlist organs we are told that it progresses,
if not rapidly, at all events favorably, and that
its partizans are far from being disheartened.
On the whole we incline to the opinion that its
chances of success are but small.

In reply to an address lately delivered by
the Holy Father to a deputation that had
waited on him, he is reported as having
made allusion to the state of parties in France;
to the one, recommending a more generous re-
liance on confidence in, and support of the
Holy See; to the others, more of charity in
dealing with their opponents. The world re-
nounced M. Louis Veullot, whose editorial
services cannot be over estimated, considering
that this latter recommendation was addressed
to him, has replied in a simple letter, submit-
ting himself and his writings, unreservedly,
to the judgment of the Holy See, whose docile
child he is, and ever will be. The condition
at Rome remains unchanged. To pray, and
wait for the deliverance which in His own good
time, God will assuredly not fail to send, is all
that Catholics can at present do.

The debates in our Dominion Parliament on
the Washington Treaty have been continued
throughout the week, and have been very liv-
ely. The argument in favor of the accepting
the Treaty, even with the partial cession of our
Fisheries will carry the day. The arrangement
may not be all that we desire; but, consider-
ing our peculiar relations with the British Em-
pire, could we have obtained better terms?
and are not the concessions Canada is called on
to make, compensated by the settlement of many
difficult and embarrassing questions, which
might, at some future period, embroil us with
our neighbors? Yes. We believe that our
connection with the British Empire is so valu-
able that it is well worth the price we are asked
to pay for it.

Last week was a great week in Montreal,
the City being honored with the presence of
His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, and the
other Prelates of the Province, besides that of
several distinguished ecclesiastics from other
parts of the world. In another column we
have given a brief account of the imposing
ceremonies of Thursday, when Mgr. Taschereau
was invested with the Pallium.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC
INVESTED WITH THE PALLIUM.—This im-
posing ceremony took place in the Parish
Church of Notre Dame on Thursday, 9th inst.,
Feast of the Ascension, at High Mass, and
never was a more imposing ceremony witnessed
within the walls of that vast building. The
church, both within and without, had been hand-
somely decorated for the occasion, and from an
early hour it was filled with a dense crowd of
people eager to participate in the august pro-
ceedings of the day.

The Bishops of the Province were all present
—with one exception and that a most import-
ant exception. His Lordship the Bishop of
Montreal, though perhaps a little better than
he was some ten days ago, was not considered by
his medical advisers to be sufficiently recovered
to take part in the ceremony; which however
was graced with the presence of six Bishops,
besides that of His Grace the Archbishop, and
Metropolitan of the Province of Quebec. The
Bishops present were, Mgr. Guigues of Ot-
tawa, Mgr. Verreau of St. Augustin, Florida,
Mgr. Larocque of St. Hyacinthe, Mgr. Lange-
vin of Rimouski, Mgr. Lafleche of Three
Rivers; and Mgr. Pinsonneault of Bithra, in
partibus.

Having entered the Church of Notre Dame,
His Grace the Archbishop took his seat to the
left of the altar, on a throne surmounted with
his proper armorial bearings; by his side stood
the Vy Rev. MM. Bayle, Superior of the Semina-
ry of St. Sulpice; Rev. M. Legare, Procureur
of the Seminary of Quebec, and M. Le Grand
Vicaire Truteau of the Diocese of Montreal.
Their Lordships, the other Bishops assisting,
were seated on the right side of the altar, in a
line facing the Archbishop's throne, and were
accompanied by all the chief clergy from the
Bishopric, the Jesuits, the Peres Oblats, and
the diocese of Montreal. We may add that
the Rev. M. Vaughan from Baltimore in charge
of the Mission to the negroes, was also present.
Amongst the laity were to be noticed His
Honor the Mayor, M. Rodier, and the office-
bearers of our several Catholic and National
Societies.

High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. of Bithra
assisted by the Rev. M. Moreau, one of the
Canons of the Cathedral, whilst two ecclesi-
astics from the Seminary officiated as Deacon
and Subdeacon, respectively. The Choir com-
posed of 200 performers, was under the direc-
tion of the Rev. M. Barbarin of the Seminary,
and M. Larue, with M. Labello at the organ.
The music performed was Haydn's First, and
was admirably executed.

THE SERMON.
This was delivered by His Lordship the Bi-
shop of Ottawa, who took for his text—"Go
ye therefore, and teach all nations;" and who
in a discourse of great power and eloquence,
reviewed the progress of the Church throughout
all ages, from the day when the divine mis-
sion to teach was first given to her by her Lord
and Master, to the present time; he dwelt at
some length on the progress she has made in
Canada since the days of Mgr. de Plessis, of
whom to-day His Grace Mgr. Taschereau is
the worthy successor.

The sermon ended, the Holy Sacrifice was
proceeded with, and towards the *Agnus Dei*
the Pallium was brought in and laid reverently
upon the altar. At the close of the Mass, the
Archbishop with his assistants knelt down be-
fore Mgr. Pinsonneault to take the prescribed
oath of fealty and allegiance to the Holy See;
after which His Lordship placed the Pallium
on the shoulders of the Archbishop still kneel-
ing, with the annexed form of words:—

"To the honor of God Omnipotent: of the Blessed
Mary ever virgin: of the Blessed Apostles Peter and
Paul: of our Holy Father Pius IX.: of the holy
Roman church, and the church of Quebec committed
to you. We give to you the Pallium that has been
taken from the body of the blessed Peter, in whom
resides the fullness of the Pontifical Office, under the
title of Archbishop, in order that you may use it
in the bosom of your church on certain days set
forth in the privileges accorded by the Apostolic
See; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and
of the Holy Ghost."

Wearing this precious and mystic ornament,
His Grace then ascended towards the Altar,
whence he gave his Apostolic Benediction to the
thousands of faithful all devoutly kneeling;
he then resumed his place on his throne, and
outgoing the *Te Deum*, the grand song of tri-
umph of the Catholic Church was taken up,
and repeated with striking effect by the Choir,
and the body of worshippers.

Divine service having thus been concluded,
the Procession of the Bishops reformed; and
passing out of the church retired to the Semi-
nary, when the crowd dispersed. It was esti-
mated that upwards of twelve thousand persons
were present on the occasion.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Rimouski, has
issued a Pastoral to the people of his diocese,
dissuading them against the too prevalent cus-
tom of emigration to the U. States. That this
change of domicile is but too often fatal to the
moral and religious interests of the emigrants
cannot be doubted; and it would be a great
blessing indeed, if means could be found to re-
tain our French Catholic population at home.
It must be remembered, however, that the

same causes that for years have been at work
in the New England States, and to which must
be attributed the incessant drain upon the po-
pulation of the latter—and the steady stream of
emigration flowing Westward—are also in
operation in Lower Canada, and tend to pro-
duce like effects. The phenomenon that we
daily witness here, is by no means confined to
this country; but is as prominent in the North
Eastern States of the Union, as it is in this
part of the Dominion. The length of our win-
ters, and the difficulty of obtaining good farm
lands, repel; the boasted fertility of the new
lands out West, attract; both contribute to keep
flowing a stream of emigration from East to
West. It is in the physical, not in the moral,
conditions of the country that we must look for
the causes which determine both the phenom-
enon of emigration, and the direction that it
assumes. Did the vast extent of unoccupied
territory lying to the North of Quebec, present
the same advantages of soil and climate, as do
the great Western prairies of this Continent,
we doubt not but what our young French
Canadians, who, as it is, know not where to
find suitable homesteads in their own land,
would manifest a decided preference for their
own country, for the social and moral institutions
under which their fathers have happily lived.

But there can be no doubt on the other
hand, that the prospects held out to the people
of Canada of improving their material condi-
tion by emigrating to the U. States, are often
grossly exaggerated; and that the sanguine ex-
pectations thereon founded, are in a very large
number of cases, doomed to be bitterly disap-
pointed. It is therefore a patriotic, as well as
a religious service that Mgr. Langevin has ren-
dered to his people, in warning them against
yielding to that mania for emigration, which
has unfortunately seized upon so many of
them, who might do well at home if they would
but stop there. That happiness, or *bien-etre*,
which numbers go abroad to find—failing too
often in the search—might have been dis-
covered beneath the paternal roof-tree, had it
been there first looked for; and this truth, on
which the moralist has often insisted, is what
the excellent and patriotic Bishop of Rimouski
tries to impress upon the minds of his flock,
whose best interests, both for time and for
eternity, he has at heart. Sincerely do we
hope that he may be successful; and though
we do not expect to see the stream of emigra-
tion stopped, since there are so many causes in
operation to make it flow, we do hope that the
strength and volume of the current may be
sensibly diminished; and that the French
Canadian Catholics may learn from the ad-
dresses of their best and wisest friends, to better
appreciate the advantages which, in spite of
their rigorous climate, and other untoward
material conditions, they enjoy in that they are
native citizens of a truly Catholic country; of
a country whose material progress may not in-
deed be so striking as is that of the U. States;
but still a country well and wisely governed,
and which assures to the honest and indus-
trious, if not great wealth, still, all the neces-
saries of life, and that which is better than
wealth, comfortable independence.

Our readers will have heard of course, of the
Mission to the negro races of this Continent,
which, with the especial blessing of the Holy
Father, has already commenced its operations.
Nor is it to the negroes alone, nor even to this
Continent, that the efforts of the Mission are to
be limited. On the contrary; the St. Joseph's
Apostolic Society of the Sacred Heart—for
such is the name by which it is known—pro-
poses to carry the Gospel light to all nations,
and to all races sitting in darkness. It is to
be the counterpart of the great French Foreign
Missionary Society, whose head-quarters are at
Paris; and in so far as the English speaking
community is concerned, it is the first Foreign
Missionary Society that has been organized
since the great apostasy of the sixteenth
century.

The Society is composed of both clergy and
laity. Its head-quarters are at Mill Hill,
London, where it possesses a freehold of 45
acres of land, on which is built St. Joseph's
Missionary College; in which are trained the
Soldiers of the Cross who are destined to bear
their Master's standard to all parts of the earth.
At its head is the well known Very Rev. Her-
bert Vaughan, D. D., with the title of the
Superior of St. Joseph's Apostolic Society of
the Sacred Heart.

This gentleman is at present in town, where
he proposes to remain till Monday next. Many
of our readers must have had the pleasure of
hearing him preach on Sunday last, in the fore-
noon in St. Patrick's, and in the afternoon in
St. Ann's Church. On Sunday next he will
again preach in St. Patrick's Church, when a
collection in aid of the Mission will be taken up,
and when all who desire to enroll themselves as
members of the Society, will have the oppor-
tunity of inscribing their names.
Need we say more to excite the Catholics of
Montreal to make a generous response to the
appeal that Dr. Vaughan is about to address to

them. It is as it were Christ Himself who
stands at the door and knocks:—Who giveth
unto Him now, him will the Lord repay a
hundredfold throughout eternity.

PROTESTANT STATISTICS.—Who is the
Dreysdorff, we have heard asked, whom the
Witness of the 9th inst. quotes as the author
or compiler of certain statistical tables, show-
ing the superior morality of Protestants, as
compared with Catholic communities?

To this query we cannot reply; but as the
Witness does not give any authority for the sta-
tistics which he quotes, they may be set down
as worthless. We are used to this style of
documents, and know how easy it is to draw
any conclusions one pleases, when one is at
liberty to make one's own premises.

If truth were the object of the *Witness* in
his pretended researches into the question of
the comparative morality of Catholic com-
munities, he would avail himself of the Official
Statistics of the British Empire; accessible to
every one, which can be easily verified, and
which, as drawn up by the officers of a Pro-
testant Government, cannot be suspected of
any prejudices in favor of Catholicity. From
such statistics—not open to suspicion like those
which he quotes from Dreysdorff, and which are
of no value until officially authenticated—it
would be easy to determine the relative mor-
tality of Catholic Ireland and of Protestant
Scotland; and thus to set at rest the question
whether the proportion of illegitimate to legiti-
mate births were greater amongst Catholic,
than amongst Protestant communities? amongst
the peasantry of benighted Ireland, than
amongst the peasantry of open-bible Scotland?
Of both Scotland and Ireland we have the sta-
tistics given Quarterly by the Registrar-Gen-
eral, and officially authenticated; the *Witness*
does not quote them, however; probably be-
cause they would not suit his purpose, or es-
tablish his thesis.

So again with regard to child-murder in its
various phases—infanticide and feticide. Is
this crime more common in Ireland than in
England? is it a vice that obtains more largely
in a Catholic than in a Protestant community?
This might be determined by contrasting—say
the evidence of learned Protestant medical men
as to the causes now in operation in the New
England States, and which contribute so largely
to the dying out of the original Protestant
stock—with the evidence of the purity of the
women of Catholic Ireland, as given also by
recent Protestant writers.

Or again: we might compare the criminal
statistics of Lower, or Catholic Canada, with
those of the United States, and of Protestant
Upper Canada. In proportion to population,
is crime more rife in Lower Canada, than it is
in the United States? Are life and property
the more secure in New York, or in Quebec?
Are the convicts in the Kingston Penitentiary
for the most part Catholics or Protestants?
These are all questions easily determined, and
the answer would be conclusive as to the point
at issue—i.e., the comparative morality of Ca-
tholic and Protestant countries.

And it is because such is the case; because
the statistics of crime in England, in Scotland,
and in Ireland can be certainly ascertained from
official sources; because in like manner there
is no difficulty in determining, whether it be in
Lower Canada, or in the United States, in
New England, or in the Province of Quebec,
that child murder, feticide and brutal attempts
on life and property are the more frequent—
that the *Witness* carefully abstains from ap-
pealing to domestic statistics; but refers us to
imaginary figures compiled by some obscure
no-Popery scribbler, professing to give the re-
lative numbers of legitimate and illegitimate
births in Leipzig, Munich, Vienna, and other
cities of Europe—whose truth or falsity it is,
from the want of official documents, impossible
to establish. In the same manner did the
ancient geographers in their charts of Africa,
and other unexplored portions of the earth's
surface, set down as denizens of the unknown
districts, unicorns, dragons, griffins, and all
manner of fabulous animals. They trusted in
the ignorance of their readers that their ab-
surdities would remain unrefuted. So it is
with Dreysdorff.

One remark we would address to the *Witness*.
In what papers, Catholic or Protestant, do we
find the greater number of these peculiar medi-
cal advertisements which take up so large a
portion of the columns of our contemporaries
both in U. Canada, and the U. States? The
Witness will understand us.

We have often deplored as a great misfor-
tune, that for our books on education we, in
Canada, were obliged to have recourse to the
U. States and other foreign countries, and that
we had no indigenous school literature.—
This defect the Christian Brethren are setting
themselves to remedy, thereby adding another
claim to the many they have already established
upon our gratitude. We do not wish to
censure the school books we generally import
from the United States further than this:—
That it often happens that from their deprecia-

tion of Great Britain and her institutions, they
are not books from which we desire that our
youth should draw their first impressions on
matters of history. We are British subjects;
we have every reason to be grateful to, and
proud of the government under which we live;
which protects our persons, our property, and
guarantees to us the enjoyment of our civil and
religious liberties: we contend therefore that
our school books should be such as not to shock
or insult our feelings as British subjects—as do
very often, the school books that we import
from foreign countries.

We hail therefore the appearance of a most
excellent and carefully compiled work in two
volumes—one in French, the other in English
—by the Christian Brothers, and well printed
on good paper by G. Darveau of Quebec. We
trust that these are only a first instalment;
and that before many years all our school
books, whether in French or in English, shall
be prepared, printed, and published in Canada.
In this instance we strongly insist upon the
propriety of encouraging our Home produce.

The book to which we refer is a Treatise on
Commercial Arithmetic, to which is added a
Practical Course on Mensuration and Book
Keeping. It is carefully prepared, and well
deserves to be adopted as an arithmetical text
book by all our Schools, and educational insti-
tutions in Lower Canada.

Small-pox still continues its ravages in Mont-
real, and though there are fluctuations or
oscillations in the death rate thereby caused,
we can scarce congratulate ourselves on any
very decided diminution of the terrible disease.
One week the death rate from small-pox de-
clines to 29; the next it is up again to 35;
and so it goes on, and apparently will go on,
until all who are liable to catch the disease shall
have been swept away. Its ravages are for the
most part, though not exclusively, confined to
children under twelve years of age: to Catho-
lics; and amongst Catholics, to the French
Canadians. What there is—something there
must be—which makes the latter so exception-
ally susceptible to the disease, we cannot pre-
tend positively to say; for as a general rule the
French Canadians are cleanly in their houses
and their diet is much the same as is that of
the rest of the population. In the absence of
any other hypothesis, we must still cling to
that which assigns their apathy—or almost
antipathy, to vaccination, as the cause of their
peculiar susceptibility to the malign influences
of small-pox.

It would be well worthy of the medical pro-
fession to attempt to determine whether at all,
and if at all, how far, diet has anything to do
with the ravages of small-pox; whether, for
instance the Jews—who, if true to their law,
abstain from foul feeding, and in particular the
use of the flesh of the unclean beast—enjoy to
any appreciable extent, an immunity from the
filthy disease. We have been assured on high au-
thority that they do; but in Montreal their num-
bers are too small, and the premises with which
their experience furnishes us are too limited, to
justify us in forming, or attempting to form, any
conclusion. The presumption, however, is
strongly in favor of the theory, that unclean
food tends to make the system of the unclean
feeder, more liable to the attacks of foul, or un-
clean disease, such as small-pox, than it would
be were he more scrupulous in his diet. Filth
of course, neglect of ablutions, of thorough
ventilation, and imperfect drainage, are all pro-
voking causes of disease; and it would be well
worth the trouble, if some of our scientific men
were to address themselves to the task of de-
termining the causes, hygienic and dietetic, to
which we must attribute the extent to which
small-pox has attained in Montreal since last
autumn; and the striking predilection that it
has manifested for French Canadians. It
would be most important too, in the interests
not of science only, but of humanity, to ascer-
tain whether Jews, and those who abstain from
unclean food, enjoy in any degree an immunity
either from small-pox, or other epidemics. Of
course, health and sickness, life and death, are
in the hands of the Lord; but there are at the
same time certain physical laws which cannot
be violated or neglected with impunity; and
the observance of which is rewarded by a com-
parative immunity from many of the diseases
and afflictions to which the disobedient are
peculiarly liable. A question then that we
would propound as worthy of serious attention
is this:—Has diet anything to do with small-
pox? do cleanly feeding people, like Jews and
Mahometans, enjoy any advantages in the shape
of immunity from its attacks, over those who
feed grossly, and use unclean meats?

THE NORTH-WESTERN CELT.—This pro-
mises to be a valuable addition to the ranks of
Catholic journalism in the U. States. The
Celt is published at St. Paul, Minnesota, and
is edited with much talent, and in a sound
Catholic spirit.

TEA AND COFFEE DUTIES.—On the 7th
inst., Sir F. Hincks gave notice in Parliament,
that it was the intention of the Dominion Gov-
ernment to repeal, after the 1st of July next,
the duties on tea and coffee.

THE JESUITS.—Much laughter was provoked in the House of Commons during the debate on the Bill for removing the Disabilities imposed on Catholics, by Mr. Johnston, the great Protestant champion, who gravely assured the House that "a clergyman who had been a canon of the Church of Rome told him, that he had been told by the Principal of the Order of Jesuits, that four members of the Cabinet of the late Sir Robert Peel were under Jesuit influence, and one of the four was Sir James Graham." he therefore strongly opposed any relaxation of the laws against Catholics, or putting them on a footing of perfect legal and political equality with Her Majesty's non-Catholic subjects

Monday, the 13th inst., was the 80th birthday of the Sovereign Pontiff; and on that day the prayers of the Catholic millions throughout the world, were not wanting, that, in the coming year of his life, it may be granted to him to see the defeat and humiliation of his enemies, of the enemies of the Holy See, and of God's Church.

THE QUEER SHEPHERDS.—Protestant bishops are better hands at shearing their sheep than at feeding them. When the flock yields but a scant supply of milk and wool—as is very generally the case with Colonial flocks—the shepherds cut the concern entirely for some more lucrative line of business, and renounce their episcopal dignity altogether. This is exciting much comment in the Protestant press, whose profane editors publish a long list of these "Queer Shepherds," who have run away, and left their flocks in the wilderness. We make some extracts:—

"Dr. Alfred, who recently resigned the see of Victoria, Hong Kong, is now Curate of Bowden, Cheshire; Dr. Stanley, late Bishop of Honolulu, is Curate of Cuxall, near Tamworth; Dr. Jenner, Bishop of Dunedin, did not give up the living of Preston, in Kent, and holds it still; Dr. Becker left the Bishopric of Sierra Leone for the incumbency of Berkeley Chapel Mayfair; Dr. Chapman, late Bishop of Colombo, is Rector of Wotton Courtenay, Somerset, a fellow of Eton college, and a prebendary of Wells Cathedral; the late Bishop of Laluan is Vicar of Godmanchester; and the late Bishop of Mauritius is Vicar of Bradford.

PUNCH AND MR. NEWDEGATE.—If Punch may be believed, Mr. Newdegate is about to be taken seriously to task; for, it is said, shortly after the Easter recess he will be called upon in the House of Commons to answer the question "whether, as one of the Trustees for the Bayley School, he is aware that an under-housemaid, professing the Roman Catholic faith, has recently been engaged at one of the boarding houses in connection with that foundation?"

THE YOUNG CRUSADER—May, 1872.—We have always much pleasure in recommending this excellent little periodical to the favorable notice of the Catholic public, from whom it deserves a warm patronage, and a hearty support.

THE HEARTHSTONE.—We have received a number of this illustrated paper containing the first chapter of a story which promises well. It is by Mr. J. A. Phillips, and its subject is the misery of drunkenness, and the degradation of its votaries.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW—April, 1872.—Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The annexed list of contents will show that the current number of this periodical, contains much interesting reading matter:—1. The Poetry of Matthew Arnold; 2. The Modern Newspaper; 3. The American Civil War; 4. Pope and his Editors; 5. The Licensing System; 6. Sir Henry Holland's Recollections; 7. Kidnapping in the South Seas; 8. The Conference of Nonconformists; 9. Contemporary Literature.

THE CITY FUNERALS.—The season has come for the burial of the dead that have accumulated during the winter in the receiving vaults of the Mount Royal Cemetery. There are no less than five hundred in number, and amongst them still remains the body of Guilbon. We have also been told, but we will not vouch for the truth of the statement, that there is one coffin which, along with its occupant, has been a tenant of the vault during nine years. Few, perhaps, of our readers realize the new and "exceedingly great" army of the dead that annually lie down before the conqueror, Death, in the contiguous cemeteries of Mount Royal and Cote des Neiges. If five hundred dead will now be added to the former, probably not less than two thousand five hundred will be received by the latter. This, be it remembered, is only the city's winter contribution to the grave.—Add that of the summer, and these figures will be more than doubled.—Witness Sinec.

ACCIDENT TO THE "ST. PATRICK."—On Saturday afternoon when the above vessel was nearly ready for sea, being about two-thirds loaded, thinking there was something wrong with the rudder, Captain Barclay ordered a quantity of pig iron to be placed near the bows, in order to depress the vessel forward and elevate her stern. This was done; but about half-past eight in the evening, the vessel not being properly trimmed, was suddenly turned over by a squall. A quantity of wheat in bulk went over to one side as the vessel careened, and one-half her deck became covered with water. Fortunately all on board were able to escape on shore without injury.—Witness.

ALMOSNE is about organizing a joint stock company to enter largely into the manufacture of steam engines and boilers, agricultural implements, mill machinery, &c. A few days ago a meeting of a large number of the leading business men took place, when a committee was named to undertake the organization of a company, the capital of which is to be \$100,000 in shares of \$100 each.

The Evening Star takes exception to our remarks upon the wretched condition of the proletariat class in England. We commend to his perusal the annexed paragraph, which we clip from a Protestant paper, the Brockville Recorder, of the 9th instant:—

WHAT HOPE FOR THE LABOURERS. The British Athens shares the curse of the British Rome. "The poor of Edinburgh are driven from the portals of the rich, and cooped up in horrid lairs and dens. They lie there without even the natural separation of wild beasts, or that instinctive jealousy which makes the male protect the dam from intrusion and guards his whelps from harm. The fact is such as parable could not describe, painters could not depict, and angels could not look upon.—There are not even dogs to lick the poor man's sores; and when he dies he is hardly even buried.—All his future is dark and hopeless. There is a vast crowd in this horrid state."

A state of degradation deeper still, if possible, prevails among the Lancashire colliers. Mr Huntington details the following conversation as a fair and accurate specimen of many he held with his parishioners in that region.

Q. Have you ever been at church? A. Aye, at a buryin'. Q. Never since? A. No. Q. Do you ever say your prayers? A. No. Q. Do you ever think of praying to God? A. I canna say as I ever did. Q. What! not when you were a child? A. No; I canna remember as I ever did. Q. What do people go to church for? A. I canna really say; it isn't for sich as us; it's for them as has good coats upo' their backs. Q. Do you think there is an end of man when he dies? A. I don't know, and I don't think you can tell me.

Q. Did you never hear of our Lord Jesus Christ? A. Hieppen I may. I have heard of such a fellow, but I canna beliiak him when.

Those whom society so shamefully neglects to teach it does not fail to punish. In the Preston House of Correction out of 1,636 prisoners 674 could not read; 646 were ignorant of the Saviour's name; 997 did not know the name of the Queen; above 1,000 could not name the months of the year; and 497 could not count one hundred—and this in the midst of civilized, enlightened, Christian England. But why dwell on such distant illustrations of what is the common shame and peril of all Christendom? We have moral destitution and ruin enough nearer home. They have not, indeed, yet reached so frightful a pitch among us; but it is only because they have not been festering among crowded populations so long. The same causes are at work here, and will soon reach and pass a similar depth of the degradation of our masses unless the healing agencies of the Gospel are plied more mightily.—Brockville Recorder, 9th inst.

OMAHA LEGAL ENTERPRISE.—\$150,000 in 3,000 Cash Prizes will positively be drawn in open public May 30th, in aid of Mercy Hospital. Indorsed by the Governor and the State Authorities. Tickets \$3 each, or two for \$5. LAST CHANCE. Address PATTEE & GARDNER, OMAHA, NEBRASKA, or PATTEE & CO., 114 Broadway, N. Y.

[The Episcopal Church Newspaper.] The "Cross," in its issue of April 6, says: "Strongly as we object to lotteries, we have been urged to follow the example of the Catholic press by giving publicity to this effort on behalf of the House of Mercy, and we are assured of the good faith of the managers of the enterprise."

OUR DEATH RATE.—The deaths recorded last week in Montreal amounted to 125. If we assume our population, suburbs included, to be one hundred and twenty thousand, then our death rate has been a tration over 1 p. 1,000 per week or 52 per 1,000 of our population annually. Those who are responsible for the sanitary condition of our city seem perfectly unaware that the mortality in Montreal far exceeds that of any other city in Europe. Even New York expressed concern the other day when the death rate rose to 23 per 1,000 of the population. The death rate in London and twenty of the chief cities in Great Britain does not exceed 23 in the 1,000 per annum. In London proper the death rate is only 21 per 1,000 annually. We have no hesitation in asserting that if the death rate in London rose to our figure of 52 per 1,000 per annum, and a few weeks since it was 62 per 1,000 annually, the greatest consternation would be expressed. Sanitary Committees would be instantly formed and scientific men consulted as to the cause of the unwanted mortality. Here perfect apathy reigns, citizens die and are buried, and there the matter seems to end. The small-pox cannot be held responsible for our excessive mortality, because even leaving out all the small-pox cases that occurred in Montreal, our death rate would be double that of London, where small-pox prevails as an epidemic.—Daily News.

A FORTUNATE LOCALITY.—St. Mary's is a wonderful town. Its general prosperity is great, while fortunes shower through the air into the pockets of the least expectant of its people. Mr. Robert White a workman in the Victoria Mills, has within a few days fallen heir to about \$35,000 by the decease of an uncle in Australia. On Tuesday last Mr. John G. Donald, a clerk, left for Scotland for the purpose of receiving his share of \$500,000 left to him by the will of an uncle in that country. Mr. Donald's share amounts to about \$50,000, and was entirely unexpected.

CHILD POISONED.—Cornwall, May 11.—The only son of Geo. S. Jarvis, Esq., of this town, died this morning from the effects of ammonia. Yesterday morning the nurse gave the child a bottle containing a quantity of the above to play with, and having occasion to leave the room for a short time, left the child alone. Upon returning, she found him lying upon the floor insensible, and immediately alarmed the parents. Upon examination they found that he had swallowed a quantity of the contents. Medical aid was at once secured, but to no purpose. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents.

The Bothwell Advance in alluding to the prospect of the crops, says, "Serious fears were entertained a fortnight ago in regard to the success of the fall wheat crop in this district; but we are very glad to learn that the fine weather of the last ten days has very much improved it. Several of the farmers around who thought of ploughing it up, have changed their minds, as there is now a prospect of a fair yield. The warm rains of Tuesday and Wednesday have given quite a start to the hay meadows, and the weather is all that could be desired for seeding and plowing."

A camp of instruction will be formed at Windsor, Ont., on 18th next month. Eleven battalions belonging to various parts of the province will go under canvass, besides which there will be one regiment of cavalry and two field batteries—in all about 5,000 officers and men and 408 horses.

The dead bodies of two infants were found enclosed in boxes under a mound in a field at St. John, N.B., a few days ago. The remains were in a good state of preservation and unannulated. They were to all appearance, those of new born children, and had lain under the ground all winter. These make four bodies of infants found dead and unclaimed within a week or two.

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS' BANK.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THIS BANK WAS held, according to Notice, on TUESDAY, the SEVENTH instant.

Mr. HENRY JUDAH occupied the Chair, and Mr. CHARLES STUART acted as Secretary. CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS' BANK, MONTREAL, 7th May, 1872.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS' BANK.

GENTLEMEN,— Owing to the absence of our President, the Hon. L. H. Holton, the duty of submitting to you the First Annual Report under the new organization of this Institution, together with the statements which accompany it, devolves upon me. I have little to add to the information which you will find in these statements.

The able Report of your Auditors is now submitted. It contains valuable information, to which your special attention is called.

A second instalment on Stock, amounting to One Hundred Thousand Dollars, has been paid, and invested in Government Securities, as directed by law.

It may not be uninteresting to state, in addition, that the Bank continues to progress in a most satisfactory manner, showing that not only the working classes are reaping remunerative prices for their labor, but that the Institution continues to enjoy their confidence.

Since the close of the fiscal year—31st December—date at which the statements were prepared, the increase in Depositors, to the 30th April last, was 67, making a total, on that day, of 12,110.

We distributed last year \$6,035, to various Charitable Institutions of the city. This item will be considerably increased when the time for the final realization of the Assets held for account of the old Bank has arrived.

The Charter directs that you are to elect a new Board of Directors, as well as two Auditors for the current year.

The whole respectfully submitted.

HENRY JUDAH, Vice-President.

The following Reports and Statements were read:—

Statement of the Affairs of the Montreal City and District Savings' Bank, on the 31st Dec., 1871.

Table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS—PAR VALUE. Includes items like Amount due Depositors, Capital and Interest Credited, Government Securities, etc.

NOTE.—The law directs that this Fund, when established by final realization of Assets, shall be invested in Government Securities, and the Annual Interest thereon appropriated in perpetuity to Charitable purposes.

Table with columns for ASSETS—PAR VALUE. Includes Government Securities (Canada), Montreal Corporation Bonds, New City Gas Company's 8 per cent. Scrip, etc.

The following Assets are held on account of the Bank under its former organization, namely:—

Table listing Assets held on account of the Bank under its former organization, including Balance due on sale of old Bank building, Present Bank Premises, etc.

Of the proceeds of these the sum of \$389,001.31 is applicable to the LIABILITIES of the old Bank assumed by the new, on the change of organization, and the balance of \$180,628.31 (estimating the Assets at par) will represent the surplus profits of the old Bank, constituting the Charitable Trust Fund provided for by the Act.

Table showing Total Assets and Total Liabilities, both amounting to \$1,677,135.98.

E. J. BARBEAU, MANAGER.

CLASSIFICATION OF DEPOSITORS' ACCOUNTS.

Table showing classification of depositors' accounts by amount, ranging from \$5 and under to \$100 and upwards.

CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS' BANK, MONTREAL, 24th March, 1872.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS' BANK.

GENTLEMEN,— We, the undersigned, appointed at the General Meeting of the City and District Savings' Bank, held on the 27th April, 1871, to audit the accounts of that Institution for the year then ensuing, now respectfully present this our Report:—

In execution of the duty thus entrusted to us, we have made a thorough and minute examination of the financial transactions of the Bank during the past year.

Taking as the immediate basis of our scrutiny the annual statement of accounts of the Bank, in the balance sheet made up at the termination of the year 1871, and verifying the same by a subsequent balance sheet, made up on the 9th inst., the vouchers for which were laid before us, and carefully examined, we are enabled to certify to the perfect accuracy of the statements.

The held manner in which the accounts are kept and arranged have been the subject of praise in former reports, and to these we freely bear testimony.

During the long series of years, nearly a quarter of a century, in which the City and District Savings' Bank has been in operation, the steady augmentation of its business has been the just cause of congratulation at annual meetings, as well as the entire freedom from loss in every shape that its careful management has secured. The transactions of the past year form no exception to this general rule. The increase, alike in number and amount of deposits, has again been great. In 1870, the depositors numbered at the close of 2024, far in excess of former years; and the sum lodged by them was \$2,880,769. This was probably regarded as near the maximum that would be reached; but it exceeded in the business of last year. At its close the number of depositors in the Bank was 11,438—the aggregate of their investments, \$3,233,667.

Another feature in the state of affairs must not be unobserved: that the increase in the amount of deposits is not the consequence of larger individual contributions than formerly, but of a larger number of contributors. The average amount so deposited was, in fact, lower in 1871, than in 1870, in the former year it being \$307, in the latter \$251 per head. These facts testify strongly to the increasing prosperity of our people, and afford evidence of the confidence reposed in the management of this Institution.

It would, perhaps, be trespassing beyond the line of our duty as Auditors to enter at any length upon the legislation of last Session of the Dominion Parliament with reference to Savings' Banks. We cannot, however, omit to express approval of the increased security afforded by the Act to the valuable class who form the mass of depositors in our Savings' Banks.

The whole respectfully submitted.

W. BRISTOW, CHAS. T. PALSGRAVE, AUDITORS.

The above Reports and Statements having been received and adopted, the election of Directors and Auditors, by ballot, was proceeded with, when the following gentlemen were declared duly elected as Directors for the current year:

Hon. L. H. Holton, Henry Judah, W. Workman, A. LaRoque, Henry Mulholland, A. M. Bellisle, E. Atwater, Hon. Henry Starnes, Judge Berthelot, Ed. Murphy.

As Auditors: W. Bristow, C. T. Palsgrave.

CHAS. STUART, Secretary.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, the Hon. L. H. Holton was elected President, and Henry Judah, Esq., Vice-President.

Toronto, May 12.—Another Fire at the Iron Block.—At five o'clock on Sunday morning last a fire broke out in rear of Staunton's Room Paper Factory, situated in Front street, being one of the warehouses saved from the late Iron Block fire. There being a high wind at the time the fire quickly communicated to J. B. Smith's factory and planing mills, immediately adjoining, which being of wood, were soon levelled to the ground. In the meantime the fire had obtained strong hold of the Harbor Commissioners' office, also occupied as a dwelling by T. D. Harris, Harbor Master, and Mark Fisher & Sons' wholesale woollen warehouse and stores, partly destroyed by the previous fire. Notwithstanding all efforts the firemen were utterly unable to subdue the flames. All the four warehouses are perfectly destroyed.

At 9 am, the iron fronts fell across the roadway with a fearful crash. As far as can be ascertained, insurance and loss is as follows:—Messrs. Staunton Room Paper Manufacturers, owned all four warehouses. Total loss estimated about \$120,000, including machinery, stock, &c.; Insurance, \$66,000 in the Western, Ethna of Hartford, Lancashire (\$85,000) and other companies. Mr. Staunton allowed \$12,000 to expire last week, pending a settlement of the claims on the previous fire by insurance companies. He is a heavy loser. Mark Fisher & Sons. Wholesale Dry Goods dealers, lost about \$25,000; insured for \$10,500 in the Ethna of Hartford, Andes and Queen's City Insurance Companies. A portion of their stock was saved. The Harbor Commissioners saved all valuable books, papers, &c. office furniture insured for \$500. T. D. Harris, Harbor Master, had all his furniture destroyed; insured in the Ethna of Hartford for \$2,000. J. B. Smith's factory and planing mill totally destroyed; insured in the Royal Ethna of Hartford and Western for \$10,000; loss, \$20,000. Four steam fire-engines have been playing on the ruins all day.

IRON WAGES.—Two hundred and fifty labourers have arrived at the Grenville Canal from Montreal. They were engaged at the extraordinary wages of \$2.50 per day. This gives an indication of the great demand for labourers in this part of Canada.

The prospects of winter-wheat in the neighborhood of Newwood are not very encouraging. After the departure of the snow, the fall wheat, as a general thing, looked very well; but subsequently, the cold harsh winds through the past few weeks, aided by the destructive frosts at night, have almost entirely ruined the farmer's prospective winter wheat for this season. In this regard many are plunged up to the ground, and sowed it with other grains, and this is the case all over the country, with a few exceptions.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—RAIFORD, N. S., May 11.—A brutal murder was committed at Oyster Ponds, Guysboro' County, on Friday last by a man named Daniel McDonald. An old acquaintance of his, named Matthew Corner, came to the place on Thursday and made arrangements to go with him in a small boat over to Avonport, remaining at McDonald's all night. During the night McDonald, who had been acting strangely for some time past, became delirious, and obtaining a large clasp knife, first threatened his wife and children, and compelled them to fly for their lives. After they left he attacked Corner, who was trying to pacify him, and in a most fiendish manner stabbed him, making six hideous wounds in Corner's breast, causing instant death.—As soon as the tragedy became known the neighbors assembled, and with difficulty seized the murderer who is now in Guysboro' jail. Corner is a widower, with two sons sailing out of Halifax and several small children at home. McDonald has a wife and two children.

BREAKFAST.—EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which governs the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save many heavy doctors' bills.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled "Epps's Cocoa & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Condensed and Condensed Milk).

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. New Carlisle, Hon. Mr. M., \$8; Prescott, M. F., \$5; Newmarket, P. B., \$50; Springtown, P. K., \$2; Pembroke, J. C., \$1; Wright, C. O., \$2; Lake Doré, J. G., \$2.

P. N. Thurso—Mayo, A. B., \$50; W. McL., \$50. Per Rev. D. O'C., South Douro—J. A., \$2. Per Rev. F. W. Huntington—J. F., \$50; J. W. D., \$50; W. W., \$50; W. F., \$50; J. H., \$50; J. P., \$3; T. D., \$50; J. C., \$50; J. D., \$50; J. D., \$50; LaGuere, M. Q., \$50; St. Stanislaus Kostka, W. D., \$50.

Per J. B. Mitchell—Buchholm, J. R., \$50.

Died. In this city, on the 12th instant, of consumption, Wm. Hamall, second eldest son of Arthur Hamall, butcher.

In this city, on the 12th instant, Julia Macgary, widow of the late Thomas McGrath, aged 72 years.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of JOSEPH MORIN, Tinsmith of the City of Montreal, as well individually, as having been in partnership with ROBERT LEGRAS, Tinsmith of the same place, and doing business together under the name and style of MORIN & LEGRAS, and also as having carried on business heretofore under the name and style of JOSEPH MORIN & CO., in partnership with Merodite Laporte, Planer of the City of Montreal.

The insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the Insolvency Room, in Montreal, on Thursday the twenty third day of May, 1872, at ten o'clock of the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. MONTREAL, 9th May, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of GEORGE H. HAUSHAW, Merchant of the City of Montreal, formerly in partnership with JOHN NELSON, Jr., doing business under the name and style of JOHN NELSON, Jr., & CO., of Montreal.

The insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the creditors are notified to meet in the Insolvency Room, at the Court House, in the City of Montreal, on Monday the 27th day of May, 1872, at 11 o'clock, a.m., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. MONTREAL, 9th May, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of E. COOTE. An Insolvent.

A second dividend sheet has been prepared subject to objection until the 20th day of May, 1872, after which dividend will be paid.

JAMES TYRE, Assignee. MONTREAL, April 30th, 1872.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

PARIS, May 8.—The Commission on capitulations, in their report praise the Commandant of Phalsbourg for his bravery and obstinate defence of that fortress and recommend he be decorated with the cross of the legion of honor. They also exonerate the commander at Neubrisach of all blame for the capitulation of that place.

HOTEL DE VILLE.—The municipal Council of Paris has resolved to rebuild the Hotel de Ville, which was destroyed by the Communists. The new structure will cost 6,750,000 francs.

PARIS, May 8.—The Legitimist journals here insist that the battle of Noquet was not decisive of the fate of the Carlist rising. Don Carlos writes on the 6th to the Duchess of Madrid that the prospects are excellent; that he could announce good news, but refrained from prudential motives. Carlist organs deny that Rhoda, or any other leader, has returned to France, and assert that the insurrectionary forces are the masters of all Biscay and important points in Guipuzcoa, and hold possession of the railway between Miranda and Trun; that bands under Castello and Alegre are active in the Catalan provinces, and others are hovering on the borders of Tarnel and Faunanza.

APRIL 23.—In enumerating the causes which help to keep alive the lamentable ill-feeling between French and Germans, and to prevent that gradual reconciliation which the more moderate and reasonable men, even among the vanquished, have earnestly at heart, I ought not to omit to mention the German treatment of Alsace and Lorraine. It is creating quite a fresh and rising crop, if I may so express myself, over and above the old harvest of hatred garnered in by the war, and every Frenchman I speak to on the subject exhausts his eloquence and energy in denouncing it as harsh, and even unfair.—Times Cor.

MASSILLON, April 25.—An Italian barque, laden with 1,843 cases of petroleum, caught fire last night. Owing to the energetic assistance of the American squadron the barque was completely isolated from the rest of the shipping. The Prefect and the principal merchants have thanked the American Admiral.—The Government have also sent an expression of their gratitude to the Admiral.—Times Cor.

M. Victor Hugo has published some more of his "parades" in a book called the "Année Terrible," dedicated to "Paris, the capital of peoples." That in the degree in which the genius of this poet gets, as it were, emancipated from the trammels of reason or common sense, his poetry should partake more and more of the character of lunatic ravings is not to be wondered at, and may be accounted for by the pressure of late events, which has produced so many remarkable physiological effects upon the excitable temperaments of the French during the last two years; but that journalists can be found gravely to praise, and a public gravely to read, these wonderful rhapsodies, except as an interesting physiological study, is one of the strangest signs of the times, and illustrates more clearly than any words of mine the curious unbalanced condition of the national mind—at least, that part of it which can read and feed upon such outpourings. Unfortunately, there is another class of food which the public seem to crave with almost as much anxiety as the flattery of the Parisian post, and which is more unhealthy, if possible. There is now being acted here a play, the plot of which is so inconceivably filthy that I cannot attempt to give your readers the faintest notion of it, but which has found an apology from a leading theatrical critic and member of the Institute, which the most respectable of the Paris newspapers has not been ashamed to publish. These are indications of a corruption which it would be more agreeable to leave to home critics to stigmatize as they deserve. If I allude to them, it is not because the topic is an agreeable one, but because it would be folly to ignore where the seeds of the national dissolution are really to be found.

SPAIN.

MADRID, May 10.—Despatches from all the Provinces infested by Carlist bands state that the insurgents are coming and surrendering to the Government troops.

It is reported that the Spanish Government is displeased at the action of France in allowing the retreating Carlists to escape into French territory, and that the Government of Versailles will be questioned relative thereto.

May 10.—The Carlists report that their greatest strength in Spain is in the Province of Biscay, and the news of an attack on Bilbao is expected daily.—The Times has a despatch stating that a column of Spanish troops, which marched out of Bilbao, was attacked and driven back by the insurgents.

The same paper says: trustworthy descriptions of the affair at Noqueta show that the official accounts greatly exaggerated its importance. Only the rear of the Carlist forces—1200 men—was engaged; and the prisoners taken by the government troops were nearly all inhabitants of Noqueta, suspected of sympathizing with the insurrection.

Don Carlos has succeeded in rejoining his partisans.

ITALY.

The Italians residing in Paris assert that the King of Italy has strongly urged King Amédée to leave Spain, but that the latter has refused to take the advice given him.

The Italian Protestants have recently published a parody on the Lord's prayer in honor of the "god," the "saint," the "apostle" of modern revolt, Mazzini. It is too horribly blasphemous for us to venture to translate. It will suffice if we record the first line—"Our father Mazzini who art in heaven, hallowed, etc., etc."

The Italian government has just closed the beautiful Church of St. Francis, at San Miniato, to give it to the Jews for a Synagogue. By the way, the Jews of Rome have written a protest against the closing of their school by the government. They remind the authorities that under the Popes they had perfect liberty to teach their children their religion in the public Jewish schools, but that now they are obliged to send them to places of education from which government excluded all religious teaching.

The new Italian bishops, although deprived of their revenues and palaces by the government, are received in their dioceses with great enthusiasm. At Bossa, Rimini, Cortona, and Aquila, etc., etc., the entire population went forth to meet the new pastors without the city gates.

GERMANY.

LONDON, May 10.—The Times this morning says the Government of Germany is willing to negotiate with the Government of France with a view of accelerating the evacuation of the French territory now occupied by German troops.

According to the Berlin correspondent of The London Times, Germany is preparing for all eventualities by defensive measures on an extensive scale.—Metz is having fresh fortifications added to it, and is just provided with a lot of guns scarcely inferior to the celebrated monster domesticated on Mont Valerien during the siege of Paris. Belfort and the other French fortresses still occupied by the Germans are placed in a state of defence, which indicates an apprehension that they may have to be defended before the stipulated term of surrenders arrives. The entrance to the Weser is protected by colossal fortifications, a precaution to be speedily imitated at the mouth of the Elbe. Simultaneously with this, unwearied attention is paid to the efficiency of the troops.

Germany is barely recovering from a war which, in the opinion of most men, was forced upon her,

and struck these thorns deep into the tender forehead. He struck these thorns deep into that sensitive head, almost touching the brain—setting him still even with pain. He strikes the thorns in all over the sacred humanity of Our Lord forces from him the cry of agony! He strikes them in still deeper!—deeper! Oh my God! Oh, Father of Mercy! And all this opens up new streams of blood—new fountains of love! The blood streams down, and Jesus Christ is blinded for the love for man that flows from his crown of thorns! Now, new, indeed, O Pilate—O wise and compromising Pilate—how, indeed, you have gained your end! You have

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PROVED YOURSELF THE FRIEND OF CESAR.

Now, there is no fear but these Jews, when they see him, will be moved by compassion! They bring him back and they put him standing before the Roman governor. His rugged pagan heart is almost broken within him with horror when he sees the fearful example they have made of him. Frightened when he beheld him, he turned away his eyes: the spectacle was too terrible. He called for water and washed his hands. "I declare before God," he says,

"I AM INNOCENT OF THIS MAN'S BLOOD!"

He leads him out on the balcony of his house.—There was the raging multitude, swaying to and fro. Some are exciting the crowd, urging them to cry out to crucify him; some are preparing the Cross, others getting ready the hammer and nails, some thinking of the spot where they will crucify him! There they were, arguing with diabolical rage, Pilate came forth in his robes of office. Soldiers stand on either side of him. Two soldiers bring in our Lord. The crowd call on Pilate to execute the law. The hands of our Lord are tied. A reed is put in his hand in derision. Thorns are on his brow.—Blood is flowing from every member of his sacred body. An old tattered purple rag is slung over him. Pilate brings him out, and, looking round on the multitude says "Behold the man!" You said I was no friend to Cesar. You said I was afraid to punish him! Behold him now! Is there a man amongst you who would have the heart to demand more punishment? Oh, Heaven and earth! Oh, Heaven and earth! The cry from out every lip—from out every heart is: "We are not yet satisfied! Give him to us! Give him to us!"

WE WILL CRUCIFY HIM!

"But," says Pilate, "I am innocent of his blood!" And then came the word—and this word brought a curse upon the Jews from that day to this. Then came the word that brought the consequence of a crime upon their hard hearts and benighted intellects. They cried out: "You wash your hands of his blood!"

THE BLOOD HE UPON US AND UPON OUR CHILDREN!

Crucify him! "But," says Pilate "here is a man in prison; he is a robber and a murderer! And here is Jesus of Nazareth whom I declare to be innocent! One of these I must release. Which will you have—Jesus or Barrabas?" And they cried out: "Barrabas! Give us Barrabas! But let Jesus be crucified!" Here is compared the son of God to the robber and the murderer. And the robber and murderer is declared fit to live, and Jesus Christ the Son of God, is declared fit only to die! And yet, the vilest man in Jerusalem declared in that hour that he would not associate with our Lord and that the Son of God was not worthy to breathe the polluted air of his man. So Barrabas came forth, rejoicing in his escape; and as he mingled in the crowd, he too threw up his hands and cried out, "Oh, let him be crucified, by all means; let him be crucified!" He is led forth from the tribunal of Pilate. And now, just outside of the Prefect's door there are men holding up a long, weighty rude cross the others had fastened it with great nails, and made it strong enough to hold a full-grown man. There is the cross! There is the man with the nails! And there are all the accompaniments of the execution. And he who is scarcely able to stand—he is bruised and afflicted—the Man of sorrow, almost fainting with infinity he is told to take the cross upon his bleeding, wounded shoulders, and to go forward to the mountain of Calvary. Stooping down, taking to him that cross, holding it to his wounded breast, putting to it in tender kisses the lips that were distilling his blood, the Son of God, with the cross upon his shoulders, turns his faint and tottering foot-steps towards the steep and painful way that led to Calvary. Behold him as he goes forth! That cross is a weight almost more than a man can carry; and it is upon the shoulders of one from whom all strength and manliness and courage are gone. Behold the Redeemer as he toils painfully along, amid shouts and shrieks of the enraged people. A few of the women of Jerusalem, whose hearts were touched with pity, at seeing so dreadful a sight, behold him as he toils along the filthy way, the soldiers driving him on, the people inciting them, every one rushing and hastening to get a good place at Calvary, to witness the execution.

BEHOLD THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

And where is John? John, beloved Disciple is following him. A few of his faithful disciples toil along. But there is one who traces each of his blood-stained footsteps; there is one who follows him with a breaking heart; there is one whose very soul within her is crucified, and torn with the sword of sorrow. Oh, need I name the Mother, the Queen of Martyrs! In that hour of his martyrdom, Mary the Mother of Jesus, followed immediately in his footsteps, and her whole soul went forth in prayer for an opportunity to approach him, to wipe the blood from his sacred limbs. Oh, if they would only let her come to him, and say, "My child! I am with you." If they would only let her take in her womanly arms, from off the shoulders of her dear Son that heavy cross that he cannot bear! She must witness his misery; and she must witness his pain. He toils along he takes the first few steps up the rugged side of Calvary. Suddenly his heart ceases to beat; the light leaves his eyes; he sways for a moment to and fro; the weakness and the sorrow of death are upon him; he totters, falls to the earth; and down, with a heavy crash, comes the weighty cross upon the prostrate form of Jesus Christ! Oh, behold him, as for the third time he embraces that earth which is sanctified and redeemed by his love! Mary rushes forward; Mary thinks her child is dead; she thinks that terrible cross must have crushed him into the earth. She rushes forward; but with rude and barbarous words the woman is flung aside. The cross is lifted up and placed on the shoulders of Simon of Cyrene; and with blows and blasphemies the Saviour of the world is obliged to rise from the earth; and worn with the sorrows and afflictions of death, faces the rugged steep, on the summit of which is the place destined for his crucifixion. Arrived at the place, they tear off his garments; they take from him the seamless garment which his mother's loving hands had woven for him; they take the humble clothing in which the Son of God had robed himself—saturated, steeped as it is in his blood; and in removing them they open afresh every wound; and once again the saving blood of Christ is poured out upon the ground. With rude, blasphemous words, the God-man is told to lie down upon that cross. Of his own free will he stretches his tender limbs, puts forth his hands, and stretches out his feet at their order. The executioners take the nails and the hammer, and they kneel upon his sacred bosom; they press out his hands till they bring the palms to where they made the holes to fit the nails. They stretch him out upon that cross, even as the Paschal Lamb was stretched out upon the altar; they kneel upon the cross; they lay the nails upon the palms of his hands. The first blow drives the nail deep into his hands; the next blow sends it into the cross. Blow

follows blow. They are inflamed with the rage of hell. With blasphemy they work—for blasphemy delights in the scene—tearing the muscles and the sinews of his hands and feet. Rude, terrible blows fall on these nails, and re-echo in the heart of the Virgin, until that heart seems to be broken at the foot of the cross. And now, when they have driven these nails to the heads, fastening him to the wood, the cross is lifted up, with great care. Slowly, solemnly the figure of Jesus Christ, all red with blood, all torn and disfigured, rises into the air, until the cross, attaining its full height, is fixed into its socket in the earth.

THE BANNER OF SALVATION.

is flung out over the world, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the redeemer of mankind, appears in mid air, and looks out over the crowd and over Jerusalem, over hill and valley, far away towards the sea of Galilee, and all around the horizon; and the dying eyes of the Saviour are turned over the land and the people for whom he was shedding his blood. Uplifted in mid air—the eternal sacrifice of the Redeemer for everlasting—hanging from these three terrible nails on the cross—for three hours he remained. Every man took up his position. Mary his mother approaches, for this is the hour of her agony; she must suffer in soul what he suffered in body. John the disciple of love, approaches, and takes his stand under his Master's outstretched hands. Mary Magdalen rushes through the guards; there are the feet of her Lord and Master: they are now bathed with other tears—with the tears of blood that save the world. There are the feet which with the cross, and pours out her tears, until they mingle with the blood which flows down his feet. There are the Pharisees and the Scribes who had gained their point; they come and stand before the cross, they look upon that figure of awful pain and misery; they see thorns sunk deeply into the drooping head. With no love in their hearts, they see the agony expressed in the eyes of the victim who is dying; and then looking up and exulting they rejoice and say to him: "You said you could destroy the Temple, and build it up in three days: now

COME NOW FROM THE CROSS,

and we will believe in and worship you." The Roman soldier stood there admiring the courage with which the man dies. The third hour is approaching. The penitent thief on his right hand had received his pardon. A sudden gloom gathers round the scene. Before we come to the last moment I ask you to consider Jesus Christ as your God. I ask you to consider the sacrifice that he made, and to consider the circumstances under which he approached the last moment of his life. All he had in the world was some little money—it was kept to give to the poor; Judas had that, and he had stolen it. Christ had literally nothing but the simple garments with which he had been clothed; these the soldiers took, and they raffled for them under his dying eyes. What remained for him? love of his mother; the sympathy of John. But he, uplifted on the cross, said to Mary: "Woman, behold thy son!" And to John he said: "Son, behold thy mother!" "Thus I give one to the other; let that love suffice; and leave me all alone and abandoned to die." What remained to him? His reputation for sanctity, for wisdom and for power; his reputation for sanctity was so great that the people said this man never could do such things if he had not come from God." And as to his wisdom his reputation for wisdom was such that we read not one of the Pharisees or Doctors of the Law had the courage to speak with him. His reputation for power was such that the people all said: "This man speaks and preaches not as the Pharisees, but as one having power." Christ had sacrificed and given up his reputation for sanctity, he was crucified as a blasphemer and a teacher of evil. His reputation for wisdom was sacrificed in the course of his passion, when Herod declared that he was a fool. Clothed in a white garment in derision, he was marched through the streets of Jerusalem from Herod's palace to Pilate's house, dressed as a fool; and men came to their door to point the finger of scorn and laugh at him, and reproached each other for having listened to his doctrine. His reputation for power was gone. They came to the foot of the cross and said: "Now, if you have the power, come down from that cross and we will believe you." Now, all the man's earthly possessions are gone; his few garments are gone; Mary's love and her sustaining compassion are gone; his reputation is gone; he is one wounded, from head to foot; the anger of man has vented itself upon him. What remains for him? The ineffable consolations of His divinity; the infinite peace of the God-head, the Father! Oh, mystery of mysteries. Oh, Man of Sorrow! Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, cling to that! Whatever else may be taken from him, that cannot be taken away. Oh, Master, lean upon Thy God-head! Oh, crucified, bleeding dying Lord, do not give up that which is Thy peace and Thy comfort—Thy joy in the midst of all this suffering! But what do I see? The dying head is lifted up: the drooping eyes are cast Heavenwards; an expression of agony absorbing all others is coming over the dying—over the dying face, and a voice breaks forth from the quivering agonized lips—"MY GOD! MY GOD! WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME!"

The all-sufficient comfort of the divinity, and the sustaining power of the Father's love was denied to him in that hour! A cloud came between Jesus Christ upon the cross, the victim of our sins, and the father's face in Heaven; and that cloud was the concentrated anger of God which came upon his divine son, because of our sins and our transgressions. Not that his divinity quitted him. No; He was still God; of his own will, he put away the comfort and the sustaining power of the divinity, for a time, in order that every element of sorrow, every grief, every misery of which the greatest victim of this earth was capable should be all concentrated upon him at the hour of his death. And then, having used these solemn words, He waited the moment when the Father's will should separate the soul from the body. Now, Mary and John have embraced; Judas is struggling in the last throes of his self-imposed death; Peter has wept his tears. The devil for a moment triumphs; and the Man-God upon the cross, awaits the hour and the moment of the world's redemption. The sun in the Heavens is withdrawn behind mysterious clouds; and though it was but three o'clock in the day a darkness like that of midnight came upon the land. Men looked upon each other in horror and in terror. Presently a rumbling noise was heard, and they looked around and saw the hills and the mountains tremble on their bases; the very ground seemed to rock beneath them; it groans as though the earth were breaking up from its centre; the rocks are splitting up; and around them strange figures are lifting here and there; the graves are opened and the dead out of them are walking in the dark ways before them. What is this? Who is this terrible man that we have put on that cross? The earth quakes—darkness is still upon it; perfect silence reigns over Calvary, unbroken by the cry of the dying Redeemer—unbroken by the voice of the scoffers—unbroken by the sobs of Magdalen. Every heart seems to stand still. Then over that silence, in the midst of that darkness is heard a terrible cry—"Oh, Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" The head of the Lord Jesus Christ drops; the Man upon the cross is dead! And

THE WORLD IS SAVED AND REDEEMED!

The moment the cry came forth from the dying lips of Jesus Christ, the devil, who stood there, knew, as it were, that it was the Son of God who was crucified, and that his day was gone. Howling in despair he fled from the Redeemer's presence into the lowest depths of hell. The world is saved! The world is redeemed! Man's sin is wiped out. The blood that

washed away the iniquity of our race has ceased to flow from the dead and pulseless heart of Jesus. Wrapt in prayer, Mary bowed down her head under the weight of her sorrows; the Magdalen looked up and beheld the dead face of her Redeemer; John stretched out his hands and looked upon that face. The Roman soldier lays hold of his lance, under some strange impulse. Word comes that the body was to be taken down; they did not know whether our Lord was dead; there might yet some remnant of life remain in him; the question was to prove that he was dead, and this man approaches. Who is this man that as a warrior puts his lance in rest, rushes forward with all the strength of his arm, and drives the lance into the heart of the Lord! The heavy cross sways; it seems as if it was about to fall; the lance quivers for an instant in the wounds; the man draws it forth again; and forth from the heart of the dead Christ streams the waters of life! The soldier drew back his lance, and the next moment, on his knees before the Crucified, with the lance dripping with the blood of the Lord still in his hand, he cried out: "Truly, this man was the Son of God!" Then the Earthquake began again; the dead were seen passing in fearful array, turning the eyes of the tomb upon the faces of those Pharisees who had crucified the Lord. And the people, frightened, became conscious that they had committed a terrible crime, when they heard Longinus, the Roman soldier, cry out: "This man is truly the Son of God, whom you have crucified." Then came down from Calvary the crowds, exclaiming: "Yes, truly, this is the Son of God!" And they went down the hill side, weeping and beating their breast! Oh, how much we cost! Oh, how terrible was the price that he paid for us! Oh, how generously he gave all he had—and he was God—for your salvation and mine! It is well to rejoice and be here; it is well to come and contemplate the blessings which that blessed, gracious Lord has conferred on us. It is, also, well to consider what he paid and how much it cost him. And if we consider this then, with Mary, the mother, and Mary, the Magdalen, and John, the Evangelist and friend,—then will our hearts be afflicted. For the soul that is not afflicted on this day shall be wiped out from the pages of the Book of Life.

Having used Follows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites for some time, in my practice, I have no hesitation in recommending it to my patients who are suffering from General Debility, or any Disease of the Lungs, knowing that even in cases utterly hopeless, it affords relief. E. G. ADDY, M.D. [14

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS—Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for horses. 24

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made, at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, for Act to incorporate the "Canada Guarantee and Investment Association." Montreal 23rd February, 1872.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont.

DIRECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. This thoroughly Commercial Establishment is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the City.

Having long felt the necessity of a Boarding School in the city, the Christian Brothers have been uniting in their efforts to procure a favorable site whereon to build; they have now the satisfaction to inform their patrons and the public that such a place has been selected, combining advantages rarely met with.

The Institution, hitherto known as the "Bank of Upper Canada," has been purchased with this view and is fitted up in a style which cannot fail to render it a favorite resort to students. The spacious building of the Bank—now adapted to educational purposes—the ample and well-devised playgrounds, and the ever-reverberating breezes from the Ontario, all concur in making "De La Salle Institute" whatever its directors could claim for it, or any of its patrons desire.

The Class-rooms, study-halls, dormitory and refectory, are on a scale equal to any in the country. With greater facilities than heretofore, the Christian Brothers will now be better able to promote the physical, moral and intellectual development of the students committed to their care.

The system of government is mild and paternal, yet firm in enforcing the observance of established discipline.

No student will be retained whose manners and morals are not satisfactory; students of all denominations are admitted.

The Academic Year commences on the first Monday in September, and ends in the beginning of July.

COURSE OF STUDIES.

The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS.

Religious Instruction, Spelling, Reading, First Notions of Arithmetic and Geography, Object Lessons, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

FIRST CLASS.

Religious Instruction, Spelling and Defining (with drill on vocal elements), Penmanship, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, History, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS.

Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

FIRST CLASS.

Religious Instruction, Select Readings, Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric, Synonymus, Epistolary Correspondence, Geography (with use of Globes), History (Ancient and Modern), Arithmetic (Mental and Written), Penmanship, Book-keeping (the latest and most practical forms, by Single and Double Entry), Commercial Correspondence, Lectures on Commercial Law, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Linear Drawing, Practical Geometry, Architecture, Navigation, Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Principles of Politeness, Eloquence, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

For young men not desiring to follow the entire Course, a particular Class will be opened in which Book-keeping, Mental and Written Arithmetic, Grammar and Composition, will be taught.

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Board and Tuition, per month, \$12 00
Half Boarders, " " " " " " 7 00
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2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, " " " " 4 00
1st Class, " " " " " " 5 00
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2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, " " " " 6 00
1st Class, " " " " " " 6 00

Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness or dismissal.
EXTRA CHARGES.—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin.
Monthly Reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians.
For further particulars apply at the Institute.
BROTHER ARNOLD, Director.
Toronto, March 1, 1872.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR PATENT IVORY AND LIGNUM VITAE EYE CUPS.

Spectacles rendered useless, Chronic Sore Eyes cured, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated...

DR. J. BALL & CO'S PATENT EYE CUPS. The value of the celebrated well-known Patent Eye Cups...

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cup...

My mother, an old lady of sixty-four years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months since she could not read a letter...

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquiries from all directions...

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

FENTON, MICH., July 17, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of my success with the Patent Eye Cups...

My old eyes of 14 years standing are perfectly restored.

I remain, most respectfully, REV. ISAAC MORTON.

BLOOMING VALLEY, PA., Sept. 4, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co., Oculists.—Gentlemen:—I received your Patent Eye Cups by the hand of Mr. Roundbush...

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

Very respectfully yours, REV. J. SPOONER.

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Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen:—On the reception of the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, on the first application, I found benefit, and now, I am happy to say...

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

I cease to wonder at once why people are so anxious for them, now I have tried them myself, and proved them with an ocular demonstration.

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

years, for the benefit you may confer on suffering humanity.

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

NEAR BOONE FERRACE, Greenup Co., Ky., February 8, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co. Gentlemen: This is to certify that, having been afflicted with sore eyes for several years...

Dr. J. Ball & Co. Gentlemen: When I obtained your Patent Eye Cups from you I was suffering very much from inflammation...

I will also state my friend's case, who applied your Patent Eye Cups. I returned this morning from visiting an old lady that was almost totally blind in one eye...

Dr. J. Ball & Co. Gentlemen: I sold a pair to a man that was so blind he had to be led about by the hand...

Dr. J. Ball & Co. Gentlemen: I have some good news to tell you. My father and mother have been using the Cups since I received them...

Reader, these are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee that your old and diseased eyes can be made new...

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, etc., will please send their address to us, and we will send our treatise on the eye...

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Agents wanted for every County in the United States and the Dominion of Canada not yet disposed of.

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Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges.

JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands.

GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES, Will take place in Renfrew, THURSDAY, JUNE 27th, 1872.

In aid of the Catholic Church, now in course of construction, in the village of Renfrew, Ont.

The strictest impartiality will be observed in the Drawing, which will be conducted under the superintendence of the Managing Committee...

A Splendid Gold Watch, valued at \$100, A very fine Melodeon, " 80, A magnificent Eight-Day Clock, " 20, Gemd Griffin's Works, (10 vols) " 10, One large Family Bible, " 10, One Gun, " 10, One Microscope, " 10, One Concertina, " 10, A beautiful Statuette Tableaux, " 10, One ditto, " 8, McGee's History of Ireland, " 5, One new Double Waggon, " 50, A Splendid Cow, (gift of Rev. P. Rougier), " 40, A new Set of Double Harness, " 30, A new Cooking Stove, " 30, Six prizes of \$5.00 each, in cash, " 30, Fourteen yards of Dress Silk, valued at 24, A new Saddle, " 15, One Cattie of Tea, " 20, Two prizes of \$10.00 each, in cash, valued at 10, A new Saddle, " 10, One Plough, " 24, One Irish Poplin Dress, " 24, And hundreds of other prizes.

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

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

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

SAULT AU RECOLLET, NEAR MONTREAL. THIS institution is beautifully and healthfully situated about six miles from Montreal...

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

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

JOHN WHYTE, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 19th April, 1872.

BELLOC'S CHARCOAL

Approved by the Imperial Academy of Medicine of Paris. It is especially to its eminently absorbent properties that Belloc's Charcoal owes its great efficacy. It is specially recommended for the following affections: GASTRALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, PYROPSIS, ACIDITY, DIFFICULT DIGESTION, CRAMPS IN THE STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA.

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Undertakes the Warming of Public and Private Buildings, Manufactories, Conservatories, Vineries, &c., by Greene's Improved Hot-Water Apparatus...



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Advantages to Fire Insurers. The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of the Public to the Advantages Afforded in this branch:

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4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement. 5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances effected for a term of years.

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H. ROUTE, gent, Montreal. February 1, 1870.

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Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted eye.

Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old.

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