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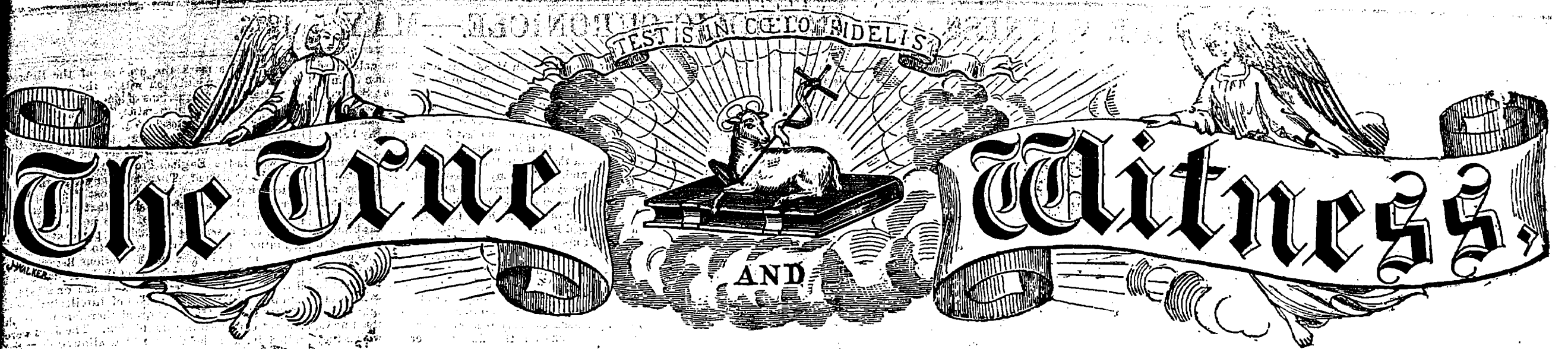
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1876.

NO. 38.

AGENTS for the DOMINION. CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing various Catholic periodicals such as 'New York Tablet', 'Boston Pilot', 'Dublin Nation', etc., with their respective frequencies and prices.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Union with Our Lord Jesus Christ in His Principal Mysteries for All Seasons of the Year. By the Rev. Fr. John Baptist Saint-Jure, S.J., author of 'Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ', etc.

JUST RECEIVED.

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

[This is only one of numerous tributes to the memory of an estimable Christian woman whose death it was recently our painful duty to record.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Of our beloved Mother Bruyere, who died April 5th, 1876, at the Convent of the Grey Sisters, Ottawa, Ontario.

Golden dawn scarce appeared, and with its delicate finger; Had decked with roseate hue and golden light on the horizon did linger, Nature's morn, was the dawn of her eternal day; And the warblers salute, to the sun in her first requiem lay.

The poor hath friends, the child devoted hands; To guide her footsteps, to teach, and prune, as intellect demands; The orphan's home, the aged's shelter breathe her love,

Forget us not, though in the realms above. Cease aching hearts? ended is her long strife; 'He that giveth all' hath given her eternal life; It is ended, the weal, the trial, the dark night; One virgin more to Heaven hath taken flight.

Mother! listen, your child's sympathy doth seek, To lend a soothing balm, to your sorrow, great but meek; Our loss has been her gain, our grief the dawn of light, She taught us Hope, Patience and love of God in blight.

Let the Graduates of 1875, gather nigh, To breathe o'er that sainted tomb their heartfelt sigh; 'In Memoriam' let love and gratitude breathe a prayer.

As the last tribute for her sweet maternal care. TESSIE HENRY. A former pupil of Notre Dame du Sacre Coeur, Rideau Street, Ottawa.

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

"Trust me, I am now firm and resolved," said Lady Nithsdale to her friend, the Duchess of Montrose; "I am ready, even impatient, to be stirring in my husband's service. It was the sight of you, dear cousin, and the tones of your sweet voice—" "Well, no more of this; I will see you to-morrow, when we will confer more at large; I must not now delay. I am to court to-night, as you may perceive by all this gay apparel; my lord duke is already there in attendance, and I must not be late. But, before I leave you, let me enforce one thing; I fear they will refuse you admittance to your husband, unless you consent to share his imprisonment; this must not be! You must remain at liberty, or we cannot concert our measures; you must yourself see and speak with some one I will name to you. I have assurances that the king will show mercy to several of the prisoners; but still we all know the good Earl of Nithsdale has many enemies; and there is more need you should be in freedom to use your influence with them. Remember, that for his sake, you must not preclude yourself from serving him far more effectually than you could by sharing his prison."

She glided through the hall; the splendid coach drove off; the running footmen, bearing torches, preceded and accompanied her.

"How unjust," thought Lady Nithsdale, "is the common accusation that pomp and splendor harden the heart! Where could I find more true kindness and sympathy than in my dear cousin Christian, whose life has been one sunny dream of unclouded brilliancy? But as she slowly and thoughtfully returned in solitude to the temporary lodging which Amy had procured for her, she pondered on the duchess's words—"My lord has many enemies," she said: "how can he have enemies? Surely, if favor is to be shown to any, to whom could it be more properly extended than to him? Does not the kind duchess alarm herself needlessly? And yet she knows the counsels of those in power. She would not wish to excite unreasonable fears in my mind. Alas! what can she mean? My lord was not one of the first to join the insurgents: Lord Derwentwater was already in arms; Forster was at the head of a considerable body of troops; the Earl of Mar had set up King James's standard. Neither had he, like the Earl of Mar, ever made professions of loyalty to the house of Hanover. General Forster is even now a member of King George's parliament. But my dear lord is not obnoxious from either of these causes. He has never been guilty of treachery, neither has he ever been forward in causing disturbances in his native land; but when civil broils became inevitable, then—then he was not found wanting to the family for which his ancestors have bled and suffered. Oh! I would that the morrow were arrived! This long tedious night, which must intervene before I can see, learn, hear, know, do anything further—how wearisome, how irksome is it!"

Upon her return to her lodgings, she found that Amy Evans, on her part, had not been idle. She had already sought and obtained an interview with her former companion, Mrs. Morgan.

Nearly ten years had elapsed since Mellicent Hilton had left the Welsh valley of her childhood as the bride of Mr. Morgan, and from that time the playfellow had never met; for before Mrs. Morgan returned to visit her father in his solitude, Amy had accompanied the Countess of Nithsdale into Scotland.

Mrs. Morgan was fortunately alone on the evening in question, when Amy, half alarmed at her own presumption, presented herself at the door.

She did not at first recollect, in the Mrs. Evans who was announced, the merry Amy of her childhood; neither would Amy have recognized, in the tall, slender, modish lady before her, the buxom, rosy girl who had climbed the mountain paths, and pulled the wild-flowers with her. She hesitated for a moment, while she assured herself that, although the complexion was less brilliant, and the full form had faded into a marvellous taper waist, still the laughing blue eyes was the same, the expression of the free hearty smile the same, although the dimples were not so visible in the less rounded cheek.

Mrs. Morgan, with an air of courtly breeding, bent herself gracefully towards the stranger, waiting till she opened her business; when Amy, half abashed at the changes which had taken place in the exterior of her former friend, half reassured by the kindly countenance which had spoke that the heart had remained unchanged, after making a low and respectable courtesy, began with some hesitation, "that she could scarcely hope Mrs. Morgan would still bear in mind the childhood playmate of Mrs. Mellicent Hilton,—Amy, the daughter of old Rachel Evans, of Poole Castle."

"What Amy, the Queen of the May! is it you, my old friend?" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, holding out her hand with the frankness she brought from Montgomeryshire valley, unimpaired by the intercourse she had since had with the world. "Oh! I have often wished to see you again, and often thought what happy hours we have passed together, when we have laughed even to tears without knowing wherefore, and sung for very want of thought and care. But, my good Amy, your looks speak that, since those days, you have been made acquainted with want and care. Your countenance is sorrowful. Is your mother, the good Rachel, well? And David? How comes it you are still Amy Evans? Have you been cruel after all?"

"Alas! madam, my poor mother has been dead these two years; she scarce survived her mistress more than a few weeks; but they were both in years; and the good Duke of Powis allowed her to be buried in his own family vault, and she lies near her honored mistress, the duchess. And as to David, my dear Mrs. Mellicent, I have not thought of him for many and many a year; I should esteem it beneath me to pine for him! He showed the truth of the old saying, 'out of sight, out of mind'; and I shall never be the one to prove an old proverb false!" answered Amy, with a flash of her former spirit. "But, madam, I have other cares, and heavier ones, upon my mind. My dear mistress, the good Countess of Nithsdale's lord, is in prison with the other lords whom they call rebels, and my lady and I have rode to London to attend him, and, as I hope, to be of some service to him. But we are nearly strangers in London; and I thought madam, that for old acquaintance sake, perhaps, you would stand our friend. I know Mr. Morgan was much about the palace; and they say, madam," she continued, smiling, "there is nothing like a friend at court; and so I made bold to come to you at once. I thought also you could perhaps inform us, where we might lodge respectfully and yet privately; for her grace the Duchess of Montrose warned my lady not to live in state, but to keep private."

"Alas! good Amy, I fear you are come on a sad errand," answered Mrs. Morgan with a serious countenance. "I fear that the Earl of Nithsdale is one whose fate is sealed. I heard no talk of mercy being extended towards him. So staunch a Catholic!—so influential a man on the borders of Scotland and England!—so forward as his family have ever been in support of the exiled race!—Alas for your poor mistress! As she much attached to him?" "Oh! madam," exclaimed Amy, with a face of consternation, "it will kill my mistress if anything happens to my lord! I am sure, quite sure, she could not outlive him," she continued, wringing her hands; "you never, madame, saw such love as

hers; it is not like anything else that ever I heard of. I am sure, when I see how she hangs upon my lord's words—how she honors and reveres him—how she watches his looks, and lives but for him—I cannot think I ever cared anything at all about David. And you, madam, you were very partial to Mr. Morgan; and I well remember you were resolved to have him" (Mrs. Morgan smiled); "but still your love was not like my poor mistress's!" "Poor soul!" said Mrs. Morgan; "what can I do for her? I would serve her, or any one in such distress, if I knew how I could do so. More especially, I would gladly serve any one whom you seem to love so dearly."

"I do, indeed, love my dear lady with my whole heart, and no one who knows her excellence could do otherwise."

"Well, dear Amy, you may count on my exerting what little influence I may possess; and Mr. Morgan is so kind, I am sure he will assist us, if he can. In the meantime, I can tell you of a worthy family with whom your mistress might be comfortably and respectfully lodged. I will see Mrs. Mills to-morrow: her house is not far removed from the Tower, which would, I think, be a recommendation to the Countess of Nithsdale; and she is a gentle, kind soul, who will be ready to weep with your lady, and will never wound her by a thoughtless or indiscreet word."

Amy Evans's countenance brightened. "I was right," she exclaimed, "when I told the countess, the world might work great changes, but it would be indeed a great one if Mrs. Mellicent Hilton had not still the kindest heart that ever beat. I feared I was making very bold, and was presuming too much upon the freedom permitted in childhood, when I ventured to come to you; but I thought time could never have hardened such feelings as yours, so as to make you resent the liberty I was taking. In my honored lady's name and my own, receive our most grateful thanks;" and Amy kissed the hand which Mrs. Morgan cordially extended towards her.

"I will see Mrs. Mills to-morrow morning; and then, with the Countess of Nithsdale's permission, I will wait on her, and inform her what arrangements I have been able to make."

"Our blessings on you, dear madam!" repeated Amy, as she took her leave, and hastened back to meet her lady upon her return from the Duchess of Montrose.

Lady Nithsdale listened with gratitude to all that Amy told her; and the kindness they had both met with on their several missions proved the best cordial which could be administered to feelings so tried as hers had been. Exhausted nature, however, claimed its rights, and she slept. The bodily fatigue which caused sleep, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," to give a respite to the workings of her mind, may have assisted in enabling her to bear all that awaited her.

CHAPTER XVII.

The less I may be blest with her company, the more I will retire to God, and my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy, but they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues, while I enjoy myself. Eikon Basilike.

As the day began to dawn, and the gray winter light gradually illumined the narrow dirty streets, which the remains of snow rendered more than usually dreary, the Countess of Nithsdale wound her way to the Tower.

It was still too early to gain admittance, or even to be allowed to speak with the porter. The gates were not yet opened; she stood and gazed till her feelings were almost intolerably excited, and then she paced up and down with a quick and hurried step, till abruptly stopping, she pressed the arm of her faithful companion, Amy, and pointing to the antique building, she cried in accents of despair, "He is there, Amy, he is there, and I cannot be with him!"

Amy looked with awe and vague fear at the spot, which, from our cradle, is united in our minds with the idea of murder, the scaffold, open executions, and secret assassination. She trembled at the certainty that her dear master actually lay within its fearful precincts; and she turned an eye of commiseration on her lady, to think that she was in sober truth, an actress in one of those tragedies of which we are apt to hear and read as of fictitious horrors.

They gazed upon the thick and muddy water of the moat, upon the lofty wall which rose on the other side, and which the inhabitants, of whose dwellings it formed a part, had here and there opened windows, added gabled roofs, and pierced the ancient rough stone-work with brick additions of their own. This patch-work took off from its antiquity and solemnity, without imparting to such a building any air of comfort. On the contrary, it spoke of long residence within the narrow limits of a prison.

At length the clock struck the appointed hour, and she hastened to the gates to solicit an interview with the lieutenant of the Tower.

After some delay, the request was granted, when she received the answer the Duchess of Montrose had led her to anticipate. The orders were most strict that none should be allowed to visit the prisoners before the day for pronouncing sentence upon them; but hopes were held out to her that she might obtain permission to share Lord Nithsdale's confinement.

Had it not been for the duchess's caution, it is more than probable she would gladly have accepted the conditions; for, to feel herself so near him, and yet to be withheld from seeing him; to know that he was in solitude and sadness, looking only for her company to cheer him, and to refuse to share his prison; to turn away when she had it in her power to look upon his face, to hear, again that soft, deep, melodious voice,—alas! it was a sore trial! But she was firm in adhering to her resolution. Such, however, was her agitation, that as she tottered from the lieutenant's apartments, some of the soldiers, moved with compassion, offered her a seat for a few moments in the guard-room. One kindly brought her a cup of water, for which she did not fail to show her gratitude by deeds as well as words. He accompanied her to the outer gate, and she succeeded so well in working on his feelings of

kindness and of self-interest, that she obtained from him a promise to exert himself in her behalf, and an assurance that when he was on guard, he would not watch too narrowly which way she passed.

With many a lingering look towards the dismal edifice, she tore herself away, but it was not without a hope of compassing by stealth the interview which she had been refused.

She hastened to her appointment with the duchess, when she did not fail to tell her how faithfully she had obeyed her injunctions, how resolutely she had even turned from his prison-gates, when her heart burned to rush to her husband; but at the same time she imparted to her the hopes she entertained of seeing him through the means of the kind-hearted guard.

"If all that is said be true," answered the duchess, archly, "it is not so difficult to gain access to the prisoners; a golden key is often more potent than an iron bar! Meantime, I would advise your exerting all the influence you may possess with my Lord Townshend, and the Duke of Richmond. My husbands tells me they are both likely to advocate measures of severity; and yet I should hope the Duke of Richmond would remember that the Earl of Derwentwater is his kinsman. The Earls of Danby and of Nottingham I spoke with last night, and I trust with good effect. They both promised they would second any petition from the prisoners. Some will certainly be pardoned; but, dearest cousin, we must exert ourselves to the utmost, and yet our zeal must be tempered with discretion. The Earl, your husband, has, as I told you, many enemies; and I should be a false friend did I not confess to you that he is not one of those who are likely to be most leniently dealt with." Lady Nithsdale clasped her hands with such an expression of anguish, that the duchess hastened to add, but I know not, neither can any one know, in truth, what will be the sentence of the court. 'Tis all conjecture."

"But why, oh why, should conjecture be unfavorable to my lord?" "Nay, I cannot say. It may be—a Catholic—his property on the very borders of the two countries—his family so long attached to the Stuarts; but all may yet be well. Circumstances may arise in his favor. Should the sentence be—be such as to blast our hopes—they speak of a petition to be signed by the prisoners."

"My lord will never put his name to any thing that may savor of dishonor. I know not what this petition may prove; but if it is such as should change any sentence that may have passed, I marvel if it can be such as it would become my lord to sign—or such," she added emphatically—"or such as I could wish to sign!" her voice broke, and she burst into tears at thus, as it were, with her lips pronouncing his doom. "His life," she continued, as if to justify herself for what she had uttered, "must not be preserved at the price of honor!" and her delicate form reared itself, and her eye glanced upwards, as if to seek from Heaven the strength she much needed.

The duchess sighed. "What a noble spirit, she thought, "is probably destined to be crushed! what a generous heart, in all probability, will be condemned to drink the bitter cup of sorrow to the very dregs!" She cast her dark bright eyes on the ground to conceal her emotion.

Lady Nithsdale saw the tears glistening in her eye-lashes: "You weep, cousin! you are weeping for me! Alas! alas! you know his doom. You know the counsels of those in power; and you know that they are his inveterate foes. You fear to tell me that you know it!"

"On my honor, I know nothing," repeated the duchess, with solemnity; "but surely we all suspect and fear enough to draw tears from drier eyes and harder hearts than mine. My dear cousin knows of old, that a little thing will move me to smile, or to weep; so you must not augur ill from my childish weakness, but set it down to the account of Christian Montrose's variable temperament;" and she strove to smile through the tears which now flowed every moment faster down her cheeks.

After some further consultation between the friends they parted, and at dusk Lady Nithsdale again repaired to the Tower. The accommodating guard was in attendance. He quickly and silently admitted her through the wicket. As she passed under the first archway, she fancied she perceived another muffled female figure who glided quietly on, as if accustomed to the way. The sight reassured her, as it seemed to confirm what the duchess had told her of the potency of a golden key. In silence she crossed the bridge over the moat; she looked fearfully on all sides, dreading lest each forlorn she saw might be that of some guard more strict in the performance of his duty; and doubting whether in a few moments she might be blessed with the sight of her husband, or whether she might be driven forth despairing to her desolate lodging.

When on the bridge, the masts of the vessels lying in the Thames were visible over the parapet. She could just distinguish them dark against the sky. She cast towards them a lingering look, and thought, "Oh, that we were together on board the meanest of those vessels; together, on our way to life and liberty!"

They emerged from the gloom of the second archway, and keeping under the shadow of the southern wall, they passed, what seemed to her, a considerable distance between the lofty buildings. "Those are the warders' apartments," whispered the guard, pointing to the high wall to the north; "Tis there that most of the rebels have their lodgings; go straight on, till you get to the traitor's gate,—there, to the right!"—she shuddered as the word was uttered, and looked fearfully as he directed to the portals which are only opened to admit a prisoner, but never to send him forth to freedom;—"When you get there, turn to your left through the bloody tower,"—a more icy chill ran through her veins—"then to your left again, up the steps, and you will see a girl who will lead you where you wish to go. I must not be seen any farther than this spot. I shall be on guard just an hour longer. Be sure you do not linger beyond that time, or you will never make your way out of this dismal place; and, as for me, I shall pay a heavy price for my good nature."

his hand:—"but Heaven will not forget this deed of mercy!"

She found the girl upon the steps, as she had been led to expect, and she immediately followed her to a door about the centre of the building to the south of the court, when bidding her wait a moment, the girl disappeared. Lady Nithsdale trembled from head to foot; her heart seemed almost to stop its pulsations, so agonizing was the fear that now, on the very threshold, something might occur to disappoint her hopes.

Intense as was her anxiety to see her husband, as the moment actually approached, a dead calm over her at the notion of seeing him under such circumstances. Her thoughts were painfully broken in upon by the sounds of merriment and revelry which burst from one of the neighboring windows—loud songs and shouts of laughter! They jarred upon her ear as something out of tune, unfitting for the place or season, and she wondered how jailors could be so devoid of feeling as to indulge in noisy jollity within hearing of their prisoners.

"The young girl quickly returned. 'This is the moment, madame. The guards are all engaged; they are going to convey those prisoner lords, whom you may hear carousing within, back to their several apartments; and now you can slip up unperceived.'"

"The axe suspended over their heads," thought Lady Nithsdale, "and this unseemly recklessness! and shall such as they find mercy, while my lord—"

In a few seconds she had mounted the narrow stairs; passed the outer room, which was at that moment vacant; and the young maiden having gently unbolting the farther door, she found herself in her husband's presence!

He was reading by a dimly burning candle, and started at the sound of footsteps; but before he could ascertain the cause of this interruption, his wife was on his bosom, her arms were around his neck.

"I am here! I am with you at last! It is your own Winifred!" she exclaimed.

"Then Heaven has mercy still in store for me!" he replied. For a few moments neither could speak. Words seemed all inadequate to express the strong emotions of joy, and of grief, which struggled in their hearts. The Earl of Nithsdale, whose mind was chastened, whose feelings were tempered by long confinement, was the first to recover his self-possession! "Now I see you, my love, I am indeed no longer comfortless! Oh, Winifred! I have passionately longed for this blessed moment! It is five long months since we parted love;—I have counted the days, the hours;—there has not been one in which I have not required your gentle strength, your trusting patience, to support me or to soothe me. Thanks be to Heaven, that has vouchsafed to me once more the joy of beholding you!"—and he lifted her gently from his shoulder, on which her head had sunk. "And now let me look upon that dear face, and from those pure and holy eyes draw faith, submission, and resignation." He gazed upon her for some moments with a tenderness, which, as he gazed, increased in intensity. "Alas!" he suddenly exclaimed, and flinging his arms upon the table, he hid his face in his hands—"Alas! it is not thus I shall learn to submit cheerfully to my fate! To see you once again—to hear that voice—to press that beloved form once more to my heart—to feel that if my life were spared, it would be to pass that life with you, for you! Oh! this does not reconcile me to what must be—" Then checking himself, he heaved, in a calmer tone, "But are you well, my love? you have not suffered on your journey? And the children?—you hear of them? I know not how it has fared with them for many, many weeks. Poor innocents!" and the thought that he should never see them more, made his voice quiver as he spoke.

"Oh, they are well, and safe, and happy, in health and freedom, in a more favored land than this!"

He looked up, and a smile illumined his features; but by the dim light of the solitary taper his countenance looked wan, and the last few months had left deep traces of care upon his brow.

"You are ill!" she exclaimed in affright; "you must be ill."

"Nay," he replied, with gentleness, "my health is unimpaired; and now my Winifred is come, my spirits will soon be cheered."

"Alas! I have seen you pale before, and I have seen you sad; but never never did I see you look thus!"

"Time will do its own work, dearest! and I am older by some months than when you saw me last. My Winifred must not quarrel with her husband," he added, smiling, "because age steals upon him with no gentle hand. Oh! is it not our wish, our most earnest wish, my love," he continued, with solemnity and tenderness, "to see each other grow old? And do you not think that if we should be spared to each other, years would only rivet still closer the bonds which unite us; that for every charm which may depart with you, there would arise a thousand recollections of mutual kindness mutual sufferings, ay, and mutual joys (for we have known many days of happiness), which would still render us more dear, one to the other? Methinks that when that delicate form shall have lost its roundness; and be passed his arm around her slender waist; and when those eyes shall have lost their brilliancy, and that clear forehead its smoothness; when these soft brown curls, and be pressed to his lips one of the two or three long curls which, according to the fashion of the time, were suffered to fall on her neck,—when these soft brown curls should be mixed with gray,—that my Winifred would be, if possible, more precious to my heart than she is now; for I should remember that those eyes have been dimmed with tears for me, that smooth brow-care worn on my account." Lady Nithsdale wept softly, unreluctantly; she struggled not against her tears, for she was almost unconscious that they flowed. "Should those blessed days ever come to us, Winifred, the recollection of this hour will be sweet; and should there be no future for me—"

"There will be none for me," she quickly interposed; "I feel assured," and she pressed her hand against her heart—"I feel assured there would be none for me!"

"World! I could adequately reward you for your charity," answered the countess, pouring gold into

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I smelt alone in my chamber now, And the midnight hour is near, And the fagot crack and the clock's dull tick, And the only sound I hear, And o'er my soul, in its solitude, Sweet feelings of sadness glide, For my heart and my eyes are full when I think Of the little boy that died.

SPEECH OF PIUS IX. TO THE INTERNATIONAL DEPUTATION.

When I turn mine eyes around the different points of the Catholic world, I find before me everywhere the sad and dolorous spectacle of immense masses of ruins, caused by the cruel perfidy of the enemies of the Church in the present revolution. I see convents and monasteries which were but lately inhabited by peaceful Cenobites and by Virgin Spouses of Christ, now deserted by their former occupants in order to make room for people, strange and profane, and sometimes worse than profane. I see the fair riches and possessions of the Church made the prey of the devourers of to-day, and destined to satiate the insatiable appetite of the Revolution.

I see ruins everywhere. I see the rights of the Church trampled on and outraged, the ecclesiastical hierarchy interrupted and made useless, because all are condemned, no matter what their grade, to pay that most terrible of tributes, the tribute of blood in the fields of battle, and the Church is impeded from selecting her own ministers. I see liberty of teaching rendered a monopoly, which every day augments the tyrannical oppressions, and which is accompanied with error, and sometimes also with blasphemy. I see tolerance for many crimes and offences against God, against morality, and against social order. And very often I see judicial sentences inspired, not by justice, but by the evil-born passions which ever dominate in times disturbed by revolution. These sad many other things are what form the great mass of the ruins of the Church, which is scattered here and there occupy an immense space.

While I consider the mournful picture, I am reminded of the Prophet Ezekiel. The Prophet was by God transported in the spirit into a vast plain, all covered over with dry bones. And while he, amazed and astonished, pondered upon the doleful sight, he heard at his ear a voice which from above spoke to him and asked him: "Believest thou that these bones can have life?" The Prophet bending low humbly responded: "Thou only canst do this, O my God. Domine Deus tuorum!" Then said God: "Prophecy concerning these bones. Know that these bones shall live." I will send spirit into them, and will again cover them with nerves and tendons, and veins and blood. Flesh shall once more return to them. Skin shall again clothe the perfect body, and they shall live. The prophet repeated the words of God, and while he uttered them there commenced a noise, and then a commotion, caused by the bones which sought to re-arrange themselves to form the several bodies as they had been before. Factus est sonitus, et ecce com-motio.

The prophecy, my friends, indicated the end of the slavery of Israel and the return of the Jewish people to their own country. Now I say that God, observing the present field of waste and ruins, of which I just spoke, heaped up with spoils of the Church of Jesus Christ, cannot but ask each one of us: "Dost thou think these bones shall live?" and say to us: "Prophecy concerning these bones." What then shall we answer? With resolute mind and unflinching accents we shall answer: "Yes. All these bones shall rise again, for the Church of Jesus Christ to which they belong can never perish. The Church must even last to the consummation of the ages."

These ruins will indeed have their resurrection, but before that they will have also their commotion. Et ecce commotio. And this commotion is even now apparent. We may perceive it in your coming hither as obedient children to their Father. We may perceive it in the movement of Catholic nations in so many devout pilgrimages. We may trace this commotion in the echo of the fervid prayers which arise unto God in the sacred temples. The crowded tribunals of penance and the thronged eucharistic tables, prove also that there is a movement among the ruins of the Church of Jesus Christ.

But it may be said the bones are not yet returning to form their ancient bodies. Ah, my beloved sons, recollect that the Church of Jesus Christ is founded on a rock, and prefigured in the rugged cliff which is to-day on all sides invested by the fury of the winds and the raging of the billows. The movement within the Church exists, but as yet the scattered bones return not to their places, because prevented by the whirlwinds and the tempest, which receive their emotion from on high, and will not cease to smite the rock until it shall be cleansed and purged from every stain. Stains there are. The rock of the Church is still fouled by the timid and base souls, which would sacrifice even their consciences in order to enjoy a peace which is most bitter. It is soiled by thoughtless souls which have hitherto failed to recognize in those vicissitudes the hand of God which punishes and scourges us for our sins, and sets before us the saddest warnings, in spite of which they continue with folded arms to live in pitiable indifference, just as though they were living in times the fairest and most flourishing. The Church is polluted by souls sold unto Satan, which with tongue and hand work together for the destruction of the Church, and blaspheme her holy doctrines. When these foul stains shall have been purged away, then will God console us, and then to the present movement will succeed the future triumph.

But at that time what will be the fate of the impious who are persecuting the Church? A book was a few days ago presented to me, a book which has appeared in a Catholic Kingdom in Europe. In it are narrated with exact fidelity all the facts relating to the end of persecutors of the Church. Nor was there one of them, who did not end miserably his days. The list commences with Herod, Pilate, Caiaphas, and continues to our days, describing the fatal end which they all, from first to last, experienced. We therefore have the right to believe that the present persecutors of the Church will have no other end than that of their predecessors, and that in the time ordained by Providence God will stretch out His avenging hand over the Church. We may expect that when the

Church shall have been completely purged and set free from the chains with which her foes and persecutors now bind her, God will cover her with a vestment of gold, and cause her to sit as a Queen at the right hand of her Divine Founder. *Assidue Regina a dextris tuis in vestitu couarato.* Meanwhile, my sons, during our time of waiting for deliverance, what should be our attitude? We must persevere in prayer, and in all the other good works which you assure me are in progress at this moment. And as it is now the season of Lent we should exercise ourselves in mortifications and fastings. We should abstain from food, and far more from sins. *Jeiunemus et vitia.* Indeed, mortification is much too infrequent in the Catholic world. Yet mortification is the surest guide to lead us back to the bosom of God our Father.

Proceed then in the path you have entered on, and under the direction of your chief pastors, continue to show yourselves ever averse to the pretensions of the innovators. They, the pastors, will extend to you the guiding hand. You will cooperate with them in maintaining the inalienable rights of the Church of Jesus Christ. And inasmuch as all of us have, need, of the aid of God, let us seek from Him His blessing. May He confirm you in your holy resolutions to defend these rights, may He bless you in your good dispositions and in your minds and bodies. May He bless you in your good dispositions and in your minds and bodies. May He give to the body the robustness needful for the contest, and to the mind constancy in resisting all the attacks of the revolution. May He bless you in your families, in all your interests, and may His benediction be extended to all those countries to which you belong. May He bless you in life and at the point of death, and make you worthy of His blessing for ever and ever in Paradise.

DEAD ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

A dead crusader lies low in the land. Fallen in his long contest with the foes of our faith; fallen in that battle which first began with the angels in heaven, and is still continued by the Church upon earth against error and Lucifer and his followers; "fallen in the front, with his harness on him," no insignificant Soldier of the Cross is gone from our midst to-day—Orestes A. Brownson is no more!

The brave old man, whose name has been so familiar for so many years to the intellectual world of religious opinion, or the higher intellectual world of religious belief, has passed from this earth, and his pen no more will leave its mark in defence of the edicts of the Catholic Church. He will no more be ready to battle in the spirit of Christian chivalry a *Voltaire* for the faith that was in him. A name that was famous amongst the list of the legions of Catholicity; the name of a man whose armor of resistless logic was invulnerable, and bristled at every point with weapons of danger to the mercenary of the various denominations of his creed, is now to be regarded as an echo of the past. He will never more start up when some favorite error in theology, or some favorite error in ethics, or some favorite error in science is deftly given to the world for its adhesion, to demolish it with his ready lance, couched like that of one of the Paladins of old to the famous crusading cry of "Dieu le veut." "In the will of God." The combat for him is over and done. The silver fillet is sundered, the golden bowl is broken, and the spirit has returned to the God who gave it.

During more than thirty years he has been the public champion of Catholicity in this country. That law of old and hoary Europe, which made men serve seven years in apprenticeship to a trade before the trade became a master, was designed to give competent workmen to society who had the stamp of experience. This man served four apprenticeships to his mastery of theological and doctrinal disputation for the sake of his devotion to our faith. What a spirit of labor must have guided him! What a loyalty to principle! He was no laggard in the vineyard. When the dawn arose, he was up to greet it with his work, and when the dews of evening came he sought no refreshment from his task. Since he became a convert to Catholicity, his mind seems not to have rested in intellectual labor for its real. He established his celebrated *Review* in 1845, almost immediately on his reception into the Church, and there, down to last year, he wielded his inexorable logic, his ready ability and his ceaseless pen in the field of religious or philosophic controversy. As to its effect, we are all aware of it. We know how few were his mistakes. We know how bright the flashing of his thought was with the illumination of the great St. Thomas. We know how boldly he tilted over the dragon of heresy like another St. George, and trampled it in its congenial mire of defeat.

Born at Stockbridge, in Vermont, in 1803, on September 16th, his was a long and vigorous life. At the age of Twenty-one he became a Universalist preacher, and the vigor of his addresses and the finish of his writings attracted public notice early in his career. He entered bravely into the movements of his time. He was with Robert Dale Owen in his reform movements, and was a leader in the Workingmen's Party of New York in 1828. It could not be otherwise—his active mind could not rest. But his religious convictions were unsettled. His intellectual powers were too strongly cast to permit him to remain in error and he sought for the truth. He read the elegant passages of Channing, and determined to become a Unitarian minister; in 1832 he did so, and preached and wrote with vivid success. But he was to find no rest for his soul in that region of belief. It was but the vestibule to his seeking forgiveness and faith at the feet of Catholicity. He came to our altars in the full vigor of his mind and manhood, and he was regenerated by the waters of baptism, to devote himself for all his remaining days to the service of that religion which opened the gates of heaven to his wandering soul.

Reviewing this long life, and interpreting it by his labors, we can not fail to measure its great and unending merit. The talents of Dr. Brownson would have won for him, had he devoted them to his worldly advancement, wealth and honors and triumph. He chose the better part, and to him, and such as him, the reward is not distributed to this world, but in that which sets this to rights. Placed over many things, he fulfilled a great deal, and he added to the glory of the suffering Church by his unwavering fidelity and stern obedience. A soul has gone out of Israel in him. A great man, a great champion of our faith is gone. But we know that his mission was completed and his task consummated. What he was called within the fold to complete he has completed, and the blessing of the Church he served is on his soul. He left us the singular testimony of his fidelity to that Benign Mother who guided him to peace and salvation, and who blesses us when we pray that his name may be in eternal benediction for her children for ever.—*Central Catholic.*

THE BIBLE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

DEAR SIR,—As the enemies of our holy religion are at all times busy in maligning and slandering the Catholic Church, and asserting without any foundation whatever, that she is opposed to the reading or circulation of the Word of God, I have taken a little trouble to refute the calumniators by placing the following statistics before your readers, in order that they, too, may be in a position, when required, to meet the often-repeated assertion, "that the priests will not give permission to the people to read the Scriptures." I will not trespass too

much on your valuable space by quoting some of the early translations of both the Old and New Testaments, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. And so early as 1472—immediately after the discovery of the art of printing—a Bible was published at Cologne, in 1487, a new edition of the Bible, corrected and enlarged by John de Reilly, afterwards Bishop of Angiers, was published under the auspices of Charles VIII., to whom it is inscribed, and before 1546 passed through sixteen impressions—four at Lyons, and twelve at Paris. Another edition was given by the "Divine" of Louvain, in the year 1550, which obtained more extensive circulation than any other among the French Catholic versions. Before the year 1700 it was printed twelve times at Rotterdam, twice at Antwerp, twelve times at Lyons, and thirteen at Paris.

It is not quite certain in what year the first translation of the English Bible appeared; some are of the opinion that one appeared in 1200. In 1582, the New Testament, translated by William, afterwards Cardinal Allen, Gregory, Martin, and Richard Bristow, all of the College of Rheims, was published in that City. It was re-printed at Antwerp, in the year 1600; and the whole Bible was published, after the College was restored to Douay, 1609-10. In 1750 an edition was published in London under the inspection of the Right Rev. Dr. Challoner. An English Catholic translation of the New Testament was published in Paris, 1719. The translator was Rev. Dr. Cornelius Naray, a learned Irish priest. In the years 1730, 1749, and 1750 other editions were published. In 1791 and 1794 editions of the Bible were printed by Hugh Fitzpatrick, of Capel street, for Richard Cross, of Lower Bridge street, Dublin. In 1794, Reilly, of Dublin, published the Bible, under the patronage of the Bishops and Clergy. In 1797, the New Testament was published in Edinburgh; and in 1800 the Right Rev. Dr. Hay had the entire Bible published. The words of the printer of that edition in a letter, dated 26th April, 1830, during the discussion in St. George's Church deserves a place here. "I think it right," he says, "to mention, that about 30 years ago, I printed two editions of the Douay Bible, of which, I think, 3,000 and 2,000 copies, sold principally in England and Ireland; and so anxious was Bishop Hay to circulate it amongst his congregation, that he exhorted them from the pulpit to come forward and purchase it, selling five thick volumes so low as six shillings in quires; so low indeed was it, that the good Bishop lost money by it. I mention these circumstances in opposition to the assertion so often made by ignorant men, that the Catholic clergy in every case prohibit the reading of the Holy Scriptures."

In 1809, R. Coyne, of Dublin, published an edition of the Bible—5,000 copies. In 1811, he also published an edition. In 1829 the same published an edition of the New Testament—20,000 copies. In 1821 another edition—30,000 copies. In 1825, he published another edition, recommended by the Catholic Prelates, of which, in a few years, 90,000 copies were sold. In 1826, Nuttall and Fisher, of Manchester, published an edition of the Catholic Bible. In 1829, Kennedy, of Glasgow, published another edition of the Bible. In 1841, another edition of the Bible, with the approbation of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops, was published, octavo, 80,000 copies; in same year, quarto, 5,000 copies.

I have not enumerated in the above the editions of the Holy Bible which have been published up to the present time. But it will be seen that within twenty years (from 1820 to 1841) considerably more than a quarter of a million of copies of the Scriptures were circulated among the Catholics of Ireland—instead of circulated I should have said sold, for it must not be forgotten that each of these copies were obtained—not, as in the case of our richer brethren of the "Establishment," for asking, but in return for a portion of the earnings of the possessor, who proved his strong veneration of the Sacred Word by purchasing it out of his slender means. The Church took care to have the Scriptures published at the lowest price possible (the Douay Bible, 18mo size, small type, at 3s. 6d., and the New Testament at one shilling) and placed within the reach of all.

The following table will show at a glance the copies published:—

Name	Copies
Mr. Coyne, Dublin	230,000
Mr. Smyth, Belfast	18,000
Messrs. Stims & McEntyre, Belfast	18,000
Mr. Greer, Newry	4,300
Mr. Mairs, Belfast	9,000
Total	279,300

Let the hypocrites and fanatics who are busy in abusing and maligning the Catholic Church (the Corinthian pillar of Christianity, if I may so speak) which has ever been the protector of the sacred volume, read the above and for ever after keep silent.

As I have far exceeded the limits of an ordinary correspondent, I will conclude this, already too long, letter, by subscribing myself. Yours, &c. J. M. Montreal, 25 April, 1876.

A REMARKABLE RESTITUTION.

A PROTESTANT CHURCH GIVEN BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS.

Many illustrious converts have been received into the bosom of Holy Church in our days. Since the Oxford movement over thirty years ago several hundred clergymen have returned to the ancient faith but not till now have we received back any of those beautiful churches built by our Catholic forefathers. The old and beautiful church of St. Etheldreda of Ely Place, London has through a chain of singular providences returned to the Catholics of London but it comes back like the prodigal son of the Gospel with its garments soiled and torn, nevertheless in a few days, this venerable relic of Catholic antiquity will be cleansed and reborn; once more the Holy Sacrifice is to be offered on the restored altar; the Real Presence will rest in the Sanctuary and the time worn walls re-echo with solemn strains of the Gregorian chant. One of the London journals has recently given the interesting history of this venerable Catholic Church, from which we gather the following particulars:—

The site of Ely Palace and its beautiful chapel is full of old historic reminiscences. Built in all probability by that noble and illustrious prelate, Thomas Arundel, Bishop of Ely, just five centuries ago, it exhibits all the grace, elegance and ornament of the best period of the Decorated style, the flowing and geometric tracery of which distinguished the "Edwardian" period of the national Gothic architecture. It is dedicated to St. Etheldred, the founder of the cathedral of Ely. It is about eighty feet in length by about forty feet wide, and very lofty in proportion. It was formerly lit by an arcade of five windows on either side, some of which still remain, though they have lost their mullions and tracery. An arcade runs round the interior of the chapel, which, with its elaborate capitals, crockets, and finials, still serves to show what its beauty must have been when it was perfect. The large window at the western and eastern extremities still remain; both, but especially the great east window, are fine specimens of the Decorated style in its perfection. The interior of the chapel is at present filled with ugly deal pews, and covered with layers of whitewash; but when both of these are removed, as they will be, we understand forthwith, the exquisite proportions of the chapel and the details of its sculpture will both stand revealed to view. It is intended at once to proceed with the work of restoring the fabric to the appearance which it must have presented soon after its erection five centuries ago, and no doubt within a few weeks, or at most within a

few months, High Mass will again be celebrated within its walls, as it was in the days when John of Gaunt, expelled from his residence in the Savoy by the mob of Wat Tyler, took up his quarters here. It will be remembered by the readers of Shakespeare that the duke spent his last few years in Ely Palace, and died within its walls.

From that day to this Ely Palace and its precincts have undergone many vicissitudes. It appears to have escaped the rapacious hands of Somerset and the ministers of the boy King Edward VI. But in the reign of Elizabeth Dr. Cheney, the Bishop of Ely, who used it as his town residence, found himself called upon to surrender a large part of his palace garden, an order that if might be granted on a 1000 lease to her majesty's favourite, the courtly dancer, Sir Christopher Hatton, who proceeded to erect in the rear of it a row of houses, which he called Hatton Garden, after his own name. These gardens of Ely Palace, as every reader of Shakespeare knows, were famous for the fine strawberries which they grew.

"My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries growing in your garden; I do beseech you, send for some of them." Richard III.

The gardens were also noted for the saffron plant still immortalized in connection with them in the name of "Saffron Hill."

But there are other associations connected with Ely Palace and its chapel. In the latter, Dr. Wilkins was consecrated Bishop of Chester by the Archbishop of Canterbury, (Dr. Sheldon), the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Cosin), and other prelates, the sermon being preached by Dr. Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). In it also, as we learn from his interesting diary, John Evelyn's daughter Susanann was married to Mr. William Draper, the ceremony being performed by Dr. Tenison, then Bishop of Lincoln, but afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

But there are other and more secular associations which we ought to mention in connection with Ely Palace. During the great rebellion it was turned into a prison, a keeper being appointed by the House of Commons, with strict orders to see that the buildings, sacred as well as profane, were not injured. Just before the restoration in 1660, it was ordered that the prison should be turned into a chapel, but the return of Charles II. a few weeks afterwards appears to have practically cancelled the resolution before it could be actually carried out. Malcolm, in his "History of London," gives a lamentable account of the state of the palace towards the end of the seventeenth century. He writes:—"The gate house was taken down and great part of the dwelling, and their lordships were compelled to enter the apartments reserved for their use by the old back way; several of the cellars, even under rooms they occupied, were in possession of tenants, and those intermixed with their own, all of which had windows and passages into the cloisters. One half of the crypt under the chapel, which had been used for interments, was then frequented as a drinking-place, where liquor was retailed; and the intoxication of the people assembled often interrupted the offices of religion above them. Such were the encroachments of the new buildings that the bishop had his horses brought through the great hall for want of a more proper entrance."

Here, also, from time to time, under our Tudor and our Stuart sovereigns, a variety of "masques" and other theatrical entertainments have been performed by the worshipful young gentlemen, the students of the Inns of Court. Henry VII. was entertained here at a feast in 1495, and we read that in 1531, on the occasion of the creation of a "batch" of eleven serjeants at law, an entertainment was given here which lasted five days, Henry VIII. and his unfortunate queen, Catherine of Aragon, being present; and it may be interesting to record the fact that the husband and wife dined in separate rooms, measures having been already concerted for the removal of the latter in order to make room for Anne Boleyn. Here was prepared and rehearsed the well known masque performed before King Charles at Whitehall in 1632; and here, too, was represented the last "Mystery" ever represented in England, that of "Christ's Passion," in the reign of James I. This, as we learn from Fryna, was performed at Ely House, in Holborn, when Gondomar lay there, on Good Friday, at night, at which there were thousands present."

It is now just a century ago since an act of parliament was passed authorizing the sale of Ely Palace which down to that time had been the property and also in consequence the site was taken by a speculating builder for the erection of the houses in Ely Place. In order to clear the site, the cloisters on the south side of the chapel, part of which were then standing, were removed, but the chapel itself was left untouched, probably on account of its elegant proportions and magnificent windows. The chapel was let for a time to the National Society, who used it for a school; afterwards it remained for some years without a tenant; but in 1844 it was leased to the Welsh Episcopalians, who have since that time conducted in it the services of the Established Church in their own tongue. Their lease has now expired, and the building, as we have said, has passed by purchase into the hands of the Roman Catholics.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN ITALY.

A record of Protestant Missions since 1873, is a new book just published, and its high sounding title will doubtless open the way for it to multitudinous readers. The *English Churchman* says of it, "This work is substantially a record of Protestant mission work in Italy during the last four (?) years." * * * The object of the writer is to awaken a deeper interest in the spiritual degradation of Italy." We have not seen the book; consequently, we are not in a position to judge of the connection between the title and the contents. Mission work in Italy and the Bible in Rome are two very different subjects; so that assertions regarding the one will not hold good for the other. Some time ago it was announced that the Evangelical Mission in Rome had made 700 converts in the last five years. That would give a rather respectable tone to their talk, and a not insignificant congregation to work with. But the explanation of what 700 converts in Rome means destroys the value and the glory of the prize. Five hundred, they explain, are soldiers in Italy, and the rest were born either Waldenses or British Protestants! After this collapse of Evangelical arithmetic and proselytizing truth one is cautious not to accept printed statements on this matter too hastily. We know Rome thoroughly and Italy very well. That is we understand Italians—appreciate their good qualities and tatem their bad ones. It would be a waste of time to show from past experience, and the qualities inherent in the Italian character, that it is impossible that he should become a Protestant. So, too, it would be an insult to the nation to try to demonstrate to Evangelical propagandists that the Italian is the least morally degraded Christian in Europe. We have been too long accustomed to the style of the *English Churchman* to be offended at his un-churchman-like English; but we do feel a little abashed at the effrontery with which some portions of English journalism will ventilate their bigotry at the expense of truth: Protestantism in Rome is not a new thing, but a Roman-Protestant has, up to this, been unheard-of. The travelling population of heretical England long ago set up for itself a place of worship. They established it outside the gates of the city; that is the huge portals of the Porta del Popolo separated their divine abode from the Christian churches of the metropolis of Christendom. Just as iron gates, watchfully closed at

night, used to mark the confines of the Hebrew and Christian population within the same city in olden times. Antiquarians of our day—and nearly every body in this generation is an antiquarian, from the Cavalier Bossi to the youngest of Mr. Cook's excursionists—propose to themselves the question—Why were the Jews locked in a walled city, and why is the English Protestant church outside the walls of Rome? There are many scientific and antiquarian answers, but the most familiar, and therefore the most widespread, is that the Catholic population, with the Pope at its head, thought it was doing a service to God by persecuting and confining the Jews, and a service to themselves by preventing the light of the glorious Reformation from dispelling the darkness of their irreligion and illiberality. These reasons are heard on all sides, and believed in by all grades of intellectual credibility. The fact, however, and therefore the truth are not contained in this solution. The Jews were railed in, and the gates which allowed them out during the day were closed and guarded after night-fall, though the paternal solicitude for their lives of the Roman Pontiffs, their kings. Those Hebrews were usurers, swindlers, fleecers of the poorer Christian populations. Their extortions now and then reached a point beyond endurance, and their lives were unsafe. To prevent bloodshed they were sequestered in their Ghetto. Had these gates never been erected, Rome would have been to-day as free from Jews as Spain is from Moors. The English Protestant Church is outside the sacred walls of Rome not because the Pontiff prevented it being inside, but because the original settlers-up of that convenience chose the spot themselves. Other sects were inside, but they preferred the outside. That was reasonable of them, and strangely logical. Was not their teaching outside Rome's? Why should their place of teaching therefore be inside? Their church, moreover, was conservatively respectable. It existed for the benefit of the vagrant Islanders, whose souls, being different from those of other nations, required a native pasture even in foreign lands, just as their bodies to be in good trim must be nourished on raw beef and beer, in spite of the appetising attraction of a Roman kitchen or a Tuscan vineyard. The pastors of this fold knew their sheep and did not stray into other lines. Of course, the children of the Reformation have for three hundred years believed Catholicity to be Infidelity, and Protestantism to be the only Christianity. It was only, however, in the autumn of 1870 that the idea came to them that God required them "to show their light to all men," especially to the arch-enemy of all that is good and true, the Pope of Rome. Bibles then swarmed into the Eternal City. Rooms were hired; gospels were preached; money was liberally dispensed to the mercenary hearers; school were opened and children were brought. Quondam priests, who had forgotten their vows to God and their duties to man, were installed as apostolic pastors. Bare-footed friars, who when modest and poor and given to prayer and fasting were censured as idiots or lankhome vermin, were welcomed with open arms and heavy purses as soon as they had proved their vocation by becoming slandersers and adulterers. The fire of new religions was kept up, valiantly. A medical man took umbrage at the teaching of his ghostly patron, and forthwith built himself a conventicle which was announced to give forth the true gospel of Christ. To make sure of the soundness of the doctrine he preached it himself every Lord's Day. Baptists came with much rustling to share the "spoil of souls." They opened a Christian Hall and pay tennance a head to everyone who will undergo their cold water cure. They have had a few to submit to the operation, but are sadly disappointed to find that their neophytes will not venture into their Christian baths without their secular or rosary to keep them from harm the while. Many of these speculations have failed. The preacher in Virgin street—and a postname name for contraries—has closed his room. Garzanti has shut up his. Schools and soup-kitchens have become vacant because the energetic patrons have wearied in their toil, and the sinews of the Sacred War have failed. An amalgamation church is now opened. It is anything—for anybody—Evangelical, and Episcopal, and Italian, and French, and Methodist, and Congregational. On the 25th of March, the Americans made their solemn entry into the city, and celebrated the opening of their new church. They used to be outside, too. They call it St. Paul's-within-the-Walls; and have gathered together for the foundation of their Christianity in the Holy City a goodly assortment of spiritual cosmopolites. Invitations were distributed broadcast, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Evangelicals, High Church, No Church, Ritualists, were all made welcome at the consecration of this Episcopal building. The small fry have failed; no doubt this imposing red brick construction will effect something. We cannot be unkind to it. It is for the use of American Christians resident in Rome. They, like their English cousins, are home sick even for services. But, with all these establishments, is the Bible in Rome? In other words, is Protestant mission-work taking hold of the population? To read their report one might think it was. But the new modes of worship are as strange to the Romans as the rites of the Druids. There will always be found in a large city a residuum weak enough, because needy or depraved, to attend any religious performance, if they were only well-paid. We have ocular knowledge that there is some, and we have within our reach also documentary evidence that this has been done in other parts of Italy. We have the letters received from a "Holy Alliance," in London, by a renegade Italian schoolmaster. They tell of sums paid, and to be paid to him for indoctrinating his children with the ideas of Protestantism. They hold out threats that unless the reports of his success are more satisfactory the money will stop. High names are signed in connection with this infamous doling out of a Reptile Fund. When they cannot be purchased, converts are reported gratuitously. For instance the other day in Rome a child of thirteen was dying. The parish priest was sent for and did his duty; while he was there a "preacher" came up, un-sent for, unwanted, and claimed the girl as a Protestant. The father was horrified, the mother was in convulsions, and the priest amazed. It turned out that because this little child used to carry the washing to the house where the preacher lodged, he had enumerated her among his flock, and no doubt hoped to secure his prey at least after death. The poor little thing was quite innocent of his trap. He had made her First Communion, and now disposed herself to die, invoking the names of Jesus and Mary. It can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that these various societies and missionary establishments, are, wholly, barren of results. The faith of the Roman is too firmly based to admit of intellectual heresies. His morals may be unstrung, his life may be unworthy his professions, but, at the worst, all truthfully said of him is that he is no better than a Protestant.

WORKING CATTLE.—Oxen should be well fed, and well carried every day, to bring them into good condition for spring work. A well animal will soon give out under the first hot sun of spring.—Work the bulls.

Tin watering-pots much used in the garden often become rusted at the lower corner and begin to leak. It is not necessary yet to throw them aside, as the holes may be effectually stopped without going to the tinkers; by covering them inside with a small piece of lead dipped in turpentine, the tin being previously thoroughly dried. When the varnish hardens by drying they are perfectly all-right.

FORWARDED

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling - That I was to die in the noon of my day; Not quietly in the silent grave stealing...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

Mr. Thomas Leahy has wiped the debt on the Cork Catholic Orphan Asylum by a gift of £500. Major Beresford, late of the 9th Regt, has been appointed stipendiary magistrate for the county of Leitrim.

(Galway or Limerick) to New York. In the winter months the steamers would be partially employed in trading with the Mediterranean and, via the Suez Canal, with Indian ports. In the House of Lords, on the 4th ult., a bill introduced by Lord Inchiquin to redress the grievances of the Irish Peers received a second reading.

England, says:—"The English House of Commons has just given another proof of the spirit of systematic opposition with which it meets every demand for reform coming from the sister isle. Ireland is accustomed to this malign feeling, and leaving aside the adherents of Home Rule, many of her sons have become resigned to it, and take as little interest as they can in political affairs."

illustration on Thursday night. It seems that a few nights ago a petition from some Dissenters at Chatham was deposited in the bag at the clerks' table, which is the great receptacle of the "humble prayers" of the petitioners of Parliament.

CANADA. The Canada Central and St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway Companies have decided to increase their passenger and freight rates. A census of Walkerton, Ont., recently taken, shows that the population has nearly doubled since 1871, now numbering 2,239.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETOR, JOHN GILLES, AT NO. 135 FORTIFICATION LANE.

Editor—Rev. Dr. O'REILLY, Miss. Ap.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, May 5, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY, 1876.

Friday, 5—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor. Saturday, 6—St. John before the Latin Gate. Sunday, 7—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH. Monday, 8—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel. Tuesday, 9—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. Wednesday, 10—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor. Thursday, 11—St. Anselm, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church (April 21).

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The following statements regarding the persecution of harmless nuns in Prussia, given in an English Exchange, will be read with deep sympathy for the innocent victims of an insensate bigotry which denies to Catholics the civil rights they should enjoy.

The 1st of April has been a Dies Nefas for a great many Catholic towns in Prussia. In Dorsten, Westphalia, the Ursulines had to close their convent and leave the town like malefactors. Most of the sisters will pay a little visit to their own families, and then retrace the charming little town of Wuth in Holland, where they are sure to meet with a hearty reception. In Frockenhorst the Franciscans had a large educational establishment; they too were compelled to leave on the first of April. The good sisters have likewise transferred their useful sphere of activity to Holland, where 40 old pupils have already followed them. The same fate befel the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Essen, whose establishment had an existence of 200 years. This convent must be well known in England, for hundreds of English young ladies were educated in it. The scene of parting was sad in the extreme; long before the fatal hour had struck, the house was crowded with sobbing pupils and distressed parents; the Burgomaster himself, who had to superintend the dissolution of the order, could not help expressing his deep sorrow at the sister's departure. The nuns who for 24 years had the management of the great Orphanage at Cologne, to the entire satisfaction of the municipal authorities left the Rhenish metropolis for ever (according to Bismarck) on the 1st of April. The grief of the orphans, when they took their last farewell from the beloved sisters, was heart rending, and attracted the attention of the whole neighbourhood. The Sisters of Charity of Dusseldorf left on the same day: so did those of Berncastel and Malmedy.

The correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times writes as follows on the Prussian school system.

The present elementary school system in Prussia, is simply deplorable. Thousands of schools—in the Rhenish province alone 976—are without duly qualified masters, the teachers being so-called candidates, or, as you say in England, pupil-teachers, mere boys between fourteen and eighteen years of age. If schools are managed in this way for any length of time, we shall live to see their utter ruin. I suppose to the satisfaction of Prince Bismarck, who once said, in Parliament, that he would rather have no schools at all in Prussia than Catholic schools. Since the Government removed the priests from school inspection, the supervision is as bad as the teaching, if not worse. The district inspectors might pass muster, if they were not chosen to a great extent from the infidel section of college professors; but as to the local inspectors, whom the Government were driven to appoint in the room of the priests excluded, their very calling in life shows their incompetency in educational matters, most of them being taken from among village burgomasters, retired officers, tradesmen, manufacturers, farmers, and other people whose education is far below the standard of the youngest schoolmaster. In rural districts it is no common thing to hear such inspectors swear and curse in schools, or induce schoolmasters to go with them to beer houses, and drink and smoke the night through.

'To show your readers, continues the correspondent, that these people are not in their right place before Catholic children, I will only mention two facts which among others came to the knowledge of Parliament. In a village school of the province of Posen, a Protestant inspector, a farmer I believe, asked the child what was the religion of Charlemagne. The child replied: "He was a Catholic." "That's untrue," cried the inspector, "he was a Christian."—Another inspector in Rhenish Prussia whom the children greet with the Christian salutation usual among the German Catholic country people: "Praised be Jesus Christ," is accustomed to say for want of a better answer, "Thank you, children." In his reply to the complaints of the Catholic members, the Minister of Public Worship insisted on the necessity of breaking the parents' opposition, and exercising a strict State control over Catholic schools, in order to remove ignorance and prejudice in support of which argument Dr. Falk told the following story. In a village in Rhenish Prussia, a little boy was asked by the school inspector: "Who is now the highest State official in Rhenish Prussia?" Answer, "The Vicar-General of Cologne." "Why?" "Because the Archbishop is in prison?" "And why is the Archbishop in prison?" "Because he wished to save the faith, which they want to take away from us" (cheers from the Central Party). "Who told you this?" "I am not going to tell you, I should be a traitor if I did" (renewed cheers from the Centre). Dr. Falk: "You find this pleasant, I call it a rotten fruit, and I shall lop off the branch of the tree on which it grew." Of course, Dr. Falk will lop off as long as Bismarck will allow him to do so; but at the same time his Excellency might learn from this little child that the influence of parents, especially in times of persecution, will always prove stronger than the mandates of hired schoolmasters, and that it will be impossible for those to eradicate from the hearts of their pupils the healthy seed sown by loving parents. So after all, there is hope in Prussia of a final victory of parents' right over Government's might.

As an off set to this persecution we have the recognised fact that all religion is sinking to a startling degree in the whole of Germany.

Mr. John Donnelly has entered an action against the Corporation of Montreal for the recovery of \$464,579, being for balance of monies due him on his Contract for the Inland Out, and for damages.

OUR FIRST CANADIAN SAINT.

Doubtless it will be a source of unfeigned joy to the heart of the Catholic Church in this country to learn that the preliminary inquiries relative to the beatification of Marguerite Bourgeoys, the foundress of the Congregation Nuns of this city, have been completed. All the evidences of sanctity, of miracles and public veneration, have been gathered by a commission of inquiry, and form a bulky tome of six hundred pages, to be transmitted to the Holy See for the further sifting examination of the Congregation of Rites. The precaution and prudence of the process of inquiry adopted by this Congregation, makes it impossible for any but the real Saints of God, to pass to the very first stages of their searching analysis. At times the trials of our law courts, in cases of murder and atrocious deeds of crime, the inquiry is exhaustive and painstaking; but the longest and most searching trial on record; can bear no comparison to the long, tedious and impartial investigation made by the Roman Theologians and lawyers into the virtues and claims of the candidates to sanctity. The mode of proceeding is simple. First a commission of inquiry is sent from Rome, or appointed by special delegation by the Bishop of the place where the Saint lived. Every item of evidence is then gathered, witnesses examined, miracles proved, and the traditions of the people, as far as possible, are sifted and reported; the documents, accompanied by the comments of the promoters of the inquiry, are presented to the Congregation; first to the Cardinals for private study, then in the regular session the promoter of this special case asks the question—An signanda sit commissio introductionis cause? (Is the commission for the introduction of the cause to be signed?)

If the majority of the vote be affirmative, the whole process is presented to the Holy Father who again has it examined with the assistance of a select corps of counsellors, and if it pass his approbation, the servant of God has henceforth the title of Venerable. But this is only the commencement of the real inquiry. Years must now elapse before the Congregation will pass it to another stage; theologians and lawyers, bearing the unenviable titles of Devil's Advocates, will interpose all the objections that science and skill can conjure up against the case. They have been so successful in their opposition that there are cases before the Congregation over a hundred years, that could never pass more than the first stage of inquiry. In matters of so much importance, great precaution is necessary, and no case will pass the rigid and merciless scrutiny of the Devil's advocates, unless the claims to sanctity are irrefragably proved.

English Protestants cannot understand the working of the Church in the canonization of the servants of God. They reject everything relating to declarations of sanctity or the performance of miracles, if not with scorn and abuse, certainly with a marked degree of incredulity. As an instance of this, we remember to have heard of a strange case that happened at Rome very recently. A Protestant clergyman ridiculed the proceedings of the Congregation in presence of one of its advocates. He rejected all modern miracles; perhaps he did not know why, but yielding to that prejudice and mode of thinking characteristic of Anglican unbelief, he flippantly accused the whole Catholic Church of imposture and credulity. The following day, the Advocate brought him a bundle of papers which happened to be proof of over forty miracles, recently performed in various parts of the world by servants of God, whose case for beatification was then before the Congregation. He read them through, and studied their proofs with a mind well stored with scholastic erudition. He returned the papers to the advocate, stating he found all the miracles satisfactorily proved; he added if all our Catholic miracles were proved like these he would have no difficulty in believing. It happened that these forty miracles were rejected by the Congregation.

The examination of the heroic virtues of the Saint is the most difficult and most tedious in the process of beatification. The practice of virtue and a career of sinless life, are not sufficient for the exalted title and veneration of a Saint. There are holy and sinless people in every grade of life; the number is greater than many fancy; but the Saints that are venerated on our altars, whose names are emblazoned on our annals with the glory of heroic sanctity, are few and far between. They are chosen souls called by Heaven for a special work of grace, and endowed with a special grandeur of character that made them instruments of lasting blessings to a country or a community.

Such was the humble Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose noble calling was the sunlight of the century she lived in, and whose holy and enlightened communities are the glory and the pride of our Canada. The devoted sisters of the Congregation are scattered over the country in institutions of virtue and learning unsurpassed in any other country; we therefore join in the congratulation of a large circle of appreciative people who greet with pleasure the auspicious commencement towards the canonization of their roundness,—the first Canadian Saint.

The "Religious Daily" sneers at the process of inquiry for the beatification of Marguerite Bourgeoys. The systems that canonizes at the tomb the souls of murderers and adulterers cannot afford to ridicule the process of beatification. The journal that is issued under the auspices of religious principles, if they be not pagan principles, should, certainly laud heroic virtue wherever it is found. But even from pagan literature we can read our contemporary a lesson that would bring a blush to the withered cheek of an infidel or scoffer.

Seneca revered the shade of Scipio, and confirmed his yet wavering faith in the soul's immortality, at the tomb of that great man; but not satisfied with this evidence of respect for the illustrious dead Seneca explains to us his feelings, as if he, a pagan of the time of Nero, intended to vindicate our veneration for the saints whom the Emperor was then sending to Heaven by the ensanguined path of Martyrdom. "Wherefore" says he "should we not preserve portraits of great men and honor the day of their birth that we may be incited to virtue? If we meet a pretor or a consul, we dismount un-

cover our heads and give him way; and when the two Catos, the wise Laelius, Socrates, Plato, Zeno, and Cleanthes present themselves to our minds, shall we not testify for them a veneration they so much deserve? For my part I honor them from my heart, and whenever I hear their names mentioned I arise to testify my esteem." (Seneca Epist 86.)

Our adversaries have no saints. Whilst they laud to the skies those who excel others in the science of war or the paths of literature, they ridicule the Catholic Church for recognizing the heroes of virtue and charity. There is both ingratitude and error in the assertion that the saints are mere creatures and cannot help us now. These were men who wore themselves to death in philanthropic exertions, who made great sacrifices and labored day and night in the cause of suffering humanity, who left for their country, monuments of zeal, of blessing, and utility that should call forth a benediction; but their names are greeted by our Protestant friends with a contemptuous sneer; the same would generously contribute to a statue of Voltaire or Garibaldi.

But are the saints unable to assist us now? A part from the unequivocal teachings of the Sacred text and the unbroken tradition of the church, testifying to the communion of Saints, is it not presumptuous in any man to determine with precision, to demonstrate to an accuracy the degree of knowledge which it has pleased the Increased Wisdom to impart to his elect in Paradise? It requires no ordinary degree of self-complacency to enable a man to determine the limits of the power of the Saints of God. Enjoying a state of existence of which we are necessarily ignorant; invested with new properties inherent to a state of being so different from ours; more rapid in their motions than the dart which flies or the eagle which soars aloft; more subtle or penetrating than air or light, and as impalpable as the ray which is reflected in the pure wave, and which no human power can harm,—gifted with all these advantages, is it possible the saints do not know what passes on earth? Are incorporeal spirits unable to pierce the cloud that interposes between them and us? If the pagan philosophers, who judged virtue by appearances and believed in it without the test of miracles and raised altars in its honor, are we not excusable—we, who have seen the power of God manifested by its agency—in believing that virtue is no less efficacious in the other world than it had been powerful in this? Could the infirm who had been healed by the shadow of St. Peter suppose that his glorious soul was less powerful in heaven than his mortal body had been on earth; could it be the great spittle who had so much zeal and charity could divest himself of those sublime virtues when in bliss, and be insensible to their tears and as deaf to their supplication as the marble of his tomb?

The Catholic Church which has successively promoted the moral improvement of the people, has highly benefited society by encouraging the veneration of the saints. The slave who had sanctioned his servitude, the poor man—the northern barbarian the woman or child, in whom virtue shone regardless of rank were held up by the church to the veneration of the world. Placed as lights on the rocks of eternity and attached to us who are yet tossed about on the stormy sea of time, the saints by their prayers to God, protect us in the hour of danger and serve as guiding beacons to guide our course during the tempest. How many feeble virtues would have suffered shipwreck had they not taken refuge near those tutelary towers where are suspended a thousand spiritual bucklers to repel the attacks of the prince of darkness! How often would the sons of men have been uncertain of their course amidst the pitchy darkness of ignorance had not the bright examples of the saints shed a luminous ray on their path!

And let it not be said, as Protestants love to object, that the example of the saints is not necessary for us; we have in the person of our Lord the most perfect model for our imitation; for there are virtues which the penitent alone can practice and these were not found in Christ. Our divine Master might well say, Learn of me to be just, to be good, merciful and charitable, but He could not say learn of me to weep for your sins—to rise courageously after your fall and persevere in the spirit of penitential fervour; He was without sin and consequently without remorse, but the Gospel supplies the model of penitence in placing at the feet of Jesus the sinful woman whom repentance hath sanctified.

THE CREDULITY OF FANATICISM.

The annual trade in the British Senate against the Conventual Establishments, whilst ventilating the bigotry of honorable members has also produced evidence of the most dishonorable and mean trickery. We would scarcely notice the disgraceful tactics of the English fanatics were we not assured, our readers will recognise in those proceedings, that chips of the same block have come across the Atlantic, and have endeavored from time to time to play the same game here, in our own enlightened community.

Mr. Newdegate as usual, presented piles of petitions from various parts of England, reeking with the most offensive bigotry and falsehood, calling for the suppression of the English Conventual Establishments; he would invariably point with an air of triumph to the public sentiment expressed in those petitions, and such demands were to be respected by Parliament. It has been found that many if not all of these petitions were forgeries, and although signed by his name, the hypocrite denied the paternity of the petitions in the Assembly. The correspondent of our esteemed contemporary, The Catholic Review, gives us a picture of English corruption that makes us feel sympathy for those, who in our very city, have taken leaves from the book of calumny and misrepresentation.

The other day Mr. Lewis, one of the Catholic members of Parliament, looking over the petitions which had been printed, came across one which attracted his special attention. It had been presented, according to the record, by Mr. Newdegate, and it purported to have come from the "Protestant Dissenters of Chatham." It set forth that the convents and monasteries in England and Ireland were "convents for murderers and conspirators;"

that the "nuns are treated most cruelly, being made the victims of horrors which far surpass anything that has entered the minds of the most fanatical enemies of convents;" that the nuns "have a hell here and a hell hereafter;" and that they "can be put to death, or much worse, with less risk of vengeance here than in Italy or Spain." Mr. Lewis went to Mr. Newdegate and told him that having read those wicked and shameful lies, of which Mr. Newdegate had become the sponsor, he intended to call the attention of the House to the matter, and to speak of it in the terms which it deserved. Mr. Newdegate became very much excited, and after some hesitation declared that he had not presented the petition, and that his signature attached to it was a forgery. "Then," said Mr. Lewis, "you must say so to the House."

The scene in the House was characteristic of the cowardly and subservient heroes of Protestant honor. Newdegate if he were a man, would have hid himself from public gaze.

Mr. O. Lewis observed that as he was the member through whose instrumentality the matter had been brought to light, the house would perhaps allow him to say a few words on the subject. While unreservedly accepting the statement of the honorable member for North Warwickshire that he had neither signed the petition nor was cognizant of its contents, he could not help observing that the honorable member had on many occasions in that house made insinuations almost as bad against the English and Irish Catholic ladies who chose to reside in conventual establishments. The affair, he confessed, was a mysterious one, and afforded some light as to the proceedings of those persons by whom the agitation against these ladies was set on foot and as to their good faith and honorable feelings. He had no doubt that when next the honorable member was enlarging upon the immoral and dangerous character of convents, he would, as usual, point to the number of petitions on the subject as showing that the feeling of the public was with him, but after the exposure of that day people would know what value to set upon such. An agitation which could not be conducted without fraud and forgery and making charges equally devoid of truth and decency would never injure those good and useful women, while it would leave an indelible stain upon the reputation of all connected with it (hear, hear).

Mr. Callan gave notice that to-morrow, as a matter of privilege, he would call attention to the subject, and move for a select committee to inquire into the circumstances under which the petition had been presented and the signature of the honorable member for North Warwickshire attached to it.

The next night, however, there were fresh disclosures. The petitions had been further examined and three others like to the one from Chatham were discovered, each bearing Newdegate's name. The signature was exactly like Newdegate's. They contained the same base falsehoods, and one of the members, Mr. Callan, demanded whether Newdegate would now take the responsibility of these atrocious libels, or would sneak out of them as he did on a former occasion when he was confronted by Sir Charles Clifford (whose sister is a nun), and when he meanly sheltered himself behind the plea of a Parliamentary privilege? Mr. Hubert followed with some scathing remarks, denouncing the mean and false tricks to which such men as Newdegate had recourse, to misrepresent the Catholic institutions, declaring too that it was intolerable, that the house should be made the machine for the reception and printing of these vile slanders upon holy men and women, who gave their lives to the service of God, and the poor. Newdegate for once was quite crushed, and he probably would have sneaked out of the house in silence, had not a Mr. Mundella come to his assistance. He said he shared to the utmost the indignation of the Catholic members, but that perhaps, Newdegate had been deceived as to the words of the petition, or had signed them without reading them. Newdegate then arose and made a shuffling and contradictory statement, in which he states that his name had been signed to these petitions by some one having his authority to do so! The affair ended by the adoption of a motion for the rejection of all these petitions. The plot has given us an insight into the manner in which anti-catholic agitation is carried on; its weapons are falsehood, fraud, and forgery.

THE LATE DANIEL ROONEY.

It is with much regret that we record the death of a very old friend, Mr. Daniel Rooney, fortified by the last consoling rites of our holy religion, he departed this life, after a lingering and weary struggle with that fell destroyer, Consumption, about 9 o'clock on Saturday evening. Mr. Rooney had been in the employ of the Trinity House for more than eighteen years, and on its disappearance from official existence in 1873, when its duties were transferred to the Harbour Board, he was retained in the position he had so long and faithfully fulfilled, and continued therein up to the date of his death. Deceased was formerly sergeant in the 26th Regiment and subsequently received a commission as Lieutenant in the Prince of Wales Rifle. He was an active, obliging and extremely efficient officer, and his place will be filled with difficulty. His duties were to keep the register of all arrivals and clearances of sea-going vessels, he also making out the returns of collections for the Decayed Pilot Fund and acting generally as a clerk. The kindly face and words of Mr. Rooney and the care and attention which he invariably bestowed upon all applicants at his office, even when his patience was greatly tried, proved him to be a most valuable officer, and will cause him to be held in affectionate remembrance by very many of his surviving mercantile friends. We cordially endorse the recommendation of our daily contemporaries that the Government will see some way for making at least some slight provision for his family, as the disease of which he died—Consumption—was accelerated, if not wholly brought on, by the wretchedly damp and unwholesome quarters he was compelled to occupy during the performance of his duties.

The "Great Gleanery Lottery" which was to have come off to-day (Thursday), is unavoidably postponed—a large number of the "duplicates" having been sent in too late to allow sufficient time for the numbering and assorting of the prizes. The Lottery will be held—without fail—on Thursday, the 3rd day of August.

The Rev. P. Conway, P. P. of St. Paul's has been appointed Chancellor of the Arch-Diocese of Toronto.

MORE RECRUITS.

Our contemporary the Daily Witness is the chosen vehicle through which the great apostles of proselytism in this Province, love to herald their exploits. For some time past the readers of that journal have not had the pleasure of contemplating by lists of hundreds at a time the labors of the Apostate Chiniquy and after the exposure lately made by Mr. Le Mettaye Masselin, it is hardly probable that the name of any new convert will be paraded until the effect of that gentleman's unpleasant revelations have blown over. In the meantime, prudence being the best part of valor, since the home made article has found such a wretched failure, another field somewhat distant has been chosen as the locus in quo converts from Catholicism are being manufactured in wholesale style. This time it is the Parish of Levis in the Diocese of Quebec that is honored by the supposed correspondents of the Witness. A long letter was first addressed to and published by that journal in the French language purporting to have been signed by forty persons stating that they had abjured the errors of Popery etc. etc. This document appeared on the 21st instant and was considered so valuable an evidence of the progress of Protestantism amongst our French Canadian brethren that it was translated and published in English in the issue of last Saturday. No doubt the document is a very interesting one to those who patronize the French Canadian Missionary Society. To give it all the value that these people might desire there is unfortunately one essential ingredient wanting and that is truth. The pretended conversions do not exist outside of the columns of the Daily Witness as the following documents will clearly establish.

Sr. JOSEPH DE LEVIS, April, 26th 1876.

Mr. Editor.—The Daily Witness in its issue of the 21st inst., has published a long letter addressed to the Parish Priests of Notre Dame and St. Joseph of Levis, bearing about forty signatures from two parishes.

The first part of this letter contains a great many insults to the address of our holy religion, and in the second part a formal declaration of abandoning it. It was a pretended act of apostasy. Allow us, Mr. Editor, to solicit of you the favor of publishing in your columns the following document which shall be a peremptory answer to the accusations brought against any one of our parishioners, whose names have been made to appear in the Witness.

To-day, as of old, we remark that error has recourse to the same means to propagate itself—calumny and falsehood.

The other names published in the Witness are totally unknown in St. Joseph and Levis, with the exception of one whom we have not been yet able to meet.

We have the honor to be, etc.

T. D. DEZEL, P.P. E. FAFARD, P.P. We, Joseph Croteau, Pierre Dion, Charles Ruel, Aurelie Plante, Joseph Ruel, Marie Ruel, Xavier Proulx, Francois Proulx, Leon Duguet, dwelling in the parishes of St. Joseph and Levis, solemnly declare that we have never any knowledge of a letter addressed to the Revs. E. S. Fafard and D. Dezuel, dated from Levis, South Quebec, April 8, 1876; before its publication in the Witness of the 21st inst., 2nd. That we most absolutely repudiate it. 3rd. That we condemn the principles it contains, and that we remain now, as in the past, attached with all the powers of our soul to the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, in whose bosom we were baptised and in which we desire to die. We make this solemn declaration, believing it conscientiously true in virtue of the Act passed in the thirty-seventh year of Her Majesty's reign.

Charles Ruel his mark
Aurelie Plante his mark
Joseph Ruel his mark
Marie Ruel his mark
Xavier Proulx his mark
Francois Proulx his mark
Joseph Croteau his mark
Pierre Dion his mark
Dion Ruel his mark
Cyrille Ruel his mark
Leon Duguet his mark
A. Fournier his mark

This solemn declaration has been made in my presence, Pierre Bourget, Justice of the Peace for the District of Quebec, undersigned, St. JOSEPH DE LEVIS, April 24th, 1876.

Pierre Bourget, J. P.

If we have referred to this subject at all it is for these reasons. First, in justice to the respectable Catholics whose names have been infamously paraded as having apostatized and turned their backs on the teachings of the Church, and secondly for the benefit of our readers at a distance who we know have occasionally had their attention directed to the supposed progress of proselytism as reported in the Witness. As a rule Catholics in Montreal do not read the Witness, and even if they did, the tactics of that journal with reference to Catholicity are so well known that they have ceased long ago to impose on the most unwary.

The parties whose faith have been outraged in the libellous communication alluded to above, have taken steps to sift the matter thoroughly and we find the following legal demand has been forwarded to the Daily Witness:—

LAWYER'S LETTER.

Mr. Editor.—The number of your journal published on the 21st instant contains a letter entitled "Letter of Abjuration," apparently signed by Cyrille Ruel. I am charged by this gentleman to enquire if you take the responsibility of this article, and, if not, to demand the name of the author. My instructions are to take immediate proceedings in default of a satisfactory answer. I have the honor to be, sir, Yours, &c., Jos. J. BOSSÉ, Advocate.

Quebec, April 28, 1876.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—On the morning of the 18th, ult., a very interesting Ceremony took place in the Mount St. Joseph's Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Hartford, Conn., U.S., being the reception of Miss Teresa (in religion, Sister M. Gonzaga) eldest daughter of Mr. James Whelan of this City. The Ceremony was performed by His Lordship Bishop Galberry, assisted by the Rev. Father Hughes, V.G., and other Clergymen who were present to witness this very edifying Ceremony.—Con.

The very Rev'd. Vicar General Laurent, the esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, having obtained leave of absence for three months, intends visiting La Belle France. The Rev'd. Father Rohleder of St. Michael's Cathedral, will discharge the duties of Parish Priest of St. Patrick's during the temporary absence of the Very Rev'd. Gentleman.

THE CONFSSIONAL.

The Bishop of Kingston at Brockville.

On Wednesday evening, his Lordship Bishop O'Brien delivered his celebrated lecture entitled "The Confessional to one of the largest audited assemblies in Brockville. The lecturer once ever assembled in the Confessional Roman began by stating that the Sacrament of Penance, Catholics understood by Christ and not by Priest, which was established by Christ and none of whom a Bishop, Pope or Church, none of whom can make a Sacrament. As Roman Catholics, we believe that Christ established this Sacrament 1843 years ago, when he formed one fold, with one shepherd. The Holy Sacraments correspond to the wants of the soul. We are all born with the same original stain. We are all born with the same original stain. We which can only be washed away by Baptism. We have Confirmation to sustain the spirit, and the blessed Eucharist for the hungry soul. When a young man or young woman is consecrated to the service of God, we have the Sacrament of "Holy Ordinance." When a man and woman plight their faith they are bound by the Sacrament of Matrimony. The Sacrament of Penance or the Confessional comes to all, the high and the low, the lettered and the unlettered.

The Sacrament of Penance may be regarded under three distinct heads: First, contrition, that is sorrow felt for our sins; second, confession of the sins; third, satisfaction.

The confessional appears to be particularly objectionable to persons who are not members of the Catholic Church, and this, to me, is something which I cannot understand. We are told that going to the confessional is an act of humiliation. The expression is "I go to a man who perhaps is no better than myself and confess my sins." But is not this self-humiliation a strong argument in favor of the confessional? When man sins, it is an act of pride against Heaven. Now honestly, the best way to cure pride is by humiliation. The Catholic religion says "humble yourself before your Creator." What more just or natural? Again, we are told that the confessional is hard. Calvin said "it was a torture to the conscience." When we are in trouble, what more natural than applying to a friend to whom we unbosom our troubles? If we do this, in things pertaining to ordinary affairs, much more are we inclined to unbosom ourselves to one, who is bound by all that is sacred and human not to reveal the confession. Even a priest cannot speak to the party who made the confession, of what was revealed, without first obtaining the permission of the persons who made the confession.

We are also told that the confessional is an encouragement to sin. All that a Catholic has to do after committing sin is to go to the priest and obtain absolution. The truth is that before pardon can be given, a man must be sorry for his sins and promise to avoid them in the future.

We are told that the confessional is immoral. When a young man, who has been stealing from his employer, goes to the confessional, the priest says, "before your sins can be pardoned, you must make restitution." Is this immoral? On the contrary, does it not tend to make men honest and truthful? When a man blasphemes and confesses that he has frequented evil company, that he has been unfaithful to the vows plighted at marriage, he is told that he must obey the laws of God, that he must sincerely repent, that he must abandon evil deeds and evil thoughts, that he must become pure before God, as only then will pardon be given. Away with such silly objections, away with vilifications, away with foul interpretations cast upon the confessional by those who have left the Catholic Church, and whose cause for leaving is perhaps best known to themselves. I know, and my Catholic friends, you all know that a man or woman cannot go regularly to confession and not be good and pure and honest.

We are told that the priest cannot forgive sins, that none but God can forgive sins. I admit that God only can forgive sins. But if God could forgive sin, could he not delegate that power to others? You say yes.

We know that Christ could forgive sins. He never performed a miracle to prove that he had that power. When he organized His Church, He made but one fold and one shepherd, one spiritual kingdom. Now, the whole question hinges upon an historical point. Did he delegate that power. If he delegated it, we must go the delegates to obtain pardon.

The simple fact of Christ's death will save no person; we must work out our own salvation. Christ could delegate the power. Now our Saviour was in the habit of foretelling that which was to come to pass. In the 6th chapter of St. John, we learn that Jesus said unto them, (the Disciples), "Verily, verily I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."

"Whosoever eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

In Matthew, 16th Chapter, we find the promise made, "And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock, I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." We are told that the Bishops and Priests keep the Scriptures from the hands of the people. The truth is the Scriptures belong to the Roman Catholics. Who preserved the Scriptures before the art of printing, who copied and multiplied the same, who put the various books together, and decided by a Council that they were genuine? I answer without fear of contradiction, the Roman Catholic Church. When Christ said to Peter, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in Heaven;" he made a promise by which Peter was to open Heaven. When a man has the key of a house, he can open the door, and not only pass in himself, but also allow others to pass in. Christ did not give at that time but said, "I shall give." We find the realization in the 20th Chapter of St. John, where we read, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Here the Lord gave the power to His Church, beyond any doubt, dispute or cavil. The priest forgives sin by this power, and not in consequence of his wisdom or learning. The Lord came to consummate the means to save the world. The church is a corporation, established by Christ, to remain until Christ comes again. This corporation was established 1843 years ago, and in the church, or his spiritual kingdom here, he left that grand power. He left the way to obtain pardon, the means for forgiving sin. He said in words, "You are my Church, you can forgive sins, I forgive sins." Christ must have been understood, when he said, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted," and history proves that he has been so understood by the great body of Christians for 1843 years. When a man confesses all his sins, the priest has power to forgive. If the priest doubts him, he says, "Take a week or two weeks, you can only receive absolution when you have sincerely repented." What do the words quoted from the 20th Chapter of St. John, mean? If Christ gave power to only one body, there must be a thousand votes for those who reject that body. But perhaps you say, "The power did not descend from the Apostles." You say to the Priest and the Bishop, "You are not an Apostle." "You have not the power of the Apostles." Christ loved the world; he loves us the same as the Apostles; he will love our children's children, who may live a thousand years hence. When he gave the power to the Apostles, there was no clause of limitation, and in the old law there no such clause exists; we are to put no limitation upon the law. Christ spoke to the Apostles and their

rightful successors. He said to the Church, "Go forth and teach for all days," thus speaking to a corporation, which was to last for ever. All the sects, that left the Catholic Church in the fourth and fifth centuries, retained the confessional. The Greek has retained the confessional and all the other Sacraments, thus for over 1,000 years we prove that the confessional has existed. Even in the third century, we read the identical words were used, that are employed by the priests at the present day. Surely these sects, such as the Arians, when they left the Church did not originate the confessional; they retained it and perpetuated it as one of the Holy Sacraments. Christ gave the power to forgive and retain. The priests were to be the judges, how could they decide whether to forgive or retain until they heard the case? Sinners must therefore go before the judges. The confessional is not mentioned in the text but its institution by divine authority is perfectly plain. Let us thank God for this beautiful Sacrament; we know that the confessional is the most powerful means in the world to make us pure and chaste and honest and upright. —Recorder.

MODERN PREACHING.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir, — In Saturday's issue April 22 of the Evening Star, appears an article with the above heading signed "Willing Hearer."

It is a sort of appeal to clergymen to think for themselves, and not to allow their reason to be clouded by the creeds of their respective churches. Speaking of the Trinity—one God, yet three persons, W. H. remarks, "They preach that this is a mystery, and must be believed not understood."

Now, to make belief possible, reason must be satisfied that the thing believed is at least rational and consistent. The Bible speaks of only one God and expressly says there is no other. Being no preacher of any denomination, it may seem out of place for me to interfere in other people's business; yet leaving the clergy to answer as they may deem proper, I have thrown together the following thoughts on the subject with the sole view of giving a reason for the faith that is in me and that ought to be in every Catholic.

According to W. H. all the mysteries of the Christian religion—the Trinity—the Atonement—the Resurrection of the body ("a thing according to him impossible, and not all desirable even if it were")—Everlasting Punishment, &c., are "nothing but doctrinal fictions which are used to cloud the plain meaning of Scripture. Any man, he says, who will read the Bible with an unprejudiced mind and use his reason and intelligence will find these (fictions) dissolve at once." But for this appeal to the Bible one would naturally take W. H. for a Duist. Is his reason and intelligence of that transcendent order that the Deity neither can nor ought to pronounce anything above his comprehension? Has not the Almighty, the unequalled right to our perfect acceptance of all His revealed truth whether we understand it or not? Is it not in strict harmony with His perfections that He should thus demand from His creatures a slight sacrifice of knowledge they might exclaim: "We are gods and will worship our reason alone. But what does the modern negation of all the mysteries—even the Resurrection signify? Is it not the final act of the grand conspiracy of the Reformation against the Lord and His Christ? Is mystery unbecomingly to the human mind? On the contrary, it is firmly rooted in our nature. The first act of religion required of our First Parents was a mystery. The religion of the Jews was mysterious, and utterly incomprehensible to the nations around them. The rite of circumcision—the Ark of the Covenant, as well as their holocausts, oblations were mysterious. The religion of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans was also, as if by a law of nature, based on mystery. Even the anti-Christian religion of Freemasonry is hedged around with dread secrets and mysterious emblems. Hence it follows that the present any form of worship cast aside this heaven woven garment as a useless and unmeaning rag, it ceases to be a religion.

But apart from Divine Mysteries, there are what may be termed the mysteries of human science. One man is a mystery to his fellowman. The astronomer, who computes by millions of miles the distance of the sun from the earth, and who calculates its solid bulk to be many hundred times that of our Planet, a being of mysterious order is to the rustic who can form no other idea of measurement than that of the yardsticks or tape line. Many a peasant, otherwise shrewd and intelligent might feel disposed to question the accuracy of the astronomer's calculations. If inclined to be jocular, we may fancy him inquiring if the distance was accomplished in a balloon, or on what lofty mountain he placed his ladder as a point d'appui. Under such circumstances, any scientific demonstration would be like casting pearls before swine. Still, the astronomer might succeed in convincing the rustic. He might say as a greater than he once said, "If you will not believe me for my words believe me at least for my works." On a certain day—at a certain hour—commencing at a certain minute, you will behold an eclipse of the sun partial, annular or total as the case may be. He may likewise unfold to him the marvels of the telescope, revealing the hitherto unseen mountains of the moon, the wonderful belts of Saturn and Jupiter, &c., beholding which the puny intelligence of the uneducated man gives way and falls down prostrate in submission before the godlike intellect of the astronomer. In this manner did Christ establish the truth of the mysteries which He pronounced to His disciples. He confirmed their faith by the stubborn fact of miracles, curing the sick, raising the dead, feeding five thousand with five barley loaves and two fishes. In this last miracle there is not only something supernatural but mysterious. For it is recorded that after the hunger of that vast multitude had been appeased, there were gathered up of the fragments twelve-baskets. If W. H. ready to pronounce this miracle false, or the biographers of Jesus imposters? Human reason unaided by faith would adopt one or the other supposition, for physically speaking a part can no more be greater than the whole, then the Three Divine Persons can be One God. By the evidence of miracles the Apostles confirmed the great truths of Christianity—the Trinity—the Atonement—the Resurrection, &c. If what they preached was no "doctrinal fictions," but what any man using his reason and intelligence could perfectly understand; what use of miracles? We require no miracle to prove that two and two make four. In the same manner the Catholic church in all succeeding ages has appealed to the evidence of miracles, in confirmation of the truth of the doctrines delivered by her Divine Founder. They may not be of such frequent occurrence as in the earlier period of her existence, but they are still numerous enough and vested with an authenticity that challenges the most searching investigation. By them the faithful are still encouraged in these days of scepticism when infidelity, like a second deluge threatens to overstep the land—to pervert the faith once delivered to the saints, and to lend a willing ear to their pastors, of whom it is to lead a willing ear to their pastors, of whom it was said: "He that heareth you heareth Me." If "Willing Hearer" be not a misnomer or a Lucus à l'air luendo, I counsel him in all charity to go and do likewise.

A. G. G.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Brien, of Kingston, announces that since he entered on his episcopal duties he has collected \$24,300 towards paying of the debt of St. Mary's Cathedral.

REVIEWS.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for May.—Sadlier & Co. There are few of the Monthly serials published this side of the Atlantic more welcome or more justly appreciated than the Catholic World. The menu of this month's literary repast is extremely rich and attractive. Each article would require a notice for itself to do justice to the whole. Opening with the "Root of our present Evils" in which we have a useful and thoughtful essay. The Review of Madame Craven's *Veil Withdrawn* is not too laudatory of that inimitable pen that knows the language of the heart. The life of the Abbess of St. Clare of Nuremberg is an interesting and new page of history, at least for the English language, from the sad times of the so called Reformation in Germany. Napoleon I. and Pius VII. is an interesting paper on the relations between two great men. Modern English Poetry. *Easter at St. Peter's Church and Liberty, Sacred Epigraphy*. Are all articles that are well worth reading. The annual subscriptions of the Catholic World is \$4.50—Single copies 45 cents.

THE YOUNG CRUSADE, for May.—Also Messrs. Sadlier. More interesting than ever. There are several very pretty pieces. We believe *Phil Nolan's last Stake*, a very interesting story. The Eviction, and Victoria, and several other articles are very good. For young people, the Crusader is a welcome little volume. Its moral and Catholic tone renders it doubly attractive for those who have to cater for the safe literature to be placed in the hands of young people.

REPORT OF THE YEAR.—May number, from Carleton & Co., N. Y. & C.

This is what it professes to be. A reference scrap book; being the Monthly record of every important event of any nature worth preserving, together with a careful selection of the choicest current miscellany. This serial is moreover a fair specimen of what an industrious scissoring can do. The compiler is evidently Moody struck. This number is completely under the auspices of the revival hero, but perhaps time will tell this industrious man of the scissors, he could meet many public tastes with more epluy matter. However we like the *Record* and will keep it for reference as well as literary recreation.

DANIEL DERONDA.—Dawson Bros. The third number of this very interesting story to *hand. Maidens Choosing* is the appropriate title. The London *Tales* gives the story a great deal of praise. It has characterized this story as one of the literary events of the year.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Authorized discount on American invoices 11 per cent.

The Rev. Father O'Donnell, of Prescott, received a \$250 Ester offering.

Circulars have been issued by St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, soliciting subscriptions towards the enlargement, painting and embellishment of that edifice.

The Dominion Auditors' report of circulation and specie shows total notes in circulation to be \$11,359,719; excess of specie, \$120, 848.45.

The following is given as the assessment of Goderich for 1876.—Real estate, \$1,032,280; personal, \$87,530, and income, \$26,900, making a total of \$1,146,710; being an increase over last year of \$64,477.

The manager of the Melbourne Slate Quarry writes us that instead of only 8000 squares, more than four times that amount of slate was made there last year, and that from thirty to forty men were and are still employed.

At the Owen Sound Assizes, a Mrs. Henderson got judgment for \$175 against a tavernkeeper named Alex. Campbell, for giving liquor to her husband (who was in the habit of drinking to excess) after being notified not to do so.

The catch of halibut some 6,000 pounds in weight, taken by the crew of the little Gloucester schooner *Gazelle*, off Digby, which arrived at St. John on Thursday, 13th inst., was all sold to dealers in that city at a rate of from 4 1/2 to 5c per pound. It retails at 10 cents.

A correspondent of the *Winnipeg Free Press* says he first observed rooks on Friday, 7th ult., and large flocks of the same birds on next day. He also noticed a hawk flying over Main-street on Saturday, and on Sunday he met with a numerous flock of robins.

St. Hyacinthe, one of the most active towns in the Eastern townships, and one which suffered much from the depression of the past few months has now three boot and shoe manufacturing running on full time. In these establishments and three foundries there are seven hundred workmen employed.

Some wild geese were sold on the market on Saturday. One of them—a monster, weighing, it is said, sixteen pounds—was sold for \$1, 25. The man who sold the bird said that he killed it at 400 yards distance with a single ball from a rifle, after missing it once. This is a wonderful shot, if the particulars are correctly given.—*Belleisle Intelligence*.

A letter received by Mr. J. A. Gregory, of Quebec, from Gaspé Bay, Newfoundland, states that the past winter has been the most severe one experienced for many years, and that great distress has been caused by the severity of the weather and the failure of the fisheries. The letter also states that the sailing vessels were preparing to sail; but they anticipate a very hard spring, there being such a quantity of very heavy ice in the Gulf.

IMPORTATION OF CATTLE.—QUARANTINE.—An order in Council has been issued for the restriction and regulation of the importation of cattle and other animals, on account of a contagious disease prevailing in many parts of Europe. The importation of cattle from Europe is prohibited, except at Halifax, St. John and Quebec. And all importations through those ports are to be subject to a rigid quarantine.

FALL WHEAT.—The reports as to the condition of the fall wheat in the immediate neighbourhood of Lindsay are not favourable; but there is not much snow in Fenelon and further north where much more is grown the reports are favourable. It is said to be in as good condition as former years. One thing may have led to the impression that a deal has been winter-killed. There was little or no growth of the blade last fall; and therefore the fields have a bare aspect. A warm shower would start the roots, and enable a correct judgment to be formed of the extent of damage, if any.—*Post*.

The Canada Central and St. Lawrence and Ottawa railways have settled on the following increased rates between Ottawa and Brockville and Ottawa and Prescott.—General merchandise and all freight, in quantities less than carloads, as per Grand Trunk Railway classification, 4 times 1st class, 80c per 100 lbs.; 3 times 1st-class 60c per 100 lbs.; double 1st class, 40c per 100 lbs.; 1st class, 30c per 100 lbs.; 2nd class 15c per 100 lbs.; 3rd class, 12c per 100 lbs.; 4th class, 10c per 100 lbs. For carloads, (special) No. 1 winter, \$14, summer, \$12; No. 2, \$16 and \$14; No. 3, \$18 and \$16; No. 4, \$22 and \$18.

ports in the Maritime Provinces, while delivering such goods were allowed to take up way freight and passengers. The American steamers to Halifax, Charlottetown and Port Hawkesbury will be allowed to load passengers and freight at the first named port, but not to take up any for either of the other two or intermediate ports while delivering the balance of their cargoes."

THE BREADBALANCE CLAIMANT.—Mr Peter Campbell, of St. George's, N. B., claims to be the heir to the Breadbalance Estates, in Perthshire, Scotland. The property is 115 miles long and 30 broad, and yields a yearly income of \$600,000. Mr Campbell's claim is based as follows, and three firms of lawyers in England and Scotland are engaged in testing its validity. The following is the genealogical basis upon which Mr Campbell makes his claim:—John Glass Campbell, 1st Earl, had two sons by his first marriage, viz., Duncan and John. The Earl and Duncan joined the forces of the Pretender, and left the estate in charge of John, who called himself John, 2nd Earl. On his death, his son, also named John assumed the estates and the title of John, third Earl. About 12 years ago the third Earl died, and the descendants of Duncan could not be found. The estates, therefore, passed into the hands of a branch family,—the nearest of kin—the Glenfalloch Campbells, who agreed to transfer them to Duncan's heir if ever they should be discovered. This Duncan had two sons, Big Patrick and John. Big Patrick had one son, Big Duncan of the Sword, who had five sons, viz., John William, Alexander, Duncan Ban, and Donald. John, Alexander and Donald died, either unmarried or without issue. William had two sons, John and a Captain Donald, who contended for the estates twelve years ago, and both of whom died unmarried before the question was settled. Duncan Ban, the fourth son of Big Duncan, came to St. George's N. B., and left a son Duncan and others. Duncan died twenty years ago, and Peter Campbell, the present claimant is his son. He is thirty-six years of age. The legal gentlemen think the claimant's chances excellent.—*Halifax Citizen*.

OBITUARY.—One of the saddest duties of a journalist, says the *Toronto Tribune*, is to chronicle the demise of departed worth, and in discharge of this melancholy duty, we deeply regret to have to record the death of the beloved wife of our respected townsman, Thos. McCrossen Esq., which took place on the morning of Thursday 20th inst., at the early age of 38 years. The deceased lady was a native of Dundas, near Bath, England, and the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Parker, who was well known in this city. She died from Chronic Bronchitis after a lingering illness of three years, during which she suffered the greatest pains without complaining, and as her last moments approached she calmly awaited the happy moment which would end her sufferings on earth. Fortified by the consolations of that religion which she embraced in the full vigor of her young and ardent intellect, she resigned her soul to God, amid the sobs of her sorrowing friends, and passed away in sweetest peace, from this vale of tears, to the realms of eternal bliss. The funeral took place on Saturday last, the pall bearers being the Hon. Frank Smith, and Messrs P. Hughes, Cook, of Cook & Leak, Thos. Walls, Matthee O'Connor, and James Mason. The funeral cortege proceeded from the family residence 297 Jarvis Street, to St. Michael's Cathedral, where the customary services were performed by Revd Fathers Proulx and Shen, His Grace Archbishop Lynch and Very Revd. Vicar General Rooney, being present. His Grace briefly dwelt upon the virtues of the deceased lady, who was most highly esteemed for her many amiable Christian qualities of head and heart. Thence the remains were conveyed to the Catholic Cemetery on Yonge street. To her sorrowing husband and many friends we beg to tender our sincere condolence in this sad hour of their affliction. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

MICROSCOPE FOR SALE.—We have entrusted to us for disposal, a large binocular Microscope, one of the most powerful imported into this country, made to order by Cassells, London, England, with all modern improvements and necessary appliances for concentration and polarization of light. The owner leaving for Europe prefers to let the instrument go at a sacrifice rather than expose it to the danger of travel. Further particulars can be had from the Editor of the True Witness.

NEW AGENTS.—Mr. John Brennan, of Perth and Mr. S. Kelly, of Almonte, have kindly consented to act as agents for the True Witness in their respective localities.

Mr. Richard Devlin has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness in the City of Ottawa.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—All communications for insertion in the True Witness, or relating in any way to the news columns, must be addressed to THE EDITOR, True Witness, Montreal, and must be authenticated with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor reserves to himself the right of expunging from all such communications whatever matter he may consider objectionable, nor will he be in any way responsible for the opinions of Correspondents. Anonymous communications, or those written on both sides of the paper, will be consigned unread to the waste paper basket. If writers attach any value to their manuscripts they should keep copies of them, for in no case can rejected MSS. be returned.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All Business Letters, relating to Advertisements Subscriptions, supply of Copies, Back Numbers, &c. &c., should be addressed to the Proprietor, Mr. JOHN GILLES, TRUE WITNESS, MONTREAL, to whom Post-office Orders, Cheques, &c., should be made payable. Persons asking for receipts should enclose a postage stamp for same.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.—Souris, P. E. I., R. D. McD., \$2; Tracadie, N. B., M. E. B.; Red Islands, N. S., Rev J. McD., 2; Springtown, P. K. 2; Greenfield, A. K., 2; Bath, Mrs H. M. K., 2; St. John, N. B., D. S., 6; St. Raphaels, A. G., 2; Gower Point, Rev O. B.; Marmora, M. M., 2; Dalhousie Mills, W. C., 2; Carquet, N. B., Rev J. P., 2; Harrison's Corners, A. McL., 10.

Per Rev J. B. Buckingham—for Club, 10.
Per L. S. Sheenboro—Self, 1.75; J. S., 1.75; M. H., 1.75; E. C., 1.75; E. L., 1.75; P. M., 1.75; J. S., 1.75; W. D., 1.75; Fort William, W. J., 1.75.

Birth.—HOULAHAN.—At 196 Laguchetierre Street, Montreal, on Thursday, the 27th April, 1876, the wife of Mr. John Houlahan, of a daughter.

Died.—ROONEY.—In this city, on Saturday, 29th ult., Mr. Daniel Rooney, late Lieutenant in Prince of Wales Regiment. R. I. P.

WALSH.—In this city, on Sunday last, the 30th April, Mr. Patrick Walsh, late of the Adjutant General's office in Canada, in the 67th year of his age.—R. I. P.

COX.—In this city, on 30th April, James Charles, youngest son of P. J. Cox, aged seven months and six days.

McCROSSON.—At Toronto, on the 30th April, Deborah Elizabeth, aged 38 years, the beloved wife of Thomas McCrosson, Esq., R. I. P.

OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE REPORTS.

(CORRECTED FROM THE MONTREAL "GAZETTE")

Table with columns: STOCKS, Sellers, Buyers. Rows include Montreal, British North America, Ontario, City, People's, Molson's, Toronto, Jacques Cartier, Merchants', Hochelaga, Royal Townships, Quebec, St. Lawrence, Nationale, St. Hyacinthe, Union, Villa Maria, Mechanics', Royal Canadian, Commerce, Metropolitan, Dominion, Hamilton, Exchange.

Greenbacks bought at 12 dis. American Silver bought at 9 to 10 dis.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.—(Gazette)

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Rows include Flour, Superior Extra, Fancy, Spring Extra, Superline, Extra Superfine, Fines, Strong Bakers', Middlings, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Wheat, Oatmeal, Corn, Pease, Barley, Lard, Cheese, Pork, Dressed Hogs, Beef, Ashes, Firsts, Pearls, Seeds, Clover, Butter.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.—(Globe)

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Rows include Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Rye, Dressed hogs, Beef, Mutton, Butter, Eggs, Apples, Cheese, Turkeys, Cabbage, Onions, Turnips, Potatoes, Hay, Straw.

THE KINGSTON MARKET.—(British Whig)

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Rows include Flour, Family, Grain, Rye, Wheat, Fall Wheat, Meat, Mutton, Ham, Veal, Bacon, Pork, Hides, Calf Skins, Deka Skins, Lambkins, Tallow, Poultry, Eggs, Ducks, Fowls, GENERAL, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Hay, Straw, Wood, Coal, Wool.

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

WANTED immediately, for School Section No. 15, St. Raphaels, a SECOND or THIRD CLASS MALE TEACHER. Salary liberal. Address either of the Trustees, ALEX. BAIN, or ANGUS McRAE, St. Raphaels, P. O., Gleggary, Ont.

TREASURE OF PIOUS SOULS; OR, Different Methods of Obtaining Christian Perfection. BY A PRIEST OF THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL. Price, One Dollar. For sale at the Seminary.

TO BE SOLD at the SISTERS of the PROVIDENCE, all the ORNAMENTS, LINEN, and SACRED VASES, belonging to the CHAPEL of LA MARQUISE DE BASSANO. 364.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

AN INFAMOUS SORLERS.—The *Vocce della Verità* makes the following editorial announcement:—"We apprise all whom it may concern that it has come to our knowledge that Anglican Protestant clergymen, belonging to the sect of Puseyites or Ritualists, are travelling in Italy, and even in Rome, dressed exactly like our priests, and that two of them are boasting of having celebrated a sacrilegious Mass in an Italian Cathedral." This is Ritualism all over—at once cowardly, sneaking and sacrilegious, thinking it a fine thing to impose upon the sacrificants and clergy on the continent by a lie and a disguise. Noble, high minded fellows, worthy descendants of the perjured rascals who made the Reformation in England! Worthy sons of that Church whose whole history is a foul blot, the great disgrace of all human annals. These wretches are sure to meet with condign punishment at the hands of that God whom they have mocked.

GARBIBALDI WEARS HORNS.—Garibaldi is as unfortunate in his domestic relations as Victor Emmanuel. The hero of Capri is suing for a divorce from his second wife, the Marchesa Raimondi, of Milan. Ugly stories are current of the behavior of Mrs. Garibaldi. Surely now is the time for the American admirers of "the noble old man" to interpose their good offices. The morganatic spouse of "Victor Emmanuel," the Countess di Mirafiori ("thousand-flowers"), who formerly kept a milliner's shop in Turin, appeared recently in gorgeous robes in the royal box of the San Carlo Theatre of Naples, and now she demands of her good-looking husband that she shall forthwith be proclaimed Queen of Italy—or else! The aristocratic ladies of the pinchebeck kingdom consider her conduct "cheeky." By the by, it is the offspring of her alliance with Victor Emmanuel who has been forging his father's name to bills for immense sums. Hopeful boy! Happy household!

THE PERSECUTION AT GENEVA.—A fresh outrage against the decencies of religion is reported at Geneva. The Carteret administration have deliberately desecrated the Church of Notre Dame, which in defiance of law and justice has been taken from the Catholic body, although it was built with their money and guaranteed to them on the faith of the city. The use of the sacred edifice was granted to a set of performers belonging to the theatre as a music hall. The performances were but thinly attended, and the audience was not select. The outrageousness of the proceeding was not diminished by two circumstances. The profane concert was given in the church on a Sunday, and a law suit is still pending in which the Catholics are seeking, though without much hope of success, to establish their right over the edifice as against the Cantonal Government. In common decency the authorities should have at least refrained from making any use of the property until their right to its possession had been placed beyond question. At present they only hold it by the strong hand.

On the 2nd of April the so-called Old-Catholics of Wiesbaden took possession of the Catholic parish church in that town in a very violent manner. Having found the door locked, they demanded the key from the parish priest, and when it was refused they began hammering at the door until they broke the lock and nearly destroyed the whole door. Then the heretical mob, headed by their would-be "bishop," Reinken, entered the church in great triumph. The Holy Sacrament had been removed the day before to the chapel of a religious community. The whole number of independent Dolling-cities in Wiesbaden is supposed to be under 280; and for such a set of unbelievers, 15,000 Catholics are robbed of their rightful property! The parish of Wiesbaden sustained another loss that will be deeply felt by Catholic parents. By order of Dr. Falk the excellent Catholic school founded and directed by the Rev. Mr. Weyland, and highly appreciated by the Prussian school authorities themselves, was closed on the 1st of this month, in spite of the parents' protest and petitions to both Emperor and Minister. A deputation composed of the most respected citizens of the town had even gone to Berlin to solicit a prolongation of six months, until the parents should have found other suitable schools for their children, but—will it be believed?—they were unceremoniously refused admittance by the over-bearing Minister.

The wholesale defection of Protestants in Germany from common Christianity takes place quietly and without much demonstration; people simply abstain from frequenting places of worship and refuse all ministrations from their clergymen. "But, now and then, the intellectual leaders of Infidelity in order to spread their destructive doctrines, make a show of their numbers. Thus quite recently an assembly of 3,000 persons in Berlin declared openly and unambiguously that they had separated from all religion, believed in no God, and promised to exercise all their influence to destroy among the people the absurd notions of the existence of a Divinity. In England such a public declaration would not escape punishment, but in Prussia God may be blasphemed and denied with impunity; only these feel the severity of the law who speak disrespectfully of Bismarck and his officials. In the course of this week not less than five editors of Catholic papers had to appear before police courts to be tried for offences of the most absurd nature. Another gentleman was punished for having been disrespectful to a policeman. The latter having scolded him for some neglect in front of his own house, the gentleman remarked in a quiet tone: "You have nothing to say to me." For these seven words the gentleman was condemned to five days' imprisonment.

MIRACULOUS CURE AND CONVERSION BY MEANS OF THE WATER OF LOURDES.—The following account of an event which excited the wonder of all who were so happy as to witness it is taken from a letter written at Tananariva, Madagascar, by Rev. Father Allou, of the Society of Jesus, which was published in the *Annals of his Propagation of the Faith*:—"In the month of February, 1874, Sister Athanasia, a Nun of St. Joseph of Olney, was called into a Protestant family of high rank to see a child who had been for some months seriously ill. As the sickness appeared to be of a dangerous nature the Sister baptized the child and gave him the name of John Baptist. Four days later, they sent for her again; the child was dying. There was no longer any hope, but they still wished to have remedies applied, and thought that if friction were used, heat might be restored to the little body that was gradually losing its vitality. Sister Athanasia went to her Superiors, Mother Gonzaga, and briefly described the state the child was in. Well, said the Superiors, give him some of the water of Lourdes to drink." The Sister then went to the dying child and put some drops of the miraculous water into his mouth. Scarcely had he swallowed it when he opened his eyes; a second dose was administered, his eyes grew life-like, and his little hands began to move. An exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of all present. They covered the dear child with kisses, though they were still afraid to give full expression of their joy. However, every vestige of apprehension was banished by the appetite which the presently showed. "It is certainly a miracle! the Sister could not help exclaiming, 'and a miracle of Our Lady of Lourdes!' And she invited the family to go next day and hear what was meant by the waters of Lourdes. The first result has been that on the same day the mother of the little John Baptist, who up to that time was a Protestant, sent her two daughters and eight young slaves to the Sisters' school, promising at

the same time that John Baptist should always remain the child of the Fathers.
PREMATURE BURIALS.—PRECAUTIONS AGAINST IT IN MUNICH.—I pity the stranger who dies within the gates of Munich. Every one here is treated with equal justice, be he high or low, friend or foe. The body of the deceased is taken almost immediately to the cemetery, where there is a chamber of death for its reception. A row of windows look in upon the many couches, and almost every hour there are anxious faces peering in through these windows at the bodies that are laid in state, side by side until the hour of burial. Each body is dressed in its best; there are those who are borne to the exhibition hall in bridal robes; some are attired tastefully and some gaudily, for it is thought that their bodies may yet breathe again, and every precaution is taken to make this awakening as agreeable as possible. There are wires attached to the hands or breast, so that the least motion will communicate with an alarm bell, and at this strange summons the watchmen are prepared to rush to the assistance of the poor soul that has not yet escaped the trials of his life, but is delivered up to a new suffering and a second death. Tradition says that once or twice this bell rang, and the watcher arrived in terror to bring away the half-conscious body ere it had knowledge of its gloomy surroundings.—(Charles Warren Stoddard in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.)

AGOSTINO IMPRESTI.—Signor Depretis, our new Italian Minister was originally from Stradella, and belongs to a family which was so noted for the number of priests which it produced that it was called *Casa di priesti*—the house of the priests, whence the name Depretis. But Signor Agostino is a bitter enemy of the priests, one of the bitterest they have ever had, and there are not a few who predict before his rule is over, it will be dangerous for an ecclesiastic to appear in the streets of Rome in his clerical dress. He used to be a bosom friend of Mazzini, and his antecedents are by no means good. He will be prudent for a time, but before long he will show his teeth unless he turns on his party. The other Minister, Melegari, for foreign affairs is also a notorious freethinker and follower of Mazzini and Garibaldi. In 1834 he was in Switzerland doing no good, but fermenting a revolution against the government of the country. He belonged then to a party named Young Italy which was affiliated by his means to the party known as Young Germany. A little later Melegari went to Savoy and joined the Provincial Insurrectional government which had been formed in that country during the troubles that at that time reigned in Italy, and especially in the dominions of the King of Sardinia who was then also King of Savoy. In 1848 Melegari came to Turin and was created professor of constituting law in the University of that city. Cavour now took him up and he was made deputy through the influence of that minister. He next edited a paper called *Il Progresso*. In 1856 Melegari was the hero of a curious trial. Gallenga in his history of Italy, published in that year, insinuated that his friend was well informed in all political affairs of the highest importance concerning the revolution. Mazzini, in the meanwhile, took it into his head to write a letter to Federico Campanella, in which he declared that being in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1833 a youth came to him with a letter of introduction from my friend Luigi Melegari, now professor and editor in Turin. He came to speak to me about a political affair of the highest importance. This youth was Antonio Gallenga. He was recommended to me by Melegari and the affair of the highest importance he wished to speak about was the assassination of King Charles Albert the traitor of 1821 and the massacre (earnest) of his brother." Mazzini objected to the slaughter because he "judged that although Charles Albert was worthy of death, his death would not save Italy." Gallenga fought this objection and did all he could to persuade Mazzini to accept his offer to murder the King. Mazzini asked him what he wanted he said a passport. "I gave him ten thousand francs and informed him that he would find a passport at Balizzano, the capital of the Italian Swiss canton of Ticino. He accordingly went there and found the passport as promised, on which he was described by the name of Mariotti. He went to Turin and had an interview with the Secret Revolutionary Committee. His offer was accepted and measures were taken to make the scheme successful." Mazzini then goes on to relate that a man named Scindra came to see him and that he gave him a dagger for Gallenga. This dagger was mounted in *lopis lazuli*. Scindra took the weapon and went to Turin, but Gallenga was tracked and obliged to fly once more into Switzerland. This letter of Mazzini's was published in the *Italia e Popolo* of Genoa on October 24, 1856, in number 249 of that newspaper. Gallenga, when the letter was published, wrote to contradict the statement that Melegari knew anything about the intended assassination of the king and tried to explain away the phrase in his book in which Melegari is described as knowing all the important secrets of the revolutionary tribunals. Melegari was however arrested and tried but afterwards liberated as the evidence against him was not sufficiently strong to convict him. One thing however was proved which ought in itself alone to have forever excluded him from the position of minister in any civilized community. He was convicted of being in correspondence with a man who wished and plotted the death of his sovereign. This person is the new foreign minister. No wonder that an ambassador is reported to have said: "I hate being minister to this country, one has to associate with thieves and rascals all round." It is not to be wondered, if with two such men as these at the head of affairs in Italy, the Catholics are anxious, but most people believe that things will go for a time longer as they do now.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AFTER MARRIAGE.—"You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better half in his gown and slippers. "Why do you say that Puss?" he asked, quietly removing a cigar from his lips. "You do not caress me, nor call me pet names, you no longer seek so anxiously for my company," was the tearful answer. "My dear," continued the aggravating wretch, "did you ever notice a man running after a car? How he does run-over stones, through mud, regardless of everything till he reaches the car, and he seizes hold and swings on. Then he quietly seats himself and reads his paper." "And what does that mean?" "And illustration, my dear. The car is as important to the man after he gets in as when he is chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have shot any one who put himself in my way when in pursuit of you, as I would now shoot any one who would come between us; but as a proof of my love you insist on my running after the car."

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

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CARBONAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, Jan. 3, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,
DEAR SIR,—I came to this country in May, 1869. I found a countryman of mine laboring under some affection of the lungs. I recommended your Syrup, tried at the Druggists in Harbor Grace, but they thought I was inventing the name at their expense. However, in April, 1870, Mr. Edgar Joyce rapidly wasted away with every symptom of quick consumption, so that he was unable to walk across the room, having no appetite, pains in the left side, nervous system unsprung, dry, hacking cough, &c. Fortunately I learned that your Syrup could be obtained at Mr. Dearin's, in St. John's, and immediately procured some, (showed one to W. H. Thompson, who ordered a supply from you at once). This was Tuesday afternoon; at night he took the prescribed dose, and in the morning he described the very results notified on the wrapper. His appetite soon began to return, and a voracious one it was, too: the dry, hacking cough, changed into loose but violent attacks, finally disappearing altogether; pains left his side, his hand resumed its usual steadiness, and before he finished ten bottles his health was quite restored, and to-day not a more healthy person is to be found on our streets; and it is the opinion of all, had he not been fortunate in getting your valuable Syrup of Hypophosphites, he would now be in his grave.

He happened to be in W. H. Thompson's the day your first shipment arrived, and took at once four bottles to the Labrador, which he was very anxious to do, but had no occasion to use them himself. No other medicine will he ever prescribe, recommend or give but yours.
I also recommended it to another consumptive, but have not heard of him since, as he lives at a distant part of the Island. Hoping this will give you some encouragement.
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"Among the notable physicians of this country, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands deservedly high. He has obtained professional eminence through strictly legitimate means, and fully deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys.

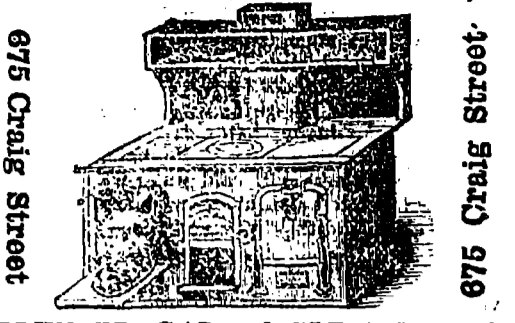
D. BARRY, B. C. L., ADVOCATE.

12 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. FOR GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS. J. G. KENNEDY AND COMPANY, 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

LIST OF BOOKS, DEVOTIONAL AND INSTRUCTIVE, FOR THE SEASON OF LENT AND HOLY WEEK.

- Lenten Thoughts. By the Bishop of Northampton. \$0 75
The Lenten Manual. By Rt. Rev. D. Walsh. 50
The Lenten Monitor; or, Moral Reflections, etc. 60
Sermons for Lent. By Fr. Liguori, S.J. 1 50
Feasts and Fasts, and other annual observances of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. Alban Butler, D.D. 2 25

JOHN BURNS,



675 CRAIG STREET. PLUMBER, GAS and STEAMFITTER, TIN, AND SHEET IRON WORKER, HOT AIR FURNACES, &c.

AGENTS WANTED for the New Historical Work, OUR WESTERN BORDER.

A Complete and Graphic History of American Progress. 100 YEARS AGO. Its thrilling conflicts of Red and White men.

TEETH!

McGOWAN'S DENTIFRICE. To my Patients and the Public: In transferring the entire manufacture of my "DENTIFRICE" to Mr. B. E. McGALE, Chemist, of this city, I may add that I have used the above in my practice for the past twenty-four years, and conscientiously recommend it as a safe, reliable and efficient cleanser of the Teeth, and a preparation well calculated to arrest decay and render the Gums firm and healthy.

THE MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1826. THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular.

DECATOMANIE

TO BE HAD OF THE PATENT BOOT STORE, 242 ST. JOSEPH STREET, MONTREAL.

BEST VALUE

IN WORKMEN'S STRONG SILVER LEVER WATCHES IN MONTREAL. (Warranted Correct Timekeepers.)

WILLIAM MURRAY'S, 66 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 11, 1875

GRAND LOTTERY.

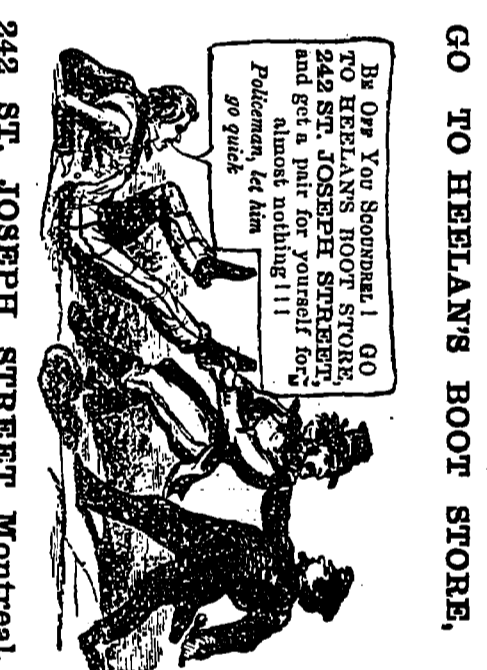
TO AID IN THE COMPLETION OF THE HOSPITAL FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM POOR OF THE GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL. Under the Patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal.

LOTTERY PRIZES.

- 1. 1 Lot of ground, near the Village of Chateauguy, south-east side of the river, 45x120 ft., with a handsome stone residence, valued at \$1,200 00
2. 6 Lots of ground, at Cote St. Antoine (St. Olivier Street) each valued at \$550. 3,300 00
3. 5 Lots at Point St. Charles (Congregation Street) each valued at \$450. 2,250 00
4. A double action Harp, handsomely gilt, valued at 400 00
5. A beautiful Gold Bracelet, set in diamonds, valued at 100 00
6. "Ecce Homo," a fine Oil Painting, said to be the original work of Carlo Dolce 100 00
7. A strong, useful Horse, valued at 100 00
8. 2 Lots of \$80 each (1 French Mantel Piece Clock, and 1 Gold Watch) 120 00
9. 7 Lots from \$30 to \$50 each (1 Bronze Statue, 1 Winter Carriage, 1 Lace Shawl, and different articles of vertu) 280 00
10. 10 Lots from \$20 to \$30 each, different articles 250 00
11. 20 Lots from \$15 to \$20 each, different articles 350 00
12. 30 Lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles 375 00
13. 40 Lots from \$6 to \$10 each, different articles 320 00
14. 60 Lots from \$4 to \$6 each, different articles 250 00
15. 75 Lot of \$3 each, different articles 225 00
16. 150 Lots of \$2 each, different articles 300 00
17. 300 Lots of \$1 each, different articles 200 00
600 Amount of Prizes \$10,120 00

100,000 Tickets.

The month, day, hour and place of drawing will be duly announced in the Press. Tickets can be procured at: The Bishop's Palace, from Rev. Canon Dufresne, The Seminary, Notre Dame Street, from Revs. M. Bonnissant, and Tambareau. The General Hospital, of the Grey Nuns, Guy Street. Savings Bank of the City and District, 176 St. James Street, and at its different Branches—St. Catherine, 392; 466 St. Joseph, and corner of Wellington and St. Stephen Streets. At Messrs. Devins & Bolton's, 198 Notre Dame Street.



HEARSE! HEARSE!!

MICHAEL FERON No. 23 ST. ANTOINE STREET. BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSES, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL Insurance Co

FIRE & LIFE CAPITAL, - \$10,000,000. Province of Quebec Branch, 744 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. Directors: SIR FRANCIS HINCHES, C.B., K.O.M.G. A. FREDERICK GAULT, Esq. EDWARD MURPHY, Esq. CHARLES S. ROY, Esq., Jr. ROBERT DALGLISH, Esq. Commercial Risks, Dwelling and Farm Property taken at current rates. THOMAS CRAIG, Res. Sec. Montreal 1st. 26 1875. 28-71

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, ONT.

ORDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, AND THE DIRECTION OF THE REV. FATHERS OF ST. BASIL'S. STUDENTS can receive in one Establishment either a Classical or an English and Commercial Education. The first course embraces the branches usually required by young men who prepare themselves for the learned professions. The second course comprises, in like manner, the various branches which form a good English and Commercial Education, viz., English Grammar and Composition, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Book-Keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Logic, and the French and German Languages.

CHEAPEST AND BEST CLOTHING STORE IN MONTREAL.

P. E. BROWN'S No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE. Persons from the Country and other Provinces will find this the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SAFEST PLACE to buy Clothing, as goods are marked at the VERY LOWEST FIGURE. ONLY ONE PRICE ASKED. Don't forget the place: BROWN'S, No. 9, CHABOILLEZ SQUARE, opposite the Crossing of the City Cars, and near the G. T. R. Depot Montreal, Jan. 1st, 1875.

CANADA, SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. LUCY BISSONNETTE, of the City of Montreal, said District, wife common as to property of EUSEBE MARTIN, carpenter, of the same place, duly authorized to sue, Plaintiff; vs. The said EUSEBE MARTIN, her husband, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted by the plaintiff against the defendant. Montreal, 24th April, 1876. PREVOST & PREFONTAINE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

DOMINION OF CANADA, SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. DAME ABIGAIL E. HOLDEN, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of HARLOW CHANDLER of the same place, Merchant, duly authorized a *caler en justice*, Plaintiff; vs. The said HARLOW CHANDLER, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause this day. Montreal, 28th April, 1876. GILMAN & HOLTON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Province of Quebec, Superior Court.

District of Montreal. DAME PAULINE DREYFUS, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of ZACHARIAH AUERBACH, of the same place, Merchant, duly authorized a *caler en justice*, Plaintiff. vs. And the said ZACHARIAH AUERBACH, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been this day instituted in this cause. Montreal, 12th April, 1876. KERR & CARTER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1869 and 1875.

CANADA, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. In the matter of DAVID ARTHUR LAFORTUNE, An Insolvent. On the Eighteenth day of May next, the above named Insolvent will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Acts. Montreal, 5th April, 1876. D. A. LAFORTUNE, By AUGÉ & NANTÉ, his Attorneys ad Mem.

USEFUL READING.

Farm horses that have been brot through the winter without much labor, and, perhaps, without much grain, should now have one or two menses of grain every day in order to strengthen the system and prepare it for the spring work; they should be put to work gradually, half a day at a time for a few days, until they get a little hardened to it. Wash the shoulders with cold water whenever the collar is taken off and rub them until dry with a woolen cloth, and thus prevent their getting sore.

Cows.—In coming cows should be treated with great care. The dry feed will have rendered them very liable to inflammatory diseases. One quart of oil cake meal, mixed with bran scalded, and given as a drink once a day, will be useful. No corn should be given for several weeks before calving.—Bran or middlings will be more cooling and healthful, but if good hay is given, very little grain of any kind will be needed. Caution now will prevent trouble hereafter. When the calf is expected, the cow should be turned into a loose stall, or into a quiet stable alone.

SAVE THE SOAPS.—However deplorable washing-day may be to the household (and the careful house mistress or tidy maid has it in her power to greatly modify its discomforts), to the garden it is a very beautiful day. Our hungry and thirsty grape-vines and flowers are glad of every drop of wash water, and will repay every bit of fatigue it may cost us to give them this fertilizer. If the sun is shining hot when we go out to dispense our favor, it is best for us to dig a trench not far from the root of the plant, and pour the water into it, and cover up again with top soil. This makes the water go farther, and at the same time does not tempt the rootlets to the surface of the ground.

BURNING GRASS.—BROOM CORN.—J. C. Huntingtondon County, Pa., asks the Times if there is any loss of fertilizing matter in burning the dry grass of a meadow in spring; also the profits of growing broom corn. Reply.—There is no loss of any account in burning the dead grass on meadows; the ashes left are of more immediate use than the dry grass would be. The burning is therefore a benefit. The usual crop of broom corn is 800 to 1,000 pounds of brush, worth from five to ten cents per pound. Out of this comes most of the crop, and baling and marketing the brush, which may cost from \$25 per acre upward.

The time has nearly arrived when we commence to make our gardens. Knowing that among farmers there is not that attention given to vegetables they deserve we ask them to turn over a "new leaf," and so arrange and plant their gardens as to cultivate them with their field implements. We know something about cultivating gardens with the hoe, spade, etc., and know that farmers too generally neglect this important part of good living. Vegetables of all kinds will grow just as well or a little better in rows than in any other way. An hour or two each week will keep the weeds down, and the soil well pulverized, and a good crop of vegetables is secured with very little labor.—Journal of Agriculture.

SALT FOR COWS.—As the question of salt or no salt for stock is being discussed, I will give you an item of my experience. Many years ago (say 35), I took the vegetarian fever from reformers that were then flourishing. I learned from my teacher that no mineral should enter the stomach of man or beast. While I was experimenting on myself I thought it well to practice on my cows also, and so stopped their ration of salt. It worked well for a week or so; but soon my wife said she would like to have me do the churning, for she could not, as the butter was so long coming. After I had done the butter's churning two or three times, I was satisfied, and have since given my cows all the salt they cared for, and as often as they wished, and have never cared to experiment any more in the same direction. The best young steers I have seen since coming west were those which had access to salt every day. The great Teacher when clothed in human garb said that salt was good, and if men in eighteen centuries have not been able to show the statement false, it is not likely that the scientist of the present generation will do any better.

EFFER OF COLD ON MILK.—The following extract is from the London Lancet, which is considered very high authority on all subjects admitted to its columns:—The effects of a low temperature on milk have been carefully examined by M. Eug. Tisserand, who recently communicated his observations to the Academie des Sciences. He found that if cows' milk is, immediately or soon after being drawn, placed in vessels at various temperatures between freezing point and 90° F., and the initial temperature is maintained for 24 or 36 hours, it will be found that the nearer the temperature of the milk is to freezing point the more rapid is the collection of cream, the more considerable is the quantity of cream, the amount of butter is greater, and the skimmed milk, the butter and cheese are of better quality. These facts, he believes, may be explained by Pasteur's observations on ferments, and their effects on the media in which they live. It is probable that the refrigeration arrests the evolution of the living organisms which set up fermentation, and hinders the changes which are due to their growth. The facts stated indicate room for great improvement in the methods of storage and preservation of milk. To keep milk at its original quality, extreme cleanliness and a low temperature are absolutely necessary. In the North of Europe, Denmark, etc., the value of cold is already recognized, and in warmer climates the need for its assistance is greater. There is nothing impracticable in the suggestion, since running streams can be used to aid refrigeration. Where the quality of the milk is of greater importance, ice may be employed.

RULES FOR FARMERS.—A correspondent suggests as something "that would interest and profit many young farmer readers" that we should prepare and publish one hundred rules for the attainment of success and wealth in farming. A much smaller number, if faithfully adhered to, will contribute materially to success, and ensure, with economy and good habits, sufficient wealth to satisfy the reasonable desires of any one. Among them the following may be mentioned:—

- 1. Select good land and reject sterile, no matter how cheap.
2. Raise no weeds, but only profitable crops.
3. Underdrain, wherever needed.
4. Adopt a good rotation of crops and adhere to it.
5. Provide sufficient shelter for domestic animals.
6. Keep everything connected with domestic animals neat and clean.
7. Plow well, cultivate well, do all work well, and not slipshod.
8. Accumulate and save manure, and apply it properly.
9. Procure good implements, and take care of them.
10. Raise good animals and take care of them. The preceding ten rules will be of much use if carried out, and we add two more, to cover them all, viz:—
11. By weighing and measuring, and with careful accounts, ascertain just what every crop or every animal costs you, and find out just what is the market value of each.
12. Employ then those crops and animals which you find give you a good profit, and drop all else. You can thus have the satisfaction of knowing that you are carrying out Ricardo's two famous rules for acquiring wealth, namely:—
1. Cut short your losses.
2. Let your profits run on.

DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

Address all orders to FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.

P.S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and take note that Dr. M'LANE'S PILLS are prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa. To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one trial of Vermifuge or fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

Sold by all respectable Druggists, and Country Storekeepers generally.

DR. C. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE

Should be kept in every nursery. If you would have your children grow up to be HEALTHY, STRONG and vigorous MEN and WOMEN, give them a few doses of

M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE, TO EXPEL THE WORMS.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

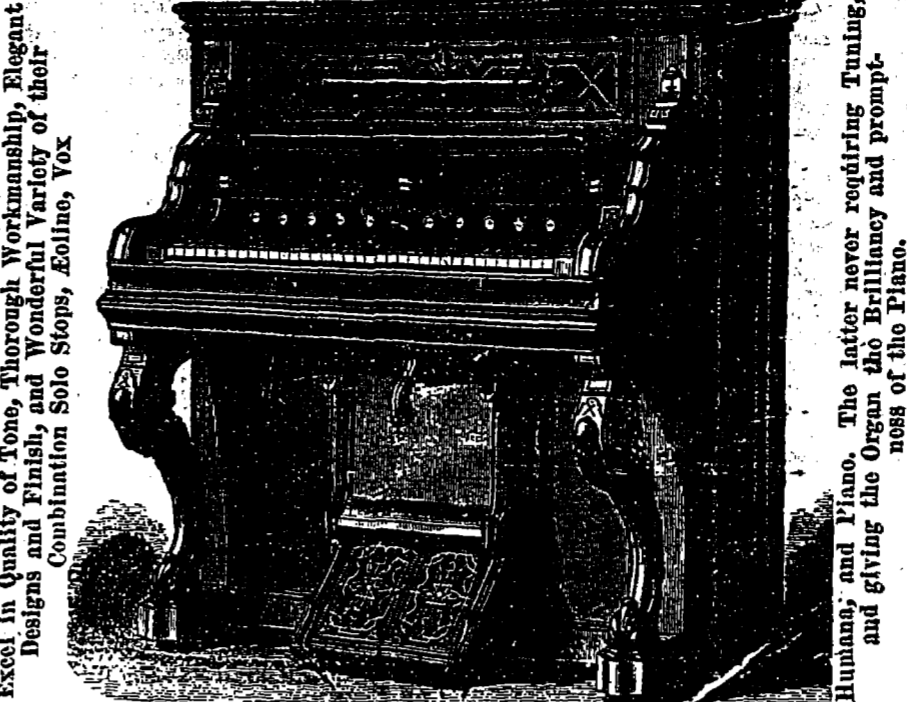
OWEN M'GARVEY MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF

PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE,

No. 7, AND 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, (And Door from "McGill Str.") Montreal.

Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

GEO. WOODS & CO.'S PARLOR ORGANS



These remarkable instruments possess capacities for musical effects and expression never before attained. Adapted for Amateur and Professional, and an ornament in any parlor.

WAREHOUSES: 608 Washington St., Boston; 170 State St., Chicago; 28 Ludgate Hill, London.

THE VOX HUMANA.—A leading Musical Journal of selected music and valuable reading for the Amateur and Professional. By mail for \$1 per year, or ten cents a number. Each number contains from \$2 to \$3 worth of the finest selected music. GEO. WOODS & CO., Publishers, Cambridgeport, Mass.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

SEND 25c. to G. P. BOWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and an estimate showing cost of advertising.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THOMAS H. COX, IMPORTER AND GENERAL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, &c., &c., MOLESON'S BUILDING (NEAR G. T. B. DEPT.), No. 181 BONAVENTURE STREET. Tel. 4, 741 MONTREAL 49-32

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 play grounds and the over-redding breezes from great 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 of 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 disciplines.

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 (it 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, Synonyms, 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, Elocution, 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.

TERMS. Board and Tuition, per month, \$12 00 Half Boarders, " " 7 00

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT. 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 4 00 1st Class, " " 5 00

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. 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.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS. BY HANCOCK'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hancock's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, it will be a friend who is suffering, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28th, 1857. Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in advertising to you the cure of my Epilepsy. I was afflicted with Epilepsy in July, 1853. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, who prescribed another medicine, but it did me no good. I was generally attacked without any preliminary symptoms, and had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two or three weeks. I was once attacked in my sleep, and fell wherever I would be, or whatever I was occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was so affected that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1856, I commenced using your Pills, and only had two attacks afterwards. The last one was in April, 1856, and it was of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence your medicine was made the instrument of my recovery from this distressing affliction. I think that it is a pity that your good effects are not more generally known. I have a great confidence in your Pills, and have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect, have they failed to cure. C. H. STURTEVANT, Philadelphia, Pa. W. L. ELDER.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY? The afflicted will answer:—

GREENADA, Miss., June 30.—Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in advertising to you the cure of my Epilepsy. I was afflicted with Epilepsy in July, 1853. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, who prescribed another medicine, but it did me no good. I was generally attacked without any preliminary symptoms, and had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two or three weeks. I was once attacked in my sleep, and fell wherever I would be, or whatever I was occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was so affected that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1856, I commenced using your Pills, and only had two attacks afterwards. The last one was in April, 1856, and it was of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence your medicine was made the instrument of my recovery from this distressing affliction. I think that it is a pity that your good effects are not more generally known. I have a great confidence in your Pills, and have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect, have they failed to cure. C. H. STURTEVANT, Philadelphia, Pa. W. L. ELDER.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS. BY HANCOCK'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20th, 1857. To SETH S. HANCOCK, a person in my employ had been afflicted with Epilepsy for many years. He had three attacks at intervals of two to four weeks, and often times several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. He was so affected that he lost all confidence in himself, and his mind appeared totally deranged, in which state he would continue for a day or two after his fits ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by my friends, but without success. Having seen your advertisement I concluded to try your Pills. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and commenced using them, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, about 30 years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced using your Pills. He has been a great confidence in your Pills, and has always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect, have they failed to cure. C. H. STURTEVANT, Philadelphia, Pa. W. L. ELDER.

STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Greenada, Mississippi.

SETH S. HANCOCK, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in relating a case of Epilepsy, cured by your Pills. My brother, J. L. LIGOR, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first, but as he grew older they seemed to increase. Up to the time he commenced taking your Pills he had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two or three weeks. He was so affected that he lost all confidence in himself, and his mind appeared totally deranged, in which state he would continue for a day or two after his fits ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by my friends, but without success. Having seen your advertisement I concluded to try your Pills. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and commenced using them, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, about 30 years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced using your Pills. He has been a great confidence in your Pills, and has always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect, have they failed to cure. C. H. STURTEVANT, Philadelphia, Pa. W. L. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address, SETH S. HANCOCK, 138 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, \$3; two boxes, \$5.75.

Please mention where you saw this advertisement.

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L., DOHERTY, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb. 7]

P. D'ORAN, UNDERTAKER & CABINET-MAKER, 186 & 188 St. Joseph Street,

Begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has secured general Elegant Oval-Glass Bases, which he offers for the use of the public at extremely moderate rates.

Wood and Iron Coffins of all descriptions constantly on hand and supplied on the shortest notice.

Orders PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. [47-52] ST. GABRIEL ISLAND SAW AND PLANING MILLS, BASH, DOOR AND BOX FACTORY, ST. GABRIEL LOOKS, MONTREAL, MCGAUVRAIN & TUCKER, PROPRIETORS, (Late J. W. McGauley & Co.)

Manufacturers of Sawn Lumber, Dressed Flooring, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, and every description of house finish. A large and well assorted stock of Sawn Lumber of the various grades, thickness and kinds, constantly on hand, and for sale on liberal terms. Orders addressed to the Mills of Box 371 promptly executed. [17-Ang 28, 1874]

ST. LAWRENCE ENGINE WORKS,

NOS. 17 TO 25 MILL STREET.

MONTREAL P. Q.

W. P. BARTLEY & CO.

ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS AND IRON BOAT BUILDERS.

HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

MANUFACTURERS OF IMPROVED SAW AND GRIST MILL MACHINERY.

Boilers for heating Churches, Convents, Schools and Public buildings, by Steam, or hot water.

Steam Pumping Engines, pumping apparatus for supplying Cities, and Towns, Steam pumps, Steam Winches, and Steam fire Engines.

Castings of every description in Iron, or Brass.

Cast and Wrought Iron Columns and Girders for Buildings and Railway purposes. Patent Hoists for Hotels and Warehouses. Propeller Screw Wheels always in Stock or made to order. Manufacturers of the Cole "Samson Turbine" and other first class water Wheels.

SPECIALITIES.

Bartley's Compound Beam Engine is the best and most economical Engine Manufactured, it saves 33 per cent. in fuel over any other Engine.

Saw and Grist Mill Machinery. Shattering, Pulling, and Hangers. Hydrants, Valves &c. &c. 17-25

DOMINION LINE.

This Line is composed of the following first-class, FULL-POWERED, CLYDE-BUILT STEAMERS, and is intended to form a regular service between LIVERPOOL, QUEBEC and MONTREAL in SUMMER, and LIVERPOOL and BOSTON in WINTER.

These vessels have very superior accommodations for Cabin and Steerage Passengers, and Special Tickets are issued at reduced prices to those desirous of bringing out their friends.

Sailing from Liverpool every Wednesday, calling at Belfast Lough to take in Cargo and Passengers.

MONTREAL..... 3250 Tons (Building)

ONTARIO..... 3200 " Capt. Bouchette

DOMINION..... 3200 " Capt. Roberts

MEMPHIS..... 2500 " Capt. Mellon

MISSISSIPPI..... 2200 " Capt. Lindall

TEXAS..... 2350 " Capt. Laurensen

QUEBEC..... 2200 " Capt. Thearle

St. Louis..... 1824 " Capt. Reid

Rates of Passage:— Cabin..... \$60 Steerage..... 24

THROUGH TICKETS can be had at all the principal Grand Trunk Railway Ticket Offices in Canada.

For Freight and Passage, apply in Havre to H. Genestel and Dolzou, or C. Brown; in Paris to H. Genestel and Dolzou, 55 Rue d'Hauteville; in Hamburg to August Behrens; in Bordeaux to Messrs. Faure Freres; in Copenhagen to P. M. Koller, 18 Sanctaenlands; in Bergen to Michael Kronn, Consul; in London to Bowling & Jamieson, Langbourne Chambers, 17 Frenchchurch street; in Belfast to Henry Gowan, Queen's Square; in Liverpool to J. Finn, Main & Montgomery, Harvey Buildings, 24 James street; in Quebec to W. M. Macpherson; in Boston to Thayer & Lincoln; and in Montreal to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO., Exchange Court.

April 2, '75

ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of the CANADIAN MAIL STATES MAILS.

1875-6—WINTER ARRANGEMENTS—1875-6

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine Iron Steamships:—

Vessels Tons Commanders.

SARDINIAN..... 4100 Lt. J. E. Dutton, R. N. R.

CIRCEANIAN..... 3400 Capt. J. Wylie.

POLYNESIAN..... 4100 Captain Brown.

SARMAIAN..... 3600 Captain A. D. Aird.

HIBERNIAN..... 3424 Lt. F. Archer, R. N. R.

CASPIAN..... 3200 Capt. Trocks.

SCANDINAVIAN..... 3150 Lt. W. H. Smith, R. N. R.

PROBRIAN..... 3000 Lt. Dutton, R. N. R.

AUSTRIAN..... 2700 Capt. J. Ritchie.

NEORIAN..... 2700 Capt.

MOBAYAN..... 2650 Capt. Graham.

PERUVIAN..... 2600 Capt. R. S. Watta.

MAINTOBIAN..... 3150 Capt. H. Wylie.

NOVA-SOOTHIAN..... 3300 Capt. Richardson.

CANADIAN..... 2600 Capt. Millar.

CORINTHIAN..... 2400 Capt. Jas. Scott.

ACADIAN..... 1350 Capt. Cabell.

WALDENIAN..... 2800 Capt. J. G. Stephen.

PHENICIAN..... 2600 Capt. Menzies.

NEWFOUNDLAND..... 1500 Capt. Myllys.

The Steamers of the LIVERPOOL, MAIL LINE, (sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Loch Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched from Portland:—

Moravian..... 18th March

Circassian..... 25th

Polynesian..... 1st April

Scandinavian..... 8th

Caspien..... 12th

Sarmatian..... 22nd

Moravian..... 29th

Circassian..... 1st May

RATES OF PASSAGE FROM MONTREAL.

Special Reduction in Rates of Passage during the Winter months.

Cabin..... \$67, \$77, \$57 (according to accommodation)

Intermediate..... \$40 00

Steerage..... 26 50

THE STEAMERS of the GLASGOW LINE are intended to sail from the Clyde, between Glasgow and Portland, at intervals during the season of Winter navigation.

Cabin..... \$60

Intermediate..... 40

Steerage..... 25

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.

Corkage will be charged at the rate of 2c. per bottle to Cabin Passengers supplying their own Wines or Liquors.

For Freight or other particulars apply to:—

In Portland to H. & A. ALLAN, of J. L. FARMER; in Bordeaux to LAFITTE & VANDERBRUG, of E. DEPAZ & Co.; in Quebec to ALLAN, BAE & Co.; in Havre, to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21, Quai d'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, Rue du 4 Septembre; in