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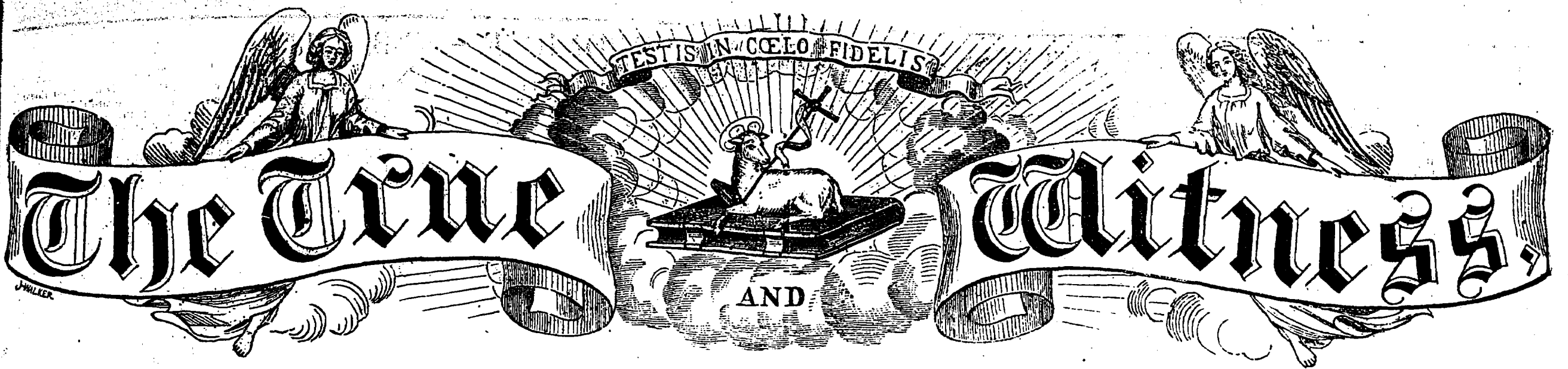
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 7, 1873.

NO. 25

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him. Lowly beside his chair she knelt, as years ago she had nestled as a child, and her sad mournful eyes, full of untold agony, looked up at him. "Eda, my precious darling," he almost groaned, "what is the matter with you?" "Father I have something to tell you, but I dread your anger," she whispered chokingly, "Yet for poor, dear dead mamma's sake forgive me." The grey-haired soldier lifted her into his arms, as if he fain would have hidden her into his heart, until her sorrow should have passed. Then to the one she had dreaded, her secret, the story of her heart, was laid bare, and at its close the father's tears fell on her bowed head. Thus in silence they mourned, the daughter for her love, the father for his child. "Papa," whispered Eda, "you will go now and see him, and, oh! papa, if he—if Aymer is really, really dying, only let me see him once, only once," she passionately wailed. Colonel Hamilton gathered the fragile child into his arms, and told her it should be as she wished. Then out into the dusk and gloom he went on his sorrowful errand to try what comfort he could bring to the man his child loved. An hour Eda sat where her father had left her before he returned. "Eda," he said in a low, hushed voice, as he took her cold little hands in his, "go put something warm on, and come with me. I have a carriage at the door." On they swiftly rattled over the roughly-paved streets. No word was spoken by the Colonel, but Eda felt his strong hand tremble in her grasp. She thought they would never reach the Piazza Navona. Three or four times she urged the driver to greater speed, and when they reached their destination the paunting horse was flecked with foam. Up the dark stone steps to Courtenay's rooms. The Colonel gently rang the bell, and the Italian woman softly opened the door. Then into the inner room—the bedroom—they passed, and there lay the almost wrecked love of Eda's young life. No tear came to moisten her burning lids as she sank by his lowly bed; one moan, and then she was still. Her father stood beside her and gazed with brimming eyes at the wasted form, at the sunken cheeks of the Zouave. "He is asleep now," the attendant whispered in Italian, "but he often dreams and raves in his own tongue. Listen!" "Eda, Eda, my own innocent darling, I am coming to you love. I am coming darling, Oh! heavens—my side," and with a start of pain, he awoke. Once more eye to eye, soul to soul were, Eda Hamilton and Aymer Courtenay. "Eda, my darling, thank God, I knew you would come," and as he looked gratefully at the Colonel, he feebly stretched out his arms to Eda. That was no time for false shame; low she bent her head, until their lips met in one long passionate kiss. "Aymer, Aymer, live for me. Oh! Aymer, do not leave me, when I love you so dearly." "My darling, my Eda. I have prayed to see you, and my prayer has been answered. Will you raise me?" he asked of the Colonel, who, overwhelmed with emotion had turned aside. "Will you raise me until I see Eda once more?" Tenderly Colonel Hamilton raised the wounded soldier; and he sat resting in her arms. The physician of magic power had come, the failing spirit of the young man was roused, and strength increased with wonderful rapidity. Day by day he grew more like himself; and day by day Eda tended him and her father became reconciled to the young patriot. They came home to the old house by Stratford-on-Avon; and the health of the young couple was completely restored.

There are times in the life of every one when without any evident cause, a vague, undefined sense of rest, of contentment, steals over the heart, making all things seem bright and glad. In such moments, the man forgets his worldly cares, his anxieties, his disappointments, while sweet memories fill his mind. In such moments, the woman again becomes a child, and as she listens to the twittering song of the birds, when flowers bloom and trees are in the glory of summer pride, her heart rises in gratitude to God, who has made the world so beautiful. Thus felt Eda Courtenay, as she stood on the steps of Avon Park House, watching the evening sunbeams penetrating the arching elms, and quivering through the interlaced branches on the arched beneath. Glancing shadows they cast, which flitted hither and thither like a chase of phantom spirits; but they came not near Eda as she stood in the sunlight, while the fragrant summer wind breathed a musical message of peace. Down a little winding path which led through a thick wood she took her way, until she came where the willows drooped to the murmuring river. There she sat on a grassy knoll, and, taking off her hat, let the cool breeze play through her golden hair. With swift wings the tiny birds flashed to the silvery waters, and as the soars again, warbling their joyous songs. Eda laughed, a soft, low laugh, feeling happy, she knew not why. Little she thought whose bounding steps were following her. Little she knew whose voice was calling out "Eda, Eda." Thence he sat listening to the birds and watching the gliding stream, while hasty, impatient feet were tramping over the crisp brushwood. "Eda, Eda." At last she heard the manly voice, and turning her blue wondering eyes, saw Aymer. "Harry has arrived!" he shouted. "Harry," she cried, while her face brightened with welcome. "I am so glad." "Glad to see you, Harry. You know I am," she said, while gazing at the honest, handsome face of her sailor cousin. "But how changed you are," she added, as she half-retreated from him. "You do not look like the frolicsome boy you were in Oakfield six years ago." "Yes," he replied, and a deep blush covered his countenance. "Did you hear the news—I'm married!" Aymer laughed loud and long, and the cousins had a hearty cousinly embrace. Harry rose to distinction in his profession, Aymer Courtenay became one of the best loved men of his time, and when I saw him last he stood beside the noble girl who had been Faithful and Brave to the end. [CONCLUDED.]

FAITHFUL AND BRAVE. AN ORIGINAL STORY. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman) CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

The party was quite ready to start when Colonel Hamilton came in and angrily announced, "A mistake has occurred about the carriage we ordered, some American's have taken possession of it, and I suppose they are at the Pont di St. Angelo by this time. It is impossible to get another for love or money, so there is nothing for it but to walk." Accordingly they set out, enveloped in waterproofs and armed with umbrellas. "We had best walk single file," suggested the Colonel, as he took the lead, followed by Lady Bindon. Next came Kate, Mark, and Eda, while the Signora brought up the rear. It was an awful morning; the rain poured in torrents; the middle of the narrow streets was an actual river, while the footpaths were far worse, owing to the projecting eaves of the houses, from which cataraets of water descended. The hour was so early—it was yet pitch dark—and the flickering glimmer of the thinly distributed lamps was no earthly use to guide uncertain footsteps. Carriages were driven at mad speed; people frantically rushed and pushed along, evading coaches, running into pools, and knocking up against other dripping pedestrians. Umbrellas were poked into the Colonel's eyes or determinately driven into the lace headdress of Madame, who ran along like a brick, endeavouring to keep very close to Eda, as she evidently considered her her especial charge. It was no easy matter for the Signora to keep up with the party, and she would cry out in a voice considerably elevated, "Mademoiselle, where are you? Oh! Santa Maria, my foot is in a pool, but it is for the Church, my dear. Oh! oh! mon Dieu! Are you wet, mademoiselle? Prenez garde, the coach, the coach." And then the Signora Zurilejo would ease her mind of half its woe by a string of exclamations, in Spanish, Italian, and French. The party arrived at St. Peter's about seven o'clock, but even at that early hour the great *chiesa* was filled. Colonel Hamilton pushed, struggled, and fought, with Lady Bindon clinging to him in desperation. Mark and Kate, much against their will, were swept off in an opposite direction by the swaying crowd. The Signora alone showed herself equal to the occasion; she grasped the now-terrified Eda round the waist, and stoutly held her ground, making superhuman efforts to gain a good position. One instant she would implore Eda to "hold her tight," the next she would be complimenting the bystanders in various languages, entreating of them permission to pass. At last the indefatigable madame gained the position she desired, and stood opposite the bronze statue of St. Peter, which was arrayed on the present occasion in a costly robe, and bore a crown upon its head. Down in the centre of the basilica Zouaves were ranged to form an avenue for the procession to pass through, and one could hardly believe it was a religious, not a military, ceremony contemplated; for the whole edifice was thronged with armed men in every variety of

uniform. Very conspicuous was the Swiss Guards in yellow, black, and scarlet-striped uniform, with brass helmets and glittering steel battle-axes, but not more soldierly did they appear than the gallant Zouaves who stood there, a living wall of defence for their sovereign Pontiff. The Signora took up her position behind a stalwart Zouave, and with her accustomed suavity of manner, immediately entered into conversation with those around her. The soldier in front was a Frenchman, she discoursed him in that sweet tongue. Discovering a priest who stood behind was Spanish, she entertained him in her "own language," then turning to another Zouave, addressed him in Italian, and after a long conversation, found out he was a Canadian from Guelph. Every moment the crowd became more dense, the people were packed together, and the steam rose like a cloud from their wet garments. The Zouaves had been under arms since four o'clock in the morning; their uniforms were soaked through, while most of their faces wore an expression of wretchedness impossible to describe. Eda tried to stand on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of her father, but it was an impossibility for her to discover the Colonel amongst that sea of faces. Madame's arms were wedged tightly to her side, and Eda's hair, having become disengaged, was drawn from behind keeping her chin in mid-air thereby compelling her for a second time to admire the beauties of the roof and dome. Heartily she wished herself at home again with Sir Stuart, when a kind-hearted Zouave made room for her to stand between himself and his comrade. He was an Englishman, so he chatted to her and pointed out all the celebrities. At last at the window of the upper 'atrium, which looks into the church, the bishops mitres could be seen moving along, and the crowd looking up there knew the procession was in progress in that outer passage. Nearer and nearer came the music as the cortege moved along by the portico. First in order came the *Busolanti*, equivalent to our English beef-eaters, dressed in scarlet; then followed chaplains, avocats, chamberlains, and the pontifical singers chanting the *Veni Creator*. Next came divers persons; masters of the Holy Sepulchre, prelates, thurifers, cross-bearers, acolytes, abbés, bishops, archbishops, primates, patriarchs, cardinals, then Pius IX, borne in the *sedes gestatoria* or throne-like chair, out of which he alighted at the grand entrance door and took of his mitre, as all the bishops did on entering the church, the sacrament being exposed on the high altar. Slowly the imposing procession moved along the aisle of that dome-crowned temple, while the exquisite verses of the *Veni Creator* were sung at slight intervals. "Did you ever behold such vestments?" whispered the awe-struck Signora, as some cardinals and bishops rustled past her in white moire, richly embroidered in gold and silver, while their heavily jewelled mitres were borne by attendant priests. The robes of the Eastern bishops were rich with raised flowers of cunning workmanship, in the centre of which gleamed many a rare gem, and instead of mitres they had crowns of golden filigree, inlaid with precious stones. When the gorgeous throng had passed, quietly and humbly came Pope Pius IX., majestic in his simplicity, surrounded by the Noble Guard in their glittering steel cuirasses. Now every knee was bent and loving subjects murmured blessings on the venerable Pontiff. After his Holiness came the deputations of the different orders of monks and clergy, officers of the Council who had no rank in the College of the Prelature, and the shorthand writers terminated the procession. The Pope then sang the prayers, then the cardinals, bishops, &c., entered the Council chamber, and having taken their seats, Cardinal Patrizi celebrated mass, after which Monsignor Puecher-Passavanti went to the foot of the throne and besought the Pope's benediction and indulgence. Having obtained both, he preached for twenty minutes in Latin. Some other ceremonies followed, then his Holiness received the homage of the prelates, who each kissed his hand; this finished, he pronounced a short allocution, intoned in a sweet clear voice the Litanies of the Saints, then solemnly uttered the benediction, as he held in his left hand the baton, surmounted by a cross, the emblem of universal jurisdiction. The votes were given, the result made known, then the Pope intoned the *Te Deum*, and the grand day's proceedings came to a close by the procession departing in the same order as it had entered. "We shall be crushed to pieces," Eda whispered to Madame, whose arms were now outstretched to shield her. "Oh! Signora, if papa only knew where we were he would come to us; I wonder if he is near us. I think I can see aunt's bonnet on the opposite side," and Eda bent forward to try and catch a glimpse of her father or aunt. "Down the line of Zouaves on the opposite side she fixedly gazed; but why

did she tremble in the kind signora's arms and then remain as if riveted to the spot? "Do you see the colonel?" Madame eagerly whispered. Eda did not reply; she did not hear, for that matter she would not have heard the braying of a thousand trumpets. She did not heed the tumult, the surging crowd was forgotten, she feared nothing, thought of nothing, but stood as if petrified. What was the inexpressible, undefined feeling which overpowered, bewildered her? Was it joy or sorrow? Was it a bounding, mad sense of delight, or a stupefying anguish? Her heart told her whose was the commanding figure not ten yards off, changed, greatly changed though he was. His beard was long and flowing, and the thick moustache concealed his proudly curved mouth. There, in the ranks of the Papal Zouaves, stood Aymer Courtenay, the soldier for his Church, the patriot exile, the suspected Fenian. "Aymer, Aymer," nearly burst forth from Eda's lips, while people looked at him and whispered of his glorious stature and soldierly bearing; but to Eda, to the golden-haired, blue-eyed child, hungering for a single glance from his stern dark eyes, he was still her Aymer, her first, her only love, who had called her his darling in the rustic summer-house at Oakfield. "Aymer, Aymer," her heart moaned, "will you never look this way?" Was there no truth in mind acting upon mind that her intensity of thought and love did not attract him? One moment more and their eyes would have met. The Queen of Naples and her mother were coming down the soldier-lined passage, all eyes following them. "He will look now in a minute," and Eda's heart thrilled wildly; but even as she thus thought her father stood beside her between her love and herself. Colonel Hamilton looked anxiously at her white, startled face, then lifted her up as he said, "My darling child, I have been so terrified about you—you must be frightened to death." Eda never knew how she left that spot—her wild regret, her sinking heart were the only realities to her. "What can I, shall I do?" she moaned to herself, as they rapidly drove home. "I dare not tell papa, my love is so utterly hopeless, and Aymer did not even see me." Was it any wonder that for days Eda did not leave her room. "She was suffering from cold, caught at St. Peter's, her aunt said to visitors, Lady Bindon unconsciously came near the truth. It was a chill of the heart that made her niece toss and moan so wearily during those two or three bleak December days, when sickness hovered round her pillow. Her little hands grew thin and transparent, a fitful color burned on her cheeks. Her father grieved and wondered while anxiously watching his child. "If my darling had any trouble, I could understand what ails her, but you know, Fannie, she has not a care upon her, and I have asked her to come somewhere else, but she says she would rather stay here." Good Madame Spanish, as the Signora Zurilejo was invariably called by the Bindons, often came to visit her "little mignonne," and fondly hoped she was "cheering" Eda by retailing some piquante scrap of gossip, or telling long, rambling stories of continental life while they sat together in the hotel or drove on the gay Pincian. No Zouave ever passed them but Eda eagerly scanned his face, until one day Madame said laughingly, "You like the Zouaves well, Mignonne. You regard them all with curiosity in your face. Ah! Mademoiselle," she continued, never heeding the blush which covered Eda's face, "in the same house where I lodged there lives a Zouave on the second *etage*; I grieve when I think of him—so young, so handsome, about to die. Not a month ago he was as strong as I am, and more splendid in appearance than any one I ever saw, but to-day the doctor said he must not hope for life. Two days after the Council he was returning in the evening to his apartments, and I believe, some enemy, some Garibaldian, gave him the stiletto. Poor fellow! he is a countryman of Mr. Bindon's. Signor Courtenay is an Irishman." God help those who suffer, yet must be still. Eda's presentiment seemed about to be verified; the mystery of Death would shadow her love and herself; even if she emerged from that awful shadow, the eternal shadow would be woven round her heart. She did not speak, she did not move, and on the Signora chatted, while Eda longed with a despairing longing to be at the hotel. Soon, however, the carriage arrived at the Piazza del Popolo, and Colonel Hamilton stood at the door ready to greet his child. Tenderly, oh! how tenderly, he lifted her from the carriage and began, "Did my darling enjoy her drive?" but he ceased at the sight of the imploring face raised to his.

There are times in the life of every one when without any evident cause, a vague, undefined sense of rest, of contentment, steals over the heart, making all things seem bright and glad. In such moments, the man forgets his worldly cares, his anxieties, his disappointments, while sweet memories fill his mind. In such moments, the woman again becomes a child, and as she listens to the twittering song of the birds, when flowers bloom and trees are in the glory of summer pride, her heart rises in gratitude to God, who has made the world so beautiful. Thus felt Eda Courtenay, as she stood on the steps of Avon Park House, watching the evening sunbeams penetrating the arching elms, and quivering through the interlaced branches on the arched beneath. Glancing shadows they cast, which flitted hither and thither like a chase of phantom spirits; but they came not near Eda as she stood in the sunlight, while the fragrant summer wind breathed a musical message of peace. Down a little winding path which led through a thick wood she took her way, until she came where the willows drooped to the murmuring river. There she sat on a grassy knoll, and, taking off her hat, let the cool breeze play through her golden hair. With swift wings the tiny birds flashed to the silvery waters, and as the soars again, warbling their joyous songs. Eda laughed, a soft, low laugh, feeling happy, she knew not why. Little she thought whose bounding steps were following her. Little she knew whose voice was calling out "Eda, Eda." Thence he sat listening to the birds and watching the gliding stream, while hasty, impatient feet were tramping over the crisp brushwood. "Eda, Eda." At last she heard the manly voice, and turning her blue wondering eyes, saw Aymer. "Harry has arrived!" he shouted. "Harry," she cried, while her face brightened with welcome. "I am so glad." "Glad to see you, Harry. You know I am," she said, while gazing at the honest, handsome face of her sailor cousin. "But how changed you are," she added, as she half-retreated from him. "You do not look like the frolicsome boy you were in Oakfield six years ago." "Yes," he replied, and a deep blush covered his countenance. "Did you hear the news—I'm married!" Aymer laughed loud and long, and the cousins had a hearty cousinly embrace. Harry rose to distinction in his profession, Aymer Courtenay became one of the best loved men of his time, and when I saw him last he stood beside the noble girl who had been Faithful and Brave to the end. [CONCLUDED.]

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON THE "Catholic View of Education." A MAGNIFICENT DISCOURSE. (From the New York Irish American.) The following beautiful lecture, on "The Catholic View of Education," was delivered by Father Burke, in the lecture Hall of St. John's College, Brooklyn, before a large audience, comprising many of the elite of the city.—Father Burke spoke as follows:— My Friends,—When a Catholic priest addresses a Catholic audience, the subject which he puts before them must always be of very great importance; for the burden of his message is something touching the eternal welfare of the people, the glory of God, and the well-being of society. And, amongst the range of subjects which are thus opened to him,—sacramentally and otherwise,—there is not one so important as that upon which I am now to address you, namely: the subject of "Catholic Education." For it regards the young children; and we know that, as the child is father of the man, so the society of children is the parent of the future of society which is to bloom and to flourish in every country. Whatever affects children affects society; whatever influences are brought to bear upon them in youth,—which is the spring-time of life,—those influences will produce that correlation, either for good or evil, for joy or sorrow, in the future of that society. Therefore it is that the question of education is the most important question of all. First of all, because the future depends upon it. When the farmer breaks his land in the spring; when he runs the plow through it; when he harrows it,—he has it all prepared; but the greatest question of all is what kind of seed is he going to put into that soil? For if he throw in infirm wheat, or bad seed, the harvest which he will reap, in three or four months' time, will be bad, because the seed was bad. If, on the other hand, he throw in good seed, he may reasonably look forward to an abundant and good harvest, because of the seed which he had sown. For an authority more than human tells us: "Whatsoever a man shall sow, the same shall he reap." The question is most important, not only because the future depends upon it, but because any error committed in relation to this question of education is an error that can scarcely be remedied. If the farmer sows bad seed,—if he perceives, when the green blade is coming up, that his sowing is a failure; if he perceives that the crop promised by the distant harvest will be a failure, because of the infirm wheat,—it is too late for him, in the month of May or June, to discover his error. He cannot break ground again; he cannot make that seed good; he cannot, like him of old, order the sun to stand in the heavens, or bring back the genial time of spring upon the earth once more. So of education; it is the sowing of the seed in the young mind,—in the spring-time of life,—in the days when the soil is prepared to receive that seed, when the heart is yet soft to receive its impressions, before it hardens, and these impressions become indelibly fixed in the man's character by the ripening action of age. Whilst the mind is yet open to receive the treasures of knowledge—human and divine—if "the seed that is thrown into that young mind and that young heart be bad or poisonous, most infall-

by the future life of that man will be a bad harvest of the seed which it received in the spring. No man can expect an abundant harvest of grace, morality, or goodness unless he be provided in the beginning with a good education; and if there be any fault in the seed, which is found to be of an inferior character, when it is sown, it will be largely mixed with bad grain; it is too late to make this discovery when the child has passed into youth; when the youth has matured into manhood, for then principles are well established, and opinions are deeply and indelibly fixed. Again, the state of life is chosen by him; he has found the road which he will go; for wisdom, again more than human, tells us, it is too late to try to bend the tree when it has grown into goodly proportions. That work of bending must take place while it is yet a tender twig (applause). This being the case, it follows that there is the necessity for education for all.

Coming to this first aspect of this great question, I find the Redeemer of the world—the highest authority, because He is God—declaring that the first want of man is education, and that all the evils that fill the world may be traced, as to their source, to the want of education. Christ, our Lord, my friends, was not only the Redeemer of the world, but He was also a Prophet. The Scriptures speak of Him as a teacher. "Grace poured abroad from His lips; therefore, Lord, let us bless Thee for ever." The Scriptures speak of Him as a prophet of this world. Moses says: "I will send unto thee a Prophet of thine own nation, like unto me. Him shalt thou hear." Now, upon a solemn occasion, He was approaching the City of Jerusalem. The people went forth to meet Him, with acclamation and with joy, waving palm branches before Him; a sign of their gratitude; for He who came to them was blessed, coming in the name of the Lord, Ismael's King. And they cried: "Hosannah to the Son of David!" In the midst of their joy, in the midst of their tumultuous gratitude, we read in the Gospel, that the Son of God—who saw the city, wept over it bitter tears. He said: "Oh Jerusalem, the time will come to thee when thine enemies shall encompass thee round, and straighten thee on every side. They shall cast a trench about thee, and beat thee flat with the ground; and they shall not leave thee a stone upon a stone." What was the cause, the sign, of this terrific prophecy? He immediately added the reason: "Because thou hast not known these things that are good for thee; because of thy ignorance, Oh Jerusalem; therefore shall all thine enemies come in upon thee." Is not this what he said? And to the Jewish priests: "Hear me; ye are not of my priests." He says: "because you have rejected knowledge, I will reject you, and you will no longer fulfil the duty of the priesthood unto me; because my people were silent; because they have no knowledge." Elsewhere, the Prophet says: "There is no truth, there is no knowledge of God in the land." He immediately added that, "Cursing, lying, infidelity, adultery, abound, because there is no knowledge of the Lord in the land." To cap the climax of all that the Omnipotent says on this point, we have the Apostle and the inspired writer saying of the Jewish people: "If they had known, if they had knowledge, they never would have crucified the Lord of Glory." And, passing from the evidence of the grand words of Scripture, looking at this great fact simply with eyes of reason, do we not know, my friends, that there are two lives in man; that man is a wonderful being in whom two distinct natures meet. Almighty God has created in this world the mere animal and material nature, the animal that reasons not; that only feels and lives. The trees of the forest grow, and the flowers of the field; they reason not, neither do they feel; but they live. The animal object that is in man has not feeling, but only existence. On the other hand, God has created in heaven a higher order of purely spiritual beings, in the angels, like to Himself, in that they are pure spirits, in that they are utterly dissociated from everything gross, corporeal and material; in that they are pure intelligence, pure love, gifted with power and virtue over the will. Observe the difference of these two great ranks of creation—things that do not reason at all, that only feel; and things that do not feel at all, but reason;—the animal and the angelic. Then comes man, the golden link in the creation of God; in whom the inferior creation and the superior meet; in whom the angelic soul, the prime spiritual essence, and the mere animal, the mere material thing embrace. Therefore, man is a being, made up of two natures: the angelic, spiritual, Godlike, which is his soul; and the material, animal and brutal, which is his body. As these are elements, or subdivisions, united in man's life, so, in the Divine destiny, he lives, in his two-fold figure of life, the life of the body and the life of the soul; the life of the body, with its appetites, with its passions, with its strong, almost ungovernable desires, and with its animal propensities;—the life of the soul, with its lofty aspirations to heaven, and, as regards its ultimate destiny, of everlasting glory. The body must be born; so must the soul. The body must be fed; so must the soul. The body must be exercised; so must the soul. Now, the life of the soul, the exercise of the soul, the food of the soul, I assert, is knowledge; and, therefore, it is as necessary for the soul as food for the body. The soul we are obliged to exercise as well as our inferior corporeal nature. If you neglect either one or the other, its power fails. A little infant is born into this world; if you neglect that child, or stint that child in its food, it grows poor and puny and weak. And why? Because it is mortal. The soul, on the other hand, when deprived of food, grows not at all; it cannot die, because it is immortal; but it can remain in the same state of helplessness, of infancy, of imbecility, in which it was in the first day of its birth, unless it receives aliment, strengthening, the food of instruction, education and morality (applause).

Man differs from all other creatures in this world, in that he has been created by Almighty God to live in society. Every other animal on the face of this earth leads an isolated, solitary, and independent life, each one living for itself. Man alone is created for society,—to live for his fellow-man, to enter into their cares, to commune with them, to take a portion of the public burden of society, to move through life, not only for himself, but for those around him. Now, that state of society is rude that has no inter-communication of intellectual feeling; and the man who is utterly uneducated is incapable of fulfilling his obligations to society. Take a man utterly without instruction—and what have you so far as regards society? He is incapable of communicating with his fellow-man; for all such communion of intellect or of power he is incapable, because he is utterly uneducated. He is the greatest enemy of society. Why? because every power of his soul is left untouched. The angelic nature lies dormant within him. No gentle thought, no softening remembrance, of heavenly things ever comes to move the unenlightened wretch. No generous impulse, no lofty purpose, no spirit of heroic sacrifice is found in him. He is the enemy of society; for he turns in upon his solitary self, in whom he finds no actual quality of good; the very idea of moral good is a stranger to him, because of his benighted condition. Take him in his relations to God. What says He of him who has not knowledge? What says Almighty God of such a one? "Man," says the Psalmist, "when he was without knowledge, understood not; he had no knowledge in him, he is compared to the senseless beasts, made like to them." "The body grows apace, the uneducated soul remains in its infancy. The body becomes a giant of

passions, of evil propensities, and of all the baser desires. The infant soul is unable to oppose these passions by a single principle. It is unable to coerce them or purify them by a single element of intellectual, moral power or grace. The consequence is that the will of man,—the source of all his moral power,—is removed from the jurisdiction of intelligence to which God made it subject. The allegiance of the will thus follows the submission of the mind to passion; to pride, and to all the disorders of the brutal nature. Therefore it is, that the thoroughly uneducated man is unavailable for any purpose, whether for God or for human society. The statesman finds the ignorant man his difficulty; because it is impossible to legislate for an uneducated people, who are unable to comprehend even the idea of law. The Church finds the uneducated man her greatest enemy; because faith, in its highest form, is an appeal to the intellect, for which that intellect must be prepared by education, because that very act of its exercise, that the Church imposes upon a man, requires intelligence of a kind, of which the thoroughly uneducated man is incapable; he is unable to act for himself. The world finds in the uneducated man, in the utterly uneducated man, its greatest enemy; for, though ignorant, he knows how to do one thing, and that one thing is, to follow the brutal instincts, to follow the base inclinations of his passions; and in the pursuit of them he will set at hostile defiance every law, human and divine; and we see that he makes himself the pest, the canker worm, the great enemy of society,—an object of dread.

Hence it is, my friends, that the whole world, the whole civilized world to-day, cries out for education. The Churchman, the statesman, the priest, the philosopher,—Catholic and Protestant,—all alike, cry out, we must educate; we cannot live in society; society cannot exist without education. And they are right; for, if we could imagine a time when men were thoroughly and completely uneducated, then we imagine that there was a time when human society was an impossibility, because the essence of that society is intercommunication. The statesman and the churchman alike declare that we must educate. And they approach this question,—let us see how.

The statesman has his own views of education.—The Christian man,—outside the pale of the Catholic Church,—he, too, has his view of education;—and the Church has her view of education. I want to put these three before you in order that I may vindicate the action of our holy Mother, the Church, to show you that she alone understands the meaning of that much abused word, education. All acknowledge the evil of ignorance; all acknowledge it is the root and source of all evil in society. First comes the statesman; and he says, "I will educate." And he builds up his common schools and his colleges. He says to the Catholic Bishops: "Stand aside. You have no right to educate the children." And he says to every man: "I will have no fixed form of religious belief! Stand aside; you are only sectarians; I am prepared to administer an unsectarian education." Unsectarian education? What does this mean, my friends? It means, in plain English, teaching without God. I wish you, above every thing else, to remember these three words, when you read political speeches, when you hear men talking about this glorious land of America; the splendor of the country of England, the enlightenment and wonderful intelligence of the age. All that "unsectarian education" means, is teaching without God (applause). And now, reflect a little, my friends, upon what this means. We read in the Scriptures that St. Paul said: "The world has committed crimes such as I am ashamed to mention"—and turning to the Christians, he said: "Let them not be as much as named amongst you." They must learn, because God gave them will and intelligence. The state refuses to put God in their knowledge. Formerly, they taught without God. The world was not uneducated when Christ came. Oh dear, no! The schools at Athens, and the schools in Rome were as flourishing as any that we have to-day—poo-pooing the idea of religion.—When Christ and His religion came upon earth, He told them that they must change,—that they must teach their children something about God. And they said: "This man, indeed, raises a few from the dead; He opens the eyes of the blind; He heals the sick and the paralyzed; and He works many strange miracles that we cannot understand, for this is the language of that Christ who tells us we must teach our sons about God." And they answered the Son of God, eighteen hundred years ago, pretty much in the same way as the "unsectarian" man does to-day. What is teaching or instructing without God? What is the meaning of the word educate? It is derived from two Latin words, namely, *ex* and *duco*, to lead forth,—to educate,—or, as the true derivation has it, to bring out all that is in that child.—That child is there before you, a child of seven; that child has to become a man; that child is the father of the man that is to be in twenty years time. Now, to educate means to bring out in that young mind all that is necessary to make the man. I ask you, Christian men, can that man be thus brought out in the child without God? Education,—if it is to make the man; if it is to bring out all the powers that are in him,—must train him up in the two great sources, the education of the head and the education of the heart,—the two great powers of the man that reasons. Now, the "unsectarian education" of the State means to educate the mind; it gives the mind every form of human knowledge; it teaches the mind Geometry, History, Electricity, Mathematics, Geology, and everything else; but not a word about God at all. Not a word of God must be mentioned. The science of God,—the knowledge of God,—is the principal point of knowledge which that child must not hear; he must have no God. Therefore, whilst the mind of that child is receiving every form of human knowledge, his heart is hardening every day, more and more, into the hardness of unbelief, into the preparation of every form of helplessness, hypocrisy, and sin. Not a single scintilla of Divine knowledge is let into that child's mind; nothing but the knowledge of this world,—human knowledge. Itself human, it is vain, I say. And, if you were not Catholics, I would still ask these men who pretend to teach without God,—tell me, as you wish only to teach human knowledge, thus excluding God; then you wish to teach history? And to teach history you must come to the fountain head of history; and there you find the creating God.—Will you exclude this? If you teach the progress of history, the true philosophy of history is the over-ruling providence of God, guiding and shaping all things. Will you exclude it, and pretend to teach that child history? What will you tell that child of the history of his race, its acts and its power, if you exclude Almighty God from his knowledge? Will you teach that child philosophy,—the philosophy that seeks and searches after truth,—that loves the truth in interior things,—the philosophy that means the analysis of the human mind,—the philosophy that traces every effect to its cause,—touching that cause with the true genius of its acquaintance with theology,—and that follows the great first cause of all things? No; the philosophy that excludes God is simply absurd. Fancy a man going to teach mathematics,—to teach figures,—excluding the figure one and starting with the figure two. Why the simplest child would say "but, my dear sir, isn't the multiple of one?" "It is not," this teacher says; "there is no one" (laughter). If he says there is no one, how can he tell us there is two or three? How can a man teach philosophy ignoring the first principle, beginning without the One, which is the precise cause of all? In a word, the system is too absurd; it is not worthy the consideration of any man of thought. Teaching without God is an impossibility; even for the men who pretend to do it; and in its results, it is fatal to society.

Well, let us suppose they had their way; that they brought up our children without God. Let us suppose that the favorite theories of the statesmen were carried into effect.—The Protestant, the Catholic, the Quaker, the Shaker,—all want us to teach their form of religion; and, as we cannot teach their religion, the best plan is to exclude religion altogether. We know nothing at all about religion; but we know how to teach them to read and write. We will teach philosophy, and everything; but without God. Now, the favorite theory of the statesman is put in practice; and what do they send home to you? Oh think of the monsters living in the house with you—think of the young man or the young woman, fourteen or fifteen years of age, coming home to you! They know everything; and they are ready for any profession; they have studied Law; they have studied Chemistry, Philosophy, History; they know all the sciences; they are well fitted for the service of this world; and you ask a child: "Do you know your duty to me,—your father or mother?" "No; I never heard of it." Do you know that you are bound to love and respect me?" "Who said that?" "God said it." "I never heard of God before." "I'm a student who had spent a great part of his life in an European College. He was studying amongst other things, Geology—the nature of the earth, the history of the earth's foundation; and that young man assured me that for eighteen months that he was attending the school or college, every day during the eighteen months the Professor there was lecturing; and he never once made use of the name of God. There will follow from that education an infidel mind and an infidel heart; a ripened intellect and a will debased, corrupted, enslaved to the dictates of every passion. Now, my dear friends, a child so educated will come home in a few months filled with impurity and iniquity. For that teacher that does not teach God, by that very act teaches the devil (applause).

Well, the next great system of education is that which is proposed and directed by so many who are not Catholics. They say: "Oh dear, it is highly improper to exclude Almighty God." They said, when they were agitating the question of education, they never heard of such a thing; it isn't in the American Constitution—God bless the mark (laughter and applause). Well they build schools; they get a large grant of government money for these schools; they open these schools; and they ask Catholic parents to send their children to them; and they say, "Don't be afraid; we will not teach your children infidelity. We have God in our education. We have the Bible laid on the table,—open (laughter). We will teach your children to read it (renewed laughter). We won't teach a word that the Catholic children are opposed to,—not a word against their religion; but we will go in to educate on the basis of our common Christianity." There is "common Christianity"—the favorite theory of those who are outside the Church. Let us analyze it. We have disposed of the theory of "Unsectarian Education," or teaching without God; "the basis of our common Christianity" is the next big word we have to deal with. "The basis of our common Christianity" teaching only as much as the Catholic believes in common with the Protestant; reducing the religious education of the Catholic child to a few elementary truths that the Protestant and Catholic believe together. Now, if you will remark, how much is there in that "common Christianity" can I go one step further? I will ask you that question,—shall I go one step further? I defy you, my Protestant friends, to tell me one single point upon which the Protestant and the Catholic are combined, except this one point,—the existence of God. You say you believe in Jesus Christ? I say you do not. I don't mean to insult you, my friends; but I want to prove it to you. There are some of the very first and most intelligent of Protestants, to-day, who deny the divinity of Jesus Christ. There were some books written some time ago,—essays and reviews,—they were written entirely by Anglican clergymen, learned men, and honest men. God forbid that I should hurt their feelings; for some of the dearest friends that I have in the world, the best and most intimate friends, are Protestants and Englishmen; but I still say that Protestants, as such, are not bound to believe in the divinity of Christ. If the Protestant says he does not see his way clearly in the baptismal regeneration and every such question, he discovers they are only "opinions." For Christ has said in the Scriptures: "The Father is greater than I," and some one will say: "Now if He was God, He would not say that. My opinion" is changed on that subject. My children must be brought up in the widest form of that belief in Christ. This is the belief of a great many others. But I ask you, would he be a bad Protestant for saying that? Would the Protestant Church communicate him for saying he did not believe in baptism, or in the divinity of Christ? By no means. There are clergymen now in England, preaching the Gospel, who do not believe one bit in the divinity of Christ. If a Protestant to-morrow, wrote a letter to the *Herald* newspaper, stating that he "did not believe in this question of the divinity of Christ: it is not so clear at all," would that Protestant lady or gentleman be expelled from the Church? Would they be denounced as heretics, and declared to be no longer members of the Protestant Church? Not at all. Now, my Protestant friends, you must keep to the existence of God, because if you deny that you are atheists; but the moment you step from the mere truth of the existence of God,—the very first step in your ecclesiastical doctrine,—at that very moment your faith and ours differ. Your reason is upon a different foundation from ours. With you it is perfectly immaterial; but I deny the existence of Jesus Christ, if I deny his divinity, here on this platform, I would go down speedily. The Bishop this night before to-morrow, would tell me I was no longer to preach in his diocese. There is not an altar from which I would not be denounced; the Catholics would be warned, in this way: "Don't listen to Father Tom Burke; he has lost the faith" (laughter and applause).

But, even admitting a few elementary truths, such as the divinity of Christ, the atonement of our Lord upon the Cross,—the all-sufficiency of that sacrifice;—admitting what, for the most part, the great body of the Protestants admit and believe as well as we do,—every man here has the liveliest belief in these doctrines,—a loving and devoted belief in all these doctrines, which our Protestant friends are in so much trouble about,—after all you think in vain to unite us on the basis of our "common Christianity." Take the highest form of our Protestantism, as far as it goes with Catholic principle, even in the mind of the little child; before you can let him into the Protestant school, on a religious footing, upon a footing of religious equality with his Protestant companion, on the basis of our "common Christianity"—that Catholic child will have to forget Confession, Communion, Examination of Conscience, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints, the Sacrament of Confirmation. He will have to forget that his father and mother were united in the Sacrament of Matrimony. He will have to forget Prayers for the Dead. If his old grandmother, when she was dying, laid her hand upon his head and said, "Son I want you to pray for me when I am gone," he will have to forget that before he can go in with the Protestant child, "on the basis of our common Christianity" which means that the Protestant child takes his own ground and says: "Here is my ground; I have every privilege, every enjoyment of my Protestantism." Then he says to the little Catholic child: "Come in, with me; stand on this platform; but you will have to come down ever so many flights of stairs before you can do it" (laughter). Now, my dear friends, I need not tell you that, whether in religious matters or not, very few people like to be coming down stairs to meet their friends; you would much rather stand on your own landing,

and, if your friends wants you, let him come upstairs to you (laughter). If he does not choose to come up to you, why would you say, "You can stand in the hall; but I will stay where I am" (renewed laughter).

New, we approach the great question of the Catholic Church, her ideas, and her system of education. The Catholic Church lays down a few principles which no reasonable man, I think, can deny. First of all, the Catholic Church says, education must take in every element or means of intellectual and spiritual well-being. Education must apply itself to the whole soul of man, to every capacity of that soul. Education must bring out and develop everything and every power that is in that soul; not giving undue prominence to one, to the neglect of the other. And every reasonable man must say that this is the proper idea of education, which means to bring out. What would you say of the man who would bring up his child in this way, accustoming that child to work with his hands, to lift weights, to perform every exercise with his hands,—if he never allowed that child to walk? why you would say, he will make a strong armed cripple of him. As in like manner, if that child's hands had been bandaged and he was obliged to exercise himself with his feet until he was twenty years of age, he would be unable to lift the lightest weight. So it is with the soul; the child, in order to be educated, must be altogether educated,—not one faculty or one power developed at the expense of the others. This was the first principle of Catholic education. The second principle of Catholic education is that of the education of the heart, of the affections, and of the will; it is as important, as the education of the soul, and more important than the education of the intellect. And why? Because, my friends, it is by the education of the heart and of the will that man's moral life is determined. No amount of knowledge that you can give to man's intellect will make him good or honest, will make him pure, will make him obedient. You have no guarantee because a man can read and write well, because he is ingenious, that, therefore, he will make a good husband, a faithful, loving father, or an honest man. Why, as I can see, if you have great talents, if you have great ability for business, that makes people rather than you, and be on their guard of you; for, seeing so much intellect, they say you are wanting in the moral qualities. They mind this in dealing with such a man; for they say he is a "mighty smart man" (laughter); a "mighty smart man" in intellect; an educated man; a man that, because he is your superior in education, in intellect, knows how to get at the blind side, or the green side of you (laughter). What does this prove? Only as an illustration, it proves a great principle, namely, that the education that is to make a man pure, high-minded, amiable, faithful and loving,—that is education of the heart rather than that of the mind. The Catholic Church, therefore, says, I must apply myself, as in education, first to the will, first to the affections. I must teach the mind. I must bring out these powers. I must stamp this will and soul with the one divine resemblance that has been fixed into them; and, at the same time, that I educate and give with the one hand, education to the heart and to the will, with the other I will pour into the intellect every form of knowledge, so as to make an intellectual as well as a holy man (applause). How does she do this,—this Church of God? My dear friends, she takes the child before that child has come to the use of reason; she brings the child, or the infant to school; the Sisters of Mercy, or the Sisters of Charity, are ready to receive that child. Reason has not yet dawned upon that little mind; the child has not yet begun to understand the mystery of unlawful desires. The Church of God takes that child before the mystery of sin—before the passions are developed or made known to it. The Sisters begin by teaching that young child, before it begins to reason, the things of Heaven. The very Sisters that ministers that education to the infant in her religious habit,—in his consideration, uniting all that is purest, highest, and holiest with all that is tenderest and most human,—is an argument in itself made upon the little mind, that there is something better for men to live for than the things of earth. The image of the Infant Jesus is put before that little child; it captivates the young sense, and teaches that little creature the beauty of heaven, before that creature's eyes open to see and comprehend the dangerous beauty of the world. Reason dawns upon that child; but that child has already turned its thoughts upon the Lord of Heaven. The devil comes to tempt that little child with the opening eye of passion, with the opening eye of reason; but that little child is already instructed beforehand in the thoughts and in the things of Jesus Christ. The Church, as soon as that child comes to the use of reason, begins to teach him the first lesson of man's responsibility to God, by teaching that child how to prepare for his first Communion. That little child is taught, as soon as ever it becomes able to think for itself, the first lessons.—"For every thought, for every word and act, you are responsible to God and to your own conscience." That responsibility is brought home to the young soul by the preparation for Confession,—which is one of the first duties taught in the Catholic school. And when the time is come, when the intellect is more perfect when the heart, more grown, is capable of higher and more magnificent ideas, that little child is brought, with its baptismal innocence shining upon its soul, and receives the body of the Lord in Holy Communion. Then, during the subsequent years, for every lesson that is taught of human knowledge, there is also a corresponding lesson of Divine knowledge. Every new idea that is brought into the mind is accompanied with new forms of grace, falling upon the heart and will: for as knowledge is the education of the intellect, grace divine is the education of the heart of man.

This is the Catholic system of education. This is the system of Catholic education that sends out, in a few years, a man able to contend with all his competitors, in every rivalry of intellectual knowledge, in every race of life; a man who is able, by the fact of his education, to take any position that is possible to be filled by any of them; a man that is fully as well educated as any of his Protestant brethren in the land, with this difference,—that he brings forth from that school a soul that has grown in purity, a maturity of intellect without forfeiting a single ray of the purity or of the innocence of his childhood.

Now, my friends, I appeal to your intelligence, and to any person who is not a Catholic, in this room.—Which of these three systems, do you think, answers most fully and most completely to the definition of the word "Education," to educate, to bring out? Which of these three systems is the most perfect? I ask you as parents, as men, can you afford to give your children that Godless education where the name of God is not mentioned? Can you Protestants of this country, ask you, your Catholic brethren, to believe as you do that which is but a part of all that our religion teaches, as you do when you say if it is an advantage for our children to be brought to a common level, and stand on a "common Christian basis?" It is too common (alas) that we should be addicted to it. We know and believe Christ, our Lord, to be present on His altar; but you cannot recognize this truth;—you so intellectual, so high-minded, so refined. You are willing to embrace that, gladly, if you only could believe that He is there. But you do not believe. And as you believe it not, do you mean to tell me that you are able, that you will educate, and fit a man to receive his God, and receive Him frequently? Do you believe it? No, certainly not. Now, I ask you, my Protestant friends, have you any right to educate our children as if they believed it not? Have you any right, I ask you, to give that child such an education, as to make him a very good Protestant, but a very bad

Catholic? A very bad Catholic is one who deems it necessary for Confession by an examination of conscience; and a very good Protestant who never thinks of one or the other. He is a very bad Catholic who doesn't hear his Sunday's Mass, and hear it attentively and worthily; but he would make a very good Protestant without ever crossing the threshold of a church at all. A very bad Catholic, he is who has hardly any love, affection, or veneration for the Mother of Jesus Christ,—the woman who said, "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." And he would be a very bad Protestant if he had any principle of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. So you see the essential difference. The Catholic Church says to the Protestant children: "If you will come, such as I have, I give to you. I have sacraments; I have grace; I have remission of sin; I have sacramental power; I have examples in millions of saints and philosophers to encourage and develop all that is highest, holiest and purest. And with all these in my hand, I offer it to you.—Do you Protestant children; and if you do not accept it I will not force it upon you; I will educate your children in simple obedience." "But," says the Protestant, "what right have you to force your mysterious religion upon us?" If a man had a dinner of roast beef and a magnificent turkey set out before him; and another man, sitting near him, had but two salt herrings,—if the man with the roast beef and the fine dinner should say to the other,—"Come over and sit with me; let us eat together and be neighborly." "No," says the other. "Very well," says the first; "I will not press you." But if the man with the two salt herrings should say: "Leave your beef and turkey and eat a herring with me" (laughter), it would seem to me to be pretty much the same as the case between the Catholic and Protestant. They tell us, "It is bad,—actually bad in itself,—for you Catholics to send missionaries out to build schools for education, when you know well to have the means in our schools to impart it." The Catholic says, "It is very hard to be compelled to contribute to their support, without any benefit; but I believe we must send our children to our own schools, because we have things in our schools that we believe to be absolutely necessary for ourselves and our children." To be sure, I know very well it is a hard thing. Both here and in Ireland we have to bear the common burden of the State education; which is a hard thing to bear, especially when we cannot avail of it. It is something hard on Catholic parents, not only in America, but in the old land,—it is too bad that they cannot send their children to the Queen's College, or to the Model School; as, indeed, I remember a man coming into our house when I was being educated; and he said to my mother, "A great fool you are, paying twelve pounds a year for a classical education for your boy, when if you send him to the Queen's College, he will be educated for nothing; and if he gets a prize, he will bring you home twenty pounds." My mother answered, "He will bring me home twenty pounds! Not far ten thousand pounds will I allow him to cross the threshold of their Queen's College; for the lessons that I want my child to be taught," said she, "are that he shall know his duty to God, and his duty to me; and there he won't be taught either one or the other" (applause). I say again, it is a hard thing to have your well-earned money wrong from you for the building up of State schools; and when the priest is at you hammer and tongs, about his schools (laughter). But, my friends, when you consider all that the Catholic child requires, all that the Catholic child cannot get outside the Catholic school, all that that Catholic child requires, the Eternal God has said, and the Church has said, he must get,—when you consider all this, all you can say is, that you give but little, much as you give, compared with what you receive, when you receive from the hands of the priest, the monk, or the nun, a boy not ashamed nor afraid of his religion; not ashamed of his parents, not ashamed of his duties; and a girl that comes home to you captivated with the beauty of the Mother of God, and reflecting that beauty in the purity of her own angelic soul (applause).

What shall be the future of this question in America? I cannot help in everything asking myself, "What is to become of it?" or as we say here, "It is bound to be this; it is bound to be that." At home in Ireland, some how or other,—because it was an old country, perhaps,—we were constantly "chooing" crying over the glories that are gone, talking about the persecutions that we suffered hundreds of years ago, and talking about Brian Boru (laughter). We seldom or never started the question, "What is in store for old Ireland for the time to come?" But, since I came to America I look upon everything as yet in its infancy, every great question yet unsolved in these infant States, every great interest almost untouched; and I am constantly asking myself, "What is the future of this thing or that thing?" In what way will commercial interests develop themselves? What is the religion of America to be? What is the political action of America to be? And, as I believe in my soul, that the future of America will be the future of a glorious united and enlightened Catholicity, so I believe in my soul that God has reserved for this mighty country the blessing of a pure, universal and Catholic education (loud and prolonged applause). I cannot believe that the American mind will ever consent to banish God from its schools and from its teachings (applause). I cannot believe that the American intelligence will not consent to arrive at the wise conclusion, that the education of the heart by grace, is as necessary as the education of the intellect by knowledge. And in the day that America arrives at that conclusion,—in that day America will open her schools to educate throughout the land, in all the sacraments for God's service, all the truth of Catholic teaching, acts of devotion to the Virgin Mother and the Saints; all that cheers and delights the infant, or brings grace upon the young heart; in that day America will open her schools in order that the Lord Jesus Christ may take possession of them, to sanctify them by His strength, purifying them to enable the future action of the most enlightened people to be the very perfection of Christianity, to uphold through all nations,—wherever the name of an American shall be heard,—the very idea of right and of justice, of legislation for God and for His eternal law (loud applause).

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE "TRANS" ON "HOME RULE."—The *Times* says Ireland begins the year now opened with a material prosperity little inferior to that of England. In all that makes, or should make, a nation rich she is evidently flourishing, and we are not rich as the opinion that a people so situated will be led astray by the chimerical vision of Home Rule. If the Irish wish really to manage their own affairs by attending to their own local interests as is done in England, they can begin that work as soon as they please, and nobody will desire to thwart it. On the contrary, the co-operation of this country will be readily forthcoming. We should like to see the Irish developing their splendid fisheries, and for our own sakes no less than theirs. We wish every Irish railway paid as good a dividend as our best trunk ones. If Irish bogs can really be made to yield a cheap substitute for coal, the event would be amongst the most welcome of the year of 1873. If such things can be done, and are not done, the fault will not be ours. The legislation of a hundred years since will not be repeated in these days. Ireland will have fair play; not to say more, and it rests only with herself to turn to good and permanent purpose such opportunities as she is now obviously enjoying.

THE OATH OF ST. GEORGE.—It is officially announced from Rome that the Sovereign Pontiff has conferred on Keyes O'Clery, Esq., of the Middle

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1873.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY—1873.

Friday, 7—St. Romuald, Ab. Saturday, 8—St. John of Matha, C. Sunday, 9—Septuagesima. Monday, 10—St. Scholastica, V. Tuesday, 11—Of the Prayer of Our Lord. Wednesday, 12—St. Raymond, C. Thursday, 13—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

OUR NEW STORY.

Next week we will commence the publication of a very interesting story entitled:

"Which was the Traitor?"

It is a story of '98. Its characters are as natural as life. It was written by a person perfectly conversant with Irish character, habits and customs, and we venture to say that no person, old or young, who reads the first few chapters, will fail to follow up the story.

Now is the time to Subscribe.

Will our subscribers and agents mention our intention to their neighbors and ask them to subscribe now?

By so doing you will confer a favor on them and us. Remember to subscribe at once, as we print no extra papers.

The story alone is worth double the price of the subscription.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The past week has been marked by no events of much political importance in Europe. That the Carlists in Spain have been exterminated two or three times, and still continue troublesome is hardly worth noticing, seeing it is of daily occurrence. The Russian difficulty still continues to attract attention in the British political world, and the firm attitude of the Cabinet seems to give satisfaction.

The steamer that cut down the ill-fated emigrant ship the North Fleet turns out to be a Spaniard. She appeared off Lisbon for which place she has a cargo; but warned by signal of the existence of an extradition treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, in virtue of which the first named might claim the arrest and surrender of the captain and crew of the steamer, she hastily sheered off again, and made for a Spanish port where no such danger awaits her.

The Rev. Mr. Loyson has made his appearance in the pulpit for the first time since his marriage with an American widow. The place selected for the exploit was a Protestant meeting house in the Rue de Provence, Paris, kept and run by a Rev. N. Prepreux, a Protestant minister, but of what particular sect we do not know. M. Loyson descended upon the importance of a union between Catholics and non-Catholics; though how this was to be brought about, unless the first cease to be Catholics, or non-Catholics become Catholics, the eloquent lecturer did not explain.

The emigration from the Italian Peninsula to the United States is assuming gigantic proportions, reminding one of the Irish Exodus in '47 and '48. This emigration is chiefly from the Kingdom of Naples; and the reason for it assigned by the emigrants themselves is the misery that the conquest of their country by the Piedmontese has brought upon it.—Taxation had increased five-fold since that conquest, and in consequence the poorer classes, who managed well under the regime of their lawful sovereign, had been reduced to beggary.

MORE STEALING.—The excommunicated robber king of Piedmont has seized sixteen convents in Rome; feloniously appropriating them to his own use, after having driven out the legitimate owners. This is certainly carrying out the rights of conquest with a strong hand, nor did the Prussians ever proceed to such extremities when France lay bleeding beneath their feet. Let us pray that the day of vengeance for these atrocities may soon arrive.

It is again asserted that the Sovereign Pontiff will leave Rome should the invaders of the States of the Church carry out their intention of driving away the Heads of the Religious establishments. A report of the death of Sir Geo. E. Cartier

was circulated throughout town in the early part of last week. Next day it received a formal contradiction in the shape of a note from the Hon. John Rose, under date Jan. 27th, stating that Sir George E. Cartier had dined with him the evening before, in an improving condition of health.

The Dominion Parliament is expected to meet for business on the 5th of next month.

In the Witness of the 30th ult., we find the following strange paragraph, from which we have in vain endeavored to extract some definite meaning:—

"It will, therefore, not excite surprise when it is known that Dr. Perrault, one of the magistrates before whom the late trial at Pointe-aux-Trembles took place, was assailed by the True Witness, both for having granted Rev. Mr. Tanner the use of his pew in the R. C. Church there, and also in his capacity as judge in the subsequent charge of assault brought by the marguillier of that church against the last named Rev. gentleman."

And a little farther on the Witness cites Dr. Perrault to the effect that, the "sole reason" why the conduct of that magistrate has been criticised is that he refused to issue a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Tanner.

The singular grammatical construction of the first paragraph by us quoted from the Witness, renders it impossible for us to reply thereto; we are at a loss to make out what the writer of it means. With regard to what Dr. Perrault assigns as the reason why, in our columns, his conduct as a magistrate has been criticised, we have only to say that Dr. Perrault, if he has read the TRUE WITNESS, knows that he says that which is false. In fact, till the article in the Witness of the 30th ult. met our eyes, we were not aware that Dr. Perrault had even been asked to grant a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Tanner.

What we said, what we repeat, and what we are prepared to make good against all assailants of our position, is, this:—That it is highly indecorous on the part of a magistrate to preside, or take any part in the trial of a case in which he, as a private individual, is morally interested; and that Dr. Perrault, the private individual, having given a place in his pew to Mr. Tanner, a notorious enemy of the Catholic Church, was morally interested in the question whether the last named had, or had not, conducted himself whilst in the church to which Dr. Perrault had introduced him, in a proper and decorous manner. Now this was the issue that Dr. Perrault, the magistrate, undertook to adjudicate upon.

Mr. A. introduces Mr. B. for instance, to a club of which the first named is a member, or to a society of which he has the entire. The editor of the Witness, and Dr. Perrault may perhaps be ignorant of it; but all gentlemen know, that should Mr. B. misbehave himself, or give cause to complain of his conduct in the club or social circle to which through the intervention of Mr. A. he had gained admission, it is the introducer who is always held, morally, accountable for the conduct of the person by him introduced. Precisely so in the case before us. Dr. Perrault in giving a seat in a Catholic Church to one standing in such a peculiar position towards that Church as Mr. Tanner, became morally responsible for the good conduct whilst in church, of the latter; whether Mr. Tanner conducted himself properly or improperly? a question in which Dr. Perrault was directly and deeply interested.—was the question before the Court at which the magistrate Dr. Perrault presided. This conduct of Dr. Perrault we denounced as indecorous in the highest degree, and we reiterate the charge without expressing any opinion on the conduct, whilst in church, of Mr. Tanner.

VICE-REGAL MOVEMENTS.—On the afternoon of Tuesday the 28th ult., His Excellency accompanied by the Countess of Dufferin visited St. Mary's Convent at Hochelaga, where they were received with all honors by the Lady Superior, and many of the Clergy, including the Rev. Canons Fabre and Moreau from the Episcopal Palace, the RR. MM. Leclaire, Lavallee and Landrign, chaplain to the Convent. The Vice-Regal party having gone over the establishment, assisted at a séance of the pupils, by whom Addresses were presented which met with gracious replies. A handsome bouquet was tendered for His Excellency's acceptance by one of the little pupil Dlle. A. Fautema, and another for Lady Dufferin by Dlle. Genereux. The usual indulgence of a holiday was craved, and cheerfully granted.

The afternoon of Thursday, 30th ult., was devoted to visits to the charitable institutions of Montreal in connection with the Irish Catholic population. The St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum was the first thus honored. This institution is taken care of by Sisters from the Grey Nunnery, and shelters within its walls about 218 orphans, of both sexes, who at the same time that their bodily wants are administered to, receive an excellent education. Its funds are aided by an annual grant of \$640 from the Provincial Legislature.

At the entrance of the Asylum His Excellency was received by the Reverend Director, Father Dowd of St. Sulpice, and the Rev. M.

Leclaire, from amongst the Clergy; and the Hon. T. Ryan—our respected representative, M. P. Ryan, Esq., M.P., E. Murphy, Esq., Dr. Schmidt, from amongst the laity. A very fine Address setting forth the origin, objects, and labors of the Orphan Asylum was read and presented to His Excellency in the name of the Directors and Trustees of the Institution, which elicited a suitable reply, and the usual demand for a holiday for the little children. The representatives of the latter, two smart little fellows then stepped forward, and presented their Address receiving a kind reply from their distinguished visitor. The St. Patrick's Church was next visited and then the Vice-Regal party proceeded to the School in Alexander Street, under the charge of the Ladies of the Congregation. Here again Addresses were presented by the Misses Bergin, Shannon and Mulligan, the latter tendering a bouquet for Lady Dufferin; with several pieces of music well executed and the National Anthem, the proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

The St. Bridget's House of Refuge was next on the list. This is a most useful institution which affords shelter to old and infirm persons of both sexes, and a home for female servants out of place. It has also a Night Refuge in connection with it, in which the homeless poor, without distinction of creed or race, can on application, obtain a night's shelter with breakfast next morning, and in the case of the weak, a supper also on admission. Drunkenness and immoral conduct alone exclude from the Night Refuge, which is open from the 1st of December to the 1st of May.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, M.P. had the honor of presenting to His Excellency an Address in which a full and interesting account of the St. Bridget's House of Refuge was given. Its annual expenditure is about Six Thousand Dollars, of which Three Hundred are contributed by the Local Government. The average of admissions to the Night Refuge is over Nine Thousand of which about one-eighth is made up of Protestants. All nationalities are represented. The institution is almost exclusively supported by private contributions, and is clear of debt, with the exception of a charge of \$3,000 still due on the building which cost nearly \$23,000.

His Excellency listened with evident interest to these details; and in his reply expressed his delight at having been enabled to visit so valuable and well conducted an institution. His Lordship then went over the building, examining the rooms, and addressing kind words to the inmates. One old gentleman, gay and lively, at the advanced age of 103, sang an Irish song, to the great amusement of the illustrious visitor, himself a native of the Green Isle.

To the Asyle St. Nazareth, St. Catherine Street, under the charge of the Sisters of the Grey Nunnery—Friday, the 31st, was a gala day, for then also its turn arrived of being visited by the worthy representative of our Queen. This Asylum has two branches or departments. In one are received during the day time little children, too young to be left alone, whose parents are obliged to go forth from early morn to night to earn their daily bread. These children are then left in charge of the good nuns, who educate, and amuse them during the long hours of the day, restoring them to their parents at night fall. The other department consists of an Asylum for the Blind, the only institution of the sort, we believe, existing in the Province, and which receives aid from the government to the amount of \$400 per annum.

About 5 p.m. His Excellency arrived at the gate of the house, when he was received by a guard of honor composed of the little inmates of the Asylum, and a discharge of artillery. Attended by the RR. MM. Rousselot and Desmazure, Lord Dufferin then proceeded to the large hall where he received and replied to addresses from the children; who were then put through their exercises in a very satisfactory manner, as showing the progress in the rudiments of education that these little ones are making under the charge of the Grey Nuns.

The Asylum for the Blind was then visited. Here the scene was very interesting indeed. Under the most approved and recent methods of instruction, the inmates, and these are of all ages, are taught to read, write, and cypher. They are also instructed in music, and trained to use their hands in several kinds of work. One of the blind pupils came forward and read, with perfect fluency, by the sense of touch of course, a very neat Address to His Excellency, who conversed with, and took much notice of the many little children whom the accidents of birth or disease have deprived of the sense of sight. Of our many noble charitable institutions we know none more interesting or worthy of the Christian's sympathy than this of the Asyle St. Nazareth. After a somewhat prolonged stay, His Excellency took leave of the Asylum about 6 p.m.

Whilst paying so much attention to the several charitable and educational institutions within the City, it is not to be supposed that

the Governor General would be unmindful of others equally deserving, but a little more remote. Accordingly, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Mile End, under the charge of the Cleres de St. Viateur were not forgotten; and on Wednesday, the 29th ult., this establishment received the honor of a visit from Lady Dufferin, whose attention had been excited by the reports of the success of the method of articulation now resorted to in the training of the Deaf and Dumb, and introduced into Canada by the Rev. M. Belanger, Principal of the Asylum. Accompanied by her two children, Lady Dufferin appeared before the dear of the Asylum, where she was received by the RR. MM. Fabre, Chanoine, Belanger, Rieux, Plamondon, and Bonin, who escorted Her Ladyship to the Hall where the pupils were awaiting her arrival. Here two Addresses, articulated, were read by the pupils, and presented to the noble lady who had deigned to visit them. Her Ladyship in reply expressed her interest with the pleasing exhibition of the progress made in the novel mode of instruction, and afterwards assisted with close attention at the other exercises. In concluding her visit Lady Dufferin addressed a few words to the Director expressive of the pleasure she had experienced in visiting an institution, distinguished by its having introduced into Canada, and brought to perfection, the system of Articulation. "Many persons," she said, "had praised the house to her; but I must confess that the proofs that I have had before my eyes, increase the previous high opinion that I had formed." Amidst the cheers of these assembled Lady Dufferin then took her departure.

It is very painful to us that we are not able to give at length all the interesting Addresses, and all the details of these memorable visits. But this is as physically impossible as it would be to put a quart of wine into a pint bottle. A weekly paper has not at its command the same space that has a daily journal, and is therefore obliged either to omit notice of some events well worth recording, or compress all within narrower limits than a daily can assign to them. This will, we hope, explain and excuse our omission of much that we would fain have published, but the publication of which would have forced us to pass altogether unnoticed the proceedings at other institutions.

THE NEW LAW.—The London Times of the 1st January in its usual annual retrospect thus delivers itself on the policy as towards the Jesuits pursued by Prince Bismarck.

"The measure for the expulsion of the Jesuits, which Prince Bismarck carried with the cordial aid of a great majority through the German Parliament is so inconsistent with the received political doctrines of modern Englishmen, that, if it had been the act of a weak or capricious Minister, it would have been unanimously condemned as impolitic and unjust."—London Times.

We request the Montreal Witness and others who have attempted to justify the Bismarckian policy towards the Jesuits, to meditate well this paragraph from the Times.

That journal would of course vainly justify, or at least attempt to palliate, or suggest excuses for that policy, if it could. This we think no one will deny who knows the position that the London Times occupies in the ranks of Protestant journalism.

Well, what does the London Times do?—Does it attempt to justify, to palliate or find excuses for the policy of Prince Bismarck against the Jesuits, in the conduct of the latter? in the fact that any one act of any kind has been, or can be made out against them to justify, or excuse the severe measures adopted against them?

Not a bit of it; though this the Times would most certainly have promptly done, were it possible to establish a single treasonable or seditious act against the Jesuits, or to convict them of having conspired, or even meditated to conspire against German unity, and the peace of the new Empire. No. The Times frankly confesses that it is not in the conduct of the Jesuits themselves that there is to be found anything to justify or to excuse the policy of Prince Bismarck, or to redeem it from the charge of injustice.

How then is it to be justified? for justified, in the interests of Prince Bismarck, and in the interest of the Protestant and Liberal world which almost unanimously has applauded that policy, it must be. Thus—and mind this—only thus—On the grounds that Prince Bismarck is neither "weak nor capricious," and, of course, by assuming—for every syllogism must consist of three terms—that he who is neither weak nor capricious can do no moral wrong. For instance,

1. The policy of a statesman who is neither weak nor capricious can not be unjust. 2. But Prince Bismarck is neither weak nor capricious. 3. Therefore his "measure for the expulsion of the Jesuits" cannot be condemned as "impolitic and unjust;" as which, however, so admits the Times—"it would unanimously have been condemned" but for the reputation which its author enjoys for being strong and pertinacious in his policy. There are the grounds, and the only grounds upon which according to the London Times it

is possible to justify, excuse, or in any manner palliate the conduct of the German Government towards the Jesuits.

"Prince Bismarck has earned a right to respectful consideration for any policy which he may deliberately adopt."—London Times.

Happy man is this Prince Bismarck in having such a judge to try him as the Times; happy in living under such a moral code as that which that judge expounds from the Bench. Many and many criminals now dragging out a painful existence in the Penitentiary, would to-day be free, and honored of men could they on their trial, but have secured such a judge to try them, and the application of such a law. For instance, in the case of an old acquaintance, Bill Sykes, a professional garrotter, such a judge would thus sum up:—

"It is true gentlemen that it has been clearly proved by several witnesses of unquestionable veracity, that the accused did assault and throttle a quiet old lady, almost killing her, inflicting on her injury for life, and robbing her of all her property. It is quite true also that this is so contrary to the principles of the old law of England that, if it had been the act of a weak or capricious man you would have been bound unanimously, to bring in against the accused a verdict of Guilty. But Mr. Bill Sykes is notoriously neither a weak man, nor a capricious man. His career has been consistent throughout; from the day when he smashed his wife's skull with a slung-shot and set his bull dog on his little girl who died soon after in violent convulsions—to the present moment when he stands before you on a charge of garrotting-robbery. He has a right therefore as a strong man, as a consistent and pertinacious man to your respectful consideration for any course of conduct which he may deliberately adopt."

Verdict of an intelligent and Liberal Jury—NOT GUILTY.

The site for the new Catholic Church in honor of Notre Dame de Lourdes, whose name it will bear, has been fixed upon and solemnly taken possession of, at the corner of St. Denis and St. Catherine Streets, on a plot of land generously given for the purpose by our universally respected citizen, C. S. Cherrier, Esq. Building operations will commence as soon as the season permits, M. N. Bourassa being the architect. The church will be a facsimile of that erected at the famous grotto of Lourdes, where of late years so many marvels have been witnessed, and where so many sick and afflicted have received relief by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.

An interesting Branch of Promise of Marriage Case has just been tried and determined in Montreal. A Dr. Mathieu, dentist, sued a fair lady Dlle. Laframme, for damages, in that after promising to marry him, and sealing the bargain with a kiss, she had afterwards as the vulgar has it "given him the mitten." For redress Dr. Mathieu threw himself upon a jury of his fellow-countrymen, who awarded him \$400, as compensation for his blighted hopes, his travelling expences, tailor's and upholsterer's bills, generally. Young ladies will do well to take warning how in future they trifle with the feelings of their too confiding suitors.

We are glad to observe that the students of the College of Ste. Marie de Monnoir have established a neat little journal. It is devoted, exclusively to the interests of the institution and is very creditably gotten up. Its contents, especially to students, are at once both interesting and instructive; and its typography very tastefully executed. Its appearance is a good indication of the progress of the College; and we would be very glad to see the same example followed by many of our other institutions. We wish the Echo du College de Monnoir success, and hope ere long to see its size enlarged.—Com.

THE LAMP—February, 1873.—Hamilton, Cornelius Donovan.

We have much pleasure in having again before our eyes proof of the vitality and success of this well conducted publication by our esteemed friend Mr. Donovan of Hamilton. From the Catholics of the Dominion it deserves a hearty support, not only because it is of native growth, and that is something—but because of its intrinsic merits.

THE YOUNG CRUSADER—February, 1873.—This excellent Catholic periodical comes to hand with its usual supply of good things for the young folk, by whom it deserves to be well patronised.

Mr. James Hughes, of Sherbrooke, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness. We hope our friends in that locality will aid him in his efforts to extend the circulation of the paper.

The Report of St. Bridget's Asylum Association, Quebec, received too late for insertion in the present issue, will appear in our next.

We have received C. R. Chisholm & Co.'s International Railway Guide for February.

A resident of Lower Town, Ottawa, named Williams, has been awfully tormented with rats about his premises lately. He puzzled his brain for a long time to find out some means of exterminating them, and finally came to the conclusion that if he caught one alive and dipped it in spirits, set it on fire, and let it loose, it would frighten the others from his establishment. This he did on Wednesday and the result was that a pile of wood that had taken him many weary hours to saw and split was burned to the ground. Luckily there was nothing near it to burn, otherwise the assistance of the fire brigade might have been required. He is now scratching his head to find out some other means of getting rid of the rats.

A DIALOGUE MODERNS AND ANTIQUES.

Antiquus. From the examples we have given, Moderns; you will learn the utter untruthfulness of the chief actors in that lamentable farce which religious bigotry has called the Reformation. Not to religious bigotry has called the Reformation. Not to religious bigotry has called the Reformation. Not to religious bigotry has called the Reformation.

from the monks. Third: it was written by a monk; just the last fellow in the world an Abbot would have allowed to read it. Fourth: the monk Albert was assisted in this perilous business by another monk, Peter, the librarian, so that to make matters worse two monks were allowed—a strange infatuation—to do what an Abbot was not supposed to wish one to do. Fifth: the monk was commanded by the Abbot; and Peter the librarian was empowered by his office to furnish funds for the furtherance of the work. Sixth: this wonderful book was enriched as to its binding with precious stones, doubtless because no one except the Abbot was ever expected to see it. Seventh: not content with two monks having a finger in this forbidden pie, this audacious Albert, in order to make matters worse, calls in a third. Eighth: these two absolutely read this forbidden book, word for word, twice through, and compare it with other forbidden books, all in order, for the correctness of a book which my lord Abbot is supposed to want no one but himself to see. Ninthly, and lastly this audacious monk for this forbidden work has the recklessness to ask the remission of his and his father's sins and to inscribe his name for all time as the writer thereof. SACRADOS.

BLESSING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH DEDICATED TO THE SACRED HEART OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, WOLFE ISLAND, DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

On Sunday, the 26th January, Feast of St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr, His Lordship the Right Reverend Edward John Moran, D.D., Bishop of Kingston, blessed the Catholic Church of Wolfe Island. His Lordship was assisted in this imposing ceremony, by the Reverend Fathers O'Brien, Pastor of Brockville, Charles Murray, Pastor of St. Columban, Cornwall, John Maguire, of St. Patrick's, Quebec, and Edward Moran Murray, Pastor of Wolfe Island.

The Bishop—the rite of Benediction being accomplished, and the place thus hallowed to the service of the Almighty—celebrated solemn High Mass, the Rev. Father O'Brien acting Deacon, and the Rev. Father Maguire acting Sub-Deacon. The sermon was preached by the Reverend Pastor of Brockville. In his discourse—full of solid instruction, energetically and forcibly conveyed—was shown in what consisted a Catholic Church: it was the abiding place of the Incarnate Son of God, present under the sacramental veil in the Tabernacle of the altar; the temple of Solomon was but the type of which the humblest Catholic chapel is the reality. He exhorted his hearers to realize that Presence, and when passing by the House of God to enter, pay homage, and petition.

The Church was filled to the utmost, though a snow-storm was raging. The appeal to help the Pastor in paying the debt was cordially responded to. Wolfe Island has never been backward to the call of charity, and when Quebec suffered by disastrous fire, the contributions from the Islanders exceeded that of any other mission in Upper Canada. With equal magnanimity when—after the fall of Rome, in 1870—the distress of the Holy Father became known to them, they came forward, and although the least wealthy mission of the Diocese of Kingston, their peace for Peter ranked second after Kingston.

These facts, it is well to have known, for they excite a praiseworthy emulation, and prove, if proof there need be, since the Divine promise stands forth, that to those that give it shall be given unto. Two hundred and eighty-five dollars was the amount of the collection. Many had come from Kingston to assist at the blessing, and to rejoice at the birth and baptism of this new daughter of the parent Church. It is advantageous to know all that is being done for the glory of God, and to learn of the extension of the Catholic faith in which alone salvation is possible. Nothing attests this more than the building of churches. In the early ages of Christianity when persecution ceased, costly and grand buildings sprung up, monuments of triumph, memories of past persecution; for in all are the relics of martyrs. In this country they recall to the Irish race the true and solid glory of their ancestors, and they urge them to emulate the same deeds. The countless saints whose dust is scattered over the green hills, chant anthems of praise and thanksgiving on beholding the destinies of their race. Such is the communion of Saints; St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Columbkille, praying for the sons of the men they so loved, and of whom they are the heaven-born protectors.

The faith of the Irish sailors here is as fresh and as lively as it was the day the left the land in which they had so much suffered, and this is the precious inheritance they leave to their children. These require the faith vivacious and strong in all the plenitude of its graces so as to resist the current of evil which sweeps in this age of contradiction so many away. Rallying round their chief pastor, who stood so firm by the Sovereign Pontiff, they shall remain immovable and unshaken like the rock on which the Church is built. They are renewing here what their fathers did in the golden days of yore, when Ireland was the nursery of sanctity and of learning, building up to the honour of the Redeemer of men, fit places for His worship. In keeping their children from these schools which the Church has anthematized, they are preparing a generation of men who shall not betray their faith nor compromise its principles, and seconding their pastors in executing the decrees which the Sovereign and Infallible Pontiff illumined and assisted by the Holy Ghost proclaims, they give a bright example.

The history of the Catholic Church in North America is wonderful—indeed like that of the Universal Church it is a continued miracle. Upper Canada writes a fine page in that book. She has had great struggles, but in these struggles is her strength. Her quiet serenity has disarmed bigotry, and prejudice is at a loss to explain itself. The Church is everywhere militant; combating for her liberty, and when free making the conquest of souls. She has to deal not only with men, but with the powers of darkness. The enemy of man is not idle. The fire which burns the lost angels ceaselessly urge their perverse wills to entice man into their conspiracy. So when triumphing and celebrating some victory, her arms are not laid aside, and from the towers are kept silent and watchful vigil. To serve the spouse of Jesus Christ is a great merit and the only true glory. He with his own hand shall bestow the reward, and requite all that is done for him. It was this thought that sustained our race in ages of persecution, and more needed to be ever present to the mind when material prosperity, unlike pain and anguish, does not cry forth for the assistance of the grace of God. The Irish race in America enjoy material prosperity; they have what is given indifferently to all. It is a consoling and elevating thought to the true hearted and faithful Irish Catholic to see, that his exile, his miseries, and his hard lot, have, in the secret designs of God, been turned to the glory of the Most High and salvation of souls. In Hindostan the Irish soldiers in the service of England, built the first Catholic Churches. What if they had been in the service of their own country? Everywhere it has been the same. The emigrant first thinks of the altar of God, and gives to it from his hard earnings. He offers his children to the sanctuary when God calls them. Unlike the worshippers of Mammon, he has not counted what his sons might earn; he has kept them from the path which—apparently leading to wealth—would have simply led to destruction. He was poor, but he gave freely to feed the lamp of the student. Thus it is that the Irish people in Canada are, having their priesthood, the hierarchy of the Church; the soul of the temple. No doubt that in course of time, and by the endowments of the wealthy, imitating the munificence of the

ancient Irish chieftains, we shall have seats of learning adapted to all our wants, and rivaling those which honored and rendered famous the fatherland. This will require a two-fold sacrifice—of those who can give their wealth, and of those who can give the powers of the mind. This train of thought is suggested by the great want of Priests for the Irish people. To God alone it belongs to send harvesters out for the harvest, but it also belongs to men to remove the obstacles in the way, and to prevent such currents of thought setting in the mind of youth which would completely withdraw them from the sanctuary, or lead them to forget that—whatever their avocation—they are bound to serve the Church.

The Catholics of Montreal, and many others will equally rejoice with those of Wolfe Island. They contributed to the raising of this edifice, to the increase of faith, and to the exterior manifestation of the true Church. It is beautiful. Dedicated to a name so sacred, under a patronage so powerful and so dear, it was, being that it should respond. There is a chasteness in the exterior; it looks as if it had stood for ages, though it is there but a day. The tower is massive, bold and square; it stands to meet whatever storm may sweep over. The steeple is lofty; on its summit uplifting the Cross. In the interior there is perfect unity of design; the eye seeks the altar, the place of sacrifice and of atonement, and rests on the Tabernacle, to which all centres. Whether it be the name, or whether it be the form of the aisle which seems to enfold the worshippers, there is something of infinite tenderness in it.

It has risen up in a very short space of time. The rock was laid bare for the foundations last May, and now it is completed. A Church is never completed, for always something may be added to render it more fitting for Him who resides there, and to make known to Him that His perpetual presence is not forgotten. The faces of the sturdy Islanders beamed with delight on this day in which the title-deeds of the church, that they and their pastor raised to Him who died on Calvary, were handed to Him, and that He designed to descend and inhabit His home.

There was much personal sacrifice, and if not where would be the merit? We were redeemed by the Cross, and the Cross still continues a scandal to the Jews and a folly to the Gentiles. The farmers gave not of their superfluities, for they have none.

An agreeable feature, completing the religious aspect, was the presence of the Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence of Kingston. They came to join in the intercession, and to plead to the Sacred Heart of the Mother that the tenderness of the Sacred Heart of her Son might be poured forth on all those around, those of the faith, and those who are separated from their mother. For intercession is the still greater and more important labour of the consecrated to God, and to tend all their exterior actions. It gave completeness to the scene; those from the old land beholding in their new homes the servants of God, daughters of St. Bridget, so venerated in times gone by, so known for the efficacy of their prayers giving to old age a resting place in their quiet monastery, so that in the few short moments of life to prepare, undisturbed for heaven. The site upon which the Church of the Sacred Heart of the B. V. Mary now rises, was once the resort of pleasure. It is now sanctified, hallowed, and is the apogee of the Redeemer for a slight eminence, surrounded by a growth of beautiful trees, it invites the passer-by to ascend and enter. The snows of winter are now around it and the trees are without foliage. But its presence there seems to brighten the wintry scene, and to console nature in her bereavement. Nature in her turn will bring the gifts of the spring time.

The title inspiring all confidence in the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, will bring many to this sanctuary, and many a pilgrim across the lake for a special grace and the relief of a special need. It rises up during a time of great persecution, while the Holy Father is a captive. It rises up beseeching that his Captivity be shortened and the martyrs beneath the altars plead by their sufferings that this time be not delayed.—Communicated

THE PASTOR OF CALEDONIA.

The Caledonia (Mayo) Telegraph of the 18th ult. publishes the following paragraph, grateful and complimentary to one of the oldest and most zealous Missionaries in the Diocese of Hamilton, our esteemed friend, the Rev. John McNulty:—"The President of St. Jarlath's College acknowledges the receipt of £10 from the Rev. Pastor of Caledonia, Dominion of Canada—£3 to help to defray the expenses connected with the Galway Election Petition against Capt. Nolan; and £7 to have forwarded to the Rev. Edward Griffin, P. P., Park, Mayo. The Rev. Pastor of Caledonia has grown old in his works of charity and benevolence, and in erecting churches along the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributary streams. Away in the distant North-West he is not unmindful of Old Ireland in her political throes and in her social sorrows.—Vigil of the Feast of St. Andrew, 1872."

Referring to the above, the Irish Canadian of Toronto pays the following graceful tribute to our revered friend:—"Verging rapidly on the patriarchal age, with the sacred duties of more than an average life-time successfully discharged—sometimes under the fiery heat of a mid-summer sun, and at others exposed to the biting frosts of these northern latitudes—is it not glorious to reflect that the aged Priest loves yet the land of his birth with a love that never quenches—with a love second only to that which he bears towards his Divine Master, in whose footsteps he so faithfully follows. Not more timely and acceptable to the President of St. Jarlath's College, than creditable to the generous donor, is this very handsome remittance; and the pure, exemplary motive which prompted it must endear still further to his flock the revered name of the good Pastor of Caledonia."

DEATH OF MRS. HUGHES.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Hughes wife of Patrick Hughes of the firm of Hughes Bros. Toronto which occurred on Friday the 24 January. The deceased lady was a daughter of Mr. P. Donohoe, proprietor of the Boston Pilot, and by her many charitable acts towards the poorer classes of that city, she earned a name which will long be remembered with gratitude and esteem, not only by those to whom she has rendered assistance in time of need, but by a large circle of her own personal friends, and acquaintances. The funeral obsequies took place on Tuesday morning 28th ult, at ten o'clock, and the body was deposited in the family vault, under St. Michael's Cathedral. A very large concourse of people paid their last sad tribute of respect to the deceased. At an early hour the Cathedral was crowded, and High Mass was celebrated by Vicar-General Jamot, assisted by Archdeacon Northgraves and the Rev. Mr. Gibney. His grace the Archbishop preached the funeral sermon, in which he referred to the Christian qualities of the deceased, and to her many acts of charity. In her decease, the poor indeed have lost a friend.—B. I. P.

The Ottawa Morning Herald wants to know, who is responsible for the loss occasioned by business men and others by the burning of the mails for England, on Friday last. Is it the Government, as controllers of the postal service, or the Grand Trunk Company, as Common carriers? The loss, both in money and in injury and delay to business, is something serious and ought to be reimbursed to the sufferers.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—February, 1873.—D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. Terms: \$4.50 per annum, in advance; single copies, 45 cents.

The current number contains articles on the following subjects:—Who Made our Laws? Dan's Furgatorio; The Church the Champion of Marriage; Fleurance; Cologne; John; The International Congress of Prehistoric Anthropology and Archaeology; The Sea of Peter; Atlantic Drift—Gathered in the Steerage; A Daughter of St. Dominic; The Progressionists; F. James Marquette, S.O.; Prayer of Constance; Acoma; New Publications.

QUEBEC, Feb. 2.—This morning between twelve and one o'clock a fire broke out in the library of the Court House, and continued raging with terrific fury till the whole block was consumed. Very little was saved, and the valuable library together with many important documents, have fallen a prey to the devouring element. The vaults beneath the building containing the records of the Court are considered fire-proof, therefore it is hoped that they have received no damage. Through some mistake in giving the alarm it was fully an hour before the water was brought to bear on the fire and at one time fears were entertained that it would spread to the Rectory and English Cathedral. Fortunately a good supply of water was obtained and the fire brigade succeeded in preventing its further progress. It is stated that two of the fire brigade were seriously injured from an explosion of gas whilst within the building. The destruction of the Court House is a loss which will be felt throughout the district generally, but more particularly in the city.

It is understood that Judge Caron will be appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Province of Quebec.

The Halifax Chronicle says that the fearful crime of perjury is largely on the increase in this community. That for the sake of saving a few paltry dollars, or gaining time to pay a just debt, men can be found any day who will think nothing of imperiling their soul's salvation by calling on God to witness to the truth of what they know to be false.

It is whispered in political circles that an Act to establish a Supreme Court for the Dominion will be introduced as one of the government measures during the approaching session; and it is also said that Mr. Archibald will be one of the Judges of the new court.

OTTAWA, Feb. 1st.—At a meeting of the County Council, yesterday, a communication was read from the Minister of Justice, stating that the claim of the county for extraordinary expenses incurred during the trial of the Fenian prisoners at Ottawa would be paid. The amount is some \$30,000.

The Nanpanee Casket thinks the sooner Canadian railways imitate the Michigan Central in forbidding the sale of any spirituous liquors at any of the refreshment-rooms connected with the roads the better.

INFORMATION WANTED of John O'Sullivan, pensioner, staff sergeant, New London, Canada West. Any information will be thankfully received by William Southall, No. 23 Stovins-street, North Ormsby, near Middle-dre, Yorkshire: late of Dudley. Last week a stranger on his way to California got on a spree in Halifax, and lost his pocket book, containing a cheque for \$300, some papers, and a little money. The man went away, and nothing more was heard of the loss until Saturday, when the wife of a man named Kiely, with whom the stranger had been drinking, found in her husband's pocket the book, with the cheque and papers, but no money. Kiely says he does not know how the book got into his possession.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Rawdon, E. C. \$1; Lismore, N. S. Rev. A. McE. 4; Pakenham, Rev. D. J. L. 2; Elora, R. S. 2; Long Island Locks, N. B. 50c; Oka, Rev. M. B. 2; Do Cewsville, M. W. 2; Lochiel, L. M. C. 1; Alton, Wis. B. I. D. 2; Brantford, W. P. 2; St. Mary's, Rev. E. B. K. 1; Steco, Rev. T. D. 2; Arlington, Rev. P. R. 2; Venosta, M. M. 1; Lismore, N. B. A. McE. 2; Bonnachere Point, J. W. P. 2; Eastwood, J. S. 2; North Mountain, H. L. 2; Cayuga, J. N. 1.50; Orillia, T. M. 2; Eganville, L. C. 2; P. M. 3; Walkerton, P. S. 2; Gaspe Basin, A. P. 2; Chatham, Rev. F. M. 1; Fairfield, P. R. 1; Rev. B. J. G. McD. 2; Renous Bridge, N. B. Rev. W. M. 4; Winnipeg, A. R. C. 60c; St. Charles's Mills, J. F. 2; Charlottetown, P. E. I. Hon. D. B. 3.75; Point St. Charles, J. C. 2; Tracadie, N. S. M. E. R. 2; Little Bras O'or, N. S. Rev. J. C. 2; Albion, J. L. 2; Franston, T. F. 3; North Onslow, J. B. 2; St. Andrews, M. M. 6; De Pere, Wis. W. McI. 1; Riviere Isatis, P. O'N. 2; Walkerton, W. Q. 2; Kingston, J. R. 2; Eganville, J. McE. 2; Oxford Centre, J. H. 4; Centreville, Rev. J. T. 2; Hawkesbury Mills, P. R. 1; Swetsburg, P. B. 2; Clayton, P. H. 2; St. Jean Chrysostome, P. M. 2; Nicolet, Rev. M. G. P. 4; Grand Narrows, N. S. S. McE. 2; Norham, M. T. B. 2; Dixon's Carvers, M. H. 2; Carleton Place, P. G. 4; Lucerne, Rev. P. O. 2; Melbourne, J. P. 2; Almonte, E. D. 2; Lyndhurst, D. O'C. 2; Aylmer, L. M. C. 8; North Gower, J. K. 2; Pembroke, J. K. S. 2; Riviere Beausoleil, W. McP. 4; Smith's Falls, P. McE. 2; Woodside, F. P. 2; Dickenson's Landing, T. F. S. 2; Sherrington, J. H. 4; Callield, M. Q. 2. Per F. J. M. G. Trenton—P. K. 2. Per J. N. Kingston—J. S. 4; J. H. 2; Mrs. D. L. 2; P. E. 4; S. S. 2; Collins' Bay, J. McE. 2. Per J. McE. Sorel—Self, 2; Rev. E. G. 2. Per J. C. H. Read—J. McE. 2; Melrose, J. D. 2. Per J. M. G. Cobourg—J. H. 1; Grafton, F. McE. 2.50. Per I. W. Otter Lake—Centre Clarendon, J. S. 3; M. D. 2. Per Rev. J. M. St. Raphael—A. McE. 2; Per Rev. H. B. Trenton—L. LeB. 2. Per R. H. P. Phelpston—J. A. C. 2. Per H. H. Carden—Self, 2; Mrs. O. 1. Per Rev. M. T. Guyaboro, N. S.—Roman Valley, P. R. 2. Per Rev. D. C. Port Mulgrave, N. S.—Self, 2; St. Francis Harbor, F. G. 2. Per Very Rev. R. A. O'C. Barrie—Self, 2; Orillia, W. K. 2. Per W. H. Waterloo—Self, 2; Mawcock, W. J. I. 1. Per S. L. St. Eugene—Vanleek Hill, T. H. 4. Per D. O'G. Picton—P. K. 2. Per T. B. Rawdon—Self, 2; Miss C. 2. Per L. L. Kempville—Rev. W. H. 4. Per Rev. J. A. R. Lac Etchemine—Self, 2; Standon, Rev. H. DeB. 2. Per G. S. Duquesne—Self, 50c; Rev. J. O'R. 2. Per T. M. Bury—Self, 3; E. L. 2. Per Rev. B. C. St. Patrick's Hill—Self, 2; J. G. 3; E. G. 2; W. J. 2. Per B. L. St. Eugene—East Hawkesbury, J. W. 1.50.

BIRTH.

In this city, on the 30th Jan., the wife of Mr. Felix Callahan, of a son.

MARRIED.

In St. Patrick's Church, on the 28th Jan., by Rev. Father Dowd, Mr. Robert Parker, to Mary Margaret, daughter of James Clarke, all of this city.

At Irlahstown, on Wednesday, Jan. 15th, by the Rev. Father Murphy, Lawrence Murphy, of Senarath, brother of the Rev. Father Murphy, to Miss Elizabeth Carlin, daughter of the late Patrick Carlin, of Irlahstown.

DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday, 29th Jan., Peter Tighe, Casey, Bag, a native of the Co. Meath, Ireland, and Deputy Revenue Inspector of Montreal, aged 62 years.—R. P.

A great business is being done in several parts of the Townships in manufacturing barrel hoops, which are shipped to the British West Indies and Cuba, and there used in the manufacture of sugar and molasses casks.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Extra, Fancy, Fresh Super, Ordinary Super, Skong Bakers, Supers from Western Wheat, Supers City Brands, Canada Supers, Western States, Fine, Middlings, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Wheat, Barley, Lard, Cheese, Oats, Oatmeal, Corn, Pease, Dressed Hogs.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

The receipts of grain for the past week are estimated at 2,100 bushels fall wheat, and 2,300 bushels spring wheat, 12,000 bushels barley, 1,200 bushels peas, 2,900 bushels oats, and 200 bushels rye. The closing prices paid were \$1.33 to \$1.50 for fall and \$1.25 for spring wheat; 87c to 90c for barley; 68c to 87c for shipping, and 68c to 70c for barrelling peas; 42c to 43c for oats; and 85c for rye. Hay and straw were in good supply at \$18 to \$35.25 for the former, and \$10 to \$13 for the latter. No change in dressed hogs. Poultry, butter, and eggs in fair supply, and prices unaltered.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Rye, Dressed hogs, Beef, Mutton, Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Butter, Eggs, Apples, Potatoes, Onions, Tomatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Parsnips, Cabbage, Hay, Straw.

KINGSTON MARKETS.

Flour—little change; XXX at \$7.50 to \$8.50 per barrel; spring extra, \$6.50 to \$7.00, and No. 1 superfine wholesale \$3.00, retail \$3.25 retail, per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Barley selling at 55c to 59c. Rye 50c, Wheat \$1.00 to \$1.20. Peas 65c. Oats 33 to 35c. POTATOES are plentiful, at about 55c to 65c per bag. Turnips and carrots are scarce at 40c to 50c per bushel.

BUTTER—Ordinary 15 to 16c, packed by the tub or crock; choice lots bringing 2 cents higher; fresh sells at 19 to 20c for lb. rolls. Eggs scarce at 25 to 30c. Cheese, no change on market, 12c; in store 13c to 14c.

MEAT—Beef steady at \$4.50 to \$5.50 per 100 lbs. Pork sells mostly at \$6.00, but may be quoted from \$5.50 to \$6.50. Mutton 16c to \$17; prime mutton \$14 to \$16. Mutton and lamb sell at 5 to 6c. Mams 15c to 16c. Smoked shoulders.

POULTRY—Turkeys from 75 to 1.50 upwards; Geese 60 to 70c; Fowls per pair 50 to 75c, latter outside price.

Wool selling at \$4.75 to \$5.25 for hard, and \$2.50 to \$3.25 for soft. Coat steady, at \$7.50 delivered, per ton.

HIDES—Market has declined, \$73 for untrimmed per 100 lbs. First class pelts \$1.10 to \$1.40; Lamb skins the same; Pelled Wool, 35c. Calf Skins 10 to 11c. Tallow 7c per lb., rendered; 4 1/2 rough. Deacon Skins 50 to 60c. Pot Ashes \$6 per 100 lbs.—British Whig.

SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF HIS LORDSHIP MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET, BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

Now for sale at the principal Book Stores, and at the House of the Brothers of the Christian School, Cotto Street, Price \$1.00.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of LUDGER STEBEN, of the City of Montreal. Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, L. JOS. LAJOIE of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 97 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Friday the 28th day of February next, at 3 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. In the matter of EMERY LALONDE, of the City of Montreal, Defendant. On the twenty-first day of February next the undersigned will apply to the said Court for discharge under the said act.

EMERY LALONDE, Defendant. His attorney, M. D. BONDY, Esq., at his office, No. 100 St. James Street, Montreal, Jan. 15th, 1873.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

RAILROAD TRAFFIC INTERRUPTED.—Paris, Jan. 31.—No mails have been received from Spain for two days. The telegraph and railway companies have been notified that the railroad traffic in the north of Spain is interrupted by the Carlist insurrectionists. Spanish companies advise merchants to send forward no more freight at present, as the running of regular trains are temporarily suspended.

SPAIN

MADRID, Jan. 31.—A force of Government troops, under General Merido, defeated a band of Carlists in the North, yesterday, killing eleven of them and wounding a large number. General Merido, the commander of the Royal forces in Navarre and the Basque Provinces, has established his headquarters at Alais.

SWITZERLAND

PROTESTANTISM AT GENEVA.—The Consistorial election which took place last week at Geneva, and which placed the Rationalist party in a majority of one, was owing to the resignation of the former Rationalist members in consequence of the condemnation by the Consistory of a new Catechism by Pastor Chantre, embodying the most advanced scepticism. We mentioned these facts at the time, but they are worth recalling to the attention of those who may have forgotten them. "Rationalism of the purest order," says the *Pall Mall*, "has thus been victorious in the Protestant Church of Geneva, the ancient stronghold of Calvinistic Protestantism." M. Cougnard, one of the most prominent pastors, is reported to have declared that the essence of Liberal Christianity consisted in suppressing the belief in a supernatural order; that he himself "did not believe one syllable of the miracles of the Bible, and that he and his conferees had abolished hell in order to inaugurate a religion of pure love." And the Protestants of Geneva do not seem much to care, for only 3,700 of them voted, and there was a majority of 400 for the "Liberals."

ITALY

The *Gaulois* says that when Baron de Bourgoing had an audience with the Pope to take leave he knelt down to kiss his feet, but Pius IX. would not, apparently, tolerate such a degree of humility. He pulled up M. de Bourgoing and kissed him on both cheeks, adding these words, *d'une voix emue*, "No, dear Count; you are one of those whom the Pope embraces." After which, the *Gaulois* says, his Holiness "blessed the Count and his family all round."

ROME.—THE POPE AND THE EMPIRE.—The breach between the Pope and the German Empire is daily growing wider. As to the cause of the feud there can be no second question. During the Franco-German war the Catholic subjects of the Emperor William and the soldiers of his Catholic allies exhibited a valor and a devotion which could not be surpassed. Catholic Silesia charged side by side with Protestant Brandenburg. In Catholic Posen were recruited those Uhlans to whose dash and intelligence Germany owed so much; while the contingents of Catholic Bavaria bore everywhere the brunt of the contest, and were almost annihilated in the final struggle on the Loire. In common gratitude, then, quite apart from justice, the Catholic subjects of Prussia were entitled to fair and generous treatment at the hands of their royal master. What treatment they have received let us now for a moment consider. The Catholics of Prussia have universally paid regard to that precept which tells us that we should "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, unto God the things which are God's." Their valour and devotion during the war against their French co-religionists is the best proof of the hearty manner in which they yield their allegiance to the first part of the precept, while their profound adherence to the second was evidenced by the events we shall now relate. We need scarcely say that within the last few years a schism took place in the German Catholic Church, the seceders styling themselves the Old Catholics. A few priests unhappily joined this movement, and amongst others one who held a cure in the diocese of the Bishop of Ermeland. The Bishop, of course, deprived the priest of his functions, and this event it was out of which sprang the feud now raging between the Empire and the Church. Prince Bismarck is one of the truest specimens of the despot the world ever saw. His idea of government is supreme mastery over the souls as well as the bodies of the people of Prussia. He ordered the Bishop to restore the priest. The Bishop, of course, replied that the matter was a purely spiritual one; for his action he was responsible to God, not to Emperor or Prince. In this line of action all Catholic Germany took the side of the Bishop, and hence it is that ever since Bismarck has persecuted them with unrelenting hate and bitter persecution. Having shown their stainless loyalty during the great ordeal of the war, the Prussian Catholics are now stigmatised and treated as rebels, because they refuse to bow their conscience to the sovereign in whose cause they showed themselves to be willing to shed their blood. Against the cruel injustice of this presentation the Holy Father in his recent allocution raised an indignant voice denouncing its authors and protesting against its continuance. These remarks, however, we are told, produced in Germany the most profound effect. The spirits of the Catholics are cheered, the anger of their enemies knows no bounds. The Emperor and his Prime Minister are furious with passion; they have commenced prosecuting the papers which published the allocution, and they threaten a great increase in the violence of the persecution. It is strange, indeed, that a few words spoken by the Sovereign Pontiff should have so wonderful an effect. The Pope is only an old man, abandoned by the powers of this earth, a prisoner in his own capital insulted in his own sacred city. And yet when he speaks all men listen, and great empires are moved and mighty statesmen grow pensive or angry. Such phenomena show plainly that though a prisoner fallen on evil days, the Pope is the Pope still. His words are still as potent as when in the middle ages they rang above the voice of warring nations, bidding them to sheathe the sword and not spill Christian blood. The Pope is not master of an acre of land or a single armed man. And yet, when he speaks, the master of many legions is profoundly affected, and moves heaven and earth to prevent the words of the Pontiff reaching the ears of his subjects. Well-founded, indeed were the high words which the Cardinal Archbishop, on Tuesday, spoke in the Cathedral. "You will," he said, "hear prophets foretelling that the Papacy is at an end, that we shall not hear any more about it in a short time. These have not been repeated thousands of times in past ages and always have been found fallacious. They will be a short time from this world, though there is so much to complain of, still there is great reason for trusting that the Church will soon be triumphant. We have at its head a most glorious Pope. He is very old—over 80 years of age—but he is still vigorous—still fresh in mind and all the faculties of the body. He is a man of the highest spirit—a man of the greatest humility of soul—a man always ready to sacrifice himself for the welfare of his flock. By his zeal, by his exertions, by his prayer, we may expect everything from God. These words are full of hope and promise; but they are not to be sanguine when we remember how often the kings of the earth have measured themselves against the Church; how invaluable their doom has been; how shame, disaster, and disgrace, even to this day, have befallen them."

RUSSIA

The London *Morning Post* holds that nothing could be more to the prejudice of Russia, or possibly, less agreeable to her wishes, than to have to fight with any European nation at the present juncture. Her new military system will require some seventeen years to develop itself to the full; and now it can in no way be considered ready for active war of the modern type. And, even were the Russian army as ready as it is unready, there is the "fear of Germany, rising to absolute panic," to neutralize any desire or intention of employing that army aggressively just now. Then, again, as to the Russian navy, although it numbers two hundred and thirty-three vessels of various sorts, and over twenty thousand men, we are told that it is "confessedly unfit for service." Now-a-days it is not the number of ships, but their nature and armament, and, judged by these criteria, it is not for a moment to be supposed that the Russian navy could cope with that of England. The Peter the Great bogus has been completely unmasked. The Russians have no guns to compare to those England has of late made. They are going, the *Post* is told, to erect the machinery capable of making 40-ton guns. But England has made 35-ton guns; her constructors are anxious to make 50-ton guns; and in a few months' time she will be in a position to build 70-ton guns if they be deemed necessary. Eventually, no doubt, Russia might catch England up in the construction of both ships and guns; but at present the latter country has a long start, and it will be her own fault if she is caught up. With regard to the Khiva affair, although the power of Russia to absorb the Khanate is not to be disputed, it seems evident that as yet the work has not been effected. During the coming summer it is probable that Khiva will receive its quietus, and principally by means of the small flotilla which is on the Aral Sea. Still, Khiva is at present unconquered and defiant, and while it is England will be in a better position than when it is annexed and pacified to treat with Russia upon the Asiatic question.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA IN EUROPE

From an article in the last number of the *Russian Review* on the statistics of the population of European Russia we take the following figures. The population of European Russia consisting of 50 Russian and 10 Polish provinces, was towards the close of the year 1867, 69,364,541 souls, occupying a surface of 4,816, 157 versts, or 87,485 geographical miles. That gives an average of 16.8 souls per verst, or 792 per mile. Averages, however, are of comparatively little value in Russia, where the great diversities in climate, nationality, customs, education and race tend to produce varieties in the proportion of the population of the various districts. The most densely peopled portion of the Empire is the 10 Polish provinces. In a territory of 107,435 versts, or 2,220 geographical miles, there are 5,705,607 souls, which gives an average of 53 inhabitants per verst, or 2,569 per mile. Of the Russian provinces, those in which industry has attained its highest degree of progress and those in which the cultivation of the soil or its more favourable conditions enable it to ensure the means of subsistence to a larger number are the most thickly populated. Thus Moscow shows an average of 2,777 inhabitants per verst, Kijev 2,316, Poltava 2,213, Kursk 2,103, Tula 2,054. Another point of some interest is the population of Russian towns. A large number that are officially named such are only villages. About 100 of these have less than 1,000 inhabitants each; some 150 vary from 1,000 to 2,000, and about an equal number are under 3,000. Most of the Russian towns, about 230 have from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. There are only 140 towns in Russia with a population over 10,000. Of this number only six have over 100,000 inhabitants; three from 75,000 to 100,000; five from 50,000 to 75,000; six from 40,000 to 50,000; nine from 30,000 to 40,000; 22 from 20,000 to 30,000; and finally, 89 from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants.

HEREDITARY INFLUENCES

It is distinctly asserted by Prosper Lucas, and agreed to by others, that predisposition to any form of disease, or any malformation, may become hereditary. Thus, disease of the heart is hereditary; so are tubercles in the lungs; so also are diseases of the brain, of the liver, and of the kidney; so are diseases of the eye, and of the ear. General maladies are equally inheritable, as gout and madness. Longevity on the one hand, and premature deaths on the other, go by descent.

GERMANY

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.—It is to be learnt from the German press, is not much more promising than the political.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

As to Berlin, the enormous influx of inhabitants has perhaps helped to conceal the fact that for the last three years the births have exceeded in number by the deaths; but the figures contained in the immigration returns are in themselves somewhat startling. When we learn that the departures during the year 1872 have been as many as 175,000, we can understand the anxiety which has led the Government to propose measures for the prevention of emigration, especially in Northern Germany.

A MASSIVE SYSTEM

The German Empire has been in such a hurry to rid itself of those dangerous men, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, that it is now in a more or less ludicrous position as regards one of the said Fathers. Father Wolter, S. J., who had already been decorated by the Grand Duke of Baden for his services during the war, has just received a similar distinction at the hands of the Emperor William. But as the Father had not only been driven from Mainz but also from his own parents' house, by a most peremptory order from the civil authorities, he has left the Empire altogether, as it is supposed, for neither the police nor anyone else can find him. The police have sent several times to the mission-house of St. Christopher, where the parish priest, it was hoped, might know something of the Father's movements. But all their efforts have been in vain, and they are still actively engaged in the attempt to discover F. Wolter's place of abode, in order to forward his decorations. The *Mainz Journal* tells the story, and adds: "It is to be hoped that the Fathers will soon be back again in Germany, and then the Government will be able to dispose of its decorations."

The town council and the whole body of citizens of Treves have met to protest against the expulsion of a community of French Nuns, who have for years had the direction and management of the elementary schools in that city and the surrounding district. The principal speaker, one of the foremost citizens of Treves, Herr Patheiger, ended his speech by asking whether anyone there could give a single reason in justification of the expulsion of the Sisters? Although the editor of the *Liberal Volkszeitung* was present with his whole staff, besides many other prominent Liberals, not a voice was raised when Herr Patheiger paused for an answer. The absence of the Nuns will cost the town of Treves 3,000 thalers for new school-houses and, at least, 30,000 dollars more for the salaries of the secular masters and mistresses. The meeting voted a series of resolutions, which were to be forwarded to the authorities of the district, to the effect that the moral loss to the town could never be made good; that the material loss would be very great; and finally, that the town population was unanimous in asserting, first, that the Nuns had done nothing to provoke this expulsion; and, secondly, that the town had suffered deeply during the late war, and was much impoverished; the authorities of the province were therefore requested to state to the Central Government that the citizens of Treves earnestly desired that all primary education should remain in the hands of the Sisters, and protested against their expulsion.

BRASIL, January 28.—The German Admiralty decided to build no more large iron-clads at present, but to strengthen the coast defences by a number of monitors and torpedoes.

RUSSIA

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

If we consider a class of peculiarities, more recorded in their origin than those, we shall still find the law of inheritance to hold good. A morbid susceptibility to contagious disease, or to the poisonous effects of opium, or of calomel, and an aversion to the taste of meat are all found to be inherited. So is craving for drink, or for gambling, strong sexual passion, a proclivity to panemania, to crimes of violence, and to crimes of fraud. There are certain marked types of character, justly associated with marked types of feature, and the latter are inherited, (the case being too notorious, and too consistent with the analogy afforded by brute animals, to render argument necessary) and we therefore infer the same of the former. For instance, the face of the combatant is square, coarse, and heavily jawed. It differs from that of the aesthetic, the voluptuary, the dreamer, and the charlatan. Still more strongly marked than these are the typical features and characters of different races of men. The Mongolians, Jews, Negroes, Gipsies, and American Indians, severally propagate their kinds; and each kind differs in character and intellect, as well as in color and shape, from the other four. They, and a vast number of other races, form a class of instances worthy of close investigation, in which peculiarities of character are invariably transmitted from the parents to the offspring.

TAKEN CARE OF YOUR HEALTH

Few people realize what health is until they lose it. It is easier to prevent disease than to cure it. The character of our farming is undergoing great changes. We are using more machinery, keeping better stock, raising choicer varieties of fruit, grains, potatoes, roots and grasses, are buying more and making better manure. Now, all this requires brain. We are aware that there is a great deal of nonsense written on this subject. But it is undoubtedly a fact that man cannot long use his brain as an intelligent, enterprising American farmer is now compelled to do, and work and worry at the same time, without abundance of nutritious food. If he undertakes to do it on fat pork, potatoes, bread, cake, his health will certainly give way. The American farmer of to-day needs and must have more fresh meat. Better patronize the butcher than the doctor, better sell fewer eggs and buy less medicine. We have heard a farmer say: "Food that is good enough for my men is good enough for me." He may have been right. But the farmer who thinks and works too needs better food and cooking than he who merely works with his hands.—*Am. Ag.*

MODES OF SALUTATION

Nothing affords more interest and amusement than an examination of the various modes of salutation practised by the nations of the earth. In some degree these forms may be regarded as an index of national character, or the circumstances of national life. The Hebrew salutation was "Peace!" the ancient Greeks, "Rejoice!" The modern use the form, "What dost thou?" In Germany, "How do you find yourself?" and in some parts of the country the invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet. In Spain, "How goes it?" and Spanish grandees wear their hats in the presence of their sovereign, to show they are not so much subject to him as to the rest of the nation. When the royal carriage passes, it is the rule to throw open the cloak, to show that the person is unarmed. In the West Indies the negroes say, "Have you had a good sleep?" The Pelew Islanders seize the foot of the person they desire to salute, and rub their faces with it; and the New Guinea people place on their heads leaves of trees, as emblems of peace and friendship. In the sickly districts of Egypt, where fevers are common and dangerous, they salute by saying, "How goes the perspiration? Do you sweat copiously?" "Is it well with thee?" and the inhabitants kiss the back of a superior's hand, and as an extra civility, the palm also.

SYMBOLISM OF COLORS

In all countries of the earth there has been a symbolism, which, especially in religious ceremonies and decorations, has been strictly observed and practised. Light and darkness produce all colors. Light is represented by white, and darkness by black; but as light does not exist without fire, red is also used to represent it; and on this basis symbolism admits two primitive colors—red and white. Red is the symbol of divine love, white the symbol of divine wisdom and uncreated light. Red in its different shades, was used as the prevailing color in the vestments of priests, as it now is in the Catholic Church; and by tradition of practice, the cushions of many pulpits are of this color. The artists of the middle ages always gave Christ, after his resurrection, robes of red and white. Yellow was a symbol of the revelation of the love and wisdom of God. Azure was the symbol of divine eternity and of human immortality.

THE MONKS AS LOCKSMITHS

The Benedictine monks of the middle ages were skilful locksmiths and their work has never been surpassed in ingenious design or artistic execution. There is an apostle's lock, perhaps five hundred years old, the work of a Franciscan friar, which is perfectly marvellous. It is of wrought-iron, and includes a most elaborate wreath of flowers, among which is concealed the spring. Over the escutcheon is the figure of an apostle with out-stretched hand, and the lever of the ordinary side-bolt is in form of a dog looking as savage with one head as Cerebus did with three. There is also the lock of a tabernacle even more elaborate. The escutcheon surrounding the key-hole is surmounted by a figure of our Saviour, and on either side are two angels. The other parts of the lock are elaborately graven; the edges being lined with beads and scrolls. The key is a miracle of art; the bow containing a galaxy of seraphic faces, and the stem formed of shapely beads.

RAINDROPS AND RAINBOWS

According to Kolbe, the size of the drops in a hailstorm essentially modify the character of the rainbow that may be formed. He shows this by a squinting apparatus, which produces three kind of drops simultaneously; the first large and evenly recognized as drops; the second small, and whirling at first among each other, then falling in parallel directions to the ground; the third very fine, and forming thin clouds of spray, which rise in the air. In the last no trace of a rainbow can be observed, even in a darkened chamber into which a ray is admitted; the second kind give a bow (blue and orange), distinctly visible at a distance of three feet, but more distinct where the drops fall parallel than where they whirl together; the large drops give a bow with much livelier hues.

SELF-PURIFICATION OF FLOWING WATER

Concerning the rapidity with which contaminations are got rid of by flowing water, Dr. Letebey asserts that sewage impurities will entirely disappear in a flow of a dozen miles. If, he says, ordinary sewage, containing say one hundred grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which solid matter probably something like fourteen or fifteen grains will be organic, be mixed with twenty times its bulk of ordinary river water, it will not contain, after a flow of ten or twelve miles, a particle of that sewage discoverable by any chemical process. Dr. Parkes also believes that flowing water thus purifies itself, but he does not undertake to say how far it must run to make the process of purification complete.

KESSENE BUTTER

Mr. Charles White, of Whites Station, Mich., has devised a method of keeping butter to keep for long periods, which he claims has proved entirely successful. His plan consists in putting the butter in a sack fitted in a peculiar shaped tub and so arranged that when the packing is completed and the tub turned so as to rest on the large end, the butter will drop down an inch or so, leaving a clear space between the tub and the butter. Strong brine is now poured through a hole in the small end to fill this completely. The brine floats the butter and wholly surrounds it, excluding the

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

The office is then closed up and the butterses away in a good place. Butter packed in this way has been found fresh and good at the end of ten months.

BAD MILK AND BUTTER IN WINTER

It is said when cows are allowed to eat litter which is thrown out of their stables, impregnated as it is with liquid manure, their milk and butter will be tainted with the taste in the same way that the flavor is injured by eating turnips, but to a more disagreeable degree. If litter is allowed to be eaten, it should only be given to other cattle, and not to milk cows, which should have nothing but the sweetest and purest food. Skilful fatteners are far less common than good grain growers. Recent experiments have proved that animals cannot take on flesh rapidly unless the temperature is nearly uniform, and between 50 and 60 degrees.

IT IS A MISTAKEN NOTION THAT PIGS DO AS WELL IN FILTHY PENS AS IN CLEAN ONES

They should have clean and dry places both to eat and sleep. Will you see to this, you who have pigs and piggeries?

JONES AND HIS WIFE WERE ALWAYS QUARRELLING ABOUT THEIR COMPARATIVE TALENT FOR KEEPING A FIRE

She insisted that just as surely as he attempted to rearrange the sticks with the tongs he put the fire out. One night the church bell sounded an alarm, and Jones sprang for his fire-bucket, eager to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones," cried his wife, as he reached the door, "Mr. Jones, take the tongs!" "I now pronounce you man and hand over the ten dollars before I go any further," is a way Connecticut clergymen have of securing their fee.

FATTENING YOUNG DUCKS

The early ducklings that realize such high prices in the London markets, are the Aylesbury variety, distinguished by their great size, white plumage and flesh-colored bills. If fed with an unlimited supply of oats, placed in a vessel of water, and not allowed much room to swim, the old birds will lay freely in winter, then the eggs should be hatched under hens, and the ducklings liberally fed with slacked oat-meal and fine middlings, and afterwards with oats in water. Under this treatment they may be made ready for the table in less than two months.

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We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epss & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London.—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

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Throughout these States, Mexico, and the Central American republic, down the slopes of the Andes, and across the pampas of South America, in negro villages, amid the ferid wilds of Africa, throughout the jungles of India, and the steppes of interior Asia, over the continent of Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, these PILLS are known and everywhere used as family remedies for diseases. With distant nations, their wonderful cures attract more attention than they do at home; for the sentiment of wonder takes a far deeper hold on their minds than the results of a higher scientific skill with us. The amount consumed require seventy-five thousand doses a day to supply it. An inspection of the manufactory showed us how this enormous demand is made and sustained. Added to the consummate skill of their composition, is an extreme care in their manufacture, which at once secures the most perfect material and their most accurate combination. The consequence is a power and certainty in controlling disease which other remedies never attained.—*Baltimore Courier*.

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DAVID BEHAM,
JOHN POWER. } Trustees
or to,
S. HOWARD, Sec.-Trea.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF JOSEPH ARTHUR MASON, who left Rawdon, Province of Quebec, Canada, in May, 1865, when last heard from, in September, 1867, he was in Carlisle, Pennsylvania and he then stated he was going to cross the Plains, since which time nothing has been heard of him. Any information of him will be most gratefully received by his father, PATRICK MASON, Rawdon, P. Q.—(American papers please copy.)

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- 5 To the Jesuits..... 500
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- 9 To the Piopolis Colony..... 500

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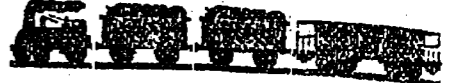
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744 PALACE STREET.
HOURS OF ATTENDANCE—From 9 till 4 A.M.; and from 1 to 4 P.M.
The system of Education includes the English and French languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence.
Pupils take dinner in the Establishment \$6 extra per quarter.

JAMES CONAUGHTON,
CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands.
All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bleury,) will be punctually attended to.
Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.

TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows
GOING WEST.
Day Mail for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West, at 8:00 A.M.
Night Express " " " 8 P.M.
Mixed Train for Toronto and all Intermediate Stations at 6:00 A.M.
Trains for Lachine at 7:00 A.M., 9:00 A.M., 3:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M.
Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 3:30 P.M., 5:30 P.M. The 3:30 P.M. Train runs through to Province line.
GOING SOUTH AND EAST.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 8:40 A.M. Express for New York and Boston via Vermont Central at 3:30 P.M.
Train for Island Pond and intermediate Stations at 6:15 A.M.
Mail Train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Gorham, Portland, and Boston at 1:45 P.M.
Night Express for Quebec, River du Loup, Cacouna, Island Pond, Gorham, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces at 10:30 P.M.
Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains, Baggage checked through.
C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

BROCKVILLE & OTTAWA RAILWAY
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
Trains will leave Brockville at 8:00 A.M., and 3:20 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Express from the West, and arriving at Sand Point at 1:25 and 8:20 P.M.
Trains leave Sand Point at 8:50 A.M., and 3:50 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 A.M., and 9:30 P.M.
LEAVE OTTAWA.
Express at 10:00 A.M., and 5 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 A.M., and 9:30 P.M.
Trains leave Brockville at 8:00 A.M., 3:20 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:30 A.M., and 7:40 P.M.
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on the B. and O. Railway.
Freight loaded with despatch, and no transshipment when in car loads.
H. ABBOTT, Manager for Trustees.

PORT HOPE & BEAVERTON RAILWAY.
Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9:20 a.m. and 2:15 p.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville and Beaverton.
Leave BEAVERTON daily at 7:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m., for Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit Perrytown and Port Hope.
PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY.
Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9:45 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. for Quay's, Perrytown, Campbell's, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville, Peterboro, and Wakefield.
Trains will leave WAKEFIELD daily at 5:20 a.m. and 1:50 p.m., for Peterboro, Millbrook, Summit, Campbell's, Perrytown, Quay's, arriving at Port Hope at 11:40 a.m.
A. T. WILLIAMS, Superintendent.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TRAM.
Trains leave Toronto at 7:00 A.M., 11:50 A.M., 4:00 P.M., 8:00 P.M., 5:30 P.M.
Arriving at Toronto at 10:10 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 1:15 P.M., 5:30 P.M., 9:20 P.M.
Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—TORONTO TRAM.
City Hall Station.
Depart 7:45 A.M., 3:45 P.M.
Arrive 1:20 A.M., 9:20 P.M.
Brock Street Station.
Depart 5:40 A.M., 3:00 P.M.
Arrive 11:00 A.M., 8:30 P.M.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.
Commencing July 8, 1872.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 9:00 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10:00 p.m.
TRAIN for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3:15 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 3:45 p.m., for Boston via Lowell, Lawrence, or Fitchburg, also for New York, via Springfield or Troy, arriving in Boston at 8:40 a.m., and New York at 12:30 p.m.
TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.
DAY EXPRESS leaves Boston via Lowell at 8:00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 9:45 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves New London at 2:45 p.m.; South Vermont at 9:58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3:00 p.m., and Springfield at 8:10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Cheshire R.R., leaving Boston at 5:30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6:00 p.m.; leaves Rutland at 1:50 a.m., connecting with trains over Rensselaer and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York, via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9:45 a.m.
Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy.
Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston.
For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street.
G. MERRILL,
Gen'l Superintendent
Montreal, Dec. 1 1871.