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FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "The Exiles of Erin."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following lecture was delivered by Father Burke, in the Academy of Music, New York, on Wednesday evening, May 22nd, when the Academy of Music was crowded to its utmost capacity with people from all parts of the city and vicinity. The Rev. gentleman addressed his auditors as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen: One of the strongest passions, and the noblest, that God has implanted in the heart of man is the love of the land that bore him. The poet says, and well:—
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land."

The pleasure of standing upon the soil of our birth; the pleasure of preserving the associations that surrounded our boyhood and our youth; the pleasure—sad and melancholy though it be—of watching every grey hair and every wrinkle that time sends even to those whom we love,—these are amongst the keenest and the best pleasures of which the heart of man is capable. Therefore it is that, at all times, exile from native land has been looked upon by men as a penalty and a grievance.—This is true even of men whom nature has placed upon the most rugged and barren soil. The Swiss peasant, who lives amidst the everlasting snows of the Upper Alps, who sees no form of beauty in nature except her grandest and most austere and rugged proportions, yet so dearly loves his arid mountain-home, that it is heart-breaking to him to be banished from it, even though he were placed to spend his exile in the choicest and most delicious quarters of the earth (cheers). Much more does the pain of exile rest upon the children of a race, at one the most generous, the most kind-hearted, and the most loving in the world. Much more does it rest upon the children of a race who look back to the mother-land as to a fair and beautiful land; a climate temperate and delicious; soil fruitful and abundant; scenery now rising into the glory of magnificence, now sinking into the tenderest pastoral beauty; a history the grandest of all the nations of the earth; associations the tenderest, because the most Christian and the purest.—And all these, and more, aggravate the misery and enhance the pain which the Irishman, of all other men, feels when he is exiled from his native land (applause).

And yet, my friends, amongst the destinies of the nations, the destiny of the Irish race, from the earliest time, has been that of voluntary or involuntary exile. Two great features distinguish the history of our race and our people. The first of those is that we are a warrior and warlike race,—quick, impulsive, generous, fraternal, and fond of a fight for the sake of a fight (laughter). Indeed, the student of history must see that wherever the Celtic blood is, there is a taste for military organization and for war. Whilst the Teuton and the Saxon are contented with their prosperity, and very often attain to the end of their aims more directly and more successfully by negotiations, the Celt, wherever he is, is always ready to resent an insult or an injury, and to create one for the sake of resenting it, very often, when it is not intended (laughter). How strangely has not this great fact been brought out in relation to the great Celtic nation

of France,—France, which is of the same race, the same stock, and the same blood as Ireland (applause).—France, to whom in weal or woe the heart of Ireland has always throbb'd sympathetically; exulting in her joys or lamenting or weeping over her sorrows (applause). Hundreds of years of history lie before us; and this French Celtic race has always been engaged, in every age and every time, in war with their more prudent and more cold-blooded neighbors around them. Now if you look through history, you will invariably find that France (or the Celt), was always the first to fling down the glove, or draw the sword and cry out "War!" Even in the late fatal war things were so managed and so arranged that, while Bismarck was smiling and shrugging his shoulders and "invisibly washing his hands in imperceptible water," the French, the moment they saw that war was possible, that moment, unprepared as they were,—not stopping to calculate or reflect,—they rushed to the front. They are trodden in the earth to-day; but that gallant flag of France has gone down without dishonor, as long as it was upheld by the heroic hands of the Celt (applause).

As it was with our French cousins, so, for good or bad luck, as you will, has it been with ourselves. From the day that the Dane landed in Ireland, at the close of the 8th century, down to this blessed day, at the close of the 19th century,—for the last 1100 years, Ireland has been fighting! War! war! incessant war! War with the Dane, for 300 years; war with the Saxon, for 800 years (applause). And, unfortunately for Ireland, if we had not the Dane and the Saxon to fight with, we picked quarrels and fought with one another.

Now the second great feature of our destiny, as traced in our history, is that it was the will of God and our fate that a large portion of our people should be constantly either driven from the Irish shore or obliged by the course of circumstances, or apparently of their own free will, to leave. The Irish Exile is a name recognized in history. The Irish Exile is not a being of yesterday or of last year. We turn over these honored pages of history; we come to the very brightest pages of the national records, and still we find, emblazoned upon the annals of every nation of the earth, the grand and the most honored names of the EXILES OF ERIN (applause). It is therefore to this theme that I invite your attention this evening. And why? Because, my friends, I hold, as an Irishman, that, next to the Gospel I preach, and to the religion that I love, come the gospel and the religion of my love for Ireland and my glory in her (great applause). Every point in her history that is a record of glory, brings a joy to your heart and to mine. The argument that builds up the temple of Irish fame upon the foundations of religion and valor—every argument, I say, is an argument to induce in your hearts and mine the strong, stormy feeling of pride for our native land (applause). Why should we not be proud of her? Has she ever,—in that long record of our history,—has she ever wronged or oppressed any people? Never! Has she ever attempted to plunder from any people their sacred birth-right of liberty? Never! Has she ever refused, upon the invitation of the Church and her own conscience, to undo the chains and to strike them off the limbs of the slave? Never! Has she ever drawn that sword, which she has wielded for centuries, in an unjust or doubtful cause? Never! Blood has stained the sword of Ireland for ages: that blood has dripped from the national sword; but never did Ireland's sword shed a drop of blood unjustly, but only in the defense of the highest and holiest and best of causes,—the altar of God and the altar of the nation (prolonged applause).

And now, my friends, coming to consider the "Exiles of Erin," I find three great epochs are marked in the history of Ireland, with the sign of the exodus and exile of her children upon them. The first of these goes back for nearly fourteen hundred years. In the year 432, Patrick, coming from Rome, preached the Catholic faith to Ireland; and the Irish mind, and the Irish heart sprang to that faith, took it and embraced it, and put it into her blood, and into the lives of her children; and she became Catholic under the very hand of an apostle, such as no nation on the earth ever did, or ever will know, until the end of time (applause). At once the land became a land, not only of Christians, but of saints. Wise and holy kings ruled and governed in Tara. Wise and saintly counsellors guided them, every law was obeyed so perfectly, and so implicitly, that in the records of our national annals it is told that, under the golden reign of the great King Brian, a young and unprotected female could walk from one end of the land to the other, laden with golden treasure; and no man would insult her virtue, or bring a blush to her virgin cheek; nor attempt to rob her of the rich and valuable things that she wore (loud cheers). Then the Irish heart, enlarged and expanded by the new element of Christian charity, which was infused in the nation, with its religion;—the Irish mind, before so cultivated in all Pagan literature, now enlightened with the higher and more glorious rays of faith,—this heart, and mind of Ireland looked out with pity upon the nations who were around them

sitting in darkness, in barbarism, and in the shade of death. From the Irish monasteries, in the sixth and seventh centuries, began the first great Exodus, or Exile from Ireland, which I call the Exodus, or going forth of Faith. Reveling in all the beauty of her grandeur, enjoying the blessings of peace, and the light of Divine truth, the warmth of holy charity, enjoying that learning, until she became the great school-house and university of the world,—all the nations around sent their youth to Ireland to be instructed. Then, these Irish and saintly masters of all human and divine knowledge found, by the accounts given by those youthful scholars, that there was neither religion, nor faith, nor learning in the countries around them. England, now in the possession of the Anglo-Saxons, was still in Paganism. The ancient Britons (now called the Welsh) had their Christianity; but they kept it to themselves. In their hatred to their Saxon invaders, these British bishops, priests and monks took the most cruel form of vengeance that ever was known to be exercised against a nation. They actually refused to preach the Gospel to the Saxons, for fear the Saxons might be saved, and get into Heaven with themselves (laughter). Ireland, evangelized; Ireland, enlightened; Ireland, warmed with the rays of Divine charity,—cast a pitying look upon the neighbor country; and in the sixth and seventh centuries, numbers of Irish monks went forth and travelled into Scotland and through the land of England, and everywhere preached the Gospel of Christ, spreading from the north of England to the remote north of Scotland. We find them in every land of Europe. We find them, for instance, in the valleys of Switzerland, which was evangelized by the Irish St. Gall, whose name is still held in veneration even by those who scarcely know the land of his birth. We find another Irish saint of that time, *Fridolene* or *Fridolind*; he went through the length and breadth of Europe, until he was known to all men for the greatness of his learning and the power of his preaching, and for the wonderful sanctity of his life. He was called "*Fridolene* the Traveller," for he went about from nation to nation evangelizing the name of Christ. We find Columbanus going forth in the seventh century, penetrating into the heart of France, preaching the Gospel to the people of Burgundy; thence passing over the Alps he descended into the plains of Lombardy. In that very land where St. Ambrose and other lights of the Church had shone, Columbanus preached the Gospel, and appeared as a new vision of sanctity and goodness before the Italian people, who were converted by the sound of his voice. At the same time St. Kilian penetrated into Germany, and evangelized Franconia. But the greatest of all these saints and Irish exiles of the seventh century was the man whose name is familiar to you all,—whose name is enshrined amongst the very highest saints of the Church's calendar,—whose name and whose history has furnished the material for the Count Montalembert, the greatest writer of our age, who found in the name of the Irish St. Columba, or Columbkille, the theme for the very highest and grandest piece of history that our age has produced. The history of this saint is striking for his extraordinary sanctity, and yet brings out fully, forcibly, and wonderfully the strength as well as weakness of the Irish character. St. Columbkille was a descendant of Nial of the Nine Hostages, who founded, in Ulster, the royal house of O'Neill. His name was O'Neill, and he was a near relation to the King of Ulster. He consecrated himself to God in his youth, and became a monk. Speedily he arose in the fame of his learning and his sanctity. He studied in Armagh; in Munster, near Limerick, on the Shannon; and went at last to the island of Arran, outside of Galway Bay; and there, as he himself tells us, he passed years of his life in prayer and study. Well, as you are aware, at this early period, there were no books, because there was no art of printing; and every book had to be written out patiently in manuscript. Books were then of such value that the price of a copy of the Scriptures would purchase a large estate. At this time a celebrated Irish saint,—St. Finnian,—had a precious copy of the Book of Psalms, written out in goodly characters upon leaves of parchment. St. Columba wanted a copy of this book for himself; and he went to St. Finnian and begged the privilege of the book to take a copy of it. He was refused: the book was too precious to be trusted to him. Then he asked at least to be allowed to go into the church where the book was deposited: and there he spent night after night, privately writing out a clean copy of it. By the time St. Columbkille had finished his copy, somebody, who had watched him at the work, went and told St. Finnian that the young man had made a copy of his psalter. The moment St. Finnian heard of it, he laid claim to this copy as belonging to him. St. Columbkille refused to give it up; and appealed to King Dermott, the Ard-riagh, at Tara. The King called his counsellors together; they considered the matter, and passed a decree that St. Columbkille should give up the copy; because, the original belonging to St. Fin-

nian, the copy was only borrowed from it, and should go with it; and the Irish decess began with the words, "Every cow has a right to her own calf" (laughter). Now, mark the action of Columbkille;—a saint,—a man devoted to prayer and fasting all the days of his life;—a man gifted with miraculous powers; and yet under all that, as thorough-bred an Irishman as ever lived. The moment he heard that the King had resolved on giving back his precious book, he reproached him saying: "I am a cousin of yours; and there you went against me!" He put the clanship—the "*sheamachus*"—upon him (applause and laughter). The King said he could not help it. What did St. Columbkille do? He took his book under his arm and went away to Ulster to raise the clan of the O'Neills. He was himself the son of their King; they were a powerful clan in the country; and the moment they heard their kinsman's voice they rose as one man; for who ever asked a lot of Irishmen to get up a row and was disappointed (laughter and applause). They arose: they followed their glorious, heroic monk down into Westmeath. There they met the King and his army: and, I regret to say, a battle was the consequence, in which hundreds of men were slain, and the fair plains of the country were flooded with blood. It was only then that St. Columbkille perceived the terrible mistake he had made. Like an Irishman, he first had the fight out, and then he began to reflect on it afterwards (laughter and applause). In penance for that great crime, his confessor a holy monk named Manuel condemned him to go out of Ireland and exile himself, and never again to return to the land of his birth and of his love. Nothing is more beautiful or more tender than the letter St. Columbkille wrote to his kinsmen in Ulster. "My fate is sealed," he says, "my doom is sealed. A man told me that I must exile myself from Ireland; and that man I recognize as an angel of God; and I must go." With breaking heart and weeping eyes he bade a last farewell to the green "Island of Saints" and went to an island among the Hebrides, on the northern coast of Scotland. There, in the mist and storms of that inhospitable region,—there, upon a bare rock, out from the main land,—he built a monastery; and there did he found the far-famed school of Iona. That school, founded under the eyes and under the influence of St. Columbkille, became the great mother and fountain-head of that grand monasticism which was destined to evangelize so many nations, and to Christianize all Scotland and the Northern parts of England (applause). We shall return to St. Columbkille again, in the course of the lecture, when I come to gather up the three great periods of exile, in speaking of the one love which characterized them all.

The next century following, the Irish monk, St. Cataldus, penetrated through the length and breadth of Italy, preaching everywhere; until at length the Pope of Rome made him Bishop of Tarento in the South of Italy. Another Irish monk, Romauld, went out in the 8th century and evangelized Brabant and the Low Countries. Two Irish monks, Clewent and Albians, were so celebrated throughout the schools of Europe in the 8th century, that they were known by the name of the "Disseminators of Wisdom," or the "Philosophers." In a word, the Irish monks of the 7th, 8th and 9th centuries were the greatest evangelists and the greatest apostles, and the most learned men that the world then possessed. They gave to their island home the strange title amongst the nations of the "Island of Saints";—and the sanctity that made Ireland the bright glory of Christendom they poured abroad upon their apostolic labors, until they brought that message which sanctified Ireland, home to every people in the then known world (loud applause).

For two hundred years after Ireland's Catholicity was preached to her by St. Patrick, no Catholic missionary was ever heard to preach the name of Christ to the Saxons of England. St. Patrick came to Ireland in the year 432. St. Augustine came to England, for the first time, to preach to the Saxons, in the year 596. Nearly two hundred years intervened; during which time St. Columbkille and his children had evangelized the Scots and Picts of the North; and when the Roman Monk, St. Augustine, and his Benedictines came, they landed in the South of England. England was then divided into seven Kingdoms, under the Saxons; and thirty-six years after the death of St. Augustine, we find that the Benedictine Monks, who came from Rome, had only preached to one nation out of the seven,—what is now the county of Kent;—whilst the Irish Monks had evangelized and preached the Gospel to all of the other Kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy (applause). Therefore, I claim that from Ireland, and Ireland's monasticism, many of the nations of Europe, and more especially the Scots and the Kingdom of Northumbria (comprising all England north of the Humber), lit their lamps, and entered into the glorious light of Christ. Then the light that was in Ireland shone forth from her. As when the clouds part and let the strong rays of the noon-day sun flood the darkened world, filling it with light and joy and worship, so the clouds of ignorance and Paganism parted, and forth from the pure, ardent light of Ireland's Catholicity

came the faith which illumined, and brightened, and evangelized, and saved all the surrounding countries during that first great exodus of Ireland's faith (great applause).

Is there anything in all this to be ashamed of? There are nations in the world that must go up to the fountain head of their history, and touch, not heroes, not saints, but robbers and the vilest men of the earth. It is worthy of remark, that nearly every nation, when it goes up to the fountain head of its history, has to be very quiet and very humble, indeed. The Romans, for instance, who conquered the whole world, when they trace their history to its fountain-head, come to a day when the foundations of Rome were laid by Romulus and Remus; and we find that the first inhabitants of Rome were the banditti and robbers who escaped from the neighboring cities, and came for refuge into Rome,—the offscourings of Tuscany, and Latium, and all the surrounding countries. We find, when it was a question of propagating the Roman people, the very first thing these robbers did was an act worthy of them: they rushed out and, by force and violence, took the wives and daughters of their peaceable neighbors. We find that Romulus, the founder of Rome, with his own hand, shed his brother's blood, as Cain did that of Abel. As it was in the first days of Roman history, so it is with nearly every nation. What is English history? It takes us back to the time when troops of half-naked barbarians roamed over the hills and valleys. Then came the Saxon to take every liberty from them, to rob the ancient Briton of his country, and his land of freedom. What is this but the fountain-head of history traced up to its barbarism and injustice. But trace up the far more ancient history of Ireland. No man, even the noblest of all on the earth, can point to such an ancestry as ours. Trace up that history to the days when the druids stood in Tara; when the crowned Monarch on the throne, with the Bretons, sat to administer justice, and listen to the glories of their song. Trace it up to the very fountain head, and you will find civilization and law, and power, and virtue, and glory (applause). Come down but a day from out those Pagan recesses of our earliest history,—come down but a day on the road of time, and you step into the full light of Ireland's Christian holiness and glory, when she was the light of the world and the glory of the Church of Christ (cheers).

Now, my friends, we pass to the second exodus; and here, alas! it is not the voluntary exile going forth from his native land, reluctantly and regretfully, yet impelled by the high and celestial motives that animate the heart of the Apostle and the missionary; it is not the saint looking back with tearful eyes upon the land which he sacrifices and abandons for the possession of higher aims,—the souls of men on earth and the higher place in Heaven. No! the second exodus in Ireland was one of the most terrible in her history. We know that from the days when the English invasion took shape and form—we know that, in proportion as the English got firm hold of the land,—in proportion as they divided and consequently defeated chieftain after chieftain, king after king,—that in proportion as they encroached upon the Irish soil there was, at last, no room upon that soil for a man who loved his native land. And this, my friends, is one of the worst consequences of national conquest; this is one of the most terrible consequences of a nation being subdued and enslaved: for the moment the foreigner or the invader sets his foot firmly on the soil, that moment one of the highest aims and virtues,—namely the virtue of patriotism, becomes treason and a crime. But, yesterday, the people of Alsace and Lorraine gloried in the name and in the glory of their beloved France (applause). To-day, if the man of Alsace or Lorraine only lifts his hat to the statue of France, or says in public "Long live ancient and glorious France," he is taken and put into prison and tried as a malefactor and arraigned as a traitor before the tribunals of the country. And why? Because the curse of a foreign invasion and an unjust occupation is on the land (applause). If Germany, instead of being the conqueror, were the conquered land, and the French unjustly and wickedly took possession of the provinces within the empire, then the German would not be able to love his native land, or to express the emotions of his heart without treason. So it is in Ireland: patriotism became a crime in proportion as the English power advanced; and the words of the poet, are unfortunately verified:—

"Unprized are her sons 'till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them to dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

Applause.
What wonder then, that we find a people naturally warlike, naturally high-spirited, a people whose spirit was never crushed, nor never knew how to bend, even under centuries of oppression and persecution—never (cheers); "the spirit of Ireland," says Tom Moore, "may be broken, but never would bend;" What wonder, I say, that this people, this warlike

population, with its high-minded, and time-honored nobility, when they found that they could not love their country at home...

Amongst many other risings, Ireland rose almost to a man in the year 1641. The Confederation of Kilkenny was formed, and the Catholics of Ireland, unable to bear longer the cruel, heartless, and bloody persecution of Elizabeth and her successors, banded together as one man...

At another battle at the "Yellow Ford," he met the English Field Marshal Bagenal, at the head of a large army. He not only routed him, but exterminated his army, and scarcely left a man to go home to their strongholds around Dublin...

In the death of Owen Roe O'Neill, the great Confederation of Ireland was broken: so that, with divided counsels, they scarcely knew whom to obey; until on the 12th of May, 1652, eleven years after the Confederation was established...

On the 27th October, 1652, Limerick fell. Forty years later, Ireland is in arms again. This time the English king is at their head,—King James the Second. I wish to God he had been a braver man; he would not then have deserved the name of "Sheamus Aohchea!"

much for "women's associations," and they do not go in at all for "Free Love" (laughter and applause); but they "went for" the English in the last assault (renewed applause).

Well, Limerick yielded. King William and his Generals found they could not take the city; so they made terms with Sarsfield and his men, to the effect, that the Irish army were to go out with drums beating, colors flying, and with arms in their hands; free to stay in Ireland, if they wished; or to join the service of any foreign power they pleased.

Meantime, Sarsfield and his poor companions took themselves to France. "Exiles of Hope," they went in the hope that they would one day return with their brave French allies, and sweep the Saxons from off the soil of Erin (applause).

More idly than the Summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round: As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground; Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore; still on they marched and fired—

The fortunes of the French were now in the ascendant, from the years 1691 to 1696. Then the powerful Duke of Marlborough, arose with Prince Eugene, at the head of the Austrian army; and France began to suffer reverses.

Yes the French army, on that, were routed; but there was one division of that army that retired from the field victorious, and with the English standards which they had captured in their hands.

They died to defend me, or lived to deplore. "Where is my cabin-door, just by the wild wood? Sister and sire, did you weep for its fall? Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood? And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all? Ah, my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure, Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure, Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure, But rapture and beauty they cannot recall."

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column falter'd, And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assail'd; For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery, And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliaries.

More idly than the Summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round: As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground; Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore; still on they marched and fired—

Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish,—there are your Saxon foes!" The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!

Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish,—there are your Saxon foes!" The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands, "Fix bayonets!"—Charge,—Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the head-long Irish broke. On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!

The French Revolution came, and the Irish Brigade was dissolved. That French Revolution opened the way for the third exodus from Ireland. The Irish got a ray of hope when the wild cry of freedom resounded on the battle-fields of Europe.

But, now, Ireland turned with wistful eyes. From her western slopes, she looked across the ocean; and, far away in the west, she beheld a mighty country springing up, where the exile might find a home, where freemen might find air to breathe, and where the lover of his country might find a country worthy of his love (prolonged applause).

Well, my friends, it is of these early exiles—the exiles of '98—the exiles who went in the preceding years, under William's persecutions,—the exiles who were banished by Cromwell, when 100,000 men, and among them two or three thousand priests of my own Order, were sent as slaves to the Barbadoes, and there died in the sugar plantations,—it was of these exiles that the Scottish poet, wrote his famous verses on the "Exile of Erin."

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin, The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill: For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing;

O, and is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger, The wild-deer and wolf to a covert can flee; But I have no refuge from famine and danger: A home and a country remain not for me!

Oh, Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken, In dreams I revisit thy sea-bent shore; But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken, And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more.

They died to defend me, or lived to deplore. "Where is my cabin-door, just by the wild wood? Sister and sire, did you weep for its fall? Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood? And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all? Ah, my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure, Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure, Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure, But rapture and beauty they cannot recall."

As the first of these exiles was that of faith, that faith might be disseminated throughout the earth,—and as, the second emigration was that of the warrior, going forth full of hope,—a hope that was never realized,—so, the last emigration from Ireland, was the emigration of love.

My foot is in my little boat, but my sad heart bleeds; and there is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin. Never, in this sad life, shall I see Erin, or her sons and daughters again.

One consolation vouchsafed to him was, that he had two visions from God. He foretold that, many hundred years after his death, his body should be carried back to Ireland, to rest for ever in the soil that he loved.

The love he had for Ireland was a spirit common to all Irish saints. Whilst they were crowned with the highest dignities of the Church in foreign lands, still as we have the record in the history of St. Aidan, the first Archbishop of Northumbria, the founder of the famous Lindisfarne, whenever they wished to enjoy themselves a little, they came together and celebrated in the Irish language, with sweet verse, to the sound of the timbrel and the harp, the praises of their native land.

The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set, And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet; The veteran arose, like an uplifted lance, Crying—"Comrades, a health to the Monarch of France!"

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true, And, though victors, they left on the field not a few; And they, who survived, fought and drank as of yore, But the land of their hearts' hope they never saw more;

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JULY.—1872.

Friday, 19.—St. Vincent of Paul, C.
Saturday, 20.—St. Jerome Emilian, C.
Sunday, 21.—Ninth after Pentecost.
Monday, 22.—St. Mary Magdalen, M.
Tuesday, 23.—St. Apollinaris, B. C.
Wednesday, 24.—Vigil of St. James.
Thursday, 25.—St. James, Ap.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Orange celebrations of the 12th passed off, we are happy to say, on the whole quietly, both in Canada, and in the United States. At New York some few Orangemen, numbering according to some accounts about 800 men, to others only 200, walked in procession, guarded, it is said, by 1,200 policemen. In Canada there was some stone throwing, we are told, at Ottawa, but nothing serious. In Montreal there was a row betwixt a man and an Irish carter; we cannot presume to say who was the aggressor, since the evidence is conflicting. We trust that the policy of non-interference with Orangemen except in self-defence, may always be the rule. Nothing so much serves their cause, as riotous counter demonstrations.

The Stokes trial has furnished another instance of the evils of the jury system amongst a people like those of New York. Though the prisoner's guilt was clear as the sun at noon, the jury would not agree, and were in consequence discharged. Thus has justice again failed.

The Geneva Board of Arbitration on the Alabama claims has commenced its sittings. It is generally believed that it will award a large sum to the U. States. This is however a mere rumor, as the greatest secrecy is observed.

The writs for the new elections are out—and are returnable on the 3rd of September, except in the case of the elections for Gaspe, Chicoutimi, Saguenay, Manitoba, and British Columbia, when the return is put off to the 12th Oct.

The hot dry weather continues. The water in the river is very low, threatening much difficulty to navigation and inspiring fears of a water famine in Montreal, whose mortality is fearful, ranging from 170 to 186 per week. Hay will yield but a light crop. The wheat is said to be looking well.

Rumors of the serious indisposition of Sir George Cartier have been rife. From the fact that he is able to travel and attend to business, it seems that there has been much exaggeration.

Is the Catholic, or as the *Witness* would prefer to call it, the *Romish* Church, in any degree responsible for the severe treatment that the Huguenots, or Calvinists, of France received at the hands of Louis XIV.?

Were the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the expulsion of the Huguenots, measures altogether unprovoked by the latter?

These questions we proposed in our last to consider, in order to give a reply to the strictures contained in a late article of the *Montreal Witness*.

To the first, we reply that neither the Church of Rome, nor the Court of Rome, were in any way responsible for the treatment that the French Calvinists experienced at the hands of Louis XIV. We prove our assertion by Protestant testimony.

It must be remembered that, at the very time when Louis XIV. was most zealous in the prosecution of his anti-Huguenot policy, he was on the very verge of a rupture with the Holy See; and was meditating, to all appearance, just such a course of policy as that which Henry VIII. of England had attempted to carry out. Louis aspired to be head of the Church in France, as well as head of the State; and the quarrel betwixt France and the Holy See had almost attained to the dimensions of a schism. At this juncture says the Protestant historian Ranke, *Hist. of The Popes*:—

"The quarrel became more complicated from the fact that at this juncture, Louis XIV., chiefly for the purpose of evincing his perfect orthodoxy, proceeded to his cruel extirpation of the Huguenots. It has also been alleged that Pope Innocent was privy, and consenting to the design; but in reality this was not the case. The Roman Court would now have nothing to do with a conversion effected by armed apostles: Christ had not employed that method; men should be led, but not dragged into the temple."

This, as the testimony of a distinguished Protestant writer, completely exonerates Rome, and the *Romish* Church from the charge of any complicity with Louis XIV. in the latter's severe proceedings towards his Huguenot subject. Whether justifiable or unjustifiable it matters not, for they were repudiated by Rome, which, as the Protestant Ranke tells us, would have nothing to do with them.

But were these severities altogether unjustifiable? Was there not in the conduct of the persecuted Huguenots, both as towards the French government, and as towards their Catholic fellow subjects, much, if not fully to justify, at least greatly to excuse the severity with which they were treated by the "French King?" We think there was; and in support of this view of the case, we will appeal again to Protestant testimony.

From the days of Henry IV., the French Calvinists or Huguenots* as they were vulgarly called, had enjoyed in virtue of the terms of the Edict of Nantes full and entire civil, political, and religious liberty. At his death in 1610 the Edict was renewed by the government during the minority of Louis XIII.—During the reign of that monarch, and under the regime of his great Minister Richelieu, the Huguenots were made much of; were advanced to all posts of profit and dignity, civil and military, in the State; Rohan, Schomberg, Turenne, were all Protestants, and all were advanced to the highest honors by the French government of the day. Such was the condition of the Protestants in France, and such the manner in which they were treated. How did they act in return?

The reply to this question we will give in the words of the well known Protestant Buckle in his *History of Civilisation*. We beg our readers to pay attention to what Buckle says, as it may perhaps tend to modify their strictures upon the persecuting policy of Louis XIV.

"It was precisely in the country," says Buckle, "and at the period when the Protestants were best treated that they displayed most turbulence."—*Ibid.*, p. 393.

Not content with unrestricted civil and religious liberty for themselves; with access to all the highest offices of the State, and the amplest facilities for the exercise of their own religion, the French Huguenots, who enjoyed these things in virtue of a free grant from the Crown, still aimed, not at toleration, not at equality, but at ascendancy. It was not enough for them to be at liberty to worship as they pleased, so long as Catholics had the same privilege; what they wanted, what they were constantly conspiring together for, and against the Government that protected them, was the power to persecute and insult their Catholic fellow-citizens, and to debar these from the exercise of their religion. That this was so, we again establish by Protestant testimony most explicit—that of the Protestant historian Buckle:—

"The Protestants, who professed to take their stand on the right of private judgment, became, early in the seventeenth century more intolerant than the Catholics who based their religion on the dictates of an infallible Church."—*Ibid.*, p. 398.

"It is on account of these things that we ought not to be surprised that, during many years, the French Protestants, who affected to appeal to the right of private judgment, were more intolerant of the exercise of that judgment by their adversaries, than were the Catholics."—*Ibid.*, p. 399.

"It was stipulated in the Edict of Nantes that the Protestants should enjoy the full exercise of their religion, and this right they continued to possess until the reign of Louis XIV. To this there were added several other privileges such as no Catholic government, except that of France would then have granted to its heretical subjects. But these things did not satisfy the desire of the Protestant clergy. They were not content to exercise their own religion, unless they could also trouble the religion of others."—*Ibid.*, p. 401.

They—the Protestant clergy—therefore, first called upon the French government to put restrictions on the exercise of the Catholic religion. At one of their meetings they resolved to put down all Catholic processions; and when the government refused its aid to these "intolerant sectaries" as Buckle truly calls them, they "took the law into their own hands,"

"They not only attacked the Catholic processions wherever they met them, but they subjected the priests to personal insults, and even endeavored to prevent them from administering the sacrament to the sick. If a Catholic clergyman was engaged in burying the dead, the Protestants were sure to be present, interrupting the funeral, turning the ceremonies into ridicule, and attempting by their clamor to drown the voice of the minister, so that the service performed in the church should not be heard."—*Ibid.*, p. 402.

In La Rochelle, the second city of the Kingdom for importance, they would not allow the Catholics to have a single church; in one of their General Assemblies they enacted that in the towns allotted to them no Jesuit, no episcopally commissioned clergymen should preach;

* The origin of this term *Huguenot* has been disputed. One explanation is that the Protestants got this name from a certain black *Huguel*, or evil spirit which in the Middle Ages was popularly believed to hold nocturnal meetings at Tours. This is the explanation given by Theodore de Beza.

and on one occasion, when the King of France visited Pau, he, in the words of Buckle,— "was not only treated with indignity . . . but he found that the Protestants had not left him a single church, not one place, in which the King of France, in his own territory, could perform those devotions which he believed necessary for his future salvation."

"This was the way in which the French Protestants, influenced by their leaders, treated the first Catholic government which abstained from persecuting them; the first which not only allowed them the free exercise of their religion, but even advanced many of them to offices of trust and of honor. All this however was only of a piece with the rest of their conduct."—*Ibid.*, p. 403.

This be it remembered is Protestant testimony, and of a modern Protestant historian who enjoys the highest reputation as a writer; and if such were the conduct of the French Protestants towards the government which treated them so liberally, can it be wondered at, that at last Louis XIV. finding himself strong enough to do so, revoked the privileges which his predecessors had of their spontaneous generosity granted to their Protestant subjects; and deprived the latter of those liberties that they abused, and the right to which they would not recognise as also existing in their Catholic fellow-subjects?

We seek not to justify the acts of Louis XIV. towards the Protestants of France. We have no need as Catholics to do so; for with those acts the Church had nothing to do; nay as Ranke tells us, she rather discountenanced them. But this we say; if ever a people proved themselves unworthy of liberty; if ever a government were justified in imposing restrictions upon its subjects, the Huguenots of France were that people, and the French government was that government.

And here we will repeat an observation that we made in our last; and suggest that criticisms upon Louis XIV. for expelling from his dominions the Huguenots—a few only of whose offences as enumerated by Buckle we have alluded to—come with very bad grace, to say the least, from those who are even now applauding the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, and the action of the German government, which without the slightest cause in treating them much as Louis XIV. treated the Huguenots.

Here we stop; but we think that we have, and by Protestant testimony, made good our advances; and shown that though sovereigns and people professing to be Catholics, were, in the terrible politico-religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, often guilty of many acts of severity towards Protestants—the latter were, to say the least, equally guilty in their conduct towards Catholics. Things were done by bad men in the pretended interests of Catholicity, and under the reign of Mary, almost as atrocious as those perpetrated in the interests of Protestantism in the reign of her half sister Elizabeth. The St. Bartholemew massacre is as indefensible, as are the long continued massacres which by the authority of the English Protestant government of the day were carried on against the oppressed Catholics of Ireland; and so on to the end of the chapter.

What then? This: that neither Catholic Governments nor Protestant Governments, whether French or English, or Spanish are impeccable or infallible; that all have erred; that all have sinned; and that it is the Church, and the Church alone, over which presides the successor of the Apostles that can neither sin nor err, since the Lord God is the temple thereof, and the Lamb the lamp thereof.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO ON ORANGEMEN.—We reproduce a Circular addressed by His Grace of Toronto to his people, exhorting them to a patient endurance of the insults and outrages annually offered to them by their Protestant fellow-citizens. What a sad contrast does Toronto present to Montreal and Quebec, where Catholics are in the majority, but where never do any members of that majority dream of trampling upon the feelings of their weaker brethren. We remember however the old proverb. "Every cock can crow on its own dunghill;" and a very dirty dunghill kind of cock this Toronto Orangemism seems to be. Here is what the Archbishop says on the subject:—

DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN IN CHRIST:—More than usual signs of the coming anniversary of the 12th July grate on our ears; and, I am sure, grate on the hearts of many. Daily and nightly we hear the fife and drums playing the tunes "Croppies Lie Down," "Protestant Boys," "We'll Kick the Pope Before Us," and such like edifying airs.

Our priests and religious communities are more frequently than usual insulted on the streets by persons apparently of the middle classes. On a walk of about ten minutes the other day, we were insulted three times by men, and boys, and girls. We pity from our very souls the children, who appear to think that they are doing something very fine when insulting us. We have seen a cemetery where the grass was cut from the graves by the balls fired from muskets of 12th July processionists. We have heard of fathers and mothers encouraging their children to call names and insult to their very faces the religious as they walked the streets. Can such conduct come from any inspiration of Heaven? Is it religious or genteel to cry after us in the streets? We rejoice, as far as ourselves are concerned, to suffer for our faith and the ensigns of our religion, and feel, as it were, palpably that our religion is that of Jesus Christ; and that those insults have been predicted by our Lord: "And you shall be hated by all men for my name's sake," Matt. x. We feel that we are really the true disciples of Christ, when, according

to his Divine Word, we are treated as He was Himself; but then the counter reflection saddens us to think that those poor people follow the example of those who persecute Christ and his disciples from the beginning. Ignorance, and the falsehoods inculcated in their minds from youth so fill them with hatred for the Catholic religion, that the Spirit of God is driven from them, and they, unwittingly we hope, think they do a service to God by insulting us. What should be our feelings and conduct? 1st. Joy—"Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is very great in Heaven, for so they persecuted the prophets." St. Matt. v. "And the Apostles rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." Acts v. 2nd. Forbearance—"To no man rendering evil for evil, not revenging yourselves, and overcome evil by good." Romans, i. 12. "Let us exhibit ourselves in much patience, in honor, and dishonour." 2 Cor. vi. 3rd. Prayer—"Pray for them that persecute you and calumniate you." Matt. vi. 4th. Love—"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." *Ibid.* Let us not forget the words of Jesus Christ our Divine Lord—"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake, for there is the Kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. v. We exhort our people, therefore, to refrain from appearing in any way displeased with insults, processions, or any proceedings on the 12th of July. The early Christians did not interfere with the pagans when they returned triumphing over their brethren, even when they carried the implements of their destruction. I am delighted to find temperance societies established in so many places in the diocese. With temperance comes a cool, prudent, and Christian deportment that will tolerate many things for peace.

The anniversary of the battle of the Boyne has nothing in it that could bring a blush to a loyal Catholic's cheek. On the contrary, if loyalty be a duty as well as a virtue, the Catholics should rejoice, for they, at that battle, were on the side of their then, lawful sovereign. What would be thought of Catholics were they to join the army of the German son-in-law of our gracious Queen Victoria, were he to invade the realm of England, to dethrone the Queen, and set her daughter and himself in her stead? And yet a similar act is commemorated on the 12th of July. The Catholics of Ireland, when the battle of legitimacy was to be fought, were on the side of their king, and against the usurper and the unnatural daughter of the King. Ireland lost every battle, except the most glorious, that of Faith. Those who glory in the act of dethroning James II. of England, glory in rebellion against lawful authority—while rebellion the Church of Christ always condemns.

You will, therefore, beloved brethren, bear and forbear, forget and forgive. Rather pity those who have no better sense, especially those leaders of a sworn association to oppose everything Catholic. The Catholics are only about one to five Protestants in this Province, and yet those cowardly men must band themselves together to oppose and oppress the minority. We hope that good sense, patriotism and neighborly feeling will in the end prevail over fanaticism and senseless prejudice. Our course, however, is charity to all men. "Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."—1 Cor., xiii., 4, 7.

† JOHN JOSEPH LYON,

Archbishop of Toronto.

Given at St. Michael's Palace, on the 6th of July 1872.

Commenting upon the above given document, the *Montreal Witness* of the 10th, complains that, to him "it reads very much like an incendiary publication;" he is indignant that the Archbishop should complain of the insults constantly offered on the streets of Toronto, to priests and nuns, not by children only, but by grown up persons; not by the members of the rowdy class only, and by the street Arabs, but by persons who from their costume appear to belong to the middle classes of society; and whom but for their acts, one might mistake for gentlemen; whilst that the *Romish* Prelate should object to the desecration of the cemeteries by Orange processionists, the *Witness* looks upon as little less than a provocation to a breach of the peace. What right has a *Romish* dog to complain of these things? Should not he rather, as the Jew has it, bow low before his oppressors, and with bated breath, thank them for such fair courtesies?

But what most seems to stir the bile of our contemporary is the passage in His Grace's letter, wherein he reminds his flock that, if defeated at the Boyne, their fathers were not dishonored; that, if they fell, they fell as brave men should fall, fighting for their lawful king and native land, against the alien and the usurper. This, though historically true, is intolerable on the part of a Romanist; it is a provoking to a breach of the peace; an incendiary act on the part of the latter writer, which in his love of peace and fair play the *Witness* is moved in the spirit to denounce.

"But this we do say, that the reviving of such questions at such a time, in such a spirit, can do no good. It is like spreading sparks among gunpowder. It directly tends to a breach of the peace. All peaceable and patriotic citizens must reprobate such a course from whatever quarter it comes.—Surely here in Canada we have nothing to do with these obsolete quarrels of the Old World."—*Witness*, July 10.

Who is it then that raises these questions at this time in Canada? Is it the Orangemen, or the Catholics? and if the former, how is it that the *Witness* has not a word of reprobation for them, but pours all his holy wrath on the head of the Archbishop of Toronto? Do Irish Catholics in Canada celebrate with public display any anniversaries, any political events of which the memory is painful to Protestants? Do Catholics go daily and nightly through the streets, playing and singing airs naturally as offensive to Protestants, as are "Protestant Boys" and "We'll Kick the Pope Before Us," to Catholics?

We fully agree with the *Witness* that "surely here in Canada we have nothing to do with these obsolete quarrels of the Old World;" but we insist that but for the Orangemen, we should never hear anything of them in Canada; that they are the authors of all the

hatred, malice, and uncharitableness which the 12th of July with its Orange celebrations on this Continent, inevitably provokes; and that if the Orangemen of Canada would but allow the "obsolete quarrels" of the Old World and of the seventeenth century to be forgotten, the Catholics would never seek to revive them.

This every one knows to be true; even the *Witness* knows that it is so. Why then, whilst giving full absolution to the Orange crew, does he vex with his censures the harmless Catholic bird, which would fain live in peace with all its neighbors? Has the *Witness* then never read the fable of the wolf and the lamb?

The Orangemen, and the foreign fire brands who from abroad come hither to stir up strife, and to insult Her Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects—men who approve their loyalty by obedience to the laws, not by breaking them and getting sent to jail—these, in the eyes of the *Witness* are blameless, at least he has not a word of censure for them; but for the Catholic Archbishop who knowing how hard a thing it is for men to hear their religion reviled and outraged in the persons of its ministers, without retaliation, exhorts his people to patient endurance of the wrongs and insults offered to them, no censure is too severe in the opinion of the *Witness*; he is a firebrand, an instigator to violence, an enemy of the peace, whose course all honest citizens should reprobate. This is how the *Witness* understands justice.

We reproduce below an article on the New Brunswick School Question, and its aspects, from that excellent Catholic paper the *St. John Freeman*. Its editor—will he pardon us for so far departing from newspaper etiquette as to mention his name—Mr. Anglin is a gentleman for whom every one who knows him entertains the highest respect, both for his high literary attainments, and his sterling honesty. We rejoice therefore to see that he takes quite a hopeful view of the prospects of our unjustly used brothers in New Brunswick, and expects a happy issue to the contest for free education in which they are engaged. This convinces us—if we needed convincing—of the prudence of the course pursued on the said School Question by the late Federal House of Commons. It might indeed by a high-handed assertion of its supreme authority over State Legislatures, have given a momentary relief, but it could not have wrought any thing like a permanent cure in the patient. Now, without any wrenching or straining of the Federal Constitution, we have every reason for hoping that the end will be attained, that all Catholics, that all lovers of equal justice have at heart; and that either through the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or the spontaneous action of the New Brunswick Legislature, the iniquitous attack upon the civil and religious liberties of Catholics will be defeated. From the high terms in which Mr. Anglin speaks of Mr. Blake—who it will be remembered moved that the question as to the constitutionality of the school law complained of be submitted to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—the very course that the *TRUE WITNESS* had previously suggested—it is plain that he—Mr. Anglin—is of opinion that the question of constitutionality is one upon which reasonable doubts may be entertained; and that a legal, not a political, solution of the problem is alone capable of satisfying all its conditions. We think, we say it in all humility, that the law is on our side; but as others better qualified to judge than we are, are of a different opinion, we appeal to the Supreme Court of Appeal open to British subjects. Perhaps, however, before its decision shall be given the New Brunswick Legislature may consider its position and retrace its steps. *So Be It.*

"There seems to be a lull in the agitation respecting the School Act all over the Province. The Catholics opposing the operation of the Act everywhere are doing so in the most quiet and least offensive way possible. The violent advocates of the new system also seem disposed to act and speak more temperately. United Canada through its representatives in Parliament assembled has declared solemnly that it regrets the action of the New Brunswick majority in this respect and that it hopes justice will yet be done. Perhaps this unprecedented declaration has due effect with men who thought that in their efforts to insult Catholics and crush Catholicity they would have the sympathy and moral support of the majorities in some of the other Provinces. They know too that as the tax bills are circulated in various parts of the Province and the people begin to realize what this new system means, a feeling of resistance is spreading rapidly amongst all classes and denominations, and this feeling they do not care to defy on the approach of the general elections. We wish we could believe that better counsels and better feelings are likely to prevail amongst them, and that instead of waiting for the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council or for any further action on the part of the Dominion Parliament, the New Brunswick Legislature would at its next session prove that it is even now willing to do what is right and just for justice and rights sake. The Catholics—and not they alone—will resist the collection of the iniquitous and enormous taxes, now imposed upon them, by every legal and proper means, and will never cease to protest against the operation of this Act; but we are satisfied that they will say or do nothing which will give the Government and Legislature the slightest reasonable excuse for persevering in the course which the leaders of the Dominion Government declared most unjust and oppressive, and which all parties in the Dominion Parliament united in declaring they deeply regret.

"We are still strongly of the opinion that the appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will be successful; but even, were we certain of this

We would nevertheless prefer that justice were done by the New Brunswick majority voluntarily and freely, to having it wrested from them by decision of the Privy Council or vote of the Dominion Parliament.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES, WITHOUT GOING OUT OF MONTREAL.

The devotion to our Lady of Lourdes is so well known in Canada and above all in Montreal, that the announcement which we now publish will certainly afford great pleasure to all the Catholic families of the country.

The town of Lourdes with its lovely scenery, its mountains and above all the rocks of Massabielle and the grotto where our Blessed Lady appeared to Bernadette, are now in Montreal in the Hall of the Cabinet of Lectures, No. 327 Notre Dame Street.

Come then for your edification and see the pious and beautiful sight!

The work, though of gigantic proportions is perfectly executed, with a scrupulous fidelity to nature, and inspires a spirit of devotion. A pilgrimage to Lourdes is now easily performed and offers us the occasion of doing a good work—for the modest sum of 25 cents which is the price of admittance is also an alms destined to support the skilful and pious artist who has sent us this real chef-d'œuvre from Lourdes itself.

Certificates, attesting the perfect exactitude of the work, with notes of references can be had in the Hall of the Parochial Cabinet of Lectures.

The Hall is open every day from 9 a.m., to 12, and from 1 to 6 p.m.

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

"Take the Boy and nourish him for me."—(Exod.)

To-day Christian parents, it becomes my duty to address myself to you. Having already pointed out to your children the obligation they are under of honoring you with the honor of obedience—with the honor of respect and with the honor of love; it becomes me now in turn to lay before you, your duty towards your children. It would not perhaps be difficult to prove that libertinism with its throng of accompanying vices, is more rife at the present day amongst youth, than at any other period of Christian history; and that children for the most part now-a-days have no other desire but to pass their time in idleness—to live free from all moral restraint, without any respect for the law of God, or the commands of their parents.

In the language of the day, they are fast—which being interpreted means, running headlong to perdition. And whence does this arise? From a want of education. Not that education indeed which teaches that five and five make ten—not that education, which teaches to read dime novels and publications of more than doubtful morality—not that education which inculcates into the youthful mind the absurd falsity that "Jack is as good as his Master." Of this education we have enough and to spare. Never in the worlds history was mankind so generally educated in that learning which teaches to read and to write and to cipher. But this is not the education of which I complain the lack. No: whilst most educated we are in reality least educated—least educated in all that teaches children to know that there is a God—that there is a divine and moral law, and that they must ever keep a strong restraint upon their passions and concupiscences, if they would save their souls and see God. And whose, I pray you, is this neglect of this most essential of all educations? Alas! Christian parents! the fault is solely and alone yours, because the duty belongs solely and alone to you. Tell me not, that we—the Priests of God's church—share with you this responsibility. Our duty is to instruct all both parents and children—but your duty is especially to teach your children. We—the Priests of God's church can only teach them at stated times and in general terms—and when they are willing to come;—but you have your children always with you; and every moment of your life should be devoted to their education. We cannot see their little petulencies—their little vanities—their little amours and lusts, because we cannot always be at their side—but you, who live with them and who, if you love them ought never to allow them out of your sight—you can always see these things, and stamp them out on the instant before they can break out into the unrestrainable conflagration. Nay more. The great time for education is at that period of life, when the child is too young to be led to the Priest except by its mother's hand. Depend upon it, the great time for teaching a child the grave duty of moral restraint and reverence for God's law and obedience to parental authority, is from the age of two years to that of eight. If that time be lost, the child is lost. What! you ask—does our duty of educating our children begin so early as this? Alas Christ-

ian parents I fear your duty begins even earlier than this. It begins even with the infant in the arms. Do you think that your infant is less intelligent than your horse or your dog? Cannot a dog of a few months old be taught to know when it has done wrong? And have you never seen an infant in the arms corrected for its bad tempers? Have you never heard its cry of anger changed on the instant to a cry of penitence by a prudently administered correction?

It would be but a small and worthless gift Christian parents for your children to have received from you a frail and fleeting life, if you seek not to secure for them also that other and far nobler gift—eternal life. It would be for them the greatest of misfortunes, and for you the greatest of cruelties, if teaching them to follow worldly goods, and to run after the false wisdom of the world, you should leave them poor in heavenly things and ignorant of the true science of salvation. "When God gave you children," says St. John Chrysostom, "he confided to you a precious deposit and a rich treasure" (Ho 9 in epis I ad Tit). Judge then what precautions you should take lest the devil, that infernal robber, should come and deprive you of it. God by baptism has given your children to you pure and without stain; with what zeal ought you not then to take means to preserve them in the same state as you received them from God? It is your duty to rear them not only as your own children, but as children of God.

Pharaoh's daughter, after rescuing the infant Moses from the waters of the Nile, placed him tenderly in his mother's arms. "Take the boy, she said, nourish him and rear him in my name." "Accipe puerum istum, et nutrimila." When your child Christian mother, brought back from the waters of Baptism which have rendered its soul a temple of the Holy Ghost, re-enters your house and is deposited in your arms remember that God addresses you in these words. "Take Christian mother this child—nourish him, rear him in my name. You have offered him to me as the fruit of that marriage which I blessed: I have accepted him as a pledge of your gratitude; and having sanctified him by my grace in the holy sacrament of Baptism, I have marked him for my own. I give him back to you now, remember on one condition—that you rear him for me not for the world—that you give him a religious education and train him up in manners and customs suitable to a child of God. Receive him—teach him a Christian spirit—bring him up in the law of my gospel—lead him with you to heaven." Oh! Christian Mother, with these words whispered in your ear by the low and solemn voice of Faith how can you for a moment dare to neglect your duty? how can you dare to slumber? From the moment your child received Baptism he ceased to be a child of the flesh. In entering the world he was a child of fallen Adam—a sinner and a slave of the devil. In Baptism he became a child of God—a member of Jesus Christ—an heir to heaven. Look not then on him as a thing profane—but as a thing newly born of Jesus Christ—as a creature that belongs to God alone. You would hesitate to touch the chalice, which daily receives the holy and adorable blood of Jesus Christ in the venerable Sacrifice of the Altar. Your child has become in baptism a far more precious chalice.

If then, Christian parents, your child bears upon his forehead so august an imprint—even the seal of God, how shall you dare to neglect his instruction or not to keep a strict watch over his every action? What would be your conduct if an earthly prince had confided to your care his child—the future king of a mighty empire? Would you be remiss in rearing him in accordance with the high rank of his father and his own future greatness? Would you not on the contrary, be profoundly penetrated with the gravity of your charge? But your children, Christian parents, are not the children of princes—they are much more—they are the children of God. Your children are not destined to reign over an earthly kingdom, but to inherit the kingdom of heaven. With what veneration then ought you not to behold them? with what anxiety, with what zeal ought you not to give yourself to their instruction? What! Christian mother, if your child should prove to be an angel? They are angels and more than angels, for baptism has made them the children of God.

Do not think, Christian parent, that in what I have said I would wish for a moment to inculcate, that you must cease to love your children. Heaven preserve me from so great a severity—from so unnatural an exaction. No says Salvien, we—the priests of God's church—who proclaim the necessity of loving even your enemies—how can we teach a thing so contrary to nature and to the divine law, as that you must not love your children. Far from it. We declare to you that not only may you love them but you may love them tenderly—you may love them above all earthly things. All that we ask of you is, that you regulate your love according to the intentions of the God of all

love. For with what greater or more holy love can you love them, than with that love which He has taught you, who has given you your children? But what is this love? That is a thing, that I will not presume to explain. Learn it from that God, who in the Sacred Scriptures imposes upon parents the obligation of teaching their children the precepts of the Divine Law—to place their hope in Him alone never to forget to consecrate their actions to Him—to live continually in His service and to seek in all things his divine love." Thus speaks the learned Salvien. (L. I. de eccl. cath.)

BELFAST IN OTTAWA.—From Ireland, from Belfast, with an Orange lily on his breast and a false legend of Liberty pinned to his coat-tail, comes Wm. Johnston, Esq., for no other purpose than to insult the Catholic and law-abiding population of the Canadian Dominion. Standing upon a public platform in the capital, surrounded by such shining lights as McKenzie-Bowell, of Belleville, Sheriff Powell, and ex-Mayor Rochester of Ottawa, he delivered an address which in bitterness, ignorance, scurrility and falsehood, surpassed even the brilliant efforts of Ogle R. Gowan, and the back-wood harangues of his blood-relation, the member for South Simcoe. The Ottawa papers, which, through fear of exciting religious animosities, would not publish the calm, logical lectures of the great Jesuit Missionary who visited that city during the winter months, did not scruple to lay before a mixed community full-page reports of Johnston's fiendish abuse. From one of these reports we clip what may be called the "peroration."

"It was folly to say that there was no need for Orangism, when he could point to the consequences of ultramontanism—the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope—the issuing forth from the Vatican of the orders to the Emperor of France to march over Protestant Prussia. It was the Jesuits who had raised the shout "On to Berlin"; but a change came over the spirit of their dreams and echo wafted back to them—"On to Paris!" The descendants of the Huguenots who were driven from France in 1672 returned conquerors in the victorious army of King William the Great. (Cheers). In the face of these facts is there not as much need of the Protestant organization to maintain the liberties of the people in the present day, as there was in the time of the Prince of Orange? He spoke of the struggles of Garibaldi for the freedom of Italy, which nation had succeeded in casting off the chains that held them down; of the ecclesiastical tyranny which oppressed Spain, and of their action in joining Protestant Prussia in opposing the tyrannous power of Rome. It required the energy of Protestants everywhere to combat the influence of Romanism. We can never forget the battle under the walls of Derry, when William of Orange came to the rescue and set them free. It would be gross ingratitude if we failed to honor William's name, and to celebrate William's day. This is the reason why we commemorate the victories of the Boyne; it was not to insult our Roman Catholic countrymen, but to glory in the day when we gained the benefits of a free and open Bible. It was for these liberties that we would be willing to fight another battle of the Boyne. (Immense applause.)"

In this life there is always something new to be learned. It is now shown by the simple assertion of a Grand Master, that the Infallibility of the Pope encroaches upon Protestant liberty; that the Vatican ordered Napoleon III, to declare war against Prussia; that the Jesuits raised the shout "on to Berlin!" We would call upon Common Sense and History to refute such absurd statements were we not aware that Orangeism ignores the existence of one and the other. Orangemen uphold their Doctrine by the aid of "forked" tongue, powder, shot, and sword; when attacked by Legio and "hard-facts," they will not refute, they will blaspheme, they will slay. Not wishing to ignite Brother Johnston's cholera until he shall have been "dined" and "wined" to his stomach's content, we will postpone further criticism to another day.

A word before parting to our countrymen. We have been cruelly sold in Mr. Wm. Johnston: we expected to meet a Nationalist and Home-Ruler,—we found a Renegade and thorough-bred West Briton. Let the Belfast man speak for himself:—

"Home rule in Ireland meant Rome rule; but the men of Ulster would not listen to the wishes of Cardinal Cullen. They would remain true to the British flag, and maintain the will of the Queen with the cry of 'No Surrender.'"

"Home-rule means Rome-rule!" The old Belfast cry repeated in Ottawa.

MARK.

NOTRE DAME OF WILLIAMSTOWN.

The solemn distribution of Premiums to the young ladies of the boarding School, conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, took place in the grand Hall of the Convent, on Wednesday evening the 10th inst. and was honored by the presence of the Bishop of Kingston, the Revd. Fathers Chisholm, Lynch, McDonnell, Masterson, Murray, MacCarthy and a large and most respectable audience. As His Lordship, conducted by the Lady Superior and accompanied by his clergy entered, a brilliant ovation was performed on the organ and pianos by eight of the pupils.

The stage, elegantly adorned, resembled a fairy bower and with its beautiful occupants robed in purest white, and ranged in lovely groups, presented a charming sight. The programme, rich, varied and select, was rendered in masterly style, eliciting much and well merited applause. At its conclusion, His Lordship handed the rewards to the young ladies who will appreciate them all the more that many—the most beautiful—were his own generous gift. Handsome wreaths, and diplomas of honor were granted for Religious Instruction, Deportment, Punctuality, Plain Sewing, Embroidery and Domestic Economy. The gold medal—prize of Excellence—was won

by a young lady of Hogsburgh, New York, and the silver medal, for instrumental music, by Miss Gorman of Boston, while for vocal music, Canadian ladies carried off the palm. Miss Gaudin of Williamstown delivered in the name of her companions, and in the most graceful manner, the valedictory to which His Lordship replied, expressing the pleasure the entertainment had afforded him and he doubted not—from the oft repeated applause—all present. A few remarks from the Revd. the parish priest and then came "God Save the Queen"—terminating one of the most successful and most delightful Soirees ever given by the talented and accomplished pupils of this now famous Institution.—Com.

YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY INSTITUTE OF NOTRE DAME DU SACRE COEUR, OTTAWA, ONT.

The commencement exercises of this excellent and popular Educational Establishment took place on the evening of July 3rd., in the Hall of the Institut-Canadien. There were present besides the parents and friends of the pupils—over six hundred in all—Rt. Revd. Dr. Guigues; Very Revd. Vicar General Dandurand; Revs. Messrs. Rebois, Lupers, Duhamel, O'Halloran, Meclan, Porcile, and Fairo; His Worship the Mayor, and Lady Macdonald. On an elevated platform to the left of the Stage sat the young Ladies arrayed in costumes of spotless white, forming a pleasing contrast to the darker decorations of the Hall and the "full dress" of the audience. The following Programme was executed amidst frequent plaudits:—

- PART I. Instrumental Music, 16 hands, with Organ Accompaniment. Il Bacio. Grand Chorus, from Martha. Preparatory, First and Second Courses, Distribution. Poetry, Summer. Third Course, French and English, Attestation of Success. Instrumental Music, Overture, Operetta, Genavieve—in 3 Acts.

- DRAMATIS PERSONAE. Genevieve, Isadora, Roxanna, Grace, Fleurange. Interludes—Instrumental Music, Bohemian Girl, 10 hands. Instrumental Music, Martha. Poésie, Les Vacances. Fourth, Fifth and Six Courses, Awarding of Prizes. Instrumental Music, Dance of the Fairies.

- PART II. Presentations of Medals and Diplomas—First and Second Degrees. Une Conspiration—Grande Tragédie en 5 Actes, par Bogeris. Dramatis Personae—Decius, Aurelius, Livia, Faustino, Antonius, Livius, Le Pretour, Claudius. Gables, Servantes, etc., etc., Tableau. Interludes—Norma, 6 hands, with Organ Accompaniment. Souvenirs d'Ecosse. Vocal Music—Trio—Fountain of Love Eternal. Fugue—16 hands. Instrumental Music—Last Rose of Summer—2 Harps, Piano and Organ. Zampa Pianos—16 hands.

Miss Marin Kennedy of Ottawa, having followed the complete course of studies with success, received a Diploma of the First Degree and a Gold Medal from the hands of His Lordship. The Graduates of the Second Degree were: Misses J. Copps, Z. Cockburn, A. Norris, J. Donahoe, E. Cazeault, S. Cazeault, and A. Lapiere. Miss M. Kennedy and Miss A. Lapiere, on behalf of their companions, pronounced eloquent valedictories, the former in English, the latter in French. At the close the Bishop and the Mayor bestowed well-merited encomiums on the SISTERS OF CHARITY who have established in Ottawa an Institution inferior to none other in the Dominion.—we may add the United States.

When the classes re-open in September, an extensive wing—now in course of erection—will afford accommodation to at least one hundred extra boarders who could not be received during the past scholastic year. Parents and Guardians who wish to patronize "Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur," may address for particulars to SISTER TERESA OF JESUS, the efficient and obliging Directress of the Institute.—Com.

We have been informed by a valued correspondent, that the new Catholic Church of Orillia, Ontario, will be opened on Sunday, 28th instant. His Grace Mgr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, will bless the building, which will be completed before that date.

GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES IN AID OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, RENFREW, ONT.—This Drawing of Prizes is unavoidably postponed to the 1st of August prox., at which date it will invariably take place.

MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL, } March 10, 1872. }

[Copy of Minutes.] Respecting the letter of resignation of Dr. G. Ross, House Surgeon Montreal General Hospital. Resolved,—That the Committee, with regret, accept the resignation of Dr. G. Ross, to take effect from the 1st May next. Resolved,—That the Committee place on record their sense of the faithfulness and unwearied kindness, as well as the professional skill and judgment with which Dr. Ross has discharged his duties as House Surgeon during the period of six years, and their conviction that the interests of the Hospital, while under his charge, as well as the patients resident there, have been served to the utmost by Dr. Ross.

The Committee heartily wish Dr. Ross all the success in his future career which his abilities may reasonably command, and confidently hope that a continuance of the same skill and fidelity in the future will secure to him all the distinctions which his noble profession affords to those who pursue it with earnestness and zeal.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be signed by the chairman and sent to Dr. Ross.

NEW STEAMSHIP FOR THE QUEBEC AND GULF PORTS STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—Mr. Baldwin is now building, at his shipyard, Hare Point, for this Company, a steamship of the following dimensions:—200 feet keel, 39 feet 6 inches beam, and 23 feet depth of hold, measuring from the top of the spar deck, and 16 feet from the main deck. The vessel will be built of hardwood throughout, except alternate top timbers, which will be tanbark. The fastenings will be yellow metal and galvanized iron; gun knees and very strong diagonal iron bracing, close framing with every appliance that can give strength, as the vessel is intended to navigate between Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland, in the winter months, and between Montreal and Quebec and St. John's, during the season of navigation. The space between the main and spar decks will be fitted up with neat and commodious cabins for first and second class passengers. The contract for engines and boilers has been awarded to Messrs. Carrier, Lane & Co, Point Lévis. The engines are to be on the compound surface condensing principle, high and low pressure, small cylinder 30 in. in diameter, large cylinder, 60 in. diameter, 32 in. stroke, nominal horse power 140, but capable of working up to 800. The boilers are to be 15 feet long, 12 feet diameter, made of the best iron, to be tested at 140 lbs per inch, and to carry 70 lbs steam per inch. It is expected the vessel will be completed about the 15th of November.—Gazette.

"THE LAMP."—This is the title of a neatly-printed monthly magazine of Catholic literature published in Hamilton, Ontario, by Mr. C. Donovan, author of the very little volume noticed by us a few weeks since under the heading "Anecdotes of Ireland." The serial before us contains poetry and prose of no mean order, and selections of minor importance of much interest to the comprehensive mind as well as to that less matured. It commends itself especially to the patronage of Catholics, being the only magazine published in the Dominion of a Catholic character; and it is further recommended to that class of readers by the approbation of His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton. The terms are 50c. per annum, or 5c. per single copy. Dealers supplied at wholesale rates. The work may be had at Doyle's, Arcade, Toronto; or direct from the publisher, Address C. Donovan, 32 Walnut street Hamilton.—Irish Canadian.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.—The Board of Health met again on Saturday morning, and proceeded at once to the adoption of measures for the prevention of small-pox. It was resolved to enter into an arrangement with the physicians in the city which will bind them to communicate to the health officers all the cases of small-pox which come under their notice once a day if possible, or not less frequently than twice a week. The health officers are then to visit the premises where the disease is said to exist, and take the necessary precautions to prevent it from spreading further, taking care that the patients are isolated, if they refuse to be conveyed to the hospital; or if they will consent to go, sending the ambulance at once to remove them. Disinfectants will also be freely applied in places where they are necessary. Besides the information gained through the medical men as above stated, two men of the Sanitary Police will be constantly employed in visiting houses and making inquiries as to the state of the health of the inmates, inspecting the premises, and reporting any cases of epidemic diseases or filthy premises. An amended bye-law will also be framed and submitted to the Council as soon as possible to oblige heads of families, to report all cases of small-pox that may occur in their families, and to oblige doctors to report all cases that come under their notice to the Health officers. The committee had under consideration as well a proposition for disposing of the fifth and sixth of the city, made by Col. Maude. Col. Maude proposes to form a joint stock company which will undertake for the nominal consideration of five thousand dollars per annum, to do all the work now done by the city scavengers, and much more effectually. The refuse thus collected is to be taken to some point down the river where it will be deodorized, and converted into a most valuable manure, by a process similar to that so successfully worked in England. The process which was invented by Mr. Manning, has been patented both in England and in this country, and application is now being made for a patent in the United States. The committee heartily approved of Colonel Maude's proposition, and resolved to report favourably upon it to the council.—Gazette of Monday.

DROWNED.—On Sunday morning about eleven o'clock, James Smith, sixteen years of age, 536 Dorchester street, while bathing with several boys in the river, near Black's Bridge, suddenly stopped swimming, and without calling for assistance, or giving any alarm, sank, and was drowned. Two boys, James Mullan and John Knox, perceiving that Smith was sinking, got hold of him, but being indifferent swimmers, had to let him go, otherwise both would have been carried under the water. It is supposed that Smith had been seized with cramps.

AN ENEMY TO POTATOES.—A Bradford paper says that recently the potato vines in a number of gardens here have been attacked by a long black bug, which appears about as destructive as the Colorado striped bug, and works upon the leaves in about the same manner. These with the worms that injure the stock threaten to do considerable injury.

Died. In this city, on the 14th July, William Crowe aged 45 years.—Requiescat in pace.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. St. Hyacinthe, B. F., \$2; North Gower, L. C., 2; Fredericshurg, H. M., 2; Kelly's Island, Ohio, Rev. C. W., 2; River Beaudette, T. R., 4.50; Coldwater, P. B., 1; Lafontaine, Rev. J. M., 2; St. Raphael's, L. M., 1; Hawkesbury Mills, P. R., 1; Richmond, J. M., 3; St. Johns, P. M., 8; Stamford, S. B., 10; Dixon's Corners, T. H., 2. Per Miss C. McD., Alexandria—Self, 2; late Mrs. McD., 2. Per P. D., Toronto—W. P., 2; T. D., 2. Per Rev. K. A. C., Atherly—Kathryn, T. C., 2. Per Rev. P. K., Frampton—P. Q., 1; M. S., 1.50; M. M., 75c; J. D., 1.50; M. F., 1.50; J. C., 1.50; J. J., 1.50; T. D., 75c. Per F. S. B., St. Aincot—P. C., 1.

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

Testimonial to the Rev. Father Dowd.

THE "TESTIMONIAL" will be presented to the Rev. Father Dowd immediately after Grand Mass, Sunday next, the 21st instant, in the Sacristy of St. PATRICK'S. The subscribers are requested to assist at the presentation.

O. J. DEVLIN, Secretary.

Wanted. A SMART BOY to learn the PRINTING Business. Apply at True Witness Office.

WANTED.—A MALE TEACHER for the elementary School of St. Columban, Co. of Two Mountains. For particulars address, JOHN BURKE, President.

REMOVAL.

O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, (Successors to G. & J. Moore), HATTERS and FURRIERS, No. 269 Notre Dame Street. The Subscribers would respectfully inform their patrons and the public that they have removed the whole of their Stock-in-trade from 221 McGill to No. 269 Notre-Dame street, the premises lately occupied by Messrs. G. & J. Moore, and next door to Savage, Lyman & Co., Jewellers. Their stock comprises every novelty in Hats from the best houses, and they would invite attention to their stock of STRAW GOODS, which is large and varied. They will make it their constant study to merit a continuance of the generous patronage bestowed on them, for which they beg to tender their most sincere thanks. O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, Hatters and Furriers, No. 269 Notre Dame St.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

LYONS, 24th June.—The complete rupture of M. Thiers with the honest and monarchial majority of the Assembly, has spread consternation over the whole country. Only a few days since, when one of the Deputies of the Right asked what he would do to negotiate the loan, if the Right refused him unconditional support he replied, "I shall in that case go back to Paris, and see who will follow me." This would be complete renunciation of the support of the Conservative party, who persistently and most wisely refuse to return to the Capital, and so put the Assembly into the hands of the Commune. No one save the Left, would follow the President, and the Chamber would either be dissolved, or become a Convention. The dissolution is greatly to be feared, as the increase of Communism in the large towns is very evident, and the elections would in many cases be a gain to the Rouges. In the meantime, one of the most respected and honourable members of the Cabinet, M. De Larcy, the Minister of Public Works, a Catholic and Royalist, has given his resignation and refuses to withdraw it. M. De Goulard (finance) has done the same, and their places must necessarily be filled up from the Left. There are only two parties now left in France—the Catholic and Legitimist, and the Red Republican. All intermediate shades are disappearing, and it is only a few days since that M. Desseigneux, the Chief of the Centre, passed over to the Right with sixty deputies. The change I announced to you in my first letter has been even more simplified than was looked for, as the Thierist party has gone over to the Left, and works in perfect accord with Gambetta and his colleagues.

The balance of parties is thus reduced to its primitive elements, and the struggle will be a supreme and desperate one. Whether it is immediate depends on the tactics of Thiers. If he insists on a vote of confidence—and the proclamation of the Republic as his immediate followers wish him to do—the country cannot be long calm. The Royalists have felt their own strength in the Chambers and the Provinces, and are not likely to cede all they have gained to the Radicals. They cannot do so in conscience and in honor, for on their firmness depends the religious instruction of the youth of France, the existence of the public worship of God, of the religious orders—the Christian family. The civil war, therefore, and there seems no escape from that issue, sooner or later, will be a religious one in a far more marked degree than it will be a political one, and the first principles of Christian liberty will be at stake.—Cor. of Catholic Opinion.

THE ALLEGED CONSPIRACY AGAINST CIVIL GOVERNMENT.—The Times of Tuesday has an article on this text which is really nothing less than disgraceful. It accuses the Catholic Church of "intriguing with trades-unions in Germany," and being "in political contact with Communists in France," "for objects of its own;" of thinking only of the end and being indifferent about the means, the end being "the destruction of the Protestant ascendancy in Europe as represented by the new Empire of Germany." We cannot too strongly protest against and condemn this kind of dishonest rhetoric. We have before now stated at some length the reasons which conclusively prove that Catholics both in Germany and elsewhere were not inclined to be opposed to the new German Empire for its own sake, and that if the Empire had left the Catholics alone, the Catholics would have been perfectly contented to acquiesce. But it has suited the advanced Liberals and Secularists of Germany to insist on measures of persecution, and it has therefore become necessary to represent the Catholics as aggressors. It is the old story of the wolf who was so terribly disturbed by the lamb, and we all know how little the latter had to say for himself.—Tablet.

M. D'HAUSSONVILLE ON M. THIERS.—Whether it is true that M. de Rothschild has been calling on the President in order to tell him that these elections are equivalent to a deduction of 200 millions from the credit of France, we cannot say for certain; M. About says it cannot be, because it is not stated whether it was Baron Gustave or Baron Adolphe, and because it is inconceivable that anybody talking with M. Thiers could have got in as many words as the Baron is reported to have used. But whether the President has or has not been warned of his loss of credit, he has been soundly lectured by M. d'Haussonville in the Journal des Debats. M. d'Haussonville is an old friend of M. Thiers, an Orleansist, and a statesman who persistently refused office under the Empire; he cannot therefore be reasonably accused of personal hostility or ambition. "Where have we got to?" he asks, "We are obliged to answer that the reign of M. Thiers is closing, and that of M. Gambetta impending. We believed in the triumph—which we could accept—of the Moderate Republic, and find ourselves face to face with victorious Radicalism." M. d'Haussonville thinks this the fault both of M. Thiers and the Assembly; of the Assembly because it has been too yielding, of M. Thiers because "no Government we have had to endure was ever more personal." The remedy proposed is to exact from M. Thiers' government by the majority, which he himself imposed on Louis Philippe, and tried to obtain from Napoleon III. If he refuses, concludes M. d'Haussonville, he must be got rid of. The Unvers, however, objects with reason that this would be difficult without an appearance of a coup d'etat, and quoting the Constitutionnel to prove how popular M. de Keratry's snubbing of the Radicals at Marseilles has made him, argues that the religious sentiments of the masses form the only basis upon which a sound policy, lasting order, and true liberty can be founded. All that is known for certain about the negotiations for the liberation of the territory is that they

are progressing favourably; terms have been stated as agreed on; but they are not worth recapitulating, as the intelligence is not authentic, but it is known that the President is already actively engaged with the Finance Minister in the preparation of a project for a loan.—Tablet.

VERSAILLES, July 12.—There was an intensely exciting debate in the Assembly this evening on the proposal made by Gaslonde to increase the taxes by licenses on doors, windows and household furniture. Thiers accepted the measure and maintained that if it was not adopted he would be under the necessity of reverting to the tax on raw materials from which 93,000,000 could be realized of the 200,000,000 of francs required. The cup he said is bitter, but it must be drained without finching to the dregs.

The members of the right insisted on a more conservative policy. M. Thiers replied that the government are the repairers not the authors of revolution. "You entrusted us with the Republic," the right with one voice vociferated, "no, no" and the left gave three round cheers for the President. After prolonged disorder and interruption of the proceedings, M. Thiers again made himself heard and promised to explain his policy at a later day. Quiet was then restored. The sitting then closed in good order. A government crisis is apprehended in consequence of these manifestations.

SPAIN.

The situation in Spain is the gravest possible. Manifestations antagonistic to the dynasty have taken place in the capital, and other similar manifestations are announced from the provinces.

The official organs of Madrid are obliged, though reluctantly, to confess that the Carlist rising is not yet wholly put down. They say that in Catalonia it is reviving, and that the bands in that province are daily strengthening and becoming better organized.

THE NEW MINISTER.—Senor Zorilla has made a speech, in which he says—"If the splendour of the revolution appeared to wane for a moment, it will now shine in all its brilliancy." Senor Zorilla is sanguine, so was Prim, and so has been every minister to the present.

ITALY.

THE POPE AND ITALY.—The Pope has addressed a letter to Cardinal Antonelli, dated the 16th June, in which his Holiness deprecates the approaching introduction in the Italian Parliament of a law suppressing religious bodies, and says this suppression will be prejudicial to the interests of the Church, and a violation of the international law of the Catholic world. The Pope alludes to the continual encroachments upon the Pontifical authority as a violation of morality and justice, and says:—"We might have spared ourselves this spectacle by seeking an asylum abroad, but motives of the highest religious interest interest us in the present state of things not now to abandon our See. The world also will be convinced of the destiny reserved for the Pope and the Church by a change in the state of things providentially ordered by God. The Pope through free, is not independent. The Pope does not comprehend how a reconciliation between the Papacy and the Italian Government can be seriously spoken of. The Papacy cannot submit to usurpations of its rights, and all guarantees are illusory." The Pope concludes by requesting Cardinal Antonelli to acquaint the foreign representatives of the Vatican with the state of things and protest against acts menacing the Papacy and Catholicity. He says, "Foreign Governments cannot forget that the Pontifical throne, far from being an embarrassment for the peace and prosperity of Europe, or the greatness and independence of Italy, was ever a bond between peoples and princes, and always a centre of real greatness—the guardian of her independence and the constant defence and rampart of her liberty."

TRAVE TO THE POPE.—GRAND DEMONSTRATION.—Notwithstanding the threats of the revolutionists in Rome to oppose any demonstration in favour of the Holy Father that might take place on his twenty sixth anniversary, thousands flocked to the Vatican on June 16 to offer their congratulations to his Holiness. A demonstration at once so important and magnificent has seldom if ever before been witnessed even in Rome. Catholics from all parts of the world were present; and not the least striking sight was that of seven thousand Roman ladies, forming part of the Society for the protection of Catholic interests, who were received at the Vatican. They filled the entire gallery and the museum. The Holy Father, on making his appearance, was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, and seemed greatly affected at the warmth of the reception accorded him. The Holy Father delivered a beautiful address. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by his words. The great hall, which was densely crowded in every part, resounded several times to the cries of "Long live Pius IX." "Long live our Holy Father!" "May God preserve him yet for many years!" Long live the sovereign Pontiff!" All the papers continue to speak of the great demonstration of Sunday. During the entire morning the city was a scene of extraordinary animation. During fully eight hours the circulation in the streets was all but blocked up by the great number of vehicles going towards the Vatican. The Prince of Campagnano Chigi, at the head of the presidents of the several Catholic Societies, read a touching and eloquent address to the Holy Father to which his Holiness duly responded. Well might "this distinguished personage present exclaim, "this day will be an ever memorable one in the history of the august Prisoner of the Vatican."

The Conservative Standard—having for the nonce thrown off that incubus of bigotry which usually weighs it down, in Catholic eyes, to the rank of Mr. Bradlaugh's National Reformer—honestly confesses: "Pius IX. has created a Roman Catholic party in Europe, indeed in every quarter of the globe. It was he who inspired the sentiment, now unhappily so widely prevailing, which found utterance by the mouth of an English Peer—himself once of our own Anglican communion—that a man may be an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German, but that he is a Catholic first and before all things. That is Pius IX.'s own doing. Rome, under the guidance of Pius IX., at least knows its own mind, which is more than can be said of perhaps any other influential branch of the Christian Church at the present moment. That in itself is no small matter. But, over and above all that, there are certain theories of government, of education, of social polity, and in-

telligent people, and of which 'Rome' is now the only defender and upholder. Upon a calm review of all the circumstances of the case, we think that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that were Pius IX. to die to-morrow he would leave the Roman Church far more powerful than he found it, and endowed with a far higher vitality. He may live some years yet, and as far as we can see, when we labour to divest ourselves of prejudice, we think it likely that Pius IX. will be regarded in future Roman Catholic annals as one of the most distinguished and meritorious of the long line of Popes."

That verdict has already been pronounced with marvellous unanimity by the Catholic body, to whom the Pope is something more than a ruler of extraordinary capacity, primus inter pares suos. And so visibly has heaven directed the efforts of our beloved Pontiff-King, that we pray, with firm faith and ever increasing hope, that "he may live some years yet"—long enough to transfer the triple crown, with all its rights and privileges, to his successor in free and Papal Rome; and—what is possibly more remote—to witness the edifying repentance of those deluded individuals who have expressed by their words and deeds that, according to English Protestant opinion, the successful accomplishment of sacrilege is its all-sufficient excuse.—Catholic Opinion.

GERMANY.

The acts of the Chancellor are before your readers through the Protestant press; but it may be well to remind them that they are witnesses of a war against the Church of God, the most bitter and ruthless that this age has witnessed. The expulsion of the Jesuits and their cognate orders, and of 2,000 Brothers and Sisters of the Christian Schools, will deprive the Catholic population of Germany of teachers of every class. Catholic instruction is at an end and the children are given up to a godless and compulsory system of atheist teaching. The courageous Bishop of Ermland is now the object of Prince Bismarck's hatred and enmity, and if he is not yet thrown into a dungeon, it is because the storm of indignation is rising in the faithful town of the Rhineland, and Prussia is beginning to tremble before the probable disaffection.

In some ways the persecution of the Church will do good in Germany. German Catholics were losing their love of the Church their union with Rome, their devotion to the Holy See. A blow at what they held sacred was almost needed to cause a revival, and that revival is complete. Everywhere good men are realizing the iniquities of the late war on France, the devastations of villages, the murder of men and women in the Vosges and Alsace for defending their soil, and they are beginning to see that the glories of Germany have been dearly bought at the price of the curse of blood unjustly shed. Many are beginning to tremble at the support openly given to apostate and sacrilegious Italy, and to see that a kingdom built up by fraud, force, and the negation of God can never be destined to last. A regnum inter regno is springing up within the new Empire which must end by its dismemberment and Prince Bismarck, in trying conclusions with the Catholic Church, has begun to discover that there is a power stronger than Prussian bayonets. He knows this but his heathen pride leads him to measure his strength with the Vicar of Christ, forgetful that the Church is, in the words of a great French historian, "Vestrum qui use tous les martires" (the anvil which wears out all hammers).—Cor. of Catholic Opinion.

The German Parliament has passed the Bill against the Jesuits by a majority of 131 against 93 votes. The "kindred Orders" to which, as well as the Jesuits, the law is to be applied, are the Redemptorists, Christian Brothers, and other "teaching congregations." The Jesuits in Germany who are honoured with the special hostility of Prince Bismarck are said to number only 200. All members of the "kindred Orders" if foreigners, are to be expelled from the Empire, and if natives, "interned"—that is, condemned to live in certain specified places, in a sort of open arrest. Almost simultaneously with this measure the Parliament has passed another making civil registration essential to the validity of a marriage; and, perhaps, to further prove that it is now "war to the knife," a significant article in the North German Gazette touches on the subject of Papal elections, and says that, since the ancient independence of Bishops has been destroyed, and the Pope is virtually Bishop in every diocese, care must be taken by Governments in future elections that the personal character of the Pope appointed shall be such as to afford a guarantee against the abuse of such arbitrary power. We may safely trust to Providence to bring to nought measures which are evidently designed to destroy the supreme Pastorate of the Holy See. As to his measures of internal persecution, Prince Bismarck might profitably, before he finally commits himself, study the history of Ireland. It is somewhat odd that 200 Jesuits should frighten a nation of forty millions that boasts of having "conquered" France.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE.

CONTINUED FROM 2ND PAGE.

tary or an involuntary exile from the dear green island of the ocean, ashamed of the love of the warrior for Ireland. It is not, perhaps, the beauties of the land that we remember; it is not, perhaps, the green-hill sides, crowned with the Irish oak, made so beautiful in their clothing of the Irish fern, that rise before our eyes, and excite the tenderest emotions of our souls; it was not the beauties of Avoca that captivated the poet when he sang:—"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green; 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlets or hill—Oh, no!—it was something more exquisite still. 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near, Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear; And who felt how the best charms of nature improve, When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

(Cheers.) So, perhaps, it is not the material beauty of Ireland,—the green hill side, or the pastoral beauty of glade or valley,—it is not, perhaps, the running brook, the mill-pond, the green-field, the moss-grown old abbey, around which we played in our youth,—not so much these that command our love; but it is the holy, tender associations of all that we first learned to venerate; the pure-minded, holy, gentle, loving mother, the wise, strong and considerate father; the tender friend upon whom we leaned, and whose friendship was to us the earliest joy of our life: the venerable priest, whose smile we sought, as we bowed our youthful heads for his blessing (applause);—these, and such as these, are the motives of our love for Ireland. And that love is as keen, as strong, in the heart of the Irishman, far away from his native land to-day, as it was in the heart of St. Columbkille; as it was in the valor of the Irish Brigade man as he rose to toast his heroic motherland (cheers). Well is the emigrant of to-day, the Irish Exile, described and depicted in the beautiful verses which recall his leaving his native land:—

Adieu!—the snowy sail Swells her bosom to the gale, And our barque from Innisfail Bounds away. While we gaze upon thy shore, That we never shall see more, And the blinding tears flow o'er, We pray:

Ma vourne! be thou long In peace, the queen of song— In battle proud and strong As the seal

Be saints thine offspring still— True heroes guard each hill And harp by every rill Sound free! Tho' round her Indian bowers, The hand of nature showers The brightest-blooming flowers Of our sphere; Yet, not the richest rose In an alien clime that blows, Like the briar at home that grows, Is dear.

When I slumber in the gloom Of a nameless foreign tomb, By a distant ocean's boom, Innisfail! Around thy emerald shore, May the clasping sea adore, And each wave in thunder roar, "All hail!"

And when the final sigh, Shall bear my soul on high, And on chainless wing I fly Thro' the blue, Earth's latest thought shall be, As I soar above the sea—"Green Erin, dear, to thee—Adieu!"

(Applause.)

Yes; if there be one passion that has outlived every other in the heart of the true Irishman, it is the inborn love for Ireland, for Ireland's greatness, and for Ireland's glory. Our fathers loved it, and knew how to prize it, to hold it,—the glory of the faith that has never been tarnished; the glory of the National honor that has never bowed down to acknowledge itself a slave (great cheering). And, my friends, the burden and the responsibility of that glory is yours and mine to-night. The glory of Ireland's priesthood (applause); the glory of St. Columba; the glories of Iona and of Lindisfarne weigh upon me with a tremendous responsibility, to be of all other men what the Irish priest and monk must be, because of that glorious history; the glory of the battle that has been so long fighting and is not yet closed (renewed applause); the glory of that faith that has been so long and so well defended and guarded; the glory of that National virtue that has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world (applause)—that glory is your inheritance and your responsibility this night. I and you, men, feel as Irishmen, and as Catholics, that you and I to-night are bound to show the world what Irishmen and Catholics have been in the ages before us, and what they intend to be in the ages to come,—a nation and a Church that has never allowed a stain to be fixed upon the National Banner nor upon the National Altar;—a nation and a Church who in spite of its hard fate and its misfortunes can still look the world in the face; for Ireland's virgin brow no stain of dishonor or of perfidy has ever been placed (great applause). In sobriety, in industry, in manly self-respect, in honest pride of everything that an honest man ought to be proud of,—in all these, and in respect for the laws of this mighty country lie the secret of your honor and of your national power and purity (applause).

Mark my words! Let Ireland in America be faithful, be Catholic, be practical, be temperate, be industrious, be obedient to the laws; and the day will dawn, with the blessing of God, yet upon you and me, so that when returning to visit for a time the shores from which we came, we shall land upon the shores of a free and glorious and unfettered nation (prolonged and tumultuous applause, which was again and again renewed, as Father Burke bowed and retired from the stage).

COULD NOT SIGN A LIE.—M. V. Chlapowski, brother-in-law of Mgr. Kosmin, has addressed the following letter to the Gazette de la Croix:

"Sir,—You have, in a recent issue of your paper, declared 'that the report that the Prussian authorities have delivered over to the Russian Government certain papers found in the possession of Mgr. Kosmin is not true, and that the said papers have, one and all, been returned to the Canon Kosmin.' I beg leave to inform you that only a part, and not the largest part, of my brother-in-law's papers were returned to him, and that at the time that they were given to him, he was requested to sign a paper asserting that all had been restored to him, which he refused to do, as it was not the case, and therefore he would not and did not put his signature to a lie. As to what has become of the rest of my brother-in-law's papers I know not; but this much is certain, that questions have been asked by the representative of Russia in Rome, as well as by other diplomatic personages, which I know could only have been prompted by a knowledge of the contents of those papers which belonged to Canon Kosmin, and which were never returned to him. Yours, etc., "V. CHLAPOWSKI."

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.—There are some people—yes, many people—always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some personal to themselves, and fume and umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offence are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose that a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the colour of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let the person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is under restraint; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.

A kind-hearted and witty clergyman in New York, entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the good old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once began to intercede for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that the youth must be early trained in the way he should go. "It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Aye," said the pastor; "but that don't hold here, for the wicks were not soft." The deacon let the boy go.

The use of tobacco causes indigestion, palpitation, slowness of intellect, a desire for strong drink, and an intermittent pulse; it destroys the vitality of the blood, produces dizziness, disturbs sleep, makes a man miserable, and prematurely old. When the diseases are serious and stubborn, the best remedy is Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, as it restores circulation, the nervous ganglia, builds up the muscles, and induces healthy Liver, Heart, Stomach and Intellect.

A sure thing. CABLE SCREW WREN Boots and Shoes will not rip, loak or come apart, and are the easiest over worn. Try them. All beat the Patent Stamp.

Towards Mary ever Blessed, cultivate a most tender and respectful devotion; for she is Heaven's powerful Queen—the dispensatrix of Divine grace—the sure refuge of repenting sinners—and the affectionate patroness of all true believers. Endeavor, therefore, to become one of her special clients and favored votaries.

PARSONS' PUNGATIVE PILLS.—Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for horses. 44

LAWLOR'S SEWING-MACHINES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

No. 365 NOTRE DAME Street MONTREAL.

To those of my patrons who have been familiar with the working qualities of my Sewing-machines, during the past ten years, no other commendations are necessary; but to persons who are desirous of obtaining information to assist them in determining which of the many Machines to select, I respectfully submit a few testimonials which will, undoubtedly, afford a sufficient reason for investigating the merits of my Sewing-machines before purchasing elsewhere.

MONTREAL, 21st Nov, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

Sir,—In reply to your inquiry, we have much pleasure in stating that your Family Singer Sewing-machine gives entire satisfaction. We have used the Wheeler & Wilson and other machines of American manufacture, but give yours the preference for family purposes.

MISS PHEBE ALLAN, "Ravensraig," McTavish street.

MONASTERY OF O. L. OF CHARITY, Ottawa, Oct. 21st, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

Sir,—We experience much pleasure in adding our testimony to the excellence of the Singer Family Sewing-machine, of your own make, which we purchased from you. We feel perfectly satisfied that it is equal to the Wheeler & Wilson, and superior to any other Sewing-machine we have ever made us of in this institution.

THE SISTERS OF O. L. OF CHARITY.

MONTREAL, March 16th, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

Sir,—Having tested the qualities of the Singer Family Sewing-machine, manufactured by you, I have the pleasure to inform you that it is remarkably easy to understand, and it makes a superior and uniform stitch with all kinds of thread from No. 10 to 150. Thus I can do the most delicate work to perfection, and sew the heaviest cloth with the greatest facility. In my opinion, this machine is more suitable than the Wheeler & Wilson for family use and light manufacturing.

MRS. E. TASSE, MILLINER, 100 Notre Dame street.

HOSPICE ST. JOSEPH, Montreal, Aug. 5th, 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

Sir,—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favor of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-machine; but having recently tested the working qualities of the Family Singer, manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

SEUR GAUTHIER.

VILLA MARIA, Montreal, Sept. 7th 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

Sir,—Having thoroughly tested the qualities of the Family Singer Sewing-machine, manufactured by you, we beg to inform you that it is, in our estimation, superior to either the Wheeler & Wilson or any other Sewing-machine we have ever tried, for the use of families and manufacturers.

THE DIRECTRESS OF VILLA MARIA.

HOTEL DIEU DE ST. HYACINTHE, Montreal, 11th Sept. 1871.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

Sir,—Among the different Sewing-machines in use in this Institution, we have a Singer Family of your manufacture, which we recommend with pleasure as superior for family use to any of the others, and perfectly satisfactory in every respect.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF L'HOTEL DIEU, ST. HYACINTHE.

MONTREAL, May 3rd, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

The Lawlor Family Singer Sewing-machine we have in this institution gives perfect satisfaction.—It is very easy to manage, and makes the most delicate stitching on gauze, and sews the heaviest cloth with great facility, using the finest cotton or the coarsest linen thread.

We take much pleasure in recommending it to families.

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, St. Catherine Street.

MONTREAL, May 3rd, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR:

Sir,—We are happy to say that your Singer Family Sewing-machine proves highly satisfactory in every respect. It works to perfection on any material, light or heavy, with any kind of cotton or linen thread. Therefore, it suits our purpose better than the Wheeler & Wilson, or any other sewing-machine we have ever used, and we shall recommend it as such with much pleasure.

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, Coteau St. Louis.

MONTREAL, April 13th, 1872.

MR. J. D. LAWLOR,

Sir,—Having in this Establishment seventeen of your Singer No. 2 Sewing-machines, some of which have been in constant operation various kinds of work for upwards of seven years, I am happy to say that they prove perfectly satisfactory, and are superior to the Wheeler & Wilson, or any other Sewing-machine of either home or foreign manufacture we have ever used for manufacturing purposes.

FRS. SCHOLES, Manager Canadian Rubber Co. of Montreal.

QUEBEC, April 25th, 1872.

J. D. LAWLOR, Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—We have twenty-two of your machines which have been in constant work for the past year and we find them so serviceable that we have arranged with you to furnish us with some more of the same, in place of other kinds we have, they stitching our work better than any other we have tried.

Respectfully yours, QUEBEC RUBBER CO., A. M. FARLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

FIRST CLASS.

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

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS.

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

FIRST CLASS.

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

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

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2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 6 00
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Toronto, March 1, 1872.

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All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bleury), will be punctually attended to.
Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

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

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

The strictest impartiality will be observed in the drawing, which will be conducted under the superintendence of the Managing Committee, viz.—J. P. Lynn, Esq., M.D. Patrick Devine, Esq., J. W. Costello, Esq., Patrick Ryan, Esq., Patrick Kelly, Esq.; and Rev. P. Rougier, P.P., J. L. McDougall, Esq., M.P., T. Watson, Esq., Agent of Bank B.N.A. and John D. McDonald, Esq., Barrister, Renfrew.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG THE PRIZES TO BE DRAWN.

A Splendid Gold Watch, valued at \$100
A very fine Melodion, " 80
A Magnificent Eight-Day Clock, " 80
Gerald Griffin's Works, (10 vols) " 20
One large Family Bible, " 10
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A beautiful Statuette Tableau, " 10
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McClellan's History of Ireland, " 8
One new Double Wagon, " 80
A Splendid Cow, (gift of Rev. P. Rougier,) " 50
A new Set of Double Harness, " 40
A new Cooking Stove, " 30
Six prizes of \$5.00 each, in cash, " 30
Fourteen yards of Dress Silk, valued at 25
A new Saddle, " 15
One Cattle of Tea, " 15
Two prizes of \$10.00 each, in cash, " 20
A new Saddle, " 10
One Plough, " 10
One Irish Poplin Dress, " 24
And hundreds of other prizes.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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

All communications and remittances to be made to Rev. P. Rougier, P.P., Renfrew, Ont.

W. P. J. BOND, A.B., Scholar of Trinity College, Toronto, and late Head Master of the Trenton High School, wishes to obtain a few pupils to prepare for Arts, Law, or Medicine; he would also be willing to give instruction to those preparing for Commerce.

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PROSPERUS. THIS College conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Opened on the 20th of September, 1848, it was incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852, after adding a course of Law to its teaching department. The course of instruction, of which Religion forms the leading object, is divided into two sections, the Classical and the Commercial Courses. The former embraces the Greek, Latin, French and English languages, and terminates with Philosophy. In the latter, French and English are the only languages taught; a special attention is given to Book-keeping and whatever else may fit a youth for Commercial pursuits. Besides the Students of either section learn, each one according to his talent and degree, History and Geography, Arithmetic or higher branches of Mathematics, Literature and Natural Science. Music and other Fine Arts are taught only on a special demand of parents; they form extra charges. There are, moreover, Elementary and Preparatory Classes for younger students. TERMS. For Day Scholars \$3.00 per month. For Half-Boarders 7.00. For Boarders 15.00. Books and Stationery, Washing, Bed, and Bedding as well as the Physician's Fees, form extra charges.

JOHN MARKUM, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM-FITTER, TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORKER, &c., Importer and Dealer in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL STOVES 712 CRAIG STREET, (Five doors East of St. Patrick's Hall, opposite Alexander Street), MONTREAL.

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BROCKVILLE & OTTAWA RAILWAY WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

Trains will leave Brockville at 7.45 A.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 12.50 P.M. Mail Train at 2.15 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 9.00 P.M. Express at 3.25 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7.25 P.M. LEAVE OTTAWA. Express at 10.00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1.50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West. Mail Train at 4.20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 7.45 A.M., and 3.45 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.

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Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9.15 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville and Beaverton. Leave BEAVERTON daily at 2.45 p.m. for Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit, Perrytown and Port Hope. PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY. Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 10.25 a.m. and 4.25 p.m. for Quays, Perrytown, Campbell's, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville, Peterboro, and Wakefield. Trains will leave WAKEFIELD daily at 8.20 a.m., for Peterboro, Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit, Campbell's, Perrytown, Quays, arriving at Port Hope at 11.40 a.m. A. T. WILLIAMS, Superintendent.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Trn

Depart 6:15, 12:00 Noon. 4:25, 9:10 P.M. Arrive 5:45, 10:00 P.M. 7:15, 9:55 A.M. Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Trn.

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

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. Commencing December 4, 1871. Day Express leaves Montreal at 8.40 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10.00 p.m. Train for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3.00 p.m. Night Express leaves Montreal at 3.30 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. D Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m. arriving in Montreal at 9.45 p.m. Night Express leaves Groulx's Corner at 9.00 p.m. South Vermont at 9.58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 8.00 a.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. Ron-tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street. G. MERRILL, Gen'l Superintendent. See ALBANS, Dec. 1 1871.