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The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 46.

BOOKS FOR JUNE.

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COUNT GUSTAVE REYNAUD; OR, DANTON'S GRATITUDE PRACTICALLY SOLVED. — TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

One cold, wretched, gloomy evening, towards the end of the year 1788, a young man was hurrying through a small forest on the outskirts of the town of Nancy. The wood was thick, but he passed fearlessly on through the deepening gloom. Here and there a gap in the trees brought before the eye the gothic battlements of an ancient castle, four towers of which rose darkly against the sky. This was the ancestral home of the proud old family of De Reynaud.

The traveller was a man of Herculean proportions. He was commonly, almost coarsely dressed, and there was little in either his manner or appearance to attract attention, except perhaps that there was a nameless something in his countenance which, once seen, was not easily forgotten. In the first place, it was deeply scorched by small-pox, and an immense profusion of black hair hung in wild confusion around it. His forehead was broad but low, and his eye was brilliant, keen and restless.

Although at this period the forests of Flanders were infested by bands of robbers, and every day brought with it fresh acts of theft or murder, paralyzing the scared inhabitants of Nancy and Valenciennes, still this man carried no weapon save a huge stick. With a dauntless look and a careless air he was speeding swiftly on his way; when, all at once, he was confronted by a party of men who emerged from behind the trees, and placing themselves deliberately in his path, demanded his money or his life.

Apparently our traveller thought that of the two, he would prefer saving the former, for in a moment, without a symptom of fear, he prepared himself for a determined resistance. With his back firmly set against a tree, and his stick grasped in his hand, he first kept his assailants at bay; and then, finding they were closing on him, commenced dealing around him a succession of blows with a coolness and skill which proved that he was master of the art of self-defence.

Still, in so unequal a contest—one against many—he had but little chance, and the game was going against him, when suddenly a young man, unmistakably a gentleman, richly clad in the costly costume of the day, and attended by his servant, abruptly appeared upon the scene. At a single glance he seemed to take in the whole case, and drawing his sword, without a moment's hesitation, charged at once upon the gang.

The battle was sharp, but of short duration, for a very few seconds sufficed to convince the robbers that they had met their masters, and a rapid flight ensued. A brief pause, during which the two young men gazed breathlessly at each other, as if to ascertain the amount of damage done to either, was broken by the last comer.

"You are wounded," said he to the man to whose rescue he had so opportunely arrived, "you are severely wounded. You must allow me and my servant to assist you to the house it is close by—and there you shall be properly attended to."

"A thousand thanks," replied the traveller, "but I have not an instant to spare. My wound," he added, whilst he wrung some heavy drops of blood from his forehead, "is a trifle. Not so the service you have rendered me. That

is a debt which I shall never forget. If ever I can repay it, it shall be repaid. Perhaps, before we die, some happy chance may enable me to do for you what you have this day done for me."

"Nay," laughed the young man, "in that hope we cannot quite agree."

"In these times, who knows?" returned the traveller. "But, however, here, where we have met, we must now part. Let me, before I go, know the name of my preserver?"

"Gustave, Count de Reynaud," was the reply, and the traveller gave a sudden start.

"Count de Reynaud?" he repeated, with a quiver on his lip and a scowl on his brow; "a count! an aristocrat! My life saved by an aristocrat! But, bah! what matters? High or low, you are still my preserver and my friend, and, as I said before, if ever the time should come when you may want a helping hand, as I did this day, remember the name of Danton."

CHAPTER II.

Count Gustave de Reynaud walked quietly home as if nothing had happened. His life had been a brief and bright romance. Three years previously he had inherited from his father the castle to which he had just invited his stranger friend, and tired apparently of Paris and its pleasures, he suddenly resigned his place at the court, of which he was the most brilliant member, and devoted himself to a country life upon his princely domain. For a long time the gay companions of his former life could not imagine what inducement had been sufficiently strong to lure him from their society; but at last the secret was discovered and the mystery solved. Gustave de Reynaud, the witty and accomplished favorite of a luxurious court, had proved vulnerable to the charms of a beautiful village girl, and having no one's leave to ask but hers and his own, married and made her Countess de Reynaud.

For two years their happiness had been like a dream or a fairy tale. Surrounded by vassals and tenants, they dispensed around them with a lavish hand every benefit which it was possible to bestow, and their names were never breathed without a blessing.

In the year however of which we are writing, bitter winds had scattered the orchard blossoms, heavy rains had ruined the harvest, the vines had no grapes and the fields no flowers; but the Count and Countess de Reynaud, with unwearied benevolence, heaped upon their people gifts of all kinds to recompense them for their losses, until there was but one feeling amongst them of universal gratitude.

Did I say universal! Alas, there was one exception. Francois Gautier, a farmer on the estate, hated the count and countess with a hatred too deep for words, even if he had dared to utter them, and the cause from which this hatred sprung was one which, like a recent wound, was being continually torn open.

From boyhood this man had loved the beautiful Felicia Emmonet, now Countess de Reynaud; and from girlhood he had been her detestation. When he saw the prize wrested from him by one so immeasurably his superior, love gave place to hatred. Envy, deep and direful, turned every drop of blood in his veins to gall; and day after day, month after month, year after year, he watched with jaundiced eye the happiness of the Count and Countess de Reynaud.

Revenge was what Gautier thirsted for; the unalloyed prosperity of his superiors in rank filled him with rage. Being himself a man whose mind was superior to his station, his position was a constant thorn in his side, and he felt as if it chained him to the ground from which his ambition made him wish to soar.

Unfortunately this was a character exactly suited to the times which were now coming. A revolutionary spirit was growing in France with amazing rapidity. The nobility were marked down as especial objects of vengeance, and the mob were in the ascendant. What a moment of triumph for a man who had a private grievance to avenge!

Here, then, was at last an opening for Gautier to raise himself to power, and, seeing his opportunity, he speedily availed himself of it. The moment the public press announced the disastrous turn the tide of affairs had taken, he declared himself on the side of the revolutionists, and entered heart and soul into their cause. His fortune—if such it could be called—was now made; power, place and authority were now his; and the first use he made of them was to denounce his generous master and benefactor, and sacrifice to the Republic the princely estate on which he had first drawn breath.

When first the blow fell, Count Gustave de Reynaud fondly hoped that the care and consideration he had always had for his people might shelter him from the storm; but he little knew with whom he had to deal. Vain all hope while Francois Gautier wielded the sceptre. With savage delight this monster led the way to the castle, and had not a few grateful hearts warmed towards the unhappy young couple, their very lives might have fallen a sacrifice. As it was flight saved them for the moment.

Disguised, and with money and jewels concealed about them, the count and countess wandered from forest to forest by night and by day, terrified lest they should be discovered. Soon, however, privation and exposure began to tell upon the health of Madame de Reynaud; she was utterly prostrated by terror and fatigue; and they were compelled to seek refuge in a cottage at Nancy. Here, however, despite the courage and kindness of their host, they were at last hunted out, and seized, not the countess, but her husband; and, deaf to all her frantic entreaties, he was torn from her side.

"Save your tears," cried one of these myrmidons, with a laugh of derision; "your turn will come next."

"But what is my crime? Whither would you take me?" asked the count.

"Your crime will be told you by him before whom we are about to take you—the President of the Tribunal of Justice," was the reply.

"And who may he be?" said the victim, with an intonation of scorn which he could not repress.

"Francois Gautier," answered the men, with one voice; and from that moment both Count Gustave and his wife felt that their doom was sealed, and that they could expect no mercy.

CHAPTER III.

The Count de Reynaud's quondam tenant sat in a large arm-chair, his head resting on his hand, and his dark, cadaverous countenance telling the tale of those sanguinary days as plainly as though it had been written there—telling the story of the frightful scenes into which his ambition and his thirst for vengeance had led him. The table before him was covered with documents and papers of all kinds.

"Well, is it all done for to-day?" said he, savagely, as they led away from his presence a prisoner just condemned to death.

"Not quite, citizen-president. Here is a woman who has been running about the passages of the Hotel de Ville all day—"

Before the speaker had time to conclude his sentence, a girl, young and strikingly lovely, rushed into the chamber and stood before Gautier. Her dishevelled hair was streaming over her shoulders, her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and her face was almost livid with grief and terror. Though dressed in the costume of a Flemish peasant, the delicacy of her features, the beauty of her figure, and the grace of her movements, frantic as they were, told that she wore it only as a disguise, and Gautier smiled with malignant triumph as he recognized her.

"Be seated, citoyenne," said he, with a marked tone of insolent irony.

"Sir," began Madame de Reynaud, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes imploringly on his face.

"Call me citizen," he interrupted roughly. "We allow no aristocratic titles in these good old days of equality."

"Alas!" cried the countess, "you must forgive me, for I know not what I say. My ideas are scattered—my brain reels; but, oh, citizen-president—if such is the name by which I should address you—have pity! have mercy! They have arrested my husband; they have taken him prisoner to the Hotel de Ville. Yet he is innocent. I swear to you, by all I hold most sacred, that he is innocent! Suffer me to ask you what is to be his fate?"

"The fate which traitors and the enemies of the Republic must expect," replied Gautier, laughing derisively.

"But he is neither," cried the countess, in a voice of agony; "he has never lifted a hand against his country, neither has he joined in any conspiracy. Of what can you accuse him, Monsieur Gautier, unless indeed of having overwhelmed you with kindness? Oh, sir! speak and tell me! What is his supposed crime?"

"Crime!" echoed Gautier, furiously. "Is he not an aristocrat?—has he not trodden the people beneath his feet?"

For a moment the countess looked at the accuser in mute astonishment and indignation, and then, in faltering accents, exclaimed—"This accusation from you!"

He cowered beneath her flashing eyes for an instant, but then with an effort recovered himself.

"The gratitude of a private individual," said he, "must never interfere with the duty which a man owes to the public. I am placed here to punish the guilty—"

"And to protect the innocent!" cried Madame de Reynaud. "But, sir, you must be joking—you cannot be serious—or it is some frightful dream! It is impossible that you are about to stain your hands with the blood of a man who has positively been your benefactor! Did he not assist you to marry?—did he not place you in the best farm on his estate and stand godfather to your child? And now—and now—" (tears had choked her words) "a wanderer—an outcast—bereft of all! Oh, sir, if you can save his life, save it!"

"Countess de Reynaud," whispered the president, bending down to her ear, "in days gone by I knelt at your feet as you now do at mine. I implored your pity and your mercy

as you now implore mine! Did you listen to me?—did you grant my prayer? No! The love I sought you gave to him! That injury of blackest dye I now wash out—but only with his blood! Long years have passed since you refused to listen to me, but day and night have I never ceased to thirst for my revenge, and I grasp it in my hand! Is it likely I shall let it go? No!"

The countess gazed wildly at him. She seemed unable to comprehend the magnitude of her misery, yet she stammered out, "Mercy!—mercy!"

"Yes," continued Gautier, in the same low tone; "but mercy costs dear."

"I have money—I have still jewels!" shrieked the countess.

Gautier shook his head and laughed—the laugh of a demon.

"Not enough," said he. "He robbed me, and for that theft—"

"What price?—oh, what price, Gautier?" she asked.

"His blood!" he replied.

"His blood!" echoed Madame de Reynaud, and the next moment she fell senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning thirty soldiers were drawn up in a small court near the Hotel de Ville, specially devoted to executions of this kind. In face of them stood a young man. His countenance betrayed no sort of emotion; except, perhaps, that on his lip there was a curl of scorn; and that, though the expression was calm and determined, a deadly pallor overspread his face. In his hand he was permitted, as a favor, to hold the handkerchief with which they would have bound his eyes.

Now and then his eyes seemed to wander into the distant crowd, as if in search of some loved object which met them not. Suddenly a piercing shriek rent the air—a figure came flying across the court—and the haughty composure and nerve with which Count Gustave de Reynaud had been about to meet death, instantly forsook him; he started, trembled visibly, and held out his arms. In a moment his wife rushed into them, and whilst locked in his embrace, would her own frantically round his neck.

But the scene was brief and transient as a flash of lightning. The great window of the Hotel de Ville was thrown up in violence, and Francois Gautier appeared upon the balcony. His eyes glared upon his victim, and at a hurried sign, which he made to the officer on duty, Madame de Reynaud, fainting and half dead, was torn from the arms of her husband, and forcibly dragged from the scene of horror.

Hardly was the space cleared between the soldiers and the prisoner, when a loud murmur was heard, and a post-chaise—the horses covered with foam—bashed into the court, and a man of colossal stature and ferocious countenance, rendered still more so by the mass of black hair which hung round it, sprang from the carriage, and, after gazing intently on the various groups before him, walked up to the officer and ordered him to suspend the execution.

"As for the prisoner," he added, "let him follow me to the Hotel de Ville."

In the hall of the revolutionary tribunal he turned towards Monsieur de Reynaud, and fixing his eyes on him in surprise, inquired what were the circumstances of his arrest and his sentence.

Whilst the count was detailing them, the countenance of the stranger darkened, and his lip trembled with fury. Hardly was the recital finished, than he folded his arms, and striding rapidly across the hall towards Gautier, asked him in a voice of thunder what excuse he had to offer for his conduct.

"My object is the good of the Republic," was the reply.

"The good of the Republic," cried the stranger, "can never be gained by acts of tyrannical cruelty. The death you have prepared for an innocent man shall be your own! Soldiers! I sentence Francois Gautier to be shot. Remove him! and let the sentence be immediately executed."

In a moment the president of the revolutionary tribunal was surrounded and secured. In vain he strove to justify himself—he was not allowed to plead. In vain he implored a respite of at least one hour.

"Not one moment!" was the reply.

When Francois Gautier found that all hope was over, he acted like a madman; he became perfectly infuriated. He raved, he struggled, he foamed at the mouth. He snatched the tricolor cap from his head, and tearing it into pieces, stamped upon it with his feet.

"If this," cried he "is all the gratitude that the friends of liberty receive, may the Republic perish!"

At the same window from which, one short half-hour before, Francois Gautier had hoped to witness the death of his rival, did the stranger now stand, and not until the volley of musketry announced that all was over, did he quit his position. He then turned towards a table by which stood Count Gustave de Reynaud, and after writing a few hasty lines, he

looked up at him with a softened expression of face.

"Citoyen," said he, in a trembling voice, "take this pass. It will ensure the safety of yourself and your wife. Do not leave France—do not mix yourself up in politics; keep free from all party spirit, and you will have nothing to fear. And now, only one word more—do you remember me?"

Monsieur de Reynaud looked bewildered.

"Pardon me," said he, passing his hand over his forehead, "but the events of the last few days seem to have deprived me of my memory. I cannot recollect if we have met before."

"Possibly not," replied the stranger, "for those who bestow favors and blessings forget easily. It is for those who receive them to remember. Count Gustave de Reynaud, I had a debt to pay you, and I have paid it; we are now quits. Should you be asked from whom you obtained that pass, you may feel perhaps that it was from the man whose life you once saved; but you need only answer—" It was from Danton!"

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"The Confessional.—The Sacrament of Penance."

(From the N.Y. Metropolitan Record.)

The following lecture was delivered by the Vory Rev. Father Burke, in St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, on the afternoon of the 5th May, to one of the largest congregations ever assembled in that sacred edifice:—

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS: Amongst the things that were prophesied concerning our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, there was this said of him: that he would be an object of wonder to man. "He shall be called," said the prophet, "The Wonderful," and he came, and, in signs and miracles and many glorious deeds, he excited the wonderment of mankind; but never so much as when they heard from his lips such words as these: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," spoken to the sinner. They were astounded at his wisdom; they were astonished at his miracles; and it was only when he said to the paralytic man, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," or to the Magdalen, "Arise; go in peace; all is forgiven thee," it was only then that the Pharisees absolutely refused to believe, and they said to each other, "Who can this be?" As it was with our Divine Lord, so it is with the action of his holy church. The world beholds her as Christ, our Lord, established her, in all loveliness and beauty, in majesty, in unity, in truthfulness and in power. Men are obliged to acknowledge all the beautiful things that dwell in the Catholic Church; some reluctantly, others with apparent joy; bear witness to the fair order of mercy and charity in her, and when they see her sitting down in the hospitals and in the orphanages, tending the poor or following the soldier to the battlefield, they fill the world with praise of the wondrous mercy which is so organized in the Catholic Church. When they see eight hundred of our Bishops meeting in Council, and all hearing the word of one man, and before that word bowing down as before the voice of God, they bear willing testimony to the wonderful unity of faith which is in the Church. When they contemplate her priesthood, consecrated to God and devoted to the people, they give loud and joyful testimony to the devotedness which exists in the Catholic Church. But there is one thing that they will not admit, and are perpetually, in regard to that one thing, repeating the old words of the Pharisee: "Who is this that says he can remit sin? How can this be? Who is this man that even forgives, or pretends to forgive, sins?" And so, over and over again, we meet those who say: "We admire the strength of your faith; we admire the poetry of your worship; we admire the wonderful energy of your organization, and we admire your ancient traditions, but don't speak to us about confession," and whenever this confession is abused, they listen to the abuse of it with greedy ears. No man is more popular than he who pretends to unmask the confession; he is honest, he is sincere he is acting up to his convictions. There must be something fearful, something terrible in this presumption of the highest power which the Catholic Church claims to deal with sinners, and to cleanse them from all sin; yet, my friends reflect. Certain it is that the mission for which the eternal Son of God came down from heaven to earth was to take away sin—that where sin abounded, grace might abound still more. Certain it is that it was for sinners he came, and for their sins he died. Now the action of Christ upon sinners and upon sin was either to the total and entire destruction of sin or only to the remedy of sin. Which of these was it? Did his suffering and his death totally and entirely destroy sin? He might have done it. Did he put an end to sin? Alas! no; it was not the design of his wisdom. With "sorrowing voice he himself declared that even when he should have died and gone to the place of his glory, sin should still remain. It is necessary, he said, that scandals should be. If, then, the death and suffering of our Lord and the mission of Christ,

our Lord, was not to the total destruction of sin and to the mechanical and entire expulsion of all evil from this world, nothing remains but to say that he came to remedy sin—to deal with sin wherever he found it—to deal with it in each successive generation. And this is true, for Christ, our Lord, knowing and foreknowing that sin should be provided a lasting remedy for the lasting evil, and, therefore, calling to him his Apostles, he said to them: "I am come; that where sin abounded, grace might abound still more." Therefore did Christ suffer that the body of sin might be broken and destroyed in each successive generation. "The Father sent me," he said; "that where sin abounded, grace might abound still more; and this I say unto you: that even as the Father sent me, even so I send you." Then breathing upon those Apostles, he said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." That moment, at the breathing of the Son of God, the power that was in him was communicated to the Apostles that, in his power, in his strength and in his grace and action, they might absolve every sinner and cleanse their souls. Behold, then, how clearly and emphatically he embodied his action in the Church, and gave unto the Church to do unto the end of time what he came to do upon the earth, namely: to deal with sin and with sinners, and to say to every weeping one and contrite, no matter how great the burden of his sin: "Arise; depart in peace; thy sin is forgiven." Even those who deny to the Catholic Church the power of forgiving sin, admit that the Apostles had it. They cannot deny that the Apostles had it, without denying the very words of Christ—"Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven." They admit the Apostles had it; but, strange to say, they imagine the mysterious power died with the Apostles. Now, let us take up this theory; let us reflect for a moment upon this foolish imagination—that the power to forgive sin died with the Apostles. The action of Christ, I repeat again—the mission of Christ—was to deal with sin and with sinners. He gave the power undoubtedly to the Apostles, and I assert, that if that power died with John, the last of the twelve, the action and the mission of Jesus Christ ceased upon the earth. It is absolutely necessary to acknowledge either that the power was transmitted from the Apostles to their successors in the priesthood as they themselves received it from Christ, or, to confess that the action of the Son of God, as Redeemer, not being utterly destructive, but only remedial, that action must have ceased entirely when the last of the Apostles died, and that there was an end of all hope of pardon of sin. Can you imagine this?—did he come only to redeem the generation that crucified him? Did he come only to redeem and provide a remedy for a few generations that lasted as long as one of the Apostles was upon the earth? Oh, no! but he declared, as in the beginning so unto the end he should be with his Church in the fulness of his power, in the greatness of the outpouring of his graces. "I am with you," he says—all days, even unto the consummation of the world. And, therefore, says St. Paul, he is Jesus Christ, the Anointed Saviour of man, saving to-day as eighteen hundred years ago, through his Church—yesterday and to-day the same. The fact that it is recorded in the Scriptures that the Apostles had the power of transmitting all that they received from Christ to their successors, is evident from one simple fact, that is not sufficiently meditated upon by those who deny it. Christ our Lord spoke to the original twelve. Judas was amongst them. Judas prevaricated, betrayed his Master, fell from his high place of honor, even as Lucifer fell from his throne in heaven. What did they do? They chose a man from out of the seventy-two disciples, whose names was Matthias, good and holy; they took this man and laid their hands upon him, and they received him into the number of the twelve, and he became even as they were. Everything that they could do, he received the power to do. From whom—from Christ? No. Christ was already ascended—from whom? From the Apostles themselves. Think you, my brethren, that if they had not the power of transmitting all that they had received from Christ, that they would have chosen a man and made him an apostle? And yet we have this upon the authority of Scripture. What, therefore, they were able to do, their successors in the priesthood are able to do; and so the golden tradition is handed down, that the stream that began with Jesus Christ, that flowed from him into Peter, James, John and the others, flows to-day in the sacred channels of the priesthood; and that stream is a twofold stream—namely, pure, undiluted doctrine as true as the very word of God, because it is the word of God, never to be polluted by the least error, and side by side with that stream of doctrine the waters of Divine grace, the sacramental power to heal by the touch, to sanctify by the grace of Jesus Christ in the sacrament. These remain, as far as regards sin in the sacrament of baptism and in the sacrament of penance. It is clear, then, dearly beloved, that this was necessary, in order that the mission and the action of the Son of God, as the Redeemer of the world, falling upon sinners, touching them and cleansing them, should continue in the church; and this was prophesied clearly before his coming—"In that day there shall be opened unto the house of David and unto the dwellers in Jerusalem a fountain of water for the cleansing of the sinner and the unclean." That sacramental fountain springs forth from the church in the sacrament of penance.

Now, before we pass to consider the action of this sacrament upon society, consider it viewed in the action of Almighty God, and in the wonderful manifestation in the heart and hand of Jesus Christ, when the Son of God came down from Heaven to redeem the world. He came with three glorious attributes, which he was bound to observe even in the action of

his redemption, because he was God. These were Mercy, Power and Justice. The Justice the Eternal Father demanded that his own Divine Son, who alone could pay man's debt, should come down from Heaven and pay that debt in his blood. The Justice in the Son of God in his relation to his Heavenly Father made him come down from Heaven, and pay in the shedding of that blood, the all-sufficient price, for all the souls of mankind. The Justice of the Eternal Father demanded, that as he had been outraged in every attribute of his dignity and power by the man Adam so by a man, a true man, that honor, and glory and dignity, should be restored to him, and the Justice of the Eternal Word brought that uncreated Lord from Heaven; that becoming a true man, the Son of Man, he might be able to pay in that sacred humanity and by the shedding of that blood for the souls of mankind, and wash away that sin. Thus we see how the Justice of God is manifested.

Secondly, the Mercy of God is seen, dear brethren, when we had fallen in the sin of Adam, when we had abandoned the Almighty God ungrateful for all that he conferred upon us, he might have left us, a fallen and God-saken race. He might have turned away from the first sinner upon earth as he turned away from the first sinner in heaven, never to look with mercy upon his face again. But no! God looked upon a fallen race with eyes of pity, with eyes of infinite compassion and of mercy; and in the first day of his anger, he remembered this pity and this mercy, for after having cursed Adam for his sin, and having laid his curses upon the earth in the work of Adam, then did he unfold the plan of his redemption, and to the serpent he said, "A woman and a woman's seed shall crush thy head."

We behold the power of God for says St. Augustine, "the power of God is measured in our regard by the greatness of his works." Now, the greatest work of God was the redemption of mankind, and the greatest work that ever entered into the mind of God to conceive or into the hand of God to execute; so God made man in our Lord Jesus Christ. This was the greatest of all God's works. Compared with the creature, the Son of Mary, for in his humanity he was a creature, a man—compared with him, everything else that God made, every other power that he ever exhibited, vanishes as if it were nothing, and the creation of our Lord, a man, looms forth, filling Heaven and earth as the greatest of all God's works. So in like manner, in the dealing of Christ our Lord with sinners he was careful to observe the same three attributes of his divinity. His power he showed forth in the remission of their sins. His mercy was manifested in his healing the sick and raising the dead to life. His Justice he showed forth, for never did he absolve a sinner from his sin, without cautioning that sinner lest he might return to that sin again, and something far more terrible might fall upon him.

Now, when we pass from the action of Christ to his church, what do we find? We find, my dearly-beloved brethren, that in all the works of God in his church—in all his Sacraments—a union of the same attributes; but nowhere, in no Sacrament, in no action of God do we find power and mercy so magnificently shown forth, so wonderfully blended into one act as in the act by which the sinner is saved and absolved from his sin. First of all, consider the power of God. The Almighty God showed his omnipotence first of all in the creation. He spoke over the darkness and the void of space, and he said: "Let there be light," and light was made. In an instant the sun shone forth in the heavens; the moon caught up her reflected glory from him. The stars sprang forth like clustering gems in the firmament newly created, and the whole world was flooded with the blessed light which sprang into existence. Then followed the same imperative, omnipotent command, the same fiat, and at the sound—the expression of God's will—life came out of death, as light out of darkness, beauty out of chaos, order out of disorder, and all the spheres of heaven took up their position in their respective places in the creation, and began that hymn of harmony and of praise which has resounded for 6,000 years. How great and how wonderful was the word which God spoke, and by which he could effect such great things, and St. Augustine tells us that the words by which the priest says to the sinner, "I absolve thee, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," and which at its sound cleanses that sinner's soul from all his sins; brings him forth from out of the grave; brings him forth from the darkness of his sin into the light of God's graces, from defilement into purity, from death into life; that word is infinitely more powerful than the fiat by which the Almighty God created the world. Infinitely more powerful; but why? Because when God in the beginning of creation stood upon the threshold of heaven, and forth from heaven's brightness sent the world, there was nothing in the void that lay before him, nothing in the chaotic space over which his word was spread that could resist the action of his power. There was nothing there. He made all things out of nothing; but the original nothingness, therefore, could not resist the action of God. Nor is there in heaven, or upon the earth, or in hell, anything that can resist the action of God, except one thing—and that one thing is the obstinate will of the perverse heart of man. The will of man alone can say to the Almighty God, "Omnipotence, I defy thee," and why? It is not that God could not, if he willed it, annihilate that will, but he does not will it. It is because the Almighty God, by an eternal law, respects the freedom of man's will, so that if that will resists him, Omnipotence itself is powerless before that resistance, such being the decree, the law, and the will of God. The heart of man alone, the will of man alone, can offer such an obstacle to the Almighty God's action, even in his omnipotent power, that God must yield, because he cannot gain a victory without destroying that freedom which he has sworn by an eternal law to respect.—

Now, when a man commits a sin, falls from one sin into another, when he becomes a drunkard or an impure man, or a blasphemer, or in any other way hands over his soul to the devil, then his will is opposed to God, his heart is turned against God; and how can the Almighty God convert that man whose will is opposed to him and the freedom of whose will he is bound to respect. Here comes the wonderful action of God's wisdom, united to His omnipotence. He will not say to that sinner, "You must be converted." He will not say it, because if He said it that conversion would not be free, would not be worthy of man, nor would it be deserving the favor and acceptance of Almighty God. He that is saved must be saved by the free co-operation of God's graces, and he that is damned goes down to hell of his own free will. Here is the only thing that the mind of God alone, united to his omnipotence, cannot solve. Here is a man whose will is opposed to God, the Almighty God never can have mercy upon that man, and yet God cannot in virtue of his own eternal law, he cannot force that will to relinquish its opposition to him. Therefore by his graces, by his wonderful attractive powers, he awakens in the sinner's soul the first feeling of love, puts before the sinner's eyes the first hideous and true linaments of sin; he puts in the sinner's heart the first feeling of remorse and loneliness in being separated from God. He puts into the sinner's cup of pleasure, the little drop that embitters it to his spiritual taste, and He reminds him how sweet it was to love his Lord, his God. He thunders in that sinner's ear the announcement of His judgments.—He strikes that sinner's soul with the first trembling of that holy fear, which is the beginning of his redemption. With a merciful hand He opens the abyss of hell, and shows to that sinner's startled gaze the last home, and the everlasting dwelling place of the enemies of God. And thus by those powerful graces, sweetly yet strongly does He bring that sinner's soul around until a length the impediment is removed and the man comes freely, not forced, but drawn, attracted, not coerced at all, yet coming in spite of himself, by the mystery of the omnipotence of divine grace, and of the wonderful respect of God's omnipotence for the freedom of man; and he comes and surrenders himself to God. Then, and only then can the Almighty God absolve him from his sin. Consider how great the obstacle that is to be removed from the sinner's soul before the omnipotent God can free him from his sin. Wherever there is a will opposed to God, if all the angels in heaven, if all the powers in heaven and upon earth strained themselves to change that will, their action would be simply impotent before it; so tremendous is that law that preserves the perfect freedom of man's will in him, for good or for evil.

We can again reflect upon the power of God as shown in his punishment of sin, for this is the second great feature of His omnipotence when he comes out in all the rigor of his Justice. Oh, how terrible is it to think that while we are here peacefully assembled around this holy altar, that there is somewhere in the creation of God, the vast, the terrible prison of hell, with its millions and millions of unhappy inmates, that its flames, roaring, swaying, and now burning somewhere or other in the creation of God, that somewhere or other the air is filled with the cry, the spiritual cry of the imprisoned souls and reprobate angels of God, dashing in all their wild and impotent rage against those bars that shall never permit them to go forth; that there is enkindled by the breath of an angry God, a fire that shall never be extinguished, and where for all eternity the hand of God in all its omnipotence will fall with all the weight of his unmitigated vengeance. Terrible! terrible! it is to think of the despair that looking forward into the endless eternity sees no ray of hope, no momentary mitigation of the terrible punishment of soul and of body there. Yet, if you reflect upon it, what is more natural than that the sinner dying in his sin, shall go down to hell? Where can he go? He cannot go to heaven with all his sin upon him. He died the enemy of God in his heart, because of the presence of sin. Is this the man that you would introduce into the divine presence?—Is it upon those lips attuned to blasphemy that you would place the everlasting canticles of praise? He has no idea of the Justice of heaven; he has no idea of the language of heaven, for all his lifetime he spoke the language of hell, cursing and blaspheming. He has no idea of the God of heaven, for all his lifetime he served the demon of his own passions and his own evil inclinations. There is nothing in him attuned for heaven. It would be violence offered to him to send him to heaven and to make him enter into the joys of God. No, it is natural that he should go down into the cesspool of hell. Either his sin must leave him or else that sin abiding in him must lead him under the hand of God's vengeance. What is more natural than that the water flowing from the little fountain on the mountain summit, flowing down through its little bed, falling over one rock and then over another, receiving its various tributaries as it flows along, and growing in size until it becomes a little rivulet, and then flowing from one cascade into another it finds the deep valley of the open country, and there swelling into a mighty river, spanned by great bridges, passing through the great towns, carrying upon its bosom mighty ships of war, until at length, turbulent with a thousand imprimitives, it falls upon the deep, wide ocean. This is all natural; that a man should stand upon that river side and say, "Bless God, thou shining river," is natural; but that a man should be able to stand in the middle of that mighty stream, and with his hands to push it back against its current, to make it flow up through the upper lands, up to the higher levels, to make it flow upwards against the catenact, to bring it up, purifying it as he goes, until at length, from the turbulent impure, mighty stream, he brings it back again over the rocks, until, purest crystal, he arrives at its source. This would be the power, and this is precisely what the omnipotence of God does here in the confessional, as compared with his action in permitting the damned to go downward to hell. That God should permit a sinner to go down to hell, that he should visit him there with an everlasting punishment, is natural and necessary; it shows the power of God. But that the Almighty God should stop the sinner in his mad career of sin; that he should make him stand still who was hurrying on through the channel of impurity and pride, avarice and dishonesty, gathering in every element of corruption and defilement as he went along, swelling forth in his tide of iniquity as he was nearing the great ocean of hell; that God should stop him and send him back again into the halls of his memory, and through the upper stream of his life, cleansing him from this impurity and that as he went along, until at length he brought him back to the pure, limpid, fountain head of his existence—this is the wonder; here shines the omnipotence of God; and this is precisely the act which he does when he takes the sinner and cleanses him from his sin. But how wonderfully is God's love and mercy blended in his action. We suppose that the very subject of this omnipotence is a sinner, a man who has violated perhaps the most essential and important of God's laws, a man who may have the blood of the innocent upon his red-stained hands, a man out of whose soul every vestige of divine resemblance and of spiritual aspiration may have departed because of his impurity, a man who may have committed sins worse even than those which brought down the deluge of fire from heaven upon the five cities of Pentapolis—a man who may have lived only to devote himself to every most wicked and diabolical purpose until he has frittered to pieces every single one of God's holy laws and commandments; that man comes and stands before this God whose goodness he has despised, whose graces he has trampled upon, whose every attribute he has outraged and asks that God

to deal with him. He comes as a criminal, and to that God says, "Lord, Lord Jesus Christ, I am here. There is not in the world this day one so bad as I; there is no record in the annals of thy dealings with sinners, of any sinner so terrible as I have been; and now I wish to enter with thee into judgment." If that man had violated the laws of this world as he has violated the laws of heaven; if that man had insulted human society as he has insulted the law of Jesus Christ; if that man's iniquity were only taken cognizance of by an earthly tribunal, see how they would deal with him. He would be dragged from his house perhaps in the noonday, by the rough officer of justice; he would be taken publicly through the streets of the city; every eye looking at him curiously, every hand pointing to him as the great criminal, the man who committed such a murder; the man who did such and such wicked things. He would be flung into a dark dungeon in a prison, and after days and days of waiting and anxiety, he would be brought again into open court, and the whole world called in to hear the testimony of his crime, and to behold his shame. No feeling of his would be spared; he would not be allowed to shrink into a corner of that court, and hide his guilty head. No, but he must stand forth and confront the witnesses who depose against him, and quietly and calmly swear away his life's blood. He must be exposed to the foolish inquiring gaze of the world, unsympathizing; he must be, perhaps, in his transit from the court to the prison, exposed to the jeers and the hisses of the multitude, and when he is found guilty, then comes the awful moment, and the Judge in solemn dignity tells him that his life is forfeited, and that he must die a death of public infamy and ignominy to expiate his crime. Thus does the world deal with criminals, but here is this criminal of whom I spoke and he appears to the son of man, and he says, "Saviour, God, let us enter into judgment." Christ takes him by the hand, warns off the crowd, brings him into the secret tribunal, calls no witnesses against him, allows no finger of shame to be pointed at him, listens to what he has to say against himself and says, "Speak, my son, and speak freely."—He tells his deeds of shame, it is true, in the ears of a man. That man is there as the representative of Jesus Christ. That man who has left his human curiosity, who has left his human frailty, who has left his human memory behind him, goes in there to sit in the seat of judgment, as the representative of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose mercy he is about to administer. He hears the whispered word which must not be heard even by the angel of mercy who is there, but only by the sinner, the priest, and Jesus Christ. That word falls upon the priest's ear for a moment, enters into his mind, is judged, and passes away; just as a little child on a calm summer evening takes a pebble and flings it into the bosom of a deep, still, placid lake. For an instant there is a ripple upon the face of the water, there are little circles of waves, presently these die away, the water closes, and the pebble is lost sight of forever, and no human eye shall see it any more. So for an instant the sound of the sinner's voice makes as it were a ripple upon the ear of the priest, passes from that into the unfathomable ocean of the merciful breast of Jesus Christ. The water of forgiveness and mercy flows over it. That sin is gone, gone forever. Nor eye of angel, nor eye of God shall ever look upon it again. How little it costs the priest to say, "I absolve thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"—three words—how little it costs the sinner; it is scarcely a humiliation. If indeed a man were to proclaim his confession, and make it public; if a man were to make it before the assembly of the faithful; if a man had to make it on Sunday morning before all the people when they were crowding into mass, even then, with such a condition, wouldn't it be a high gift, even with all the ignominy and contumely that he would sustain by such a public confession, all would be cheap considering what he got in return. Then if the Almighty God said to the sinner, "I will bring thee to the stake, and only at the last moment, when the last drop of your heart's blood is coming forth from your broken heart, then and only then will I absolve thee," would it not be cheap by purchasing this pardon of God, this grace of God, this eternity of God's glory in heaven, even by the rendering of the last drop of our blood? But, no. Behold the love, behold the commiseration of Christ, our Lord. He comes teeming with mercy, sparing the feelings of the sinner, trying to anticipate by the sweetness of his mercy all humiliation and all pain, shrouding all under that wonderful veil of secrecy which has never for an instant been rent since the Church was first founded; and in the end it is the only tribunal where, when a man is found guilty, the only sentence that is pronounced upon him is, "You are acquitted." In our own tribunals, when a man is found guilty, he receives his punishment. In the tribunal of penance, all a man has to say is, "All these I am guilty of before my God, and with sorrow I confess it," and the only sentence is, "You are acquitted; go, go in peace; no vestige of sin, no stain of your iniquity is upon you; the sin is gone, the terrible curse that was upon your soul is changed into a blessing."—The angel guardian that accompanied the sinner to the door of the confessional waits without, even as the angels waited around the tomb while the body of the Lord lay there, but even as these angels, when the midnight hour of the resurrection came, beheld a glorious figure arise from that tomb, and flung out their hearts and voices in admiration of the risen Saviour, from whom every wound and every deformity had disappeared, so the angel guardian waits, prayerfully, sorrowfully outside the confessional, turns to him when the door opens, and beholds the man who went in covered with sin come forth as pure as that angel. "The man who went in loaded with the curse of God comes forth with the blessing of the eternal God shining in characters of immortal light upon his forehead. The man who went in dead and buried in his sin, has found within the secret tribunal the voice that said, "Lazarus, come forth," and he is arisen, and he comes forth, and the angel guardian is astonished at the change and the brightness. Is it not so?—was there not a sad angel following, with reluctant and distant steps, the woman that flouted through the streets of Jerusalem with her flowing robes and outstretched neck of pride?—was there not an angel that knew her in the days of her innocence, and now stricken with misery to behold so much shame? Oh, when that angel saw her as she rose from the feet of Jesus Christ, which she had washed with tears—oh, when that angel saw her as she arose with the words of the Lord upon her, "Go in peace; thou hast loved much; all is forgiven thee"—then was struck the key-note of that joy that re-echoed in heaven until the vaults of heaven were shaken, whilst the nine choirs gave glory to God over the one sinner that repented.

And now, dearly beloved, we have seen the mercy, the love, the power that is exercised. Now let us consider the action of the sacrament upon society. The Catholic church received from Christ our Lord a twofold mission. That mission the world is unwilling to recognize, but that mission it is the destiny of the church of God to fulfil unto the end of time. That mission lies in a twofold character to sinners. To those who are in darkness it brings the light; to those who are dead in the corruption of sin it brings life and the purifying influences of Divine grace. This twofold mission is perfectly clear from the word of Christ to his Apostles, "You are the light of the earth," he says; "you are the life of the world." Turning to them on another occasion, he said, "You are the salt of the earth." The light to illumine the world's darkness, the salt to heal and purify the world's corruption. The first of these missions the church of God fulfils in her teaching. The Psalmist said, and with truth, "the declaration

of thy word, Oh, God! brings light and intelligence to the world," and as it is the church's destiny to be unto the end of time the light of the world, and as that light which is to come from her must be the very light of God; therefore, the word of truth which created that light can never die away from the church's lips, nor coming from these lips can it ever be polluted by the slightest iota of admixture with error. The second mission of the church is to sinners. She has the power given to her by our Lord, not only to illumine them in their darkness, but to heal them in their corruption. What is the corruption, that infirmity, that defilement to which Christ alluded when he said to the Apostles, "You are the salt of the earth; you must be put upon the sore places of the world?" What are these sore places, these festering wounds? They are the wounds of sin. Sin is the sore spot on the soul. Sin is the awful ulcer of society—sin that abounds everywhere, that abounds in every circle, in trade and commerce, making men untrustworthy and dishonest, making servants pilfer and steal, making masters and mistresses exacting and unjust, making children disobedient, making parents forgetful of their duty to their children, making the young man impure, and the married man unfaithful—all these things that are teeming around us, that meet us wherever we turn, that we cannot avoid seeing and hearing, be we ever so fastidious, that come into the very touch of our hand and disgust us, until at length we are ready to cry out with the Psalmist, "Oh, God! woe is me, because my pilgrimage here is prolonged."—all these things are the corruption of this world, and the power that the church received when she was called the salt of the earth was to purge away all this, heal all these wounds and sweeten all this bitterness and corruption of society. All this she does through the sacrament of penance or through the confessional; so she is truly the saviour of society, and the world cannot do without her. How significant it is that when Germany gave up the Catholic faith three hundred years ago, such was the immorality, such was the impurity that flooded the community at once that actually a German city was obliged to petition to have the confessional or the sacrament of penance, restored. All relations of society said: "The responsibility is gone; the yoke is removed from us; we no longer take ourselves to task concerning our sins, weeping over them, taking measures to avoid them; the pain and humiliation of confessing them; all this is gone." And then, like the Hebrews of old, they joined hands, and danced around the new-found idol—the golden calf of their own sensuality and wickedness. "You are the salt of the earth," he said, and said truly. Oh, if the Catholic Church were not on this earth, if she were not here with her sacraments to create purity and to preserve it, to create honesty and to enforce it, to bring home the entire responsibility of every man to himself, to bring home to every soul the deformity of sin, the necessity of repenting individually for each and every sin, to shake every soul in the sacrament of penance from the lethargy of sin, I profess to you my dear brethren, I believe that if the Catholic church were not here, operating upon her millions throughout the world to do this, that long before this time the chariot of society, rolling down the steep hill of infirmity, would have precipitated the whole world into destruction. How is it that Protestant employers and masters are so anxious to have Catholic servants, Catholic apprentices, Catholic people about them—how is it—because they are shrewd enough to know that the confessional that they despise creates honesty, and enforces it. There is no stronger way to enforce honesty than to get a man to believe that he can not live without Jesus Christ, and that Jesus Christ is on the altar waiting for him, and to tell him that between him and Jesus Christ stands a barrier that he never can overcome if he become dishonest, without restoring to the last farthing whatever he has unjustly taken, to tell him if he becomes a thief public or private, that the accumulation of his thievery would build up an impenetrable wall between him and God, and until that wall is pulled to pieces by restitution, he never can approach the Sacrament.

An English Protestant clergyman came to me once when I was on an English mission and he said: "Father, I come to complain of one of my men servants." I said to him, "What on earth have I to do with your men servants?" "Oh," said he, "all my servants are Catholics. I don't employ anybody else." "What complaint do you make of them?" "Well," says he, "I insist upon their going to confession, and this man has not been for the last two months. Now, unless you can induce him to go I am going to get rid of him," said I, "You don't believe in confession?" "No," said he, "I don't believe in it, but I believe and know that as long as my Catholic people will go to confession and Church, they will not steal from me." What is the agency that touches the immense impurity in the world and creates purity? I answer it is the confessional, and remember that the idea of purity or virtue as it lies in the mind of Christ and in the mind of his church, is not merely an exterior decorum, not merely the avoiding of gross sins, but that it begins in the very thoughts and in the inner chambers, in the souls of men, that it will not allow an impure thought or imagination to rest there for a single instant; that it will not allow even as much as an impure thought to be sanctioned for one second by the will, and out of that interior purity of soul, of thought, of imagination springs the exterior virtue of chastity and without that interior purity rendering the soul itself as white, and as innocent as the soul of Mary on the day of her assumption, without that all exterior chastity would be as a dead body without its spirit. Now, the only way to create that interior purity, to create the essence of the virtue, to make the soul of the virtue, the life of the virtue there, the only way is to establish firmly in the soul and in the mind of man the thought of his responsibility to God, for every thought of his mind as well as for every word or action, to bring him face to face with Christ, to make him not only know but feel that he whom he serves, looks with a penetrating eye and scrutinizing gaze into the very inner chambers of the soul. How does the church do this? By bringing that man to confession, by putting him face to face with Jesus Christ, scrutinizing and examining his thoughts as well as his actions; by making him search by the light of his memory every cranny of his soul and of his imagination; by making him feel, that even though his lips may have never breathed an obscene word, even though this man may have never committed an impure action, he may still be as impure and as bad as the worst of men. This is only done in that action of the church which not only teaches a man to be pure, but drags him, as it were, with holy violence into the presence of God, and says, "Come, open your breast, my son, and let the eyes of Jesus Christ into your soul." Thus it is that from the confessional springs those virtues by which man acts upon his fellow-man. The first virtue is purity, the next virtue in relation to his fellow-men is honesty, and the third is charity. Behold how the confessional acts here. If a man speaks badly of his neighbor, if he ruins that neighbor's character and reputation, if he gets that neighbor thrown out of some employment by his whispering, and he goes to confession, and is sorry for the sin he committed, he finds, perhaps to his astonishment, that the priest has no absolution for him until he makes good that man's character; there is no absolution for him until he swallows the lie that he told; there is no pardon for him until he restores to his neighbor the fair fame and name which, by his whispering and envy and his injustice he robbed him; there is no pardon for him. What greater or stronger motive is there to make a

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Address to Dr. Moran.—The address from the friends of Dr. Moran, Coadjutor Bishop of Ossory, was presented to him at the residence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, on Saturday the 25th...

The following is the letter addressed to the people of Ireland by the Freeman's Journal.—FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—We venture to address you in a manner not usual, but the unusual circumstances under which we do so, will excuse us to you for deviating from the ordinary routine form applicable to ordinary events.

We have perused that speech with care. We have compared the remarkable phraseology in which it abounds, with the evidence on which it is supposed to be based. We have canvassed the opinions of all sorts and conditions of men on its substance, its language, its tone, and its tendency, and we do not hesitate to say, though we say it with pain and sorrow, that the one feeling in every circle and the one conviction in every mind is that the "Judgment" delivered at Galway is rather an indictment against the Prelates, Priests, and people of Ireland, as a body—and those of Galway in particular—than a calm legal pronouncement on the disputed return to an election writ.

The venerable Prelate of the West—John, Archbishop of Tuam—is described as one whose conduct rendered it impossible to speak of him with ordinary courtesy, without "polluting" conscience. His Suffragan Bishops are represented as being simply "conspirators" against the rights, and liberties, and franchises of the people. The Clergy are described as a "rabble rout." Father Lavelle is accused as one who "desecrates that tremendous Mystery which was celebrated upon Galway. He is denounced before England as a Priest who incited to assassination. Father Loftus—on whom nature had not bestowed all the graces of form and figure which go to constitute the ideal beauty of the Judge—is ridiculed as "The Thersites of the conspiracy—proclaimed as a 'deliberate perjurer,' and a 'wretch,' and the Empire is judicially 'informed on the eve of a critical division on the Ballot Bill, that the Catholic Ecclesiastics have avowed that the Confessional is to be used in Ireland to defeat the secrecy proposed to be conferred by that measure for the protection of the franchises of the realm."

The Judge having characterised the venerable Patriarch of the West—the oldest Prelate in the Church—as the centre and pivot of the conspiracy, and having slandered the Priesthood as we have described, declared his resolve "that seven years of penal servitude" should be the reward of their crime for adhering with fidelity, as did their predecessors, to the downtrodden and persecuted of their race. "Penal servitude"—ominous phrase by which to indicate the exclusion from within the pale of the Constitution of John of Tuam, his Suffragans, and the Catholic Clergy of the county.

Captain Nolan, for no offence even alleged against him—for no violation of the law committed by him—but simply because all the Prelates and Clergy of the county, with one heart and one soul, supported him as the honest advocate of free education, a free Church, a free soil, and a free Legislature, is declared to have been disqualified as a candidate, because of the "rabble rout" of hierarchical conspirators who supported him. He is mulcted in costs sufficient to ruin any gentleman of his position, as the most euphonic way of punishing him for identifying himself with the clerical associates who stood round him at the hustings, and at every public meeting at which he addressed the electors.

We solemnly ask you, then, fellow-countrymen does the speech delivered at Galway under the protection of the empire, and circulated through the Empire with the sanction and authority of the Judicial Bench, truly describe the Prelates, Priests, and people of this country, or of any part of it?

Do you believe that these Judicial utterances truly represent "The Lion of the Field of Judah" as conspiring with his Suffragans and their priests to annihilate the liberties and franchises of the Irish people and destroy freedom of election?

Is it true that the assertion that a gentleman who had been the Liberal representative of Galway scolded his political death-knell in his own county by combining with the Tory aristocracy to defeat the candidate chosen by the universal acclaim of the people, was calculated to nerve the arm of the holder of a good "Tipperary" "blunderbuss" for such deeds as were described by the Judge in connexion with the judicial interpretation put on the words of the Rev. Mr. Lavelle.

Do you believe that there is an Ecclesiastical conspiracy to use the Confessional in Ireland to defeat the Ballot, and that the Hierarchy and Priesthood of Ireland were truly described to the bigots of England as conspirators against the rights, the liberties, and franchises of the nation?

If you do, then it is your duty to publicly thank the man who has denounced the conspirators, and to celebrate in all time to come the 27th of May as another 5th of November.

But, on the other hand, if you believe these utterances to be slanders and libels on your Prelates, your Priests, and on yourselves as a people, is it not your duty to take, promptly and with effect, such steps as will testify to the Empire and to the World that you still recognise the Prelates and Priests of Ireland—as the true friends of your rights, your liberties, and your franchises—and as being as faithful to-day to their trust as were their predecessors, who stood by your fathers during three hundred years of a "penal servitude"?

To defend the illustrious Prelates and devoted Priesthood of Tuam, Galway, and Clontarf from the crime imputed against them—of conspiring to annihilate the franchises and liberties of their faithful people—is not needed. Their lives and the evidence in the case will be their justification.

Yet it seems to us that a vindication of the national sense of their purity as ecclesiastics and of their patriotism as citizens is essential as a response to the loaded blunderbuss presented as a Judicial Gift to the Exeter Hall assassins of the characters of the Irish Prelate and Priesthood.

A noble occasion offers, to avail yourselves of which will be as generous as it will be noble. A gallant and chivalrous young gentleman has risked his fortune in the defence of the fair fame of the Prelates and Clergy of Galway. The "Judgment"—which inflicts penal servitude on the "ecclesiastical conspirators," and "vampers up of detached evidence," confiscates the property of Captain Nolan. He is made the scapegoat to carry into the wilderness of his future the crimes and sins of the "ecclesiastical despots." If you hope to defeat the landlord conspiracy which seeks to deter others as gifted, as chivalrous, and as true as Captain Nolan from confronting similar ruin in defence of your rights and of the honour of your venerated Ecclesiastics, you will interpose and say—"Bun shall not overwhelm the brave young Catholic gentleman who perilled everything save his honour for faith and fatherland."

If we interpret aright your instincts, your generos-

sity, and your justice, you will at once form a Committee to vindicate the reputation of the Prelates and Priests of Ireland, so foully assailed in this judgment, and stand between a generous and honourable gentleman and the ruin designed for him.

Should such a Committee be formed—as we are confident it will—we respectfully ask permission to place Fifty Pounds at its disposal, as our subscription to the Vindication Fund.

We are, Fellow-Countrymen, your faithful and devoted Servant,

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

GALWAY ELECTION PETITION.—The Catholic Opinion (London) thus summarises the several Press comments on Judge Keogh's decision:

The Londoner's Journal, commenting on the Judge's indecent philippic on the law it was his duty to administer, says:—"A Judge is generally supposed to be a dignified and impartial person, and a judgment an intelligent exposition of the law, and a calm review of the facts. But the Judge in this instance became a passionate and reckless advocate, and the judgment necessarily degenerated into a vulgar display of insolence, fulsome flattery, and judicial Billingsgate—a veritable outburst of intellectual slush, and a melancholy exhibition of disappointed vanity. A gentleman who considers it his duty to apply such terms as 'wretch' and 'miscreant' to the clergy of a county, and to designate the supporters of a candidate returned by a majority of four to one as 'the mindless, brainless, coward instruments in the hands of ecclesiastical despots,' hardly embodies that serenity and dignity presumed to be inseparable from the character of a Judge."

To prove what an amount of contempt should be meted out to the private opinions with which the judgment was interlarded, the Nation dives into the past—the "dread past" with political renegades—and brings to the surface the following proof of the consistency of this nominally Catholic Judge. Charges less mild are within easy reach, but this one is at least pertinent.

"Father Lavelle is reported to have said at one of the Galway meetings, that Sir Thomas Burke by his conduct in reference to the recent election in that county had 'sounded his political death-knell.' Mr. Justice Keogh has said with regard to those words, 'I would like to see the Tipperary-man with a good blunderbuss in his hand who would draw the nice distinction between death-knell and political death-knell.' The use of this language by Mr. Justice Keogh is a down-right atrocity. There is in it an implication that the men of Tipperary are a set of ignorant brutes, stupid, ruthless, and ferocious. We can tell Mr. Justice Keogh that the men of Tipperary know what is meant by a 'political death-knell' quite as well as he does; and, moreover, that Father Lavelle would be quite incapable of making to them or to any other set of men any suggestions pointing in the direction indicated by Mr. Justice Keogh. It was not he who intimated to the people some years ago, when the enmity between landlords and tenants was much fiercer than it is at present, that 'the short days and the long nights were fast coming round.' Mr. Justice Keogh can bear us out in that assertion. And we feel pretty certain that in any references ever made by Father Lavelle to the character of the Irish landlords he never went beyond the example set him by his same Mr. Justice Keogh, who on a public occasion in the county of Galway and the town of Athlone described them as 'the most heartless, the most thriftless, the most indefensible blunderbuss on the face of the earth.' On the same occasion he went on to speak of them in the following terms:—"For centuries the landlords of Ireland had had the game in their own hands—they had a parliament of their own, an army of their own, a Church of their own which they endeavoured to force upon the people at the point of the bayonet. But the people defied the bayonet, they sometimes died under it, but to the last they preserved their faith. The landlords of Ireland had the land of Ireland, and they made their own laws—they had the magistracy and the juries and the police and the bench with them, and for fifty years they had a monopoly of the British market, and what have they made of Ireland—a garden or a desert, a pleasant place to dwell in, or a howling wilderness?"

In this way Mr. Keogh went on to work up public feeling against the Galway landlords and the landlords of Ireland. They had no more fierce or unscrupulous assailant than this man. In his recent judgment, Mr. Justice Keogh spoke of Parliaments having pulled down "what was called an ascendancy"—in other days he spoke of that ascendancy as "an intolerable burden on the Catholics of this country," and of the Established Church as a Church "forced on the people at the point of the bayonet." But that was while he wanted the aid of the priests and people of Ireland to lift him into Parliament and keep him there—that was also before he was allowed to put his legs under the mahogany of the Protestant gentry of Galway. Now his tone is changed, and Mr. Justice Keogh has only smooth phrases and high-flown compliments for the men who made of Ireland "a howling wilderness," and who were "the most heartless, the most thriftless, the most indefensible aristocracy on the face of the earth." Surely, a more revolting and disgraceful exhibition of meanness, treachery, and ingratitude has never been witnessed in Ireland than that which this false-hearted and foul-mouthed creature has given to the public in his Galway "judgment."

The Tablet says "The Catholic clergy of Ireland have been, it is unnecessary to observe, from time immemorial the prominent defenders of the interests of the poor peasants and tenantry; and it need excite no surprise that Captain Nolan's conduct in submitting to arbitration all outstanding disputes with his tenantry received the warmest eulogies from leading members of the Galway Episcopate and enlightened priesthood. When another vacancy in the representation of the county occurred as the former objection to him had been removed, it hardly seemed necessary to contrive an organized system of intimidation in order to procure his return. To threaten the tenant-farmers with Excommunication if they refused to vote for the best friend of the tenant-farmer, would seem apart even from other considerations, to be the result of a curious sort of logic. Judge Keogh, however, has expressed his conviction, in well-chosen and temperate phraseology that the tenant-farmers of Galway were the victims of spiritual terrorism in recording their votes for Captain Nolan. We may not venture to impugn the legal acumen any more than we could presume to doubt the entire impartiality of Mr. Justice Keogh. We may, however endeavor to inform ourselves as to the irrefragable chain of reasoning which has conducted the distinguished Judge to his judgment."

"Captain Nolan was opposed by Captain Trench a son of the late Earl of Clancarty. Captain Trench was the selected representative of the landlord interest, as distinguished from these advanced theories of tenant-right to which Captain Nolan had bound himself. We must hold, accordingly, that in voting against the representatives of the landlords, the tenants must be considered to have intended to procure, since they can never have intended to procure their own interests to the interests of their landlords. The whole history of the tenant-right agitation proves this truth, and we are, accordingly, prepared to enter into Judge Keogh's view that there must have been coercion. In the next place, as not even the 'Old Catholics' have asserted that fifty of tenure was intended to be comprehended under the decrees of the Vatican Council, it becomes mathematically demonstrable that fifty of tenure can be enforced by ecclesiastical penalties. The intrinsic verisimilitude of the story which represents the Catholic priesthood as not only in their civic, but in their spiritual character, urging and compelling the electors to vote for fifty of tenure, at once results from this consideration. When we add that the entire body of the incriminated Catholic clergy throughout the County of Galway have unanimously and solemnly deposed upon oath that in no way whatever have they made use of spiritual influence and ecclesiastical penalties to force the choice of the people, the monstrous perjury of which all these venerated Prelates and Priests have been guilty becomes obvious to the meanest capacity."

"It is an additional confirmation of Judge Keogh's decision, if the simple opinion of so eminent a member of the Irish bench can require confirmation, that a mass of testimony proved that the relations of landlords and tenants in Galway have been marked by such mutual and constant affection that the hostility of the tenants to their benefactors can only be accounted for by such malign agencies as those which Judge Keogh has condemned. Thus a multitude of witnesses swore that every form of intimidation was being used to force the tenants to vote for Captain Trench. One of the landlords themselves gave evidence of the perfect freedom enjoyed by the tenants by being obliged to admit that he had, previously to the election, warned his tenants that 'all the landlords in the county' were extremely wroth at the preference shown to Captain Nolan, and that if the tenantry persisted in their unlawful conduct, they would be made to feel the consequences. Every shadow of intimidation by others than the Ecclesiastical 'Vampires' was, in Judge Keogh's opinion, completely disproved. The Weekly Register attributes the adverse decision partly to ill-judged partisanship, and unnecessary zeal; and as another reason adverts, only with feelings of the deepest sorrow, to the unbounded discretion of many of the clerical supporters of Captain Nolan. There is no use in blinking the matter, that if sturdy priests named by Judge Keogh had not suffered their zeal to outrun their discretion nor turned their chairs for the nonce into political committee-rooms, the result arrived at on Monday would have been very different. We would not be misunderstood, nor would we for a moment be supposed to infer that there never is a time when the Catholic priest ought to put before his flock the merits and demerits of the respective candidates, but we must respectfully submit that that time is not when he stands at the Altar of God clad in his sacerdotal vestments, and engaged in the great work appointed to be performed at that awful moment.—The exhortations to be delivered on Sundays and Holydays of Obligation are not to be political harangues, but rather instructions to the people on their duty to God and their neighbor. Or if it is absolutely necessary that political allusions should be made, there is no need to import into the discourse violent and coarse expressions, such as were owned to by one or two of the clerical witnesses themselves, who even in Court and in the presence of the Queen's representative fell lamentably short of that gentlemanly and moderate bearing which becomes God's priests. We hold that except when there is the gravest need to act otherwise, such matters as elections and the like should be discussed in public meetings, and not in churches, and that unless a point expressly comes up as to the rightfulness of voting for this candidate, or for that, the sacred tribunal of Penance should never be misused by a confessor for the purpose of incriminating his flock with his own peculiar political views, which, as in the case of the late Kerry election, may be utterly opposed to those of his Bishop, and indeed, to the cause of Religion itself. On the members of the Episcopate who have been attacked by Mr. Justice Keogh, as well as on the majority of the priests on whose characters he cast such aspersions we emphatically declare that there rests no stain. They were guilty of no illegal act, whereas the combination of landlords and peers of the realm to enforce the return of Captain Trench was utterly unconstitutional. To all who have attentively read the evidence and compared it with Judge Keogh's elaborate oration, it must be clear that the Archbishop of Tuam and his suffragans were not guilty of the political crimes imputed to them, and that they personally were utterly free from even the suspicion of having abused their spiritual power, whereas it is well known that some of the lords and commoners, owners of large estates in the county, whom the Judge pronounced immoderate and spiteless, were the greatest offenders against all the laws of political purity, and the most shameless violators of that freedom of election which is the birthright of every British voter. Captain Nolan was the choice of the people. As an advocate of Home Rule the Conservatives opposed him; as one who would support the cause of Pius IX, the Protestants fought against him; above all as a landlord who had the courage to appoint three such popular men as Father Lavelle, Sir John Gray, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan to act as arbitrators between himself and his evicted tenantry, and more than that to add his own voice by according to the conditions of their award, he had become an object of hatred to all his fellow-landlords, inasmuch as he had chosen a more excellent way than theirs. Comparisons are odious at the best of times, and invidious comparisons, such as were provoked in Galway between the noble behaviour of Captain Nolan and the unrighteous conduct of too many of the same class, added a sting and zest to their opposition, which in its turn produced over zeal on the other side."

There is no doubt whatever, as to the fact that, on whatever considerations Mr. Justice Keogh's decision may have been based, it is irrevocable; Captain Nolan cannot sit for Galway, and all who lament a misarrangement of justice may cite the result of the Galway petition to prove that the Election Tribunal Act of 1868 is capable of being made complete and unmitigated failure.

The following quotation from the Times requires no comment:—"It was mentioned last night in Parliament circles, there being present at the time and taking part in the discussions, generally speaking, well-informed members of Government, that Mr. Justice Keogh will almost immediately retire from the judicial bench; that his recent remarkable and significant judgment at Galway may be regarded as a farewell performance. Hardly anything else has been spoken about to-day but this terrible tirade of the ex-member for Athlone."

Some have sent subscriptions of £50, £20 and £10, and we have no doubt that in the course of a week or ten days there will be a universal movement in Ireland for the same purpose. Judge Keogh will then learn how he is estimated, and the value placed upon his course, discreditable and unmanly conduct.—Dundalk Democrat.

NEW CANDIDATE FOR GALWAY.—Mr. Francis Nolan brother of the ex-member, has issued an address to the electors of Galway, in which he states that he believes an election for the county to be imminent. His principles are the same as his brother's, viz. Home Rule (meaning an Irish Parliament), denoumentational education, fixity of tenure, the ballot, and support of the Pope.

UNION RAYING IN IRELAND.—Mr. McMahon asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland what were the intentions of the Government with respect to giving effect to the recommendations of the select committee on union rating? The Marquis of Hartington replied that he was as anxious as his hon. and learned friend could be that the question should be settled as soon as possible, but looking to the great amount of public business remaining to be done, as shown by the circumstance that there were no fewer than fifty-two orders of the day on the notice paper to-night he feared it would be impossible in the present session to pass a measure likely to lead to so much discussion as a bill to establish union rating. It would, therefore, be quite useless for him to attempt to deal with the question in the present session.

THE GRAND JURY LAWS.—The Etnis Board of Poor Law Guardians, presided over by Major Butler, D.L., has unanimously passed a resolution in favour of a petition to Parliament to the following effect:—"That the tenant cesspayers have little or no control over the expenditure, the grand jury being composed exclusively of the landlord class. That, under this vicious system, the burdens of the country have enormously increased, while the cess collected has been extravagantly expended. Your petitioners most respectfully pray for a fairer distribution of the county taxes between all classes of landlords and tenants, save as our poor rates, &c.—Dublin Correspondent of the London Tablet."

Irish humor is by no means extinct. One of the Bishops quoted, in the midst of a grave debate on the Quinquageima rule, the advice of some friend of his, that over the Synod-hall should be inscribed "Mangling done here." A witty Southern rector, of strong anti-revision tendencies, is said to have described the refreshment-bar in the lobby of the said Synod-hall as the place where "the wild asses quench their thirst," also to have recommended that the debate on the Revision Report should be preceded by the prayer to be used by persons "at sea." Lastly, a Prelate, on being told that the Synod would "sit for twenty-one days," replied that such was the exact period of incubation of a not over-brilliant member of the ornithological family!

Lord Robert Montagu has joined the Home Rule Association. His conversion to Catholicity is, no doubt, the real cause of his resigning his seat as Parliamentary representative for Huntingdon, for although bigoted Catholic Ireland sometimes prefers the Protestant candidate, no tolerant English constituency will accept a Catholic representative.—Perhaps, at the pending general election, when Ireland plucks up the weeds, she may find room for the rejected Liberal Huntingdon. In most cases it is preferable that Irishmen should represent Irish constituencies, but an English advocate for Home Rule, with his heart in the right place, would be a happy exchange for some constituency among the dozen or two which have the felicity to be represented by members mute, inglorious, and tricky.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The motion made in the House of Commons for the transfer of All Saints' Church, Clontarf, to the Marquis of Bute was lost by a majority of nineteen against it. It was proposed to build the Welsh Protestant population another in a more suitable portion of the town than this, which is inhabited chiefly by Irish Catholics. Under these circumstances, as Mr. Bruce explained, "Lord Bute said, 'If you will make over this church to me I will give you another in a better situation.'" Who could doubt that the bishop and clergy would jump at such an offer? But the House of Commons saw insuperable objections to sanctioning the common-sense bargain, perhaps because Mr. Osborne Morgan pointed out "it was nothing more than an attempt, on a small scale, to disestablish the Welsh Church." Since this decision a person, described as "a Roman Catholic," has been charged with setting fire to All Saints' Church, which had been previously injured, and a spontaneous expression of disapproval of the desecrated dead has been made by the Catholics of Cardiff.—Catholic Opinion.

FUNERAL SERVICE OF A SCOTCH BISHOP.—Through the painstaking of Abbe Cochet, Inspector of historical monuments of the Seine-Inférieure, an interesting incident in the history of Scotland has been brought to light, and the last resting place of an illustrious prelate of the church honored in a foreign land with a brass tablet bearing the following inscription:—"To the memory of Robert Reid, Bishop of the Orkneys; President of the Parliament of Scotland; Deputy Commissary of Scotland at the marriage of Mary Stuart; died at Dieppe, September 1558, buried in the Scotch Church, St. Andrew's.—Requiescat in pace. This souvenir has been placed in the Church of St. James, Dieppe. From the Viege Dieppe and the pen of the Abbe Cochet, with the bishop passed through Dieppe on their journey through Paris to assist at the nuptials of Mary Queen of Scots with Francis the Second, King of France. On their return several of these illustrious personages died at Dieppe, the bishop among the number. They are buried in the Churches of St. James and St. Andrew's."

In the Committee on the Scotch Education Bill, Mr. Gordon moved an amendment to the effect that the parish schools should be exempted from the operation of the Act. His amendment was, he said, calculated to bring this bill within the principles of the English Bill, and so preserve in Scotland the parish schools which had done so much for education. The bill as it now stood would entirely destroy schools which had been held up as a pattern to England and other countries. He entirely objected to placing these valuable schools under local Boards as was proposed by the bill. This was in keeping with his former motion to retain the religious character of the parish schools, and against the Government "unsectarian" plan of national education.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.—The Standard believes that a great change has come over the conduct of the Tichborne case. The Attorney-General wanted £16,000 for commissions to Australia and Chili, and for other expenses; but Mr. Lowe, frightened at the appalling total, has declined to pay it.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Wall postponed until the 11th of next month the motion of which he has given notice in reference to the Establishment Church in England and Wales.

THE MAGUIRE TESTIMONIAL IN MANCHESTER.—Now more than ever it is incumbent on Catholics to mark their appreciation of the services of an honest man like Mr. Maguire. A more powerful protest against the man who pronounced the disgraceful judgment of last Monday in Galway could not be made. If the Government rewards a Keogh let the people reward a Maguire. We are pleased to see that the matter has been heartily taken up in Manchester, the Bishop of the diocese being one of the first to subscribe to the local fund.—Catholic Times.

A correspondent writes to the Guardian:—"Noticing in your last number the expression, 'Mr. Mil-

they Arnold's formula," may I respectfully suggest that the "formula" is really Dean Swift's, and to be found in the "Battle of Books?" "The two noblest things are—Sweetness and Light." Possibly some repeated quotation have been ready to exclaim, with the witty Dean, when he read on a coach-door the motto—Libertas et male solium—"Fine words; I wonder where you stole 'em."

Warwickshire is experiencing a perfect exodus of its agricultural labourers to the colonies, in consequence of the recent organisation. The representatives of the Warwickshire Chamber of Commerce have met Mr. Arch and the delegates of the men to try to come to an amicable arrangement.

TEA DRINKERS.—Dr. Arlidge, one of the Pottery Inspectors in Staffordshire, has put forward a very sensible protest against a very pernicious custom, which rarely receives sufficient attention either from the medical profession or the public. He says that the woman of the working classes made tea a principal article of diet instead of an occasional beverage; they drink it several times a day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickness. This is, no doubt the case, and as Dr. Arlidge remarks, a portion of the reforming zeal which keeps up such a fierce and bitter agitation against intoxicating drinks might advantageously be directed to the repression of this very serious evil of tea-tipping among the poorer classes. Tea, in anything beyond moderate quantities, is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of ruining the digestion, of encumbering and disordering the heart's action and of generally shattering the nerves. And it must be remembered that not merely is it a question of narcotic excess, but the enormous quantity of hot water which tea-drinkers necessarily take is exceedingly prejudicial both to digestion and nutrition. In short without pretending to place this kind of evil on a level, as to general effect, with those caused by alcoholic drinks, one may well insist that our teatotal reformers have overlooked and even to some small extent encouraged a form of animal indulgence which is distinctly sensual, extravagant, and pernicious, as any bear-swilling or gin-drinking in the world.—Lancet.

UNITED STATES. Last Sunday there was a collection for the Holy Father in all the churches of New York. His grace the Archbishop, in his Cathedral, preached a most forcible sermon and urged all to contribute liberally. It is needless to say that the Catholics of the "City of Churches" were not backward in performing this duty.—Catholic Review, 22nd inst.

The "INTERNATIONAL" in New York.—In the adjustment of interests between accumulated capital and living labor, our sympathies are for the recompense of living labor. But there are combinations of workmen of different trades, under the manipulation of idle and intriguing scoundrels, who have sought, and obtained, from the vile "International" of Europe their favours of rank. To combinations and such low, every honest man owes his most determined resistance.

It is much to be wished that these miscreant "International" agents might be arrested and tried for "conspiracy." Most American juries would make short work with them. Wages commensurate to the increased cost of living would be paid to labor. But for men that claim that they are to be supported on eight hours a day labor, we say that we have to work twice that many hours, and though that is too much, we do not think men generally can live, except by stealing, on less than ten hours work a day. As to the "International"—it is not to be tolerated in a country like ours, where all avenues to success in business are open to everybody.—N. Y. Freeman.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER BURKE.—A number of gentlemen met on Wednesday evening of last week, at the residence of ex-Abbot Farley, to present the Very Rev. Father Thomas Burke with a check for \$2,250 and an address expressive of their sentiments in regard to himself personally. The money was the second instalment of the proceeds of the three recent lectures in the Academy of Music.—Among those present were Mr. Farley's sons, Rev. Father Lilly, John Mullaly, Esq., Bernard Smyth, Joseph McGuire, Robert M. Coffey, S. Caldwell, Judge Estlin, Warden Bennett and some twenty or thirty others. The address was beautifully engraved on blue silk, and beneath the signatures of the chairman and secretary was a likeness of Father Burke, with a sketch of Clonmell Abbey on either side. In design and execution the scroll was elaborate, and well deserved the attention which the artist, Mr. S. E. Warren, received from all who saw it. Father Burke had just arrived from Rochester at 9 o'clock, when he was met by a committee that was awaiting him and conveyed to Mr. Farley's residence. A splendid collation was then enjoyed by the company there assembled, and after this was over, Mr. John H. Power read the address, which was well worded and to the point, and then handed to the reverend guest the check, which was drawn on Terence Farley at the Mechanics and Traders' Bank for the sum above named.—Father Burke then responded in a most happy speech which, as usual, was bursting over with love for the religion of his fathers and with patriotism for that unfortunate country so dear to every Irishman. When alluding to the hope expressed that he would return to America after his visit home, Father Burke spoke in the most feeling terms of the kind reception he had received in this, attributing it, however more to the love the Irish people bear to the priest-hood than to any merits of his own. In speaking of the manner of the presentation, surrounded, as he then was, by friends whose faces beamed with affection, he could say that what was then passing between them would ever remain his brightest future remembrance. Father Burke spoke most feelingly of the great heart of the Irish race, and especially rejoiced at the glorious freedom that was enjoyed by every man in this country. He himself felt since he had trod the soil of Columbia like a bird let loose. He then expressed a fervent hope that they would all meet again; but whether it would be so or not, the scroll which had just been presented to him would be handed down in his convent for years to come, and, no doubt, when he would have been long gone Dominican fathers, with restored Irish freedom, would pray for those who had so kindly and so lovingly received in a strange country their poor brother. Several toasts were then proposed and responded to, and a very pleasant evening was passed.—N. Y. Irish Citizen, 22nd inst.

A DOG STORY FROM BOSTON.—Yesterday morning a well-known resident of this city, whose mother a lady of eighty-five years, resides with him, noticed that she seemed to be making unusual efforts to read, asked the reason, and was told that her eyes seemed to be failing, and that she must have a new pair of spectacles. "Well, mother," said the son, "I will get you a pair," and bidding her good morning, he started for his place of business with his favorite dog. Before night, to the old lady's surprise, the dog returned with a pair of spectacles in his mouth, which he laid at her feet. She took them and placed them to her eyes, found that they were just what she needed, but when the son returned he was more surprised than the old lady, for he had not seen the dog since he left the house in the morning.—Boston Traveller, May 14.

Punch says it is very natural for a man to feel girlish when he makes his maiden speech. A popular doctor in Oswego gives prescriptions with directions to "take one teaspoonful every three years."

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1872.

Friday, 28—Fast. Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul. Saturday, 29—SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles, *Old Sunday*, 30—Sixth after Pentecost.

JULY—1872.

Monday, 1—Octave of St. John Baptist. Tuesday, 2—Visitation of the B. V. M. Wednesday, 3—Of the Octave. Thursday, 4—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

At last it seems that the Washington Treaty is out of danger. The General Conference has decided that it is competent to adjudicate upon claims for pecuniary losses only; and the U. States Government in putting in its "indirect claims" asserts expressly that it looks for no pecuniary compensation thereon, but only desires to have the validity of those claims adjudicated upon; hereupon the General Conference declines to entertain those claims. This disposes of the matter.

It looks as if the Carlists in Spain were not all killed off yet. There is little of interest to report from other parts of Europe.

The legality of the New Brunswick School Law has been contested before the Provincial Courts of that part of the Dominion, on a motion to set the assessment for school purposes. This is the right way to go to work; the question is a legal, not a political question at present.

The *Witness* in a late issue made two statements, both of which we accept:—

(1.) That education is the "battle ground of Romanism and Protestantism," on which the great conflict of ages has to be fought out.

(2.) The Jesuits, by means of their schools three centuries ago, stopped the tide or onward flow, of the Reformation, "turned it back, and check-mated it."

These two propositions were laid down, not by us, but by the *Witness*; we did not impugn their truth; but we thence argued that, if education be indeed the "battle ground between Romanism and Protestantism," the State should leave it free, and cannot, without breach of neutrality, occupy, or take position of that battle ground or any part of it; that to be neutral, it must leave Education free, that is to say, free from all State control; and we added that, if it would observe this strict neutrality, interfering neither for, nor against, Jesuit schools, and Catholic education, the result would again be as it was three centuries ago—the triumph of Romanism over Protestantism. "All we ask," said the *True Witness*, "is, that the State be neutral; that it interfere not in favor of either one combatant or the other. *All we crave is a fair stage, and no favor.*"

On this the *Witness* of the 18th ult., puts the following gloss:—

"That is to say let the State give large assistance in the shape of money grants and otherwise to Roman priests, and allow them to educate the children in their own way, and their attachment to Rome is assured."—*Witness*, May 18th.

We leave our readers to judge for themselves how far our text, expressly repudiating all State interference, whether for or against our schools, can be made to bear the gloss put on it by the *Witness*.

Again we argued from our contemporary's second proposition, that, if—as the *Witness* said was the case—it was "by means of their schools" that the Jesuits "turned back and check-mated the Reformation," then the triumph of Romanism three centuries ago, and the defeat of Protestantism, were due, not to material, but to moral weapons—and that whenever the latter were alone resorted to, and where the State did not interfere by its penal laws to put down the Catholic religion—there the Reformation achieved no permanent conquests. We see not how according to the laws of logic, the *Witness* can take exception to this, as the corollary of its own proposition; for if it was by "means of the schools" that

the Reformation was checkmated, then it was by moral, not material, weapons that that end was attained.

The *Witness* however, not perceiving this refers us to a number of cases in which acts of violence against Protestants by Catholics have been resorted to; as if it were by these, and not by "means of their schools," that, after a few short years of apparent victory the Reformation was suddenly stopped in its aggressive career, despoiled of many of its original conquests, "turned back and check-mated," in the words of the *Witness*. And here at the outset we once for all admit that in the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, many cruel acts—acts which we seek not to defend—were perpetrated by the governments of Catholic States, as well as by Protestants; and that when men's passions were excited by long protracted conflicts; the voice of Christian charity was often silenced by the clash of arms. But we contend—that the Catholic Church is no more to be held responsible for the severity of an Alba, the slaughter of the Huguenots in 1572, or the arbitrary proceedings of Louis XIV. towards his Protestant subjects, than is Protestantism to be held responsible for the Massacre of Glencoe, or the Church of England for the Protestant Riots under Lord George Gordon in the reign of George III. This premised, we will analyze the various instances adduced by the *Witness* in evidence of the cruel, persecuting spirit of Romanism on the one hand; and of the mild, gentle laudable spirit of Protestantism on the other.

(1.) The *Witness* refers us, first to Germany for a refutation of our thesis that it was by the aid of the State, and owing to the active material support given to it by the secular arm, that the Reformation commenced by Luther, succeeded in establishing itself. It was, nevertheless the warm support tendered to Luther by Princes such as Frederick Elector of Saxony, and his successor John; by Philip Landgrave of Hesse, by Albert of Brandenburg and other powerful nobles, that secured the first success of the Reformation in Germany; and to this we must add the great encouragement given to that movement by the Council of Regency, 1522, as admitted by the Protestant historian Ranke, in his *History of the Reformation in Germany*, lib. v. c. 1; where in a retrospect he says—"In the third book we saw how the Council of Regency after brief hesitation, declared itself decidedly for Luther." From the very first the Reformation, as all Protestant historians of note allow, was fostered, and its apostles and disciples protected, by the great princes of the Empire. The spiritual fathers of the Reformation, Luther, Melancthon & Co., bartered away—as in the case of the Landgrave of Hesse—the fundamental principles of Christian morality, for the support of the secular arm; pandering to the animal lusts of the princes and potentates of the earth, they made friends to themselves and their cause, of its great ones. In this consisted the strength and the secret of the success of the Reformation. From Germany we pass to England.

(2.) The Reformation was imposed on the people of England, by arms, and by the arms of foreign mercenaries. "It is a somewhat humiliating admission," says the Protestant historian Hallam, *Const. Hist.* c. ii., "that the Protestant faith was imposed upon our ancestors by a foreign army;" it is nevertheless one which historical truth compels us to make.—After the death of Henry VIII., with the exception of the people of London, and some other towns—the great mass of the English were Catholics at heart, and with arms in their hands they long fought stoutly, as Froude has it, for their "hearth and altars" against the Reformation. To crush them—we still quote from the Protestant historian Froude—foreign mercenaries, Lanzknechts from Germany, and musketeers from Italy were hired by the English Protestant government. Against these, the best disciplined troops of Europe, what could the brave but imperfectly armed and undisciplined peasants of Catholic England do? They fought bravely indeed, but they fought only to die. Here, from Froude, is a description of one of these bloody conflicts to which in England was due the success of the glorious Reformation:—

"Amongst the peasantry the irritation was justly turned to madness when they knew that foreign mercenaries were brought in to crush them. Never before had English rulers used the arms of strangers against English subjects; and no sooner were their columns in sight, than the villagers of Clyst rushed up in rage to fall upon them. One could wish that the better cause had found the better defenders. The half-armed Devonshire peasants were poorly matched against trained and disciplined troops. Few who went up the hill came back again; they fell in the summer gloaming, like stout-hearted, valiant men, for their hearths and altars; and Miles Coverdale, translator of the Bible, and future Bishop (Protector) of Exeter, preached a thanksgiving sermon among their bodies as they lay with stiffening limbs with their faces to the stars."—*Froude's Hist. of England*, vol. v., c. 20.

These were the men, these the means by which "the Protestant faith" was according to Hallam imposed upon our ancestors." The Reformation succeeded, but what a success!

As Froude well says, "a success which involved the destruction of ten thousand brave Englishmen by the arms of foreigners, added little either to the credit or the popularity of the government." The future Bishops of the new Protestant church might take their stand amongst the stiffening corpses of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, slain by the hands of German and Italian mercenaries, and give God thanks; but we confess that neither in the Reformation, nor in the means by which it was imposed on the people of England of the sixteenth century, do we see anything of which Englishmen of the nineteenth should feel very proud.

(3.) We admit that in the succeeding reign, amidst many acts of most righteous judgment upon the chief instigators of the crimes of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., many things were done of which we do not approve, nay which we heartily condemn and deplore. That a man like Cranmer, the pejured traitor and encourager of rebellion against his sovereign, should perish by laws of his own enacting was but just, a hoisting of the engineer with his own petard. For his fate we offer no apology. He was one of the prime actors in the conspiracy which sought to deprive Mary of her crown. As purveyor general for the seraglio of the royal satyr Henry VIII. he had prostituted the sacred office of Archbishop, and the dignity of Metropolitan to the lusts of his lecherous master; he had sent others to the stake for holding doctrines on the Real Presence which he himself held, or at all events afterwards professed to have then held: "saintly in his professions"—we quote the words of the Protestant historian, Lord Macaulay—"unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a plausible enemy and a lukewarm friend," his recantations, and re-recantations, wrested from him by abject dread of the death to which he had consigned so many, were of a piece with the rest of his life; and we no more dream of apologising for the act of the Government that sent him to death, than we deem it necessary to justify the sentence of the Court in virtue of which Titus Oates and other confessors of the Protestant faith, men as good as Cranmer, were whipped at the cart's tail in the days of the second James. But we do admit that, though Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, suffered but the just penalty of their innumerable crimes, the severities exercised against several scores of ignorant peasants, and people in a humble walk of life, were injudicious, and savored more of the spirit of vengeance than of justice. It must be borne in mind, however, that these severities were not resorted to till after two rebellions against a government which had at its commencement, approved itself disposed to deal most leniently with all but the chief offenders; that neither Mary nor Rome had anything to do with them; the Queen being too ill to attend to business, crushed body and soul by cruel disease, and by the still more cruel neglect of a husband whom she loved with a love of which he was unworthy. And it should also be remembered—though a *tu quoque* is no vindication—that, under the reign of Elizabeth as many Catholics fell victims to the persecuting spirit of Protestantism, as there fell of Protestants during the reign of her elder sister. There was wrong doing, we admit, on both sides; we do not attempt to justify all that was done by Catholic rulers; but we insist that they were acting on the defensive; and that Protestants were the aggressors in every instance; that the cruelties and outrages of the last named provoked the reprisals of Catholics; and that, in the words of the Protestant Hallam, "persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive."—*Const. Hist.* c. 2.

In charity we must suppose that the "reading" of the editor of the *Witness* has not been very "extensive;" so only can we refrain from impugning his honesty.

We have left ourselves no room to continue our examination of the other instances adduced by the *Witness* in illustration of the mild, laudable character of the Reformers, as evinced in the Low Countries, France, and Ireland. We will however return to the subject next week.

WHAT DOES THE MAN MEAN?—In the *Daily News* of the 7th inst., a journal in which we very rarely find anything offensive to Catholics, we were surprised at discovering the following passage in a letter from a medical man—Dr. Bessey, 8, Beaver Hill Square—on the excessive mortality of Montreal:—

"There is to be deducted from the ordinary death-rate, the infant mortality of the *Sacra Grises*, and other establishments constantly engaged in baby-farming."

In other words, this Dr. Bessey, who may perhaps have a diploma of M.D., but who certainly does not seem entitled to a diploma as gentleman, since he goes out of his way to make malicious insinuations against ladies whom he dare not openly attack—by implication asserts that the Sisters of the Grey Nun-

nery "are constantly engaged in baby farming."

What is "baby farming?" Baby farming is a term conventionally applied to a lately discovered description of crime, very prevalent in England, and which may be thus defined.—The taking charge, from pecuniary motives, and with the intention of getting rid of them by death as speedily as possible, of infants, the children of parents who wish to bury the evidences of their guilt. The crime of "baby farming" consists essentially in the deliberate intention of the "baby farmers" to destroy, or allow to die as speedily as possible, the infants whom for pecuniary motives, and at a fixed price, they undertake to receive into their vile establishments. This we contend is a correct definition of the term.

Now we put it to any impartial person, Protestant or Catholic we care not—whether there be any analogy, however remote, betwixt "baby farming" as above defined, and the conduct of the Grey Nuns in the management of their Foundling Hospital.

These maligned ladies have for their object, and their sole object—the saving, not the destroying, of human life, and the prevention of child murder; and this object they try to accomplish to the best of their abilities, at the cost of much money, and great personal inconvenience to themselves; alas! that we should be compelled to add, at the risk of being bespattered with slander, by persons like this Dr. Bessey. The number of lives saved by the Grey Nuns may not be great; nor, considering the fearful condition in which the new born babes are for the most part, when cast at the door of the Grey Nuns Hospital, is it to be wondered at that the mortality amongst them should be enormous; that by far the greater part of the unhappy creatures, often rotten with syphilis, often bearing on their bodies the marks of peculiar processes by which, even before they had inhaled their first breath, it had been attempted to destroy them—should die within a few hours after their reception, in spite of the cares lavished upon them by the Sisters. Under the most favorable circumstances baby life is precarious; but that under such circumstances as those under which the babies left the Grey Nuns' Foundling Hospital are found, any of them should survive, is almost miraculous. For instance, in the *London Times* of Nov. 15th, 1866, was given a description of the Foundling Hospital in Moscow, an institution amply endowed by the Imperial Government, and as we are told, one of the largest of the kind in the world. This institution, or "baby farming" establishment, receives we are told 12,000 children a year, of whom one sixth are born within its walls, and have therefore the benefit of the most favorable conditions before and after birth. "If healthy" we are told, "the little creatures after a lapse of four weeks are handed over to young mothers in the country to be brought up by them for a liberal fee." And yet in spite of all these exceptionally favorable conditions, of these *healthy* children thus disposed of, not less than 50 per cent, so the *Times* tells us, "die within the first year; though while in the hospital "they are the objects of the most careful attention."

And if this be the rate of mortality in the Imperial Foundling Hospital of Moscow, what pitch may we not expect it to reach, under the totally different conditions of the Grey Nuns establishment; if 50 per cent even of the children who are healthy, after a lapse of four weeks—(how many children die before the first four weeks elapse we are not told, but no doubt the number is considerable,)—die within the first year of their reception in the wealthy, richly endowed "baby farming" establishment of the Russian Empire—how many per cent. may we not expect to die from amongst the wretched, diseased, often wounded babes whom licentious parents from all parts of the U. States and the Dominion, send to the wicket of the Foundling Hospital of the Grey Nuns; there to be cast down, often naked, or at best with no covering but a piece of an old newspaper, until picked up by the devoted ladies whom Dr. Bessey brands as "baby farmers," and places on the same level as the vile hags of England whose trade it is purposely to destroy infant life.

But it is not by the success with which their efforts to rescue the foundlings from death are attended, but by the motives which actuate them in opening an establishment for the reception of these outcasts—who but for the existence of the Foundling Hospital would have been murdered right off, choked, and thrown down the nearest cess-pool—that we must estimate the appropriateness of classing in one and the same category, as does this Dr. Bessey, the Sisters of the Grey Nunnery, and the "baby farmers" of England. He may have done so—we would fain believe for the credit of the honorable profession to which Dr. Bessey belongs that such is the case,—he may have done so inadvertently, and in the hurry of writing; if so, he will of course avail himself of the earliest opportunity to make amends for his error by acknowledging it, and by withdrawing the slur which he has cast upon the

humble and devoted ladies whom he has foully slandered, by speaking of them as "baby farmers," and by classing them with the most hateful of the criminals of the British Empire.

INAUGURATION OF THE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL ON PLATEAU STREET.—On his arrival in Montreal, Lord Lisgar's first study was to honor by his presence the educational establishments of Montreal, visiting them and encouraging by words of sympathy, among other establishments the schools of the Christian Brothers and those of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame; on his departure, by a happy co-incidence one of his last acts was to open the Plateau School, inaugurated on the 19th inst., under the direction of the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal; on both occasions he proved by his presence and by his words, what a warm interest he took in education; and with a wisdom worthy of the high rank he has taken in statesmanship, he insisted on the absolute necessity of all education being founded on religion and morality. Would to God that the petty statesmen or rather politicians of New Brunswick and elsewhere would understand the lessons he has given them, we would have wiser laws in educational matters more morality among our young men, more contentment among our fellow-citizens of all origins; and far-seeing men would not tremble before the prospect of the battles and contentions we shall have to go through when the Education Question is to be debated, and it must be decided, according to justice, for Manitoba and the Far West; let us hope that ere that time shall come, all now in Canada will learn the lesson of forbearance and understand that if true liberty can exist, all men must be able to educate their children in schools where they shall learn the true lessons of positive religion, and not the sickly principles of philanthropy and indifferentism; principles which the Catholic throws aside with contempt to follow those of Charity and true liberality for all the assertions and howling of the *Witness* and others of that ilk to the contrary notwithstanding; there is more liberality, generosity, less bigotry and ignorance in Catholic countries than in Protestant; contrast the position of Protestants in Lower Canada with that of Catholics in Ireland a few years ago and even to-day; the Church in Canada has done more for education than any other power in the country; in every diocese throughout the country there are colleges and convents founded by priests and nuns; in some instances almost at their sole expense, and in every one of them our sons and daughters are educated as well as any, and better than in any, of the old colleges of England where Catholic foundation of education of the hearts and minds of Englishmen, when it was merry England, are wasted in forming athletes and cramming the memories with a few thousand lines of Virgil and Homer without attaining in the least the true end of education, which is to form the mind and teach the heart to love all that contributes to the happiness of mankind in this world and in the next.

The Minister of Public Instruction has determined to go forward with the Church authorities in forwarding business education, and with that view have established the magnificent school-house on Plateau Street, which, rising above the surrounding streets, affords a grand view from the splendid proportioned Gothic building which crowns it.

At half-past three, Lord Lisgar, leading Madame Chauveau, and the Hon. M. Chauveau leading Lady Lisgar, entered the Hall, followed by Miss Dalton, Miss Allan, Capt. Tourville, and many others, where they were met by the Rev. Canon Fabre, the Rev's Messrs. Villeneuve and Loranger, Sir Hugh Allan, the Attorney General Ouimet, the Hon. Thos. Ryan, Messrs. Cherrier, David, and others.

Addresses were duly offered on behalf of the Commissioners, the Professors, and the Students, to which his Excellency responded, not merely by empty phrases, but by words marked by wisdom and thought; then, with speeches from members of the honored company, the evening was pleasantly and profitably passed.—*Com.*

We have to offer an apology to the Rev. Father O'Connor, for, through negligence, having allowed to appear in the *True Witness*, some remarks from a correspondent *Justice*, which are offensive and unjust towards that gentleman, and faithful servant of Christ. The zeal of the Catholic clergy of Glengarry, no matter to what race belonging, is well known, needs no vindication from us, and calls for no invidious comparisons. We tender our excuses to the Rev. Mr. O'Connor for the oversight of which we have been guilty, and trust the matter will be allowed to drop.

Just as we were going to press, we learned with deep sorrow, the death of Sister Jane Mary Slocombe, the Superior General of the General Hospital of the Grey Nuns. This news will cause many a heart to ache in Montreal. We are as yet without details, but hope to have them by next week. The service took place on Tuesday morning last, at 8 A.M.—May her soul, through the mercy of God, repose in peace.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. III.

Honor your father and your mother. Learn, christian children, from the holy youth of Sacred Scripture your duty of obedience. The voice of your parents is the voice of God. Would the pious Isaac, think you, have been willing to allow his life to be sacrificed by his father Abraham, if he had not recognized in his father's command the voice of God? He had grown to the age of manhood, when he was called upon to lay down his life—he could easily have resisted his father's will, when he bound him for the sacrifice, for they were alone—he must at least have felt a natural desire to live, for he was young—it was natural that he should even call in question the propriety of this immolation, for it was unnatural. And does he any of these things? He does not; this pious youth: the Scripture is silent upon all these points. Whence then this obedience unto death? Whence this dutiful offering of himself in silence and without a murmur to this unnatural command of his father? It can only have been because he recognized in that father's voice, the voice of God. Of himself, no father has a right to take away the life of his child. Isaac must have known this. He must have felt that, humanly speaking, his father's conduct was inhuman. And yet he is silent—he is obedient—he is passive. Whence all this? It can only be that he recognizes in his father's will a higher decree: it can only be because he feels that in laying down his life at his father's command, he is obeying God. Oh! glorious martyrdom of obedience, surpassing, if possible, the fortitude of the christian martyrs. It is indeed an act of holy fortitude to receive the death blow from those who hate us; but to receive it from the hands of those we love, and who love us—"et tu Brute!"—to receive it from the hands of those who have nourished and cherished us, is a higher, a more heroic, a holier bravery still. Oh! christian children, when the devil, the author of that first disobedience that robbed man of paradise, tempts you as he tempted of old our common mother Eve, to think that you are wiser than the parents that begat you,—when he tempts you to think that the commands of your parents are harsh and unnecessary, think of the silent obedience of the pious Isaac. When self-love, or the indolence natural to youth makes you feel inclined, if not to disobey, at least to defer your obedience—to procrastinate the fulfilment of their commands, think of the ready instant obedience of this holy youth. And remember your parents ask you only to obey some reasonable—some evidently necessary request. Isaac was silently submissive to an evidently unreasonable, unnecessary command. Away, then, all murmuring—all delay—all unwilling obedience, christian child, if you wish not the pious Isaac to rise up in judgment against you. The piety of the Rechabites should put to the blush those christian children, who, preferring their own will and comfort, disregard the commands of their parents. In the days of Joakim, the son of Josias, King of Juda, God sent Jeremias, the prophet, to try that people. "Go," said the Lord, "to the house of the Rechabites, and speak to them, and bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers of the treasures, and thou shalt give them wine to drink." And Jeremias did as he was commanded, and he "set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and said to them, Drink ye wine. And they answered, We will not drink wine, because Jonadab the son of Rechab, our father, commanded us saying, You shall drink no wine, neither you nor your children for ever. Neither shall ye build houses nor sow seed, nor plant vineyards nor have any; but you shall dwell in tents all your days. Therefore we have obeyed the voice of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father, in all things that he commanded us; so as to drink no wine all our days, neither we, nor our wives, nor our sons, nor our daughters; nor to build houses to dwell in; nor to have vineyards, or field, or seed. But we have dwelt in tents, and have been obedient according to all that Jonadab, our father, commanded us." Oh! holy obedience, that is obedient to such harsh commands! Oh filial piety, putting to blush many thousands of christian children! "The words of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, by which he commanded his sons, have prevailed," but christian youth has not hesitated to disobey its parents. Almighty God has sent your parents, christian child, as he sent his prophets of old to the Jews, to lead you in all your ways, and you have refused to hearken to their voice,—you have refused, as did the Jews of old, to recognize therein the voice of God. Oh! senseless and ungrateful children! well may Almighty God cry out to you, upbraiding you as he did of old to the Jews, by the voice of Jeremias. "The words of Jonadab have prevailed, and they have drunk no wine to this day, because they have obeyed the commandment of their father; but I have spoken to you rising early, and speaking, and you have not obeyed. And I have sent to you all my servants, the prophets commanding you, and you have not inclined your ear nor hearkened to me. The sons of Jonadab have kept the commandments of their father, but this people hath not obeyed me." Christian children, you who alas have dared to disobey and hold as naught these prophets, your parents, whom God has sent to you, listen to the terrible threat with which God concludes this upbraiding. "Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Behold I will bring upon you all the evils that I have pronounced against you, because I have spoken to you and you have not heard; I have called to you (through your parents) and you have not answered me." This is in very truth a terrible threat, for remember it includes shortness of days—measures for measure of indignity in return, the uprooting the foundations of your house, and generally all those evils

wherewith God has threatened those who despise his word. But you, christian children, you who obey your parents in their every word, forestalling their wants and fulfilling their every desire, you Christian Rechabites, what is your reward which the Lord has promised? "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, because you have obeyed the commandments of your father, and have kept all his precepts, and have done all that he commanded you, therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts the God of Israel. There shall not be wanting a man of the race of Jonadab the son of Rechab, standing before me for ever." (Jer.) But rebellious christian child, do you wish further to learn the enormity of your disobedience? Listen to the chastisements which Almighty God ordained in the law against the rebellious Jewish child, and judge thence how much greater even must be your rebellion against those parents, who have been redeemed not by the blood of goats and of oxen only, but by the blood of the Eternal Lamb. When that holy martyr St. Stephen, who had the incomparable privilege of offering the first Christian holocaust at the foot of the throne of God, when this holy protomartyr of the Christian Church laid down his life for Christ, it was by being stoned to death. There is something peculiarly terrible in this mode of execution. There stood the holy Stephen crying out as the huge stones beat against his body "Lord Jesus receive my spirit;" and falling on his knees he prayed with a loud voice that prayer he had learnt at the foot of the cross, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And in sooth it was a huge sin,—this stoning to death of this holy man,—as huge and heavy as the mountain of stones which was cast upon him. The heart stuns cold as it hears the dull thud of the huge stones, as they beat against the body. Bruise after bruise—now an arm is broken in one place, now in another—now one rib—now many. Still the huge stones fall thick as hail. When no bones are broken, the flesh, the sinews and muscles are torn to shreds or beaten to jelly. Still they fly these murderous stones. The hate of his persecutors is inflamed by the sight of blood. A jagged and ponderous stone hurled with the force and precision of intensified hate, speeds on its errand of woe,—it crashes against the skull, the brains are scattered, and that tongue that amidst this hail of stones has never ceased to pray for its persecutors is silent in death. But the body even though dead is pounded with merciless stones, until it becomes a deformed mass of mangled flesh and muscles and bones and blood. Gracious heavens! christian child this was the mode of death without its honor, by the command of God himself, of every Jewish child, who dared persistently to disobey its parents. Listen to the Eternal Law-giver in the Book of Deuteronomy: "If a man have a stubborn or unruly son, who will not hear the commandment of his father or mother and being corrected slighteth obedience, they shall take him and bring him to the ancients of the city and to the gate of judgment; and shall say to them, This our son is rebellious and stubborn, he slighteth hearing our admonitions. And the people of this city shall stone him and he shall die, that you may take away the evil out of the midst of you, and all Israel hearing it may be afraid." Christian child, that must indeed be a grievous evil, which merits at the hands of a just God such a terrible punishment, that must indeed be a terrible scourge, that requires so prompt a stamping out. But this was the punishment for disobedience against a Jewish parent only. How much greater must it be when against christian parents, who have been redeemed by Christ's most precious blood.

THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—This Society will celebrate Dominion Day, on Monday next, by a Pic-Nic to be held in the grounds of the Honourable Charles Wilson. A very attractive programme has been prepared, and a fine string band has been engaged for the benefit of the dancers, for whom several platforms have been got ready. This Society has incurred a great deal of expenses lately in purchasing wood, to be distributed to the poor in the coming winter, and we hope therefore, that the public will appreciate the good work done in behalf of the poor by giving the Society a good Attendance on Monday next, to enable them to meet in some measure their expenses.

ERIN AND THE BRENNANS.—On Wednesday evening the 19th inst., Mr. and Mrs. Brennan appeared for the first time before a Montreal audience to exhibit their Panorama of Ireland. The St. Patrick Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. We have first shown to us Castle Garden, New York, the Ship starting on her voyage across the Atlantic, next a storm at sea accompanied with Thunder, lightning, rain and hail, and then the safe arrival in Dublin, where we make the acquaintance of a comical fellow, known as "Dublin Dan" the carman and take him as our guide. Visiting all the places of interest in Dublin we get an interior view of St. Patrick's Cathedral as the procession goes up to the High Altar on Christmas eve. After Visiting St. Canice's Cathedral, Co. Kilkenny, which being illuminated had an imposing effect, we visit next Glendalough, or the Seven Churches. We then get a view of Holy Cross Abbey by Moonlight, and after seeing the Vale of Arcoa, the Lakes of Killarney and many other places of historic interest to the Children of Ireland, we bid farewell to our guide mutually pleased with each other and wend our several ways home, delighted with what we had seen and heard. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan both sing and act well, and some of their impersonations, are very humorous. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Brennan on the very successful week they have had, and deservedly so. We may also mention that they very kindly invited the St. Patrick's Orphan Children to a Matinee on last Saturday Afternoon.

ALEXANDRIA, Glengarry, Ont., June 17th, 1872. To the Editor of The True Witness. Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 14th inst., there appeared a communication signed "Justice," and without date, but purporting to have been written in the neighboring parish of Lochiel, which I know was not the case. That effusion alludes in such grossly insulting terms to myself, who have been a friend and supporter of the TRUE WITNESS for some eighteen years past, that I was and still am surprised to find that you allowed it to appear in such a shape, no matter whence it came, or by whom it was indited. For, surely, the animus of the writer of that elegant production must have revealed itself to the perceptions of the vast majority of your readers. So much so, that I would consider it gratuitous insolence on my part to suppose for a moment that you also did not see the point which "Justice" sought to make by his communication. There can be no manner of doubt but what that letter was written with the fixed object in view of producing the precise effect upon the minds of your Catholic readers in Glengarry, which the writer of it hypocritically professes to deprecate; namely, to arouse, instead of allaying, national antipathies between them and me.—But, Sir, I have not the slightest fears that any such consequences will result therefrom, much as the concocters of it evidently desire so charitable a consummation. Fortunately for my case, the Scotch Catholics of Glengarry have an abiding respect for their Clergy. They are, moreover, blessed with good memories; and when the dust raised by "Justice's" base insinuations shall have blown by, they will remember the fact that this Total Abstinence movement now—thanks be to God—so widely established over the county, was not even thought of before the first of November last; they will also recollect the name of the person who began it. And I may here inform you, on the best authority, that no one, not even myself, regrets the publication of that malicious letter more than my respected confrere, Rev. Father MacDonell, of Lochiel. But, Sir, although that letter will prove perfectly harmless, so far as I am concerned, I doubt much if an impartial public will exonerate you from all blame on account of its publication, by reason of a spirit of hostility which it manifests towards a priest, whose only crime, even by the plaintiff's own showing, consists in his laboring to elevate the moral status of his flock; and for this "Justice" would fain ostracize him!—Enough on this, to me, painful subject. I grieve to be compelled to believe that there is to be found in my parish even one individual calling himself a Catholic, who could have so lost all sense of shame, as to pen such a scurrilous letter. May God forgive him, and grant him grace to mend his ways in future! I have now, Sir, to demand of you, as an act of simple justice to me under the circumstances, that you will insert prominently these few lines in your next impression. I remain yours truly, J. S. O'CONNOR, P. P. [With this, the correspondence in the TRUE WITNESS, on this subject, must finish.—ED. T. W.] ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION. The following Address and accompanying present were presented to the Rev. Father Clune, Parish Priest of Smith's Falls, Ont., by his parishioners, on the occasion of his departure, for a short time, on a visit to his native land:—REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Having learned that you are about to leave us for a while to pay a visit to your native land, we beg respectfully to approach you on the eve of your departure to pay to you the tribute of our sincere respect and esteem. For thirteen years we have stood in the relation of pastor and flock, and during that entire period our relations have ever been of the most happy and consoling nature. For thirteen years you have laboured faithfully in our midst, and spared no pains to advance us in the paths of eternal life. The clear and solid instructions that fell from your lips have ever been rendered more effectual by the confirmation of your personal example. If paternal kindness to each member of his flock, if the faithful discharge of all his priestly duties, if the prompt and constant attendance to the spiritual wants of all be a claim on the part of a Priest to the affections of his people, then, Rev. Sir, you have merited the love and esteem of the flock intrusted to your pastoral care. On every side we can point with feelings of gratitude and pleasure to the improvements made in our parish since we have had the happiness of being under your charge. If to-day we have in our midst a Church to which we all look with such feelings of pride, a Church that stands unsurpassed in beauty by any in the province, to your untiring energy and perseverance we are indebted for it. Although we know that you have been actuated by higher motives than human praise, yet we deem it a duty on our part to avail ourselves of the present occasion to convey to you our appreciation of all you have done for us. In bidding you an affectionate farewell for a time, we ask you, in the name of the whole Congregation, to accept this humble present as an expression of our love and esteem, and we hope that you may enjoy every happiness on your tour, and return to us ere long to shed around us for many years the blessing of your pastoral care. Signed in behalf of the Congregation, Michael Hourigan, Michael Carroll, James Shanks, Thomas Salmon, Patrick O'Donnell, Edward Salmon, Luke Cahill. REPLY. My DEAR FRIENDS,—I thank you very sincerely for your kind address, and the beautiful gift with which it is accompanied.

Although I could scarce expect such a manifestation of feeling on your part, yet I must confess, it does not surprise me, as it is in keeping with the kindness I have ever experienced at your hands, since I have had the pleasure of being amongst you, you have always shown yourselves to be faithful children of the Church to which we have the happiness to belong; you have ever been willing to be guided by the voice of your pastor, and this outpouring of feeling to day is particularly pleasing to me, as I see in it the unmistakable evidence of your attachment to your Priest notwithstanding his personal unworthiness. Our relations, it is true, for the last thirteen years, have been of the most happy character, and I feel convinced that they shall never be otherwise, as long as it may please my Ecclesiastical Superior to leave me in charge of this Parish. In your kind address you have very much overrated my feeble efforts to advance your spiritual interests. It is true we have a beautiful Church to which we can all look with feelings of just pride, it is true that many sacrifices had to be made, to bring it to its present state of completion, but my dear friends, yours were the sacrifices, yours were the labors, and mine was merely the easy task of pointing out the way. I accept with just pleasure your beautiful present, and valuable as it is in itself, you may rest assured that I value it still more as the spontaneous expression of the sentiments of a people whom I have long since learned to love. I shall carry it with me on my tour, and when I look upon it, either on the bosom of the deep, or on the green fields of your native land and mine, it shall ever bring to my recollection the good and faithful people of the parish of Smith's Falls. Good by for a time, my dear people, and may God bless you, and keep you in His holy love until we have the happiness of meeting again. MICHAEL CLUNE, Priest.

FIRE.—THIRTY-SEVEN HORSES ROASTED.—At a quarter past eleven, on Wednesday night of last week a fire broke out in Messrs. Bancroft and Sharpe's livery stable, Laganchetiere street, which was very serious in its consequences. It appears that the foreman, Mr. Curtin, (who resides on the premises) had but a few moments before gone his usual rounds to ascertain that all was secure, and upon preparing to retire to bed some few minutes afterwards, hearing a noise in the yard beneath, looked out and saw the hay left in flames. He immediately obtained assistance and endeavored to save the horses, but owing to the dense and suffocating smoke it was with great difficulty that even five of the animals were rescued. Curtin was so much stupefied by the smoke that it was all he could do to save his own life. The stables were soon wrapped in flames, and it became impossible to save any more of the unfortunate animals, thirty-seven of which were burned to death. The flames spread very rapidly, and by the time the reels arrived had hold of everything on the premises. Soon the roof facing Alexander street fell in with a heavy crash, and the remaining part of the buildings, faired by a high wind, were soon reduced to ruins. There was a good supply of water, so much so that the aid of the steam engine, which was in attendance was not required. The firemen behaved with their usual intrepidity, and deserve great praise for their exertions. A large quantity of hay stored in the loft was destroyed, and 23 waggons and 16 buggies reduced to charred skeletons. Among the vehicles destroyed was the pleasure van "Pride of Canada." The horses generally were valuable, but neither the exact amount of loss nor of the insurance could be ascertained last night. The cause of the fire is inexplicable, but its career was sudden and destructive. By the time the firemen had reached their stations, another alarm sounded from the corner of St. Sophie Lane, where a shed at the upper end of the street was found to be in flames. Three cows were in it, but were rescued; the shed was, however, destroyed also a large number of fowls.—Herald.

TRAGEDY ON THE GRAND TRUNK AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—At about midnight on Friday last, the locomotive of the express train coming east left the track, when a short distance from Shamoville, near Belleville. The express and baggage cars, it is reported, were forced past the engine, without being injured, but the moving car telescoped the second class car, and the latter going forward knocked off the safety valve of the boiler, and I remained on the top of the engine, allowing the steam to fill the second class car, which was filled with passengers. Several persons were killed and a large number severely scalded by the volumes of steam, which at once filled the shattered car. The injured were extricated with the utmost despatch, and received medical attendance from professional men belonging to the district. The wounded were afterwards taken to Belleville, Kingston, and other towns as desired. A telegram from Belleville states that eleven deaths had occurred up to late on Saturday afternoon, and there were about forty passengers injured. A collision occurred on the Great Western Railway on Thursday evening, just east of London city, by which one man lost his life; another was so badly injured that his recovery is despaired of. Several others have also received hurts of a minor character. It seems that a special freight train going eastward, through some bungling on the part of a despatcher, ran foul of the grand trunk, to which was attached a "Caloos" car, containing about 18 or 20 employees of the road, returning from Waukena. The engine of the special completely telescoped the engine car, which was thrown upon the top of the locomotive, knocking off its smoke-stack, and disabling it utterly. The engine of the special got her head gear badly damaged. A young man named David Ward, who was in the caboose, was killed on the spot. His head was severed from his body, and his heart was nearly torn out, while his body generally was very mangled. A man named Day, also belonging to London was very badly hurt, and the chances are that he will not recover, both his legs being crushed badly. A young man from Guelph sustained some frightful injuries to the lower portion of his body, and one of his legs had to be amputated near the thigh joint. Out of all the occupants of the caboose, only a few escaped contusions and bruises, and some of them were of a very serious nature. The unfortunate man Ward, who was killed, leaves a wife and six children.—Gazette.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.—Last evening, as Mr. Frank Hawkins and Mr. C. Scott, of the Ottawa Post Office, were fishing from a small boat at the foot of the Hudson Falls, they noticed a man who was bathing in the river gradually carried out with the strong current. The swimmer who appeared to be a powerful man, used every exertion to regain the shore, until finding himself becoming exhausted, he sent up a thrilling shout for help. Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Scott, who did not think he was in any danger at first, at once cut loose their anchor, and proceeded to assist him, but before they could reach the drowning man he was so exhausted that he went under. A few rapid strokes of the oars brought the craft over the spot where the swimmer went down, and fortunately his hand reappeared above the water and was firmly grasped by Mr. Hawkins, who drew him up sufficiently to place his arms across the gunwales. Seeing that it was impossible to either take such a heavy man on board without upsetting the boat or to row to shore against such a stiff current, they pulled out to the boom, and getting the stranger between the timbers and the boat they got him on board and towed to shore. The swimmer was so far gone from the amount of water which he had swallowed that his eyes were protruding and had looking, and he was swollen considerably, but he soon recovered after reaching land. Messrs. Scott and Hawkins deserve credit for their

presence of mind and prompt action, to which there is no question the latter owes his life.—Ottawa Citizen, 21st inst.

PROGRESS.—Our Catholic readers will be pleased to learn that every thing is settled in a satisfactory manner with regard to the arrangements for the erection of St. Patrick's Church, which has so long remained unfinished. There is no doubt the Catholics and their friends in and around Ottawa will lend a generous hand towards the erection of this temple. It has been suggested that all the spare collections and banners should go towards the building until it is finished, and remember the old saying, pull well, pull strong, pull all together.—Ottawa Citizen.

DEPARTURE OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—QUEBEC, June 22.—Lord and Lady Lisgar arrived from Ottawa and Montreal at 8 o'clock this morning, and proceeded direct to the steamship, without landing. They were attended by Mr. Tonville, private secretary, and Lieut. Pansonly, Rifle Brigade, aide-de-camp. The former gentleman also preceds to England. A guard of honour from the 11. battery, under command of Col. Sturge, with the band of the corps was in attendance at the ocean steamship wharf. As the Scandinavian left her moorings, at 10 o'clock, a salute was fired from the citadel. The Allan steamer Meteor, having on board His Excellency Lt.-Gen. Doyle and suite, Col. and Lady Fletcher, the Premier, Hon. Sir John A. McDonald, and Lady McDonald, Hon. Sir Francis Hincks, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Sir Hugh Allan and Miss Allan, Miss Dalton, Col. Bernard, and Mr. Hillsworth, accompanied the Scandinavian down the harbor, and returned about noon.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CANADA.—Recently a large meeting of the inhabitants of the town and vicinity of Killarney, was held in the Court-house of that town, to consider the propriety of presenting to the Earl and Countess of Dufferin an address, expressive of congratulation on his lordship's appointment as Governor-General of Canada, and of regret in prospect of their removal for a time to a distant country. An address to his lordship, of a very flattering character, was unanimously adopted. The following is one of the paragraphs:—Personal qualities and accomplishments, well as senatorial experience and past services to the State, eminently qualify your lordship for the office to which you have been designated. In a country where many of the colonists are from Ireland, or of Irish descent, it will be no disadvantage that he who has been preferred to the primacy in rank and power is an Irishman of enlightened and devoted patriotism. On occasions demanding dignity and grace, in matters requiring discrimination and sagacity, when difficult and delicate questions arise for consideration and determination, and conflicting interests have to be adjusted, your lordship's talents show wisdom and integrity, and can be fully trusted. The transfer of your services to Canada cannot fail, by the blessing of the Supreme Ruler, to conduce to its welfare and felicity.

A FRODOG'S FORTUNE.—On the 16th inst., a cheque was presented at the Ontario Bank, drawn by Palgrave & Stethem, type foundry proprietors, and honored for the amount named, \$215.50. A few days ago a member of the firm entered the Bank and was informed that such a cheque in their name had been received and cashed. He denied knowledge of the affair, and pronounced the signature to the cheque a clever forgery. The party who presented the note being unknown, the case was given into the hands of Detectives Cullen and Bouchard. With the assistance of Mr. Palgrave they traced the cheque, which had been filled up, to the office of a city broker, and from him learned that such a number had passed into the hands of his office boy, Christopher Flood. The boy being accused of the forgery confessed. To facilitate escape from discovery, he had also forged the name of a clerk to the firm he defrauded, named Richard Dillon. Flood was arraigned before the Police Magistrate this morning on a charge of forgery and obtaining money on false pretences, and was remanded.—Star 22nd inst.

THE WRECK OF THE PRINCE.—An investigation was made yesterday by the Trinity Board into a charge made by Captain Thompson, of the Steamship Prince which was run ashore a short time ago at Isle au Monton, opposite our harbour, against the pilot Matthew. The charge was to the effect that the wreck of this vessel was occasioned by the negligence and mismanagement of the pilot. The Board after hearing the evidence produced, exonerated the pilot from all blame, and stated the disaster resulted from the fact that the vessel would not answer to her helm.—Gazette 21st inst.

Married. On the 19th inst., at the Parish Church of Notre Dame, by the Rev. Father Dowd, Mr. Francis Woodlock, to Miss Ellen S. Morrison.

Died. At the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Ottawa, on Friday morning, June 21st, Sister Mary Agnes Legue, of Strabane, Co. Derry, Ireland.—R.I.P.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL. LAST WEEK OF ERIN AND THE BRENNANS, NEW SCENERY OF IRELAND AND COMEDY COMPANY, SHOWING the Beauties of Ireland at the Present Day; Its Ancient Ruins, Churches, Gorgeous Moonlight and Sunset Effects; Exterior and Interior View of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; Lakes of Killarney, and Donnybrook Fair; with a first-class Company to represent the Irish peasantry as they really are. The Entertainment being most instructive and amusing. They will open at Music Hall, Quebec, July 1st, for one week, visiting all the principal Cities and Towns in the Canadas. Charitable Institutions for Benefits treated on Liberal Terms. Address: C. H. HICKS, BUSINESS MANAGER, True Witness Office.

WANTED.—We will give energetic men and women BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY from \$4 to \$8 per day, can be pursued at your own homes, and is strictly honorable. Send for samples that will enable you to go to work at once. Address J. LATHAM & CO., 292 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERRE-BONNE. THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES will take place on MONDAY, the 1st of JULY, at 10 o'clock A.M. The relatives of the students and friends of Education are especially invited.

JOHN MUIR, GENERAL COLLECTOR, No. 9 HANOVER STREET, MONTREAL. P. O. Address—6942. Orders left at "Pickers's" St. JAMES STREET.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, June 20.—Delegates of the party of the Right in the Assembly had an interview with the President to-day, but were unable to obtain from him any concession. M. Thiers was throughout firm in the expression of sentiment favouring the continuance of the Republican form of Government for France.

Negotiations looking to the final payment of the German indemnity and the evacuation of French territory are completed. The payment of indemnity still due to Germany is to be made by the 7th February, 1873, and third payment, also a milliard, due in 1874. The departments of Marne and Haute Marne are to be evacuated as soon as 500,000,000 francs of indemnity are paid, and the present force of the army of occupation to be reduced by one-third after payment of each milliard to Germany. The French government is already negotiating for bills of exchange to the amount of 500,000,000 francs.

TROCHU ON THE FRENCH ARMY.—General Trochu's reputation as a practical military commander, is now somewhat under a cloud, but as a theorist in all warlike matters, he is still looked upon as an authority. He maintains that the French Army has been ruined by overweening reliance on tradition and the law allowing substitutes. "Let us confess our mistakes," says he in effect, "and recognise the present impossibility of retrieving them.—The great revenge must be upon ourselves.—Those Frenchmen who love France best are of the same mind as the defender of Paris, and happily for the future of the nation, this kind of patriotism is every day becoming more common.

In the course of his speech, some days ago, on the Army Bill, the Duc d'Annamale spoke of one party having used a single fragment of the tricolor as the sinister emblem of civil wars.—This is considered in the light of a manifesto, in reply to that of the Comte de Chambord on the white flag. The Duc has since said that in so speaking of the flag of France he was true to the traditions of his house.

TO TRAVELLERS IN FRANCE.—Earl Granville has received a despatch from Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, enclosing a copy of a note from the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, announcing that the same facilities which have recently been accorded to British subjects entering France by the Northern frontier will be granted in the case of their departure or entry at other points of the French territory, the simple declaration of their name and nationality being sufficient. The only exception to this arrangement is stated to apply to the Spanish frontier, where, it is explained, increased precautions are at the present time necessary.

ARE THE FRENCH FICKLE?—The letter of the ex-Emperor will compel Chanzy's committee to take new ground with regard to the Sedan capitulation. It had been content to blame General de Wimpfen without proposing that he should be tried, but now the whole proceeding which terminated so disastrously for the French army, will be again gone into, and Wimpfen placed on his trial. The French have been charged, and perhaps with some justice, with being fickle in their estimate of public men, in proof of which the late governor of Strasbourg is cited, as showing how a man may be a popular hero to-day and execrated six months hence. The ex-Emperor himself is also an example of this. On the other hand although MacMahon and Bourbaki have been fully as unfortunate as Bazaine or de Wimpfen they are honored by the French people for their sterling honesty of purpose and undoubted bravery in the presence of the greatest calamities.

PARIS, June 21.—Elic Frederick Forey, Marshal of France, died yesterday, aged 68.

CRISIS IN FRANCE, June 21.—Political affairs are apparently approaching a crisis. The interview of yesterday between the delegates of the Right and M. Thiers leads to a rupture between that portion of the Assembly and the President. Members of the Right to the number of 50 have since held a meeting, at which speeches were made expressive of great indignation at the attitude of the chief executive, and it was resolved to leave M. Thiers to rely entirely for support upon the Left. During the session of the assembly to-day, the delegates of the Right summoned the Duc d'Annamale to a conference in the committee room. The members of the ministry all tendered their resignation to the President before the interview with the delegates of the right, but were all requested by the President to withdraw them to-day, with the single exception of Larby, head of the Department of Public Works, to whom it appears the Right have offered inducements to persist in his determination. The delegates of the Left are in the meantime quiet spectators of the expected crisis in public affairs, but maintain an observant attitude.

It appears that the counter proposals of France to Germany, in the matter of the early payment of the indemnity to the latter, were not, as has been reported, in the despatches from Berlin yesterday morning; but nevertheless a favorable solution of the negotiations between the two powers for an agreement of payment and the gradual relief of French soil from armed occupation is expected on terms much the same as already stated.

CONDEMNATION AND EXECUTION OF COMMUNISTS.—Perisier, Boin, and Bondia were executed on Saturday morning at Satory. They died crying "Vive la Commune!" The Military Tribunal has condemned to penal servitude for life Brissac, the secretary of the Committee of Public Safety, and has condemned to death Lolire, for complicity in the murder of Archbishop Darboy. The latter denies the allegation of the prosecution that he was one of the five or six volunteers to do the bloody service. On the contrary, his story is that he was told

off for duty at La Roquette, not knowing why. When there he saw the Archbishop of Paris and the other hostages brought out to be shot, and when the word "Fire" was given he obeyed the order. He fired, as well as he could remember, two or it might be three times. He did not aim particularly at the Archbishop, but he believed that his bullets struck him.

SPAIN.

CHURCH AND STATE.—MADRID, June 21.—It is reported that the Spanish Ministry have declared in favor of the separation of the Church and State in Spain.

PROTESTS OF THE BISHOPS.—Although one of the first acts of the Duke of Aosta on ascending the Spanish throne was to send Senor Ximemis to Rome to endeavor to obtain the recognition of his royalty by the Pope, yet his reign has been all along marked by successive acts of hostility and aggression against the Church. The odious law of last January ordering the offspring of marriages not solemnized by the civil officer to be registered as "bastards" proved that Amadeus was in earnest in his inaugural speech when he said:—"I shall make it my glory to walk in the footsteps of my illustrious father." By this week's Spanish news we learn that the Minister of Grace and Justice, having just published a decree, declaring the royal *executur* to be necessary for all Papal bulls, briefs, dispensations, indulgences, and acts of the Holy See. Cardinal Moreno, Archbishop of Valladolid, has addressed an able and energetic remonstrance to the Minister, pointing out the gross inconsistency of this interference with the action of the Church on the part of a Government which has so far ignored the Church as to deny its competency to celebrate a valid marriage.—The old law of Spain, it is true, required the Royal *executur* for Papal acts, *Redevant* Governments gave a *quid pro quo*—they recognized the Church and enforced her decisions.—The Archbishop also shows that the new ordinance, being as it is an arbitrary exercise of power, is at variance with the Constitution, which establishes the complete independence of all forms of religious belief. The Catholic is now placed in a disadvantageous position; while Freemasons, Jews, Mahometans, and Protestants are allowed the full and free exercise of their respective tenets in Spain, no *placitum regium* being enforced upon them.—The Archbishop concludes with this declaration:—"These are my last words on this subject; and I solemnly pledge myself to abide by them—be the consequences what they may—should the Government unhappily refuse to recognize the impolicy and the illegality of its present proceeding." The Archbishops of Compostella and Burgos, and the Bishops of Irun, Tarragona, and Badajoz, have made similar protests.

ITALY.

LIBERTY—AS UNDERSTOOD AT LUCCA.—At Lucca there has been some serious revolutionary disturbances. It appears that Count Bernardini of that city, who was formerly one of the Pope's guards on the occasion of the Mazzinian demonstration, was outrageously insulted by the mob. A number of vile prints were circulated amongst the people, in which this gentleman was held up to popular contempt. Instead of interfering, the police so far encouraged the populace that they tolerated their proceeding to the Court's house, and crying out before his windows the most horrible insults to religion and to the Bernardini family, which is one of the most respectable of the city. To make matters still worse, a few nights since Count Bernardini went to the theatre, and no sooner was he recognized than a number of ruffians commenced insulting him, and calling him by opprobrious names. The poor gentleman at once determined to retire from the theatre, and go home, but his intention being discovered, he was followed by a yelling mob to his door, crying out, "Down with Christ; down with Religion; *Morte al Papa*; Death to the Pope." The authorities took no notice whatever of the affair, and the next day a notice, by name Barsotti, formerly a Pontifical zouave, was cruelly beaten in public. So much for the treatment of the Pope's friends in Italy.

An Italian newspaper speaking of the reign of "law and order" in Rome says:—"Even a Sister of Charity passing along the street with a little girl, was followed by two men who addressed the most insulting language to her, attempted to pull off her veil, and to force the little girl away from her. A worthy stone-thrower at last succeeded in rescuing the terrified religious from her ruffianly assailants. Thus," says the Roman *Vice della Verita*, "even a sister of Charity—who is respected on the battlefield, and before whom the savage bends in admiration of the heavenly radiance which shines from her countenance,—even the Sister of Charity is not free to go and visit the sick and dying in the capital of Christendom." And this is progress! this is the boasted freedom which prevails in revolutionized Italy and in "emanipated" Rome!"

ROME, June 18.—The Pope has sent to the representatives of foreign nations an important circular concerning the present condition of the Holy See. It will soon be made public.

ADDRESS OF HIS HOLINESS TO ROMAN LADIES.—On Tuesday week the Princess Orsini, who is Prioress of the Sisters of the Way of the Cross for the succour of the sick, and President of the Congregation of the Daughters of Mary, introduced both those societies of devout ladies to an audience of the Holy Father, who conferred his benediction on them. One of the members having read an address, and another having recited an original ode in honor of His Holiness, he replied as follows:—

Beloved Daughters,—I have received with pleasure all that you have done and spoken, and I recognize the good-will by which you are actuated to labor always for the glory of God. At the Ascension of Jesus Christ, two angels upbraided those who remained in astonishment and motionless, with their eyes turned up to-

wards Heaven. Jesus Christ had gone up to Heaven to open its gates to us; he had ascended, all radiant in his brightness, and attended by the souls of the just whom he had just delivered out of Limbo. It was indeed natural that those who had seen a man go up thus miraculously to Heaven—that those who had come thither with Jesus should remain, fixed in wonder, gazing upwards in their amazement. But the angels came, and said to them, "Why stand ye thus looking idly up towards Heaven?" Go rather to the upper chamber—the angels seem to have meant—go there and pray with the others. You see, then, dear daughters, that it is always wrong to stay still in idleness; yes, even when we are looking up to Heaven to see wonders. In a word, we ought rather to act, rather to act than to gaze. This is what you have to do always and everywhere you can, whether at your country houses or amongst your friends, or in the midst of your families. Yes; there is good to be done by you in your own houses. Even in your own houses you may have some little disorders to cure; some of those belonging to you may need setting right. If so, set them right charitably, and strive to bring them to a good life. Keep on praying fervently; keep on working and setting a good example at all times and in all places, and then you will not have to be upbraided that you too "stand looking up to Heaven." Assuredly there are people to whom I should not say: "Why stand ye looking up to Heaven?" I should rather say: "What gain ye by looking down to earth?" Our present rulers are looking down to the earth. Yes, the world has been ever doing this—always looking down to earth; but those I speak of not only look down to the earth, they look down, in truth, to the depths below. I say that we ought to look up to Heaven, and labor for Heaven; all other things are as nought in comparison with our eternal salvation. I have said enough. We must do all we can by ourselves and by means of others. Think, beloved daughters, of the crowds who never reflect on God's law, and to whom the Prophet's reproach is applicable:—*Dissipaverunt legem tuam*. "They have cast away Thy law." Enough. Go to your houses, and take along with you my blessing; say to your families—especially to those who have the little disorder I alluded to just now—say to them: "The Holy Father's blessing comes to you too. He blesses you that you may get well." You will tell them this judiciously and with tact, as women well know how. I bless you, and your families, and all the objects of devotion which you have about you. *Deo-dictio, &c.* The Holy Father also spoke much in praise of the Sisters *Maestre Pie*, some of whom were present. They have the direction of the Congregation of the Daughters of Mary.

GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE BISHOP OF ERMELAND.—When the Prussian Minister of State despatched a decree to the Bishop of Ermeland reminding him that to excommunicate the "old Catholics," Professors Wollman and Michels, would be to break his oath of allegiance to the King, he commenced a war between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities which will not easily be brought to an end. Threats of legal proceedings, fine, imprisonment, or exile, will not prevent Catholic prelates from doing their duty. They will obey the laws of the State where they can but when those laws are at variance with the laws of the Church and the instructions which they receive from Rome, they will resist any Bismarck and any Kaiser. Excommunication is a spiritual function with which the State has no more right to interfere than with the absolution of penitents, the ordination of priests, or the marriage of members of the Church. Prince Bismarck may easily elevate the Bishop of Ermeland into a hero, a confessor, or a martyr, but he will not be able to bend the wills and warp the religious fealty of the pastors of 14,000,000 of Catholics. If the sources from which we derive our information be exact, the alternative proposed to the Bishop by the Minister Von Falk, acting under Bismarck's instructions, is one which cannot cause a moment's hesitation in a prelate's mind. He will rejoice that he is counted worthy to suffer for righteousness sake, and will bring into more prominent notice the principles on which Catholic conduct is built. All this is said under the supposition that Mgr. Krementz has broken the laws of Prussia; but this he expressly denies having done. He maintains, on the contrary, that liberty of religion being allowed by the Prussian constitution and laws, he has acted quite legally in exercising a purely spiritual function—to prohibit which would be to deprive him of his religious liberty. Moreover, by the Prussian law, any change of religion is permitted, and he has therefore struck no blow at the civil honour of the persons whom he has excommunicated. They have changed their religion; but that is not his fault. The Minister, Von Falk, is, we understand, a Catholic himself, and it is therefore so much the more to be regretted that he should give his support to the anti-Catholic proceedings of the Government. The present case is but one in a long series, which must arise if the Ministers do not recall. They may force on a contemptible schism, but they will never be victorious over the Church.

THE COMING PERSECUTION IN PRUSSIA.—A remarkable article in the *Journal de Neuchâtel* proves that the Catholics of Germany are quite prepared for a period of open persecution. This paper observes that Prince Bismarck's temporary retirement is spoken of in exactly the same way as his retreat from public affairs immediately before the war. "It is well known," the writer continues, "that the Prince loves surprises, and every time that he disappears something new and particularly disagreeable occurs." It is said, that the Imperial Government is resolved to act energetically, and only held aloof from the debate on the Jesuits in order to leave the responsibility of initiative to the Reichstag. In fact, after the words pronounced by Prince von Bismarck on the subject of the Roman Embassy, there can no longer be any illusions, and we remain none. The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* gives us the programme, according to his idea of it; fine, imprisonment, and suspension from episcopal functions of all the German Bishops; and should that be "insufficient to vanquish their rebelliousness," dismissal from their Sees, and appointment of "more loyal" priests in their stead. "The end," in fact, "of Roman Catholicism in Germany; for there are plenty of devout, learned, and exemplary Catholic priests ready to accept Church preferment from the hands of their lawful monarch." Fortunately, the Berlin information of the *Telegraph* does not always possess the authority of inspiration. Fortunately, also, there is such an agency as Divine Providence, though neither Prince Bismarck nor the *Telegraph* may take it into account.—*Tablet*.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of butter, one of sugar, twelve eggs, one pound of flour, half a teneup of brandy, one-half teaspoon of cloves, two of cinnamon, two pounds of raisins, two of currants, one of citron.

FATHER BORKES LECTURE.

(Continued from 2nd Page.)

man watch his words, to make a man measure well before he inflicts an injury upon his neighbor, than the thought, "If I say this, if I give way to this petty vengeance, or malice, or envy; if I say this thing, or publish that thing, even though that man may forget it, God will not forget it in the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven until I have gone out and swallowed this lie I am about to tell?"

To pursue a step further our relations to each other, society, and those around us, and every detail of social life as well, you will find the church following you, guiding your footsteps by her law, preserving your soul from sin, or touching it with a healing hand if you have fallen into sin. It is, therefore, no wonder at all, my friends, that every heresy almost that ever sprung up in the church assailed the confessional first. Nearly all the heresies united in this, at least many of them offered a bribe to poor human nature, and the bribe was, "You need not go any more to confession." Luther started this proposition; the world was shocked; they did not understand, but they were told, "Oh, it is all folly to be going to confession; don't go any more; there is no necessity." He abolished the obligation of restitution, because that is an obligation that is never complied with unless it is enforced; he abolished the sense of responsibility that brought the eye of God calmly but constantly into the soul; he abolished the fear of confession that restrained so many weak souls from committing sin; he abolished all that, and he left men to their own devices, and he left the world without the resources by which alone sin can be avoided and evaded, and he left the accumulated sins of man from his childhood to his extreme old age like a mountain upon him to bear them before the altar of judgement. Ah! cruel—cruel, indeed, was the heart of him who devised such an infernal scheme here. Cruel was his voice, O Luther, when thou didst say to Jesus Christ and to his church, "Let no more pardon, let no more grace come from you; let men live without it." Terrible was that denial of the greatest of earth's comforts as well as the most substantial of heaven's benefits: for what greater comfort can a man have if there be any hidden sin weighing upon his spirit, breaking his heart, loading him with a burden which he cannot bear alone, it is the natural instinct of that man to find a friend, and unbosom himself to that friend, and so lighten his own burden by sharing it with another, even if that friend has no power to relieve him, even if he had nothing to give him but a word of sympathy and of consolation. Merely to open the heart is such a relief that there have been hundreds and thousands who in order to do it—spoke their sins before the world. But the great drawback is "Where shall we find this friend? We must demand of him sympathy, we must demand of him patience, and above all, and what we really find we must demand of him to keep whatever we tell him secret. How rarely do we find a friend to whom you can entrust a secret. Tell me a man a friend that you don't wish the world to know, and you are in that man's power for the rest of your life." Why? Because if he tells that about you—you are ruined, and he can tell it; you have put yourself into his hands. But whoever thought of this in relation to the priest and confession? Did the thought ever come to anyone, to a Catholic mind, to say, "I can't tell my sins because I will be put into this man's power." Ah, you know that man has no power; will you know that if you meet that man an hour afterwards and put your hand into his, you will be the same to him as if you had never bent knee to him. He will not be such an impious blasphemer as to remember that which the Almighty God of heaven has forgotten. And thus it is the confessional acts upon society. If the whole world were Catholics, and if all men consented to go regularly to the sacrament of penance, this alone would be an end to all sin; there would be no more sin, no more heart-breaking, no more tears, no more terrific records of robberies and murders, no more women hardening their hearts and making them more ferocious than the tigress which devours and tears her young, no more of that callous, cold, calculating dishonesty in men, casting their wives around each other, like a spider's web, to entrap each other—no more misery in this world—all would be healed if men would only open their festering souls and let the salt of the power and grace of Jesus Christ come upon them; thus do we behold the action of the confessional on society; but, my friends, let us pray that God may enlighten those who, without the faith of the Catholic church, go on day after day, year after year, adding sin to sin and bearing the accumulated burden of their sin before the terrific judgment of Jesus Christ, and whilst we pray for them, oh, let us, like good men and true, enter into those privileges and graces which we enjoy, cleansing our souls from sin, preserving them in their purity by the frequent application of the graces which destroy this sin in the beginning, and by frequent confession and holy communion build up our souls and add grace to grace and strength to strength until we are developed into the fullness of our humanity and our age in the Lord Jesus Christ.

WINE AND CUT WORMS.—Nothing can be done to seed corn to prevent the attacks of the wire worm. The wire worm is the grub or larva of a beetle, and is bred in the ground. An old sod is best for corn, and there these caterpillars are liable to be. Plow early; plant early, and drop eight or ten grains in a hill, and if some are cut off so close as not to sprout again, there may be still enough left; if not, replant. These caterpillars, like most others, soon come to growth, and will be out of the way by that time.—An old farmer always dips his seed corn in coal tar before planting, and it is a fact that he is less troubled with the wire worms than his neighbors. Coal tar is so cheap, and to be had in almost every town at the gas works, that it is easy to try it at any rate.

The olive orchard of the Old Catholic Mission, San Diego, planted by the *pades* nearly a century ago, since it began bearing has never missed a season, now these 90 summers.

FINE CUSTARD.—Put in a small saucepan the yolks of four eggs, four teaspoonfuls of sugar, the peel of half a lemon, or a quarter of that grated, a grain of salt; mix all well, then add half a pint of milk; set the whole on the fire, stir continually with a wooden spoon till it gets thick and smooth, but do not let it boil, or it will curdle, then put it in a basin to cool, stirring now and then.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Four coffee cups full of sifted Indian meal, two cups coarse flour either wheat or rye; one teaspoonful salt, one teneup molasses, and boiling water enough to make it as thick as griddle-cake batter. When nearly cool, add half a teneup yeast, either home-made or distillery. Put the mixture into an iron baking dish, cover tightly, let it stand in a warm place until it cracks over the top (which should be smoothed over with wet hands before it is placed to rise). Bake it five or six hours in a moderate oven which will not burn the crust to a cinder.

JOINTY CAKES.—One cup of flour, three cups of meal, one cup of molasses, two cups of sweet milk, one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and one of salt. Bake one hour in a sponge cake tin.

HAM TOAST.—Chop lean ham, and put it in a pan with popper, a lump of butter, and two eggs beaten. When well warmed, spread it on hot buttered toast, and serve.

Relief in ten minutes for horse colic. Pour a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment down the throat.

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

In this changeable climate nothing is more important than dry feet; health and life depend upon it; therefore buy CABLE SNEW WIRE BOOTS and Shoes—never leak or rip.

MASTY CONSUMPTION CURED BY FELLOWS HYPOPHOSPHITES.

CARBONAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, Jan. 3, 1871. MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.

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

I also recommended it to another consumptive, but have not heard from him since, as he lives in a distant part of the Island. Hoping this will give you some encouragement, I remain yours, &c., D. H. BURRIGE.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street, TORONTO, ONT.

DIRECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

This thoroughly Commercial Establishment is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the City.

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

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

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

The system of government is mild and paternal, yet firm in enforcing the observance of established discipline. No student will be retained whose manners and morals are not satisfactory: students of all denominations are admitted.

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

COURSE OF STUDIES.

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

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS.

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

FIRST CLASS.

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

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

SECOND CLASS.

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

FIRST CLASS.

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

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

TERMS:

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

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

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

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 6 00
1st Class, " " " " " " " " 6 00

Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness or dismissal.

EXTRA CHARGES.—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin.

Monthly Reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians.

For further particulars apply at the Institute.

BROTHER ARNOLD, Director.

Toronto, March 1, 1872.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR PATENT IVORY AND LIGNUM VITEXE EYE CUPS.
Spectacles rendered useless, Chronic Sore Eyes cured, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated (and guaranteed) by the greatest invention of the age.

DR. J. BALL & CO.'S PATENT EYE CUPS.
The value of the celebrated well-known Patent Eye Cups, for the restoration of sight, breaks out in blazes in the evidence of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best Physicians in their practice.

The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Mayor Ellis, of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are the greatest invention of the age. Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitex Eye Cups—
CLAYSVILLE, Washington County, Pa., Sept. 29th, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups to be the *ne plus ultra* of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life or other causes, and are an invariable cure of Myopia and Near Sight. I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases both of acute and what is called chronic inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental, and great expense.

My mother, an old lady of sixty-four years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometime expresses herself. Certain it is, that her eyes were unusually old, and worn beyond her age to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the *New York Tribune*, without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the *Tribune*, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can imagine her pleasure. The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of the Cups. Wherever I go with them, they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience anywhere the people can be found. I was at our fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say that I myself, or rather the Eye Cups, were no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected the sale of many pairs. They will make money, and make it fast, too. No small catch-penny affair, but a superb, No. 1, tip-top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be life-long.

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

FENTON, MICH., July 17, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen—It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of my success with the Patent Eye Cups. I have been slow in my operations, but work on a sure plan. People are afraid of being humbugged, but I have convinced them of reality. The Patent Eye Cups are a perfect success. They have restored my son's Eye Sight who was blind in his right eye since he was a lad, the optic nerve was injured; after applying your Patent a few times he can read with that eye unassisted. He can shoot as many birds from the cherry tree, with his right eye that was blind, as any other person.

I have applied the Patent Eye Cups with Myopic attachments, to two persons eyes who are Near Sighted; their sight is improving at an astonishing rate.

My old eyes of 14 years standing are perfectly restored.

Many blessings on the inventors of the Patent Eye Cups, for the great good they have done to suffering humanity.

I remain, most respectfully,
REV. ISAAC MORTON.

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

Dr. J. Ball & Co., Oculists.—Gentlemen—I received your Patent Eye Cups by the hand of Mr. Rondelish; after testing the efficacy of the Cups for two weeks, I am satisfied they are what they are purported to be.

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

Very respectfully yours,
REV. J. SPOONER,
Blooming Valley, Crawford County, Pa.

CHESTER, Sussex Co., England, Dec. 15, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen—On the reception of the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, on the first application, I found benefit, and now, I am happy to say unhesitatingly, from my own practical experience, that in my opinion the result produced through using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups is one of the greatest boons that ever God bestowed or man received (Spiritual Eye Sight excepted).

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

I cease to wonder at once why people are so anxious for them, now I have tried them myself, and proved them with an ocular demonstration. They are simple in construction, and could not possibly, think, be more suitably adapted for the Eyes, besides being Harmless, Painless and Pleasant. I speak with all due deference of the Faculty, but at the same time, I cannot divest myself of the fact that the present treatment, in the cases of Myopia, or Near Sightedness, Dimness of Vision, Cataract, Partial or Total Blindness, is a failure in nineteen cases out of every twenty when they resort to the knife, and am sorry to say I know cases that have ended in total blindness, which cannot possibly occur in using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

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

Yours faithfully,
REV. J. FLETCHER.

CANBORO, C. W., June 13th, 1871.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.—Gentlemen—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I have waited to see what effect the Patent Eye Cups that you sent me last January would have upon my eyes. I can truly say the effect produced upon my eyes is truly astonishing. Before using the Eye Cups, a printed sheet was like a blank paper to my naked eyes, but now I can see to read without glasses any print with apparent ease. The glasses I was compelled to use before I applied the Eye Cups were of the greatest magnifying power to enable me to read or write, but now I have laid them aside and can read diamond print, and write without them. My sight is restored as in youth.

A young lady, the daughter of my tenant, which I have on my place, was affected very badly with near-sightedness, brought on by inflammation. She came to me to have the Eye Cups applied to her eyes, and, strange to say, after a few applications, (for reading) the book was removed from six inches focus to nine inches focus, and she can see objects at a distance distinctly, a thing she could not do before.

The Patent Eye Cups are the greatest invention of the age. May heaven bless and preserve you for many

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

Yours most truly,
ISAAC BOWMAN,
Canboro, Haldimand Co., C. W.
Near Boone Furnace, Greenup Co., Ky. }
February 8, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.
Gentlemen: This is to certify that, having been afflicted with sore eyes for several years, to such an extent that my sight was almost gone—could not see to walk about—having tried almost everything known in the Materia Medica I was constrained to try Dr. Ball's celebrated Eye Cups, with happy results. My eyes are entirely cured, and my sight is fully restored. After such results, one of my neighbors, who had been entirely blind for three years, commenced using the Eye Cups, and now he can see to do any kind of work, and is restored to his full eye-sight. To those suffering from such afflictions, try Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Eye Cups, and you will never regret the cost. Yours respectfully,
E. G. HOLBROOK.

J. R. THOMPSON,
Justice of Peace.
DEMORESTVILLE, C.W., Feb. 2, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.
Gentlemen: I obtained your Patent Eye Cups from you I was suffering very much from inflammation, dimness of vision, and weak eyes; I have been so bad for several weeks that my sight became so affected that I could not distinguish a man from a woman eight rods off. I applied your Patent Eye Cups a few times, as per your special directions, and to my great delight, they have perfectly and permanently restored my sight, cured all inflammation and weakness of my eyes. I am now able to see a bird, where I could not see a man at the same distance.

I will also state my friend's case, who applied your Patent Eye Cups. I returned this morning from visiting an old lady that was almost totally blind in one eye, and could see no person standing before her with the other eye. After I made an application with the Patent Ivory Eye Cups of two and one-half minutes, she could see her hand and fingers with her eye that was totally blind, and the other was greatly improved. Your Eye Cups are simple, can do no harm to any eye, and far surpass any invention of the present age. I remain,
Very respectfully yours,
REV. JOHN HILL.

LEEDS, C. E., March 13, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.
Gentlemen: I sold a pair to a man that was so blind he had to be led about by the hand; now he can see to go where he pleases. I sold another pair to a boy that had sore eyes, and had spent \$100 trying to get his eyes cured; the Eye Cups have cured him.

JOHN DONAVAN,
Leeds Village, Canada East.
LUCAN, C. W., Feb. 7, 1872.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.
Gentlemen: I have some good news to tell you. My father and mother have been using the Cups since I received them; they are improving fast. Father is beginning to read without his spectacles, after using them for over 20 years. Yours, &c.
P. WALDEN, M. D.,
Lucan, Middlesex Co., Canada West.

Reader, these are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee that your old and diseased eyes can be made new; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See our advertisement in another column of this paper.

All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send their address to us, and we will send our treatise on the eye, of forty-four pages, free of charge, by return of mail.

Write to
DR. J. BALL & CO.
No. 91 Liberty street,
New York City, N. Y.

Agents wanted for every County in the United States and the Dominion of Canada not yet disposed of. Send for Pamphlet, Circulars, and price list, sent free of charge.

GOOD CABLE SCREW WIRE BOOTS & SHOES
Are Selling from Maine to California.

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

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

GRAND 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. Lyell, 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 Melodeon, " 80
- A Magnificent Eight-Day Clock, " 80
- Gerald Griffin's Works, (10 vols) " 20
- One large Family Bible, " 10
- One Gun, " 10
- One Microscope, " 10
- One Concertina, " 10
- A beautiful Statuette Tableau, " 10
- One ditto, " 10
- McCree's History of Ireland, " 8
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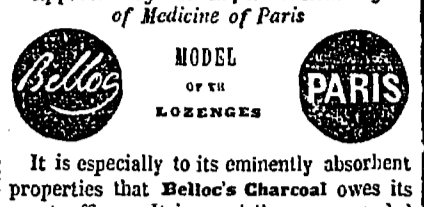
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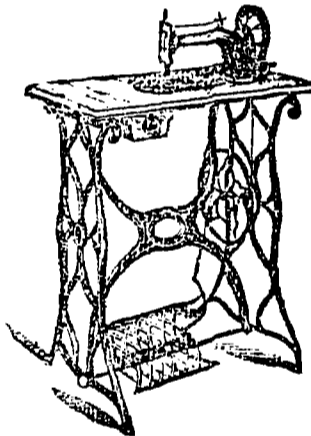
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