

POPIH PRACTICES IMITATED.

(From the Morning Star.)

A dinner which was provided at the rectory, was dispatched, and the company returned to the school rooms. The children then sang the following ballad, by the Rev. M. Neale, whose previous poetical effusions in favour of Puseyism have gained him some degree of notoriety.

"A song for the times when the sweet church
blithely, and cheerily, and brightly,

Called with a poor old pray, and
As they opened their eyes by the bright sun,

And when evening drew away,
The square came out from his rich old hall,

And the peasants by two and by three,
And the old maid let her latchet fall,

And the shepherd left his flock,
Then a song for the times, &c.

Through the churchyard door, by the church
yard gate,

They went both old and young,
And with one consent in prayer bent,

And with one consent they sang,
They knelt on the floor till the prayers were

over,
To the priest they gave good heed;

Who would not bless the good old days,
When our church was a church indeed.

Then a song for the times, &c.

"Christmas was a merry Christmas then,
And Easter-tide the same;

And they welcomed well with merry bell
Each saint's day as it came.

They thought with love on the saints above,
In the pious days of old.

We toil and we slave till we drop in the grave,
And all for the lust of gold.

Then a song for the times, &c.

"But little we'll care what wicked men
May say, or may think of ill;

They kept their saints' days holy then,
We'll keep them holy still.

We'll cherish them now, in times of strife,
As a holy and peaceful thing.

They were bought by a faithful prelate's life,
In spite of a schismatic king.

Then a song for the times, &c.

[* Note. Saint Thomas a Becket and Henry
the Eighth. — Ed. Cath.]

The Roman Catholic Church.

No instructed man can deny that the

Roman Church presents one of the most

solemn and majestic spectacles in history.

The very arguments which are employed

against its rites, remind us of the mighty

part which it has played on the theatre of

the world. For when we say that the

ceremonies of its altars, and the evolutions

of its priests are conceived in the spirit of

heavenism, — how can we forget that it

was once the witness of ancient paganism,

the victor of decedid superstitions, the rival,

yet imitator of its mythology? When

we ask the use of the lights that burn during

mass, how can we fail to think of the

secret worship of the early christians, as

sembled at dead of night in some vault

beyond the eye of observation? When

we wonder at the pantomimic character of

its services, its long passages of gesticu-

lations, are we not carried back to the time

when the quick informer and persecutor

looked near, and devotion, finding words

an unsafe vehicle of thought, invented

the symbolical language which could be

read only by the initiated eye? Long and

far was this church the sole vehicle of

Christianity, that bore it on over the

storms of age, and sheltered it amid the

clash of nations. It evangelised the phil-

osophy of the East, and gave some sobriety

to its wild and voluptuous dreams. — It

received into its bosom the savage con-

querors of the North, and nursed them

successively, out of utter barbarism. It

gave, by the desert fountain from which

all modern history flows, and dropped into

it the sweetening branch of Christian truth

and peace. It presided at the birth of art,

and liberally gave its traditions into the

young hands of colour and design. Traces

of its labours, and of its versatile power over

the human mind are scattered throughout

the globe. It has consecrated the memo-

ry of the loveliest of Africa, and given to

the human mind a scattered throughout

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brains growing lighter under the influence

of such prayers, and perhaps had distant

glimpses of "gospel truths" of which he

had never before dreamed in "his born

days."

To be reputed ignorant by our Metho-

dist brethren, and in our ignorance to be

prayed for, was not the only honor we en-

joyed during the progress of conference.

We are assured that there was a slippery

young divine from Cincinnati, by name

Schon, who regulated the citizens with some

exquisite flights of fancy, and among other

things, told them that the Pope "desires

to take possession of the Mississippi valley

and establish a despotism." He is "now

sending out his emissaries to take possession

for him." The only remedy Brother

Schon would recommend at present, is "to

pray and out-preach the Catholics."

He felt certain that when "the design of

the Pope became manifest, the people

would rise in their dignity and assert their

independence." If brother Schon under-

takes to pray and preach right hard, we

fear that the Catholics will have a bad

chance, for Sampson of old, has taught us

that a jawbone is a very destructive weapon,

and we can scarcely flatter ourselves

that it will be any the less ruinous because

used by the owner himself. It will be

like a two edged sword amongst us, and

leaves the Pope but small comfort when

he comes over.

For a minister of the Gospel to believe

such absurd and childish conceits as these,

displays great ignorance; and that he se-

riously on Sabbath morn, should tell en-

lighten, and people such things, evince him

gross and credulous are the prejudices per-

vading the public mind.

Can the Rev. Mr. Schon point to any

evidence that the Pope has this design, or

that the Catholics would be the subservient

tools of his temporal ambition? If he

cannot, why hazard declarations so inju-

rious to his fellow-citizens? If he can,

why does he not bring forward facts in-

stead of assertion? We, as Catholics, defy

him to prove any such intention on the

part of the pope, or any willingness on the

part of Catholics to become the instruments

of such a design. — Catholic Advocate.

MR. BORROW,

Author of the Bible in Spain, and the

Zincali.

"Mr. Borrow," says a writer in the

Revue des Deux Mondes, was originally

I believe a horse jockey, or something of

that kind; since then, a pious and devo-

tion having seized him, he has travelled

over the world to spread the gospel light

among the Greeks, Papists, Ottomans,

Barbarians, and Zincali. To gain souls

for Calvin, to conquer horses and infidels

and to wander over plains, marshes and

forests, are his favorite pleasures. A Don

Quixote of the nineteenth century, and an

English Don Quixote, he travelled as a

colporteur among the Alpujarras, at Cintra,

Centra, Merida, upon the banks of the

Guadalquivir, and the Douro, with a ca-

go of Bibles; some in Arabic, others in

Bohemian tongue, — not that of Bohemia,

but that of Hindostan [Zincali]. Can you

think of an oddity more strange than this?

With a vigorous nature, a well ten-

dered soul, an uncommon courage, and a

burning curiosity mingled with a lively

taste for adventures, and even for dangers,

a polyglot mind with the gift of tongues,

Mr. Borrow understands Persian, Arabic,

Dutch, German, Russian, Polish, Spanish,

Portuguese, Swedish, Irish, Norwegian,

and the old Scandinavian, not to mention

Gaelic, Kymri, or Welsh, Sanscrit, and

Zincali, the language of the European

gypsies. He is an athletic man, thirty-

five or six years old, with a bright black

eye, his brow already covered with a for-

est of premature white hair, and an olive

complexion, as if he belonged originally to

that Indian race of whom he is the chroni-

cler and friend.

"He was born at Norfolk, and found

himself, no one knows how, and he does not

tell, in the midst of gypsies, blacksmiths,

fortune-tellers, rope-dancers, horse-jock-

ies, old clothes merchants and beggars from

Egypt, who inhabited this city and its en-

vironments. From these horrible instructors

he received at an early age, his first know-

ledge of gibberish; the rudiments of the

Zincali language; and hereditary receipts

relative to the rearing and support of

horses. As he grew up he went to Edin-

burgh, went through the university course,

studied diligently Hebrew, Greek, and

Latin, and made frequent excursions into

the highlands to learn Gaelic thoroughly.

What becomes of him afterwards? No

one knows. The portion of his life lies

in the shade; he afterwards reappeared,

and we find him suddenly converted,

and engaged in the service of the Bible

Society, a company organized for the pro-

pagation of the Bible. He travels over the

world, and leaves on his route Bibles by