

All letters and remittances are to be forwarded, free of postage, to the Editor, the Very Rev. Wm. P. McDonald, Hamilton.

## THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20.

### TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We have repeatedly called attention to the indifference several of our Agents apparently manifest in collecting our subscriptions. The volume is now nearly at a close; and they must know the difficulty we are obliged to labour under, by the non-performance of subscribers to our terms. We subjoin a list of most of the places where sums are due, without the names of individuals, and hope they will see the necessity of promptly attending to this call:—

Dundas, \$4; Ancaster, \$7½; Dunville, \$3; Preston, \$1; Palermo, \$1½; Mickillip, \$1; Brant, \$1; Galt, \$3; Paris, \$1½; Brantford, \$4½; Westminster, \$1½; West Flamboro', \$3; Vittoria, \$2½; London, \$21½; Guelph, \$3; Warwick, \$6½; Mosa, \$3; Chatham, \$6; Maidstone, \$7½; Chippawa, \$1; Queenston, \$3; Niagara, \$1½; St. Catharines, \$6; Waterdown, \$5; Springfield, \$3; Cooksville, \$9½; Wellington Square, \$8½; Oakville, \$1½; Trafalgar, \$3; Streetsville, \$9; Toronto, \$76½; Gore of Toronto, \$3½; Albion, \$7½; Orillia, \$2; Newmarket, \$1½; Penetanguishine, \$1; Lloydstown, \$23½; Beavertown, \$13; Whitby, \$1½; Port Hope, \$3; Peterboro', \$21; Cobourg, \$12; Wellington, \$5½; Picton, \$19½; Belleville, \$20½; Napanee, \$2; Thorold, \$1; Richmond, \$15; Camden East, \$1½; Kingston, \$16½; Sydenham, \$6; Gananoque, \$1½; Perth, \$19½; Carleton Place, \$4½; Fitzroy Harbor, \$1½; Huntley, \$9; Westmeath, \$6; Smith's Falls, \$1½; Cornwall, \$11½; Bytown, \$40; St. Andrew's, \$15; Plantagenet, \$6; L'Orignal, \$15; Aylmer, \$9; Quebec, \$9.

We had intended noticing more at length the misquotations and woful slanders of our Gazette man; but from the late account we have had of that individual's character, we think it beneath us evermore to pay the least attention to his future false and filthy effusions.

### NEWS FOR THE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

We venture on no loose or exaggerated statement, when we say that the number of converts to the Catholic faith in Great Britain annually exceeds, by some thousands, the whole number of members of the Reformation Society put together!

### DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

At the sixty-second anniversary of the Naval and Military Bible Society, held in the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 17th ult., the Rev. A. W. H. Rose observed that, "if we were anxious, as we ought to be, to promote the spiritual welfare of our sailors and soldiers at home, we should not forget those who had left our shores,

but send to them also the bread of life, that they perish not in their sins. The classes of persons whence our army and navy were generally speaking, recruited, were for the most part deplorably ignorant. In one district, whence large supplies of men were received, it was discovered by one Commissioner of Education, that the people considered Jim Crow the most distinguished person of whom they ever heard. Jack Sheppard was the next object of their admiration; then Buonaparte, then Wellington. They did not know the name of the Queen, and of Prince Albert they had scarcely heard." Travellers tell us many strange stories of the ignorance prevalent among the humbler classes in Catholic countries; but we doubt if ignorance such as Mr. Rose alludes to can be matched in any Christian country but England, which maintains a clerical establishment surpassing in riches all the rest of the Christian world.

From "The Tablet: a Catholic Journal"

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ANGLICAN SCHOOLS IN ST. PAUL'S.

On Thursday last this interesting anniversary took place. To such of our readers as have never witnessed it, a description may not be unacceptable. The space immediately under the dome is fitted up with scaffolding to a considerable height, slanting downwards as in an amphitheatre; and upon this, on a series of steps, are seated the children of both sexes of the metropolitan Anglican schools. The choir of the church is in the organ-loft, near which is placed the director of the children's music, holding a baton wherewith he guides their movements. The space below—the pit, we may call it, for the sake of clearness—is reserved for spectators. In the centre are the usual sorry arrangements for Protestant worship, a high pulpit towering above all for "the sermon," and a reading desk for the presiding clergyman. No altar, no cross, no symbol of Christianity—nothing but what the most unengaged form of dissent would fully approve. The spectacle of the children is certainly beautiful and most striking. The blended masses of boys and girls, irregularly running one into the other; the boys in their darker but varied costumes, with gay roses and ribbons, and newly-burnished badges; the girls in their white caps and aprons, but with their uniforms of brighter and various colours, gave a bright and cheerful appearance to the sides of the vast amphitheatre. We can compare it to nothing but the sides of a steep, sloping parterre, covered with beds of variegated but classified flowers; and when the whole mass simultaneously rose or sat down, or bowed and curtsied at some of the prayers, it seemed like the passing of a breeze over the surface of the garden, waving every stem and bringing out new hues. Such were our first and pleasurable impressions on contemplating this interesting scene: but these soon gave way to sadder thoughts. Wherefore this spectacle? why this display? If to gratify the sight of those who by their generosity contribute towards the education of these poor children, we will tolerate this condescension to the weakness of human vanity; if to encourage others to contribute to the same cause, we will not venture to rebuke the coldness of charity which needs such help. Alas! would to God that the coldness only there existed;

where it is a characteristic; and not there, also, where there are altars on which its flame should ever burn! But if this congregation of little ones is intended for a religious purpose, it is only another exhibition of the powerlessness of Protestantism, even in its better form, to produce that deep tone of piety, that thrilling vibration of the heart's nerves, which such means, wielded by Catholic influence, could not have failed to produce. Five thousand three hundred children arranged in a circle round a pulpit; there it begins and there it ends, as far as the religious part of the matter goes. A clergyman in the middle reading daily prayers, which we are sure not one of that multitude could hear, but to which they all answered with well-trained mechanical precision, here was the whole worship of a great and public festival. The poor children had been taught, if boys, to put their hands before their eyes, if girls, to raise their apron to their faces during the recital of prayers: and the form was observed with all the precision of a well-practised evolution—but we could see no mark of attention—for they cannot have heard—or of sympathy, or devotional feeling, so far as our eye could reach. And who can blame them? While their step-mother Church does so little to win their love; holds out so little to secure their infant mind; and ministers so poorly to the wants of opening reason, of budding intelligence, by not feeding their longing senses with what can alone impress them; while she veils from their eyes, as evil, every sacred memorial of divine love; nay, while she withholds from them (for she has lost them) the solemn rites by which alone supreme worship is paid to God, His divine sacrifice, and its attendant solemnities, what wonder that the deeper feelings of religion should be neither known nor exhibited among them—no adoration—what was there to claim it? No tenderness—what was there to excite it? No outburst of the affections—what was there to unlock their depths? Hence the very song which rose from so many mouths seemed to us cold and faint, slow and inanimate, when we considered their number and their age. Yes, we are sure that half the number of French, or Italian, or Spanish children, assembled before an altar on which the adorable Victim of salvation had been offered up, and of which many of them had for the first time partaken, when called to sing the concluding *Te Deum*, would have made the dome vibrate to the brilliant ring of their joyful voices, and drowned the sound of the deep-toned organ in their overwhelming unison. It would have been as "the sound of many waters," as "the roaring of the sea," as "the song of a great multitude which no man can count;" so fine, as those great choral efforts of nature to which the Divine Word compares the sublime power of heavenly strains. What a different spectacle would that church have presented had those little ones, instead in the bosom of a tender Mother Church, been brought together, so as to fill the vast nave, with every eye turned towards a rich and solemn altar before them, on which sparkled the sign of salvation, beneath which reposed the ashes of saints, where the kindled tapers glowed upon the jewelled tabernacle wherein reposed the soul's treasure, kneeling together in one attitude of homage, and using as by the natural law also to fulfil the Gospel

injunctions! How awful, how sublime the pause, when at the consecration of the bread of life, the whole multitude of those innocents bow down lowly the adoring head, and hold still its one breath—for they are all one body and one spirit—fearful to disturb the silence of that worship, in which angels themselves sink with men into songless adoration! How truly like a breeze of heaven stirring the face of Eden, is that murmuring sound with which each drooping head is raised again to the returning Hosannah! How heavenly the expression of so many glowing countenances and tearful eyes, with which the presence of the Lord of Glory is acknowledged! Oh! England wants such scenes as these to convince her of the truth, and bring her back to the Church of Christ. The power of our holy religion would be far better recognized, and more gladly acknowledged when manifested in such a form, than when thundered forth from pulpits. A meeting such as we have described would convert more souls than a course of lectures. We do not despair to see such an auspicious occurrence. The noble church of St. George, in the Borough, will soon be completed. Let it be the church of the metropolis; at least till some other is raised to eclipse it. Let all the great offices of the Church be there performed with such solemnity and splendour, as the contributed assistance of other chapels can afford, with a full presbytery and solemn choir, and what is more, a crowded assembly of faithful. But more powerful even than all such functions will be one analogous to that above described; if the children of the Catholic schools, trained separately to devout behaviour and feelings, taught to join in the rich but simple harmonies of Catholic song, are brought together, whether for confirmation or first communion, or (instead of passing in procession through a dinner-hall) an anniversary commemoration; and lift up their hands and voices with one accord on behalf of their benefactors, we feel sure that the appeal which they will thus make to the hearts of those who witness them will be more successful than any sermon; and their early piety do more to convince the minds of those in error, that with us alone is the Truth, than any reasoning ever will.

### THE TROUBLES OF THE TORY PREMIER.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

Never, probably, in the history of Great Britain, has there been a minister who assumed the reigns of power with such a majority at his back, and who, in a few months contrived to entangle himself in so many and such inextricable difficulties, as Sir Robert Peel. Feared and disliked by the great mass of his own party, whom his concessions to the spirit of the age—inconsiderable as they are—have completely alienated; hated by the Whigs from the mere instinct of Whiggery; and distrusted by the people at large, whom his half-way measures have by no means conciliated, though they may have ruined him with the Tories—Sir Robert Peel is placed in one of the most insecure positions ever occupied by a statesman—yet a position in which he could win at once honor for himself and confidence from the people, had he but the moral courage and the honest heart to carry out those measures of radical reform which the exigencies of the times require, and which, come what will, they must ultimately obtain. True, the selfish aristocracy of both parties might combine to defeat him in Parliament, but let him