

Sunday comes on, The bells again ring out their invitations to "worship." Again the streets exhibit their morning concourse and again the worship-houses are visited. But the parks and squares have their devotees. Fashion is the ruling deity of Sunday in London. The devil has his own hours for service. London is truly called the "Modern Babylon."

Catholicity I born in the stable at Bethlehem, nurtured in the blood of Calvary, and flourished in the slaughter of myriads of followers of a crucified Head, thou alone canst calm the tempest of human passion, assuage the howling of temptation and make man happy in the midst of trials! Human intellect may exult in its victories over scientific difficulties, may boast of a ratiocination almost unconquerable by theological acumen, but yet Divine Catholicity rules paramount, even in the heart of the mighty British nation. The gilded palace of royalty has within its folding doors, for certain high personages, the sacred figure of the Crucifix, and the relatives of royalty have enshrined nearest their heart the emblems of Christianity. The gorgeous saloons of English nobility exhibit the longings of the soul for something more than the mere terrestrial pleasure—but yet, for fear of human pride taking offence, these things are kept to the distant corner.

The Amphitheatre of Rome has been watered by blood of Catholic Martyrs; the record of every nation of civilized Europe have told the tale of suffering for the Faith of Christ; the innumerable monuments of ancient art announce to us that, soon as paganism had given place to Christianity, the heart of man was delighted to make its home midst the sombre shade of the Cloister and the Abbey Church. The very earth, in many cases, announces the grand fact, that Catholicity is the real benefactor of the human race, and hence we find such luxuriant plains the concomitant heritage of the Abbey-Castle of our present nobleman. Oh! when shall we again see the plains of Europe covered with those holy men whose highest ambition is to cultivate the soil for man's support, and to train up the youth of their day in the path of rectitude! Now-a-days the invention of some trifle is lauded to the sky because of its adding to the progress of trade and commerce, whilst the grand science of salvation is left to creep its way midst the most trying difficulties. But yet, Catholicity progresses. Man knows, and he cannot deny, even to himself, that this world is after all its science and its commerce and its greatness, but a mere state of transition to a SOMEWHERE ELSE. And after he has passed thro' the vast vortex of juvenile indulgence, and after he has accumulated a large portion of this world's wealth, the thought comes to his mind again and again—"for what have I labored?" Hence we find the grey-headed nobleman and the tired-out merchant striving to give the evening of their days to the great work of Religion. But here again comes another difficulty! Throughout Europe those men find a variety of ways pointed out as leading to man's only home. They see, too, houses raised in every direction and called the Temples of the Most High. They behold men of every age profess that their respective professions are the sure roads to happiness, but yet—ONE, AND ONLY ONE, found to afford satisfaction. The gorgeous church has been often visited; the loud peal of the organ and the choristers have been often heard with delight; the sermon has been heard, and it has charmed the ear by its brilliant oratory, but yet the secret of the soul's content has not been found. So was it in those days, when the poor fishermen emerged from Galilee and proclaimed Jesus and Him crucified as the only rock of happiness and safety to the human race; and so will it be till time is no more. Man may boast of progress in science and art, and he may say that he has outstripped the old and ignorant prejudices of his forefathers, but yet he must return to the thought—"Man's days are few, and there is a futurity." Here, then, we have a solution of the se-

cret why London, the great Babylon, with all its fashion, commerce, and wealth, is so thronged with "Houses of Worship"—It is full of such, and yet there is a great amount of discontent upon the great subject of the "Road to Heaven." The "Houses" are full every Sunday, and they are empty every day of the week. From their noble spires peal forth the sweet chimes of Catholic days, but those holy notes of invitation to prayer are counted, only, as indications of the passing hour.—When the sweet sound resounds from the belfry—no "Ave Maria," as formerly, is repeated. Alas no! And on Sunday when the solemn tones of the great bells call men to prayer, 'tis not the solemn group you see going to church to acknowledge their own littleness and unworthiness, but the proud assembly of wealth and fashion going to contend in splendor before Him who "exalts the humble and humbles the proud."

But we have delayed too long over this sad topic, turn we then to a more cheering one.

Midst all the splendor of London there is a secret spring emitting its waters of consolation in which the thirsty soul languishes to regale. The back street and the deserted house of corruption present to view the successors of the humble fishermen. I said Mass in one of those evocated dens of Satan, but there now officiate the holy sons of Saint Philip Neri. The same hall that re-echoed the sounds of devilish revelry now reverberates the sweet words of inspired Psalmody, and that very place where, in time not long past, Satan's altar stood, is daily offered the immaculate Victim of Salvation. Full of the zeal of their holy founder, the children of St. Philip Neri, all converts from Protestantism, preach without ceasing the sacred doctrines of the Catholic Church. Not only on Sundays, but upon every day, you may find in this retired place many persons drinking in the grace of conversion from the lips of the Oratorians. The sacred fount of baptism is daily shedding its healing waters upon the heads of converts to the Catholic Faith.

But the Oratorians are only one small portion of the spiritual fishermen of England. Throughout this vast population the clergy of the Catholic Church are daily extending the fold of the one shepherd. Locality after locality is making its exertions to erect the "True House of God"—and Fashion, and Commerce, and Science are bending the neck to the sweet yoke of the one shepherd Jesus Christ. Midst all this mighty revolution in England, how consoling it is to the heart of the Irish Catholic Priest to reflect back a look upon his own country! Here was every means tried to extirpate Catholicity from the soil—but all in vain! The child was authorised to exterminate his parents and become the possessor of their property, did he but swear to Protestantism; the most infamous character might seize upon the person of his neighbor, and even slay him—the scaffold was daily in requisition for the murder of Catholic Priests and schoolmasters, and yet the Faith outlived all these and more than these, and now buds its fruits in the Royal Palace of England. Ireland is more Catholic to-day than she ever has been. Her people have been mowed down by persecution, by famine, and by pestilence, and yet the loud and incessant cry is Catholicity! Catholicity!! Catholicity!!! The hovel of destitution finds Catholicity its only sure comforter—the emigrant to America finds Catholicity his sweet protector on his perilous journey over the waters of the Atlantic, and his best star of guidance, and the sinner who hopes for salvation finds Catholicity his only sure bulwark against the storms of temptation, the terrors of death and eternal ruin. And America, too, is becoming Catholic. For a time it may be that the progress of Empire will impede that of the Faith; but the influx of Catholic immigrants will infuse into the very heart of the Republic the benign spirit of Him "whose delight it is to be with the children of men." And when that spirit rules America, she, too,

will exult in the splendor of a Church that has for its founder the Eternal Son of God; a Church that ever elevates the soul above the things of this transitory world, and that prepares man for the eternal possession of that happiness measurable only by Him that makes it.

MATTHEW SCALLY, O.C.C.

PROGRESS OF RUIN IN THE WEST.

We copy the subjoined from the *Mayo Constitution*. Our readers are familiar with the condition of the poor farmers from Mayo, and are perfectly capable of judging how far these unfortunate people are qualified to withstand the accumulated demands of landlords pressing for rents contracted in the days of protection and potatoes, and which are, on landlord showing, double the present value of the land, and poor rate collectors pressing for rates which in themselves amount to a full rent. This is the intolerable pressure which suggests to the poor people the desperate resort of cutting down and carrying off their crops on Sundays, when a merciful law gives the poor man a Sabbath day's rest from fleecing. Rich or poor the farming population of the West are unable to sustain the pressure now made upon them. It must be remembered that the rates of five shillings and five shillings and tenpence, now struck in the poor law unions of Mayo, do not constitute the whole amount of rate struck within the year, but follow close upon the heels of rates of a similar amount, struck last spring, and for the enforcement of which the lands have lately been swept clear of stock: as for the enforcement of the present rates, together with the landlords' rents, they are now about to be swept bare of the crops. At the same time that the collectors are distraining for their rates the landlords are also distraining for their rents. The landlords, to be sure, are nominally liable for half the rates—that is, the tenants have a right to use the collectors' receipts up to half its amount as a discharge for so much rent, but this privilege, it is evident, that the tenant cannot use to any purpose until he has first paid up every farthing (save whatever the poor rate receipt may stand for) of the impossible rent to which in other times he made himself liable. If, as seems to be now the case in Mayo, everything is to be swept away from the tenant, we have no objection (but rather the contrary) that the guardians of the poor, even under an imperfect poor law, should make good a timely line upon that which it appears the poor tenant must at all events lose. But how fearful a picture does it present of the devastation of the country worse than any wrought in other lands by invading armies, to see landlords on the one side and poor rate collectors on the other, swooping down upon the harvest the moment the sickle has entered it, and engaging in desperate competition with each other for the seizure of a crop which is inadequate, at existing prices (fivepence farthing a stone for oats!) to satisfy the demand of either, while of the tenants who have toiled, and begged, and starved, and gone naked, in order to till and rear the crop, the few who have endeavoured to use the opportunity of the Sabbath-day to save themselves a few sheaves for food, are about to be hunted down with all the vindictiveness of laws disinterred for the purpose, as conspirators and felons.

Our readers will understand that the *Mayo Constitution*, from which we quote, is in sympathy with and the organ of the Mayo landlords. All its complaint and indignation is reserved for the poor rate collectors, and it has no wrath—nor even mention—for the competing harpies.

The following is the article of the *Constitution* :—

POOR RATES—FREE TRADE.

Notices have been posted throughout this union, dated the 5th inst, announcing the fact of a rate of five shillings in the pound having been struck on the Castlebar union. We also hear that a rate of 5s. 10d. has been laid on the Westport union, and rates equal in amount on the other unions of the country. This is bringing matters to a crisis. The moment has now arrived when the consideration must be—will the country survive this exaction, or are we to be legally engulfed in ruin? This startling subject is one which, while it may appear chimerical to many at this moment, will, we fear, be brought sensibly home to them ere this year has rolled its round. For, let us for a moment contemplate the aspect of this country, the meagre crop which a certain class are busily engaged in crying up as a panacea for all the misery which has enveloped the population for the past four years, the poor rates which are just laid on, and the free trade policy, which is the hydra monster rearing its head over the rest—and what must be the inevitable conclusion which any sane person must arrive at? Why, that in the midst of such all classes and ranks must sink into the common whirlpool of destitution. It is quite plain that the landlord, in his present condition, can no longer support the masses which surround him, despoiled of rents, and sunk each day in debt by his deserted farm bearing a burden by taxation, and the few tenants who now possess a fraction of his estates being either unwilling or unable to pay any rents. Then as to the farmer and grazier—to such a condition is the country reduced, that the cereal crops will scarce suffice to pay the labour and seed, and support the grower's family, thanks to free trade, which has worked an equal ruin for the grazier, whose cattle are depreciated to such an extent as to give no remuneration; and yet in the midst of this general state of bankruptcy, brought more speedily about by the injustice of this monstrous policy, the impoverished half-starved tenant, insolvent landlord, beggared traders of Mayo are called upon to pay an enormous impost, equivalent to the full value of the entire crops in Mayo. If the landlords and those on whom the poor rate will more immediately press, are apathetic on this point, we are not to blame. We say it is their duty to try and have the burden lightened, as they cannot have it removed; the attempt is worth the trial, for we are confident if a proper representation be made of the true state of the country, rendered doubly precarious by this odious free trade scheme, we are sensible the government will not drive people into the madness of despair; as it is folly to hope for or think that a five shilling rate will be levied from farmers receiving but 3s. 6d. per cwt. for their corn. Let but the taxation be reduced in amount, and there may be a likelihood of its collection, but the present tax is beyond endurance.

ARRIVAL OF THE RT. REV. DR. PORTIER.—The Bishop of Mobile, who left this port for Europe on the 30th of May last, and who was charged with carrying the proceedings of the late Baltimore Council to the feet of His Holiness, has already returned, and, after a short visit to Canada, passed through this city on Tuesday last on his way to his See. Owing to the great throng of persons and of affairs at Gaeta, Bishop Portier remained there but fourteen hours, having meantime received the assurances that the earliest Congregation that should be assembled should take up the important matters referred to them by the Council.

Bishop Portier, during his short stay, had a touching interview with the Illustrious Pius IX., and, like all who have seen him, he expressed himself as greatly impressed by the evidences of goodness, wisdom, and sanctity, that abound in the Confessor-Pontiff.

In less than five months from the beginning of May last, the Bishop of Mobile will have travelled between fourteen and fifteen thousand miles, besides discharging the important duties that have occasioned his journey.—*N.Y. Freeman.*