

there seemed no doubt that there would be room for all who came.

The "Great Britain" was to sail from Port Philip on the 3rd January, for Liverpool, with from 150 to 200,000 ounces of gold. The total of the yield of gold from Australia was estimated at from 14 to 16 millions sterling, and not a doubt seems to exist but that vast quantities will be supplied from the mines perhaps for centuries to come. Gold coin is becoming more plentiful, and at Adelaide the working of the mint is likely to be abandoned. Port Philip is crowded with shipping, and it matters go on thus, almost one-half of the best mercantile shipping in the world will be anchored in that port until a reaction takes place. The influx of goods, however vast, as well as the amount of labor, are all absorbed, and Australia bids fair to make a more rapid progress in wealth and population than any other region in the history of colonisation. Gold has positively been discovered at New Zealand.

Gold, it is stated, has at length positively been discovered in New Zealand. The locality is about thirty miles from Auckland, in the Gulf of Hauraki, where ten men obtained in one day about £40. The government had issued proclamations with regard to it.—*Times*.

RELIGIOUS PARTIES IN ENGLAND.

(From the Lamp.)

The present state of "the religious world" in this country may be divided into three classes. 1, the Church of England; 2, the Non-conformists; and 3, Catholics. Of these three, the richest, the most active, and the most numerous are the Non-conformists. They comprise every shade of dissent apart from the Establishment, to which they stand opposed in politics, in interest, in several of their tenets and in the quality of their adherents. They can boast of some of the most energetic and opulent among the merchants and warehousemen of the chief towns of the United Kingdom. Their means are abundant; their intentions single and straightforward; and their influence in all the great movements of the people, influential and well-nigh overwhelming. They boast of being able to carry or control any parliamentary measure they please. The Anti-Corn-Law League is theirs; so is reform, so is the peace movement, and so is the grand principle of enterprise, free trade, railroads, science, the Great Exhibition, and the combination of capital, talent and industry. There is something very admirable in all mere practical virtues, neither do we withhold our need of praise from men who act in concert, as they do, upon every emergency that concerns their interests, and who move forward towards the end they have in view, compact as a phalanx, without jostling, rivalry, or dispute. They are a lesson in this respect to each of the other two classes of the community, with whom they frankly profess to hold neither sympathy nor relation.

The Church of England as opposed to Non-conformists, are a section so much the smaller in comparison, in exact proportion as they are so much the more divided among themselves. As a body, the Establishment claims the possession of all the nobility, rank, respectability, and learning of the mass of Protestants. The two universities are theirs; and so are all the chief offices of honor and emolument under the Crown. What was once Catholic is theirs; and what was venerable once, because it was really Catholic, imparts a degree of splendor even to those who now occupy the places of their Catholic ancestors. The Cathedrals are theirs; the magisterial and judicial benches the army, the navy, the banner of the cross called the Union Jack, and the Feast of St. George the Martyr, whose knights still flout the wind with their plumes of borrowed antiquity. They have everything that is really English and ancient about them. The book of Common Prayer, upon which they rest themselves so proudly, is only good where it is Catholic, and is shallow and unmeaning where it is Protestant. Their titles, temporal and ecclesiastical, are Catholic; the halo of Catholicity shines with diminished lustre around the mitre, the coronet, and the crest. Their armorial bearings speak of the Holy Land, and the figures that support their heraldic shield, the motto, and the device, do, for the most part, tell a tale big with the renown of Catholic Great Britain. Yet, with all the splendor of this ancient prestige in their favor, the Church of England party falls into the shade of a dim minority. It is a petrified relic of antiquity, without breath or life. It is immovable by any inherent power of its own; and stands stupid and erect, like the figure of a man in ancient armor, speaking loudly of its past grandeur, afraid of moving, and every instant in fear of being moved by others, lest it should topple from its unreal base at a touch, fall to pieces in the sight of all men, and reluctantly expose to day-light the paltry devices with which its hollow importance is scarcely held together. It feels that it is nothing but a sham; and it is this consciousness of its own nothingness that renders the Church-of-England party so prodigiously tame, stubborn, and obstinate.

But both the Establishment and the Non-conformist parties are equally opposed to the Catholics, the still smallest number of the whole lot. However much the Non-conformists and the Establishment may differ between themselves, they certainly agree in this, that the both of them hate the Catholics with a perfect hatred. Even the somnolent Church of England looks up, bestirs itself, and shows some latent symptoms of life, when this is mentioned. The soldier fixes his bayonet, the Bishop puts on his mitre, the Peer his coronet, and the Squire his seven-league hunting tops, when the cause of opposing and putting down the Papists is taken in hand. The country is scoured to raise recruits and fill up the drawsy ranks of the Church party; the Non-conformists and the Establishment embrace each other; the House of Commons becomes the arena for a religious feud; and after a protracted and confused conversation or debate, the Pope and Popery are at last supposed to have been quite got rid of by a show of hands!

In the meanwhile, the Catholic party, if party it can be called, holds on the equal tenor of its way, unshaken, imperturbable, and imperturbed. It looks upon both its foes as one and the same, with an apparent difference subsiding between them, but at the bottom with no difference at all. They are both of them heretics of the same stamp, only one is in possession of the good things of the land, and the other is hoping and striving shortly to be so. In a religious point of view, there is, in fact, no difference between the Non-conformist, and the Establishment partizans.—The ques-

tion may be different, but in birth, motives, and manners, they are precisely the same. Each of them denies the seven Sacraments, the Unity of the Church in the Chair of St. Peter, the authority of the Priesthood, and the necessity of ecclesiastical discipline.—The bishops and clergy of the Establishment are worse than shames in the sight of a Catholic. The Non-conformist who claims the privilege of having no hierarchy to overrule him, is not more destitute of Church government than the Church of England herself. The ordinations of the Establishment are invalid *de ipso facto*, because they deny the Church of Rome, from which they pretend to derive their ordination; and of the two, the Non-conformist is more honest and sincere, because he openly disavows ordination altogether.

But each of these bitter foes of Catholicity is entirely ignorant of the mortal sin under which he labors, by remaining external to the Church of Christ, which is the Catholic Church; and they both of them accordingly deny purgatory, sometimes hell, the intercession of Saints, and the only doctrine by which they can hope to be saved, namely, the grand dogma of the Incarnation as developed in devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.

UPPER AND LOWER CANADA.

(From the Quebec Morning Chronicle of March 7.)

Western Canada is increasing in population astonishingly. Toronto will soon contain twice the number of inhabitants which Quebec now contains. Hamilton will in twenty years hence be as large as Montreal. All this is told us by a gentleman, who nevertheless keeps pouring into the ears of the French Canadians, in a patronizingly flattering kind of a way, that "their French brethren" have the finest houses, the neatest farms, the best charitable and religious institutions, the most improved agricultural instruments, the politest peasantry, the most exemplary ecclesiastics, and indeed are next to the Dutch, the thriftiest and most industrious if not the most go-ahead or speculative in the world. Surely it is strange that a people so very comfortably housed, of such exemplary habits, living in a country so capable of being highly cultivated, possessed of innumerable water powers, mines of gold, copper, lead, and iron, and yet unfelled forests, with the deep and broad St. Lawrence before them, rich itself in all the treasures of the ocean, abounding as it does in whales, porpoises, seals, salmon, and every other fish that swims, should be so stationary compared with Upper Canada. Can Col. Prince, or any other gentleman, who has visited the Seminary and travelled as far as the Falls of Montmorency be deceiving us, or be himself deceived? He is deceived. The people of Lower Canada are only happy and contented. They are not progressive. A French Canadian builds himself a nice little house, puts a stove in to it, carpets with home made stuff, white-washes it, outside and inside, wall and roof, paints the window-frames red, or brown, or green, does up a nice little bed in the corner and settles down for a life-long smoke of the pipe. The Upper Canadian on the other hand, builds a shanty, as a California miner would raise a tent only to shelter him temporarily from the weather. He has no idea of contentment. He always wants more, and more too on this earth. To live through the world, respectably and honestly, in the hope of heavenly reward, is not his only purpose. He wants to increase his means, not for the sake of building up charitable or other institutions, but with a view to getting hold of a large business, which is to afford employment to steamboats and railroads, and increase the population not by births, which is a slow process when it is considered that there are deaths as well as births in every community but by a new adult population, attracted to a particular spot of country by its commercial spirit, just as fish are brought to a fishing ground by the heaving overboard of a barrel of bait. Upper Canada is now increasing faster than Lower Canada because the people are less comfortably settled, are less particular about the fixing of fences and white-washing of barns, and more alive to the importance of changing crops, manuring land, and raising good wheat; and for no other reason. Were the Upper Canadian contented with only raising enough to keep him comfortably in a neat little house, there would be no more rapid increase of population in Canada West than in Canada East.

[We thank the writer for his unintentional compliments to Catholic Canada.—Ed. T. W.]

THE CANADA CLERGY RESERVES.—Serious rumours are abroad on the subject of the Canada Clergy Reserves Bill—rumours excited by the declared intention of Lord John Russell to move the omission of the third clause in the bill, which runs as follows:—"So much of the said act of the third and fourth years of her Majesty, chapter seventy-eight, as charges the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with, or authorises any payment thereout of, the sums needed to supply such deficiency as in the said act mentioned, shall from and after the passing of this act be repealed." The House of Commons must of course be satisfied that neither the tax-payers of England nor the people of Canada are to be injured by the passing of a delusive or emasculated measure.—*Daily News*.

We inadvertently omitted in our Saturday's impression to notice the imposing religious services which took place at St. Malachy's Church, on Thursday 17th ult., in honor of the Festival of Ireland's Patron Saint, that day so dear to every Irish heart. The weather was delightfully fine, and multitudes thronged from city and country to be present at the august ceremonies; the venerable pile of St. Malachy's was crowded to excess, and even the yard was filled by hundreds, anxious to catch a glimpse of the solemn proceedings of the day. The appearance of the altar was very attractive, with its new and splendid tabernacle, of most classic design and elaste finish, tastefully decorated with green satin drapery, displaying in its fold the Irish Harp, surrounded with golden shamrocks. Pontifical High Mass was sung by his Lordship the Bishop, assisted by his Clergy. After Mass his Lordship delivered in his usually able, and very eloquent manner, a beautiful and impressive panegyric upon the life and virtues of St. Patrick. He dwelt with great feeling on the many pleasing recollections that this day ushers forth on the Irishman's heart—of his dear native isle—the land of his birth and early days, the home of his fathers; with her history, her virtues, her beauties, and her wrongs. He eloquently remarked on the millions of Irish Catholics, who still true to and fondly cherishing the faith of their fathers

which St. Patrick taught, on this day gather round the altar of the Church to celebrate in piety and prayer the festival of Ireland's immortal Saint.—*St. John's Freeman, N.B.*

SKETCH OF A REGISTRATION OFFICE MARRIAGE.

A wedding at the superintendent registrar's office is certainly a very rapid and unimposing affair. The gentleman, says Mr. Jones gives notice to the registrar of the district in which they lived during the previous seven days, that he has engaged a match between himself and Miss Mary Smith. A printed form is filled up with their names, rank, age, and place of residence. This is entered in a volume called the "Marriage Book." This first step of the operation is performed, at the small charge of one shilling. The volume containing the solemn announcement remains in the registrar's office "open at all reasonable times without fee, to all persons desirous of inspecting the same." The notice so entered is read before the next three weekly meetings of the poor law guardians. Unless the wedding has been "forbidden by a person authorized to forbid the same," and a sharp papa or mama would be needed to find out what had been going forward if Miss Smith desires to keep the little affair secret, at the expiration of the three weeks the unhappy couple, between the hours of eight and twelve in the morning, may meet, accidentally of course, just by the office of Mr. Thompson, the registrar, and, walking in, also accidentally of course, may, in the presence of two persons accidentally present, the registrar's clerk and a passing stranger, for instance join in the following brief and innocent dialogue:—"I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I, John Jones, may not be joined in matrimony to Mary Smith." Whereupon the lady responds, "I do solemnly declare that I know not of any impediment why I, Mary Smith, may not be joined in matrimony to John Jones." Another minute has thus been passed. Emboldened by the lady's declaration, the gentleman next says, "I call upon these persons here present to witness that I, John Jones, do take thee, Mary Smith to be my lawful wedded wife. A third minute has passed, and the lady's turn has come again, "I call upon these persons present to witness that I, Mary Smith, do take thee, John Jones, to be my lawful wedded husband." Just four minutes have been consumed, the fee is one shilling, and a shilling for a certificate, and the affair is complete. No ring, no kneeling, no fuss. They are bound man and wife at the small charge of seven shillings altogether, with a degree of certainty which nothing but an Act of Parliament, price £1,000, can undo.—*Household Words*.

THE LATE DR. CHALMERS ON TEETOTALISM.—It has been objected by one of the German infidels, that our Lord did not show a deep sense of the danger of Wine when he created by a word so excessive a quantity—some hundred gallons—by an act of omnipotent power. Would not this apply to the case of every vintage! If God gives a plenteous vintage, you would not say that this is a temptation to men to drink to excess? There was no more temptation to drink to excess from his filling many large water jars, than to his being pleased to give the sunbeams and rain drops that make a plenteous vintage. *The secret of temperance is not in the cellar, but in the heart of the landlord of the wine cellar. A Christian man will not become drunk if he drinks from a bottle. It is not in the quantity before you, that the element of temperance is, but in the Grace of God that has been planted in your hearts. Now it does seem to me, without the least expression of disrespect towards those who differ from me, that if God had designed that men should be universally what is called teetotal—that is, should not taste Wine, or anything that has the least alcoholic element in it, he would have prohibited the growth of the Vine, and rendered fermentation absolutely impossible, because, if there were no fermentation, there could be no alcoholic element generally. But he has not done so, he does give the Vintage, and he does give the fruit of the Vine; he has allowed fermentation, just as much as he has allowed vegetation, therefore it seems to me, that temperance is to arise not from the absence of wine, but from the presence of Christian principles, and that we are to be sober because it is a Christian duty and not because there are around us all the elements of being the reverse.*

WASHING SHEEP.

The following story which has been told some, though never, we believe, printed, is decidedly rich: A year or two since, when the subject of temperance was being freely discussed, the citizens of a little town in the western part of Massachusetts called a meeting to talk over the matter. There had never been a temperance society in the place, but after some little discussion it was voted to form one. They drew up a pledge of total abstinence, and agreed that if any members of the society broke it he should be turned out.

Before the pledge was accepted, Deacon D. arose and said he had one objection to it; he thought that Thanksgiving-day ought to be free for the members to take something, as he could relish his dinner much better at this festival if he took a glass of wine. Mr. D. thought that the pledge was not perfect. He didn't care anything about Thanksgiving, but his family always made a great account of Christmas, and he couldn't think of sitting down to dinner then, without something to drink. He was willing to give it up on all other days, and, in fact, that it was the only time when he cared anything about it.

Mr. B. next arose, and said he agreed with the other speaker, except in the time. He didn't think much of Thanksgiving or Christmas, though he liked a little at any time. There was one day, however, when he must have it, and that was the Fourth of July. He always calculated upon having a "regular drink" upon that occasion and he wouldn't sign the pledge if it prevented him from celebrating independence.

Squire S., an old farmer, followed Mr. B. He was not in the habit of taking anything often, but must have some when he washed sheep. Why, he considered it dangerous for him to keep his hands in cold water, without something to keep warm inside. After some consideration it was concluded that each member of the society should take his own occasion to drink—Deacon D. on Thanksgiving, Mr. L. Christmas, &c. The pledge was signed by a large number, and the society adjourned in a flourishing condition, after voting that it should be the duty of the members to watch each other to see that they did not break the pledge.

The next morning Deacon D. walked into his neighbor's yard, who, by the way, was Mr. S., the sheep man, wondering, as it was a bitter cold morning, whether S. was up yet. He met his neighbor coming out of the house; and to his surprise gloriously drunk, or to use a modern phrase, "burning a very beautiful kiln."

"Why S.," exclaimed the astonished deacon, "how is all this, sir? You have broken your pledge and disgraced our society and the temperance cause."

"Not—hic—as you know on—hic—deacon," said S., "I havn't—hic—broken the—hic—pledge, deacon."

"Certainly you have, sir, and I shall report to the society. You agreed not to drink except when you washed sheep. You cannot make me think that you are a going to wash sheep such a cold day as this."

"F—follow me—hic—deacon."

S. started for the barn, and the deacon followed. On entering the door, the deacon saw a large wash-tub standing on the floor, with an old ram tied to it, the poor animal shaking dreadfully with the cold, and bleating pitifully.

"Hic—there d—deacon," said S., pointing to the sheep, with an air of triumph, "that old—hic—ram has been washed s—six times this—hic—morning, and I—hic—ain't done with him—hic—yet."

It is hardly necessary to say that the deacon left.—*Carpet Bag*.

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy to the verse of scripture in which these words occur; but unfortunately he transcribed, to the scandal of the society, the whole verse: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

An old toper who lately attended an exhibition where a learned professor caused several explosions to take place among gases produced from water, said—"You don't catch me putting much water in my liquor after this; I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

An Irishman swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded, "The only one of my three children who shows me any real affection is Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm down."

"Punch" suggests as an infallible precaution against Rail Road accidents, that no fare be paid until the end of the journey; and only then in the event of the passenger having arrived perfectly safe.

OLD WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

An esteemed friend suggests to us that—after the example of our cotemporary, the *Montreal Witness*, who devotes a portion of his columns every week to a "Mother's Department"—we should make room for a few choice specimens of Protestant arguments against Popery, which might very appropriately be ranged under the heading of—"Old Woman's Department." He sends us also the following No-Popery gems to begin with, all which already have figured in the pages of most of the evangelical newspapers of this Continent. Nick Kirwan is generally supposed to be the author of the one about the "frogs," but we suspect that it is older than Nick. Contributions to the "Old Woman's Department" will be thankfully received at this office:—

"An Englishman in Ireland was introduced into a Popish chapel there, when souls were to be delivered from Purgatory. The place was brilliantly lighted. The priest sat at a table on which the relatives of the departed, whose souls were to be released, laid money as they passed. Having collected his wages, the priest commenced his operations, and soon announced that the souls were liberated, and would speedily make their appearance. Immediately a part of the floor opened, and there issued from it, small living creatures of red color, to the joyful amazement of all present.—One of these creatures jumped near to the Englishman, who seized it, and putting it in his pocket, rushed out. Breathless, he soon entered the parlour of his friend, exclaiming as he threw the living creature upon the table, 'There is a soul just delivered from Purgatory.' It was found to be a frog dressed in red flannel! He was told, as he valued his life, not to reveal the deception, at least until he had crossed the Channel."

Some time ago, a poor man (a Catholic of course) was suddenly taken ill in the county of Tipperary, and a Priest was sent for to pass him through Purgatory; but the priest was regaling himself with some *feind* wine, and did not arrive till the poor man was defunct. There was an awful commotion among the afflicted relatives that his soul should stick in Purgatory to the end of eternity; but his reverence said he would make all right, and called for pen, ink, and paper, on which he wrote—"Dear Peter—Pass the bearer. Yours in Ch—t." He stuffed the paper into the dead man's nose, got his half-crown, and retired.—*Cor. of Glasgow Reformer's Gazette*.

The following description of a "Grand High Mass," celebrated by Archbishop Hughes, we find among the extracts of the *Presbyterian Banner*. The extract is borrowed from *The Protestant*, a paper, we presume, published in New York. That the *Banner* fully endorses this delicious morceau, appears evident from its prefatory observation, viz:—"We give from the *Protestant* an account of the celebration of a Grand High Mass in New York; our readers will feel gratified that their minds are not enslaved in so empty a system."—*Crusader*.

"The Archbishop scraped something into the chalice which we presume was from the nails of his own holy fingers. This was the sins of the people. . . . At last, with much difficulty, the wine and nail-parings were swallowed. This indicated that the people's sins were now swallowed by the Archbishop, and that they therefore were at liberty to sin anew."

The following is clipped from a Methodist paper:—"There is no Bible in Rome. I made many inquiries there for a Bible, but without success. The people have no Bible—they know nothing about it. An intelligent man of fifty told me he never saw one. Multitudes of the priests 'know nothing about it.' And when asked why they have none for sale, the book-sellers will tell you that it is prohibited."