

Majesty's service. We presume that under our free constitution the soldier who is engaged in the service of the Crown is rewarded, not for his *peculiar religious opinions*, but for the faithful performance of his military duties. The money too by which the army is supported, and by which this New Church has been built, was contributed through the taxes and public burthens, by our fellow-subjects of every denomination. There are ten millions of Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland, who contribute their quota to the public treasury. One third of the army, at home and abroad, are Catholic. When the last census was taken, a very few years since, there were about seven hundred Catholics in the Garrison of Halifax. In the hour of danger, in the day of battle, we never knew of any distinctions or exceptions having been made with regard to the soldiers of different creeds.

We therefore firmly maintain that the state are equally bound to provide for the religious and moral instruction of its Catholic, as well as its Protestant soldiers. How stands the case with regard to Halifax? Church accommodation has been always paid for, and secured to the soldier of the Church of England. A military chaplain has been regularly paid a handsome salary, with allowances. No Church accommodation for the Catholic soldier has been provided or paid for. Not a single shilling of remuneration for his services has been given to any Catholic priest in Halifax, for the last quarter of a century, though the number of Catholics in the garrison has always considerably increased the labours of the resident Catholic Clergy. Is this equal and impartial justice? Is this the spirit which should prevail in the British army in the 17th year after the great measure of Catholic Emancipation?

Let us not however be misunderstood. We are far from grudging our gallant fellow-subjects any religious advantages which the state may afford them. But £2000 of the public money for the erection of a Protestant Church, and a respectable salary for the maintenance of a Protestant Military Chaplain, *without a single sixpence* for the religious instruction of the poor Catholic soldier—these are crude anomalies which we can neither digest nor comprehend. We shall most probably return to this subject again.

ST. MARY'S.

Several new Pews have been just added to this Church. They are not only an accommodation to many of the parishioners, who were hitherto unable to obtain seats, but a decided improvement to the interior of the sacred edifice. At the various Masses on Sunday it was announced that the Pledge would be administered after Vespers next Sunday by the Rev. President of the St. Mary's and St. Patrick's Temperance Society. The faithful, and especially those who from sad experience, feel, that they cannot contain themselves within the bounds of Christian moderation, were earnestly exhorted to avail themselves of this seasonable opportunity. The Bishop stated some facts with regard to intemperance in the town which were both disgraceful and alarming. In a cold climate like this, the greatest caution should be used in the quantity and quality of our drink. The new rum and other kinds of spirituous liquors, which are frequently sold in Halifax, are almost worse than poison to the constitution, and have the horrible effect of depriving the habitual tippler of his senses in a very short time. When this liquid fire is poured down the throat, the very vitals are scorched, the coats of the stomach are destroyed, the heated and maddening fumes ascend to the brain, which is also set on fire, the most glorious creature of God, made after his own image, is degraded below the level of the beast, the Christian is transferred into a demon, the rational being into a drivelling idiot. No, there is not in all nature any thing half so vile, so brutal, so disgusting, as a filthy drunkard, from whose blasphemous and obscene mouth the steams of the bottomless pit seem to issue forth. When he rushes out from the grog-shop into the street, with the eye of a maniac and the fury of a wolf, with palsied hands, and tottering limbs, and bloated cheeks, he is surely more dangerous than 'the mid-day devil' himself. He is then ripe for all sorts of mischief. There is no weapon so deadly which he will not use, no deed so vile that he will not perpetrate, no language so beastly with which he will not pollute the pure air of heaven.

When senseless cattle are found straying or doing mischief we lock them up in pound. If a large *Iron Cage* were set up in some conspicuous part of every town, and every drunken brute