

course, cost him a more rigorous imprisonment than before; his deliverance, however, was at hand. This is the most wonderful part of the whole tale, which, in all its parts, looks like romance. Now that the succession of St. Peter seemed about to die in the person of a weak old man, now that Rome seemed to be abandoned by all, even by the Pope, Providence made use of England, Protestant, at all events, in her government, and of Russia, no less Protestant in the hatred of the Holy See, to raise the Papacy from the dust, and to restore the Holy Father to his dominions.

"Many are the lessons to be derived from this history which we have thus cursorily analyzed. Providence thus most wonderfully interposed to save the See of St. Peter, when it may be said to have been at its last gasp; but still every one must acknowledge that the transactions might have been more glorious for it than they were. If we may be allowed to judge of these events, it does seem as if the concordat of 1802 was the original mistake of the whole series of measures. Concessions were then agreed to, which made it appear that Buonaparte was conferring a favor on the church by patronizing it. When we consider that the church lands were given up forever, the whole ecclesiastical geography of France altered at once, ancient bishoprics done away, bishops who had been confessors in the revolution ejected, and others who had been schismatics substituted for them, are we not tempted to say that it would have been a thousand times better for the church of France to have worn still for a time the glorious robe of martyrdom, than thus give herself up into the hands of such a man as Napoleon? The church has powers in her hands of which the rulers of the world, be they kings or republicans, lawful sovereigns or usurpers, stand in need; they may persecute and thrust her into dungeons, but this will not serve the purpose; her sufferings will only serve to endear her to the people, and to gather the faithful around her standard, till in the end, by the mere natural course of events, the powers of the world are compelled to bow down before her. Their interest is to cajole her into giving up into their hands the direction of the mighty powers which belong to her, to make her mission and jurisdiction proceed from them; the powers themselves they can never hope to obtain; their object, therefore, is to control the exercise of them. This was what Napoleon wanted; had the church of France remained in her former state of persecution, a spectacle unto the world, to angels and to men, had Pius VII. refused to allow the Church to be established on conditions which made it appear that the advantage was all on her side, Napoleon could never have attempted to make her his slave; she would have been utterly beyond his power."

BELGIUM.

M. Raive, vender of bibles, his wife, and all his family, have abjured Protestantism, in which they were born, in the church of St. Michael and St. Gudule, Brussels. The dean received their profession, of faith.

THE PARSONS AND THEIR SERMONS.

The *Liverpool Albion* has of late contained some articles in reference to the practice so prevalent among clerical churchmen, of making a merchandise of manuscript sermons. The practice, it is right to remark, of thus purchasing ready-made divinity, is confined to the Puseyite and fox-hunting parsons. The Evangelical section of the clerical body preach the sermons which they have themselves prepared. Whatever faults there may be in the discourses they deliver, these compositions have at least the merit of being their own. With the Puseyite portion of the clergy, the will, we take it, is either to purchase manuscript sermons from those who have such commodities to dispose of, or to pilfer the published discourses of others who have gone before them. In some instances, in the latter case, the discourses are delivered "genuine" as stolen; in other instances, they are adulterated by the introduction of some new ingredients of the preacher's own; the object being so far to alter their appearance, by the additional mixture, as to prevent the detection of the larceny which has been committed. In either of the cases the dishonesty is the same. A gross fraud is practiced on those whose hard destiny it is to sit under the ministry of such persons. Nor are their hearers the only parties who have cause of complaint. The public are humbugged. [The phrase is not particularly elegant, but it is pregnant with expression.] The nation are compelled to pay several millions annually, though large masses of our laboring population have not a morsel of food to eat, to support a State Church, which licenses and ordains a set of men who either are too lazy to write their own sermons, or lack the brains necessary to prepare a passable discourse. Is it not, in either case, a crying shame to the Establishment, that she should sanction such doings? Is it not a gross injustice to the nation that they should be compelled to pay so liberally for the support of such parsons?

If we are to have an Established Church at all, if we are to be forced, whether we will or not, to pay for a state religion, surely decency demands that the parsons of that church, the clergy of that religion, should be at least outwardly honest. At all events, we have a right to expect that they have sufficient external respect for the first principles of morality as not to stand forth self-convicted of gross dishonesty: nay, more, even proclaiming their dishonesty, publishing their shame in the eyes of the world. We can hardly conceive it possible to surpass the effrontery of the clergyman who comes forward and advertises in the public journals, as is constantly being done in the Puseyite papers and periodicals, for ready-made sermons. Such men do infinite mischief to religion. They cause it to be spoken of with ridicule and contempt, and themselves to be regarded as a set of rogues and hypocrites.

If a parson is thus permitted to preach the sermons of others, to palm them off on his hearers as his own, thus practically lying all the time he is in the pulpit—

where is the use, we should like to know, of having an educated clergy at all? Why waste so many years, and expend such large sums in preparing, as it is called, for holy orders, when no preparation beyond that of being able to read the English language is really needed? Why may not the plain mechanic, after doffing his apron and ridding himself of a somewhat luxuriant beard, ascend the pulpit and preach to the people, as well as "Fellow" of this or that, or the other college? A parcel of pretty fellows, truly, these state parsons are. And yet these are the men who are seeking to bring the whole Christian world—the lay portion of it we mean—into an attitude of most abject humility at their feet. These are the men who arrogate to themselves the title of successors of the Apostles. They having caught the mantle, inherited the spirit, and been lineally descended from the holy, devoted, laborious, self-denying men who were chosen to promulgate Christianity by its divine founder! Verily, the force of presumption and impudence can no farther go.—*London Morning Advertiser*.

The Paris correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, writing Oct. 11, says:

"Louis Philippe continues, it would appear, to give the impulse, and follow it up even in minute details. We hear every day of grants accorded by his direction for religious purposes, and audiences given to those who had been entrusted with the execution of different works and plans of works connected with the point.

"Thus, funds have been allotted for the transfer of part of the remains of the glorious Doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, from Pavia, where they lie, to the seat of his former bishopric in the French African possessions, under care of his present distinguished successor, Monsignor Dupuch, Bishop of Hippo, Algiers, &c., as well as that of the erection of a suitable reception of them in both places.

"In this classic diocese a chapel, founded on the ruins of the ancient Carthage, and the precise spot where Louis Philippe's ancestor and predecessor of the Bourbon line, Saint Louis, humbly breathed his last, returning from the crusades, was consecrated the other day with all due and magnificent solemnity. There is a great deal said in praise of the monument itself, and the splendor which the internal decoration of it displays, altogether in style of the *renaissance* which has been lately so very much adopted in France. The architect was highly complimented, 'tis said, by the King, at a private reception, in which there was question of similar orders with which he was to be charged, either at home or through the colony. Among the projects preparing for being carried into effect in this respect, the old Church of St. Germain des Pres, a strikingly handsome-Gothic edifice, will be proceeded with immediately. Tony Johannot has orders from the same source also—that of our gracious Catholic monarch—to paint in fresco the pile of butment, sup-

porting the roof of the church on one side the great altar, a large unoccupied space hitherto, and which is already prepared for receiving his colours. In fact, to resume, one can scarcely name a building dedicated to worship, on which the attention of government has not been more or less turned.

A pretty little chapel, dedicated aptly to *Notre Dame des Flammes*, has just been completed immediately near the place where so many wretched victims perished in the terrible railroad catastrophe of the 8th of May. It is to be seen by every one who passes along the line by that fatal spot."

"NO IRISH NEED APPLY."

Wanted, a maid to scrape and scour, And toil from morn to midnight hour; And cook with hands quite undefiled, And, on a pinch to mind the child. Betimes she must at table wait, With graceful step remove each plate: But, as the wages will be high, No odious Irish need apply.

Wanted, a lady deeply read In languages both quick and dead, To take the charge of six young dears, As tutor in their infant years; To sit at table she may dare Except when guests assemble there: Her breeding must be good and high—No vulgar Irish need apply.

Wanted, a youth of pious mien, At Shm the grocer's on the green: At sanding sugar, watering rum, An adept he must have become; Inventive tact he must pursue, At times to frame a lie or two. But, as his eyes must turn on high, No simple Irish need apply.

Wanted a man with muscle strong, With whip in hand and cutting thong, To lash the backs of canting knaves, Who dare to make a nation slaves, And then insult each feeling dear They lack the honour to revere. This crying want to well supply, Let none but Irishmen apply.

True Tablet.

CATHOLIC DOMESTICS.

The Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, (says the *Boston Pilot*) in his recent scorching reply to the canting knave of the *Journal of Commerce*, thus alludes to the practice of Catholic Domestic taking part in family worship where a different religion is professed:—

One word, in passing, on making Catholic Domestic attend family worship in houses where a different religion is professed. The practice of family worship, is, in itself, not only commendable, but tender and interesting. Yet Protestants mistake, it seems to me, not only the rights of conscience, but their own interests, when they bring conscience into the account with their servants, as an equivalent for wages. The conscience of the servant, is as free as that of the master and mistress; and if I had, as I sometimes have had, Protestant domestics, I should think it sinful to compel them to attend family worship. When the servant gives his or her labour, faithfully and honestly, as an equivalent for the wages that are paid, the terms of the covenant are fulfilled. Any thing beyond that I look upon as an invasion upon the rights of conscience. Besides, Protestants in this do not understand their own interests. It is only when they can debauch the conscience of their Catholic servants, by making them hypocrites enough to attend the indefinite worship of Methodist, Presbyterian, Jew, Baptist, or Unitarian families with whom they may happen to be earning their wages, by their toilsome labour; it is only then, I say, that their masters have occasion to suspect them. Their safety and the safety of the trusts committed to their servants, depend on the simplicity, and integrity of that conscience which they have been so ingenious to pervert.