

Testaments, 7 Volumes, and 396 Tracts have been distributed, and a large amount of libels against the Catholic Clergy collected. And here we would remark that in this branch of the business the Colporteurs have not used their employers well. We do not know how they are paid—whether by the month or the job:—but they are dear at any price.

We saw, some time ago, an advertisement, by which the Committee of the Bible Society announced their desire to job an Apostle for Canada East, at the rate of £150 a-year: said Apostle, we suppose, to find himself in tea and sugar:—from which it seems that Evangelization is a very profitable speculation in this country. Now, we offer to furnish, by means of the little boy at our office, any number of lies against the Clergy, that may be required, upon the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest possible notice, and which, in addition to an unlimited amount of effrontery, shall possess a merit which the Colporteurs' stories have not, viz., a semblance of truth. We would add, a large amount of well-authenticated cases of Catholic persecutions against Protestants, always on hand.

In perusing these Lays of the Colporteurs, we find ourselves irresistibly carried back to the days of our tender infancy. The Nursery rises vividly before us, with all its bread and butter, and the voice of that good old lady who used to initiate us into the mystic lore of Jack the Giant Killer and Puss in Boots, is again ringing in our ears. The names alone are changed: Jack has subsided into a Colporteur, whilst the Ogres, horrid monsters, who retire to rest with gold crowns on their heads, and their stomachs oppressed by a too hearty meal on underdone roast children, are represented by the Priests. We recommend these legends to all lovers of light fiction. Light they are! Oh! how very light. Exciting, and yet the excitement is never carried to an unhealthy pitch. Here will they read—How big stones were thrown into a house, "one of which fell at the feet of a little child, two years old, which would have killed him!" how a whole family was left entirely destitute of privileges, and, oh! unheard of calamity, subsisted for some indefinite period on the Word of God, and on prayer." What were the sufferings of Ugolino and his sons compared with this? The reader's feelings will be excited when he sees how dogs were set upon Colporteurs; only the dogs—certainly they must have been dogs of Evangelical principles—did not bite. But it is time to let the Colporteurs speak for themselves. Listen then to

*The first Colporteur's story.*

"The master of the house told us of several miracles which had been recounted by the bishop and the vicar-general in the church of S., which will give the friends of the gospel an idea of what these poor priests teach their parishioners to lead them in the way of salvation.

"Two boys were playing on a Sabbath day, or holiday, in front of a church. One of them, from some cause, becoming angry began to curse and swear, when the other reproving him said—how is it that you are not ashamed to swear in that manner before the house of God, in the presence of the good God? (this was a statue placed on the front of the church.) In his anger, the wicked youth seizing a stone, threw it with such force against the image, that it broke off one of the arms. The moment that it fell, the young man sunk down into the earth up to the girdle. The priest came in order to convert him, but without success—he only swore the more terribly.

"At length came the bishop, or vicar-general, for the same purpose, but found himself equally powerless. After many ineffectual endeavors, this dignitary, perceiving that there was nothing but a medal that prevented him sinking into the earth altogether, took it away, and he was swallowed up in a moment."

Why, oh! why, did not the F. C. M. Society give us the name of the parish where this is said to have occurred? also, the name of the Bishop or Vicar-general who narrated the above legend? Is it that they were afraid? or, were they ashamed of their precious bargain, D. Amaron, Colporteur? Did they expect rational beings to believe, upon the bare assertion of such a thing as this D. Amaron, Colporteur, that Bishops of the Church would be guilty of such absurd falsehoods? No, they hoped it would pass current without any enquiry. We call upon them to give the names of the parties alluded to, or else we will give an appropriate title to the legend itself.

D. Amaron is a sanguine man, as witness.

*1st. Colporteur disposes of some Testaments, and hazards a conjecture.*

"The Lord, by His grace, gladdened our hearts by inclining several persons to procure for themselves His precious word. If 14 New Testaments should be the means of bringing eternal life to a number of souls, the joy will be great in Heaven."

We cannot say what may take place in heaven; if 14 or any number of the mutilated versions of Holy Writ, which the Colporteurs distribute, be the means of bringing one soul to life eternal, great will be our surprise upon earth.

*1st. Colporteur transacts a little piece of business, and babbles about the love of the Holy Book.*

"We found a shoemaker at St. D. who had a small

New Testament. It was given me by a Protestant, said he, 'and there are some who say that it is a Protestant book.' The name Protestant, said I, is one that has been given to it by men, for the book is the Word of God—it is the Christian's treasure, and the best that he could have given you. After a little further conversation, he asked me if I would give him a Bible for two pair of shoes. Those who love the holy book of God will understand with what pleasure I agreed to his proposition."

We knew that in China Protestant Bibles were in great request, as the covers suited admirably for making slippers, and thus enabled the Chinese literally to fulfil the apostolic precept of being shod "with a preparation of the Gospel of Peace." We did not expect to find a very similar process established in Canada. We only hope the shoes were a good fit, and then how beautiful must have been the feet of D. Amaron.

But we must hurry on in order to introduce to our readers, certainly the most remarkable man in the country, Antoine Moret.

*2nd. Colporteur's story.*

"A habitant who has given attention to the Gospel for some time, and who begins to understand something of the truth, stopped one day at a house where he had business to transact, some two or three miles from his home. Scarcely had he entered when the master of the house said to him, 'You receive this Bible-reader into your house?' Yes, replied the other, and what do you think about it? Do you believe it is well to do so? Certainly, he replied, 'I must believe so. I have heard him also, and he reads nothing but the Gospel, and those who do as he teaches are sure to be saved.'"

There is infallibility for you—no longer residing in Pope or Council, but in the person of Antoine Moret. Oh! F. C. M. Society—F. C. M. Society, oh! what have you been about? Why has your light been so long concealed from mortal ken, beneath a bushel. "Wherefore," would we ask with Sir Toby Belch, "are these things hid, and wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them?" And yet even the infallible Antoine Moret seems to have lucid intervals, and an occasional consciousness that he well deserves to be written down an ass, as for instance when he uttered the following prayer, to the conclusion of which we say—Amen, with all our heart.

*2nd. Colporteur, feeling himself pious, utters a prayer.*

"Oh! that the Lord would . . . give wisdom and prudence to those who carry about His word and read it."—AMEN.

So would Colporteurs refrain from writing and F. C. M. Societies from publishing such trash.

André Solandt stands next in order amongst these farcical gentry. He is much puzzled by the conduct of an old lady who sings a comic song, and professes to be more willing to see her son a drunkard than a Protestant. The old lady was right. Drunkenness is a vice more easily cured than is spiritual pride, the root of all Protestantism. But, there is Balm in Gilead, even for André Solandt: he soon meets with a mother who makes a better choice, that is, who refuses to have her child baptized by a Priest. Here is the story. In a certain family an interesting event had just occurred. The "guide wife" found herself in a "situation which," as Mrs. Gamp would say, "happy is the man which has his quiver full of sich;"—in other words, an interesting stranger had just made his first appearance upon the stage of this world. The gossips were, as may be supposed, much excited and sent for the Priest; though the midwife, to our fancy, would have been "more convenient." But we must let André Solandt tell it in his own language.

"June 1. I set out for S. R., where I found our friends truly rejoicing. They have had severe trials since I saw them last. The priest has paid them a visit. What took place on that occasion follows. A young member had just been added to the family. No sooner was this known to the neighbors, than, unknown to the mother, they called in the priest. The first thing he did, on his arrival, was to administer the sacrament to all who would receive it."

Now, this did puzzle us. What sacrament could the good man mean? Evidently, not the Sacrament of Baptism, for the mother refused to have the child baptized: nor of Confirmation, for none but a Bishop can administer the Sacrament of Confirmation; and it does not appear that the Priest laid violent hands on those within the house: nor of the Lord's Supper, for the Church never permits this to be administered in private houses, unless as the Viaticum, or in cases of extreme urgency; besides, from the second century at least, She has always insisted that its recipients shall have fasted from the previous midnight, and shall be in a state of grace: nor could it have been the Sacrament of Penance, of which sacrament the principal part—Contrition, cannot be given by the Priest, and the second—Confession, requires a degree of secrecy and retirement which a lying-in chamber can never afford: nor yet of Extreme Unction, for nobody in the house seems to have been in immediate danger of death; nor of Holy Orders,—none but a Bishop can confer these; and our Evangelical friends would do well to remember that

with Catholics, Ordination is a more serious affair than the farce which they enact upon occasion of a Harmonious Call. Neither could it have been the Sacrament of Matrimony: however willing the young ladies might have been to enter upon the Holy State, we do think that they would have objected to the unceremonious mode of its administration. Much were we troubled for a season, until we remembered that André Solandt was a Colporteur, and that it in no way appears in their agreement with their employers, that Colporteurs are bound over to keep the truth.

Some Colporteurs have the gift of preaching and making converts: that is, they have the "gift of the gab very galloping," as Tony Weller says. Other Colporteurs have the gift of disposing of Bibles—for old shoes—we suppose, like D. Amaron. Would the F. C. M. Society inform us what they suppose to be the special gift of André Solandt?

André Solandt then continues his legend.

*3rd. Colporteur's story continued.*

"When this ceremony was finished, he approached the sick woman and asked, if she did not wish to have her child baptized? She replied, that she did. Upon which the priest advanced to take up the child; but the mother, putting her arm over it, said, 'It is not for you to do it, Sir, but for a minister of the Gospel.' 'But,' said the priest, 'if your child should die without being baptized, are you willing to suffer the consequence?' 'Yes,' said she, 'I put my child into the arms of Jesus, that He may take care of its salvation—for, you know, it is his blood that washes away sin; and, further, that it is written that he who believeth and is baptized, shall be saved.' 'That,' said the priest, 'is in your Bible, but it is not in ours.' 'Sir,' said she, 'give me yours, and I will shew you that it is in that also.' 'In mine,' said the priest, it is 'He who believeth that he is baptized shall be saved.' 'Wretch,' said she, 'how dare you wrest the Word of God in such a manner; and even if it were so, my child could not believe that he is baptized, for he does not know as much as that he is in the world.' On this the priest went away."

The shortest way of dealing with such nonsense, is, to give it the lie at once.

A. Solandt makes a serious charge against a Priest;—the *onus probandi* rests with him or with his employers. Let them give the names of the parties,—let them speak out like men. Call things and places by their right names. Call Montreal—Montreal, and Quebec—Quebec: but don't call Trois Rivières—T. R., and the parish of Sorel—a Cauliflower. But we think our readers have had enough of Colporteurs' stories. See one, see all. A terrible accident occurs to a Colporteur, Baptiste Aubin, who presents the word of God to something or another, as a soldier would his "piece."

*The Story of Baptiste Aubin.*

"Thence continuing my journey, I stopped at a house and presented the word of God to them, but they did not wish to receive it. A man who was holding a pipe in his hand, was so enraged, that he bruised it to dust; [whether the pipe or the word of God, is not very clearly set down.]"

Much more there is of terrible contests betwixt Priests and Colporteurs, in which the latter are always victorious. Much is there of the usual slang of the Conventicle, which we have not time to notice. We must conclude, for the present, with noticing a theological contest between a little girl who had been two years at Mrs. Tanner's school, and the priest of her parish. The little girl makes two important revelations, communicated to her, doubtless, at Mrs. Tanner's school: one is, "that Luther was a great man and a servant of God." From which we conclude that Mrs. Tanner does not use Luther's Table Talk, as one of her school books, and that Luther's peculiar opinions upon marriage, as evidenced in his correspondence with Phillip, of Hesse, and his famous sermon preached at Wurtemberg, All-Saints Day, 1522, are not made the subjects of the Saturday night's exercise. We should like to see our Evangelicals reproducing the Table Talk, the Correspondence and the Sermon alluded to. We suppose a regard to decency will prevent that. We would furnish them with a few extracts, only we fear they will not bear translating.

The other important revelation is, "That the New Testament itself says that nothing is to be added to it, and nothing taken away." This statement the little girl, parrot-like, repeats after what she has been taught at Mrs. Tanner's school,—the voice is as the voice of a little girl, but the words are as the words of a missionary,—and they certainly presuppose that somewhere or other in the New Testament is decided what is and what is not to be considered as the Canon of the New Testament; for to forbid to add to, or to take away from an unknown quantity, is an absurdity. Well, we did try to find out where the passage alluded to occurs. At first we suspected that some body had been imposing on the little girl, and taught her to believe that the eighteenth and nineteenth verses of the 22nd chapter of the Apocalyptic Vision contained the injunction in question,—that, taking advantage of the circumstance, that printers and book-binders place this book last in order of the Canon of Scripture, and in the same

volume, he had persuaded this poor girl that the passage had reference to all the preceding books, and not to "the book of this prophecy," as expressly stated. But we scouted this hypothesis as too improbable; for, surely, we said, missionaries,—evangelical men, would never be guilty of such a monstrous, such a palpable lie,—such an impudent perversion of scripture. We, therefore, take this opportunity of requesting of the F. C. M. Society, to inform us where in the New Testament "it is forbidden to add to, or to take away from" the books of the New Testament. As the most important literary discovery of the XIX. century, it ought to be made public, and not kept hidden for a long time, like the infallibility of Antoine Moret.

Here endeth the first Fytte of the Lays of the Colporteurs.

(To be continued.)

We have inspected with more than usual pleasure, mingled with no little pride, a BOOK OF SPECIMENS OF PRINTING TYPES, cast at the Montreal Type Foundry, of which Mr. Palsgrave is proprietor. In these young days of Canada, when all our manufactures are in their infancy, it is most encouraging to find a branch of art of the delicate and complicated nature of type founding, advanced to the state of perfection to which Mr. Palsgrave has brought it. Certainly, those who sneer at Canada, and always seek to depreciate her in comparison with her republican neighbors, can find nothing to sneer at here. We can say confidently that in a large number of the different descriptions of types of which Mr. Palsgrave has submitted specimens, the Montreal Type Foundry is not to be surpassed by anything the States can produce. Already this is a fact practically acknowledged by a large number of the printing establishments in the country, which use Mr. Palsgrave's types; and is one which, in a very short space of time, no one will attempt to deny. To Mr. Palsgrave the printers of the colony are infinitely indebted, and we trust to see them eventually repay him for all the trouble and difficulties he has had to encounter in placing Canada in an independent position as respects this most important branch of manufactures.—*Montreal Transcript.*

[To this we can add nothing, save a remark that, if our Journal possesses any merit for the beauty of its type, as has been admitted by one of our contemporaries, the praise is entirely due to the establishment above mentioned; and to whose spirited proprietor we beg leave to offer our sincere thanks.—Ed. T. W.]

The proprietors of this Journal, thankfully acknowledge their obligations to the artistic skill of Mr. George Matthews, Engraver, 19, Great St. James Street.

"A Subscriber's" letter in our next.

We acknowledge the receipt of \$22 from the Rev. Mr. Lalor, Picton.

FIRE.—We regret to state, that the machine factory of Messrs. Paige & Co., in Wellington street, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning, about three o'clock. The fire, we understand, originated in a stable adjoining.

The whole of the premises, comprising a finishing and carpenter's shop, foundry, out-buildings, machinery, prepared lumber, &c., were insured at the Protection Office for £500, and their premises for a small sum in the United States; their loss, however, amounts to about £2,500.

Notwithstanding the above heavy loss, we are happy to learn that Messrs. Paige have a stock of machinery on hand on other premises which they occupy, sufficient to supply any immediate demand.

We are sorry, likewise, to state, that Mr. Cullin, butcher, Queen street, lost five small dwelling-houses by the same destructive fire, and that he was only insured for £100—too small to make up for his loss.—*Montreal Transcript.*

The *Minerve* says that the new Montreal Court House is to be commenced on the site now occupied by the ruins of the old one. The design selected is that of Messrs. Ostell and Perault; Mr. George Brown taking the second prize. The cost of the building, we learn from the same paper, will be £235,000, and in the meantime the Courts are to be held in the Old Government House. From other sources we are informed that the two prizes were given to Montrealers in spite of a competition from eight or nine other architects, in Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton.

THE CABINET COMPLETE.—We are gratified to learn that the vacant places in the Cabinet have been filled, and in a manner which we are confident will be highly satisfactory to the friends of the Administration throughout the country. The first, the Department of the Interior, by the tender of the office to the Hon. Thomas M. T. McKennan, a sterling and well known whig, of Western Pennsylvania; the second, the Department of War, by the selection of the Hon. Charles M. Conrad, a distinguished citizen of Louisiana, formerly a Senator, and at present a Representative from that State.—*National Intelligencer.*