

doctrines are all found, upon a near inspection, to be mere denials, of what was ever taught in the whole Christian Church before them. Not one of all the Protestant Sects can shew me a single affirmative article in all they teach or believe; if we except what they have retained of the Catholic Faith; which is no more their property, than what is acquired by stealth or plunder, is the property of the thief or the robber. Their own distinctive and discriminating doctrines are all, as I said, but so many flat denials of those affirmed and taught in the universal, or Catholic Church, from the Saviour's time, down till the apostacy of the German Monk of Wirtemberg, in 1517. And, what is truly astonishing, and not otherwise to be accounted for, but by a blindfolding judgment, like that which still darkens the minds of the Jews; their negative doctrines are all the most evident contradictions to that very Scripture, which they profess to make their only rule of faith; as, I trust, will be clearly shown to the sincere seeker of truth, in the following strictures on the chief articles of their negative faith.

Richmond, Dec. 1842.

VERY REV. SIR,—On a fine Sunday, in the month of July, 1838, I had the good fortune to be present in the church of Richmond, when the Rev. P. Phelan, of Montreal, officiated. I had often before heard that talented clergyman preach in the Recollect church, in Montreal, but never did I listen to a sermon (and I have heard many eloquent preachers) that made so deep an impression upon my memory as the one delivered by Mr. Phelan, on that day. The occasion to which I allude was the first time that Mr. Phelan had ever been in this quarter, and he expected to find in Richmond and its vicinity only a few scattered Catholics; his surprise was only equalled by his pleasure, when he found himself on Sunday in a neat though not a large church, filled with a respectable congregation. That congregation the reverend divine compared to the grain of mustard seed, which, in the beautiful language of scripture, is described as "the least indeed of all seeds, but when it is grown up it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof."

On the 25th ult., the very Rev. P. Phelan, armed with the authority and invested with the dignity of a Vicar-General of the Catholic Church, appeared in the Church of Richmond for the purpose of consecrating a bell, procured through the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. T. Smith, the parish priest, by whom great improvements have also been effected on the church. When the very rev. gentleman entered the church, and cast his eye around on the dense crowd that had assembled in honor of this happy occasion, his countenance appeared to beam with feelings of holy and inexpressible pleasure; was he thinking of the grain of mustard seed, which more than four years ago he had predicted would strike its roots deep in the soil, and withstand every blast, however rude, that might assail it. Well had his predictions been fulfilled; not only was the church crowded to excess, but the doors and windows were surrounded by great numbers whom the church could not contain. Of course, the great

majority of this vast assemblage were composed of the sons and daughters of the green valleyed Erin. There were, however, a considerable sprinkling of Caradians, with some few from the continental countries of Europe. The Sister Kingdoms of England and Scotland sent their representatives, though not numerous, yet enough to shew that all in these beautiful countries had not joined the schism which desolated the land, where once not a knee but bent, when the pealing bell from every tower's steeple announced that the unbloody sacrifice of the new law was about to be offered up; perhaps enough also to indicate, that the religion planted by parliament in the one country, and by old John Knox in the other, was not after all built upon the rock, against which the winds and waves were to beat in vain to the consummation of all time—but on a heap of sand, which is now being drifted about in every direction, affording not one stable spot whereon the wearied heart of man may repose,—until he seeks for shelter beneath the branches of that mighty tree, whose roots the storm of persecution has never been able to tear from out the broad plains of the one country or the dark mountains of the other,—and will, may we fondly hope, at no distant day bud forth in all its ancient glory. But I am degressing—or rather, after looking with feelings of unalloyed pleasure on what Ireland's sons are doing, I turned to dream, to hope, what Britain's yet might do. There were a great many Protestants present, who to judge from their attention to what they heard and their reverential demeanour throughout, were highly edified. But that is not to be wondered at, for I think no one with a heart to feel, or a head to think,—no one, in short, not even Exeter Hall fanatics, steeled as they are against common sense, but must have been deeply impressed with the clear and lucid manner in which Mr. Phelan explained the nature of the ceremonies about to take place. When the bell had been consecrated, and Mr. Phelan's eloquent discourse brought to a close, the congregation, with the numerous friends who had accompanied them, separated with the greatest order and regularity, highly satisfied with what they had witnessed, and it is to be hoped deeply impressed with the admirable lessons of christian charity and brotherly love so earnestly inculcated by the very reverend gentleman who officiated on the occasion. Long may the bell which spoke for the first time on that eventful day, peal through our forest glades; and long may the settlers who answer to its holy summons, continue to advance in spiritual and temporal prosperity. Such is the earnest prayer of, very reverend sir, your

Obedient humble servant,

AN OBSERVER.

The news from Spain announces continued disaffection toward that hypocrite, Espartero, and the opening of a popular movement to drive him from the Regency. Spain will never rest until this desecrator of her faith, meets the fate his crimes merit.

LINES

COMPOSED ON OCCASION OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY IN BYTOWN.

Born by the gales on the wild rolling ocean,  
I've wander'd afar o'er the waves of the sea:  
Yet in my roaming my heart's deep devotion,  
Was breathed, lovely land of my Father's,  
for thee!  
Oft I've been tossed 'mid the tempest's commotion!  
Oft I've lain 'neath the shade of the wood forest tree;  
But my spirit in dreaming unfettered would roam,  
To the mountains and glens of my own Scottish home!  
There all the beauties of nature are blending;  
The hills in the heather-bell blossom's are gay;  
Streams of the mountains in white foam descending,  
'Mid flowers of the valley to revel and play!  
The song that the birds are in melody sending,  
Aloft from the joy wreathed tower of decay,  
Till the woodland around with their harmony glows,  
And the soul of their warbling is hushed to repose.  
There are the shades of the mighty reposing  
Who stem'd the red tide of invasion ere while;  
There are the young buds of beauty disclosing,  
The charms of the fair ones—the loved of the Isle:  
And when the shades of the evening are closing,  
The sun of the west lights the vales with a smile,  
And the lakes and the mountains, the rocks and the streams,  
With their hues ever changing gives back his bright beams.

Wm. McD. D.

UNITY.

"Unity is the attribute of all that is excellent, of all that is great, of all that is supreme. It must be the attribute of God. This great principle being admitted, the earthly representation of the Deity must be like its heavenly prototype—One. Hence the papacy flows, as a human fact based on a divine idea. Follow up these sublime premises to their ultimate consequences. The papacy consecrates episcopacy which represents it, as it represents God; episcopacy consecrates the priest, the immediate pastor of the flock; the priest throws the sanction of his character over the father, pastor of his children; paternity renders sacred the family relations which result from it: the family relations give a sacred character to property, which is the means of their existence, and the source of their well-being. Is not this an admirable ladder, the last step whereof rests in the bosom of creation, and the highest reaches to the Creator? Can the earth be connected with Heaven in a manner more logical, and more sublime?"

"Protestantism has broken in pieces this ladder by cutting off the papacy, its highest step, and one of its great supports. Protestantism is Christianity without a head. Luther has cut off this head, and substituted to it a Bible, that is a dead letter which every man may interpret, instead of that living oracle which before interpreted it for all. Hence the thousand schisms which have ensued, and which have made of one Religion a thousand sects. It is a charlet of beads, the string of which is cut, and the beads are scattered about. Protestantism has destroyed unity, and thrown us back on pagan theories. It has returned to paganism, in its worst influences, by reviving and consecrating the worship of self, and of self-interest. It is not indeed, one of its first principles laid down a priori, but it is easy to shew a posteriori that it is one of its consequences. In fact, Protestantism is the revolt of reason against faith. The Protestant Christian has submitted her authority of the Pope to the judgment of reason, and he has dethroned him by a logical process without reflecting that by the same process, all Christianity could be demolished—as at the Bible were not in the eyes of a profane philosopher, ten times more absurd than the papacy. By substituting individual supremacy to the supplanter of the collective and traditional wisdom

of the Roman Church, Luther taught his followers to summon Sacred Scripture to the tribunal of reason, instead of summoning reason to the tribunal of Scripture. He exalted the pride and self-confidence of man instead of humbling: he enthroned self and its passions, instead of subjecting them to the mandates of a general authority. The individual, who should feel himself placed in the extreme point of the social circle, fancies himself to be the centre, and refers all things to self."—*Courrier des Etats Unis.*

OXFORD.—In St. Mary's chapel, where Rev. Mr. Newman officiates, the approximation to Catholic rites becomes daily more evident. The bell rang, on a late occasion, until 20 minutes past 11, A. M. When it ceased, an indistinct sound was heard during ten minutes, which proved to be the chaunt of the clergymen & their attendants in the sacristy. At half past 11, the procession entered the church, at the head of which was a clergyman, who was followed by twenty children in surplices—Rev. Mr. Newman and his Vicar closing it. In a loud tone they sang: "Lift up your heads. O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." The children took the places assigned them, and the clergymen, Rev. Mr. Newman being in the centre, knelt at the chancel, before a wooden cross placed on the altar.—*Catholic Herald.*

The London Times gives a picture of its previous condition which is not exaggeration; and whatever errors of opinion or extravagances of practice there now may be, there is at least a movement.

"Numerous cases have in times past operated to check and fetter the Church of England in a manner highly prejudicial to her own spiritual efficiency and to the true interests of the people. It is necessary to enter into these at length: the chief of them, we think, has been one paralyzed, nerveless, and almost useless state of her internal government. Her legislature has been silenced and forbidden to transact business for the last century and a half; her jurisprudence and courts of judicature have been thoroughly debased and secularized, and made useless, and worse than useless, for preservation of order, morality or purity of doctrine among her people and clergy. Her bishops have been nominated, in a majority of instances, either on political grounds, or for qualities more ornamental than useful in difficult times. Embarrassed on all sides by the encroachments of unworthy jealousy on the part of the state, they had at no great distance of time, sunk into functional, ad. in. sterner with diligence and circumspection a few necessary rites and ceremonies, and exercising the scanty powers intrusted to them by acts of Parliament concerning matters of a mixed temporal and ecclesiastical nature. So far did this proceed, that a bishopric came to be looked upon by many persons as a sort of retiring pension in the Church.—an *otium cum dignitate*," as it was seriously called only two years since by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, when criticising the publication of a learned prelate now on the Bench."

TORONTO MAIL STAGE OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The Royal Mail stage leaves the general stage office, Toronto city, as follows—

For Hamilton by the Lake Shore road, every morning at 9 o'clock,

For ditto, every day (Sunday's excepted) by Dundas-street, 12 o'clock noon. Distance 50 miles—time 10 hours.

For Kingston passing through Wintby, Darlington, Port Hope, Coburg, Belleville, and Napanee, every day at 5 o'clock, P. M. Distance 150 miles—time 36 hours.

For Holland Landing, by Yonge Street every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

Wm. WELLES.

Proprietor.

Toronto, January 9, 1843