

at religion, persons who never bent their knees in the holy place of reconciliation, and who were never seen for long, long years to receive the Body and Blood of Christ. This is no exaggeration, in many respects it even falls short of the truth. Can we be surprised therefore at the signal failures, at the lamentable relapses, at the shameful backslidings and scandalous prevarications? The painful truth is—and it ought to be proclaimed on the house tops—the proper foundations were not laid; the proper remedies were not adopted; the proper restraints were not used. The Scripture was perverted or forgotten; the sacraments were neglected or despised; the keen knife of spiritual circumcision was not applied to the corrupted heart; the deep wounds were cicatrised, not healed; the mote was magnified to a beam, the mountain was diminished to a molehill; whilst the gnat was rejected with fictitious horror, the camel was swallowed without difficulty, and without remorse. That a superstructure raised on these shifting sand banks should totter, and fall to pieces was inevitable in the nature of things. Neither on moral, nor on physical nature, can be kept in a state of perpetual excitement. All violent enthusiasm is necessarily transient, and that virtue which is the creature of pure excitement, and which requires the most powerful stimulants to sustain it, cannot be of long duration. Yet such was the enthusiasm of Temperance, and such the consequences of its intemperate advocacy. It injured, if not destroyed humility, the basis and safeguard of every virtue; it created a pestilent love of notoriety; it produced that dangerous singularity which every wise Christian shuns. The very dregs of Society were stirred up from the bottom, and floated on the surface; the greatest scapegrace in the community was transformed into Cato the censor; the rotten sheep reared on its hind legs, and poured forth its silly bleatings, even against its own shepherd; all order was inverted, all subordination destroyed. Every stupid, illiterate jackanapes who swallowed the Pledge in a fit of excitement as great as that produced by strong drinks, was supposed to have imbibed at the same time copious draughts of wisdom, eloquence and learning. The magic talisman transformed him, by its touch, into a great man. He lost all relish for the ordinary concerns of life. The quiet routine of domestic duties became distasteful. He neglected his business; he was continually absent from his family. He who would have once trembled at the sound of his own voice, now made the rafters of the Temperance Hall ring with his blatant bunkum. And when with hems, and haws, he coughed, and roared, and screamed and thumped, and threw his arms a-kimbo, and clenched his fist in holy indignation against all wine-drinking savages, and belched forth his crude thoughts, and broken metaphors, and disjointed sentences, and assassinated Walker cum Lindley Murray, and murdered the Queen's vernacular, the gaping gawks around cried 'Hear, Hear' from their iron throats, and clapped their brawny hands like brazen cymbals, and thumped the floor as if they had been born and bred in *Shaker's Village*, (State

of New York) and in short got into a frantic agony of delight. Sometimes he would aspire to be Secretary or Treasurer of the 'Great Anti-alcoholic, Anti-cider-eal, and Anti-cordial Association for the suppression of Epilepsy and the Teetotum eradication of innoxious beverages, or peradventure an Office Bearer with some other high-sounding title, and half the letters of the alphabet appended in a string to his name, like the tails of a kite! But the summit of his ambition was to concoct with a few congenial spirits a plan for being called to the Chair at a great annual or other Meeting, and to be thrust into that high seat of honour by a well-planned manoeuvre. Then he was in all his glory. Then he threw himself back with all the dignity he could muster, and, if the chair had arms, leant upon them with affected composure, whilst he surveyed his new subjects with a nervous glance, and tried to arrange his bewildered thoughts for the opening address, as well as the interrupting whispers of the bustling Secretary, and the sidgetty Office-bearers and other officious friends would permit. At length he arose with the traction of two ideas—if ideas are divisible—and a broken metaphor or two, and the cries of 'Hear! Hear! Chair! Chair!' were deafening and the stamping of feet, and the clapping of hands were bewildering, and his brain became confused, and he lost his fractional ideas, and his cracked metaphors were smashed into smithereens. And when the murmur of Babel subsides, and the noise sinks down into sharp, short, and single shouts of Order! Chair! Hear! Silence! Bravo! he looks a perfect picture of stolid helplessness, just like the drunkard himself when after a long debauch he gets into the open air, and stands with foolish vacancy of face, deliberating about whether he is able to move home or not, having sense enough left to know that the first step in that direction will be his chief difficulty. But, our Orator's evil genius befriends him. He mutters a word or two, then flings out a disjointed limb of a sentence, and before he has time to commit any grammatical murder, is interrupted with deafening cheers. This music is grateful, and invigorating. He gets fresh courage, and before he has time to finish another dislocation of English, is rewarded by new blasts from the sweet trumpet of fame. As he gets along he learns the trick of lowering his voice in a very pathetic manner at critical points of his sentences, before he has to make verbs agree with their nominative cases, and under cover of the cheering, securely commits those little innocent, literary murders with as much dexterity, as if he had by heart, the celebrated Horatian Canon of the tragic stage. Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet. His hapless bantlings are dispatched with all the theatrical proprieties, and after flinging out as much nonsensical jargon as would consign a dozen men to Bedlam under a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, he sits down amidst a chorus of acclamation. He is ruined from that night. He goes home swelling with importance, with all the inflation of a balloon. He is now beyond all question, a Great Man, ay, and a finished Orator; and when his wife brings him his supper, he looks at her with

amazement, and begins to suspect that he must have been mad or drunk when a man of his astounding abilities, condescended to wed so homely and so illiterate a poor woman as that. Henceforth she enjoys very little of his Society. He has so many meetings to attend, and so much business connected with the Association to discharge, and he is a member of so many Committees and sub-committees, and has so many processions to arrange, and so many sinful neighbours to denounce, that he has not a single moment of time to bestow upon himself, his own faults, or his own affairs.

But we must stop for the present, that our readers may have time to digest what we have written. We only beg, meantime, that our object may not be wilfully misunderstood. The cause is best strengthened, by withdrawing from it the rotten support of its hollow friends. The sincere Teetotaller will find his beverage more clear, and more delicious, when the mud, sand, gravel and flies are extracted from the water.

#### ST. MARY'S CATECHISTICAL SOCIETY.

A quarterly meeting of the above Society took place on Sunday evening last, in the Vestry of St. Mary's, the Very Rev. the Vicar General in the Chair.

The Chairman stated to the meeting that the gentleman appointed to the office of Secretary, at the Annual Meeting, declined acting, in consequence of which it would be necessary for the vacancy to be filled before proceeding to business,—whereupon,

It was moved and seconded, that Mr. William Compton be appointed Secretary for the ensuing year, which having passed.

The business of the evening commenced, by reading the proceedings of the last meeting, taking up the quarterly dues, and receiving the returns of the Superintendants of the Classes at St. Mary's and St. Patrick's. These returns showed that the average attendance of the children for the last three months were: At St. Mary's, males 250; females 300. St. Patrick's, males 120; females 150.

A letter from Mr. G. W. Dupe, in answer to a vote of thanks passed, by the General Committee of the Society, to that gentleman, was read, in which Mr. Dupe thanked the Committee for their kind consideration, and expressed his readiness to co-operate with the Society at any time his services might be required.

After some conversation as to the necessity of a more effective mode of teaching, Mr. P. Walsh, was re-appointed superintendant of the Classes at St. Mary's for the ensuing year.

The Secretary announced that the sum of Five pounds, thirteen shillings and ninepence, remaining over and above the expenses attending the late Pic-nic had been handed over to the Treasurer to be placed in the funds of the Society.

The Secretary also announced, that he had conveyed to Mr. P. J. Compton, the late Secretary, the vote of thanks passed to that gentleman at their last meeting.

There being no further business before Chair, the meeting adjourned.

W. COMPTON,  
Secretary.

Quarterly Receipts £6 12s 11d.

#### ASSOCIATION

#### For the Propagation of the Faith,

Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

This pious and truly charitable Institution of the Propagation of the Faith was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association, throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:—

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross; on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church; provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.

#### Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur*.

#### Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur* have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.

The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PRACOCK, Superiress, either personally or by letter.

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea, at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language, without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.

Halifax, July 14, 1840.