

REV. DOCTOR McKINNON.

The worthy Pastor of St. Andrews has lately received a well-merited compliment from some of his Parishioners. The following documents have been kindly forwarded to us by a member of the St. Andrew's Mechanics' Institute; and we feel very great pleasure in giving them a place in our columns—

A meeting of the Members of the St. Andrew's Mechanics' Institute, was held on the 20th ult., in the Vestry of the new Chapel, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. Dr. McKinnon with a handsome silver Snuff Box, bearing the following inscription—

PRESENTED TO THE

REV. COLIN McKINNON, D. D.

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE

SAINT ANDREW'S MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

AS A TESTIMONY OF THEIR REVERENCE AND ESTEEM.

On this occasion the following Address was read by Mr. John McDonald, Teacher of the Grammar School, St. Andrews: Rev. and Respected Sir,—

We, the Members of the St. Andrew's Mechanics' Institute, deeply impressed with the aid you have given our infant Institution, since its commencement, beg most respectfully to tender you our warmest thanks, and earnestly solicit you to accept from us the humble testimonial which accompanies this address.

Rev Sir,—

It is not alone your valuable assistance, and eloquent lectures to this Institute, that has convinced us that a tribute was due to you; but your unceasing labours and earnest zeal in your sacred vocation, have claims upon our gratitude which we are ill able to repay. Believe not sir, that our modest testimonial is looked upon by us as bearing a comparison with your usefulness, far be it from us to judge of your value by such a standard; but, sir, your sincere attachment to the interest of his Parish, and the many other excellent traits which grace your character in the discharge of the duties of your sacred calling, you have earned for yourself a tribute in the hearts of the people of more intrinsic worth than the tinsel glitter of silver, or the most ingenious specimen of the workman's art.

May the wise Dispenser of all good long spare you to enjoy the happy fruits of your sacred vocation,—may he grant you strength and hopes to continue your valuable career of usefulness, is our most sincere prayer.

Accept, sir, our humble tribute and with it our best wishes and thanks.

The Rev. Gentleman then read the following REPLY

Gentlemen,—

I beg leave to return you my most sincere thanks, both for the handsome testimonial of your attachment, and for the very flattering manner in which it has been presented. I assure you this token of your friendly feeling shall ever be very dear to me.

In noticing my feeble efforts to contribute to your literary and social entertainment for a few evenings during the last two winters, while overrating my humble services in this department, you have also alluded to my manner of discharging the functions of the sacred Ministry. Oh! my friends, believe me, I deserve not your thanks, and much less any sign of your approbation in this respect for I assure you—and I say it with sorrow—I am far from fulfilling, as it behoves me, the duties of my sacred vocation. The spiritual debts contracted by me, cannot be liquidated. After having passed eight years in the Eternal City, within sight of the tombs of the Apostles, where I had the most ample opportunity of drawing, daily, from the fountain head of piety and learning, I am—and I say it with sincerity—ashamed of the little good I have hitherto done in return for favours as gratuitously bestowed, as they have been transcendent in value.

Gentlemen, allow me to reciprocate all your good wishes. May the Giver of all good gifts enable us to fulfil the various duties of our respective callings,—may we all so conduct ourselves during our temporal sojourn that when the termination of our earthly pilgrimage shall have arrived, the vista of the past may elicit a well grounded hope in the bosom of each that he has done his duty.

Gentlemen, I accept your present with pleasure, and beg leave to assure you it shall always

be very dear to me, not merely for its intrinsic value, but rather as a lasting memorial of its much respected donors.

C. F. McKINNON, P. P.

St Andrew's, 30th June, 1848

[For the Cross]

THE PRIEST'S CHOICE.

I saw a tomb uprooted from the earth, And in that tomb I saw long locks of hair, And eyeless holes, where beauty once had birth And teeth all rotted, and defiled, and bare.

The frame was blackness all—the queenly form, For such 'twas once, was hideous now to see, While o'er it crawled the long and eyeless worm,

Feeding upon the filth most lustily.

The sight drew men around it, and they shed Full many a bitter tear upon that tomb, And loud they sorrowed that the youthful head So soon should moulder in the grave-yard's gloom.

Youth! joy! and beauty! what are ye at last! Are ye not told in many a truthful strain? A sound—a happy dream that soon is passed— A sad remembrance—beautiful as vain.

I sighed and passed—but soon I chose the way Which now I walk in, and which I shall hold, Till death's dull mists obscure my visual ray, And lay me, too, beneath the coffin's mould.

The world beholds me as a wretched one Shut out from all the pleasures of my race, Condemned to wander in my course alone, And feel but sadness in the gladdest place.

Still let it dream—but I possess a lot Which seems and is immeasurably blest, I have a rapture which it knoweth not, A holy calm—a more than mortal rest.

My God has showered his brightest gifts on me, He hath vouchsafed to call me to his shrine, 'That, in the place of love and mystery, I may present to him the gift divine.

And spirits are my partners, and they speak To me a language which is all my bliss, And mine are visions which in vain we seek Within the sphere of such a world as this.

I soothe the wretched on his bed of death, When fears arise and clouds of terror roll. I cheer the moment of his latest breath, And I speak Heaven's glories to the parting soul.

Nought intervenes between me and the skies To keep my soul from soaring to her home; I leave earth's thorns, its troubles, tears, and sighs,

In light to live, with angel guides to roam

Meantime to Him I make the sacrifice, And bless forever his eternal name, Singing, that while the suns of mortals rise May ev'ry tongue his boundless love proclaim.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, June, 1848.

[The above lines from our esteemed correspondent forcibly remind us of an interesting passage in the Life of St. Francis Borgia, which we subjoin from Alban Butler, October 10th.—] Ed. Cross.

St. Francis was much affected at the death of his intimate friend, the eminent Poet, Garcilas de Vega, who was killed at the siege of a castle in Provence, in 1537. The death of the pious Empress Isabel happened two years after, on the 1st of May, 1539, whilst the Emperor was holding the states of Castile at Toledo with the utmost pomp and magnificence. His Majesty was much afflicted for the loss of so virtuous a consort. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lombay were commissioned by him to attend her corpse to Granada, where she was to be buried. When the funeral convoy arrived at Granada, and the Marquis delivered the corpse into the hands of the Magistrates of that city, they were on both sides to make oath that it was the body of the late Empress. The coffin of lead was therefore opened, and her face was uncovered, but appeared so hideous and so much disfigured, that no one knew it, and the stench was so noisome that everybody made what haste he could away. Francis not knowing the face, would only swear it was the body of the Empress, because, from the care he had taken, he was sure nobody could have changed it upon the road. Being exceedingly struck at this spectacle, he repeated the

himself: 'What has now become of those eyes once so sparkling? Where is now the beauty and graceful air of that countenance, which we so lately beheld? Are you her sacred majesty, Donna Isabel! Are you my Empress, and my lady, my mistress!'

"The impression which this spectacle made on his soul remained strong and lively during the thirty three years he survived it, to his last breath. Returning that evening from the Royal Chapel to his lodgings, he locked himself up in his chamber, and passed the whole night without a wink of sleep. Prostrate on the floor, shedding a torrent of tears, he said to himself: 'What is it my soul, that I seek in this world? How long shall I pursue and grasp at shadows? What is she already become, who was lately so beautiful, so great, so much revered? This death which has thus treated the imperial diadem, has already levelled his bow to striko me. Is it not prudent to prevent its stroke, by dying now to the world, that at my death I may live to God?' He earnestly conjured his Divine Redeemer to enlighten his soul, to draw him out of the abyss of his misery, and to assist him by his all-powerful grace, that with his whole heart he might serve that master whom death could not rob him of. The next day after the Divine Office and Mass in the great Church, the celebrated and holy preacher, John of Avial, made the funeral sermon, in which, with a divine unction and energy, he set forth the vanity and deceitfulness of all the short-lived enjoyments of this world, false and empty in themselves, and which entirely vanish when death cuts the thread of our life, and overturns at once all these castles which our foolish imaginations has raised in the air. He then spoke of the eternal glory or misery which follows death, and of the astonishing madness of those who, in this moment of life, neglect to secure what is to them of such infinite importance. This discourse completed the entire conversion of the Marquis, who, that afternoon, sent for the preacher, laid open to him the situation of his soul, and his desires of bidding adieu to the world. The holy director confirmed him in his resolution of quitting the Court, where a soul is always exposed to so many snares, and of entering upon a new course of serving God with the utmost fervour.

"Francis determined upon the spot to forsake the Court, and soon after made a vow to embrace a religious state of life if he should survive his consort."

SCANDALS IN PROTESTANT SECTS.

Horrible scandals have been given in various parts of the country within a short time back, by men called and looked upon, in the sects to which they belong, as ministers of the Gospel and from whom therefore the public had a particular reason to expect a good example and edification. We find in one of our exchanges a list of four, and in another a list of three Protestant clergymen, who have been tried and convicted for crimes, most too heinous to be recorded in our columns. It is even stated that, among other means which one of them had made use of to pervert innocence and accomplish his wicked designs, was that of quoting texts of the sacred Scripture and endeavoring to show in them the justification of his passion.

We exult not over these sad occurrences, although they take place among our opponents, although they reflect disgrace on those who are perhaps our bitter enemies, we regret them and even grieve over them as much as Protestants themselves can do. We can with all sincerity borrow the language of the Protestant editor of one of the papers in which we find these scandalous lists, who says, that he "would rather not record these mortifying cases of such frequent occurrence, of the disgraceful conduct of clergymen, it is with reluctance that we allude to them. But the spirit and the mode in which the warfare against the Catholic Church is carried on in this country, induces and as it were forces us to do it." What would be the tone of the Protestant press if only one member of the Catholic Priesthood was tried and convicted for immoral conduct? Would Protestant papers not be filled with inflammatory articles against the whole Catholic clergy, with violent abuses against the whole Catholic Church? Would the whole country not ring with loud declamations against anything that pertains to the Catholic Religion? Would not Protestant preachers make the occurrence the subject of their Sunday sermons? And is by halts of dozens that theirs are seen exposed in the public prints as having

been found guilty of heinous crimes. We often read in papers conducted by Reverend Protestant Editors, of the "corrupting influence" of the Catholic religion. We often find in them injurious insinuations against the moral character of Catholic Priests, of Catholic Nuns. Their editors seem to delight in thinking ill of these and charging them with all kinds of crimes, it is, no doubt owing to the holiness of their newly made doctrine and to the sanctity that reigns among them! Yes, it is, as the edifying lists referred to plainly show. Alas! for you who see the mote that is in your brother's eye and see not the beam that is in your own eye!—Catholic Advocate

MEXICO.

Extract of a letter from Col. Soymoor, dated Mexico, Feb, 14th, 1848.

"Every street almost, has its one, two, and three churches, or convents. The great Cathedral fronting the Plaza, is a magnificent structure. It has one bell, the stroke of which seems like a summons from another world. I have crossed the threshold of this stupendous edifice, to see the forms of worship, which are not all forms. The poor and the rich kneel down together, and pour forth their prayers at the same altar. The rich silks of the fair señoritas, receive no desilement from the coarse and half ragged garments of the Indians, who kneel by their side. There is no pew rent here, to keep up the distinction of wealth and poverty.

The beggars beggar all description. The most piteous are those whom God has deprived of sight. Two blind girls, locked in each other's arms, hang around the corners of the Plaza, and in mournful accents ask for alms. The humble petition is nothing, but the dim eyes have a resistless appeal. Besides these, there are others, mere children, taught to beg, I suppose, who get a little ahead of one, and dropping on their knees, with a most supplicating look, cry, 'Placo Americano! Americano Placo!' The only way to get rid of them is to follow the advice of Charles Lamb; 'Give and ask no questions.'—Perhaps you may entertain an angel in disguise.

We are in the midst of winter, but have no winter. The nights are rather cold, for we have no fires, but the days are all sunshine and warmth. The markets are constantly filled with the best of garden vegetables—any thing that we can raise at home, and more. Fruits are to be had in abundance. We had peaches on the table a few days since. Apples, oranges, pine apples, bananas, are piled up along the sidewalks. Do you not think it a 'great country?'

DUTY FIRST.—A pious monk, one day when he had been unusually fervent in his devotions, found his darkened cell, suddenly illuminated by an unearthly light, and there stood before him a vision of the Saviour, his countenance beaming with love, his hand outstretched with a gesture of kind invitation. At that same moment the convent bell rang, which called the monk in the regular course of his duty, to distribute alms to the poor, at the gate. For an instant he hesitated; but the next moment found him, true to his vow of charity on his way to the gate. The poor relieved, the work of love fulfilled, he returned in sadness to his cell, doubting not that the heavenly vision had taken flight. But to his surprise and joy, it was still there, and with a smile even more full than before of divine beauty and ineffable love; and there came from it these words—"Hadst thou staid I had fled."

PICTURES IN CHURCHES.—In England pictures were introduced into our churches at as early a period as the seventh century; we read that Saint Bennet Bishop, who died towards the close of that century, placed the pictures of the Virgin, the twelve Apostles, the History of the Gospel, and the visions of the Revelation of St John, in the Church of Saint Peter of Weremouth, and that he adorned the Church of St Paul attached to the monastery at Jarrow, with pictures, so disposed, that they represented the harmony between the Old and the New Testaments, and the conformity of the figures in one to the reality in the other. Thus Isaac, carrying the wood which was to be employed in the sacrifice of himself, was explained by Jesus carrying his cross, on which he was to finish his sacrifice, and the brazen serpent was illustrated by a Saviour's crucifixion. The Saint was also the first who caused to be erected in England, a church built with stone, and which possessed glazed windows. —Catholic Herald.