

ing one they have destroyed both—albeit, they “search the Scriptures” in quest of the rejected and lost treasure.

61. Let us apply to them some of the tests which are so positively enjoined, so universally adhered to, in the Primitive, Apostolic, and Catholic Church. You have seen already that what they call “faith,” “doctrine of the Bible,” &c., is nothing more than their own opinions.—These opinions have been aggregated in certain formularies of belief, called Articles of Religion, Confessions of Faith, and the like. These collected and concentrated opinions, they support on a *living traditional opinion*, to the effect that the symbol contains the substantial meaning of the written word of God—and although the Holy Scriptures, as they pretend, are plain and intelligible to all, yet they present to their several schools the symbolism of their opinions expressed in their Confession of Faith, as—if they will excuse me for so saying—the Bible Made Easy.

Doctrines, as positive facts of revelation they have none;—and, on their principle of private opinion, cannot have. But supposing that they had doctrines among them, has any of them the right, consistently with the order which Our Lord established in His Church, to teach or preach them in his name? Observe, I do not say, especially if the matters were of less sacred consequence that they have not a right to preach their opinions to all mankind. But in that case, too, candor and fairness should induce them to proclaim that they promulgate,—not the doctrines of Christ, as facts, or revelations,—but simply their own opinion as to what those doctrines are. The wrong, which I think they do to the simple-minded, is in seeking to have their opinions received as the teachings of Christ Himself. If they had received the true mission this would not, could not, have been the case. They would have been great in their generations, by their association with the Apostolic and universal ministry of the Catholic Church in preaching the doctrines which she received from Christ and His Apostles;—but personally, and of themselves, they would have been as insignificant, as the echo of a trout, which their voices prolong. The most uneducated congregation in the Catholic world would be stricken with horror, if its minister dared to put forth his opinion, no matter how learned he might be, as, or instead of, the doctrines of Christ, which he was supposed to have learned, before his admission to his sacred office, and was bound to teach afterwards. But Private Reasoning has changed all this. The world at this day, or at least in the language which we are accustomed to hear, recognises the man, who dresses in a grave and reverend costume, and who volunteers such views as occur to his mind, from reading a passage in the Bible, to any public audience that may listen to him, as a “preacher;” then a preacher is “a minister of the Gospel;” then a minister of the Gospel is an “ambassador of God”—here they will tell you to “see Mathew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles and Apocalypse, chapter and verse”—and thus, by a deceptive sliding scale of human language, and a direct perversion of the Scriptures, they come to be regarded as persons whom Christ had sent to carry on the work of His ministry.

65. I would not have you disregard the conventional usages of society, or the courtesies of social life, by which the character of the sacred ministry is recognised in such. But, speaking according to the truth of God, and the eternal interests of immortal souls, it is altogether unnecessary to scrutinise the claim and investigate the basis or foundation on which it is supposed to rest. By whom were these supposed ministers of Christ sent? This is a test question. The Church of God is older than they. Did she send them? Assuredly not. Had she sent them in the first instance, when they ceased to be faithful to their appointment, she revoked their mission, and cancelled their authority. Did God himself send them, as extraordinary envoys? Then, like St. Paul, let them appeal to miracles to prove their mission, and like him, too, preach the doctrines which he had revealed to the Church. It is certain that, in the first instance, they were not sent by any recognised pre-existing authority in the Catholic Church, or of any other pretended Church on the face of the earth. For instance, when Arius, or Nestorius, or Eutyches, or Pelagius, or Waldo, or Wickliffe, or Luther, or Calvin, or Cranmer, went forth—from what possible authority could either of them derive a mission to propagate the several schools of private opinion into which their adherents have been, or are,

divided? Who sent them? Not the Church; for they either left, or were expelled from her communion. Not God; for this would be authorising them to pull down the Church of His Divine Son by the tongue. Not themselves; for no man can send himself, more than he can baptise himself. Who then sent them? Not their followers; for it was only in consequence of a pretended mission, that they could have followers. Not the Emperors of the Eastern Empire, nor of the Western, for emperors are of the earth, earthly. Not the princes of Germany, nor the Parliaments of England, for they have no spiritual power or authority to confer. By whom, then, were they sent, in the first instance? Evidently they had no mission from God—they were not sent by Him, and could not be sent by any other.

Now, dear Reader, give, I pray you, this letter a second and more attentive perusal, and study deeply the importance of its contents.—There is, at the present time, a certain form and order of mission for those who assume to be preachers of the Gospel, among the Private Reasoners. But, in the sight of man, there is no reasonable evidence of the warranty by which it is carried on; nor can there be, in the sight of God, according to the want of evidences before us, any reality. Examine this question.—The economy of God in the organizing of His Church is manifested as you have seen “how can they preach unless they are sent?” Nor does this vary in its analogy with the outward display of His Almighty power, in the material creation and government of the world. Every beam of light reflected from the earth must have a sun from which it proceeds. Every tree that grows must have a root by which it derives nutriment to renew its vernal foliage. Every stream or river that is seen gliding onwards, must have a fountain to supply the flow of its waters. Every minister in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, both at present, and at every period, has been sent, in regular order, by those who were sent by the Apostles, who were sent by Christ, who was sent by God. But not so with the ministers of religion among the Private Reasoners. If they are a tree, where is their root? If they are a river, where is the fountain from which they flow?

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

The Very Rev Dr Spalding has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Louisville by the Holy See. Dr. Spalding was a distinguished student of Propaganda, has laboured many years on the Mission in the United States, and is the author of several interesting and able Publications.—The Evidences of the Catholic Church, the Resurrection of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, an account of the Missions and state of Religion in Kentucky &c. He was also a constant contributor to the Catholic Magazines and Periodicals in the United States. His elevation to the hierarchy has therefore been hailed by all the friends of religion as a most gratifying event. The New York Journals continue to lacerate Bennett for his impudent and disgusting attack on the Freeman's Journal. They are wrong, however, in supposing that the exposure of his infamous career will deter the miscreant. The old advice of “Tell truth, and shame the Devil” may, if followed, produce some effect on Beecher, but in the case of Bennett, it does not apply at all. The Devil himself could not shame him. There were some apt scholars in this discarded pedagogue in this neighbourhood, but, with Bennett, they are going headlong to their common master.

It is computed that one hundred thousand Catholics, principally Irish and German, arrived in New York from the 1st of May 1847 to January 1848. An equal number has arrived at all the other ports in the United States. An addition of Two hundred thousand in 8 months is no doubt a gratifying accession to our ranks at this side of the Atlantic.

It was stated some time since on the authority of the Boston Chronotype that during a fire in Troy N. York by which the Catholic Church was consumed, the Sextons of the Protestant Churches refused to ring their alarm bells. The Rev Phillip O'Reilly the priest of the Church alluded to has addressed a Letter to all the Bishops in which he indignantly denies the truth of the report, and says that one of the Protestant Clergymen rang his Church Bell on the occasion with his own hand. This is creditable to all parties,

and as the Cross applied the unfounded rumour from the United States Journals we feel great pleasure in publishing this formal contradiction. We wish we could as truly contradict the report of the wanton attack upon Catholics which was made at a Church Tea Party, the other evening at Mason Hall by one of the holy spouters who calls himself Reverend. His Reverence could not enjoy his dish of tea, without treating the company to a dish of scandalous abuse of the absent Papists. We have heard the creature's name, but when we do so, we shall give him in large Capitals all the notoriety which he seems to court. One would imagine that all the filth and nastiness which are incessantly flung upon us from the Conventicle Tube of this city, ought to satisfy the most rabid cravings of bigotry. But, it seems our calumniators are not satisfied with this, they must also give vent to their narrow-minded prejudices at Tea parties also. We believe that Catholics are never known at their convivial meetings to fall foul of their neighbours on the score of religion, and the least we can expect is a return of this rational forbearance.

A Rev Divine was lately collecting Subscribers for a No Popery Paper in Boston, when at Uxbridge Ms. he got into a little affair, which proved there was a wolf upon the track. His Reverence got out of the scrape, and the matter was hushed up by his paying 100 dollars.

The Birth Day of Washington was celebrated with great eclat at Georgetown and Worcester Colleges, both of which are conducted by Jesuits! Who can say that Catholicity is inimical to patriotism?

There was a Requiem Mass in Boston at which Bishop Fitzpatrick officiated for the repose of the soul of the Princess Adelaide, sister of the King of the French. Dr Ryder of Worcester College preached the Funeral Oration.

The Methodist mission in Oregon has turned out to be a complete failure. It was long suspected, and is now discovered that the Missionaries paid more attention to the fleeces than to the welfare of the flock. A Mr Gary was sent out by “the Board” to examine the state of the mission, “and to correct the abuses, which the Board had reason to fear, had sprung up in it.” We now understand that “when he reached Oregon he found the mission extensively involved in secular business,” and that it had become largely engaged in agriculture, mercantile business, milling, blacksmithing, carpentering, cabinet making &c!! A noble plan no doubt for “converting the heathen!”

“CHURCH TEA MEETING.”

MORE “AWFUL MIRTH.”

An “Affair” of this description, to which we have alluded elsewhere, “came off” lately. If the parties there assembled had confined themselves to the ostensible object of their meeting, we should have no reason to complain, nor should we notice for a moment any of the proceedings. But as we have been provoked to direct our attention to this Tea atrical display, this compound mixture of Boga and the Bible, the only revenge we shall take is to publish from the Papers a part of the ludicrous description of this Agee, or Love-and-Scripture Feast, which has been communicated by one of the party.

“The fair young ladies, too—God bless them!—appeared as if nature had formed them for their own enjoyment, the real regret with many appeared to be that they had not the opportunity of

“Tripping it on the light fantastic too.”

The brilliant Polka played by the Band seemed to tantalize many of the fair ones, some of whom beautifully illustrated their feelings by a little playful distortion of the muscles of the face; and then, where was the youth so lost to all sense of Woman's charms, “nature's richest gift to man” as not to watch with longing eye the

“Poating lip of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing love's invasion.”

But why attempt to draw a picture, to which, had we even the pen of a Byron or a Moore, we could not do justice!

There! Christian Public! There a specimen of the manner in which Church objects are to be promoted! Such an avowal of undisguised libertinism in the writer of this offensive and disgusting description, would, if founded on truth, give us a curious notion of the real motives which brought together such a fluttering of the “Shickens of grace” on this occasion! It was not to “peck at the crumbe of heavenly comfort.” It was not, according to him, through Divine Love, but through gross, carnal, human passion. The Ladies too are highly complimented. They, unselfish creatures! appeared as if Nature

formed them for their own enjoyment.” And again; “the real regret with many appeared to be”—(what do you think, reader? that they were able to do so little for “the cause of the Church?” Not at all.) The real regret appeared to be “that they had not the opportunity of

“Tripping it on the light fantastic too.” And thus too at a religious gathering! What would St. John the Baptist say to such bouncing Damazels!

Furthermore, those meek eyed Doves did not escape some of the honours of martyrdom; and in this instance, of all the tyrants on earth, the “Brilliant Polka” was the cruel executioner. The unfeeling Polka “tantalized many of the fair ones.” What a pity some celestial music from the “Songs of Zion” did not soften the pangs of this Polka temptation! especially when the dear victims so “beautifully illustrated their feelings, by a little playful distortion of the muscles of the face!!” We always thought that any “distortion” of the face was fatal to beauty. But Love is blind; and an Inamorate of this description can transform muscular convulsions into illustrations of beauty. In one point we fully agree with the writer. It is only the lascivious pen of “a Byron or a Moore” that could do justice to such a picture, that of his heather sketch of it be correct. Seriously we ask, how is it possible that a healthy tone of morality can prevail if Religion is to be associated in the minds of our youth with such nauseous stuff as the above? There is no religious Bunkum—more unmeaning cant, more senseless (wadding more rapid effusion, more arrogant pretension, more gross imposture, more spiritual charlatanry, more moral quackery carried on in Halifax in the course of a year than in any town of equal size in the world. This is our deliberate opinion. The wildest gulls are periodically duped and stung by their covering. But when the feathers grow again, these silly birds return to the nest of the Deceyver with as much blindness as ever. This gullibility is now so well known in “foreign parts,” that when a man will not or cannot earn a decent livelihood at his trade or profession, he starts for Halifax to “raise the wind” and after having well “feathered his nest” in a brief but lucky spouting Season, he decamps, laughing in his sleeve at our stupidity and folly.

But, to return to the Tea Party from which we have made this short digression; we would recommend our neighbours whenever they assemble on festive occasions and especially under the auspices of religion, to abstain from abusing or calumniating the absent. We have no desire to quarrel with any one on account of his religious opinions. We believe, as firmly as we do in the existence of God, that there is but ONE True Religion, and that there is no salvation for those who are wofully separated from the True Church in which alone that Religion is to be found.—But whilst we condemn and deplore his error, we know how to love the man—the brother, the fellow creature, the fellow subject. Here, as elsewhere, we never assail. The war of aggression comes from our opponents, and we are always acting on the defensive. And surely no one will expect that we will tamely allow ill-mannered Reverends to abuse and insult us at Polka Tea Parties, even though the said Church should be connected with them.

NEWS BY THE CAMBRIA.

The news received by the Steamer on Wednesday is the most important which has arrived here for many years.

Paris was in Revolution. Much blood has been spilled. The troops and the people have come into collision. Guizot, who ought to have been dismissed two years since, has been compelled to retire. The King, it is said, has abdicated in favour of his grandson, but we have seen no official document from him to that effect.—The Duchess of Orleans and her two children have presented themselves in the Chamber of Deputies, whose deliberations were interrupted by the violent incursions of the populace. Every thing was in disorder and confusion, and some frightful reminiscences of the worst horrors of the early Revolution have been called forth. A sort of Provisional Government has been installed, but no one can tell how this state of things will terminate, whether in the expulsion of all the Orleans dynasty, the recall of Henry V. or the establishment of a Republic. In any case, the peace of Europe and of the world seems in imminent peril. England would do well to set her Irish house in order in double quick time. Naples and Sicily have received Constitutional Governments from the King, and through the