

and appropriate sermon on the occasion. The *Pain Beni* was unusually splendid, and of eighteen stories high! All concerned seemed desirous to render this ceremony as imposing as it was magnificent.

The Lady Mayoress accompanied the four bearers of the *Pain Beni*, and offered it at the Altar.

The collection in the body of the Church was made by Mesdames Lafontaine, Delisle, and Donegani—that in the galleries by Messieurs Cherrier and Leblanc.

The Band of the 71st Regiment was stationed near the Organ, and played several national airs. The *Sol's* was chanted by Messrs Fortin, pere et fils, of Laprairie, and Mr. F. Cherrier, Organist of the Cathedral. The Choir acquitted themselves admirably in the Chorus.

Some one had spread a report, that in consequence of the terrible disaster at Boucherville, the celebration of this Mass was deferred—notwithstanding which an immense crowd attended divine service.

The members of the Temperance Society, established under the Clergy of the Cathedral, to the number of about one thousand, attended in procession with their beautiful banners, at about half-past eight o'clock. The Mass over, the Temperance Society filed along Notre Dame Street, followed by the band of the 71st Regiment, playing the air of "Vive la Canadienne." After the band was a banner, representing on one side the figure of St. Jean Baptiste—and on the other side a Canadian Habitant—each surrounded with a wreath of maple leaves and buds.

After the banner walked the Honble. D. B. Viger, the President of the Association, accompanied by His Honor the Mayor. After these came a crowd composed of the members of Committee, and other citizens, who marched four deep. The whole, after making a short *detour*, returned to the Cathedral—where God save the Queen having been played, the meeting dispersed.

If the spirit with which this procession has been got up, had been something damped by the recent terrible catastrophe at Boucherville, there was enough to prepare us for the magnificence and *esprit, de corps* likely to be displayed on the next anniversary.

There was no Repeal Meeting held in Kingston yesterday, nor was any attempt made to hold any. From the posting of placards on Monday up to yesternight, the town was in a state of general excitement. The Protestant portion of the inhabitants believing the question of Repeal to be in some way connected with the maintenance of their religious liberties, both at home and in Canada, were highly indignant at the bare idea of a Repeal Meeting being thought of, and some of the more violent issued handbills declaratory of their intention to put down the intended Meeting by force.

None of the Irish Roman Catholic inhabitants of standing, wealth, or intelligence, are known, or suspected of being concerned in the business. Their Clergy are equally innocent. All that is known is, that the handbills and advertisements, calling the Meeting, issued from the He-

rald office, and that about a dozen persons, few of whom were above the laboring class, engaged St. George's Hall for the place of meeting. We may go further and say, that the agitation of the question of Repeal was much against the inclination of the former, and that the latter used their great influence in preventing it; particularly the Rev. Mr. DOLLARD, who went so far in his indignation, as to make the subject a topic in his sermon yesterday morning (the festival of St. Peter & St. Paul), and told his hearers that what money they had to spare would be better employed in the building of the new Catholic Cathedral, than in disturbing the peace of the United Kingdom! From all accounts, therefore, Repeal is dead in Kingston, and, we heartily hope, in Canada.—*Whig*.

From the London and Dublin Orthodox Journal.

A SIMPLE STATEMENT OF POPYRY AS IT IS—NOT AS IT IS SAID TO BE.

BY A LATE PROTESTANT.

[CONCLUDED]

Another charge against us is, that we are prohibited by the priesthood from reading the scriptures. Yes! to put our own private interpretation upon them we are; and oh! how justly restricted; and hence it is that our church is one, universal and undivided. Never among us are found the Unitarian, who denies the divinity of his Redeemer; the Quaker who rejects baptism; the Predestinarian, who doubts even a superintending Providence. We are permitted to read the Scriptures. We do read them, but it is with deference to the interpretation of the church. What *she* decides we know to be right. What *man* conjectures we see to be wrong. Fanatics, Arians, nay, even Atheists, have all arisen from private interpretation of one or other texts of scripture by these vaunting and self-happy readers, who, having lost the master-guide to clear up *seeming* (and *only seeming*) contradictions have thus been left to *waver*, to *wander*, and to be *wretched*, too fully and too experimentally demonstrating the necessity of the judicious, and, to us, thrice happy restriction from private judgment; without reference to infallible authority Christ said to his apostles, "go, teach all nations." Our holy religion is to this hour dependant on the successors of those apostles to teach still; and if the New Testament had never been written (and as it owes its first existence more to contingents than to any direct command of Christ) our holy religion would exist firmly still and so will exist to the end of time. "Obey those who rule over you," said St. Luke. We do so, and therefore we have neither sects nor divisions. We do not turn Unitarians because we read that Christ said "My Father is greater than I;" we do not put off baptism because scripture mentions not infant baptism, for we know that Christ also said to his apostles, "I have many things to tell you which you are not yet able to bear, but when I am gone I will send you the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, who shall teach you all truth." Our priesthood are the successors of those apostles, and "we obey them that have the rule over us, and submit ourselves" (Hebrews,

xii. 17); and hence it is that our church is one, while all others are made up of sects, and divisions, and subdivisions, each bringing forth scripture as their authority, or the silence of scripture as their rule of action. I well remember that, in my earlier years, when, from reading the Bible at schools had learned the New Testament by heart, it frequently occurred to me how inadequate and inefficient appeared what I read to substantiate the truth of Christianity, and to confirm the doctrine of the Trinity, and I often marvelled why and upon what authority (since never mentioned in holy writ) the Sabbath was changed to the first day of the week, hearing as I so constantly did that "the Bible only was our rule of faith. The mystery is now explained. The church of Christ rests, not merely on the written, but on the unwritten word of God; and it appears to me as impossible for a Protestant divine to prove solely from scripture the legality of breaking a direct command of the said scripture, viz., "Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath day," as to bring any other source than our church for the foundation, floor, walls, corner-stones and roof of his own. The first promulgators of general reading may have been good men, and doubtless meant well (may their souls rest in peace), but they have done little good by thus launching the bark while the sails are kept furled, and the rudder without a guide. It is a sad but received opinion that, in our free bible-reading country, ten out of every hundred are Free-thinkers, that is, either doubters of the divine origin of Christianity, or at best cavillers upon one or other point of faith. In the fifteenth century there could not be so many found throughout all Christendom. If this unlimited bible reading is restricted in our church, it is restricted properly. The noble vessel is launched, but its sails are trimmed, and it is not launched without its rudder.

Another charge against us, and, as a *ci divant* Protestant, I know it is one universally believed, is that we may commit any sin with impunity, as we have only to fly to the confessional, and that will wipe them all away. Oh how shamefully, how utterly is this holy rite profaned and slandered! No true Catholic ever goes to confession without sincere repentance; no priest ever gives absolution unless he at least believes the penitent sincere; and if in confession aught transpires that has compromised either the property or the good name of another, the first step, prior to gaining the hope of absolution, is *restitution*. Equally are our dear and holy priesthood slandered by a generally received opinion that they *sell pardons*, traffic in indulgences, barter their own precious souls, and tamper with their God for filthy lucre." This is so generally believed that it forms the frequent subject of declamation from the pulpit of the Protestant church. Oh! how I wish that every being who thus wrongs our good, our noble minded pastors could but once themselves go to confession—could but once hear the fatherly counsel, the pure, heart-stirring advice and admonition that I have heard. It is not true that we pay to go to confession. Yes! we do pay one thing,—the warmest, holiest, and most grateful esteem

to the exemplary pastors who deserve so truly the sacred and endearing name of father and of friend. There may be in the world bad priests, as amongst the apostles there was one Judas; but I challenge any spot of earth, either in Britain's isle, or in the "realms afar" to boast a body of individuals so unvarying in doing good, so unostentatious in their piety, so exemplary in every gentle Christian charity as are our bright, our beloved, but misjudged pastors, the metropolitan priesthood.

Meet imitators of a type divine,
Practice and prece, both in them combine.
Their bright examples our unerring aim,
Their lives perform what'er their lips proclaim,
And each belov'd revered instruction given,
Not only points, but leads the way to heaven

To those who are born and educated Catholics there are comparatively few or no opportunities of hearing how much and how unjustly their faith is traduced; but I, a near relative to many individuals high in the Church of England, have had frequent means of hearing the misrepresentations issued (and alas! too in a tone but ill becoming a minister of Jesus,) from the pulpit of the Protestant church. Our ritual, a ritual pure and beautiful in every Christian gentleness, termed blasphemy; our priesthood denominated hypocrites; our pontiff, our holy venerable pontiff, made a scoff, a laughing stock. All, all of which I know, and in the name of every Catholic I protest to be illiberal, unfounded and utterly false.

As soon as a child can speak, it is taught that the "Roman Catholic" is a dreadful depraved creature. Vituperations and exaggerations the most preposterous are denounced from the pulpit, and sorry am I to bear in remembrance, as connected with these ungentle calumnies, the names of many who in all else except this lack of charity, are bright examples of every Christian virtue. Fain would I have hoped that ignorance were the cause of the discourses thus frequently given; but, knowing as I must now know, that the declaimers against us have but to enter one of our little chapels to be convinced that piety and purity pervade every beautiful prayer and litany, I therefore blush for the slanders I have heard. Alas! between the bitter declaimer from the pulpit, and the innocent child who on the 5th of November helps to burn an effigy of the pope, clapping his little hands in exultation at his prowess, there exists but this difference—that the one will not, and the other *does* not know the right from wrong. The child's sportive frolic is the earnest of the man, and his bonfires and his impotent destructions are but the emblems and the echo of bad men's thoughts and wishes.

Could those who thus couple with opprobrium and ridicule the name of Pope, oh! could they but behold the good and venerable man who at present fills the sacred character;—could they but witness the unostentatious devotion, the gentleness blended with dignity, they would at least admit, that in the meek but dignified pontiff there was much for love but none ridicule; and that gentleness of physiognomy, graciousness of demeanor went hand in hand with the characteristics so oft attributed to his sacred calling. Yes! and equally do I feel assured, that could the same separated brethren but once *rightly comprehend* our form of worship, hear our sweet prayers so fraught with purity, with charity and peace; could they but see the unfeigned piety, the heart's devotion which reigns within our sacred chapels, they would perceive, let slander flourish as she may, that at the name of Jesus every knee does bow, and that in the unity of the Father and the Holy Ghost, *He* and *He only* is our God.—

Oh may he by his heavenly grace send peace and brotherly love into the hearts of our enemies.—*America*.