

CATHOLIC PROGRESS—COMING FORTH FROM THE CATACOMBS.

In this new Continent, in the heart of the freshness and life and activity of material enterprises, the Catholic Church has hitherto been at work, like the leaven hid in the three measures of meal. Along all the banks of the American rivers the Kingdom of Heaven has been planted in great humility, and small as the grains of mustard-seed. But now already the leaven is affecting the entire mass, and the mustard seed is growing apace in the sight of the whole world. Already the Gospel of the Church of God is preached in the listening ears of the entire nation. It stands, as it must ever stand, a witness and a testimony, convincing those who accept it, and condemning those that reject it.

At length in America the Church has come forth from the Catacombs. No longer is it only in the rude, shanty, and stript of external pomp, that the truth can be heard in our land. Far and wide in our cities, Cathedrals and splendid Churches rear their vast and solemn arches, and once more in the conviction of all men the Catholic Church is showing herself the true Mother of the Arts, and the mistress and teacher of the magnificent and the ideal. "Ah, yes!" it was said to us a few weeks ago, by one of those fine intellectual characters, who still refuse to accept the whole Truth where alone it is to be found, and grope for light where there is darkness only—"ah, yes! it is there you conquer us. Cathedrals, and that whole grasp of the external by the spiritual world, is the special property of the Roman Communion." The remark was in reply to a somewhat ironical excuse given by us for deferring the discussion of some interesting but not very practical questions, on the ground that our columns were likely for some weeks to be occupied with chronicling the consecration of a series of Cathedrals.

And is it not indeed a wonderful thing? What we speak of is not any studied or concerted efforts on the part of the Catholic Church to do something grand and imposing. It is prompted by a want and a necessity; and those who are accomplishing it, so far from glorying and exulting in it as a great thing, bemoan themselves because their performances come so far short of the needs of the faithful. Catholics multiply by hundreds of thousands, and cry out for altars before which to kneel and worship. Sees and Bishops are multiplied, and the faithful demand vast Cathedrals where they may assemble to receive the blessings of their Chief Pastors. This is the spirit still new and yet old. This is the need—the necessity—that stimulates to Catholic exertion. But the result is that the dilettanti turn away from Wall Street and Broadway, from the shrines of Mammon and the temples of dead and withered Protestantism, to see in the Catholic Church whose consecration we recorded last week, the truth and perfection of an art that lives and speaks, that is twice beautiful because it is also appropriate to its purpose. They visit Albany, and the object that first draws their attention as they approach that city is the Cathedral, the lofty bulkiness of which the visitor no longer remembers when from within he examines its soft lines and mellow light, and admires the beauty of art in the sculptured stone of the Altar brought from Europe to crown the splendor of the Sanctuary. When they reach Buffalo they see another great Cathedral rising above the level of the city, and hastening to its completion. They go on to Cleveland and find another Cathedral of imposing character, consecrated but a few weeks ago, and the fact recorded only in a passing newspaper paragraph, as if the fruit of so many labors was but an every-day occurrence. Yet they may enter it and admire the oak carvings of the Altar-piece. And if they care to inquire whence they come, they may learn that the Catholic Faith inspired in a simple joiner the talent for their workmanship. They are from St. Paul-de-Leon, in Brittany, and are due to the chisel of St. Yves, who has restored architectural harmony to so many churches of Little Brittany, always under the learned guidance of a de Courcy, who labors as devotedly to imprint the mark of his Catholic genius on archeology, as the distinguished brother of his house does on periodical literature.

But the lover of the fine arts may travel on with his admiration still renewed from Cleveland to Detroit, and from Detroit to Milwaukee, and thence to Dubuque, finding Cathedrals either just finished, or in progress, till he gets back to Cincinnati, where a splendid Cathedral has been finished these many years. Thence he may visit Louisville, to see another dome of a Catholic Cathedral newly overshadowing the city, and thence to Nashville, and so down to New Orleans, and then to Mobile, where the mortar is scarcely yet dry on the splendid monument of Catholic piety in generous Alabama. In Savannah he will find the work of Cathedral building already splendidly inaugurated in that newly erected See; and in Charleston he will see the same thing far advanced. When he has got back to Philadelphia he may see the gigantic foundations of the new Cathedral there, and Pittsburg, with one almost finished and surpassed by very few, if by any, in the country, will still be unvisited.

These instances of Cathedrals and Cathedral building are imperfect from our want of minute information, and perhaps from slips of our memory. And when we have finished with these, we might go again over the whole country, telling of each district the fine churches that are in course of erection, or but just completed. Our rivers and lakes are already studded with the towers surmounted by the cross, and supported by tasteful and ornamental churches, where but a dozen or twenty years ago no mark of religion was to be seen, except from place to place dismal and ill-shaped meeting-houses, looking more fit for stables than temples of worship, and grotesquely situated for the most part, in nooks and holes which men would reject for their own residences. The seekers of pleasure at Newport, the great ocean-side watering place of the United States, saw last Summer a beautiful monument of architectural skill dedicated to Catholic worship. Next summer, Saratoga, the other greatest gathering place of the Union, will see a like splendid edifice devoted to the same Divine service. These we give but as examples of what is now seen everywhere in this country. The Church comes forth from the Catacombs and challenges the attention and homage of the world. Her great work is as a teacher and a law giver. As a teacher she prepares to educate the generations of men in the ways of virtue and of religion. As a law giver she instructs rulers in the holiness of justice, and teaches the governed the dignity of obedience. But she, at the same time, leaves no innocent demand of human nature unsupplied.—Even now, still in her poverty and her self-denial, may, by means of her voluntary poverty and self-de-

nia, she instructs a new nation on a fresh continent in the arts and accomplishments of æsthetic culture. Music, and architecture, and painting, are in her treasures, and she brings these forth by degrees, and exorcises them of the spirit of the world that has profaned them, and harmonises them with the discipline of religion, and makes them all point heavenward. Such is the mission the Church is now accomplishing, and such are the motives that prevent Catholics from growing weary with the great sacrifices that they are called on to make for the advancement and strengthening of their religion.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Nevin, in concluding his contributions to the *Mercersburg Review* on Cyprian, gives testimony in favor of Catholicism which will not be much relished by his Protestant brethren. It is as follows:—

We are now done with Cyprian and his theology.—Our object has been to describe simply, rather than to explain or defend. We have wished however to make the picture properly coherent with itself, and to set one part of it in right relation always to another. So much was due, in a case of this sort, to simple historical verity. If the representation may have proved offensive to some, we are sorry for it; but we are not able to see well how it could be helped.—What is the ground of dissatisfaction? That the subject should have been brought into inquiry or review at all? Or, that it should have been forced to present itself in quite another light? Are we to be silent where history is concerned, or must we bend it into a false and deceitful shape, to escape the glare of unpleasant truth—and this too to please those, who are forever wearying out ears with the stalest cant about "intelligence—knowledge—free inquiry—coming to the light," and other such common places, and yet can bear no truth or fact, do inquiry or discussion whatever, that goes to disturb and unsettle in the least the profound sense they have of their own infallibility? Cyprian's system of religion, which was at the same time that of his age, we have found to be mainly Catholic, and not Protestant. All is conditioned by the old Catholic theory of the Church; all flows, from first to last, in the channel of the ancient Creed.—The whole is in such view in perfect harmony with itself. There is nothing broken or fragmentary in the scheme; and no unprejudiced mind can fail to see, that it is in all material points, in its fundamental principles and leading elements, the same system that is presented to us in the Nicene period, and that is brought out still more fully afterwards in the Catholicism of the middle ages. It is not the Protestantism of the sixteenth century, and much less the Puritanism of the nineteenth. This then is the same result precisely that was reached in our articles on Early Christianity; only we have it here under a somewhat different view. The result may not be agreeable or pleasant. But what of that? The only question is, whether it is true. If it be so, we are bound to take it as it is, and to make of it afterwards what we can. Why should we not be willing to know the truth?—Have we any interest in ignoring it, in shutting our eyes to it, in obstinately embracing instead of it a shadow or a lie. No sophistry can ever make early Christianity to be the same thing with Protestantism. Episcopalianism here too, with all its pretension and self-conceit, has just as little real historical bottom to stand upon as the cause of the Reformation under a different form. No part of the interest can ever be successfully vindicated, as being a reprobation simply of what Christianity was in the beginning; and it is only a waste of strength, and a betrayal indeed of the whole cause, to pretend to make good its assumptions and claims in any such violently false way.—Sooner or later history must revenge itself for the wrong it is thus made to bear. Any true defence of Protestantism, as all the waking part of the world is coming to see more and more, must be conducted in altogether different style. The fact now stated must be admitted, and boldly looked in the face. Early Christianity was in its constitutional elements, not Protestantism, but Catholicism. There are but two general ways of vindicating the Reformation. We must either make all previous Christianity, back to the time of the Apostles, a Satanic apostasy and delusion, and say that the Church took a new start in the sixteenth century, as original as that of the day of Pentecost, and a good deal more safe and sure; which is to give up historical Christianity altogether, and so if we understand it the whole conception also of a supernatural holy and apostolic church. Or else, we must resort to the theory of historical development, by which the Catholic form of the church shall be regarded as the natural and legitimate course of its history onward to the time of the Reformation, and the state of things since be taken as a more advanced stage of that same previous life, struggling forward to a still higher and far more glorious consummation in time to come. To reject both of these solutions, and to quarrel only with the facts that imperiously require either one or the other as the only escape from the argument in favor of the Church of Rome, may well be pronounced *obscurantism* of the first order.

We of course reject in full the unhistorical theory; and one object we have had in view always, has been to expose its most insane and most perfectly untenable character. It is at last but a decent name for infidelity. Religion built on any such foundation as this, rests only on the sand or wind. We are shut up then of course, so far as we have any faith in Protestantism to the theory of historical development, as the only possible way of setting it in living union with the Divine fact of early Christianity. But this theory may be carried out in various ways, as we have shown on a former occasion. The methods of Newman, Rothé, Schaff, Thiersch, are not just the same. Neander too has in some respects his own scheme. The whole later German theology, in its better form, moves in the bosom of this theory, is constructed upon it, or at least takes it for granted, though often in a vague and indefinite way. If it be asked now, what precise construction we propose to apply to the subject we have only to say that we have none to offer whatever. This has been no part of our plan. If we even had a theory in our thoughts that might be perfectly satisfactory to our own mind, we would not choose to bring it forward in the present connection; lest it might seem that the subject was identified in some way with any such scheme of explanation. What we have wished is to present the subject in its own separate and naked form, not entangled with any theory; that it may speak for itself; that it may provoke thought; that it may lead to some earnest and honest contemplation of the truth for its own sake. The importance

of the subject, the nature of the facts in question, is not changed by any theory that may be brought forward for their right adjustment with the cause of Protestantism. This or that solution may be found unsatisfactory; but still the facts remain just what they were before. There they are, challenging our most solemn regard; and it is much if we can only be brought to see that they are there, and to look them steadily in the face. We have had no theory to assert or uphold. We offer no speculation. Our concern has been simply to give a true picture of facts. The difficulty of the whole subject is of course clearly before our mind. We feel it deeply, and not without anxiety and alarm. But we are not bound to solve it, and have no more interest in doing so than others.—We have not made the difficulty in any way. We are not responsible for it and we have no mind or care at present to charge ourselves with the burden of its explanation. There it stands before the whole world. It is of age too, we may say, full formed and full grown; let it speak for itself.

J. W. N.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER IN THE UNITED STATES.

(From a correspondent of the *Dublin U. Magazine*.)

A system of puffing, much resembling that adopted by the proprietors of monster shops, is frequently employed by the teachers of religion. In Philadelphia, the Saturday newspaper is half taken up with advertisements of the sermons to be preached on the following day. Casting my eye down a column of these notices on one occasion, I came to the following:—"Fortunately for saints as well as sinners, the Prophet James has been detained, and if the Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites will meet next Sunday, at three o'clock, in the hall at the north-east corner of Callowhill and Sixth Street, they will hear from him." Never having seen a "prophet," in my life, I determined for once to refresh my eyesight with so delightful a vision, and accordingly found myself, a little after three p.m., ascending a narrow staircase, which was to lead me into the prophet's presence, intent on gratifying my curiosity. During the ascent, I heard the tones of a man's voice, it was not till I had opened the door that I felt the full force of a storm of eloquence which made me look upon myself in the light of a ship unexpectedly taken a-back. Staggering under the influence, I sat down on the nearest seat. At the upper end of the room, which was about forty feet long, and nearly half full of people on cross-benches, a dirty-looking man, in a frock coat, buttoned half way up, was throwing his arms about like a windmill out of order. He was in a profuse perspiration, and his hair was flying disordered above a forehead of almost Shaksperian height. He was roaring like a bull; but at intervals he lowered his voice to a scarce audible whisper, occasionally stopping altogether, either for want of words to give expression to his ideas, or which is more probable, for want of ideas to express. He had a large Bible before him, which he was thumping most unmercifully—a glass of water stood on the table beside him, and two or three assistant prophets were disposed on either side of him, whose duty it appeared to be to preserve a grave countenance, which was more than I could do; nevertheless, all the rest of the audience sat as composedly and reverently as if the sermon was really well worth attending to. The Prophet was arguing in violent language on the uncharitableness of all other sects—especially the Church of England. He went into lengthy arguments to prove that he could not take up his "precious *lain*" in disputing questions with his "enemies."

"What's the use of their sending a man here to tackle us, when the same things has been said over, and over, and over agin? They're bold enough in their own churches I expect (lowering his voice), but why don't they get one of us to preach to their people? Because they darn't do it," groaned the Prophet, with intense nasal emphasis, rapping the desk three times—"because I guess they darn't do it." The prophet raised his voice and rapped harder "Because their system couldn't stand if they did!" The Prophet shrieked loudly, and dealing a terrible blow on the desk, seemed anxious to prove by the trial whether his material or his list were the harder. A pause of about a minute. "The wolf," quoth St. James, softly but impressively resuming the thread of his discourse, "is one of the bravest animals in the forest"—he pointed to the walls, as if he had just observed one of the animals in question, and then suddenly changing his attitude, snapped out—"when the *laiser's* not there, I guess he'll give you a deal of trouble to catch, and so I calc'late will an old ewe," said the Prophet, speaking fast, and in a familiar tone, strikingly in contrast with his former didactic, lofty manner, while, at the same time, he slowly untied his neck handkerchief, and folding it up neatly and with the greatest deliberation put it down beside him. "And so I calc'late will an old ewe, unless you corner him; mayhap you may corner him if you're *pu'* smart about it. Well, and the *laiser's* the bravest animal in the forest, when the lion's not there; but he'll tarnation soon whip his tail between his legs and sneak just right off, when the lion comes. So it is with our enemies. They darn't come here to tell us that our system is wrong. Why? Because as I said before, they darn't."

"This argument seemed a clincher, and so the Prophet pulled out a dirty old cotton pocket handkerchief, and wiped his face, while a momentary convulsion of coughing, spitting, and clearing of throats, reminded me of a Scottish kirk, when the paraphrase has just been given out.

"The foregoing rhapsody had been listened to by the audience with excessive gravity. He continued his discourse by taking the passage of the charge to the Apostles, where it is said—"These signs shall follow them that believe," &c. He said that the words applied to the present day as well as to the times of the Apostles, as his hearers were well aware. He observed that doctors and other infidels had said to him, "Drink the poison, and then we'll believe what you say." "But," said he, "they err, not knowing the Scriptures, people couldn't even see the miracles until they really did believe that they could be done." This I thought probable enough.

"I have neither time nor space to put down the rest of his observations, among which was this:—That the expression "to be damned," in Scripture meant, to be damned; that infidels who did not believe the true doctrines, should be "damned up" for a thousand years, and then come into the world again to have another chance. Suffice it to say, that he was sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes blasphemous. He once mentioned the Mormon Bible, and alluded to "Latter-day Saints," from which I concluded that he was one of the Prophets of that strange sect."

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

The *Boston Gazette* gives the following communication from a Mr. Wm. Trumbull, recently deceased, and endorses the character of the lady who purports to be the medium on the occasion:—

"Dear Friends, one and all:—Look at yonder pomp and show. Is this where my body is to repose? Yea, but not my spirit. Already have I reached the angels, already felt God's love. Joy beams around me. Let me turn on any side I will, I see the boundless works of God.

"Mourning parents, ye who now are weeping o'er my lifeless body—companions of the school-room in which I so oft have perused my studies—view me in the light of an angel. I am free. I would not come again to earth to share sin, woe or pain, if I could, for I feel boundless joy in worshipping God. A crown sparkles on my brow. That I ever felt pain, flits across my brain like a dream. I cannot realize that ever I was sick, I am now so perfect.

"I must bid you farewell. I go to join an angelic troop—the spirit of

WM. TRUMBULL."

"Mrs. D. C. Kendall, Medium."

We give this piece of absurdity in full to show the absolute profanity into which Protestantism leads its followers. Here we have a respectable Protestant paper publishing a letter from the dead with all its errors in Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody, and at the same time vouching for the respectability of the "medium."

Mr. Trumbull, it appears has taken his brain with him, and after a week is about to join the angelic troop! where was he and his brain during the week? We pause for a reply.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH WAR SCREW STEAMERS.

The present Admiralty are determined to put on the screw and prepare for the worst, for which the country cannot fail to be otherwise than thankful. Besides the ships already fitted, and in process of conversion to screw propulsion, we believe we are right in announcing the following also as screw ships of the line!—Royal George, 120; Algiers, 90; Caesar, 90; Hanibal, 90; Orion, 80. The first-named is to have engines of 400 horse power. Upon this latter subject we offer a few words. We are following suit to the French lead again in the matter of our steam navy, but, as in the former case, our tricks are all odd. The French give their line-of-battle-ships full power, ranging from 700 to 1,000 horse. We give ours from 400 to 700. Now, one of the two allotments must be weak, and consequently wrong: we don't think the French are, even according to our countrymen's accounts of the performances of their screw ships, in which a liberal percentage is taken off for Gallic nautical swagger. One feature needs but little argument. We give our Agamemnon 91, 650 horse power, and apportion Royal Albert, 120, and Royal George, 120, 400 each, only! whilst our Termagant, a vessel of 24 guns only, has engines of 630 horse power! The inconsistency of these items are too striking to need remark, but they are of that character to bring our steam progress into derision, and the very reverse of efficient. It is of no use doing these matters by halves. The Parliament votes the money and the people pay the taxes to have the work done well. The building of sailing vessels must be stopped. Ships that cannot help themselves, except by the aid of wind, will in future be at the mercy of those which are independent of that precarious resource, and, therefore, it behoves us to look a little ahead and provide the necessary material for the coming occasion.—*Portsmouth Times*.

CURE OF ASIATIC CHOLERA IN ITS WORST STAGE.

BY COLD WATER.—During the late ravages of Asiatic cholera in the small Polish town, Koval, where, out of a population of less than 1,500 inhabitants, thirty or forty were daily falling victims to that fatal scourge, the Canon Stobieski, prebendary of that town, universally respected for his piety and benevolence, raised that feeling of respect to an enthusiastic veneration by his unremitting attendance upon the sick during this awful violation. He thus, heedless of danger, toiled day and night administering religious consolation, and lavishing upon the poor—irrespective of creed or persuasion—food, comfort, and medicines; until at last, sinking from over-exertion and the last trial of his fortitude—the sudden death of his sister and cousin—he in his turn manifested the fatal symptoms of the dreadful epidemic the inhabitants of the place, terror-stricken by the excruciating sufferings of their idolised benefactor, thronged the church, crowded the court yard of the paragon; and even the Jews assembled in their synagogue, and prayed for his recovery. The physician, his intimate friend, and inseparable companion in his visits of charity, applied all the remedies which science and experience suggested; but, alas! without any effect; and he was compelled to see the cramped limbs of his venerated friend assuming the coldness of death, and the livid hues of that awful malady. All at once the sufferer, to all appearance in his last agony, asked for cold water.—The physician, in despair, yielded. The patient drank an incredible quantity of coldest spring water; the crisis took a favorable turn; and, through the mercy of God, his life was spared for the benefit of the district, to continue his pious works of charity.

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