

Gospel is to be made known, and the Kingdom of Christ extended. What more powerful means than the Press for the dissemination of truth and the promotion of piety? This is especially the case in such parts of the Church in Nova Scotia and other Provinces, where the fold of Christ is so scattered, and the shepherds so rare—where the “harvest is great, and the labourers few”—where the poor Catholic seldom hears the voice of instruction or comfort from the lips of his beloved Pastor—where with the greatest difficulty the indefatigable and toil-worn Missionary can perform the essential duties of religion for his dispersed congregation—where the spiritual care of a single Priest extends over a surface of rugged and sometimes impassable country, much larger than many Dioceses in Europe.

Of course nothing can compensate the loss of the Priest. No instruction can be equal to that which falls from the anointed Minister of God, who is divinely commissioned to evangelize his people. But there may be powerful auxiliaries to the cause of religion; and the Press is one. On the wings of the Press consolation and hope may be wafted to the most solitary district of the forest where the exiled Catholic resides. Every one admits the value of a good Book, for a Good Religious Book is a continual Sermon. But is not such a Treasure indispensable to those who are seldom blessed with oral instruction? For the want of instruction many have gradually forgotten the religion of their Fathers. For the want of something to remind them of the consolations, dignity and glory of our Holy Faith ‘many have gone astray from the womb’ of the Church that

Is it not a notorious and melancholy fact—a fact to be lamented with tears by every true lover of Catholicity, that in many parts of the Province whole families have fallen away from the faith, and that the children of even the most fervent Catholic emigrants from Europe have lost all trace of the Faith of their Fathers?

And why was this? Those hapless victims of ignorance have been brought to this country in their youth or infancy, and their poor parents, though deeply attached to the Ancient Faith themselves, knew not how to instruct their offspring. Even if competent to do so, the necessary and unceasing toils of the settler in the forest, prevented him from instructing his children. Then there was no Priest or Schoolmaster to strengthen the paternal advice or supply its want. In many instances those who abandoned the Church were born of devoted Catholic Parents, but alas! they were born and reared, (if Education it can be called where the immortal soul was neglected) in the distant settlement, the lonely woods, the untrodden hills. They seldom or never saw a Priest, a Catholic Church, or a Catholic Ceremony. They never heard the sweet accents of religion in God’s own Temple, and from His own Minister. Their youth was not spent assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass under the shadow of the sanctuary, like the youth of more favored climes, or receiving Catechetical instruction on each succeeding Sabbath. But why do we speak of a Sabbath?—They had neither Sabbath nor Festival. Even if they chanced to reside in a more populous part of the Province, they beheld the weekly return of the Sabbath for the Baptist and the Methodist, the Unitarian, and the Mem-