

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON.  
At the Office, No. 3, McGill Street.  
TERMS:  
To Town Subscribers . . . \$3 per annum.  
To Country do. . . \$2 1/2 do.  
Payable Half-Yearly in Advance.

We request our subscribers to remit, without delay, the amount of subscription, addressed—Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE; who will give receipts for the same.  
All communications to be addressed to the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, post paid.  
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 15, 1851.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Sad goings on in England. The mail of the 2nd inst., brings intelligence of four distinct breaches of the law, involving, we know not, how many misdemeanors, if not capital felonies, committed by that disturber of Protestant repose, the Archbishop of Westminster, in direct violation of the statutes in that case made and provided. The Catholic Hierarchy of England has been increased by the consecration of four new Bishops—of Salford, Plymouth, Clifton, and Shrewsbury, a short account of which will be found on our second page. This is a pretty winding up of six months stormy debates in Parliament; an elegant finale to a session wasted in all the bitterness of theological controversy. From this act of contumacy, we may judge of the future conduct of the Catholic Bishops of the English Church, with regard to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill: they will treat it as so much waste paper, that is, with just the amount of respect it deserves. Pity though, that the energies of Britain's legislators should have been so woefully misapplied, and that the eloquence of a Spooner, and of a Drummond, should have been so barren of results. Had they but devoted one half the zeal, which they have displayed in their imbecile attempts to persecute the Pastors of Christ's Church, to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, or to the relief of the spiritual destitution of the people, they might have effected great things; but this was not to be; and Lord John's ill-advised "mummy letter" set the nation in a blaze, and rendered a return to Penal Laws against Catholics inevitable. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is now the law of the land; Parliament has done its work in passing it; the Catholics of the United Kingdom must now perform their duty, in rendering its enforcement impracticable.

The Archbishop of Westminster has given the lie, in the most effectual manner, to the silly story, that he had gone over to the continent, in order to avoid appearing before the Mortmain Committee of the House of Commons. To his Eminence, such attendance may not have been agreeable, because he has been used to the society of gentlemen, and men of refined manners; but go he did, and precious little the Committee got out of him when he appeared. His Eminence possesses, in a high degree, the tact of silencing insolent questions, and putting a stop to impertinent interrogatories. In revenge, Anstey, and some other fellows of his stamp, endeavored to treat the Archbishop with that rudeness, in which low natures so much delight to indulge; it is due, however, to Sir Robert Inglis, to say, that he did not allow his Protestantism to make him forget the courtesy that is due from one gentleman to another. Mr. Anstey and his imitators have yet to learn, that writing M.P. after their names, can give them no claim to our esteem; and that in treating with studied impertinence, a man so immeasurably their superior in every respect, as the Archbishop of Westminster, a gentleman, who, leaving out of consideration, his claims as one of the most distinguished scholars of the day, would take precedence of them, and of those with whom they are accustomed to associate, in every Court of Europe, they do but degrade themselves in the eyes of the world, and bring into contempt the body of which they are members.

Lord Arundel has been returned for Limerick, thus giving ministers a foretaste of what they may expect at the next general election, from the combined action of an insulted people. Ireland is still destined to be, what it long has been, the difficulty, the rock-head of every government which is not prepared to do full justice to its claims. The devout prayer, so often offered up from Protestant lips, "that Ireland might be sunk ten fathoms deep for twenty-four hours;" or, as the Evangelical Editor of the *British Banner* gives utterance to the same pious aspiration, "It is, we think, a pity, that the famine were not still to come," has not been granted. Protestant misrule has done its best to aggravate the horrors of plague and famine, but there are still enough of true-hearted Irishmen left in Ireland, to make Britain's legislators rue the day, that they attempted to lay their unhallowed hands upon the ark of God. The late election for Limerick is of immense importance, as testifying to the intensity of disgust, which the Catholics of Ireland feel for the measures of their hypocritical persecutors. The opponent of Lord Arundel, Mr. Russell, is an Irishman, long a resident in Limerick, justly esteemed for his many good qualities, and, in most respects, well qualified to represent them in Parliament. But he lacked one thing: He was not prepared to do battle for the rights of the Church; and therefore, in spite of his many claims, the choice of the people has fallen on a foreigner, on one known to them only as

a staunch champion of the Church, and religious liberty. This is as it should be. Compared with the interests of Catholicity, all other interests are unworthy a moment's consideration. The Catholics of Ireland know this, and will act upon it; the Catholic Defence Association will unite the people as one man, and at the next general election, they will impress upon the minds of their representatives, that they have, whilst the Penal Laws remain unrepealed, but one duty to perform in the House of Commons—To use every means within their reach to obstruct the Government, and to render inoperative the provisions of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

Conversions to the Catholic Church are becoming more numerous every day; rumors are afloat, we know not with how much of truth, concerning the conversion of the Duchess of Kent. For her Royal Highness' sake we hope that they may be true: in the eyes of the Church, the soul of a duchess is worth no more than the soul of a washerwoman; but for the conversion of duchess, or washerwoman, we do well to rejoice on earth, because there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that doth penance.

PULPIT WORSHIP versus ALTAR WORSHIP.

We were much struck by a passage in a letter signed by an *Irish Presbyterian*, which appeared some weeks ago in the *Toronto Church*, giving the reasons why, upon Sundays, the Protestant goes up to his meeting-house. The passage which consists of but a few words, is highly important, as containing a great deal of matter, and throwing a strong light upon the essential difference between Catholic and Protestant devotion, or, as we have termed it—Altar and Pulpit Worship.

The writer, in alluding to the disorderly meeting which occurred a few weeks ago, upon the subject of the Clergy Reserves, takes occasion to contrast the practice, with the doctrines, of some of the reverend gentlemen who figured prominently therein, and subsequently at the Police Office. "I fear," says he, "that they" (the ministers aforesaid) "are not Christ's disciples; I go to hear them worship on Sunday; they then please me well enough; but somehow or other, perhaps they themselves can account for it, their actions and transactions out of doors, do not, in my sight, correspond with their preaching on Sunday." It is to the passage which we have italicised, containing the reason for going to meeting, and the effect thereby produced, that we would desire to call the attention of our Catholic readers:—"I go to hear them worship," and "they then please me well enough." There is a frankness about this confession of motives, which is highly pleasing, and we have no reason to suspect that the writer was aware of the significance of his statement, or of the deep and important truth which it contains; but we can find therein, the whole difference betwixt the worship offered up by Protestants, and that which the Catholic Church renders to Her Divine Spouse. The Protestant who attends for the first time at the offices of the Catholic Church, who witnesses the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, is much struck with the peculiarity of the ceremonies, and the (to him) unaccountable circumstance, that a language is employed by the celebrant, with which a great many of the congregation are unacquainted; he quotes to himself the fourteenth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, and goes down to his house, perfectly satisfied in his own mind, that Catholicity is the great apostasy; and the Church of Christ, the great beast spoken of in the Apocalyptic vision, "with seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten diadems, and upon his heads, names of blasphemy" &c., &c., &c. The poor man has been all his life accustomed to Pulpit worship; Altar worship is to him therefore an impenetrable mystery. Would we understand the difference betwixt these two worships, let us follow the movements of a Protestant upon the Sunday, and investigate his reasons for going to meeting, with the effect thereby produced; let us then consider the motives by which the Catholic is actuated in going to his Church, and the object of his devotions; we shall then be better able to appreciate the fundamental difference betwixt them, and why the worship of the Catholic seems so strange in the eyes of his separated brother.

Upon Sunday, the Protestant goes up to his meeting-house, (the doors of which have been carefully closed throughout the week,) to "hear the minister worship," just as upon the Saturday preceding, he may have gone to the theatre to hear Jenny Lind, or to the Zoological Gardens to see the wild beasts fed, and for the same purpose, to gratify his cravings after mental excitement; and if Jenny chanced to be in good voice, or the carnivora to be blessed with a ravenous appetite, he most likely returned well pleased with his evening's amusement. As in this latter case, his taste for music was gratified by the Nightingale's brilliant execution of some difficult passages, or his love for the horrible satiated, by witnessing the case with which the Boa Constrictor, seized upon, crushed, lubricated with his saliva, and then proceeded to swallow and digest its prey; so in the former, the dexterity of the preacher or prayer-leader, in deducing the most startling and extravagant conclusions, from the simplest premises, or the facility which he displays in handling, mauling, pounding, and tearing to pieces the most obstinate and unwieldy texts of Scripture, affords to the Protestant devotee the most intense delight. He goes to meeting "to be pleased," and if the day be fine, the interior of the building clean, and well ventilated, if the preacher be in good trim, with what Bottom would call, "an exposition of prayer upon him," with a gracious delivery, and if, above all, the lecture be not too long, he hears the minister worship with pleasure, and goes down to his house, if not justified, at least accompanied by that inward feeling of satisfaction,

attendant upon the performance of what he considers a virtuous, and what is no doubt, often really a very tedious and painful action. He went to meeting to be pleased; he has been pleased; verily he has had his reward.

The Catholic likewise goes up to the temple on the Sunday, as he does upon any other day of the week, but with a very different motive; he goes up, not to hear a minister worship, but to worship God, himself; not to be pleased, but to please; for as the gratification of self, is the exciting cause of the Protestant's devotion, so, to offer a worship pleasing and acceptable to God, is the motive which actuates the Catholic. An eloquent lecturer, or powerfully gifted minister, is not the attraction which draws the Catholic to the House of God, but the desire to offer to the Holy One, that homage which is His due, and in the manner in which, since the day when Abel offered of the firstlings of his flock to the Lord, He has appointed that man should worship Him—by Sacrifice, that act of supreme worship, which, as it is due to God alone, is alone fully worthy of God's acceptance.

The objects of worship, as well as the motives for worshipping, are also different. The object of Altar worship, is God; of Pulpit worship—man. The eyes of the Catholic are ever turned to the Altar, his heart ever absorbed in contemplation and adoration of the holy victim who lies thereon; whilst in the Protestant meeting-house, all eyes, all ears are turned towards the pulpit, in admiration of the eloquence of the ministers who stand therein. The Catholic worships God. In the meeting-house the congregation offer incense to the vanity of the minister, whilst he, in return, displays his gifts before the people, and when most deeply engaged in prayer, is then most devoutly intent upon addressing his orisons to the ears of his congregation. Differing then in their motives for, differing in the objects of their worship, it is not wonderful that in the manner of worship, Catholics and Protestants should also differ. As to effect the purpose of Protestant worship, it is necessary that the congregation should be pleased, it is essentially requisite, that the language of that worship, should be such as its objects understand, or, at least, think that they understand; whilst in the worship of Catholics, the object of which is not the congregation, or the priest, but God alone, it is sufficient if He to whom the prayers are addressed, understands the language in which they are offered up. Pulpit worship likewise, from its very nature, precludes the necessity of any ceremonies, or outward acts, by which man essays to manifest the intensity of his devotion; ceremonies are the mute language wherewith the soul strives to give expression to those feelings, which cannot find utterance in words; feelings which, though we cannot fully express, yet we cannot all restrain; they are the symbols, by means of which the Church essays to portray to her children, the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem seen by the beloved Apostle: where angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, prostrate before the throne, and veiling their faces with their wings, as unable to look upon the unutterable glory of Him who sitteth thereon, cease not, day and night, as with one voice, to cry aloud, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath. It is through her mystical ceremonies that the Church would have us recognise, and celebrate the mysteries of our holy religion. But where there are no mysteries to recognise, there is no need for ceremonies. In the meeting-house, where ministers and audience reciprocally do worship one another, though there may be much extravagant excitement, and violent agitation of the surface, there are no deep feelings to be expressed; no need therefore of any channel for their expression; in pulpit worship, ceremonies are therefore, wisely omitted.

We have been induced to make these remarks, because we so often witness the highly indecorous conduct of Protestants, in visiting Catholic places of worship; they certainly see much that to them is strange, because entirely different from every thing to which they have been accustomed in their conventicles; it would be well if, instead of laughing at, or, as too often happens, making silly remarks upon, what they cannot appreciate, because they do not understand its deep significance, they would give themselves the trouble of examining into the causes of this striking difference, and trace it to its true origin—the substitution by Protestant reformers, of the Lecture for Sacrifice, and of Pulpit, for Altar Worship.

"But I see no reason why men may not be good neighbors, although one walks in procession at the Fête Dieu, and the other in honor of William III."

We take the above extract from the Toronto editorial correspondence of the *Montreal Herald* of the 14th inst., and consequently, we define it properly when we say, that the sentiments it expresses are those entertained by that journal. That the *Herald* should fail to see reason in anything, can of course excite no surprise; but that it should, while making the announcement of its own imbecility, wantonly insult the feelings of the Roman Catholic population of this Province, is entirely a different question; and one which involves considerations of a far more grave, and important nature. To compare the *Fête Dieu*, which is esteemed by our Roman Catholic brethren, as the most august of all the ceremonies connected with the customs and usages of the Roman Catholic Church, with a celebration of the *Battle of the Boyne*, is at one and the same time, to exhibit the most deep-seated and rancorous hostility to Roman Catholics, and in the estimation of those whose religious institutions the *Herald* gratuitously maligns, to consign that journal to the uttermost depths of infamy. In the abstract, the *Fête Dieu* is a ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church, emblematic of an event interesting to Roman Catholics alone, in which they take great interest, and implicitly believe; while the tradition of the *Battle of the Boyne* is calculated to arouse the very worst feelings of enmity in the human breast. The two events are distinctly opposite. The one is participated in only

by members of the Roman Catholic Faith, and cannot possibly inflict injury upon those professing a different belief, or prove distasteful to any liberal mind; while the other is avowedly intended to create implacable hatred, between those who may entertain different religious views. And yet the stolid *Herald* says, "he sees no reason why men may not be good neighbors, although one walks in procession at the *Fête Dieu*, and the other in honor of the *Battle of the Boyne*." It certainly required obtuseness, such as is inseparable from the *Herald*, "to see no reason," why men should not be friends and foes at the same time. We feel confident, however, that such illiberal and uncalculated for offensive sentiments are entertained by the *Herald* alone, and that no where, but in his own bosom, do they meet with a response. Roman Catholics need not regret, but rather rejoice, that the *Herald* has torn aside the mask that concealed his hypocrisy, and revealed to them the gratuitous insulter and slanderer of their faith. If they are true to themselves, they will submit to any sacrifice, and undergo any inconvenience, rather than give the slightest encouragement to one who has proved himself to be utterly unworthy of their favors. He has already given earnest of his affection for them; and they may rest assured, that it would be as hopeless to expect good to come out of him, as that pure water should spring from a corrupt source.—*Pilot*.

These remarks of our cotemporary, upon the exquisite *morceau* from the *Herald's* correspondent, which stands at the head of this article, render it almost superfluous for us to say another word. We will say nothing about the writer's bad taste, in instituting a comparison betwixt the processions in which Catholics celebrate the mysteries of man's redemption, and those in which a handful of Orangemen commemorate the overthrow of Irish nationality, and the degradation of their country. We will merely observe, that processions in honor of the *Battle of the Boyne*, are not only, not religious, but that they are not national. They are mere party processions, in which men, who call themselves Irishmen, though they are a disgrace to the name, celebrate the subjugation of their fatherland by foreign mercenaries, and the triumph of a Dutchman, over their gallant countrymen, struggling in defence of their lawful sovereignty. Neither in the *Battle of the Boyne*, nor in the events which followed—the infamous violation of the treaty of Limerick, and the subsequent long years of persecution—can we see aught, in which men of any nation, or of any creed, should find cause of exultation. To the Irish Catholic they speak of faith broken, of treaties violated, and national independence subverted; but if the Irish Catholic has cause to weep for the misfortunes that the *Battle of the Boyne* has inflicted upon his country, the Protestant Irishman has more cause to blush for the infamous use made of that victory by his party; and if Orangemen were wise, they would keep a prudent silence, both upon the glories of the *Boyne*, and upon the merits of their hero—the black-hearted Dutchman, and cold-blooded author of the massacre of Glencoe—an act of cruelty and treachery, so infamous, that in comparison with it, the slaughter of the Huguenot rebels, by Charles IX., on St. Bartholomew's day, seems almost a virtue.

VOLUNTARISM AND STATE PAID COLLEGES.—No less than £1,000 have been granted to Knox's College, Toronto, by the Government; and this same sum has been assented to, and received by the authorities of this institution. This College is the acknowledged sectarian school of the Free Church Presbyterians. The same individuals are waging a merciless warfare against the Church of England and the Church of Rome, for allowing themselves to be in the possession of state assistance; and yet they complacently pocket £1,000 of the public money for their own Theological School! The manner in which these rigid voluntaries attempt to quiet their consciences on this point is most amusing. They endeavor to prove the institution to be disjoined from their church; but the reasoning is very jesuitical. As well might the Bishop of Toronto declare that Trinity College was not a Church of England Institution. What else but the peculiar doctrines and church discipline of the Free Church are taught in Knox's College? Here we have the theory of voluntarism, and the practice of state patronage, exhibited by the same church at the same moment. Which will weigh the most in the public estimation? The *Toronto Globe* manfully condemns the system of State support for sectarian schools of learning, and candidly acknowledges Knox's College as a Free Church Institution; and consequently disapproves of the grant altogether. Here we think on this latter point the *Globe* is decidedly wrong, although we must admire his candor in reference to the above-mentioned grant. The State unquestionably should support religion to the utmost of its power, and these grants to the religious colleges and seminaries should not only be continued, but increased. And we doubt not, that in proportion as we, as a nation, support religion, our prosperity and happiness will prevail and increase.—*Branford Courier*.

We can see no good reason, why Knox's College should not receive money from Government, in aid of its funds, as well as any other educational, or religious establishment in the country. The singular circumstances connected with this grant is, that the recipients are always foremost in denouncing State assistance as the "accursed thing." Of course, with the usual Evangelical liberality, State assistance is only to be condemned, when given to the Catholic Church, or to the Church of England.

We learn from *La Minerve*, that at about 12 o'clock on Sunday night last, two individuals, Robert Burrell and Pierre Morin, rapped for admission at the door of an oyster house, of the very lowest character, situated in Lagachetiere Street, Quebec Suburbs, kept by a man named Littlejohn. Admission being refused, they continued to rap, when two men, John Williams and Frederick Shwegler, then in this groggery, rushed out to drive them off. A violent and fatal scuffle ensued. One of the party plunged a chisel into Williams' side, inflicting a wound of which he died in a few minutes; Shwegler was also dangerously wounded in the right shoulder. Burrell has