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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1853.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

What with—"Latest Intelligence"—and then—"Later Still"—from the seat of war, the relative position of the contending parties on the bank of the Danube, has become perfectly unintelligible. Two-thirds of what we hear being certainly false, and the remainder very doubtful, it is difficult, with such means of information, to arrive at a very certain knowledge of the truth. The last accounts mention a great and decisive battle as having been fought some where, by somebody; but as it is not known to which side the laurels of this decisive battle belong, the information is somewhat of the vaguest; all that can be gathered from it is, that what every body expected, has taken place, and that no body is a bit the wiser. The forces of the Turks across the Danube, are put down at 100,000 men, which is evidently an exaggeration; and as little can the reports of their successes over the Russians be relied upon. A few unimportant skirmishes, and some trifling affairs betwixt outposts, have been apparently magnified into decisive battles; and the concentration of the Russian forces in the vicinity of Bucharest, has been, in a similar manner, represented as a forced retreat before the victorious hosts of Turkey. In the meantime, the Diplomats are busy drawing up new Notes, and satisfactorily arranging the affairs of Europe with pens and paper. The French Government announces its determination to support Turkey; Austria proclaims neutrality; whilst Great Britain vacillates as usual, and becomes a bye-word in the mouth of friends and foes.

Of domestic intelligence, there is little of interest. The public Funds have not been affected by the rumors of fighting, and the price of Breadstuffs has not risen. Cholera, after a short lull, is again making its appearance in several parts of the United Kingdom; a few deaths had occurred in Dublin, and had aroused the attention of the authorities to the filthy condition of many parts of the city. The Catholic Church in England is holding her Diocesan Synods in utter contempt of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; whilst in Ireland, the Bishop of Meath is, by the same admirable law, reduced to a singular dilemma. Called upon by the Commissioners to make a return of his income, and the source from whence it is derived, he must either submit to be fined for making a false return, or, by making a true, incur the penalties which the wise and tolerant Protestant legislators of Great Britain impose upon Catholic Bishops, for the exercise of their functions. A long correspondence has already taken place, but as yet, without any decisive results.

On the Continent of Europe all is quiet. It is indeed reported that Kossuth's agents have been well received at Constantinople—that the language of Turkey towards Austria is threatening—and that another Hungarian outbreak is in contemplation. This, however, wants confirmation.

Mitchell has arrived at New York in the Prometheus steamer. Salutes were fired, and enthusiastic cheers were raised by the crowds assembled on the wharf to greet the arrival of the celebrated stranger.

HOW HIS HEART WAS HARDENED.

The Upper Canada journals contain full particulars of the last moments of John Simpson, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Brockville, on the 17th ult, for the murder of Mr. Fell. How the unhappy wretch looked—what he said, and did—how by the negligence of the executioner, he was kept standing on the scaffold, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and the still more painful gaze of the assembled multitude, to whom the sight of a fellow-creature, about to be choked, afforded intense delight—are detailed at length by our contemporaries, and need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the unhappy man died professing sentiments of penitence for his sins, and a hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. It is not for men to judge, or to limit that Divine mercy, which we trust he may have found.

Of course such an "occasion"—as the saints term it—could not be allowed to pass "unimproved;" and "improved" it has been with a vengeance, by the evangelical ministers who assisted the convict in his last moments, with such assistance as they could afford, and who have left on record, "A sketch of the life of John Simpson," his early education, his crimes, his frequent imprisonments, and his last confession. The names of these reverend gentlemen are—Jas. Cooper, Baptist minister—John Frazer, Congregationalist and Jas. Elliott, Wesleyan

ministers; and it is to "these confessions"—which the aforesaid worthies assure us—"were taken down from his own lips, and are given as nearly as possible in his own words"—that we would direct the attention of our Catholic readers, as singularly illustrative of Protestant morality.

To what do our readers suppose John Simpson, the murderer, attributed his long career in vice?—We have it in his own words; or rather in the words which, we believe, his spiritual advisers put into his mouth; for we have as little faith in the statements, put forth by Protestant ministers, of the last dying speeches, and confessions of their penitents, as we have in the wonderful confessions of faith which we occasionally meet with in *Missionary Records*—wherein are detailed the blessed experiences of His Majesty King Hoki-Poki of the Cannibal Islands, or the marvellous conversion of his Prime Minister, Wankey-Fum, through the ministrations of that singular and chosen vessel, the Reverend Grimes Washpot. In the spirit of these evangelical documents then, John Simpson is represented as thus accounting for the depravity of his life. "I HAVE OFTEN PLAYED AT BALL ON SABBATH, AND I BELIEVE IT HARDENED MY HEART." The conclusion is inevitable. "Therefore, good people, I stand before you this day, a convicted murderer. Take warning then by my fate. Play not at Ball on Sabbath, lest, like mine, your hearts be hardened, as was Pharaoh's, who also was drowned in the Red Sea."

We have no sympathy for the hardened criminal; we see naught to admire in the brute desperation—call it not courage—which oft prompts the convict to die game—as it is called—in savage defiance of both God and man. But we confess it—rather would we see him die, defying his Maker, than mocking Him; rather would we hear him leave the world with an oath upon his lips, than with a sneaking lie—than with such maudlin cant, and sickening hypocrisy, as the Protestant ministers attribute to their John Simpson—"I have often played at Ball on Sabbath, and I believe it hardened my heart!"

And yet it is but too true that much of the contempt for, and hatred of, religion, which characterise the people of Protestant countries, have been engendered by their being, in early youth, taught to believe, that, to play at ball on Sundays, was a sin against God, nearly approaching in malignity to the Sin against the Holy Ghost. Their moral sense is thus blunted and depraved; and they grow up incapable of distinguishing betwixt right and wrong.—Their hearts are "hardened;" for, with them, drunkenness, theft, impurity, and murder are placed in the same category as "playing at ball on Sabbath." The child—who, on a Sunday, yielding to the natural and harmless impulses of his nature, gambols cheerfully across the green fields, culling the wild flowers beneath his feet, warbling his untaught melodies, rejoicing to have for a moment got rid of the prosing of some dreary minister, whose interminable "holding forth," presses like a great weight upon his youthful spirits—is at first horrified when he is told, that, by his innocent sports, and healthy exercise, he has mortally offended his loving Father, Who is in Heaven. Poor child! At first he cannot comprehend how his Father can be so stern, and cruel to His little ones; he trembles too, as he thinks that he has incurred the eternal malediction of a Being so powerful, and yet, so implacable, so severe and pitiless, towards little children, as to be offended with their innocent mirth, with their lightsome pranks, their sunny smiles, their jocund laugh, their artless prattle, and their merry game at ball. But soon this feeling wears off; fear of a God, offended at such trifles, is succeeded by hatred of One whom they are thus taught to regard as a cruel tyrant; and the dread of offending Him, gives place to disgust for all religion, and religious observances; but, above all, for a religion which teaches, that it is a mortal sin "to play at ball on a Sabbath." Alas! Their hearts "are soon hardened," and rendered deaf to the voice of Him who loves little children—who, on earth, took them in His arms, and embracing, blessed them—who rebuked the Puritanical spirit of certain of His disciples, being much displeased thereat, and saying—"Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God"—St. Mark x., 14. Alas! that men should so far misapprehend the teachings of this loving Jesus, as to forbid little children to come to Him. Alas! that they should thus foully misrepresent Him to them, by depicting Him as consigning them, to eternal banishment from His presence, and to everlasting tortures in hell, because of a game "at ball." Out upon such infernal teaching! It has made hypocrites, and infidels, of thousands; it has hardened the hearts, and bedimmed the intellects of numbers, who, but for these detestable doctrines, might have been brought up in the fear and love of God, and the practice of religion; but who have been taught to hate the one, and despise the other, because they have been made to believe that, according to the precepts of Christianity, it is a mortal sin for little children to be merry, or to play at ball, on Sabbath." Out upon the hypocrites, who thus malign our holy religion!

Fearful too is the injury inflicted upon society by these accursed doctrines; because their effect is to obliterate all distinction betwixt right and wrong—betwixt harmless merriment, and crime. Protestantism recognises no difference in sin; as with it no sins are venial, all must be mortal—all therefore equal in malignity. Now, by teaching that for a child "to play at ball" on Sundays, is a mortal sin, and as all mortal sins are equal to one another, it teaches that there is no moral difference betwixt robbing, or killing a fellow-creature, and a game at ball. At first, the moral sense, even of a child, must revolt against such monstrous doctrines; for it is hard to bring rational beings to believe that Almighty God will damn His crea-

tures to tortures for all eternity, for a game at ball. But by constant repetition, by being constantly dinned into the ears of children, who have had the misfortune to be brought up amongst Protestants of the Puritan stamp, little by little; these teachings produce their natural results; and the grown up man retains, too often, the mischievous impressions produced upon the child. Sin is to him but "a game at ball;" and, to such infractions of the law, he has become callous; his heart "has been hardened," and he goes forth to the battle of life, not perhaps with a sense of guilt—for from long playing at ball, and an unconquerable love for cricket, he has learnt to stifle the voice of conscience within him—but with an indifference to all sin, and with a moral obliquity of vision, which can no longer distinguish—as in the case of John Simpson—betwixt the murder of Mr. Fell, and the enormity of "playing at ball on Sabbath." Indeed, if the Protestant system of Ethics be true—if all sins be mortal, and none venial, and if "playing at ball upon Sabbath" be therefore a mortal sin, we see not why, or how, any distinction should be drawn; for "mortal" cannot be more, or less than "mortal."

In the name of religion, and in the interests of society, we are called upon to protest against the blasphemous and immoral doctrines of our Puritanical Sabbatarians. They make religion loathsome, by representing God as a tyrant, and the enemy of innocent mirth; they make the Sabbath a day of beastly immorality and gloomy hypocrisy, and its ordinances they render hateful—and by calling that sin, which is no sin, they obliterate all moral distinctions, and weaken the bonds of society. These fellows are active in our midst, and would revive, if they but had it in their power, the degrading Blue Laws of Connecticut, and it behoves us to be equally vigilant against them. If we wish to see Sunday in Canada free from the foul debauchery, which characterizes a Puritan Sabbath, and converts that holy day of rest into a devil's festival, let us be upon our guard against the encroachments of the Sabbatarians; let us, if we wish to see our children, love God, honor His Church, and thus grow up good members of society, denounce that execrable doctrine which hardened John Simpson's heart, by teaching him that he sinned mortally, when he "played a game at ball on Sabbath." Religion and morality have more to fear—from the canting Puritan, than from the scoffing infidel, or unbridled libertine—from the psalm-singing hypocrite, than from "a game at ball."

VISIT OF THE TRAPPIST FATHERS TO MONTREAL.

Perhaps our readers are not all aware that we have at present amongst us two monks of the celebrated Order of La Trappe. These reverend gentlemen are collecting funds for the erection of a monastery, a church, and two schools, at Gethsemani, in the state of Kentucky; and as they are there located in the midst of a Protestant community, their sphere of usefulness is exceedingly limited, owing to their want of means. They are, therefore, compelled to have recourse to the charity of their brethren in the faith, scattered all over this wide continent, and for so far they have no reason to complain of the result. They have visited some of the American cities, but thought it better to cross the St. Lawrence and test the far-famed charity of Catholic Canada before the ice-king laid his stern seal on the waters. Their hopes with regard to Canada have not been deceived; in Quebec alone they received \$2,100; and though they have, as yet, only collected in the Parish Church and St. Patrick's, they have realised a very considerable amount. On last Sunday, Father Dominick (who is, as our Irish readers will rejoice to hear, a Galway man,) preached at Grand Mass in St. Patrick's and, although the good Father was evidently laboring under a severe cold, his discourse was most eloquent and most effective. In fact, we have seldom listened to a more accomplished orator. The congregation heard him with delight, and when, at the close of his very beautiful sermon, he begged leave to say a few words on the object of his present mission, explaining the nature of the Institute, its utter poverty in America, and the good which it might do with even moderate means, every one present seemed anxious to contribute to so excellent a charity.

In Notre-Dame, the Rev. Father Abbot preached in French; and we have reason to know that his appeal was no less successful than that of Father Dominick. Long may this generous—this glorious rivalry continue! It is the only rivalry we ever wish to see between Irish and French-Canadian Catholics.

On Sunday next, the Reverend Father Abbot will preach in French in St. Peter's Church, and we hope our good people in that end of the town will not let themselves be outdone in charity. We have not yet heard whether our gifted countryman, Father Dominick, will preach in any of the Churches; but we hope he will, for the sake of the noble cause which he and his Reverend Superior so ably advocate, and also for the sake of those who have not yet heard him. All should have an opportunity of giving their mite, where we know that all are so well inclined. Next week we hope to be able to announce the full amount received by the Trappist Fathers in Montreal.

It may be well to mention, for the information of those who have not heard the public announcement, that the Reverend Father Abbot gives letters of Association in all the good works of the community to those persons (and their families) who choose to make private donations, which they can do by calling on him at the Seminary. These letters also entitle the possessors to the prayers of the community after their death, if due notice be sent of their demise.

During Advent, an evening instruction will be given every Sunday, at St. Patrick's Church, commencing at 6, p.m.

"A PROTESTANT'S APPEAL TO THE DOUAY BIBLE."

Were antiquity the test of the truth of doctrine, the controversy betwixt Catholics and Protestants—who, with Mr. Jenkins, interpret our Lord's words in the institution of the Eucharist figuratively—"This represents my body"—would very speedily be decided. We should not be compelled to pore over the annals of the first centuries of the Church, or to disturb the dust from off the massive tomes wherein are contained the wisdom and eloquence of her early Fathers; we should be under no necessity of invoking a St. Chrysostom, a St. Basil, or a St. Augustin, or of asking—how worshipped, how believed, the Saints and Martyrs of the Anti-Nicene Church?—No; we should but have to ask—How taught Luther?—What said Calvin?—How spoke the Fathers of the Protestant Reformation of the XVI century? Did these assign merely a figurative value to the words of our Lord? Did they interpret—"This is my body"—with Mr. Jenkins—"This represents my body"? Can Mr. Jenkins plead even the antiquity of three centuries in favor of his figurative interpretation? History, as written by Protestants, answers—No.

It is well for Mr. Jenkins that his lot was not cast in the days, or in the vicinity, of the foul-mouthed Apostle of Protestantism. Hear how he speaks, of Zuinglius, the first who propounded the "representation" theory, and of the Sacramentarians—"There is no medium"—said he—"either he, or they must be the ministers of Satan." Badly as the Doctors of Louvain fared at the hands of the Saintly Luther, Mr. Jenkins would have fared still worse; and the favorite epithets wherewith the Saxon "Man of God" assailed his opponents—"Downright beasts, hogs, pagans, atheists"—and others, which decency compels us to omit—would have been showered in profusion upon the head of the modern Methodist divine. Mr. Jenkins' Protestantism is not even the "OLD RELIGION" of the days of St. Luther.

Very dangerous too would it have been for Mr. Jenkins to have propounded his Sacramentarian theory in Geneva, in the days of Calvin. Less violent, and obscene in language than Luther, the Draco of Geneva was more prompt, and terrible, in deed; there were dungeons and racks, straps and cords, in those days, for the authors of novel and pernicious heresies; and the groans of a roasting Mr. Jenkins would have sounded as sweet in the ears of Calvin, as did those of the wretched Servetus. An Arminian would have had as little mercy to expect from the author of the "terrible and irresistible decrees," as had the Socinian; and the Sacramentarian and Unitarian would have been sent to bear one another company at the same stake. Could Calvin but have laid his hands upon you, Mr. Jenkins, he would have made roast meat of you.

It is very true that both Luther and Calvin rejected the Catholic doctrine concerning the Eucharist; but neither of them adopted, or would have tolerated the Protestant interpretation laid down by the author of an "Appeal to the Douay Bible." If the first protested against Transubstantiation, it was but to make way for the mystery of "Consubstantiation;" and if Calvin rejected both, he was as little disposed, as was Luther, to degrade the Lord's Supper to a commemorative eating and drinking of bread and wine. If he could not define his meaning, Calvin always insisted upon a "real" presence; and in his *Institutes*, speaks of the body of Christ as being "under the bread; as the Holy Ghost is under the dove." In another place, he speaks of the Eucharist as a great mystery—"a mystery too sublime for me to be able to express, or even to comprehend." Foolish Calvin—to trouble yourself thus with mysteries, when by simply adopting an interpretation such as that proposed by Mr. Jenkins, all mystery is eliminated; and the Lord's Supper becomes at once a simple commemorative rite, as plain, and as easily understood, as the custom of eating roast goose at Michaelmas, or calf's head on the 30th of January.

Antiquity then, even the mongrel antiquity of Protestantism, is dead against Mr. Jenkins, with his fanciful interpretation of the Eucharist mystery. Luther denounces him, and his doctrine, as of the devil. Calvin disclaims him—Melancthon and the signers of the Confession of Augsburg have no sympathy with him—the Fathers of Protestantism, agreeing in scarce ought besides, with one voice proclaim that either they, or the modern Methodist, are "Ministers of Satan"—and for once we are more than half inclined to think they are right. It is certain then, that it was not the general belief of the early Protestant communities that the words—"this is my body"—mean "this represents my body;" equally certain is it that Protestantism, as expounded by Mr. Jenkins, is not the "OLD RELIGION;" it cannot plead the prescription of even three centuries in its behalf.

Hitherto, our enquiries have been limited to ascertaining the meaning which our Lord intended to convey by His words—"this is my body." The Catholic, who places unlimited faith in every word spoken by our Lord, who is firmly persuaded that not one of His divine master's words can ever fail, believes that our Lord meant what He said, and neither more nor less. The Protestant protests against this; and, imputing to Christ a quibble unworthy of an Old Bailey pettifogger, contends that we must interpret His words—"this represents my body"—thinking thereby to evade the difficulties which the unforced, or literal, interpretation presents. And yet, that bread should represent Christ's body, or wine, His blood—is, if we come to consider it, no less a miracle, no less repugnant to our reason, and our senses, than that they should be converted into the very substance of our Lord's body and blood. In the words of Mr. Jenkins—

"We demand that the miracle be submitted to the ordinary test."—p. 161.