

THE BIBLE SOCIETIES.

There was a great gathering of Biblicals lately in our City, and much talk about the importance of the Bible—and much wailing over the benighted heathen—and much cant upon the usual topics which form the stock in trade of great Biblical orators. We have not yet heard whether the idolatrous papists came in for their usual quantum of abuse. It would indeed be a miracle of Biblical charity if they escaped, for of all the holy haters in the universe your Bible-mongers are the most intense. It seems, however, that such vulgar and worldly things as Politics absorbed much of the attention of the Saints on this occasion, and that the aged Chairman discharged a bottle of very flat-soda water on the heads of the "Great Liberals." Our contemporaries of the Chronicle and Sun have already pronounced their verdict on this pious, Scriptural effusion. We have no desire to meddle with the political part of the question, but, as we find the Hon'ble and Venerable Mr. Cogswell weeping and waiting on all occasions over the shameful neglect of God's Word, and the ungrateful backsliding of sinners, we would wish to help him onward in his holy progress, and direct his powerful zeal to those quarters which most need reformation. Now, when we cast our eyes over the wide world, we confess that of all places on earth England most requires the practical knowledge of the Scriptures—and that of all the sinners in England, the Bench of Bishops most require a careful perusal of the awful denunciations contained in the Bible.

"Non noster hic sermo"—

It is the declaration of one of the most Tory and English Papers in all England. We implore of Mr. Cogswell to read attentively every sentiment in the following extract from a late number of the John Bull, and if he do not summon a special meeting of the Halifax Biblicals to get up a Holy Ade for the conversion of the English Bishops in his own Church, it will be no fault of ours.—

WHERE ARE OUR BISHOPS?

There is a cry in the land of increasing crime. Respect for the law is daily diminishing. Fraud and theft are growing common; open robbery and violence alarmingly frequent. Vice, intemperance, debauchery, are stalking abroad. Murder and self-destruction are every day occurrences; the shedding of blood is not abhorred. The infant in the womb, and in the cradle, is crushed to death before it has grown conscious of its life. For base lucre parents kill their children, children their parents, the husband the wife, and the wife the husband, with deadly poison, insidiously mixed in the family meal. Such deeds are committed as cry to heaven for vengeance. Police is multiplied, the prisons are filled, the Judges travel their busy circuits, deliver charges, sum up evidence, receive verdicts, pronounce sentences. The country is re-echoing with the sound, and groaning under the weight, of its own iniquity. Where, all this while, are our Bishops? Does not the havoc of sin reach their ears? or if it reaches them, are they regardless of it? Do they imagine that a nation steeped in guilt, of which they are the Chief Pastors, is no concern of theirs?

There is a cry in the land of oppression and wrong. The faces of the poor are ground. The sympathies of life are dying out. Lazarus and Dives are the types of large classes of the community, dwelling close to each other, yet divided from each other by an impassable gulf. The love of pleasure and of ease shuts out from the rich man's sight the miseries of the poor man, lest they should cloud his complacent enjoyment. The regard of Mammon makes men look upon each other as mere representatives of pounds, shillings and pence. Competition, greediness of gain, and the prodigal avarice of selfishness, have turned thousands and tens of thousands of human beings into mere animate machines for earning money. The machines are fed on starvation allowance while they are in working condition, and when they are used up, they are cast off, and no man careth for them. A niggardly Poor Law dules out grudging rations to the most degraded, in whose breasts destitution has extinguished the last spark of the sense of shame, and the last ray of hope. Many rush into vicious and criminal courses, many perish from want, many die of a broken

heart, before they reach this last extremity. They who reach it betake themselves, to the "Union"—squalid pauperism is the only thing known to them by that sacred name. The groans of unpolished destitution, the sight of hopeless, precarious, ill-requited industry, ascend to heaven, and cry for vengeance on the land. Where, all this while, are our Bishops? Are they unconscious of the sway which Mammon bears throughout the land, unconscious of the blood of the innocents which, like another Moloch, he exacts? Or do they think that hard-heartedness which defrauds the labourer of his hire, and covetousness which considers nothing but multiplication of profits, and accumulation of wealth, are not sinful, so long as no Act of Parliament is violated, and no Police Magistrate can interfere? Are, perchance, their own eyes blinded with a bribe, that they cannot see the deceitfulness of riches? Is the fruit of covetousness so sweet to their taste that they cannot find it in their hearts to rebuke the evil which bears it?

There is a cry in the land of spiritual destitution. In large pastures, countless flocks are as sheep without a shepherd. In those beehives of humanity, where house is joined to house, and street to street—where at every corner some huge gir. palace rears its stately front, inviting the population of the neighbouring lanes and alleys to squander their scanty earnings, and to poison body and soul at once—there is to fifty, it may be to a hundred and more, of those shrines of Death, but one temple of the living God—and while the former are open every day, from early in the morning till late at night, the latter is opened only twice, it may be three or four times, a week, for an hour or two, for the performance of a service at which not one in ten, perhaps not one in twenty, or in fifty, attends—and of those that do attend, a tithe scarcely know or feel its meaning. Who is there to gather in the wandering outcasts? Who to invite in the careless sluggards? Who to stir up the hearts, and to enlighten the minds, of those who congregate, once or twice on the Sunday, in the house of God? A man struggling with poverty, weighed down by anxiety, harassed by demands upon his time, and perplexed by claims upon his pocket—labouring from day to day with failing strength to overtake a constantly accumulating load of duty, and sinking at last, either morally into callousness, or physically into his grave, beneath the pressure of unsuccessful labour, and of duty unfulfilled—beneath the scowl of misery which he cannot relieve, of ignorance which he cannot enlighten, of malevolence which he cannot conciliate—beneath the scorn of a haughty, purse-proud world, and—unkindest out of all—beneath the silent contempt and cold neglect of him to whom, at the beginning of his career, he looked up with enthusiastic love and devotion, as to his Spiritual Father, the Chief Pastor of his flock. There are, through the length and breadth of the land, many such flocks, miserably tended, perishing through lack of Christian knowledge, and still more through default of Christian principles—many such shepherds consuming their strength in the vain effort to achieve impossibilities, or pining in the hopeless inaction of despair. Where, once more we ask, where, all this while, are our Bishops?

Is it by inspecting plans at the Ecclesiastical Commission, for the purchase and erection of Episcopal palaces—by ascertaining the exhausted state of the fund appropriated for the improvement of small livings—is it by presiding at public meetings and making mealy mouthed speeches, or even soul-stirring appeals, to people who like to see a Bishop, and to hear him speak, and think they have fulfilled all righteousness if they cast a shilling or a half-crown into the plate at the door—is it by giving silent votes in the House of Lords, in support of the Ministers of the day, and procuring in return from a careless legislature some ill-concocted Act of Parliament, to facilitate the course of this or that operative, of episcopal government, to the increase of their own worldly power—is it by reading once in three years beneath the dank vaults of a chill Cathedral a visitation charge, abounding in vague generalities, in *dicta* of uncertain sound, with a dash of hopes and fears, and cold commiseration—cold as the Cathedral atmosphere itself—for the laborious and necessitous condition of the inferior Clergy—is it by such an exercise of the episcopal office as this that an answer can be supplied to the question which breaks forth from every nook and corner of our social system, "Where are our Bishops?" We hold the question in suspense: "Where are our Bishops?" A coming echo answers "Where?"—John Bull.

THE LADIES OF THE SACRE COEUR.

By advertisement which appeared in the City Paper this week the public have been informed that a Branch of this renowned Institution is about to be established in Halifax for the education of young Ladies. Such an academy has been long desired, and the anxious wish of many parents is at length gratified. We feel assured that those accomplished Ladies will not be long amongst us until the merits of their admirable system be universally recognized. Few amongst us could afford to send their children to other countries for a superior education. Now, this great advantage is brought home to our own doors. We hope therefore that so laudable an effort to advance Education in Nova Scotia will meet with the patronage which it deserves, not only in this but in the neighbouring provinces— We respectfully ask all our brethren of the Press in British North America to make known the existence at Halifax of this invaluable Institution.

NEWS BY THE STEAMER.

The Cambria arrived on Wednesday and brought important news from Europe. The Danes and Germans have renewed the war, and Denmark has already lost two of her finest vessels. In Hungary Austria has sustained several defeats. This and the war in Denmark will probably bring on Russian intervention, and when once the Autocrat shall be mixed up with the belligerent politics of Western Europe, it is impossible to predict the consequences. The friends of monarchy in France are in high spirits, as they calculate on speedy success. The Republic is losing ground every day. There are rumours in England that Lord Melbourne died a Roman Catholic, and that he had been a Catholic for many years before his death. Mr Duffy has been again put upon his trial in Dublin.— There are four Catholics on the Jury. The Most Rev. Dr Crolly, the Primate of Ireland is no more. His Grace died of Cholera after an attack of nine hours. The greatest possible respect was manifested on the occasion by persons of all denominations. The most unbounded regard was always entertained in Ulster for this lamented dignitary. His mother was a presbyterian, and if we do not mistake, he was himself a convert to our holy faith.

The King of Prussia has declined the imperial crown offered to him at Frankfort. It is believed however that he would be glad to accept it, if he could.

THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL AT BALTIMORE.

The Council of the Catholic Bishops of the United States of America, will open at Baltimore on the 6th of May, the fourth Sunday after Easter. This is the last time, we believe, that all the American Bishops will assemble together in Solemn Council, as other Ecclesiastical Provinces are likely to be created, in which for the future, Provincial Councils will be held under their respective metropolitans. In addition to the new Archbishoprics of St Louis and Oregon, it is supposed that New York and New Orleans will be made Metropolitan Sees. The multiplication of Ecclesiastical Provinces and Archbishoprics proves the steady and gratifying progress of our religion throughout the American Continent, and by increasing the number of metropolitans forms so many additional rallying points and centres of union, to bind the Church dispersed, in more close attachment and devotion to the Holy See.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Halifax Catholic is thanked for his friendly letter, but we beg leave to assure him he has misunderstood the passages in question. Whenever we alluded in our past numbers to disturbances created by laymen in Halifax in former days, we never intended to make a sweeping charge against the laity in general. God forbid. We know their worth too well, and were aware that either then or now the Catholics of Halifax would not suffer in comparison with any other Catholic congregation in America. Our allusions of this nature were always directed to a few turbulent, restless creatures, who having no religion themselves, seemed determined not to suffer their religious neighbours to live in peace. Those were indeed days of calamity and bitterness, but it is unfair to suppose that Halifax was any particular exception to what generally prevailed throughout America. There is not a town of any note, from St. John's Newfoundland to New Orleans, in which ignorant laymen have not attempted to throw the Church

into confusion. But thank God! the American Church is now every where emerging from those painful struggles. Chaos is succeeded by discipline and order. With regard to our own city, we maintain that there is not a spot in the Catholic world which has been more remarkable for unity and peace than Halifax within the last three or four years. Hence the gratifying progress of religion throughout the City and Diocese. We agree with our correspondent that there is not the smallest likelihood of this blessed peace being disturbed. It is not in the power of any one under the present Catholic system, no matter how disposed, to do the least mischief, unless to himself. We have now a head amongst us who has proved his determination on many former occasions to keep every body in his proper sphere, and to protect the independence of the Church.

An Irishman, Picton. Read our observations in the Cross two or three weeks ago, and follow the advice of your respected Bishop, Dr. Fraser.

Celt. The insult referred to is not worth notice. Poverty is no crime, especially in an Irishman, and a native of the Sister Kingdom is one of the last who should reproach him with it. Irish poverty is clearly to be traced to English misrule. There was a time, 'long long ago' when the Britishers themselves were far more distinguished for rage and poverty than the natives of the Green Isle. When the celebrated Latin Epigrammatist, Martial, wanted a ragged comparison, his classical wit could supply nothing more appropriate than the "old unmentionables of a British Pauper."

"Sicut veteres braccas Pauperis Britanni!" We defy any one to point out in the whole range of the Greek or Latin Classics any thing so contemptuous to poor Ireland as the above delicate compliment.

An Admirer is thanked for calling our attention to the death of the lamented Vicar General of New York. We think we will best gratify his wishes by publishing an account of the death and funeral from the N. York Herald. The man who would elicit such an eulogy from James Gordon Bennett must indeed be a great and extraordinary character. There is but one opinion amongst all the Journals on the pious, zealous, charitable and brilliant career of the venerable deceased. Dr Power's brother is M. P. for the Co. Cork. He passed through Halifax on Good Friday last, on his way to Parliament, having come to New York to visit his dying brother. Another brother of the deceased is Dr William Power an eminent and highly respectable Physician in New York, who is married to a sister of the Hon. L. G. C. Doyle of this city. The Very Rev. Mr. Conolly Vicar General of Halifax, was present at the obsequies and funeral.

F. H. For an answer to your question we refer you to the interesting Biographical account of Mrs Seton, the Foundress of the S.S. of charity in the U. States, which is concluded in this day's Cross. The objects of these pious and benevolent Ladies can be seen in her life. The daughter of Mrs Seton was lately professed in the Convent of the S.S. of Mercy in New York by the Rt Rev. Dr Hughes who preached a beautiful sermon on the occasion.

The Sisters of Charity are soon expected in Halifax as well as the Ladies of the Sacre Coeur. The latter will open a respectable Academy at Brookside. The former will take charge of the Parochial Female Schools, visit the sick, and open an Orphan Asylum if they meet with proper support. From what we know of the benevolent and charitable disposition of the citizens of Halifax we are certain that the advent of those excellent women will be hailed with delight by all ranks and classes.

We are obliged to Mr Keefe, the Sexton of the Holy Cross Cemetery for the valuable statistics with which he has furnished us, and of which we shall make use as soon as possible.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. POWER.

The remains of this revered and beloved man were yesterday afternoon removed from his residence to St Peter's Church, where they lay in state during the afternoon and evening. In the course of the afternoon, thousands of persons visited the church, to gaze for the last time upon the countenance of the benevolent and pious father, who, during his life-time, had proved himself to be the friend of the poor, the urbane gentleman, and the accomplished scholar. The church was hung with appropriate weeds of mourning, and the tableau in front of the altar