

THE CATHOLIC.

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS CREDITUM EST.—WHAT ALWAYS, AND EVERY WHERE, AND BY ALL IS BELIEVED.

Very Rev. W. P. MacDonald, V. G., Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER OF KING & HUGHSON STREETS.

J. Robertson, Printer and Publisher.

VOLUME IV.

HAMILTON, [GORE DISTRICT] JANUARY 10, 1841.

NUMBER 16.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE WEST.

"Churches," at the era of the Searching, if by a church is meant, according to certain syllogisms in school logic, "a building of stone," did no grace our capital. But if by church we understand "a congregation," then churches were about as plenty as private houses. We numbered five hundred citizens, and these all belonged to some one or more of our ten religious sects—hence almost every house-keeper had a "meeting" of his own and in his own dwelling. I fear we were in all things too superstitious, and that some of us worshipped an unknown God. Indeed, most that was done at most of our meetings, was to revile others and glorify ourselves. Judge, however, reader, of the nature of our fanaticism by an instance or two that occurred when I resided afterward in Woodville. I had a neighbour who conducted private prayer, not by entering his closet and shutting the door, but by opening his doors and windows, and praying so awfully loud, that we could distinctly see and hear him too, from our house distant from his a full half-furlong. But again, some extra saints, wishing to worship on a high place, used to resort to the top of the court house steeple! A peculiar grumble repeatedly heard thence, several evenings in succession, just after sunset, induced several profane persons to clamber up, to ascertain the cause—and there, sure enough, were the steeple saints away up towards heaven, at their devotions! pity they ever came down to earth again—they fell away from grace afterwards, and died I fear, and made no sign!

Household churches are sometimes very unfavourable to devotion and elocution, especially if children belong to the establishment. If such, indeed, are of the class *manilla*, they may be nursed into order; but no apples, cookies, maple sugar, little tin cups and hardware dregs of milk or pure spring water, can quiescent those that are independent of the milky-way. True, they are at last captured, after eluding a dozen hands, and laughing at nods, frowns, and twisted faces, and are then hurried out, kicking away at the air and knocking off a bonnet or two near the doorway—but then the "screamer"—and this followed by the clamour between the belligerents outside—*she* administering a *stopping dose* of the wise man's prescription, and *it* exclaiming, "dignant and outrageous at the medicine!"

In one house where we often went to meeting, the owner annoyed in the week, by customers leaving an inner door open, posted up within the room and on that door, the following, and in large letters:

"If you please, shut the door, and if you don't please—shut it any how."

The preacher did not seem greatly disturbed at the first glance—but alas! my weak thoughts wandered away to the apostolical churches somewhere, and fancied the surprise of clergy and laity, if by any modern miracle, this ingenious caution had, late on Saturday night, taken the place of certain golden inscriptions!

The universal address on entering a house, after a preparatory rap or kick at the door, was—"Well! who keeps house?" It was a kind of visiting *apogiatura*. Once in a domestic meeting, we were listening devoutly to the preacher, when a neighbor came, for the first time invited, but by our express invitation, to our meeting; and after tying his horse, putting the stirrups over the saddle, and pulling down his tow linen trousers, he ad-

vanced to the house, and startled both minister and people by administering a smart preparatory rap to the door check, and drawing out in a slow, but very loud tone, the usual formula: "W-e-l-l—who-keeps-house?" when he squeezed in among us, and took a seat innocent as a babe! Query for casuists: Is it *always* sinful to laugh in meeting?

One more dear reader, from our string of onions, and we suspend at present the ecclesiastical history. A hostess who had a church in her house, found her dinner often delayed by the length of the services, and therefore insisted that a friend of mine, who was the preacher, should shorten the exercises, which occasioned the following colloquy:

"Sister Nancy, we must not starve our souls."

"Well, I allow we'll starve our bodies then."

"By no means, sister, is that necessary—"

"Well—how in creation is a body to have dinner, if a body aint time to cook it?"

"Why, sister, as soon as you hear *Amen* to the sermon—clap on the pot!"

Sister Nancy ever after obeyed; and so the pork, cabbage, and all that constitute a regular Sunday mess, were bubbling away in the prophet's pot about the time the final hymns prayers, exhortations and other appendices to the regular worship were ended; a beautiful verification of the remark, that "some things can be done as well as others," and, as may be added, at the very same time too."—[THE NEW PURCHASE, &c.]

From the Tablet.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN THE EAST.

DEAR MR. LUCAS—As you have often spoken about Protestant missions, I send you the following extract from a very interesting work just published. "Formby's Visit to the East." Burns, 1843. Should you think it valuable, perhaps you would insert the passage. The writer is a Protestant clergyman. J. DALTON.

"It is a subject of a very painful reflection with many thoughtful Christians, that after all the display of zeal the last fifty years have evinced towards the subject of missions, comparatively little has been effected. Numbers of amiable, patient, industrious, single-minded men have left their homes, chosen a sphere of duty in the midst of hardships and difficulties, and, unknown to the world, have nobly done their part in the Christian cause; and yet what has been gained? The heathen have seen them come, have heard the sound of their discourses, have benefited by their charities, have learned to regard them as kind and benevolent friends, but on their death all is gone. The heathen multitude have been touched, as it were, but not gained, moulded, settled, and grafted into the religion. That this is a plain and set matter of fact, I think scarce even an enthusiast will be hardy enough to deny; indeed, it is what is mournfully enough confessed—as a perplexing and disheartening truth, by many who wish it were otherwise, and pray that the heathen might become partakers of the same mercy with themselves. Is there not some fatal flaw in our present mode of carrying on the work? In a word, is the system and method adopted—the true one? Let a missionary, for instance, leave this country upon the present system, earnest and resolved, knowing to what labours he is called; let him select his own station; let him establish himself—with his printing-press and

assistants; let him continue his whole life faithfully labouring; and what after all, is gained? Take the instance of Schwartz. The chief missionary dies; the few converts and subordinate lose their only bond of union; the establishment comes to nothing; the whole falls to pieces, as a piece of burned lime on being exposed to the air. And supposing his life to be long spared—which it seldom is, his success consists only in forming personal friendships rather than converts; and it is a question whether he could transfer his flock to a stranger, with whom they were not personally acquainted, without putting their faith to a very serious risk. In all this there must be some deep-seated cause or causes; for Christ's word is with power, and His name was not wont to be used in vain by his servants who formerly spread His religion; neither is His holy name now less powerful than it used to be, for with Him a thousand years are but as one day. There must, therefore, be some fatal flaw in our system; for although they have wanted neither patience, labour, nor zeal, missionary labours of modern times amongst us have proved barren—to an extent truly deplorable." (Formby's Visit to the East, p. 160. Burns. 1843)

OBITUARY.—We learn from the *Propagateur Catholique*, the death of Madame ELIZABETH GALLIZIN, which took place at St. Michael's, in Louisiana, on the 8th inst. She was born in Russia in 1795 and belonged to the illustrious family of Gallizin, being a near relative of the Prince who died a Catholic Missionary on the Alleghany mountains in this State, a few years ago; and closely allied with the Czars. In her 26th year she forsok the Greek schism, to embrace the Catholic communion; and by her reasoning and example induced many of her family to do in like manner. The consequence was the forfeiture of their estates by all the converts; and their exile. In her 31st year she entered into the Society of Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and continued until her death to edify all by her fervor, whilst she contributed by her superior talents and acquisitions to extend and consolidate this edifying order. A few years since she came to America as Provincial of the Society, and visited the various establishments, even one among the Indians, to whose instructions some of those accomplished ladies had devoted themselves. Having established a house of the Order in New York, and made arrangements for a Noviciate in McSherry town, Pa., she returned to Europe, and thence about a year ago revisited America. Since that time she made some establishments in Canada, and visited anew the various houses in the States. She has fallen a victim to a fever prevailing on the borders of the river. She was Secretary of the whole Society, and one of the Council for its government at the time of her death, so that her loss will be deeply felt in Europe, as well as in this country. R. I. P.

IRELAND AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.—It is said that Peel, seeing the protracted time of the trials, has determined on measures of conciliation. The commission which will commence its sitting in Dublin immediately, to inquire into and sift the workings of the landlord and tenant question, is, in its appointment, a proof that the government means to do something in the way of redressing all practical grievances.