

religion and virtue. He calls upon the society to pause, and calmly reconsider their plan of religious instruction; lest instead of pure Christianity, they circulate hypocrisy, fanaticism, and impious delusion among the lower classes of society; that to instruct the ignorant, is much more difficult than to put Bibles or testaments into their hands. "That the Bible," says he, "is adapted to the meanest understanding—an opinion taken up at first without due examination—is still retained, because men are disinclined to submit to a severe scrutiny the truth of an opinion long and fondly cherished. We think it harsh, to be called upon to renounce opinions for which our ancestors had once strenuously contended. If their opinions be right, we maintain them because they are so; if wrong, we indicate them still, on a principle of honour. Perhaps the spirit of opposition to Papal Rome still operates in some degree." "To me it appears," continues Mr. O'Callaghan, "that the immediate tendency of the Bible Society is to empty the churches and fill the conventicles; and its remote tendency, to put down the former altogether. The current of public opinion has already set in against the Established Church, and the Bible Society whether the prelates will see it or not, is unquestionably converted into an engine for its destruction."

Concluded next week

From the Catholic Miscellany.

DEATH OF POPE PIUS VIII.

The accounts from Europe about a month since prepared us for this melancholy intelligence. We were informed that on the 20th of November the Holy Father was at the point of death; the gout having reached his stomach, and his lungs being affected. We have not seen as yet the statement of the particulars of his decease.

FRANCIS XAVIER CASTIGLIONE, which was the family name of his holiness was born on November 20th, 1760, and was at the time of his death little over 69 years of age, and only in the second year of his pontificate.

May he rest in peace.

From the New-York Truth Teller.

Mr. Editor.—To most of mankind it must appear singular, and I should say unaccountable, that such unrelenting hostility should pervade the mind of the Protestant with regard to every thing Catholic.

But, Sir, as problematical as this may seem to the superficial observer, I would most respectfully state, that with some little reflection it would appear perfectly natural that such hatred and animosity should in fact exist.

If you will have patience whilst "I discourse to you," I am persuaded you will agree with me, that my position advanced in the above paragraph is by no means gratuitous, but can be sustained upon grounds the most irrefragable

I then state a fact, which cannot be called in question. It is this,—that Protestant literature, be it sacred or profane, at least the major portion of it,

is replete with abuse against Catholics, or as they are usually termed, Papists,—this is the case almost invariably with the writings of its theologians—of its polemics, preachers, commentators, &c. In these Popery, (a term ingeniously invented by malvolence, in order to render our doctrines odious in the eyes of ignorance and prejudice) is the fixed and constant butt of insult—the butt at which every orthodox divine, and particularly every hungry divine, triumphantly direct their shafts; the mark at which every zealot, and every enthusiast; every bigot, and every fanatic, aim their envenomed darts. This is the case with the far greater part of its historians and biographers.—There are but few among these who do not grossly misrepresent both the principles of our religion and the virtue of its clergy. The same remark is true with regard to its travellers and geographers. These perpetually, and it is this that best insures a stale to their tales of folly, deride our practices, and vilify our tenets. It is the case with its poets, nay, even with the very scribblers of its romances. Even these, so necessary is it to gratify the public taste, must aim their blow and cast their sneer at Popery.

I state another fact, which is no less certain than the preceding: and which, I think, no one will contest who has simply the faculty of hearing—it is, that in proportion as Protestant writers assail the Catholic religion by their works; just so, in their social intercourse, do the public insult it by their conversation, reviling it with the tongue as the former revile it with the pen. Such effect is but natural; because the press being the great lever of public opinion, is of course, the great mover likewise of public discourse.

Wherefore, it is true, that, in this country, above all, in certain parts of it, there is scarce any object that forms a more frequent theme of conversation than popery, and none, I am convinced, that forms so frequent a theme of ridicule. Be the motive what it may, that calls our Protestant brethren together; whatever chance to be the subject of their discussion—be this religious or licentious, serious or gay—they are sure almost to intermix at least some injurious allusion to our religion; perhaps sneering at its practices; perhaps declaiming against its pastors. At all events (I fear no contradiction here) the abuse of Popery is, in this country, a very ordinary topic—a topic upon which the Protestant dwells with peculiar satisfaction.

Now, where such is the state of things, both of our literature and conversation—employed, both of them, in the unceasing reprobation of Catholicity—ought it not, I ask, to be imagined; or rather, ought it not reasonably to be expected, that at least its doctrines should be tolerably known and understood. Does not decency, as well as the slenderest notions of justice, seem to require, that the men who combat us with so much animosity, should, ere they condemn, at least be acquainted with our principles? This is indeed, so evident, that I will not dwell upon the proofs to show it. To pretend merely to judge without knowledge is, in the eye of wisdom, folly. But without know-

ledge, to undertake to condemn—this, if any thing be such—is injustice. If you judge, says Chew, a Pagan moralist, first know. "Si judicias, cognosce."

And what then, is really the truth—or what is, in fact, the share of knowledge which, in this country, our Protestant brethren, although they are forever condemning our religion, possess of its doctrines? I reply with confidence, speaking of them in general—none at all. They are in general, and indeed almost universally ignorant, even childishly ignorant of its doctrines.

Neither do I say this only of the vulgar. I say it of the larger portion of the best educated members of the Protestant community. I say it of its legislators; nay, even of its very Clergy. Instructed, it may be sometimes, in almost every thing else; and perhaps studious of every thing else; these men, in relation to the real truths of our religion are astonishingly, pitifully ignorant.—Their knowledge in relation to it, is very little else than the knowledge of fictions, falsehoods and calumnies.

Never, in my own acquaintance with the Protestant Clergy, and I have known several; men too, who have earned many a laurel by their victories over Popery; never did I know one who appeared to be, I do not say well, but even moderately, acquainted with our principles. The works of their best modern writers are replete with the proofs of contemptible ignorance upon the subject of our doctrines.

If you should think proper, Mr. Editor, to allow this a place in your excellent journal, you will perhaps hear from me again.

Feb. 3, 1831.

C. S. L.

ORIGINAL.

ON THE SUFFERING LOT OF THE CHRISTIAN

The present tribulations which is momentary and short worketh for us above measure and exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. 2. Corinth. 4. 17,

WE are doomed by providence to be subjected in our present state of probation to many trying afflictions: Our whole race having fallen under the divine displeasure by the sin of our first parents we are all condemned to suffer; for suffering is the necessary consequence of sin: and had we not found mercy through the atonement made for us by the Redeemer; our sufferings would have been greater, hopeless even, as without end. Now, however, they are all but transient. They are no longer intended as our punishment, but as our necessary correction. They are even become the surest proof that God owns us for his children; for whom he loves he chastizes.—They are the labours of virtue, prescribed to us, which secure an eternal reward. Their very nature and purpose are thus completely altered.—They occasioned our despair. They now excite our hope; great in proportion as they themselves are great. What caused us erst to mourn, makes us now rejoice; and our bitterest source of sorrow is changed to one affording us its own sovereign antidote, the most pure and heartfelt consolation.