

THE CROSS AND THE CANDLESTICK QUESTION.—The great cross and candlestick question, which has convulsed the public and enriched Doctor's Commons for the last two years, is drawing towards a conclusion, causing thereby, no doubt, great anxiety to the sincere devotees of that aristocratic locality and fashionable devotees of the learned denizens of the other sincere domain: The judgment delivered by Dr. Lushington, in July, 1855, at great length, after three days' argument pro and contra by the most profound, tedious, and impracticable of lawyers, has been duly appealed against to a court one step higher in the scale of tedium and impracticability; has been there attacked, defended, and the whole question entered into over again at still greater length; after which it is gravely confirmed by another decision still longer and more minute, which is, in its turn, handed on to be appealed against to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to be re-heard, re-argued, and re-decided all over again, when the learned doctors and proctors engaged will write the final endorsement upon their voluminous briefs, pocket their last fees, and turn their valuable attention to other questions as vain, as useless, as repugnant to common sense—if, indeed, such can arise—as that upon which so much time, money, envy, hatred, and malice have just been expended. Some questions, when they are tried, are said to be "contaminated." If we are called upon to invent a word to signify the proceedings in this dispute, we should say that it has been "dusted"—meaning thereby, not the process by which dust is removed, but that under which it is deposited. Not a feather from the wing of Time has been employed to clean away the deposit of years of uncertainty, persecution, and fanaticism; not a gleam of light from present times has been allowed to sweeten it; not a breath of living sentiment has been pressed into the service to dissipate a doubt or a difficulty, as to what is best for the day that is and the morrow that may be; but, on the contrary, the records of past ages, the flickering rays of forgotten controversy, the sayings and writings of dead men, all inapplicable to the time in which we live and the circumstances under which they are exhumed from their quiet graves, are alone produced to teach and to guide us. The proceedings, however, are, as we have said, in Doctors' Commons; and therefore we must not expect to find any reasonable issue under trial, or any practical utility in the decision upon it. They are very long, and we are bound to suppose, very learned; and that is all that we can say about them. It would be useless for us to enter into the circumstances of this case; the principle is all that we care to deal with. One fact, however, appears, which in justice we should mention. It was stated that when the late Bishop of London consecrated St. Paul's (Knightsbridge) the cross upon the altar, now objected to and ordered to be removed, was hidden by a large offertory dish.—Mr. Bennet, the incumbent, has sworn that the bishop knew of its existence, and gave his consent to its retention. "The bishop," he says, "objected to the cross if it was to be moveable, and considered it illegal, but stated that he had no objection to it if it was fixed." This is upon a par with the famous candle decision. A fixed cross and an unlighted candle are, it seems, right and proper; but move the one and light the other, and then heresy and schism stalk triumphant. Upon such absurdities as these is the church of England divided and convulsed in the latter half of the 19th century.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Many Protestants imagine that, though there are numerous instances of conversion to the Catholic Church at the present time, such a phenomenon is recent. Now, it would startle such individuals to find how entirely inconsistent with the fact is such an idea; and that, on the other hand, from the very commencement of the Reformation, numbers of eminent persons, drawn for a time into its influence by the accident of birth or the pressure of tyrannical enactments, made the most painful sacrifices to return to the Communion of the Catholic Church, and often did literally take this step at the cost of martyrdom. It is sufficient to enumerate, in England, the names of Campion, the ornament of his University; R. Sherwin, described by Ant. Wood, "an excellent scholar and philosopher;" Cuthbert Maize, Brian Forde, Fenn, Walpole, Ingram, Cornelius, Rousham, Goltan, Love, Rawlings, and Hansie, who, with others too numerous to be mentioned, did actually suffer martyrdom in the reign of Elizabeth, for leaving the religion recently established to return to the Catholic Church, and for receiving Orders in her communion. If any period could be supposed peculiarly hostile to the spread of Catholicism, it would be that of the Protectorate, removed by little more than a century from the time of the Reformation, and when the principles of Puritanism were in the ascendant; yet the following is the list of converts from Protestantism in or about that period, whose names are known to us, imperfect as such a list must necessarily be. Indeed, a writer of the Church of England has candidly confessed that "perhaps no family among the better and more religious sort but could number one defection to the Roman communion" at that period:—
Sir Toby Matthews (son of the Archbishop of York).
Sir Kenelm Digby.
—Casin (son of Dr. Casin, Bishop of Peterborough, the famous controversial writer in defence of the Church of England).
Dr. Thomas Bailey (son of the Bishop of Bangor, author of the celebrated manual called "Practice of Piety").
Dr. Goff (of Oxford, and King's Chaplain, employed abroad in several diplomatic errands).
Dr. Yano (also King's Chaplain).
Sir Francis Dodington.
Mr. Walter Montague.
—Potter (son of the Dean of Worcester).
Richard Crasshaw (Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge).
Wm. Simonet (formerly a minister of the Kirk of Scotland).
Lady Marchioness of Worcester.
Lady Marchioness of Glanrikard.
Countess of Denbigh.
Dr. Hugh Cressy.
Sir William Davenant.
Richard Nichols (Peterhouse, Cambridge).
Edward Barker (Queens College, Cambridge).
Colonel Marsh.
Lord Cottington.
Sir Marmaduke Longdale.
Sir Theophilus Galby.
Lord Andover.
Mr. Charles Goring.
Sir Richard Lee, of Shropshire.
Major Carter.
Capt. Thomas Cook.
M. Glue, Balliol College, Oxford.
Capt. John Gilford.
Lady Killmaclachie.
Mrs. Bridget Fielding.
Mr. Endymion Porter.

R. Millesent.
N. Read.
T. Normington.
John Crighton.
Hugh Ross.
Wm. Simple.
Mr. Joyner.
Mr. Osburn.
Mr. Eaton.
Mr. Cooper.
Wm. Crofts.

Perhaps some of your readers will carry on the subject in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Your correspondent at Preston has already furnished a similar list with regard to Germany. It is certainly not a little singular that the lineal descendants of Luther, Knox, and Oramer, the principal actors in the Reformation in Germany, Scotland, and England, should have become Catholics.—*Corr. of Weekly Register.*

HOW THINGS ARE MANAGED.—Most of our readers will recollect that during the Russian war, in 1855, a great quantity of articles was contributed by the gentlemen and ladies of this town and neighborhood for the use of the British soldiers in the Crimea; and until Wednesday it was fully understood that the whole of the contributions had been duly forwarded by the then mayor of the borough, Mr. Ragsdale, whose duty it was to see that the wishes of the subscribers were carried out with promptitude. The strange discovery was made by one of the borough officials to the newly elected mayor, that the whole of the articles, consisting of hams, bacon, wines, spirits, porter, ale, cheese, tobacco, &c., with a large quantity of warm clothing, of almost every description, had never been sent, but were still lying in one of the rooms of the Town-hall, where they had been ever since 1855. We hear that our excellent mayor, Mr. G. H. Riddell, has written to all the known subscribers to inform them of the circumstance of the gross neglect, and that he will attend at the Town-hall, at 1 o'clock this day (Saturday), for the purpose of delivering up all articles that may be claimed (except such as are spoiled), or disposing of them in any way that may be otherwise deemed expedient.—*Newark Paper.*

WASTEFUL DISPOSAL OF GOVERNMENT STORES.—LIVERPOOL, Dec. 20.—At the weekly meeting of the Council of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association on Thursday the following beautiful specimen of official thrift and ingenuity was laid before the council as authentic:—There is a ship now in Liverpool which carried a cargo of rum to Balaklava, with orders to return in ballast. The rum having ceased, and the rum not being required for the troops, it was sold at Constantinople at the rate of 5d. per gallon, or thereabouts, and the vessel returned to England in ballast, as originally intended. The quantity thus disposed of is said to have been 800 puncheons, or about 85,000 gallons, the worth of which, in England, at the present moment, would probably be about 5s. per gallon. Of course it never occurred to the official mind that all the labor and expense of discharging cargo and taking in ballast might have been avoided, and some £17,000 saved in the purchase of a similar quantity of spirits, simply by bringing the rum back to England; or, if it did, the official instructions must have been the insuperable obstacle in the way, when common sense dictated the possibility of such a course of proceeding.

Sundry feeble-minded people are always thrown into a state of mental tetanus when an evildoer is to be punished. Has he broken into a house with violence and half-murdered an old man or woman?—he is a man and a brother. Has he robbed an honest mechanic of his hard-earned savings?—he is a man and a brother. Has he garrotted a wayfarer, and only by accident not murdered him?—he is a man and a brother. He must be put on moral diet and moral suasion. He must be reasoned with, talked and preached to; taught some texts and a trade; kept quiet and at work. There is no pity for the victims, either actual or possible; no protection for that society which pays taxes to be protected; and, worst of all, there is positive discouragement to that numerous and obscure class of persons whose homely and honest industry can neither attract admiration nor stimulate sympathy. Talk of reformation by such a process! Why, there is not a man, woman, or child who knows the world through the medium of aught but books who does not know that every ruffian comes out of this course seven times more dangerous than he went in, with cunning, adroitness, and coolness added to resolution, ferocity, and bloodthirstiness, and there is no one who is ignorant that a very few years will suffice to combine a powerful confederacy of men linked together by the ties, not only of common crime, but also of a common prison life.—*Times.*

WHICH "MR. SMITH"?—A domestic bomb-shell has recently scattered discord, if not desolation, about the quiet firesides of the many families rejoicing in the name of Smith in Birmingham. An advertisement appeared two days successively in the *Birmingham Journal*, addressed to "Mr. Smith, Birmingham," and calling upon that individual to "pay the amount left due by him at the Opera House, Bow-street, Covent-garden," accompanied by the significant hint that if this were not done speedy retribution would follow. "This advertisement will be repeated," and "further particulars given of the transaction." The "further particulars" evidently implied "a lady in the case," and, as every individual of the hundred "Mr. Smiths of Birmingham" is a business man, and in the habit of frequently travelling up to London on "urgent business my dear" at least one hundred Mrs. Smiths of Birmingham were made first suspicious and then miserable. No less than 12 Mr. Smiths wrote to settle the account rather than be worried, and four called in person two days after the advertisement; but the "right Mr. Smith" had remitted by return of post, and the "initial" of Mr. Smith of Birmingham still remains a painful but inscrutable mystery.

PROTESTANT AUTHORITIES.—To the Editor of the Tablet. Dear Sir—Dr. Bailey, the secretary of the "Lord's Day Observance Society," in an address delivered at the Music Hall, Canterbury, on the 4th instant, said, "he did not hesitate to express his belief that, on the subject of the Sabbath, Luther and Calvin were *not safe guides*." The "incumbent of the parish," the Rev. E. H. Woodall, expressed "his joy and thankfulness to be present on the occasion." If these Protestants now repudiate their "great authorities," where will they stop?—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
J. BAXTER LANGLEY.

The following testimonial to "Protestant Progress" amongst the evangelical sects, we clip from the *Toronto Christian Guardian* (Methodist):—
"The English Correspondent of *Zion's Herald* gives the following account of the spread of error among the Congregationalist body in England:—'The "Rivulet Controversy" is almost every week bringing to light some new proof of the alarming spread of error among the Independents and Baptists of this country, especially the former. Three of the Independent Colleges for the training of the rising ministry are believed to be infected. In the Lancashire Independent College, Professor S. Davidson is the errorist; in the New College, London, Professor F. Newth is one of the fifteen professors in favor of the "Rivulet" and Mr. Lynch; and in the Rotherham Independent College, Professor Tye is a sympathizer with the new *negative* theology. Time was when error flourished in the colleges of the Church of England, and was thought to be confined to them; but that Nonconformist Colleges should be infected is one of the darkest signs of the times. An eminent authority has just declared that no one is thoroughly aware of the preparedness and aptitude which the young men of the present day, both in the Universities of the Establishment and the Independent Colleges exhibit for the reception of skeptical opinions. This mischief consists in the rejection of most of the essential features of the Christian faith, without any avowal of infidelity.'

UNITED STATES.—The Catholic *Vindicator* shows the rapid progress that Catholicity has made in the United States during the last fifty years. In 1808, there were in the United States but 2 Bishops; in 1857, there are 39. In the former period there were but 68 Priests and 80 churches; to-day there are 1,872 Priests and 2,059 churches; and against 1 College, and 2 Female Academies for 1808, we find set down 29 Colleges, and 134 Female Academies for 1857.—We doubt if any other denomination can adduce signs of a progress so great as is indicated by the above figures.
It is stated that the Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Walworth, Wisconsin, has excommunicated all its members that refused to vote for Fremont at the late election.

Mr. Sumner has been re-elected U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

The population of Utah is said to be about 77,000. On the evening of the 8th inst., three men named Wm. Saunders, John Sullivan and John Undine were placed in the lock-up under the City Jail, at Nashville, for drunkenness. After being confined for awhile, they set fire to the place, and the whole three were smothered to death.

PROTESTANT EMIGRANTS.—Some 220 Members arrived at New York on Thursday last, from Liverpool, under charge of Elder John Williams, who said they were mostly his own converts, and came chiefly from Bristol, England. They were all in good health and spirits, and looked remarkably tidy. Not a death occurred on the passage.

HUNTINGTON AT SING SING.—This gentleman is now permanently located in his new quarters at the public institution up the river; and unless the clemency of the late Governor is perpetuated in his successors, will doubtless do the State good service during the next four years and ten months. He continues to exhibit the same stolid indifference to his fate, as was apparent during his incarceration in the Tombs and on his trial, and has shown an unwillingness to converse. When he fully gets into prison harness this will probably wear off. Huntington reached the Prison last Friday evening after the convicts were locked up, and was shown to a cell for the night without any change in his toilet. On the following morning an officer rapped at his door and signified that his presence was desired in the physician's apartment, where he was provided with the usual striped wardrobe. He was then conducted to the barber's shop, and he submitted to the loss of his beard. This occupied till 11 o'clock A. M., and when the usual dinner hour arrived he was ready to join his confederates in the dining-room. It will be remembered that the Clerk of the Court asked Huntington, after Judge Capron had pronounced his sentence, the usual question if he had any mechanical trade, and was answered in the negative. It seems that he was formerly engaged, for three years, in the furniture business, somewhere in Hudson street, and on the strength of this he has been assigned to the cabinet shop of the prison, under the contract of Mr. C. H. Woodruff. He is engaged in the simple operation of sawing and planing boards, which is a less intellectual employment than dealing in notes in Wall street. But there is this about it—he will now have the benefit of the shavings. When Huntington first arrived at the prison he remarked in the presence of the Deputy-Sheriff and some of the officers, that he knew what the prison regulations were, and intended to obey them. One luxury he will be deprived of, and that is tobacco; he has been in the habit of smoking a fabulous number of cigars per diem, but the change will be likely to prove beneficial to his health. His constitution is said to be much run down, and his countenance looks careworn and haggard.

SLAVE TROUBLES AT THE SOUTHWEST.—The Memphis *Appeal* says considerable excitement exists in St. Francis county, caused by rumors that the slaves would rise about Christmas. Several negroes were whipped until they confessed the plot. A similar story was in circulation at Napoleonville, Lou. A committee had been appointed by the Mayor of Nashville and the Judge of Davidson county to examine the charges of insurrection against certain negroes, and they report that there is no evidence to recommend their discharge. The Mississippi papers ridicule the telegraphic report of a negro disturbance in Jackson, and say that it had not the shadow of a foundation.

Late advices from Texas report that an attempt on the part of the negroes, in Houston County, to revolt, had been frustrated.

A WHOLE FAMILY TO BE HUNG.—The five negroes—a grandmother, mother, and three sons (the eldest 19 and the youngest 12)—who killed their master, the late George Green, in Prince William county, Va., on Christmas night last, were fully convicted on Tuesday night last, after a trial lasting two days. They are sentenced to be hung in thirty days after the date of their conviction.

WHITES SLAVERY.—The Newark (N. J.) *Mercury* relates a case of a boy, about 12 or 14 years of age, who is kept at work at one of the factories of that city from 7 A. M. till 10 P. M., for which he receives \$1 50 per week! The *Mercury* adds that this is "but one case of several in the same establishment."

AIMING A CERGYMAN.—A Rev. Mr. Dodge, a Baptist clergyman, was lately taken by the citizens of Grant county, Wisconsin, plunged naked into a snow bank and afterwards taken out of town on a rail. He was otherwise maltreated, though not injured bodily. The cause of this was an arrangement having been made by the aforesaid Mr. Dodge to elope with another man's wife, a respectable woman of the county, whereat the indignant people took the law into their own hands. So says the Lancaster *Herald*.

EDUCATION NORTH AND SOUTH.—The Richmond *Dispatch* gives some interesting statistics in relation to the comparative number of students in the various sections of the country. According to this, there is in New England one student to 916 of the white population; in the middle states one to 826; in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia one to 545; in the north-western States one to 697; and in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee, one to 680—thus showing an advantage to the slave States.

CATHOLIC CHARITIES.—According to the Catholic Almanac for the present year, there are nineteen different religious congregations of Ladies in the United States, engaged in the care of the sick, and the maintenance of the orphan. These congregations maintain 64 Orphan Asylums, with 4,833 orphans, besides which, in the United States, there are ten asylums under secular control, having 837 inmates. The total number of orphans provided for by Catholic charity in the United States may be set down as over 6,000. There are twenty-six Hospitals, (two of which are for lying-in women,) with a total number of patients amounting to nearly 3,000 annually cared for. There are four exclusive founding Asylums with eighty-two foundlings, four Magdalen Asylums with fifteen penitents reported, and nine Houses of Protection. The Daughters of Charity, of which our Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, and St. Mary's Hospital are attached maintain in the United States, twenty-three Orphan Asylums, 1,295 orphans, thirteen Hospitals, with 2160 patients and four Foundling Asylums, with eighty-two foundlings. The Sisters of Charity of New York (under a distinct control) maintain five orphan asylums, with 830 orphans and one Hospital, patients not reported. The Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati, maintain two Asylums, with 325 orphans, and one Hospital with 20 patients. The Sisters of Mercy maintain seven Orphan Asylums, with 518 orphans and four Hospitals, with 571 patients. The Sisters of St. Joseph maintain seven Orphan Asylums, with 630 orphans and three Hospitals, with fifty patients. The above figures are understated, and do not present the true extent of Catholic charity of this kind. Besides the above enumerated institutions there are maintained by Catholic charity, three widows Asylums, with 100 inmates, and one house of protection for boys, with 110 inmates. The Brothers of the Christian Schools, maintain one Asylum and fifty orphan, and the Brothers of the Christian Institution, one Asylum and eighty orphan.—*Catholic Vindicator.*

THE CENTENARIANS.—During the past year twenty-eight men and fifteen women have died in the United States, who were one hundred years of age and upwards. The oldest white man was 110; and the oldest white woman was 118.

A little girl in Waterville, Ot., more than a year ago swallowed a needle, and on New Year's Day it came out through her knee.

(From the N. Y. Church Journal, Protestant.)

PREACH OF PURITANISM IN NEW ENGLAND.—Puritanism is running out at its first and strongest and exclusive home. A non-episcopal contemporary gives us the following extracts and comments:—

USION CHURCHES.—A correspondent of the *Congregational Journal*, giving an account of the religious destitution of New-Hampshire, thus speaks from a wide experience, of the practice common in some regions, of having a place of worship erected and controlled by several denominations. We believe this opinion is shared by all who have had any opportunity to observe the working of the plan:—

"Here, as invariably elsewhere, 'union meeting-houses' have operated unfavorably to the interests of religion. None of the several denominations owning and worshipping in them, have gained strength. Indeed all are weaker to-day than in former years.—Having common places of worship, united effort and rivalry is the result, rather than jealousy and effort to promote the common cause. Discord, envyings, evil-speaking, and weakness ensue. Better, in the long run, for all denominations to have their own places of worship, even if they must be barns or shades of trees. In most instances they will be able in time to erect separate houses for public worship to be under their own control. If churches of different denominations, no matter how feeble they may be, are wise, they will not increase their weakness by a nominal union, which generally ends in great detriment to the cause of religion. A great unhappiness, indeed, that this should be so; but so it is, so it has been, so it will be the different branches of Christ's family have more of his spirit and image."

MORAL WASTE.—The same writer had been accused of exaggeration or misstatement in the gloomy account he had given of places in New-Hampshire, where the gospel had died out, churches had been gradually weakened by emigration, alterations in the course of business and travel and other similar causes, until there was a moral wilderness. He demurs to the charge, insists that the statements are correct, being founded on personal knowledge, and goes on to say that even greater destitution prevails in Vermont and Maine, in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama:—

The truth is, the census and statistics of the churches and of waste places, neither of our own or any of the other States of New England, or of the Union, have ever yet been fully and accurately ascertained and published. Great ignorance prevails on these points, even among pastors, religious editors, and men well informed on other things. The facts not having been extensively or accurately ascertained or published, there have been no reliable data for knowledge in the premises. In the almost utter absence of the facts, the attention of ministers and Christians has not been particularly directed to the subject: hence the surprise and incredulity of many. If any still are incredulous, it is respectfully suggested that they personally visit our religious wastes—make careful, minute investigation—collect the statistics, and give them through the press, to the public."

We fear that there is too much ground for this gloomy statement. The moral wants of the community are great, and ever growing.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DISCOVERY OF THE TOWER OF BABEL!—A correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* writes that M. Place, the French Consul at Mosul, has discovered what he believes to be the veritable remains of the tower of Babel! Their locality is the field of Arbels, a few days' journey from Mosul. M. Place was engaged in exploring the field, or plain, which is famous as having been the scene of a decisive battle fought between Darius and Alexander. The ruin is thus described:—

"This proud tower, which was built in defiance of Heaven, and aimed to pierce the very skies, has lost in the course of ages its cloud reaching elevation.—Six of its eight stories have fallen and crumbled into dust; but the two which remain are so high that they may be seen for forty or sixty miles around.—The base of the tower is quadrangular, and each side about six hundred feet long. The tower is made of bricks of the purest clay and of a white color, which is a little shaded with a yellow tint. Under a clear sun, and as a whole, this ancient monument of human skill and daring presents a fine blending of colors which set the painter's pallet at defiance. Before being baked, the bricks had been covered with characters traced with the accuracy of the hand of a writing master. Near the top of the tower the straight strokes were adorned with flourishes resembling the head of nails. All was neat, regular and severe: and, indeed, those who saw these specimens of ancient calligraphy affirm that the fathers of the human race wrote a better hand than their children. Another curious fact arrested the attention of the exploring party. The sacred record runs thus: 'And it came to pass as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the valley of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another—Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly; and they had brick for stone, (or instead of stone) and slime had they for mortar.' Modern sceptics may ask—Where could these builders obtain all this bitumen for a vast quantity must have been demanded to meet the wants of so many towers. It is a singular coincidence that M. Place discovered a fountain at a small distance from the tower, whose waters flow in such abundance as almost to form a river.—The stream would force its way into a river in the vicinity, did not the people hasten to stop it by setting the bituminous fire on fire, when they tranquilly wait till the fire is extinguished for want of aliment. Thus the old fountain still pours out inexhaustible quantities of bitumen or slime, which supplied these old builders in their vast enterprise. Bitumen also adds to the durability of bricks, as well as firmly consolidates them in masonry. Could any thing be added to the marvel of the coincidence?—Thus travels and expeditions in Assyria become biblical corollaries, and new proofs are never wanting of old truths."

A SKETCH OF FATHER FABER'S ORATORY.

(From the Nation.)
The Oratory is situated on a new gravelled road, called after Oliver Cromwell, and leading from the prim green lanes of Kensington into suburban Brompton, rising with all its houses. It stands a little in from the road—as simple and modest a structure as might be found in the remotest country parish of Ireland, without any architectural pretensions whatsoever, and with nothing to distinguish it from the schoolhouse or institute of the place, but the gilt cross reared on the gable. You may chance to cross the threshold of St. Philip with a curiously contrasted group of worshippers, that in itself wonderfully typifies the old man's winning ways.—A lady whose grave and stately carriage and modified aquiline features indicate the old English Catholic nobility, with one younger and brighter, and more demonstratively fervent, and of an air almost as thoroughbred—evidently longing to toss her rings and bracelets into the offertories in the first blush of a convert's ecstasy.—A middle-aged man, studious, gentle, and contemplative; through whose sad blue eyes, and thin cheek, and furrowed forehead it is easy to see breaking a happy rest, after very much weariness; actually breaking and beaming out in a perfect physical effluence of grace through his whole nature and this, we suppose, is the last Protestant Minister for whom Doctor Pusey has been the finger-post from Oxford to Rome.—Next, a young English artist, who, for a moment, studies the Minister with 'bunny,' 'supercat' eyes, and who you can see, as he kneel with a beautiful, timid, tender, grace near the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, longs for the fervent faith far more

than the grand genius of the Old Masters:—By his side, a Connaught reaper in brogues and frieze and corduroys, and woollen stockings all the way from Cong, who bends almost to the earth and rocks to and fro in that prayer of passionate union, which is the gift of the Irish peasant:—A trim, prim servant girl casts her tiny eyes on the poor fellow as she trips by, and thinks of the cabin and the blue lake and the dun hills far away, and the family famine—scattered all over God's wide globe; one brother soldiering in Africa, and another digging gold in Australia, another a mummy on the railway in Canada, and another on the seas between Calcutta and Hong Kong—and lastly, blessing herself with a charming grace, a young girl comes in, whose blue eyes and black wavy hair bespeak Celtic blood in whose manner there is the exquisite gentle gravity of a young novice, withal, a slight tinge of English reserve; so that as she glides between the Norman Duchess and the Millesian maid, one cannot help fancying she has got the best of both bloods in her pure young heart. Two Protestants have been surveying the place, and are passing out. There is a curious, almost comical awe and admiration on the face of one of them—as of an Indian who afar off feels the first little fascinating influence of the rapids on his little canoe. The other is highly disgusted with the whole thing, can hardly prevent himself from cursing the congregation aloud for their abominable ignorance, slavery, and superstition. The very first Catholic he happens to meet in society, he will be sure to tell him (being otherwise a rather well-mannered man) that "he must know the host to be merely baked flour, and the absurdity of worshipping"—(worship he will call it, so let him and welcome)—"the blessed Virgin. The lower order of Catholics" (he will add apologetically) "may be gulled to any extent by their Priests; but, of course, a sensible man—a man of the world, Sir, is above such lumbag." Poor, invincibly ignorant, ugly-civilized heathen, so much a man of the world, he has not time to think of being a man of the world! When he arrives there in the next railway accident, it is to be hoped that he may merely have occasion to think himself the greatest jacks-a-boo that ever lived upon two legs. As he stands there, gazing at these inscriptions about the Souls in Purgatory and the Immaculate Conception, with money boxes beside them, too ("more of the infernal villainy and lumbag, Sir!") he is more like a wild savage contemplating a steam engine than like anything else in creation.—but then a savage would have the grace to admit, at least to himself, his Ignorance, his Germanian ignorance, whereas this man reads the *Times* every morning, and being a member of the Peace Society, also a Spurgeonite in his secret soul (poorly possessed by the devil), believes himself to be the foremost man of the foremost country, in the foremost state of human civilization. O good Great Britain, what a confounded and consummate fool you are beside the poor bogtrotter, who is beating his breast there, and praying as though he heard by the very hem of Christ's garment! But one can actually read the Great Britain's reflection on the bogtrotter in his palpable countenance. He thinks God Almighty must necessarily be offended by the obtrusive vulgarity of such a fellow as that—and that it is no wonder Ireland is the country it is. And so the ridiculous wretch goes on his way.

The same rigid simplicity reigns inside as outside of the Oratory. Here are no glorious chandeliers, or grottoes, or sculptures, or frescoes, or fountains, or cartoons—none of the exquisite embroideries or bijouteries of ecclesiology, with all their rich poetry of design. If one might be pardoned a very stupid pun in such a place, one might say it has the look of a Chapel of Work, not a Chapel of Ease. To me, it looked rather like an advanced fort, the Malakoff—or, let us rather say, for we are in England, and the Church appears just yet to be Parliament-proof—the Redan of the Church Militant. The long line of confessionals labelled with names that are famous *Orbis et Orbis*, or to use yet larger words, on Earth and in Heaven, seem like so many sentry-boxes.—There is a steady, precise, cheerful regularity about the service, like that of soldiers, who wage war with a sense that they are pushing the van of victory into the country of an indefatigable enemy. All the Orders carry their Founder's mark—and in all the Oratorians, you can trace the genial fascination, the *bon-homme*, the kindly common sense of St. Philip Neri; there is also, it seemed to me, the high and subtle spirit, and the chivalrous militant ardor of Saint Ignatius Loyola given to them for their present work. I never could look upon these men, *Ordo Oratorianum*, without seeing, in gait, in glance, in gesture, the sense of such a mission. From early morning until late night their service never ceases. Mass, Sermon, Benediction, Vesper, the day was all full of the Peace and Worship of God. I know the Church shelters many more such communities of Priests, but I never saw such another—young men, with such a stamp of classic cultivation, thorough civilization, and perfect, high-born, high bred gentleness of demeanor, and withal the very breathing spirit of the Holy Ghost fresh and racy upon them.

They are the man who, when Oxford was raging through all its halls, twelve good years ago, about the opinions of one poor Doctor Ussher stated that their souls on that side of it which Doctor Newman became the leader, and which he led with all his genius, so stern, so soft; until he led it, not very well knowing how, for he was once as wicked as Saint Paul, even into the abomination of desolation, and the slough of despond of Popery. For such an unfortunate fate, they were so absurd as to fling down stalls, and tithes, and vicarages, friendship, relationship, social repute, fellowships, and duties, prospective bishoprics, primate'ships, deanships. After all, it seems to me they do not regret the exchange—quite the contrary.

COTTON AND CHRISTIANITY.—That grand operation—the manufacture of cheap calico—is the most prominent feature in the social economy of Western Europe. The manufacture of cheap calico is to the modern Britons what military glory was to the ancient Romans, or what maritime discovery was to the contemporaries of Vasco de Gama. The transfer of this manufacture from India, where it was indigenous, to Europe, where it is exotic, deprived the Hindu weavers of bread and, accordingly, millions of them died of hunger. It ruined the continent of Asia, but then it enriched the Europeans, who made it their own. To grow cotton in America, and supply the mills of England, the slave trade has been established or extended. The cotton plant may be said to be irrigated with negro blood. It has precipitated Africa on the Southern and Central America, and caused the destruction of millions of men, but it has likewise produced millions of money. It is of no consequence if Ananias be starved to death, and if Africans be whipped to death, provide money results from the process. "Civilisation" is a synonym for money worship. All the intellect of a man is applied in our times to the sordid pursuit of lucre. Now, the worship of Mammon is entirely at variance with the worship of Christ, and accordingly, Christianity is not popular in the present times. Monied men who "sweat" the working classes to death, and literary men who pander to the sordid propensities of monied men, have serious and insuperable doubts as to the truth of Christianity. They cannot believe in the Divine origin of a religion which says—"The love of money is the root of all evil;" or which says—"The bread of the needy is their life; he that defraudeth them is a man of blood." Adam Smith asserts two things:—1st, Money can only be obtained by grinding the poor; and, 2nd, Christianity, which would prohibit this process, is an imposition. In fact, modern literature, written as it is by boggers to please millionaires, is in every country, more or less hostile to Christianity. Christianity, if not decried, would arrest the progress of the cotton manufacturer, which degrades and brutalises the drudges who crowd the mills of England. Christianity would arrest the cultivation of cotton in America, which degrades and brutalises the negroes in the plantations.—*Tablet.*