

least admiration at the crowds of faithful votaries who daily come to supplicate their intercession, with a devotion to which they remain wholly insensible. Should they not feel humiliated at the spectacle? Should it not startle them into reflection on the cause?—that they should find strangers where they ought to meet brethren—that they alone should be sceptics where all others are true believers? Why! it is a blessed thing to be associated with such beings, even in the humble position of suitors for their protection. What a wayward spirit must have taken possession of their minds, that they see it not! Hath not the Lord in his wrath, mingled for them the spirit of a deep sleep, and shut up their eyes? (Isaiah xxix, 10.) How otherwise should they not discern the futility of their principles, which they declare to be calculated for unity and Catholicity. For are they not disunited every where, even in their own house; and are they not Catholics only amongst themselves? Let them but pass the limits of their own shores, and they are at once strangers in the land; they encounter an angel with a flaming sword at the gate of every sanctuary, because driven from the plains of paradise in virtue of their disobedience, they are condemned to hard and unprofitable labor amongst the thorns and briars, and to wander like outcasts upon the face of the earth. Victims to their infidelity, they are alike aliens to a steadfast faith, as to a quiet conscience, and are become the inheritors of a vineyard which ever baffles their skill and refuses its produce. Every hand is against them, and their hand is against every other; their days are days of warfare, and the battle never ceases within their borders.

Even when at her best, there is something so little about the interests and concerns of a mere national, isolated Church, in comparison with the gigantic concerns of the universal, that the thought of her must ever fall short of satisfying the mind or filling the heart, as it is in the nature of our being, that they should desire to be filled and satisfied. Rome, on the other hand, has ever commanded a mysterious reverence, which, even in the days of temporal oppression and humiliation, has won her the sympathies of the world, and pointed to her as the future hope and refuge of all that was good and virtuous. The imagination ever lingers over her as on a sunny and a secret spot; the cradle of Christianity, the nurse of empires both spiritual and temporal, the mother and guide of all the domains of God; fertilized by the blood of martyrs, sanctified by the piety of confessors, and rejoiced by the penitence of sinners. Armed with privileges, and with power never entrusted to any other city, with power to bind or to loose, to bless or to curse, the limits of her dominion circumscribed only by the utmost boundaries of the earth, with all the nations under the sun for her inheritance. Yet, all participation in the glory of this spiritual and mysterious kingdom has England likewise forfeited by her apostasy.

Even in matters of smaller moment,

how strikingly are not the characteristics of the two religions portrayed! In Catholicity, the most delightful associations, like so many cherished friends, follow and accompany you at every step, as you advance in her long and varied course—the prosiding genius over music, painting, and sculpture; over history, eloquence, poetry, and philosophy.—While Protestantism, dating only from a period of unrivalled excellence in the arts, has, nevertheless, nearly, if not entirely discarded them from her service; she cleared the landscape of all its beauties, and left it cold, dull, dreary, and desolate. Contrast their respective ceremonials, the furniture, beauty, and decoration of their respective temples! What an imposing spectacle is a pontifical high-mass in St. Peter's with all its gorgeous splendor and picturesque magnificence, under the glittering fane which the inspiring genius of Christianity hath lifted into the clouds of heaven! Does it not transport us from this world into the next, to the choirs of angels, the altar of incense, and the throne of the Lamb? Can we dwell with the same mind upon the cold, tedious, heartless, lifeless worship, its naked and mishappen rival in the national Church? Again; when death hath summoned us to our final reckoning, and the Church is called upon to perform the last sad offices over the lifeless corpse, and for the departed spirit, in what a different feeling is it not accomplished! In Catholicity it is a real Christian function, a long and solemn line of cloistered monks and pious clergy, bearing the emblems of our redemption in presence of the corpse enveloped in a blaze of light, to tell of the hope of a blissful immortality,—all chaunting in mournful cadence a requiem for the departed soul, propitiating heaven in mitigation of her penalties, praying that the justice of God may be satisfied, and that the repentant sinner may speedily rest in his eternal home! Then the propitiatory sacrifice offered up on the altar of the Most High, before a supplicating multitude, impressed by the appalling spectacle of death,—and we have a lesson for the living, and a blessing for the dead!

But, turn we to the same scene under the reformed religion, and what is it! Is there anything so sickening to the heart as a great London funeral? Not an emblem of Christianity about it; belonging entirely to this world, without any reference whatever to the next,—a long, long pageantry of empty carriages, in mere mockery of woe, and so singularly emblematical of the hallowness of the religion in whose service they are engaged! and when the poor, forlorn remains have been consigned to that grave which is but too truly "covered with the dismal shade of death," the final scene of the drama is still in keeping with the rest, and a monument is erected over them in a Christian Church, too often in total forgetfulness of heaven, recording only the deeds of earth, represented under the symbols of heathen mysticism.

All her religious services,—for the same may be said of all—being thus ow-

ered in their character, and all her former religious associations being thus sovered and lost, having descended from her proud pro-eminence in the commonwealth of Christendom, and faith, hope, and charity, having each and all of them waxed cold and dim under the revolution of feelings, and war, of principles, which, as we have seen, have never ceased to infest her, as the most fearful consequence of her schism; let us for a moment consider whether she has gained anything to compensate for all this, even among the transitory concerns of this fleeting world.

We have already seen what in this respect she was before the fatal epoch we have endeavoured to illustrate: let us view her for an instant in her present condition. In lieu of monasteries, we have workhouses; in place of voluntary charity, an unfeeling compulsory assessment for the poor; jails are multiplied or enlarged, whole masses of the population are unemployed and starving; while vice and crime are increased beyond all former precedent, and discontent and turbulence reign throughout. We have principles of equality, where we had heretofore principles of subordination; a spirit of worldly ambition, and insatiable covetousness, where formerly was a chivalrous sacrifice of self, and a generous outlay of riches for the public good. Coarse, vulgar, riotous mirth, have been substituted for the light-hearted, innocent amusements of the people; among the higher ranks, society is overgrown, and the best feelings of the heart are supplanted by pride, envy, hatred, emulation, and contention; while a universal, luxurious extravagance has dissipated the means of benevolence, and handed over half the ancient estates of the kingdom to the Jew and the stock-jobber.

Still she has had her reward, and what is it? "The harvest of the river is her revenue; and she is become the mart of the nations; . . . her merchants are princes, and her traders the nobles of the earth." But with the reward of Tyre, may she not also inherit her chastisements?—"and the earth is infected by the inhabitants thereof: because they have transgressed the laws, they have changed the ordinance, they have broken the everlasting covenant.—THEREFORE shall a curse devour the earth, and the inhabitants thereof shall sin: and therefore they that dwell therein shall be mad, and few men shall be left." Long indeed have these prophecies been fulfilled amongst us—long have "the inhabitants of the island" been delivered over to a spirit of religious madness, and the faithful adherents of the ancient and everlasting covenant are but a few, a mere remnant of the inheritance of Christ.

MR. NEWMAN.—We take from the secular papers the following cheering item:

"Mr. Newman preached his farewell sermon on Tuesday last, and he will now take leave of Oxford—perhaps of the Church altogether. It is stated that during

the last three years no less than seventeen converts to Catholicity have taken place amongst clergymen of the Established Church, and others preparing for orders, through the influence of the Puseyite controversy. Mr. Newman's resignation will, in all probability, be followed by great changes in the church."

The resignation is understood to be a preliminary step to embracing the Catholic faith, as the Morning Herald and Tablet agree in stating: The Catholic tone of the British Critic for the last two years, and private letters, from a very high source, received at Baltimore, prepared us for this intelligence. Mr. Newman was justly declared by Mr. Palmer, the deacon, to be the actual leader of the Oxford school, although it derives from Dr. Pusey its distinctive appellation. His learning is vast, his genius of a high order, and his life for some years has been that of an ascetic. His position whilst endeavouring to resuscitate the extinct doctrines of Catholicity in the Anglican establishment, was difficult to reconcile with his acknowledged sincerity and purity of purpose, and could only be explained by the delusive hope of producing a general and simultaneous return.

The providence of God has made the imperfection of his views subservient to its high ends, and his writings have spread widely among the clergy of the establishment, the doctrines with which his own mind has been for a considerable time so deeply imbued, which might not have been viewed with the same favor, had he not been still in their ranks. Many, we doubt not, will follow his example, in this country, as well as in England; and the silly denial of the tendency of the Oxford movement, will scarcely be repeated. We would speak with still greater confidence, if we had the same proofs of sincerity and devotedness in those who are the ostensible leaders on this side of the Atlantic.—*Cath. Herald.*

CONVERSIONS.—Derby—On Monday last a most interesting service took place in the Catholic Church of this town, forty nine adult converts made a public profession of Catholic faith, according to the manner presented in the ritual. It may well be supposed that such a ceremony would attract not a few of our separated brethren, and hence the church was soon filled. The litany of the Blessed Virgin and Hymn to the Holy Spirit was sung, and the Rev. Mr. Sing delivered an address to the converts, congratulating them on the happiness they received that evening; and then remarking that the step they were taking brought them only to the porch of the temple of religion, pointed out the way which would conduct them to the altar, and enable them with profit to kneel continually at it. The Rev. J. Daniel read the creed and prayers prescribed, and the union of so many voices returning loudly and solemnly the answers, produced a most pleasing effect. A solemn *Te Deum* was then sung, and concluded this happy evening.