

no doctrine of "exclusive salvation;" the principle from which he starts is—that every man is to believe according to his private judgment, and to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience; why, then, should he interfere with the conscientious convictions of the Catholic, or deny to him the right of believing what he thinks fit? It is not from any regard to the Catholic's spiritual welfare, nor does it proceed from any doubts as to the possibility of the Papist's salvation, that Protestants seek to convert him. These hypocritical pretensions may do well enough for the old women of Exeter Hall, and the frequenters of Anniversary meetings; but the very men who put them forward, give the lie direct to their words by their most solemn acts. All Protestants admit that Catholics can be saved, if only they do believe what the Catholic Church teaches, and practice what the Catholic Church enjoins. Ask the Anglican, who in his parliamentary articles of faith, professes to believe the Sacrifice of the Mass a damnable idolatry—and after a little quibbling, he will find himself compelled to admit, that the Catholic Church, in communion with the See of Rome, possesses all that is requisite for salvation; that in her Sacraments, valid Sacraments are consecrated, and administered by lawfully ordained Priests; that the Holy Ghost is given by the hands of the legitimate successors of the Apostles—that her ministers have not lost the power of the keys—and that to them is committed the power of absolving from sin. All this the Anglican cannot deny, without denying his own church, and renouncing his own rubrics and liturgy; therefore he cannot deny that, in a Church which has within herself all the necessary means of salvation, salvation may be obtained. There is no reason, then, why he should be a proselytiser—or why, whilst admitting the Roman Catholic Church to be a true Church, he should seek to bring us over to another—for nothing can be truer than true; and what is less than true is false.

Still less can the Evangelical, the denier of the Sacramental system, of the *opus operatum*, deny the possibility of salvation in the Catholic Church; he may prate as he will about the corruptions of Romanism, and the soul-destroying errors of Popery, but he knows, and we all know, that this is but cant; cross-question him, when he comes down from his platform, and he will be constrained to admit that all his fine turned periods about the man of sin, and the scarlet woman, were but oratorical flashes in the pan; ask him if he really and truly believes that a St. Bernard, a St. Francis Xavier, or a St. Vincent de Paul—that a Bossuet, a Fenelon, or the author of the "Imitation of Christ," are damned because of their belief—and, our zealous friend will most probably answer—no. Yet St. Bernard, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, Bossuet, Fenelon, and the author of the "Imitation of Christ," were all rank Papists, who believed, preached, and practised the doctrines of Popery. But if to men like these—blessed with so many great and singular advantages, of such rare intellectual endowments, to whom so much was given, and of whom so much must consequently have been required, and for whose doctrinal errors, therefore, there can, according to Protestant principles, have been no excuse—the errors of Popery have not proved fatal—how much more then, is it impossible to conceive, that the same Popery, the same doctrinal errors, shall entail eternal damnation upon those, who, with far inferior intellectual capabilities—with far less of power, or means, or time, to obtain a knowledge of the truth—yet believe as St. Bernard and Bossuet believed, and practise the works which St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, and Fenelon practised. Thus, all Protestants are compelled to admit that Popery will not damn; that even Catholics may be saved, if only they are Catholics, in deed, as well as in name. It is not, therefore, from spiritual motives that Protestants seek to convert us.

We shall be more fully convinced of this, if we do but take the trouble of pausing one moment to consider, by whom, and to whom, Protestant Missionaries are usually sent. And here we cannot fail to be struck with the incongruity, with the more than ordinary Protestant inconsistency of the whole proceeding. Protestant Missionaries are sent from England! and Scotland! to Catholic Ireland and Canada. We have heard of the devil setting himself up, as a preacher of righteousness, but this is a flight of impudence and hypocrisy, which the devil himself would seek in vain to emulate. Scotland: the most irreligious—the most drunken—the most thoroughly depraved nation in Europe (with the exception, perhaps, of Protestant Sweden, *vile Laing*)—Scotland, where upwards of one fifth of the native population are in a state of brutal heathenism—the land, pre-eminently, of drunkards and prostitutes, of grog-shops, and of brothels—groans in spirit over the wickedness of Irish Papists, and sends money and agents to reform the morals of the Catholic daughters of Erin, the humblest and poorest of whom are as justly celebrated for their purity and chastity, as the thoroughly Protestantised people of Scotland, are infamous throughout the world for their corruption. Scotland, of whose population of about two millions and a half, 500,000 are ignorant of the name of Jesus, or knowing it, know it only as a term of blasphemy and execration—Scotland, in which, "for the last twenty years, the increase of crime, has been six or seven times in an increased ratio to that of the population"—this land of ignorance and crime, raises subscriptions for the enlightenment, and conversion of the French Canadian *habitants*, the most moral and virtuous people under the sun. These things take place before our eyes, and we believe them; were they recorded at having occurred in times long passed away; did we read in history, of the inhabitants of Cyprus, sending missionaries to the vestals of Rome, or of a deputation from Sodom and Gomorrah, waiting upon Abraham, in order to remonstrate with him upon

the error of his ways, we should reject such accounts, as too monstrous for belief, too incredible to merit a place, even in a work of fiction. Why, even Protestants, seem, at times, to have a glimmering of the absurdity of their conduct, and a sense that the proverb "Physician heal thyself," may not inaptly be applied to them; thus, we find one of the agents of the F. C. M. Society, writing from Great Britain, complaining that "Here, and elsewhere, a great many Christians do not feel as they ought their responsibility towards the Colonies; they think that the vast masses of the ignorant and depraved, resident in the great cities of Europe, present a stronger claim on their benevolent regard, than the Colonists, who are in superior circumstances." We entirely agree with them; we think that the people of England and Scotland, would do well by beginning to take the beam out of their own eye, ere presuming to reproach their brethren with the mote that may be in their eyes—that were these Protestant Missionaries really actuated by a zeal for God's service, for the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind, they would direct their labors to the conversion of the numerous Protestants in the large cities of England, Scotland, the United States, and Upper Canada, who do, indeed, stand in need of conversion—and not to that of the French Canadian, and Irish Catholics, who need no such conversion—and that if they were honest men, and not hypocrites, they would do something for the 250,000 Protestants of Glasgow, or for the 240,000 Protestants of New York, who never enter a church, and that they would not neglect the 80,000 Ultra-Protestants of the Upper Province, who are put down in the late census as "of no religion at all." But it is not from spiritual motives that Protestants seek to convert us.

Neither are Protestants proselytisers, from any desire to promote the temporal happiness of Catholics; of all such motives we fully acquit them, for, we know that they hate us, as the devil hates holy water, as the children of this world must needs hate the children of the city of God: it cannot be from any motives of promoting their earthly welfare, that Protestants seek to convert Catholics. A very superficial acquaintance with the history of the nations of Europe, is sufficient to show that Protestantism is not favorable to happiness, even in this world. True happiness, even in this, our earthly state, consists not in possessing, but in despising the world, and all it has to offer: not in gratifying our desires, but in subduing them; not in the possession of wealth, but in rising superior to the want of it. This happiness Catholicity places within the reach of every man, by teaching him not to esteem riches, and never to scorn honest poverty; to moderate, rather than to seek to increase his wants; to resist, rather than yield to his appetites; to turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of ambition, and of avarice; to be satisfied with what he has, and to be content, humbly to do his duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to place him. The Evangel of Protestantism is the reverse of this—it calls the proud happy, the rich blessed, and exalts the workers of wickedness. Though the Psalmist tells us that "these are the ungodly who prosper in the world, who increase in riches," Protestantism still persists in making wealth the criterion of righteousness, and commercial prosperity, of soundness of doctrine. The result of these essentially different lessons is perceptible in the difference of the material condition of Catholic and Protestant populations, and in the superiority of that of the former, over the condition of the latter. If, in Catholic countries, there are not so many very rich, neither are there so many paupers; indeed pauperism was almost unknown until after the Reformation—if there are not so many stores and factories, neither are there so many prisons, brothels, and poor-houses—those accursed Bastilles, in which man, pens up his fellow-man, dooming him to expiate, by degradation, and a long protracted agony of starvation, the crime of poverty, the only crime for which Protestantism has no mercy. In Catholic countries there may not be so many operatives toiling, day and night, after their gaunt iron master, but there are fewer able-bodied men seeking, and yet seeking in vain, for work; whose daily prayer is not so much for bread, as for permission to toil and slave in the service of their fellow-creatures; whose cry is "A fair day's wages, for a fair day's work;" a cry which shall yet make the unfeeling rich man tremble, for the miseries that shall come upon him, when the cry of the poor whom he has oppressed, shall have reached unto the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

Protestant countries may be apparently, the richer, but certainly Catholic countries were, and are still, the merrier. Catholic England was merry England; but who dreams of applying the epithet merry, to Protestant England, with its millions of paupers, and starving, sickly cotton-spinners? Well may the poet ask—"Where now is England's mirth?"

"Oh England! 'merry England,' styled of yore!  
Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter, where?  
The sweet of labor on the brow of care  
Makes a mute answer—driven from every door!  
The May-pole cheers the village green no more,  
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mummings rare.  
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs;  
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,  
Has leisure to be wise?"

Yes, we have but to compare the condition of the people of Catholic England, of England of the Plantagenets, with that of the people of the Protestant England of to-day, to be convinced, that Protestantism is not conducive to the physical well being of the masses; and that it is not for the sake of promoting our temporal happiness, any more than it is from an interest in the salvation of our souls, that Protestants seek to convert us.

Why, then, are Protestants, proselytisers? and why, above all, are they proselytisers amongst Catholics, to the neglect of the spiritual destitution of millions of their co-religionists? why are their missionaries so active, and so numerous in Catholic countries; so

sluggish and so rare in the domains of Heathenism? why is it these gentry abound in Canada and Ireland, and are so scarce in Russia, India or China, where much danger and little money awaits them? These are questions difficult to answer, and which we should much like to hear resolved by Protestants themselves.

A correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*, signing himself *Provider*, calls the attention of the civic authorities, to the site of the St. Patrick's Hospital, and urges the adoption of proper precautions, against the danger of infection from "a retreat for invalids laboring under the worst forms of disease." We admire the prudence of *Provider*, and fully appreciate his motives, rejoicing that we have it in our power to set his mind at rest, and to assure him that the St. Patrick's Hospital will not become an institution for "inflicting disease, and perhaps death, upon parties living in its immediate neighborhood."

*Parties*—whatever they may be—need be under no more apprehension from the future St. Patrick's Hospital, than *parties* are from the present General, or Protestant Hospital in Dorchester Street; cases of disease which would not be admitted, from prudential motives, into the latter, will be, from the same motives, rejected from the former. The class of patients for which the St. Patrick's Hospital is destined, is precisely the same, as that for whose entertainment in the Protestant Hospital, a large sum of money is granted by the Legislature. If the health of Montreal is not endangered by the existence of a Protestant Hospital, in the very centre of the city, so neither will it be endangered by a Catholic Hospital, for the reception of the same class of patients, situated on the water's edge, and in the Quebec Suburbs, unless, indeed, casualties, of which Catholics are the subjects, become catching, or the diseases of Papists be as contagious as their doctrines. At the same time, we fully admit with *Provider*, that a watchful vigilance should be kept up over the St. Patrick's, and all other intra-mural hospitals, in order that the health of the community may not be endangered by the establishment of Lazar houses in the heart of the city; and we assure him that the St. Patrick's Hospital Society have no desire to claim immunity from all proper surveillance that the interests of the public require—they demand no special favors, but they strongly object to any special and invidious restrictions, merely because the poor, whose interests they espouse, are Catholics and Irishmen.

#### AN EVANGELICAL DODGE.

We are indebted to the *Christian Times*, for the following *fact worth knowing*, as the article is entitled. We call it an ingenious dodge, for disseminating the "Word of God," it beats the balloon project hollow:—

#### "A FACT WORTH KNOWING."

"Many years ago, when Louisville was a petty village, consisting of a few houses and two stores, it was a great resort for gamblers and persons of dissipated habits. At this period a Col. C., a very wealthy but very wicked man, carried on an extensive mercantile business. On a certain occasion he sent a confidential clerk to the East to lay in a supply of goods, furnishing him with a requisite amount of cash. An unexpected fall in prices, left the clerk \$300 in hand after all his purchases were made. He did not wish to take it back with him, and was somewhat at a loss to know in what to invest it. He was a religious young man, and it occurred to him that Bibles were more wanted than anything else in Louisville, and he finally resolved to invest it in Bibles, and he accordingly sent home three hundred dollars worth. Col. C. thought the transaction rather unpromising—as it was an article never called for at his store. Cauts he could sell in abundance, but not Bibles. At length, after sleeping, an idea struck him. Gamblers would have cards at any price, and on any terms. Accordingly he made his arrangements; he put up a Bible to every pack of cards, charging \$1.50 for the former and 50 cents for the latter, telling each applicant that he could get no cards without a Bible. In due time the Bibles were all disposed of, but, as the gamblers wanted only the cards they usually presented the Bible to the first boy or girl they met with in the street. In this way hundreds of Bibles were distributed in Louisville, and many houses were supplied with the Word of God, that never contained one before."

We copy with much pleasure, the following account of the formation of a Catholic Institute at Bytown, from the *Ottawa Citizen*:—

"At a very large and respectable meeting of the Catholics of Bytown, held on Wednesday, the 17th December, inst., to take into consideration the propriety of forming a Catholic Institute in this Town, in accordance with the recommendation of his Lordship the Bishop of Bytown.

Charles Sparrow, Esq., was in the chair, and Alexander McDonnell and A. Mignault, Esquires, Secretaries.

It was moved by Daniel O'Connor, Esq., seconded by E. Masse, Esq., and resolved:—  
That in no time in the history of Canada has there existed so much necessity for united efforts on the part of Catholics as the present, inasmuch as material questions affecting their holy religion are now subjects of public discussion. Carried unanimously.

Moved by R. W. Scott, Esq., seconded by Mr. David Bourgeois, and resolved, that in order to give a useful and legitimate direction to Catholic opinion in this Province, Catholics being as a class second to none in number, and influence, it is most expedient that steps should be taken to form a basis for the prompt enumeration of such opinions when circumstances render it necessary. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. Edw. Smith, seconded by Mr. P. R. Reil, and resolved, that there exists in this community urgent necessity for the formation of an institution having for its object the diffusion of useful information.

Moved by Mr. H. J. Friel, seconded by Mr. Jean Robillard, and resolved, that public libraries, reading and lecture rooms, in connection with the Institute, under the direction of proper officers, afford the best means for the diffusion of general information.—Carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. Wm. Tormey, seconded by Mr. Thos. Hanley, and resolved, that an association be and the same is hereby formed in the town of Bytown, to be styled "The Catholic Institute of Bytown." Carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. James Burke, seconded by Mr. Coll. McDonnell, and resolved, that the officers of the said Institute shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Recording Secretary, and two Corresponding Secretaries, and Committee of Management, the election of which Officers shall be carried on at the next meeting by ballot. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. Damase Bourgeois, seconded by Mr. John Wade, that each individual on presenting for admission as member of the said Institution, shall pay to the Secretary the sum of Two Shillings and Sixpence, on payment of which sum his name be recorded as a member. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. Edward Burke, seconded by Mr. Charles Laporte, that the elections of Officers be annually, and that such elections be by ballot. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. John Wade, seconded by Mr. J. Loughran, that the next general meeting be held on the second of January next.

(Signed,) CHAS. SPARROW, Chairman.  
ALEX. McDONNELL, } Secretaries, *pro tem*.  
A. MIGNAULT, }

(Written for the True Witness.)

#### FIRESIDE HOMES ON NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY MRS. J. L. LEPROHON.

It is the first night of the year, and friends and kindred meet,  
In a thousand happy homes to-night, the dawning year to greet;  
Music mingles its lightsome strains with voices young and gay,  
Smiles on the brow of trembling age, of joyous youth now play.  
Reader, thy household shareth too, this influence blest and bright;  
But, ah! reflect, that all earth's homes, are not like thine to-night.  
Not far from thee, in yon dark street, where thy footsteps never stray,  
Poverty crouching amidst its rags, hides from the light of day;  
And, there, if thou'lt mount the broken stair, and enter that dark room,  
Where no cheering light, or fireside flame, dispels the winter gloom;  
Thou wilt see a sight at which salt tears, into thine eyes will start,  
And grief akin to terror fill thy late warm beating heart.

A strong man worn with want and toil, with gnawing, endless care,  
Droops by the fireless hearth, his face bowed mid his matted hair;  
He has no word of hope or love, for the wan and sickly wife,  
Hushing the moans of her children pale, asking the bread of life:  
Reader, the crumbs from thy sumptuous board, heaped with silver bright,  
Would give that grief-stricken household, too, a joyous New Year's Night.

With gasping breath and tear dimmed eyes, thou turnest quick away,  
But, another door before thee lies; pause, pause, upon thy way;  
Thou enterest, darkness reigns here too, and through the casement drear,  
The wild wind whistles with a sound, of chill and lonely fear;  
But all is silent, and thy heart beats now more light and free,  
To know, no sufferer haunts this den, of utter misery.  
Thy hand is on the door, but, hush! dost hear that gasping breath?  
Great God! it is that awful sound, life wrestling strong with death;  
Quick, quick, a light, from yon dark nook, the stifled breathing came,  
There lies upon a heap of straw, an old man, weak and lame;  
But, vain thy frenzied calls for help, that was his parting breath,  
And with ashy lips thou gaspest forth, 'midst plenty, "starved to death."

These scenes are not tales of romance, poet's imaginings,  
But in this varied life of ours, alas! all over true things,  
Let us then seek these homes of want, more hideous than the tomb,  
And chase with kindly words and help, their grief, and mournful gloom;  
Then will we join with gayer smiles, with hearts more free and light,  
In the revels of our own fair homes, on happy New Year's night.

Villa Richelieu, St. Charles, Dec. 30, 1851.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—A respectable servant girl, named Ann King, who had been in the employ of Mr. Levy, Tobacconist, for the last two years, was found dead in her bed, yesterday (Monday) morning. In returning from Vespers, on Sunday last, she fell, but did not complain in consequence, and went to bed in seeming good health and spirits. A post mortem examination was made by Dr. David, when it appeared that death had been induced by apoplexy. The deceased was a native of Sligo, and had been brought up in the Grey Nunnery of this city (Montreal).—*Pilot*.

**ARRIVAL OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.**—We have much pleasure in announcing the arrival of his Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, at his Episcopal city, after a long and fatiguing tour through the Western part of his diocese. This is the first time his Lordship had an opportunity of visiting that important section of the vast extent of territory under his pastoral charge, since his arrival in the country. His reception throughout was most enthusiastic by the several Catholic congregations, and even gentlemen belonging to other Churches, with whom he chanced to come in contact, were most polite and attentive to him. We need scarcely add that his mission had no connection, directly or indirectly, with Mr. Brown's candidature.—We would wish the *Globe* to understand that Bishops of the Catholic Church never forget the respect that they owe themselves, so far as to enter the lists with men of Mr. Brown's calibre.—*Mirror*.