

'Then there's bowings and scrapings, and turn-  
ings and flexions,

It's hard work to mind all the proper directions;  
He'll first chant a sentence, then turn round his  
stole.

Then wheel to the east wi' a sort of a roll;  
Now he speaks low and loud, now he jabbers  
fast

As if it was something he wished to get past;  
At the back of the building they can't hear a  
phrase.

For they can't speak distinct in these Ritchelist  
ways.

And the music it's altered, I can't tell you how,  
But the old Psalms of David are never sung now;  
They've got some new hymns, wi' some very  
queer words.

And they twitter and pipe like a parcel of birds,  
They tell me it's grand and I shouldn't complain,  
But I long for the old Psalms of David again—  
Or else for our goodly and Protestant lays.  
Not these dreadful quick chants o' the Ritch-  
elist ways.

I've been a parish clerk for nigh thirty year,  
But the parson and warden is gettin' so queer,  
And the work o' my office is gettin' so great—  
What wi' brushin' the vestments and cleanin'  
the plate—

That I'd almost resolve to resign it and go;  
But my friends they say "don't," and my wife  
she says "no."

So I bide in my place and each Sunday prays  
There may soon be an end o' them Ritchelist  
ways.

—*Liverpool Mercury.*

## The Monthly Record.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The festivities of the New Year in Great Britain have passed more quietly than usual. There has been much to give a tinge of sobriety to the merrymakings of our countrymen. Church and State are in a state of commotion indicating a conflict of interests and passions beneath the surface. The thoughtful mind derives very little comfort also, when it views the state of matters in the world at large.

There are signs that Russia meditates a movement in the East. She is about to arm her immense host of soldiers with a new and improved rifle. Her foreign minister has addressed a note to Europe on the Eastern question and it is reported that she meditates sending a new loan into the market to the extent of £28,000,000. All this can mean only war. The pretext is the treatment of the ten millions of christians in Turkey. The real object is the acquisition of the Dardanelles and farther territory. The advance of Russia is not so much a policy as a necessity. Russia advances in the East by the same law as the Anglo-Saxon race in the west. A great and vigorous northern race, growing and expanding amid the stern realities of nature moves south and takes possession of countries possessed by others, who have come in the same way long before and become enfeebled by a

warmer sun, a richer soil and more luxurious habits. We have seen it thus since the dawn of European and western-Asiatic history; and the shorter history of America tells the same tale. These Russian movements mean simply the Crimean war over again. Britain will very reluctantly surrender to Russia, such a power as may endanger her communications with the East. That Russia will get what she wants some time or other we doubt not, but whether it be so fatal to British interests as is supposed is at least a question.

France and Prussia are speaking peace and preparing for war. A late decree of the French Chambers increases the army to three quarters of a million of men ready for active service and a million of reserves. This is truly appalling. There can be no prosperity and happiness in such a country, when about a tenth of the men fit for work are withdrawn from labor, and their equipments cost much more than their wages. Prussia is of course armed to the teeth, and Italy is arming in a state of resentment against the French. So that Europe seems to have adopted the doctrine that men have come into the world to put one another out of it. If one were on the European continent now and saw these formidable signs, naval yards busy, armies full, cannons everywhere, men mustering, he would think that the horrors of the last days of misery and woe had come upon the earth. But when the cloud bursts, who may abide it!

The Pope in an allocution expresses his thankfulness to all parties for preservation. Like the old woman in the story he thinks he "would have been drowned had it not been for providence an' another man." The other man in this case was the man whom he lately called "Judas Iscariot." To all appearance Napoleon by intervening for the Pope has "gained a loss," like the Irishman. France in her financial state cannot afford to support the Pope with his Zouaves, his yearly deficit and his debt. It will not improve the matter that Italy refuses to pay the interest on the debt lying upon the states lately belonging to the Pope. The debate in the French Chambers shows that France holds Rome for the purpose of preventing Italian unity. Such is Popery in its centre—it embarrasses France—it embarrasses Italy. True to its ancient character it is the grand misfortune of the human race.

Yet our statesmen are slow to learn the lesson. Popery has during the last hundred years had no considerable influence in our country. Prosperity has been the consequence. Now through the time-serving spirit of politicians she acquires a new influence and we have trouble and embarrassment. The Limerick Roman Catholic clergy publish a declaration enumerating the past wrongs of Ireland and announcing that there is no remedy but a separate "nationality."