

and speak against the Catholic Church. He who might expose himself to ridicule should get beyond his depth in politics, plunges without fear into the muddy ooze of what he is pleased to call theological controversy. There is no danger of exposure, no fear of contradiction; no answer will be vouchsafed, or, certainly none that will reach his readers; or, if it should, he will carry the day by impudence and clamor. A convention of Presbyterians have decided that the Catholics use oil instead of water in baptism, their own statements to the contrary notwithstanding; Kirwan's exposition of Catholic doctrine is preferred to that of the Tridentine Catechism; and the witty and learned editor knows his readers well enough to believe that they are prepared to swallow all his crudities, to receive his statements as to what the Catholic Church does or does not teach, and that should the Pope himself interfere to explain, he would be regarded as totally unworthy of credit in the matter.

Populus vult decipi et decipiatur is a detestable matter which has been the occasion of much ignorance and misery in every period of the world's history, and which has now its influence over both the pulpit and the press. The editor who is fitted for his position, both by moral integrity and mental power, is most at home in his own sphere, and seldom leaves it; he wishes to lead and will not consent to be led, and he has rather too much self-conceit to be the mouth-piece of the worst passions of the ignorant and the vicious; such men we find leave theological controversy for those whose duty it may be to carry it on, or, if they ever for a moment distantly approach such a subject, it is merely to administer a passing rebuke the petulant scurrility of some too noisy brother. But there are editors who make use of their influence for the most detestable purposes, and as they cannot float in a purer element, they are content to flounder in mud. With them the question is not what is best, but what is most easy and most profitable to write. It is not to such men or their readers that Truth ever addresses herself; one would think, that religious truth would not be sought from them. But in so thinking one would be egregiously mistaken. Not only is truth sought from them, from these men—men who take to ranting because they are fit for nothing else—but, they do more to form the religious, or rather the irreligious character of the age than the preachers themselves.

The sermon once a week is seldom listened to, and makes little impression, but the perpetual droppings of the daily newspaper, the short article, the impious jest, the story which is prefaced by a brief apology: those things sink deep, they are thought about, talked over, believed. The race which has been too proud to submit to the teaching of God's Church is now left for religious knowledge to the mercy of such men as these.

The people have determined to abolish the name of servant. No one will serve, though the master who claims obedience be God. But Truth must be permitted to whisper to them, that man must serve.—The king, surrounded by courtiers, who keep him in ignorance to serve their own bad ends, whatever he may think of his power and majesty, is impotent and a slave; and the American mechanic who takes for Gospel the statements of his penny paper and knows no more than his editor thinks it expedient to tell him, and there are many such men, is in reality a servant of those who make use of him as far as he can be used, and the Declaration of Independence cannot help him.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

POSITION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

(From the Weekly Despatch.)

"The tiara begins to take its ancient place of supremacy. It towers far above the mitre. Even the Cardinal's hat enforces an involuntary reverence, and Peter fairly carries off the legacies left in the Testament from Martin and Jack. Popery ostensibly even, and by very name, raises her ancient head again above the waters of opinion, and takes her old attitude of prescriptive ascendancy. We hear of daily 'perverts to the Church of Rome.' The Bishop of Oxford's brother—son, not of a turnip, but of Wilberforce—is the latest. As the ancient and time-honored Faith of universal Christendom wanes in worldly power, it seems to wax in spiritual prevalence. The poorer it is in wealth or political authority, the more general appears to be the reverence in which it is held. Silver and gold has it none—without territory or title, without a place even in the social institutions of civilisation—with all its worldly goods despoiled and appropriated by the sordid rapacity of upstart sects—dehroned from the rule of States, degraded to a private station, and without a political or even municipal denomination, with its Oxford and Cambridge, its England and Ireland, handed over to be sacked by *parvenu* Episcopacy, we yet live to see it, in the age of the cheap press, complete liberty of opinion, and universal reform and progress, stealing upon the soul by its naked merits, and inspiring towards itself a general reaction of opinion. The Bishops have the tithes, the Pope gets the penny. The Parson and the Presbyter get Caesar's penny, the Priest gets rendered unto him 'the things that are God's.' Nor is this homage, purely disinterested, or rather against self-interest, confined to the poor, the ignorant, the irreligious, or the unreflective. On the contrary, there are very few of the recent proselytes to Roman Catholicism who belong to the class of the vulgar; or the condition of the masses. The modern neophytes of the Faith of the Eternal City belong to the order of gentry, nobility, titular Episcopacy, to the rich, the devout, the refined, the learned. Nor do we know of a single case of conversion to the Papist creed which has not been sealed by the martyrdom of worldly loss, of broken friendships, of antagonised families, of degradation of social position, of the scorn or denunciation of sectaries and

worldlings. Those who have had nothing to lose by conversion seem still to remain unconverted. The so-called 'apostates from a purer Faith' have denied themselves, taken up the cross, and flung earth, and what ambition holds dear, behind them. The Spencers, the Sibthorps, the Newmans, the Fieldings, the Wilberforces, and the other converts, have all had something to lose by the change. The triumph of the spirit over the flesh was never more complete. No severer, no truer test of the purity and power of an naked and simple Faith was ever made. No ordeal was ever more triumphantly borne. We unfeignedly rejoice in the trial and its result. Our satisfaction in the progress of Popery is that which the right-minded have in 'honest men getting their own.' Protestants are not Protestant. Episcopacy is but a bastard Catholicism, and the Calvinist is really but a Papist on the wrong side of the blanket. If 'new Presbyter is not old Priest writ large,' we would rather stick to the old until we had more satisfactory proofs that the new was a change for the better, and not a mere distinction without a difference. Orthodox Protestantism is but a compromise betwixt reason and authority, and compromises of principles are a mere compounding of spiritual felony. That sailor was a sage who advised his shipmates

Whene'er you take your liquor, boys,
For God's sake drink it neat.

The cheat passed upon the conscience by what are called, or call themselves, the Reformed Churches, is beginning to be found out. Parsimony has succeeded, while mankind were but gaoping countrymen, in putting, by dexterous logical thaumaturgy, the pea under which thimble it pleased. But now the merest chaw-bacon is up to the ring-dropping trick, and refuses any longer to venture his spiritual currency at the impostor's table. Orthodoxy is no longer permitted both to have its cake and eat it. Society is too astute to suffer it to refute Popery by an appeal to reason, and then to turn round upon the rationalist and denounce 'carnal reason' by appealing to authority. Mankind see that there is no *juste-milieu* in religion, any more than in morals or opinion; that, indeed, the 'middle course' means no more than this, that while fanaticism declares that three and three are one, and common sense asserts they come to six, your *moderado*, condemning extremes, pronounces both to be in the wrong, and suggests that three and three, probably, amount to four and a half. The clearer-sighted, intellectual Radicalism of the age insists upon professors of religion being hot or cold, or anything but tepid. Some who have been cradled in the fear of the pride of human reason, at last insist upon compelling their teachers to become true to their principles, and to go back to repose on the bosom of Roman infallibility. Others, who have been nurtured in hatred of Popish assumption, have at length become convinced that no half-faced fellowship can be tolerated in patching up a hollow treaty betwixt the authority of an Anglican Church, or Caledonian conventicle, and the free and unfettered exercise of the intellect in matters of religion, and therefore they insist that if reason has liberty to explode the errors of Popery, it cannot be fettered in passing an independent and supreme judgment upon every dogma of any creed. Whatever may be right, Lutheranism and Calvinism are seen to be clearly in the wrong. If a Priest may not 'judge another man's servant,' why may a Parson or a Presbyter do that which to a Monk is forbidden? If there be no Pope, why should there be Apostolic succession? If there should be no Father Confessor, why in the rubric of Episcopacy should 'the sick man be here enjoined to confess his sins? If Peter have not the keys, how should the Confession of Faith assert 'that God had given to Christian Ministers the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven? If absolution is a damnable heresy, why should the Anglican Parson be permitted, in the words of the Church Service, to say, 'By the authority of Jesus Christ, committed to me, I hereby absolve thee from all thy sins?'

"Well may orthodox Protestantism be called a Reformation. The Prayer Book is but the Mass Book slightly altered to give the spoils of the elder Church an excuse for the plunder. It is obvious that all that Luther and Calvin have done is to lead their disciples to reason themselves logically enough back to Rome. They have 'cried out against reason until reason cries out against them,' and shames them either into the resignation of their own, or into the concession of its unfettered exercise to everybody who differs from them in the results of the use of it. "The political writer is forced into polemics when religious controversy is itself political. The masses of the people look on in amazement and with contempt upon the antics of their ecclesiastical instructors. They demand of statesmen how they dare to insult the national understanding by handing over the religious education of a people to a crew of dreaming fanatics, who are daily denouncing each other's heresies, and ending by their own perversion to the embraces of the Scarlet Lady. They demand, if Exeter is wrong, why is he paid for teaching error—if he is right, why is the See of Canterbury not vacated by a Pontiff whom Exeter proclaims to be a heretic, and why does Gorham teach if his spiritual superior pronounces his teaching to be damnable? If an answer be not given to these interrogatories, it will at last be extorted, and a nation will cease to pay for what its professors have ceased to believe."

We copy the following admirable passage, from a recent translation of that celebrated work of the Abbe Martinet, "Religion in Society, or the Solution of Great Problems."

Let Protestantism show us her conquests. We do not ask for illustrious names, for men who by their brilliancy of talent, and nobleness of character, might equal the Brunswicks, the Mecklenbourgs—Schwerins, the Saxe-Gothas, the Solms—Lanbachs, the Senft-

Pilsachs, Stolbergs, Eksteins, Hallers, Spencers, Schlegels, Werners, Mullers, Guerres, Schlossers, Hurters, &c., evidently there are none of these. Let her show us at least some honest and virtuous persons who have left our ranks, urged by the necessity of a better faith and a better practice, and who have edified their new fellow-worshippers by the spectacle of an eminently christian life. We defy her to produce one.

Who, then, are the proselytes of Protestantism, since she sometimes makes them or finds them ready made? They are almost always individuals whose change of religion leads them to hope for a change of fortunes, or whose embittered hearts would seek revenge in calumny. Here and there are a few priests and members of religious orders, who having exhausted the patience of their Bishops and Superiors throw into the hands of strangers the ball of suspension or interdict.

Some of these men have published the reasons for their conversion; do we find in their writings anything which the least severe police would not feel obliged to seize as an outrage upon morality? We always find in them a man, into whose hands a Bible has very fortunately fallen, beginning to read it secretly (for according to these accounts it is a prohibited article of traffic among Catholics.) He finds in it neither transubstantiation, auricular confession, purgatory, nor the worship of saints and images, nor the adoration of the Pope, nor the celibacy of the priesthood, or religious vows, nor fasting, abstinence, nor fifty other superstitions of the same kind. He then, perhaps, consults a Catholic priest; but the latter requires him in the first place to deliver up the Bible, and preaches absolute submission to Romish traditions under pain of eternal flames. Indignant at finding the word of man preferred to the word of God, the neophyte makes haste to cast off the dust of his feet, and quit the Romish Babylon.

Let us admit the truth of this fact, what follows? Here is a man who tells us that he no longer believes in the Catholic doctrine: but what doctrine does he put in its place? He does not say. He tells us that he cordially detests the Pope, Bishops and Priests, and that he joyfully leaves the Church of anti-Christ; but what is the charm which attracts him towards Protestantism, and which among the innumerable sects that are swarming in it, is about to console him, by the purity of its worship, for the loss of Roman abominations. He does not say.

He says that he abjures confessions, fasting, abstinence, celibacy, religious vows, &c., but to what practices will he confine himself, in order better to conform to a Gospel which only preaches renunciation and mortification? Concerning this he preserves silence. He is evidently a Christian whose faith has met with a discount, and who wishes for morality at a discount. If it is a priest or an unfrocked religious who holds the pen, he will be more frank. Amid many insults and calumnies against those who have driven him from their ranks he will quote Buffon on the *impossible rule of celibacy*; and will confess that the noble and august image of woman, that master-piece of the Creator, that complement of the imperfect portion of man . . . has charmed and attracted him. In short, it is the old comedy of the sixteenth century, which invariably ends in marriage, and the living Bible which has convicted Rome of error, is always a woman.

It is evident that Catholicism well understands the art of forming thorough Christians, while Protestantism can only unmake them.

I will conclude with a fact of public notoriety, the consideration of which has moved many Protestant consciences. *There are very few of our Catholic priests, however limited may be their ministry who are not often called to receive into the Catholic Church, dying Protestants, whilst it would be impossible for me to cite a single example of a Catholic desiring to die in any other communion than his own.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—I rejoice to learn that Mr. Brownson is soon again to be in town, with the intention of lecturing to the good people of Montreal. The taste for lectures is fortunately on the increase. Mr. Lord has commenced another series upon Ecclesiastical Heroes, and has already drawn the picture of the gallant Hildebrand, the saintly Gregory VII. How many contending feelings does the name of that old Hildebrand rouse up. Whilst to the Protestant, he seems the incarnation of spiritual despotism, and priestly pride; to the Catholic, who knows how much the Church, and consequently, all society, is indebted, even at the present day, to his heroic exertions in the cause of religious and civil liberty—he stands forth as the noblest hero of the middle ages, the tamer of Kings, the protector of the nations, and the divinely-appointed Reformer of the Lord's inheritance.

Owing to the continually increasing encroachments of the temporal authority over the spiritual, great corruption in ecclesiastical discipline had become prevalent during the tenth and eleventh centuries.—Monarchs had presumed to stretch forth their hands upon the ark of the Lord, defiling it by their touch. They not only presumed to nominate to all vacant bishoprics, but sold them openly to the highest bidder. Simony, in its most disgusting form, disgraced the Church. The conduct of those simoniacal bishops was too often in keeping with the means by which they had obtained their bishoprics. Earned by corruption, the ecclesiastical revenues were often expended in riot and debauchery, or, at the decease of the possessor, transmitted to the children of his concubines, because, in violation of the Canons and discipline of the Church from the days of St. Paul, the clergy, many of them at least, openly kept concubines, whom they called wives. Nor was this all: during the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, the tendency of the age was to render all possessions hereditary. Lands originally granted for life, or during the Monarch's pleasure, had become the hereditary, inalienable property of the nobility. Most of the great offices of honor and emolument about the person of the Emperor, had become hereditary. Nor had the clergy escaped the universal passion for perpetuating their wealth and privileges. So late as the end of the twelfth century, we find in England traces of this hereditary priestly succession. Europe was threat-

ened with an hereditary priesthood, and all-its attendant evils. And how could this have been prevented save by the enforcement of the old ecclesiastical discipline of clerical celibacy?—by proclaiming that the priest of Christ, as wedded to a heavenly, could not condescend to the arms of an earthly spouse—that the duties of the altar were incompatible with the cares of the nursery. Was then Hildebrand an usurper because he compelled the robber to restore his plunder?—emperors, monarchs and nobles, to give back to the Church those rights of which they had deprived her? For this was all that Hildebrand required—investiture by *ring and crozier*, the symbols of the spiritual union of the bishop with his flock, the Church claimed as her right; but the investiture by the *sceptre*, the symbol of the temporalities of the office, the Church left to the Emperors. Or was Hildebrand a tyrant because he compelled a degenerate priesthood to forswear their concubines, and to live cleanly? No vulgar, no earthly ambition, no love of power or dominion, animated the pious soul of Hildebrand. Zeal for the Lord's House had consumed him. In the name of the Lord, and of His Christ, he went forth to do battle with the powers of darkness, with Kings and Emperors—dying an exile, but triumphing even in his death. Yes, thank God, fortunately for Europe, fortunately for the cause of freedom throughout the world, the cause for which Hildebrand fought and died, triumphed. "Because I have loved justice, and hated iniquity, I die an exile," said the aged pontiff, not perceiving the victory he had won. But the battle had been fought and the righteous cause had prevailed. When the Emperor knelt at the feet of a carpenter's son—after standing for days at the gates of Canossa, with bare feet, bare head, clad in sackcloth, a humble supplicant for absolution from the hands of a weak old man—but that man God's minister upon earth, the victory was complete. The spiritual had triumphed over the temporal—things heavenly over things of earth—the power of Christ over the majesty of Kings. Hildebrand died, but his works lived. Nations delivered from feudal oppression blessed him. A Church purged of the buyers and sellers, who polluted her by their traffic, praised him. The noble army of Martyrs awaited him in Heaven, with songs of felicitation, and his Heavenly Master, the King of Kings, in whose cause he had so long fought the good fight, rewarded him with the everlasting crown of glory which had been laid up for him.

That the morals of the clergy during the x. and xi. centuries, had degenerated, is true; but as usual the corruption is ridiculously exaggerated by the Protestant historians. But how comes it that the clergy were then so different from what they are now? Is the world becoming more virtuous? Have the passions become weaker?—or has the power of resisting temptation become stronger? May we not, Sir, attribute the rarity of misconduct amongst the Catholic clergy to the simple fact, that Protestantism, that pleasant compromise between Christianity and Infidelity, now affords to the Church a sewer, or drain, through which she can discharge all her impurities. In the middle ages, before Protestantism had been invented, the profane priest remained nominally a member of the Church. He dared not proclaim himself an Atheist, to become a Mahomedan, he was ashamed. There was no place for him if he left the Church. But now Protestantism is ever ready to receive with open arms the filthy priest, to whom chastity is a burden too heavy to be borne, and the unclean apostate subsides into an Evangelical Missionary, the well-beloved of fanatics, and the oracle of Exeter Hall.—Yours truly,

LAICUS.

Montreal, Oct. 24th, 1850.

SAINT PATRICK'S, OF RAWDON—EPISCOPAL VISITATION.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

Sir,—The Catholics of this Parish have been greatly consoled and edified, by the visitation of his Lordship, Bishop Prince, of Montreal. His Lordship arrived here on Friday, the 4th instant, accompanied by five Priests and a goodly convoy of the inhabitants of the Parish of St. Alphonse, where his Lordship had been for the two preceding days. Upon his arrival here, nearly all the Catholics of this Parish were in attendance, at the Church, which, though humble exterior and interior, was beautifully decorated, and looked extremely well, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of our worthy and respected Parish Priest, the Rev. Mr. Pominville. The parishioners in attendance greeted his Lordship with a hearty welcome; who, after visiting the Presbytery, entered the Church, and after the usual ceremonies being gone through, his Lordship mounted the pulpit, and delivered, in the English and French languages, a beautiful and instructive discourse on the subject and nature of his visit. On the following day, nearly two hundred souls had the happiness of receiving the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation; after which, the Rev. Mr. Fitzhenry ascended the pulpit, and for about an hour carried captive the ears and hearts of the congregation, by a chaste and beautiful sermon; such, indeed, as has rarely been our lot to listen to; and which, I hope, will not soon be forgotten. The Rev. Mr. Chevalier addressed the French portion of the congregation in a brilliant and affecting sermon. On Sunday his Lordship took his departure from amongst us, carrying with him, and the Priests who accompanied him, the sincere and heartfelt prayers of this portion of the Christian flock; for his and their welfare in this life, and eternal happiness in the next.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

A RAWDON CATHOLIC.

Rawdon, 9th Oct., 1850.

[We trust a "Rawdon Catholic" will continue to favor us with his communications.—Ed. T. W.]