

Knockthorpe to Ohio, I will give him an authority upon this very point, which I hope he will respect, although he happens to be a prelate of the Church.—I allude to the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, the illustrious Bishop of New York, whose sentiments respecting some itinerant collectors are unmistakably given in the following extract from the New York *Freeman's Journal*, a paper which Mr. Scally very much admires. A Priest and a Monk who published in a Socialist paper in New York an extraordinary announcement about a monastery intended to be built and a collection intended to be made for the purpose, are thus dealt with by the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes:—"We (New York *Freeman's Journal*) are requested by the Right Rev. Bishop to say that the above extraordinary announcement is to him and the Clergy of his Diocese a piece of unexpected information....."

In fact, the Bishop, Priests, and laity of this Diocese would regard the Abbot of Mount Melleray as rendering a service to religion, if he would recall those members of his community who have been collecting money in the United States, and in the British Provinces during the last three or four years, and allow them to re-enter on that life of religious retirement, which, by this time, they must have almost forgotten, and a return to which could not but be of advantage to themselves. It is proper to add for the information of the Faithful, that the Bishop of this Diocese has not been consulted by either of the parties mentioned in the above notice on the subject of which it treats; that he regards the proceedings as irregular, and advises the Clergy and laity of the Diocese to give it neither countenance nor encouragement." Let me add another venerable authority to the above. Mr. Scally insinuates that collectors from Philadelphia were prevented here from collecting for a church. This is not true. But they were prevented in Philadelphia itself and this by Dr. Kenrick, the learned and holy Bishop of that city. Mr. Scally must have seen that fact stated in the very article of the *Halifax Cross* which has called forth his atrabilious production. Is the deliberate suppression of that fact a specimen of Mr. Scally's candour, when for some unexplained reason he sits down to point his puny paper bullets against the unoffending Catholics of Halifax?

Hoping that in justice to the character and feelings of those who have been wantonly assailed through the medium of your journal, you will give an early insertion to these remarks, I have the honour to remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

A PRIEST OF THE DIOCESE OF HALIFAX.
Nova Scotia September 12, 1849.

THE LATE KING OF SARDINIA.—With the most ordinary attention there might have been at least thirty Priests present. Had I been invited it would have given me much pleasure to have attended, and so would others have attended; but there is a way of doing things and a way of not doing them, and there is a way of telling a right down lie, at which the writer of that "more than one hundred Catholic Clergymen" is an ambidexter.

And now that the disagreeable part is done with, one cannot but fail to remember with sorrowing for his troubles, that Charles Albert in his late years, and for a series of long years, was in private life, a most exemplary man—a good husband, a good father, kind and charitable, easy of access, mild, indulgent, patient, very devout, very attentive to his religious duties, and a constant invalid. His long pale visage contrasted with his dark moustache and beard, had a cast of sadness irrevocably stamped upon it. I saw him and family for the first time at the Requiem on All Souls' at the Cathedral of Turin—just when the troubles were commencing—peace to his soul, for he had no peace here. Charles Albert gave fifty poun towards St. George's Church, but it is not for that, kind things are said of that departed King; but, because the heart feels for the heavy sorrows that pierced and killed him—him, to whom the Catholic religion was most dear, and everything Catholic. The 3rd or 4th of November, the same year, 1847, Charles Albert passed on the road to Genoa, and nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the people. As he passed along the road, nothing but triumphal arches, flags, music, and shouting of the multitudes, and joy to intoxication for liberty and independence and all manner of visions! His pale face never changed—amidst all the acclamations and demonstrations of attachment to his person—the same suffering sad countenance always. Peace to his soul—he looked like one dead to this world, and like a man who had lived long enough, too long to care for the

world or anything in it. That same night, to satisfy the crowds who had all the day been parading through the streets with small flags and in military order, to show that they wanted to do later unless they obtained all they wanted, the King and his son and others of the Court rode out in the midst of the mob, through the principal streets, some hundreds carrying torches, and all the city illuminated. What did cool heads think of that scene? Just what they thought of the march of the Deputies from the Legations through the streets of Rome to the capitol, the good people who came to assist the Holy Father by their counsel—they considered one and the other as the beginning of the end. Let us have liberty, rational liberty; but no mobs; well or ill dressed—no tyrants, no mobs; wisdom is not noise, and true liberty flies away from the red cap; and where shall justice and truth reign? in Heaven

FATHER THOMAS.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

We have, as usual, at the end of the *Review* a most elaborate and valuable article on "The Parables of the New Testament." We may not agree in all the propositions laid down as to the value and advantages of Biblical criticism ourselves, but that is only a small portion of the article, the chief part of which consists of explanations of the Parables, and the writer enters into them with great minuteness and corresponding skill. We should be pleased to see the article expanded into a volume, for we cannot help thinking that this mode of interpretation—being the true one—would have an exceedingly good effect upon Protestants. The meagre exposition of the Parables which they have must be unsatisfying, and that it is felt to be so is evident from their number.

We are sorry that our space does not permit us to give our readers such extracts from this article as we could desire. We must nevertheless transcribe a small part of the exposition of the Parable of the Good Samaritan. The author having discussed minutely the whole of it, and explained its literal and spiritual sense accurately, thus concludes:—

Could man's fall be more accurately pictured than by a traveller (the *homo viator* of the schools) assailed by an enemy, robbed of everything, wounded all over, naked, half-dead, helpless, unable to move? And now comes the Priest, the type of every system of previous religion, of Noah's, Melchisedec's; nay, of Egypt's, India's, Greece's false worship. They all recognise in man the bruised and fallen type of a better state; but they neither cure or raised him. Then follows the Levite a title which specifies what before was generic; the law and Priesthood of the Old Testament still better informed of man's history, but as unable to succour him. At length comes the Samaritan, the strange man's race. Thus far an intelligent Jew might follow: but beyond this he would be at fault. Recognising in Christ this character, he would ask, How does He intend to bind his wounds? What oil and wine has He that will stanch the bleeding gashes of humanity? How will he bear the burthen, on His shoulders, of that prostrate frame of a whole gasping race? Was it possible for the most learned to solve this problem? Nor till fulfilment had taken place of those awful realities, which were to give as truthful a counterpart of this portion of the parable as existed in other parts; and not even then till the full system of the atonement was preached to him, and he understood that by His wounds ours were healed, and that He verily bore the iniquities of us all. And thus much further, though not completely can the Protestant pursue the parable, but not beyond this. We say not completely, for the sacramental nature of the remedies escape him. The wine he will know, but what is the oil, which has ceased to have all meaning in the Protestant system? It anoints him not, regenerated, into part with a kingly Priesthood, nor a stripping descending into the lists, to do battle with unearthly foes, nor a Priest into an inviolable consecration, nor a worn-out pilgrim for the last wrestling with the giant Despair. With him it has no symbolism; it represents not to him the light of God's sanctuary, nor the unction of His word, nor balmy softness (the *oleum effusum*) of two Names most sweet in the Catholic mouths. It rises not to his mind with the thought of virginity, anointed with the oil of gladness above its fellow-orders of holiness. It lingers not, as a holy seal, upon the stones of his altar after ages of desecration in the wall of the old Church, to tell whose once it was. It has

vanished from his system, and together with it all uplifting of the Priestly hand to bless. Consecration of man or thing 'e has lost, and knows no more. But oil, the emblem of all consecration, and of sacramental grace, and wine, the purest symbol of the saving stream of life, and of its sacramental impouring into man, form to the Catholic mind the most apt imaginable representation of the communication of his wounded nature of new health, new vigour, new life.—(Pp 221, 222.)

We must stop here, though with regret, and especially commending the *Review* to those outside the Church, for they will see how barren and unreal is their knowledge of Scripture, and how that knowledge can be had only in the Catholic Church. Protestants interpret Scripture with consciousness of weakness: they see the truth dimly before them, but are afraid of looking at it steadily. Having no access to it through their own blind guides, they continue at ease in their error. But surely, if it were thus plainly brought before them the more honest of them must receive it.—*Tablet*

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

We have often wondered at the extraordinary cheapness of the Bibles and Testaments sold by the Bible Society; at last the secret is revealed, and a very fearful secret it is. The books are cheap because the wages of the binders are not sufficient to keep them alive, and the work is in a great measure done by apprentices who, as soon as they have learned their business, are sent away to make room for others, who in their turn will be dealt with in the same way. It is on the poor females who are employed in binding that this grinding oppression falls the most heavily; they in general do not complain, and as we know from the police reports, will, rather than remain idle, work a whole week for less than half-a-crown.

The Bible Society boasts of its labours in the diffusion of heretical versions of the Sacred Book, and of the success of those its accursed labours. Whether its agents have perverted any simple soul from the Catholic Faith to a deadly heresy we know not, but of this we feel quite certain, that there is sufficient injustice in its management to influence the Evil One to give it most especial help. These pretended Bibles of the Society—the copies are always mutilated—are furnished by the labour of men and women whose wages are lower than the corresponding wages of other persons similarly employed elsewhere. This Society, which boasts of its zeal for the moral improvement of mankind, refuses to pay just wages to its servants, out of whose labours unrequited, the pompous declaimers of the day make that ill-gotten profit which enables them to speak as they do.

This is only another illustration of the hollowiness of heretical pretensions to honesty and common morality, and shews how easily men who abandon the Faith fall into obvious sins against their neighbour. These people have lately sent their agents through Italy to disperse their versions of the Holy Writings in defiance of the spiritual authorities, whom of course they do not respect. But it would have been more to their credit had they abstained from their Italian machinations and paid their work-people fair wages at home. There are unhappily other societies in this country that think it right to distribute the Bible indiscriminately, but they pay just wages, and stand forth in honourable contrast to this. We believe that now no English Catholics subscribe to it, so far we are glad.—*Tablet*.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS IN THE ESTABLISHMENT.—"Every Churchman," says the *Guardian*, "must, of course, have observed what the aim of the present Government has been in its Episcopal appointments, not including, we are sorry to say, the last one of Dr. Hinds, an amiable man, we believe, and one on whom personally we have no desire to make the smallest reflection; but still evidently appointed to his Bishopric simply and solely because he is of the school of Dr. Whateley and Dr. Hampden. Such a steady, uniform aim at occupying the whole Episcopal bench with the laxest and loosest theology of the day—an aim never lost sight of in any single case, but going straight to that, as its end—does necessarily excite the serious alarm of many Churchmen; for they say, what is there to prevent these appointments from going on till the whole bench is filled with this school, and there is not a Bishop in the Church who is not an avowed Latitudinarian? What is there to stop this course of things?"

Correspondence.

FOR THE CROSS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

No. 2.

GENTLEMEN,

We parted, I believe at Loch Lomond. We have in the meantime arrived at St. John, of which we have now to speak.

This city is famed, I imagine throughout the two hemispheres. The name, however, which it has is not to its credit. From the eternal troubles which distract it through the machinations of evil-minded men, one would think that christianity has been altogether banished from its borders. But you must remember that one bad man set all Rome in a blaze. St. John, therefore, notwithstanding its periodical uproar, may be in the main a very good place. Such it is. We can safely say that as for such men as under the Catholic name are found figuring in these annual riots brought on by Orange processions, they are exactly the persons of all others who have the least taste for Catholicity. Men who will give ear to neither Priest nor Bishop, but who prefer their own opinion upon all occasions; come not up to our 'beau ideal' of Catholics. Now of such a character are those bravos who resist ever and anon those graceless Orangemen. But putting aside this worst part of the picture and looking at the better drawing, we have much reason to be proud of St. John. With a few exceptions—and those exceptions are common to the best communities, it appears that the inhabitants of this particular place are most attentive to all religious duties. They are proverbial for their liberality towards the purposes of faith. What mendicant in sacred garb has not been heartily received by them from time immemorial? What Priest has departed from among them without substantial proof of their esteem and love? They have three fine Churches in their circuit—St. Malachi's, St. Peter's, and Carleton. The dimensions of the first are ninety by forty—of the second ninety by fifty two—of the last fifty five by forty five. We cannot speak in very laudable terms of the proportions of St. Malachi's, but 'tis all owing to certain circumstances which afford a very fair apology. When it was first raised the parishioners were few in number and poor in pocket. "They cut their coat according to their cloth" and built a Chapel fifty by forty. In this for the time being "they had ample room and verge enough." When their files increased they added to its length and having but little church ground, they had to be satisfied with the material on hand. St. Malachi's for these reasons, is found as it is, ninety by forty. Yet 'tis a spacious building, with pews above and below. It has vestments in abundance, as far as we can learn—it has all the sacred vessels required—it has a fine bell, and a splendid organ. And then if we can judge from attendance at the Tribunal of confession, of the warmth and extent of faith, we must say that a more universally faithful people never came under our immediate observation. St. Peter's in the upper end of the city or Portland as they call it, is a beautiful edifice. It stands upon most commanding ground, and affords a full view of all the surrounding scene. The vestry attached to it is large enough for an academy. It contains a circulating library of religious books and pamphlets. There are celebrated here two Masses every Sunday, at 9 and 11—Vespers at three. Mass is offered up also every morning in the week. There is an excellent choir too in this Church, in my mind 'tis much superior to that of St. Malachi's. There is a large tract of land belonging to St. Peter's lying immediately behind it. The Carleton Church on the opposite side is a very handsome