

In the right of *lay nomination*, or *presentation*, to the situations of this singular church; which its lay founders very wisely kept to themselves; we see a barefaced usurpation of the *missive power*, granted by Christ to his sole apostles, and their lawful successors, the bishops, or rulers of his church, and, in the sale of these lucrative situations, daily advertized in our newspapers; the deadly sin of *Simony* recognized as a component part of this statutory religion. All the wealthy and important trusts in this national synagogue, are in the gift of the king, its head, and of his ministers; of the nobility and chief landed proprietors; who hold them as a disposable boon to the supporters of their measures, right or wrong; to their flatterers and favorites: or, as a sure provision for the younger, and least hopeful branches of their families. So that their dupes, the good people, must receive, and welcome, as their spiritual director and guide to heaven, the black-robed, shovel-hatted, but noble born numskull; the political partyman; the sneaking syco-phant; or hypocritical *yea and nay man*; whose camelion mind assumes always the hue which is most to the liking of his patron; or in fine, the good fellow fox-hunting, jolly-bottle companion of some noble rustic, and uproarious cock-comb.

Such are the top-worthies; the very flour and ornament of this ecclesiastical establishment: placed there certainly more for ornament than for use. These are the chiefs not destined to the ruggedies and menial duties of the sacred household. Their thousands and tens of thousands of the public money, they have a *legal right* to pocket and spend as they please; without any other return on their part, but that of finding out, good enough for the donors, some needy, and therefore ready, dependant of the same cloth; to do for a sorry and yet begrudged mite of their lordly incomes, all the duty, not a very hard one, which they would otherwise have to perform themselves.

And what, pray, does all this dear bought duty consist in? Why, really, in nothing more than what, if he can but read and write, the meanest clown is capable of performing. They have to read their church service every Sunday; for holy days, except two or three political ones, are entirely out of the question. And may not every print-reading peasant do the same: and, that perhaps, in a more distinct and audible voice, than many a clerical and college-bred mumbler is observed to do? But they must also, preach. O, that indeed were some test of their knowledge, zeal and piety; if but from the abundance of the head and heart the mouth were truly speaking. But if all their preachings are but readings, though, for the look of the thing, they are made from manuscripts oftener bought than prepared; what man, woman, or child, who has been for a few months with a competent writing master, but might preach as good a sermon as any of them? They have besides now and then to administer their *Lord's supper*: to baptize and marry the living; and bury the dead. These are doubtless weighty and important duties, and all as well paid for. Yet the mere mechanical performance of such is not above the capacity of any one. Their *Lord's supper* they say, is nothing but common bread and wine, parted among the most church-going of their hearers.— Their marriage is no sacrament, but only a *civil contract* Baptism, duly administered, is valid without them. Their confirmation too is no sacrament, but merely a ceremony, retained for the sole purpose of keeping up what they so much pride themselves in, *prelatical distinction*. Their funeral service in fine, is but a catch-penny job, like the undertaker's ridiculous display of stavos, bauds and ostrich tails; invented

only to tythe the property of the mourning survivors; but of no purpose, or possible use whatever, to the souls of the deceased.

Here is then the body of a Church without a soul: the shadow of religion without the substance; a legalized join stock company of simoniacal flatterers: a hypocritical, pick pocket humbug; supporting every mal-administration by which it is supported. The whole, in fine, is but a political engine, contrived at first to gratify the lust and avarice of a cruel and remorseless tyrant; and ever since upheld by those in power, as a prop to their own consequence; a bribe to their partisans; a bounty to their flatterers and followers, and a sure provision to their needy relatives, and dependants. But, though it has hitherto fully answered their views and expectations; and wrought such wonders, as its prime mover, truth's adversary, has been permitted to effect on the minds of the wilfully ignorant, or the carelessly blind and misguided multitude: the term of its mischievous efficacy is drawing to a close, since the daylight of truth has been suffered to break in upon its most hidden springs, and secret intricacies.

Such is the profane and unhallowed thing still held up to the admiration and veneration of our countrymen, as more perfect and holy, than the evident work of God: a golden idol set up by another Nebuchadnezzar; before which all his subjects are commanded to bow. But it will happen, as it formerly did, that, after passing through the fiery furnace, the children of God will see cast down by the same authority that raised it up, the abomination, which they so piously and resolutely refused to adore.

To be Continued in our next.

TANNER, and the preaching squad, lately nestled in Three Rivers, who have undertaken the conversion of the idolatrous Papists in Lower Canada.

This is the fellow who triumphantly relates in that elegant sheet, *the Missionary Record*, how one of his converts having tied a thread to the leg of a house fly, and placed the captive insect on a plate, desired the Popish Priest to prove his religion true by shewing that with a word he was capable of killing it. A id such are the men to Protestantize our Catholic brethren in the Canadas!!!—The *Montreal Herald* of the 19th inst., sympathizes with this worthy, who styles himself Minister of the Gospel at St. Therese de Blainville, in his letter printed in that paper; in which he complains of not having been courteously received and listened to, by those whom he came to denounce as poor benighted idolaters. Instead of wondering at the indignation of the people, or blaming the worthy Magistrate for warning him off, to screen the abusive intruder from its threatening consequences; he should have wisely taken the intended hint that his evangelizing visits in that quarter were neither required nor acceptable. What unblushing blockheads these Missionaries must be, who can thrust their noses into every Catholic's cabin, and tell the inmates that they are the ignorant and deluded dupes of their learned, pious and reproachless clergy? Who can hold forth on every high way and frequented place their incoherent and censorious rhapsodies, and expect applause, and even remuneration from their insulted auditory? What would Protestants think or say, did Catholic priests thus invade their premises,

and pour out upon them such vials of abuse as those poured out on Catholics by such Gospel money hunters, and strolling Evangelists? "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites! (says the Saviour,) because you go about the sea and the land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, you make him the child of Hell twofold more than yourselves." Matt. xxiii. 15.

We understand that our Law Church neighbour here, with bribe in hand, is endeavouring to make proselytes among our poor, on the *Farnham* system. Our Church teaches us to give our alms, according to our means, to all in want, without distinction of Religions; and she forbids us to make mammon our deceiver.

SOME OF THE FOOLERIES OF PROTESTANTISM—A hint on the *Christian Guardian's* revivalism.

*Protestant Fanaticism*—We find in an exchange paper the following extract, the statements in which are undeniable, inasmuch as the author, the Rev. Mr. Caswell is a Protestant. When our separated brethren set out to descant upon the Superstitions of Popery, they would do well to pull up for a little and reflect how large is the beam in their own eyes.—*Freeman's Journal*.

*Rev. Mr. Caswell's account of American Fanatics*.—It is painful to the Christian mind to reflect on the scenes which often occurred, and which are still too frequently exhibited, in Western America, at meetings professedly religious. Frequently not only whole communities, but vast regions have been subject to the most extraordinary attacks of enthusiasm. In the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, from the year 1800 to 1804, both inclusive, meetings were often held, as at present, in the open air, and lasted for a number of days in succession. During the continuance of these meetings the people remained on the ground day and night, listening to the most exciting sermons, and engaging in a mode of worship which consisted chiefly in alternate crying, laughing, singing, and shouting, accompanied with gesticulations of a most extraordinary character. Often there would be an unusual outcry, some bursting forth into loud ejaculations of thanks-giving, others exhorting their careless friends to turn to the Lord, some struck with terror, and hastening to escape, others trembling, weeping, and swooning away till every appearance of life was gone, and the extremities of the body assumed the coldness of a corpse. At one meeting no less than 1,000 persons fell to the ground apparently without sense or motion. It was common to see them shed tears plentifully about an hour before they fell; they were then seized with a general tremor, sometimes they uttered one or two piercing shrieks in the moment of falling. This latter phenomenon was common to both sexes, to all ages, and to all sorts of characters.—Towards the close of the commotion, viz., about the year 1803, convulsions became prevalent, and were distinguished as the "rolling exercise," the "jerks," and the "barks," which are thus described by creditable witnesses:—"The "rolling exercise"

consisted of doubling the head and feet together, and rolling over and over like a hoop; or in stretching the body horizontally, and rolling through mud and mire like swine. "Jerks" consisted in violent twitches and contortions of the body in all its parts. Sometimes the head would fly half way round, and backwards and forwards, until not a feature could be recognised. When attacked by the "jerks" the victims of enthusiasm sometimes leaped like frogs, and exhibited every grotesque and hideous contortion of the face and limbs. The "barks" consisted in getting down on all fours, growling, snapping the teeth, and barking like dogs. Sometimes numbers of the people squatted down and looking in the face of the minister, continued demurely barking at him while he preached to them. These last were peculiarly gifted in prophecies, trances, dreams, rhapsodies, visions of angels, of heaven, and of the holy city."

MODERN CHRISTIANITY.—A letter from Europe written by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, a Methodist and President of Dickenson College, Pennsylvania, has been published in various newspapers, in which the author gives his impressions of the Catholic religion, as it appeared to him in Europe. He is said to be a sincere man, but like many others, his knowledge of our Faith is taken from sources from which truth never flowed. As well may a man undertake to describe in detail the interior of the Moon, because he has looked through a telescope, as a stranger to Catholic doctrine, to demonstrate its effect on the heart, because he has attended at High Mass in one of the venerable Cathedrals of Europe. Still we believe that the Rev. Mr. Durbin is a candid man, as the following sentence from his letter most clearly indicates.

"And when we remember that the religious faith of a Catholic is superior to his political opinions, while, on the contrary, the liberal faith of a Protestant is subordinate to his political opinions, we shall see the true power and position of the Catholic Church in affairs of Government where there are popular elections."

If the foregoing confession be true, what is the worth of Protestant christianity? The revelations of Jesus Christ thrown under the feet of Democrats, Whigs, Abolitionists, and such like Parties! No wonder that so many people are returning to the Catholic church, where Faith is honoured—where God's word is respected, not only by profession but practice—where politics are not allowed to sullify the purity of religion. If faith be subordinate to political opinions, then is Christianity a humbug. No wonder that Mr. Durbin should sneer at Catholicism! What a proper man to be President of a college, and to train youth in the doctrines of Christianity!—*Cath. Telegraph*.

PSYCHISM.—Another convert from the ranks of Psychism in Cambridge has made his appearance in the person of a Mr. Simson, an under graduate, and a gentleman of some property and influence. He was, we understand, received into the church about the 25th February, at Oseott College, and was preparing for his first communion on the 29th. It is supposed that he will be followed by many like minded.—*Tablet*.