

was more particularly heard. It was there the Deity communicated with Solomon and granted him the gift of wisdom—there that he heard Hezekias when he spread before him the impious letter of that blaspheming Sennacherib; and answered his prayer by bathing the sword of his angel that very night, in the blood of one hundred fourscore, and five of the Assyrian host; it was in the temple that the angel appeared to Zacharias announcing the birth of the holy infant St. John; and there that he justified the publican who simply prayed for mercy on a sinner. In the temple those who had been baptized would receive the holy oil of unction in the sacrament of confirmation, by which they would be rendered formidable to the enemies of their salvation, and firm and intrepid defenders of their faith; and it was there that after death, when forgotten by ungrateful children and by careless friends, they would be remembered in the prayers of the Church, which would continue to sigh over them like the swallow, mourn over them like a dove, and like another Rachel weeping for her children, would not be comforted because they were not. Gratitude to God should alone be sufficient to make us zealous in his service. Charity was not only a counsel but a precept, and its absence was a crime, as was shown by the sentence upon those who were doomed to depart from the presence of the Lord, only because they did not practise it. Our salvation must depend upon its exercise, as it appeared by the words of our Saviour to his apostles on the occasion of the rich young man in the Gospel, who aimed at perfection, and against whom, it might be observed, that the Church preferred no charge, but who went away sorrowful when told to “sell all that he had, and give it to the poor”—How hardly shall they that trust in riches be saved! Riches which were held selfishly, applied to no charitable purpose, and allowed to corrupt and moulder away, would, according to St. James, rise up in testimony against the possessors, and eat their flesh like fire. On this subject he had often been questioned as a case of conscience by servants, as to whether they might give broken victuals belonging to their employers to the poor and destitute. Her ways told them they must not do so. It was not theirs to give, and they must not touch it even though it were spoiled and wasted. ‘But,’ replied the querists, ‘it is sometimes so bad that when thrown to dogs they refuse to eat it.’ ‘Thus,’ said his lordship, ‘is the rich man’s wealth cankered and corrupted.’ Splendid was the reward reserved for those who assisted the poor in their temporal necessity; what then must be that of those who ministered to their spiritual wants? In conclusion he would ask all who heard him whether if they could feel themselves in the situation of the

rich man to whom it was said, ‘Thou soul, this night shall thy soul be required of thee,’ they would defer an act of mercy even till the morrow? Would they not, if they heard the order given to the dresser of the vineyard—‘cut down the barren fig-tree’ solicit a reprieve—If they heard their great creditor to whom they owed a debt of ten thousand talents commanding them to be cast into prison until they could pay the whole, would they not fall down before him beseeching him to have patience with them and that they would pay him all? He hoped then they would all be willing to share what they had with God, remembering that what they spent in pride they might carry to the grave but could take no further. We should share all with God for he gave us all. If we were engaged in the marriage state, and God had blessed us with offspring, was it not God who made the wife of our bosom grow up like a fruitful vine by the sides of our house, and our little children like olive plants around our table? Let us not shut out every quality of charity from our hearts and when time should be no more we should receive our reward. Charity during life would be a passport to happiness hereafter. We might build a house for God on earth, and he would prepare for us a tabernacle in Heaven!

THE CATHOLIC SYNOD IN BALTIMORE.—It is understood that the approaching Synod of the Catholic Hierarchy, which commences on Sunday next, will be the most numerously attended, and the most imposing of any that has yet been held in the United States. The wonderful increase of Catholics, and the consequent increase in the Bishops and Clergy throughout the Union, render it necessary to adopt a still more extensive and effective organization of the priesthood, than at present exists.

THE GREGGITES AND THE PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP—We have been informed that on Sunday last the cathedral of St. Patrick’s was the scene of by no means an edifying exhibition. Archbp. Whately had been advertised to preach for the benefit of some charitable institution, and a large congregation was present, chiefly composed, we are informed, of the partizans of Mr. Tresham Gregg, who is now engaged in a contention with Dr. Whately. On his grace entering the pulpit, a large number of those persons, we are informed, rose, and, putting on their hats, shouted “No Puseyism, no English Bishop,” and continued their cries until the bishop had to retire. A number of them left the church; but, owing to the interruption, the charitable object of the intended sermon was defeated, and no collection was made. May we ask, where were the police? —*Pilot.*