

ings, be punctual to them yourself, and if the people neglect them, then these very meetings will be your witness to testify to your faithfulness; at the same time that they will be a silent witness to condemn all who neglect them. We have heard one of the ablest, most faithful, and most successful ministers of our church declare in his place in Presbytery, that one diet of examination well conducted, was often more instructive and beneficial to all who took part in it, than ten sermons. That they cannot be otherwise than beneficial, will appear from a simple statement of the mode in which they are usually conducted: The Pastor announces a meeting in the house of one of his parishioners, for examination or catechetical exercises. The house selected is usually in the centre of one of the various sections of which a congregation consists. As many families as can conveniently meet, or be accommodated with room, gather to this meeting. The proceedings open with prayer and praise. After some appropriate remarks, the minister begins to inquire into the religious knowledge of all who are present, commencing usually with the members of the family in whose house the meeting is held. The fundamental doctrines of the christian faith are the subjects of examination. The questions are simple or profound according to the age and opportunity of those to whom they are put. The pastor often invites any one present to propose any question to him on which light or information is desired. The meeting is closed with devotional exercises. One or more of the Elders are expected to be present at the meetings, and to assist especially in the devotional exercises.

The Presbytery of Halifax, within whose bounds this means of christian instruction has been much neglected, are making praiseworthy efforts to restore it. In some of its congregations this practice has been attended to—with marked success—for years.—We sincerely hope that in a short time this method of instruction, so eminently blessed of God in other times and countries, may be in faithful and vigorous operation in every congregation of our church.

“Archbishop Connolly of this city, celebrated the requiem Mass at St. Patrick’s Chapel, New York, for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop Hughes, on Wednesday last.”

This paragraph has gone the rounds of all the Halifax secular papers. No one seemed to feel what a shameful reflection on our christianity was involved in the “news.” Antichristian delusion, unworthy of the darkest ages of the world’s history, flourishes unabashed in our community, alongside of the purest gospel light. The Archbishop of New York died in the full odour of sanctity; yet his soul is supposed to be in the midst of the horrible pains of Purgatory, and it behoved the Archbishop of Halifax to go to New York to help his “brother” out of this awful prison. If an Archbishop is not sure of going to Heaven, if he must *probably* suffer pangs described by Romish writers as equal to all the tortures that could be inflicted by all the ingenuity of men, what must be the fate of ordinary mortals! And *this* is the comfort which this boasted Roman Catholic Church can give her devotees!

A Priest was seized with sudden illness at Windsor, Nova Scotia, a fortnight ago.—Medical aid was at hand, but no priest to administer “Extreme Unction.” It was the Sabbath day. An *express* started for this city and arrived here late in the afternoon, for the purpose of securing the services of “Father Haman” or some other ecclesiastic. The Halifax priest in conjunction with a member of the Legislature, applied for an Express Railway Train. This was granted to them, and on Sabbath evening the Special Train ran from Halifax to Windsor to carry a priest to administer extreme unction to another priest. This happened on the Nova Scotia Railway on Sabbath, the 14th February, 1864.

But even after all the “sacraments” and ceremonies of the Romish religion are performed upon the dying, the dead are in all instances supposed to pass into the torments of purgatorial flames; and so, though the Express Train carried the Priest to Windsor in time to go through all the ceremonies, masses were “said” for the poor man’s soul in St. Mary’s Chapel. How blessed the