

Herod. An Angel foretold to Zacharias the birth of a Son, the forerunner of the Redeemer. An Angel stirred the waters of the *Probatic Pond*; imparting to them a healing quality.—John v. 4. Angels carried the soul of Lazarus into Abraham's bosom. Angels ministered to our Lord after his temptation in the wilderness; and Angels supported, in his agony and bloody sweat, his frail and fainting humanity. An Angel, after his death, apprised his disconsolate followers of his resurrection; and Angels told them, after his Ascension, that, as he had gone, so would he one day come again. An Angel delivered the Apostles out of prison—Acts v. 19: and Peter, for whose safety "the whole Church offered up prayers without ceasing," was also liberated in a stupendous manner by an Angel.—Acts xii. 5, 7. An Angel directed the Apostle Philip to the Eunuch, whom he instructed and baptized; and transported him miraculously back to Azotus.—Acts viii. 26. An Angel desired Cornelius, the Centurion, to send for Saint Peter, and an Angel warned Saint Peter to go to Cornelius, whom the Apostle received with his whole family into the Church.—Acts x. Saint Paul in a violent storm at sea, is assured by an Angel, who appeared to him in the night, that no lives would be lost in the approaching shipwreck.—Acts xxvii. 23. To say nothing of all the ministrings of Angels seen and described by Saint John in his Apocalypse.—"Are they not all," according to Saint Paul, "ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?"—Heb. i. 14.

But all this wonderful intervention of Angels, Protestants will say, happened only at the miraculous epoch, when the Gentiles were first called into the Church. Where, since then, they ignorantly ask, do any such angelic ministrings appear? In the Catholic Church,—and in her only—numberless are the instances of such authentically recorded to have taken place in her. Nor has God, who wrought such wonders for her establishment, any where said that he would work none more for her propagation and preservation. On the contrary, he has solemnly declared, that, with the true believers, signs and wonders should continue.—Mark xvi. 17; John xiv. 12.

Is there any scripture-proof to show that God has altered in this respect the usual course of his Providence?—or that he has bound himself never more to employ visibly nor invisibly the mediation of his Angels in man's behalf,—of those blessed spirits who, as our Saviour assures us, rejoice so at the conversion of the sinner.—Luke xv. 10. Let the Protestant, who affects so to ground his faith solely on the Scripture, allow me one single text in Scripture indicating that all angelic agency in our regard is at an end. Not a single hint of such a thing is found from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations; whereas, in the Old and New Testament, proofs without number abound of such agency, invisible as well as visible. Nay, the Scripture shows that the Angelic agency ends not but with the end of the world; for we read there, that an Angel shall, at the end of time, sound the trumpet, and summon up the dead to judgment; and that the Angels shall finally separate the good from the wicked.

On what ground, then, we would ask, does the Protestant rest his denial of a doctrine which was ever that of the Church of God, before and since the coming of our Saviour? On what but the crafty suggestion of the original tempter! He knows full well, and dreads the interfering might of those blessed spirits: and trembles lest, at our earnest invocation, it should be turned against him. He therefore exerts his deceiving skill to induce those, over whose mind he has acquired a blinding influence, to decline asking all angelic aid in time of need,—nay, with formal scorn and abhorrence, to spurn it from them.

To be Continued.

ODDITIES OF THE LONDON COURTS.

GUILDHALL.—Mary Barnett, one of those bonnetless beauties who may be heard crying for their bread in and about the classic region of Golden Lane, was charged by Mr. Ebenezer Bampton, a philanthropic dealer in cheap coals, with having "called him names," and smothered his best single-breasted surtout with mud.

Mr. Bampton, who thought his wrongs of sufficient importance to require professional aid for their redress, proved his part of the case by the testimony of his daughter "Sophier," and that of a man who was fortunate enough to be too late to see the beginning of the row, and wise enough not to sto.) to see the end of it.

St Peter Laurie asked Molly (so she said the neighbours called her to save time) what she had to say for herself, and if she had any witness.

"Is it witness?" replied Molly. "Male and female too. Here, Riah! Riah! Riah Franks! cum afore the gentleman, and tell all the truths that's in ye as ye're a sworn woman."

Miss Maria Franks accordingly stepped forth, and deposed that she saw Mr. Bampton give Molly Barnett four pushes, and then a fifth, which rolled her in the mud; and then—

Sir Peter—Go on, madam; and then—Miss Maria—And then he called her an old b——. Miss Maria could only utter the initial of the horrid epithet, and dropping upon her shoulder with an "Oh!" spread her four fingers on her face like a cracked fan to hide her blushes.

Edward Stocker, a long backed shoemaker, corroborated Miss Maria's narrative, and was about to "cut," and make an "end," but.

Mr. Bampton's professional adviser wished to know whether Mr. Bampton and he were not at sixes and sevens.

Stocker—As a lawyer, you ought to know that that's not the question—(Laughter.)

Solicitor—But you must answer it.

Sir Peter Laurie advised him to do so.

"You'll be sorry for it, Sir Peter," replied the cobbler, "that is, if your time is as valuable as mine; but to gratify all present respecting the dismal feud between me and Mr. Bampton, you must know that it all arose from a very trifling misfit. Mister Bampton calls upon me one day, and says he—'Stocker, I want a pair of shoes for my eldest son; they must be neat and respectable, upper leathers of the choicest calf, and soles of the best season'd stuff; no nails, they wear the Brussels out in the parlour.' 'Tips!' says I. 'No tips, Stocker,' says he, 'they make a noise in the passage. He's a fine lad, and, Stocker, make em as if you was making for a gentleman, for I'll pay gentleman's price' I'm sure you shall, thought I; and set to work, and on Saturday night the shoes were sent home in the utmost splendour of heel ball and black varnish. They look'd so slap up, your worship, that the fine lad cried because he was not allow'd to sleep in them that night (Laughter.)

Judge then my surprise, your worship, when on the next Monday Morning Mr. Bampton poked his nose into my crib—one of those little cobbler's cribs, your worship, which are neither on the ground floor nor in the cellar under the ground floor, but in a sort of purgatory between the two—and with the shoes in his hands cries out, as if I had at least run away with his wife, 'How dare you, you villian,' says he, 'treat me in this way? Do you think that I have no affection for my poor children, you scoundrel?' Mercy on us, tho't I, this is the fellow that goes to chapel four times on a Sunday, and does it extempore himself at his own house on Wednesday—what a pretty fellow he must be to preach a Bampton lecture to the saints. (Roars of laughter.) But as he paid gentleman's price, of course, as they say, I treated him as sich. 'Why, Mr. Bampton,' says I, pulling a face as long as my stirrup-leather, 'what is the matter?' 'The matter, you impostor,' roared he; 'the shoes, sirrah, is the matter. They don't fit—they're too small—they pinch the youth—and had he not communicated it to me in time he might have got corns.' (Continued laughter.) But a little soft sawder, your worship, will often stop a hole in a great man's temper; so I spoke him fair and promised to make him another pair.

Sir Peter Laurie—That was very fair.

Cobbler—Yes, your worship, and when the "fine lad" came to try the new pair on, they were so "neat and respectable," eh, Mr. Bampton?—(and Mr. Bampton looked an unutterable answer)—so much "like a gentleman's" that he strutted and stamped in them as if he had been the son of the King of the Sandwich Islands, and had never seen a pair of shoes before in his life.—Come, come, thinks I, when he was gone, that's pretty well done; and I'll go and settle with Mr. Bampton to night and get some of his cheap coals. But woe was me! I had no sooner entered the shop, than villain, impostor, and scoundrel, were again the best compliments of the season

for me, and he took up the coal shovel & swore he'd cut my head off! "Fie," says I, "Mr. Bampton. Mark me man!" in a solemn tone, I continued—"the moment you touch me you'll drop down—meaning, your worship, that I should knock him down."—(Much laughter.)

Sir Peter Laurie—But what was this second difference about.

Cobbler.—I am on my oath, Sir Peter—Mr. Bampton had found out, thanks to my cackling wife, that the second pair of shoes were only the first pair stretched!

The court was here convulsed with laughter, for the cobbler told his tale with surpassing mimicry and humour.

The Solicitor—My good man, the ingenious tricks which you have played my client will hardly improve your credit with the alderman.

The Cobbler—And, my good man, other people, if they have not been belied from the beginning of the world, play ingenious tricks as well as cobblers. What do you think of lawyers' tricks for instance?

The man of law received this for his coup de grace, and, while he was crumbling up his brief, Sir Peter dismissed the case.

CONCERT.

TO-MORROW EVENING, April 6

MR. WALL, the blind Harper, will give a Concert in the Town Hall to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at 8 o'clock. Mr. W. seems a worthy person, and brings with him letters of high recommendation from a number of the most distinguished professors of music in the United States. This opportunity will surely not be lost by our town's people of witnessing what is so great a novelty in this country—an Irish Harp and an Irish Harper—and of enjoying the pleasure of listening to the sweet tones produced on Ireland's national instrument, by one of her afflicted, yet gifted children.

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 - Wellington Square—Mr Hogg, 7s 6d
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 - Aylmer—James Doyle, \$8; being for Edward Burke, 15s. James Davis, James Carney, and Charles Flinn, each 7s 6d
 - Montreal—M. O'Donnell, \$9; * being on account of the Revds. Messrs. O'Connell, Richards, Larry, and Arrond; and Messrs. Davy and Collins—each 7s 6d.
- * Yes: dispose of them.

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