

would here call, the orthodox theory would mostly be set down as the doctrine of these writers. The teaching of the fathers is explained in a third article. He will next show anything bearing on the subject that may be found in Pagan writers, and finally will give his own view—the true one! In this last he generally sets aside all the others as so many humbugs!

Such was the theology which the young preachers studied to qualify themselves to preach the gospel, with this book under their arms they frequented the schools where they were being trained to fill the pulpits of the confession of Augsburg; and I believe the foregoing is a fair specimen of the teaching in the vast majority of the schools and pulpits of Protestant Germany.

With regard to France, it was proposed not long ago, at a convention of Protestant ministers in Paris, that a profession of faith in the Divinity of Christ should be required. The proposal was rejected. The author to whom I have referred, speaking of the French Protestant Church said, that "of her six hundred Presbyterian clergy, I was informed a few years ago upon the spot, there were not found ten who dared to affirm that Jesus Christ was God manifested in the flesh."

"Where is that church," he says, "after which for its virtues and its prowess the whole world wondered! It is fallen! It is fallen! At Passy and at Paris, at Rouen and at Charenton, at Nismes and at Lyons, it is fallen, like a millstone in the sea. It is a cage of unclean birds. It is the hold of every foul spirit; it is the worst of Anti-Christ; it denieth the Father and the Son!"

Some are in the habit of attributing the downfall of the Huguenots in France to Catholic persecution.—Without entering at present into a discussion of that subject on which much could be said, I will merely make one remark, which is this—their numbers are diminishing, even long since Catholic persecution must be admitted to have ceased—they have dwindled down one-fourth within the last sixty years. Before the revolution of 1789 they numbered four millions of souls, now they do not amount to one million, and the character of those who remain has been already described.

The condition of Protestantism in Holland is exactly like that of France and Germany.

The same gentleman from whom I have before quoted, spoke of the fate of the Presbyterian Churches in England. "Of two hundred and sixty parishes, established in their glory, in the days of Cromwell, two hundred and forty are now Unitarian!" "I was personally informed," he adds, "a few years since, in London, by men who bewailed the fact, that up to a recent date, every Presbyterian Church and Chapel in the Metropolis had lapsed into Socinianism. I might allude to other details of a similar nature, but unfortunately they are too notorious."

And with regard to that portion of English Protestantism which the author I have alluded to, considered more pure, I will admit indeed that it is of a more conservative character. This arises from the institutions of Catholicity which this body has retained, and others have discarded. To use the words of Dryden, it is "the least deformed, because reformed the least."

Yet what can be expected from it, now particularly, that it has more fully than ever tied itself hand and foot to the State. It has practically acknowledged itself the slave of the officers of the Crown. When he of Exeter, the prelate who speaks most loudly of his authority, declared a certain man a teacher of heresy, unfit to be admitted as a minister of the Gospel in the Church over which the Holy Ghost had placed him as a Bishop, the heretic appealed to her Majesty's advisers. These reversed the Bishop's decision, and the man who claims to fill a post such as that held by the Cyprians and the Cyrills, bows submissively to the mandate, or at most abases those who gave the condemned power to corrupt his flock, but he dares not refuse his communion.

Men who are notoriously Unitarians are not unfrequently promoted to the highest dignities in this Church, and though her pastors sometimes remonstrate, they are told by, perhaps, an unbelieving minister of the day to begone—and they acquiesce and commune with the teacher of the wicked doctrine.

What, therefore, can be expected from such a Church but that she will soon follow in the wake of the others, should she even arrive at the end a little later.

I do not wish to say anything from myself with regard to the United States. I will confine myself entirely to reading from the author already quoted. In speaking of New England, this writer says:

"What have we seen at the beginning of the present century? The Church of the Puritans, after as fair an experiment as it is possible to make—with the whole ground again to itself—eaten up, to its very heart, with Socinianism; and a Socinianism not imported like the plague, by any intercourse with degenerate Geneva, or Halle, or Berlin, or Belfast, or Montauban, but springing up by the natural law of generation in the moral world, from the latent germ that, in a free-thinking theory is at once the *primordium vite*, and the *primordium mortis* to the system."

"The blighting angel drops again the cursed dew from his wing over bright New England, and the pulpits of her capitals, and of her quiet villages; the pulpits of her Mathers, her Davenports, her Hookes, her Robinsons, her Batterfords, are occupied by preachers who, confronted by no liturgy of purer times, preach fearlessly and blasphemously, that Jesus Christ is not 'the true God,' and that the Son and the Father are not 'One.' 'I am verily afraid,' said Increase Mathers, in the heyday of Puritanism, 'that in process of time New England will be the wofullest place in all America;' 'Yes, we are fain to that madness and folly,' said Edwards, 'that I am persuaded if the Devil came visibly among many, and held out independence and liberty of conscience, and should preach that there were no devils, no hell, no sin at all, but these were only men's imaginations, with several other doctrines, he would be cried up, followed and admired,' and the result has made good these singular predictions."

"The Universalists, alone, teaching that 'there is no hell,' boast of having come in possession of a thousand pulpits, among the sons of the Puritans, in this ill-fated land! In 1840, they had but eighty-three preachers, now they have seven hundred preachers, and eleven hundred congregations, and claim, in point of numbers, to be the fourth denomination in the country. Nearly all New England is Socinian.—Every old congregation in Boston, except the 'Old South' are Unitarian. The church that looked down so long in pride on Plymouth Rock itself, has yielded to the destroying heresy. I have even heard that Emmons and Hopkins, the Calvinistic leaders, of a later day, could they come back, would find their churches and flocks engulfed in the one gurgite vasty."

"As to New England, we regard the last experiment of Calvinism as made. 'Ten years,' says a sagacious Presbyterian divine, 'will place the (Orthodox) churches of Massachusetts beyond redemption.' Says the editor of the *Presbyterian*, 'The ground they assume in the contest with the Socinian, is absurd and futile. The latter may lie on his arms, without striking a blow, and confidently await the issue.'"

These facts demonstrate the character of private judgment. As soon as man adopted it, his course became necessarily an onward and a downward one.—And yet there are in this country some who would fain believe that in its infidelity Europe was preparing the way for their own systems of government and religion. How have all these schemes terminated? When during the Revolution the Infidel and the Protestant, under the rallying cry of "Remember St. Bartholemew's," had united in putting to death the Priests, it was found that in destroying Catholicity, Christianity was destroyed. A distinguished modern author—Macaulay, had said that "whatever was lost to Catholicity, during the last century, has been lost also to Christianity," and that "all that has been regained by Christianity in Catholic countries, during this century, was regained also by Catholicity."

The progress which Protestantism has made had been during the first fifty years after the Reformation. It has not since gained one nation, nor received any additions but what resulted from the natural increase of those who attached themselves to it during that period.

As happened before it will happen again, and wherever Catholicity is destroyed by Protestantism, Christianity will sooner or later cease.

It thus is manifest that Protestantism, so far from being able to sustain the institutions of this or any other country, cannot sustain itself.

I have not treated of all places where this religion is taught, but I think I have alluded to almost all where it has directed the most power. There it has exhausted itself, and its fate there may, I think, be fairly taken as a sample of what we may expect elsewhere. We see Catholicity, on the other hand, displaying a vitality which puzzles the mere philosopher. The invasions of the barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire, seemed to threaten its existence, but it survived and converted them. The revival of letters was expected by some to annihilate it: Catholicity survived the shock which society received from the Pagan spirit brought back with ancient literature, and saw the seats to which the proud spirit of man gave birth, changing their character every day and returning to practical heathenism. A Bunyan described the Pope as an old man on the verge of the grave, but the Pope has lived to see the churches of Bunyan "denying the Lord that brought them." The bark of Peter appears always to be just sinking—men of 'little faith' crying out, "we perish," but Christ is in the bark, and it is sure to survive every storm.

Macaulay, speaking of the Papacy, having remarked that though it has seen dynasties fall, "itself remains—not in decay—not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor," says "the number of her children is greater than in any former age..... nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had crossed the Rhine, even Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

I have detained you much longer than I anticipated, and yet I have not found time to treat of several very important topics which rose in this connexion. I will now barely remark, that if, as I have shown the institutions of this country did, as a matter of fact, owe their origin to Catholic influence, they would find in it their most sure protection. The spirit of equality engendered by Christian principles, the virtues inculcated by Catholic morality, the obedience and self-denial taught to the high and the low, and brought home by Catholic institutions would ever be the best safeguard for national liberty.

Catholicity will impart, in some degree, its own vitality and stability to the institutions that grew out of it, or with which it was connected.

The longest lived Republic that ever existed was one eminently Catholic—the Republic of Venice—which lasted for fourteen hundred years. And I need not tell you of the prowess of the Queen of the Adriatic, which, seated on a few barren islands, held in check for centuries, the whole power of the Musselman, and frequently turned the scale in the contests of Europe.

Small men who carped at rifles, can undoubtedly find in the history of a Church of eighteen centuries enough to form any picture they desired to paint, but a candid enquirer for truth will rise himself above all local circumstances, not depend upon the character of individuals, and forgetting what might be attributed to the vices or the virtues of the few, seek the true nature of what he examined in its general operations.

To use an illustration suggested, I think in a work of a learned friend, let me remind you that in the proudest days of imperial Rome, a fisherman from a distant land entered her walls without exciting any feelings probably but those of contempt. He came to preach a new religion to the masters of the world. He himself belonged to a nation universally despised. In a short time many became members of the church of which he was a minister, and the blessings of salvation were imparted to many of the proud sons of Rome. But the great ones of the land considered his progress as their disgrace. They endeavored to shake off Christianity as something threatening to become the shame, if not the ruin of the empire. Happily for themselves, they did not succeed. The Cross, from being a badge of infamy, became the ornament of the Roman standards, and by Christianity Rome gained immortality, whereas, without it, her name might have passed away, and her greatness, like that of Nineveh, or Babylon, have left scarcely a vestige behind.

The men of this land may not regard Catholicity with sentiments exactly similar to those with which Pagan Rome met the Prince of the Apostles, but feelings somewhat analogous exist in the breasts of many. Yet the day may come, when it will be found that this despised Catholicity will be the safe-guard of the Republic.

While the human-made religions may lend themselves to efforts of destruction, the temper of mind and

the habits engendered by Catholicity will be the best supporters of those institutions which they first founded. May they like her, be perpetual. May the bright cross, which was seen a few weeks ago shining over our smoky city, as I saw it stated in the columns of a daily paper, be not a mere natural phenomenon.—May it be a sign that the faith of which that cross is a symbol, is about to shed its lustre over the land. This hope is not incompatible with the bitter feelings against us, lately evinced by some, I trust a minority of my fellow-citizens. A persecution, fierce and bloody, was raging when the cross was seen by Constantine in the heavens, indicating his future triumph, and the approaching conversion of the Roman Empire. May the phenomenon to which I have alluded, be an emblem too, that all the inhabitants of this land will soon repose in the unity of Catholic faith, and partake for ever in the fullness of the temporal blessings granted to those who "seek first the kingdom of God."

\* The phenomenon alluded to is thus described in the *Pittsburgh Daily Gazette*, of the 21st ult.:—"On Thursday night (February 19) a beautiful cross, formed by streams of dazzling white light, appeared in the Northwest, and was so brilliant that the smallest object on the ground was distinctly visible."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.—The usual monthly meeting of the committee was held on Wednesday at the committee-rooms, 27, Lower Ormond-quay, Dublin, his Grace the Lord Primate in the Chair. The several communications received since last meeting were read; letters from the Rev. Francis McGinity, detailing the very successful and steady progress of his mission in London, and also from the Rev. missionaries in the United States. The amount of receipts since last meeting was announced to be £1,242 Os. 6d.—*Dublin Freeman*.

On the Saturday before Passion Sunday the Rev. Peter Bermingham, of the Dunboyne establishment, Maynooth, and the Rev. Michael Carney, also of Maynooth College, were ordained Priests in the Catholic Parochial Church of Monaghan, by the Bishop of Clogher, the Rev. Mr. Carney having, on the Wednesday previous (the feast St. Mac Carthu), been ordained deacon in the same church by the Lord Primate of all Ireland.

The Rev. Michael Scanlan, P.P., Cloughjordan, handed to the secretary of the grand jury, at the late Nenagh assizes, the sum of five pounds restitution money, to be placed to the credit of the barony of Upper Ormond in the forthcoming levy, and which sum has been accordingly noted in the county book for that purpose.—*Limerick Reporter*.

CONVERSION.—Mrs. Leonard Jackson, of Stockton-on-Tees, and her daughter (Miss Harvey) were received into the Catholic Church on the Festival of St. Joseph, at St. Mary's Church, Stockton-on-Tees.—*Dublin Freeman*.

ENGLISH CRIME AND ENGLISH DESTINY.

(From the Glasgow Free Press.)

The Liverpool spring assize opened a new career on Monday last, in a costly pile of building, upon which all the spare taste, as well as money, of the Liverpoolians is said to have been exhausted. The accounts of the internal accommodation are enough to fill with spleen the less favored judges and barristers on the other circuits. Plenty of room for the more fortunate of those gentlemen to dispose comfortably of their well-stored brief bags, and for the others to draw faces and scribble epigrams upon the elbow boards; ventilation enough to take away the disagreeable smell of the prisoners and jurymen; acoustical arrangement so happy that judge, jury, counsel, witnesses and prisoner, can almost negotiate their affairs in a whisper; while that amusing wiseacre, 'the public,' is able to lounge about the various courts with more freedom than in the Crystal Palace, smoking cigars, and keeping a general superintendence over the transaction of business—now winking at the judge, and then at the prisoner—occasionally nudging the counsel, more often treading on its own toes, and never failing to watch with solemn speculation the assumption of the black cap, and listen intently to the sentence of condemnation. In short, everything about the new Liverpool County Court agurs well for a jaunty career to all parties concerned—except one—and that is that very public which in this would appear to be, in the deepest intoxication of self-deluded self-complacency. It is impossible to imagine a more appalling evidence than the calendar affords of the internal state and condition of that same public, under the very nose of that pet of old maids and arch representative of Protestant baldness, the notorious McNeill:—

"The calendar," says the *Times* report, "is very heavy, containing the names of 113 prisoners. Of these 7 are charged with murder, and one with an assault with intent to murder, 8 with manslaughter, 5 with cutting and stabbing, 4 with rape, 14 with burglary, 48 with robbery with violence, 4 with feloniously placing stones on a railway, 4 with bigamy, 2 with coinage, 3 with forgery, and 5 with larceny and other offences."

This is one spot of England, at one assize! Prosperity undoubtedly induces self-love; and self-love and self-delusion are almost synonymous terms; and self-delusion cannot but occasion, both in nations and individuals, ridiculous inconsistencies; whilst in certain temperaments, and under certain circumstances its influence on the actions amounts to monomania. We deliberately and advisedly assert that the self-complacent condition of the English public, at the present moment, is the most confirmed case of national monomania on record.

We repeat emphatically, and we will take care the subject shall not be dropped, that it is an almost incredible psychological phenomenon, that of a nation with such an evidence staring it in the face, (and it is only one of a vast body of similar evidence—one that has occurred since our article on the subject in last week's paper,) daily ringing from end to end with vauntings of its enlightenment and prosperous condition—rightly in its Legislative Assembly doing out dismal ditties of the prevalence of Crime in Catholic Ireland—and, with an assurance of which none but a monomaniac could be guilty, actually demanding exceptional acts of Parliament to correct the improprieties of its naughty sister.

An evidence of another kind, but in the same direction, is supplied us in last Tuesday's *Times*, the

congenial flunkey of the blind portion of the public, and the panderer to its monomaniacal proceedings. Our readers will find the article in another part of our columns; and we beg to invite their especial attention to its confession of the condition of "poverty" in metropolitan Protestant society, revelling, as a portion of it does, in mammon, and bloated with material prosperity. What a contrast does it afford to those times called, in the ignorant phraseology of the day, the "dark ages," when the laboring class was not condemned, as now, to "work, work, work!"—an isolated class, uncheered by the sympathy of other classes, and unrefreshed by holidays and recreation—when kings, princes, nobles, and rich men, threw their possessions into a common stock, out of which no poor man ever knocked at a monastery gate without procuring relief; whilst the holy men who once owned them spent all their earthly hours in works of mercy, spiritual and temporal!

But what knows Protestantism of self-denial, or the sweet impulses of charity? Ignorant, conceited, bigoted, and rich, it crucifies charity to laws of mortmain; and, with one poor wretch in twenty starved to death in the open air, in its very midst, impudently declares that "there is no charity like English charity—there is no country in the world where such strenuous efforts have been made to relieve the destitution, and minister to the wants of the suffering classes."

We must not be mistaken. It is not English charity, or anything English, which invites, as we believe, all the indignant denunciation at our command. But it is that false and hypocritical incubus of England, self-conceited canting Protestantism, which we denounce—that Protestantism which makes Englishmen un-English, and England what it is not her nature to be. Give that direction and vent to the innate benevolence of the English character which the Catholic Church only can supply—revert to a state of things in which, although not universally practised, it shall be publicly and universally recognised, that the attainment of charity is a higher aim for a citizen than a fortune or a coronet; that to relieve the cravings of poverty is the highest object upon which a fortune can be expended; and to minister to the misfortunes of the distressed the brightest jewel that could glitter in a coronet—and you will have England—"merry old England!"—once more.

But so long as, by the infernal influence of an obsequious heresy, Englishmen relieve their poor through a rate-gatherer, and English charity is polluted into a tax—so long as 'our countrymen are rich and liberal, and charity with them must be transacted like other business, efficiently but quietly, and the exigencies may be forgotten until next audit-day'—so long must England be the mock of the nations, as a raving monomaniac clad in purple and gold, vaunting her enlightenment, her prosperity, her immunity from crime, compassionating the delinquencies of people amongst whom the crimes are unknown which are perpetrated daily in her midst, and blindly preferring herself to all, whilst haggard destitution is shivering and dying in heaps in her neglected alleys, and crime runs riot in her streets.

ENGLISH PROSPERITY.

(From the Times.)

Does it not appear, at first sight, a strange result of the terrible statistics of society, that upon an average 1 person out of 20 of the inhabitants of this luxurious metropolis is every day destitute of food and employment, and every night without a place for shelter and repose? There are very few of us who dwell in London who know all London. Belgravia, the clubs, and the parks, comprise the area of our man's knowledge; another knows every nook and corner in placid Bloomsbury; a third spends his life among those mysterious wharfs on the Surrey side of the great stream; a fourth may consider the misery of Bethnal-green and Spitalfields as the normal condition of mankind—his experience can suggest no alleviation of such unceasing suffering and struggle. So it is throughout. Even in the midst of all this bustle and turmoil, each one is confined to his own narrow sphere of action, and troubles himself but little as to his neighbor's fortunes. This urban indifference or apathy has been formalised in the short phrase, "Number 3 doesn't know what number 4 is about." Run down the sides of a long monotonous brick street; there shall be a christening in one house, a funeral in the next; here a bridal breakfast, and there an "execution" duly enforced by the sheriff's officers; Bridge-water or Bath house at one turn,—at the other the dry arch of Waterloo-bridge, or the "reviving-room" of the Royal Humane Society in Hyde Park. It is not that we need remain ignorant of such subjects, if we choose to be at the pains of inquiry. The police, the boards of guardians, the select committees of the Commons, the philanthropists, have all something to tell us, if we choose to open our ears to their reports. But the waves of unceasing labor roll on. An Englishman has always something ready to his hand which must, and many things which ought, to be done. Our countrymen, at least many of them, are rich and liberal. Charity with them must be transacted, like other business, efficiently but quickly, and then its exigencies may be forgotten until next audit-day. Let us not be interpreted as casting a slur upon English charity in its manifold developments—its schools, its hospitals, and its benevolent institutions. It may be that we are blessed with greater means than our neighbors; but if we judge by results, the conclusion is inevitable, that there is no charity like English charity—there is no country in the world where such strenuous efforts have been made to relieve the destitution and minister to the wants of the suffering classes. Notwithstanding all these efforts, it is a lamentable fact that in this very town of London alone, the centre and core of British civilisation, 100,000 persons are every day without food, save it be the precarious produce of a passing job or a crime. Since England was England, the general prosperity of the country has never reached so high a point as at the present moment. We mark with complacency the gradual rise of this swelling tide of wealth and luxury; we take no notice of the receding wave. Many schemes have been devised by politic or humane persons to remedy this acknowledged evil. The statesman erects his poor Law Unions, and the philanthropist his houses of refuge; but still the destitution continues. It is stated in the Registrar-General's annual report for 1849, "that nearly one human being died weekly in this wealthy metropolis from actual starvation." In the corresponding report for 1851, we find that 23 adults died from starvation, and 252 infants from want of breast milk or want of food. In the month of December, 1851, five adults died from starvation, and 29 infants from inanition.