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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE, THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.

Was anything concealed from Peter, who styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?—TERTULLIAN Prescrip. xiii.

There is one God, and one Church, and one Canon founded by the voice of the Lord: Peter. There is any other Altar erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever rejects either, scatters whatever is devised by him in irony, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is an heretic, impious, sacrilegious.—St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad p. 100.

All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme head of the Church, following his own invention, not persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Cat. xi. 1.

CALENDAR.

- June 18—Sunday—Trinity Sunday Doub. II class.
19—Monday—S. Juliana of Falconeria Vir Doub. Sup. com. &c.
20—Tuesday—S. Silverius P M Doub Sup
21—Wednesday—S. Aloysius of Gouzaga Conf Doub.
22—Thursday—Corpus Christi Doub I class.
23—Friday—(Vigil.) of the Octavo Semid.
24—Saturday—Nativity of St. John the Baptist with Oc. Doub I class.

HOLY WEEK IN EDINBURGH.

We beg to direct the attention of our Scotch readers to the following description of the Holy Week in Edinburgh.

[The following details reached us, last week, too late for insertion. We should be sorry to withhold them, as they will have lost little of their original interest.—Ed. Tab.]

Although somewhat late, I may perhaps be allowed to say somewhat of our celebration of Holy Week, and of how the Holy Church now walks in the open day among us, her northern children. Is it not a happy thing, when the south of Europe is being shorn of its glories, when the golden candlestick is being broken, and the braided raiment rent, that even we, the so long rejected ones of the north, should be allowed to take up the note of praise and acquire strength among the Churches, that we may assist in handing down the herloom of solemn rites to future times.

On Palm Sunday Saint Mary's Church was crowded. The Holy Guild of St. Joseph attended in full numbers, and in their solemn attire. Their procession swept from the side chapel into the west-end of the church, up the centre space, in a stream as striking from length as from all its insignia of stave and cross and banner.

The palms were blessed with the prayers of the Church, sprinkled with the holy drops, and fumed with the cloudy incense. The Bishop's seat was then first moved to the centre of the altar, from whence Bishop Gillis distributed palms to all the Clergy and clerks, and then down to the rails of the sanctuary, from whence he did the same to the members of the Holy Guild of St. Joseph, several members of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul carrying palms to all the people.

The procession, in which the Guild Brethren joined, then moved off in solemn array, to the Cloister Chapel, and the "Gloria Laus" having been sung, returned again to the Church, the Sub-deacon striking the door with the Cross, according to the rubric of the day. From my own knowledge of the impression produced on several of my Protestant acquaintances by such holy rites, I can gladly bear testimony that not a few of them deem our Catholic palm symbols at once graceful and sacred. They ask for fragments as gifts of friendship and pious relics. May they receive a blessing with them and soon come and obtain them as a right, in quality of true children of the One true Church, and directly from the hands of true Bishops of that Church. After the distribution of the palms his Lordship from the altar delivered an eloquent and affecting address to his flock, in which he dwelt on the principle of mutual dependence, as the means which the Catholic Church held out to fill up the chasm by which the classes of society are so unhappily separated; of that principle of Catholic charity by which the poor, the Church's legacy, would be cared for, and the existing anarchy set right. His Lordship concluded by calling upon the honorary members of the Holy Guild, whose leader was cast among the higher walls of life, to con-

forward and adopt the special attire of their humbler Brethren, the ordinary members, and to join them on Maunday Thursday in carrying the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament when being removed to the Cloister Chapel, thus publicly to testify the bond that united them, as an example to others, that they might go and do likewise.

At the conclusion of his Lordship's discourse High Mass, Coram Episcopo, was sung by the Reverend Mr. McKay.

On Maunday Thursday, though in the land of Knox, we were defrauded of no part of our heritage of ecclesiastical services. The Holy Guild again attended. Their Warden and three honorary members, wearing the guild robes and insignia, were permitted to bear a beautiful canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, as it was slowly borne down the Church, thence into the Cloister Chapel. Four of the Brethren of St. Vincent of Paul attended as Torch-bearers, and thus the Hidden Lord, the Bread of Life, was borne to the Altar of Repose. There a deputation of the Holy Guild watched day and night, to commemorate their Saviour's dereliction and by ceaseless service to make reparation for His wrongs.

The Altar of Repose itself, placed at the extremity of the long, low-arched Cloister Chapel, was very beautiful. The sanctuary was partly veiled from the kneeling multitude by curtained draperies. Thus, as if through the doorway of a sacred tent, the glowing Altar was perceived. Countless waxen tapers shown steadily from among a thousand flowers, and in front of the Tabernacle—as it were in place of the great stone rolled before the sepulchre—hung a large circular shield, stiff and solid, with diamonds, emeralds, and almost every variety of jewels, the temporary offering for the holy season of the ladies of the congregation. Kindled as it was by the surrounding lights, it poured out its colored rays from the represented tomb of the Just One, as if to recal the words of Isaac, that His sepulchre would everywhere be glorious.

Beneath the Altar lay a beautifully executed and effectively lighted figure of the entombed Saviour, while on either side stood vases of young freshly sprouted wheat, the ancient symbols in the Church of resurrection, and more particularly of the Rising of the Bread of Angels. From before the Altar the crowded worshippers were addressed in the evening, with the most pathetic earnestness and solemn force by their venerable senior Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Carruthers, the very tones of whose voice inspired love and reverence in the hearts of his flock.

In the afternoon of Maunday Thursday we had indeed a revival of the olden time in its best features. From among the poor Catholic men of Edinburgh the Society of St. Vincent of Paul had selected and clothed thirteen, whom they now brought before their Bishop for the ceremony of the Maunday.

It is impossible to do justice to the discourse of Bishop Gillis on this occasion. Standing before the Altar, he expounded the mysteries of Gospel lore, and the law of rule and dignity of power within the kingdom that God became man to found. We can sincerely say they were among the most effective and touching words we ever heard, and when he descended, and with mitred head slowly and in decent order knelt before each poor brother of the Lord Jesus Christ, and repeated before our eyes the wondrous acts of his Divine Master, of Him whose authority he hath, washing and kissing the feet of the poor and the unknown, there was a sense of the reality of the facts of the Gospel narrative, of all that was done eight hundred years ago, and of the Saviour's continued presence with and in His Church, that

no controversial theology could inspire, no written text convey. The Church triumphed in the proof of her wisdom in teaching by all methods, by rite and ceremonial as well as by exhortation and discourse.

On Good Friday was celebrated the "Mass of the Presanctified"—the Church in mourning, and the very pictures and crucifixes veiled. We have never heard Palestrina's "Passion" so given as on this occasion. His Lordship, Bishop Gillis, intoned the words of our Saviour—the choir those of the Jews, and the Scribes and Pharisees—the Rev. Mr. McManus those of Pilate, and the Rev. Mr. McKay chanted the narrative. Then followed Tenebrae in the evening, with the Lamentations, chanted with the same deep feeling and perfect skill.

But I forgot to mention that the Blessed Sacrament had been brought back from the Altar of Repose to the High Altar of the Church for the Mass of the Presanctified in the same beautiful procession as before. The Warden of the Holy Guild and the honorary members then sat within the sanctuary among the acolytes, their robes of ancient style harmonising well with those of the Bishop, Priest, and Deacon. Then came the solemn exhibition of the Cross—the thrice-entoned "Ecco lignum," and the laying of it and the image of the Crucified on the Altar steps. First the Bishops, and then the Clergy, prostrate on the ground, kissed the holy emblem of redemption. Then in solemn succession the members of the Holy Guild advanced into the sanctuary two and two, each couple prostrate together for a brief moment. Finally, after the conclusion of Mass, the Clergy presented the Crucifix to the congregation, kneeling in succession at the rails of the chancel.

On Holy Saturday the whole service of striking the light at the Church porch was given, and then the procession of Clergy and acolytes entered the temple. Thrice the Deacon, bearing the newly-kindled flame, knelt in the way up the Church, and intoned the solemn exclamation, "Lumen Christi!" Yes, on the day, placed between that of the sufferings of the Saviour on the cross for us, and that of his bursting the tomb and conquering death, well may the children of the Kingdom murmur to themselves, or exclaim aloud in astonished worship, without word or comment, "Light of Christ, Light of Christ!"

The inspiring tones of the "Exultet" followed, with the Blessing of the Paschal Candle, and High Mass and Vespers of the day.

The glorious services of Easter Sunday most nobly crowned the whole. The Church was thronged to suffocation. We were delighted to observe present several Protestants of note, and apparently in quite a reverential spirit, however great the Scottish prejudice in favour of Puritanic baldness and against the Church's principle of offering up Art and Beauty to God.

The reappearance of the Holy Guild in still greater numbers than on the previous Sunday, the Pontifical High Mass, the Bishop's address, the bursts of organ and of choir, the throng of brodered robes about the Altar, the shining lofty mitre, the golden crozier in Episcopal hands, and the upward-whirling wreaths of incense before the Altar of the New Law—all this is now freely witnessed in the capital of Protestant Scotland, and all this is, by many of the better informed at least, gladly allowed to the Spouse of Christ on the day that gave us a hope beyond earth, and that saw the conquest of death.

In the evening the Vespers of the Festival were solemnly chanted, after which Bishop Gillis again addressed the congregation, and the soul-stirring services terminated with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It only remains to be observed that a circumstance of peculiar local interest was this year added to the celebration of Easter Sunday here, in the collection recommended by the Bishops, and liberally answered on that day at St. Mary's, in behalf of the unemployed operatives of the city.—Correspondent.

THE JESUITS OF NAPLES.

Mr. Percival Ward, an Anglican clergyman in the diocese of Salisbury, now in Italy, has published at Naples an enthusiastic appeal in behalf of the Jesuits, from which we extract the following:

On the morning of Friday the 10th inst., a mob of about one hundred and fifty young men presented themselves at the entrance of the college in the Largo di Mercatello armed with pistols and sword-sticks, crying, 'Morte ai Gesuiti,' and demanding the instant dismissal of the pupils. The Provincial of the college went down to them and said, that if the people of Naples wished the departure of the Jesuits, they would go at once, for they did not desire to press their services on an unwilling people. They then obliged him to sign a paper, that they would all go the next day.

After this he assembled the Fathers for his last sermon to them, but he was too much affected to proceed with it, and only told them that the time seemed come for them to obey the command of their Lord, 'When they persecute you in one city flee unto another;' and he was going on to give them advice as to their future course, when the whole body of young men, together with some of the National Guard, rushed tumultuously into the room, where they were met together, and took possession of the whole building, treating its inmates with the greatest insolence. The report of the disturbance having been spread, many of the parents arrived about this time, and took away their own sons and those of their friends and acquaintances; so that they were all very shortly after this safe and clear out of the college.

About this time Signor Tofano, the Prefet of Police, arrived from the King's Council; he went up to Padre Cappellone and taking him by the hand, said, 'Ah! in what difficulty and danger do I see you! I can only advise you to provide each for your own safety in the best way you can, and leave the college one by one instantly.' The Father replied, 'Why, what have we done? Why does the King expel us? Signor Tofano answered, 'It is not an order of the Council, only my advice to you.' While this conversation was going on, some of the young men who were looking on at a little distance, came forward with the utmost violence threatening Signor Tofano with death, if he did not instantly dismiss the Jesuits. The Prefet then retired, and the Padri were left to the surveillance of the National Guard. Some of them attempted to go out, but they were driven back by the scoundrels, as though they were prisoners. In this state I myself saw the College, having with some difficulty obtained permission to pay a visit to my friend within it. The gates were strongly guarded, and the corridors were filled with armed men and the Reverend Fathers in the most unseemly confusion. All the beautiful order and propriety of that once tranquil and holy house was destroyed. Still, among those Reverend Fathers, I can bear witness, that not one clerk was blanched with fear, nor did one word of anger escape their lips; the same calm, collected, and gentle manner, which had ever marked them in prosperity, distinguished them now. And so they passed that night in the midst of danger and

insults, refused food, not allowed to go to their own chambers, packed together in one room, and locked up as criminals; threatened with personal violence; and one, who had fainted from exhaustion, ridiculed and ill treated. And all this, I need not tell you, in direct violation of the law. The next day, after six and thirty hours without food and sleep, they were all driven from their homes, as convicted felons are taken to the galleys. I saw them to the last; through the kindness of an officer on duty I was close to the carriages as they got into them, worn down as they were by so many hours of anxiety and sorrow, by want of food and sleep, not even then did their self-possession leave them; their intellectual faculties were full of ardour indeed, and one very young man, leaving his "cara Napoli" and his still more dear and religious home, for perhaps the first time, was in tears; but not one brow had a trace of fear, or guilt, or shame, no, nor of anger or reproach; gently and courteously they took their places in the crowded carriages; whilst they made their last adieus to any friends near sorrowfully indeed, but tranquilly and affectionately. When I bowed to the good Padre Capellone, the dear old man even gave me his blessing from his carriage window, with the same sweet and gentle smile, with which I had ever seen him greet both high and low, when all thought it an honour and privilege to approach him. But I must speak of a more painful scene; the last Padre brought down was a very old Spaniard, so entire a cripple from rheumatism, that he was obliged to be carried in a chair,* the door of the carriage was too small for the chair to pass through, and though the utmost care and tenderness was shown by the officers and attendants, the pain the poor old man was necessarily put to was so excessive, that after a time he fainted away; his cries were most piteous, and yet between the various attempts to get him in, he seemed to smile on those around him; at last they opened the head of the carriage, and so put him over the side: this lasted full twenty minutes. I quite pitied the officers on duty; they could not and they did not attempt to conceal their indignation and disgust at the whole proceeding; I am sure there is not one of these brave Swiss who would not rather stand under a whole day's fire of an Austrian battery than again go through a similar degrading duty. Twice, I am told, did the Spanish ambassador demand that old man to be given up to him, but he was refused. Had he been the subject of a stronger and more energetic power, would he have been refused? This was the last; the melancholy cortege moved on, as a funeral procession, through the streets of Naples to the harbour, amid, I must say, a most respectful silence from all, and the tears and reverent salutations of very many. Young men and old, the novice and the aged Priest, the strong and the infirm, the Neapolitan and the stranger, all were carried off as convicted felons, under a strong guard of soldiers and National Guard.†

I went down to the Mole, got into a boat and rowed to the place of their embarkation. It was blowing a gale of wind, not another ship was leaving the harbour, and it was such a day altogether, that even a good sailor would not have put to sea in it, except from necessity; and yet those poor Priests, who had perhaps never been in a boat before, were mercifully turned about to be exposed to the sea and storm in a miserable little steamer, without the smallest article of clothing except those on their backs. But not then did their calm courage fail them; no weather-beaten sailor could have stepped into a boat with more steady confidence than did the oldest and the youngest of that exiled band of Priests.‡ And thus they were sent as prisoners to Bona, there to wait the further orders of their persecutors. The next day, a large steamer was sent for their use, and they were also allowed to land, but still as convicted felons, they were sent to prison into the castle of Bona. Here passports were sent to them from Lord Napier for Malta, and I confess I did feel proud, and I do feel proud, that the only resting-place those poor persecuted Jesuits could and should have been under the flag of Protestant England, England the free, the loyal, and the just!

* He was also covered with sores.
† The old crippled father had to sit on the open deck in the torrents of rain which streamed down over part of him, being unable to get under cover.
‡ They were kept on board the little steamer (used for the galley slaves), for three days and nights—their only food the mess of the galley-slaves, so nauseous that until starting some of them could not touch it, and some could not eat it at all.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JUNE 17.
THE IRISH FELON.

Mr. Mitchell has been tried and convicted by a Packed Jury, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. He was hurried off on the very day of his sentence, and is now in the midst of the Atlantic on his way to Bermuda. The Ministry and their adherents in England and Ireland are chuckling over this event as if it were a great triumph. We look upon it as a defeat, a crushing, disgraceful defeat. It proclaims to Europe, to the wide world, that English law in Ireland is not based on truth, or justice, or affection, or public opinion, but on the most atrocious tyranny. The Catholics of Ireland, that is, seven eighths of the Irish Nation have been insulted, proscribed and declared unworthy of credit on their oaths in the trial of a Presbyterian fellow-countryman, John Mitchell. The natural sequence of this vile and unconstitutional precedent will be, to exclude Catholics, and all Liberal Protestants from the Jury Box in every political trial, and to make a few thousand Orangemen of the Purple school, arbiters of the liberties and lives of eight millions of Irishmen. And this is called the pacification of Ireland, the triumph of law and order, the extinction of the Repeal agitation!

Why, we may say it is only now that the agitation has become really formidable. Now the question assumes a fearful aspect for the imperial despots, and now for the first time have the people been driven to such a pitch of fury and hatred, and dogged hostility, by the insane policy of the Government—if such a set of imbeciles can be called a Government—that England must either relax her robber grasp, or waive the bloody flag once more over the prostrate corpses of a million of Irishmen.

And this is all that has been achieved by the trial and expatriation of John Mitchell.

Every heart that is not steeled by the ferocity of faction against the dictates of humanity must feel deeply for the hapless gentleman himself and for his bereaved widow and orphans. Even "Our Sovereign Lady the Queen" in whose name this legal tragedy has been enacted must sympathise with Mrs. Mitchell.

We need not repeat that we do not subscribe to all his doctrines and opinions. We believe some of them would lead to universal anarchy. But all his errors of judgment are now forgotten. We feel that he "loved Ireland not wisely, but too well," and we know that he is the victim of English oppression. His conduct in many instances seemed to us so rash, some of his doctrines so dangerous:—his connections were so suspicious, and his attacks upon the memory of Ireland's greatest Benefactor, were so unwise and impolitic—not to speak of their injustice—that we confess we could not, at this distance from the scene, make up our minds upon the sincerity of Mr. Mitchell's character. But all doubt on that point is now at an end. He has passed through the ordeal with undaunted bravery and credit. He has confronted tyranny in high places; he has exposed his manly breast to the enemies of Ireland; he has perilled his all:—life, liberty, domestic endearments, wife, children, family, friends and country has he forfeited through his love for Ireland. We say life, because the inhuman sentence of fourteen years' exile upon a man of his delicate constitution, and cultivated mind is, to all intents and purposes, a sentence of death. Who then can doubt his honesty? What Irishman can be so base as to carp at his errors of judgment instead of admiring the noble and patriotic feelings of his truly Irish heart? He is not of our religion it is true, but this does not diminish in aught our sympathy for his fate. He is a Presbyterian, but we thank God that he has not been sent to the felon's cell, nor manacled with the felon's gyves, nor doomed to the felon's hard lot, by the finding or sentence of his Catholic fellow countrymen. We use the legal fiction when we call him a felon; his admiring countrymen have already elevated him to the dignity of a martyr. His name has become another watchword for Repeal and National independence, and the brutality with which he has been treated will recoil with terrible effect upon the heads of the oppressors. A conviction by a packed Dublin Jury has never been accounted a disgrace in Ireland, and never will be. More robbery, oppression and murder have been committed in Dublin under the cruel mockery of legal forms than in all the cities of the world. And as for the Juries, we are certain that if the Redeemer of the world

was brought to trial for any imaginable offence a Jury could be easily packed in Dublin who would convict him and consign him to an ignominious death with far more celerity than the timid Judge who washed his hands and declared himself innocent of his blood. A Dublin Jury would beat Pilate hollow, as well as "out-herod Herod."

IRELAND—PROSPECTS OF UNION.

It is passing strange that John Mitchell, whose name produced nothing but discord a few weeks ago, is now likely to prove a magical charm for the accomplishment of union amongst all classes of his brother-repealers. Nothing is spoken of but fraternization, oblivion of past differences, renewed and combined exertions for the common cause of Fatherland. Conciliation Hall has, in the name of Ireland, adopted the widow and orphans of the Patriot "Felon" and placed them under the supreme protection of the Irish nation. Subscriptions for Mrs. Mitchell and her family are pouring in from all sides. The noble-hearted Lord Concurry has sent £100 and Richard O'Gorman and Son £75 to this benevolent and patriotic fund. John O'Connell and his amiable Lady have also subscribed, and the good example will, we are sure, be generally followed. This "Mitchell Fund" will accomplish two objects. It will afford substantial relief and consolation to the bereaved family of "the poor Exile of Erin" and it will convince the English Government that the National cry for Repeal is not to be put down by packed Juries, or partizan Judges, or brutal Policemen, or "all the pomp, pride, and circumstances of glorious war." The "Saxon" cannot say that there is any conspiracy, or secret plotting, or private oaths, or badges or passwords in the present Irish movement. All is open and avowed. The people have announced their firm determination; they have given their challenge, they have named their terms. They have declared they will not submit to be starved or plundered or trampled upon or murdered any longer in their own land, and they are all uniting to carry out their resolve. John O'Connell has been at the bedside of Smith O'Brien to take counsel for the national weal, and we may speedily look for a thorough union between all true Irishmen, and this is the first loss England has gained by the Mitchell triumph! Add to this another item—the various Chartist outbreaks consequent upon Mitchell's trial, and we will see how much reason she has to boast of this great victory!

WHITSUNTIDE.

The Grand Festival of Pentecost was solemnized at our Cathedral on Sunday last, when the Bishop offered a Pontifical High Mass, assisted by the Vicar General and the Rev. Messrs. Hannan, Lyons, McIsaac, and Madden. The usual Easter offerings were made also on that day at all the Churches, and the zeal of the Catholics of Halifax for the respectable support of their Bishop, Clergy, and Religious Establishments, was manifested with all their wonted liberality.

On Tuesday an interesting and beautiful ceremony, one seldom witnessed in these parts, took place at St. Mary's. This was the consecration by the Bishop, assisted by the Clergy, of several portable Marble Altars. On each altar was sculptured five Crosses, and a small repository or Sepulchre for the Relics of the Martyrs, which are enclosed with grains of Incense in every altar. Water, salt, ashes, and wine, were exorcised, blessed, and mingled together. With these the Altar Crosses were signed, and the Altars themselves sprinkled. They were then twice anointed with the oil of Catechumens, and also with the sacred Chrism, and their entire surface anointed with the mixture of both. The Sepulchres were also blessed and anointed, and each of the Altars several times incensed. A Cross of grains of Incense was formed by the Bishop on each of the five Crosses of every Altar, on each Cross of Incense was formed another Cross of four lighted wax tapers, all of which were lighted, and, with the Incense, consumed, as a holocaust on each Altar. The relics of various martyrs, procured at Rome, were reverently enclosed in each with three grains of Incense, and carefully sealed up. On the whole, we have never witnessed a more instructive or impressive ceremony. The various allusions to the Altars and Sacrifices of the Old Law, and above all to the Adorable and Unbloody Sacrifice of the New, for the offering of which those Altars are consecrated, were significant and beautiful in the highest degree. The multiplication of Catholic Churches in the Diocese created the

necessity of consecrating those new Altars. We may soon expect to behold another solemn rite of our holy Religion in the consecration of St. Patrick's Church. The stone has been laid and the foundations built, and the walls erected, and the roof finished, and the altar set up, and many of the interior arrangements completed, and all it now requires is the solemn dedication to the Honour and Glory of the Eternal True and Living God, under the invocation and hallowed name of Ireland's great Apostle, whose majestic and venerable figure in the Eastern chancel meets the eye on entering the sacred edifice.

Jam omnia prima novo surgunt fundamenta templo
Attolluntque Crucem, sacra in veste sacerdos
Spargens rore levi, sacraque aspergino lymphæ
Lustrabitque locum, fundetque precantia vota,
Ac silicem inscriptum faustis pro muro sequetur
Ominibus, stabilemque petet per secula sedem,
Sed cum delubri se jam fastigia celo
Extulerint, et digna Deo domus auspicio stabit,
Quid memorem rursus longo celebrata parata
Prima loci auspicia, et solemnem ordinem ritus,
Jejunasque preces, olei et libamina sacri,
Et super aurato lucentes stipite ceras,
Inspersosque solo cineres, inscriptaque signa,
Præsul ubi arcanas voces, tacitusque precatus
Fundit humi incumbens, ab verba potentia dicit.*

* Pontificalo.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Abbe Lacordaire has resigned his seat in the French National Assembly.

The Archbishop of Cologne has been elected to sit in the Constituent Assembly at Berlin. What a change in ten years, since the brutal imprisonment of his illustrious and holy predecessor?

The Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel have ordered Prayers for the Pope in their respective Dioceses.

On the authority of letters received from France it is said that the persecution against the Christians had ceased in Cochin China, in consequence of the death of Thieu-Tri.

The Bishop of Quimper has declared that after the present Session of the National Assembly he will return to his Diocese, and come back no more.

The Evangelical Church founded in Prussia by the late King has nearly fallen to pieces. The present Sovereign is attempting to cobble it up, but without any success. The result of the present European revolution will probably be to divide the masses into two parts, viz., Catholics and Unbelievers.

The Archbishop of Paris has published a new Regulation concerning all the Parochial Clergy in that City. The Cure of St. Roch has resigned his Parish to the great regret of his flock.

The National Bard of Erin, Thomas Moore, is engaged, it is said, in writing a Poem illustrative of the principal events in the life of O'Connell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Protestant has given us his name, and we will attend to some of his objections next week. We might refer him to various authorities on the mooted subjects, but perhaps they may not be within his reach. We will therefore print some of them for his perusal, as well as for that of other Protestant readers. We must again beg to be excused from inserting any allusions to the Chapel of Ease. In every society, and especially in Religious bodies, there are always some brawlers and dissentients. No arrangements or administration can satisfy all parties, and as for those Religious and Church squabbles which from time to time break out amongst Christians, we think any interference from parties not immediately concerned, to be totally uncalled for. We have received various communications relative to the recent trial and other events in Ireland. They do not disturb in the least the equanimity of our judgment on public men and things. We do not require on the one hand to be told that Mr. Mitchell practiced some very dangerous dogmas, nor on the other that that gentleman is an honour to his country and a man of undoubted heroism. Our estimate of England's "Felon" and Ireland's "Patriot" is almost identical with that formed of him even by some of his admiring brother Confederates. The time however for descending on his imperfections has gone by, and we would not only gratify the common enemy by alluding to his errors. His bitterest opponents must admit that he met his fate like a brave man—that he was cool and collected throughout the recent trying scenes, and that when the heart-rending moment of separation arrived

"Atqui crebat que sibi barbarus
Factor parat—"
he quitted the land he loved so dearly, with as much staid fortitude as Regulus himself.

THE IRISH TRAPPISTS.

We copy the following from a Montreal paper. The worthy Monk alluded to has just arrived here from New Brunswick, and intends, we understand, to visit some of the neighbouring Provinces on his charitable and religious mission:

MOUNT MALLERAY ABBEY—Brother Macarius, a professed member of the Monks of La Trappe, is in our city, soliciting the contributions of the faithful, for the relief of his community, established, some few years ago, near Cappoquin in the county of Waterford, Ireland. Any alms which the charitable may be disposed to offer in aid of the pious and laborious monks of Mount Mellery, may be safely entrusted to Brother Macarius, as he brings with him testimonials and recommendations from his Abbot, from most of the Bishops of Ireland, and from many eminent pious laymen of Ireland and England.

To those who desire to confer a double benefit, the greater of which will accrue to themselves, we recommend the charitable mission of Brother Macarius. He will thankfully receive any contributions, however trivial, and in return, the donor will earn the continued and fervent prayers of devout recluses of La Trappe. From the following statement some idea may be formed of the numerous advantages resulting from the new settlement of Cistercian Monks at Mellery to religion, to the community at large, and to the pious benefactors.

“It affords proof of what may be accomplished by preserving industry, in the way of reclaiming the numerous and uncultivated tracts which are found in so many parts of Ireland, while it tends to form good Christians and peaceable subjects, and produces useful employment for the labouring poor. It is a faithful nursery of morality, which, being inculcated and impressed upon the ignorant, will preserve or withdraw them from vice and turbulence, and thus prepare them to become happy, profitable, and edifying members of society. To the liberal and humane feelings of their countrymen the community now confidently look for the assistance, that they may be enabled to continue to impart these invaluable blessings to the peasantry of the surrounding district.”

Should we be asked of what use to society can this establishment of solitary monks be?—They are entirely devoted to prayer and manual labor, and can be of but little service to any but themselves. It is not so; and though it were so, are their prayers and examples nothing to society? Do not their lives preach sobriety, industry, perseverance, to those who enjoy the happiness of having them in their midst? They teach the peasant how to reclaim the barren waste; they remind us of the days when Ireland needed no work houses for the poor, where the parents are separated from their children, the husband from his wife, the days of generous, openhanded hospitality, when the convent bell told the hungry and weary traveller where to find food and rest, when the ever-open gates of the monastery admitted to its plentiful but frugal board both lord and serf. But not to prayer and manual labor alone are the good brothers of Mount Mellery devoted. They pray frequently and daily, many times each day, for their benefactors and friends, for whose prosperity they offer the Holy Sacrifice every morning, pray for the whole kingdom, for all classes in society, for every state and condition of men, friends, and enemies for the entire body of the clergy and their flocks, for the whole Church of Christ in every kingdom and nation on earth.

Secondly,—They have allotted a part of their church to the use of the people, where all without exception, are furnished with every means to discharge their Christian duties.

Thirdly,—They give public instructions on Sundays and Festivals to adults, which is followed by teaching the ordinary catechism to the poor children who attend for that purpose.

Fourthly,—They give employment to many of the poor peasantry, protect and assist them, frequently with considerable inconvenience to themselves.

Fifthly,—They relieve the poor distressed who come to their Abbey, from various parts of the kingdom, never refusing to share with them their own necessary food.

Sixthly,—They assist the secular clergy of the Parishes in cases when called upon, administer the rites of the Church in other cases of imminent danger, when the circumstances are of a character so urgent as not to allow time to call in the Parochial clergy.

Brother Macarius' residence is at Mrs. Harney's Boarding House, No. 22, opposite the South end of St. Paul's Church.

[For the Cross.]

THE CATHEMERINON OF PRUDENTIUS.
No. 2.

HYLÆUS MATUTINÆ.

“Nox et tenebræ, et nubila
Confusa mundi, et turbida
Læva intrat, albescit polus
Christus venit, discedite.

Caligo terræ scinditur,
Pericussa solis spiculo;
Rebusquo jam color redit
Vultu nitentis sideris.” &c.

O fly, ye gloomy shades of night!
Ye mists that darken all things! fly—
The dawn breaks forth—the sky grows bright,
And lo! the Saviour draweth nigh.

The darkness leaves our earthly scene,
Before the bright approach of day,
And nature once again looks green
Beneath the sun's resplendent ray.

From every vice—from every crime—
From wretched mortals' every stain
Thus shall depart the mists of time,
When Christ the Lord shall come again.

No power shall then conceal from sight
The secret workings of the mind,
For judgement shall, in noonday light,
Expose them clear to all mankind.

His way of ill the thief begins
When shades of evening round him fall,
But morn' that hates his secret sins,
Betrays his wicked course to all.

Injustice, wily and untrue,
Exerts, thro' night her fraudulent power,
The lustful heart rejoices too,
In the deep gloom of midnight's hour.

But when bursts forth the golden day
The sinner blushes, weeps, and pines;
None may pursue their evil way
When daylight's glory round them shines.

Who does not weep in morning hour,
The late wild love of wassail bowl,
When reason hath resumed her power
And holy thoughts come o'er the soul?

Then let us live as we would die,
And let no evil thought have sway,
And if the past went idly by
Be better spent each coming day.

Now is the hour for every sphere—
For every work of hand or brain—
The artisan—the merchant—peer—
The noble chief—the rural swain.

One glories in forensic strife—
Another loves the marshal strain—
The merchant, peasant, lavish life
In the pursuit of greedy gain.

But we in eloquence unskilled—
To gold and guile alike unknown—
Untutored to the warlike field,
Seek after thee, O Lord! alone.

In purity we come to thee,
With tuneful voice and holy lay,
We suppliant bend an humble knee,
And singing, weep; and weeping, pray.

In these sweet works is all our joy—
Such is the wealth our bosoms prize,
And we begin the blest employ,
When the bright sun first gilds the skies.

Oh listen to our humble prayer—
Oh make each heart of darkness, bright—
Full many a gloomy shade is there,
To be illumined by the light.

Wash thou each trace of sin away,
And let us be as pure again,
As on that bright, baptismal day,
When we were cleansed from every stain.

Whate'er this cloudy vale of tears
May henceforth shadow with its gloom,
Do thou King of the starry spheres
With thy sweet countenance illumo.

Amid the lonely hours of night,
Did Jacob, doting, wrestle on,
Against a dreadful angel's might,
Until the rising morning shone.

But when the radiant light arose,
He felt his lessening strength decay,
No longer able to oppose
The vanquished Patriarch gave way.

The wondrous truth proclaims aloud
How soon shall mortal's power be riven,
When he would stand, with spirit proud,
Against the mighty will of heaven.

At length may all that gloom depart
Which kept us from the light so long,
And drew aside the wayward heart
To many a path of sin and wrong.

Sweet may the morn' upon us smile,
May every soul be bright and pure,
Far from our bosoms be all guile,
Far from our bosoms be all guile.

Thus may each happy day go by
With tongue nor hand to do no ill,
Each sight of sin from every eye,
And all the body stainless still.

There is enthroned on high a power
Which doth our actions all survey,
Watching as close thro' every hour,
E'en from the dawn till close of day.

All things are under his control,
He knows whatever men pursue,
The very secrets of the soul,
And nothing can escape his view.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, June 7, 1848.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION IN CANADA.

“Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims upon the proceeds of the sale of the Protestant Church at Point Levy, in the Town of Aubigny, are requested to send in their accounts to George Chapman, Esq., senior Church Warden, Point Levy, on or before the fifteenth of July next, in order that the money may be distributed. May 18, 1848.”

The above advertisement is copied from the Quebec “Morning Chronicle” of 1st June, 1848. What are the Exter Hall Societies about?

BERMUDA.

The Rev. Mr. McLeod has safely arrived after an agreeable passage of ten days, and his arrival has been hailed with joy by the Catholics of the island, and especially by the poor convicts, who thought they should never behold a Priest again. We have been informed that in answer to an application from the Bishop of Halifax, Lord Grey has written to state that an allowance will be made by the Government for a Catholic Chaplain to the convicts at Bermuda.

ST. PATRICK'S.

The Meeting of the Monthly Collectors for this Church will be held on Friday Evening next at the usual place and hour. A punctual attendance is requested.

In the List of Subscriptions collected at Dartmouth for the Propagation of the Faith, and recently published in this Journal, the following was omitted through mistake:—

Miss Mary Fogarty, . . . £0 15 0

THE RICHEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD.
CASES OF STARVATION.

The Bishop of Lincoln referred to the two cases of starvation mentioned in the report of the Times on Mr. Horsman's motion. He had written to that gentleman and received an answer. In his answer he tells me (said his Lordship) that the report in the Times is incorrect; that he did not state that two clergymen had died of starvation; but that he could give instances of clergymen who had died in such a state of destitution that it would hardly be too much to say that it was bordering on starvation. In confirmation of this, as I asked him for two cases, he enclosed an extract from a report made to him on the subject in January last, and of the correctness of which, in all essential points, he had no doubt. He adds, they are by no means the only cases of extreme destitution and suffering which he could cite:—“In the parish of Auburn, six miles and a quarter from Lincoln, there died, in the year 1834, the Rev. Mr. Watkins, the vicar of that parish. He came there in 1810, a widower. Some years after he became afflicted with a cancer. Of course he stood in urgent need of the best medical assistance, but his income, £45 per annum, and that sometimes not regularly paid, precluded the possibility of his obtaining such advice. His disease became so terrible, and superadded to the misery of his position, weighed down his health and spirits so heavily, that he was driven to the consumption of opium in order to produce stupefaction. Thus he went on for several years. The services of the church were of course neglected. Sometimes there was no service for six or nine weeks together. No administration of the Sacrament for two years. A large dissenting chapel sprung up, and the district soon became, what it still remains, the focus of dissent. Sometimes, when the poor vicar awoke completely to a sense of his position, it is reported his feelings proved almost maddening. He had no one to care for him—not even a servant to look after him. He was obliged sometimes—so deep was his poverty—even to beg his daily bread. He was forced to the humiliating necessity of asking for the smallest sums of money from neighbouring Clergy, not as a loan but absolutely as a gift. At

must indeed have required all the fortitude of a Christian minister to endure—agony of body, agony of spirit, agony of mind! He died with no other attendant about him than a charwoman, and he was buried at the cost, and by the direction of the Clergy of the adjacent villages. Nor is this a singular case of distress. Within the last few days a case has occurred in this very city, by no means dissimilar from that I have depicted. The incumbent of a parish of £95 a year, two miles from the cathedral, has died. His death was occasioned, I am sorry to say, by his own excesses, and therefore that amount of pity cannot be entertained for him that must be felt for the poor vicar of Auburn. But the account of his death—I have it from one cognizant of all the facts—is dreadful. He had been some time ill; his wife was ill also. The only other person in the house was a little workhouse girl of 15 or 16 years of age—a dreadful beginning of life indeed for her. In the middle of the night this child was awoken by the poor man's groans. She went to his room, found him writhing in extreme agony, threw a sheet over him, and felt him wretchedly. It was not till late in the evening that any one could be got to approach the wretched deathbed. When they searched the house not a single coin of any kind, nor a single article of food, was to be found. The body of this clergyman of the Established Church of England and Ireland was interred at the cost of Archdeacon Bonney.”

LONDON.

GREENWICH.—What breast does not heave, what heart does not beat, at the mention of this spot—the nursery and last home of the British sailor! How many of our readers have visited that splendid home which England gives to her veteran defenders; paced its ample halls, and, warming with natural enthusiasm, described to their young companions the pictorial representations of our naval glories which decorate its noble gallery? But entering the beautiful chapel wherein the aged tar pours forth his prayer of thanksgiving from the ample and well-cushioned pews, did these visitors ever give a thought to the many, very many members of that noble institution who could not kneel in that chapel, who having equalled, perhaps excelled, their fellows in the hour of danger in defence of their country and their sovereign, forget not the allegiance to the Church of their fathers—the founders of England's navy? Did they, I ask, give a thought to the place in which these men worshipped? To a mean and obscure part of the town, surrounded by the abodes of vice and intamy, these aged men are forced to bend their trembling limbs, and too often, alas! (the wretched barn claimed as their chapel being full) are compelled to kneel in the open yard, on the cold stone, and under a pelting rain. Oh! what a contrast to the faithful piety of these poor sons of Holy Church, in their present position, present to their names in the painted and gilded temple of the hospital. The grief which such sad, though in some measure consoling, spectacles caused to the truly worthy Pastor, who shall tell? It may perhaps be better judged of from the fact that he has allowed himself no rest, until he should provide a shelter for these venerable heads grown gray in their country's service. After many efforts, after a sad shipwreck of a hardly gained prize, he has at length succeeded in obtaining a site whereon to build a goodly ship for his gallant crew. But he is struggling with the difficulties known only to those who are engaged in Catholic church-building at the present time. Most cheerless, then, are the prospects of this good Priest, who is erecting a church in honour of God and our Lady, Star of the Sea, to the dignity of Holy Church and the comfort of the old Catholic prisoners of Greenwich Hospital. Well may he adapt the lines of the sailor's muse and exclaim:—

“Ye Catholics of England, who sit at home in ease,
How little do ye think of the dangers of the seas,
Or you would not leave a poor Priest to struggle alone,
Unaided, to build a harbour of peace, where
In the aged seamen may lay by in peace and comfort,
To prepare himself worthy and stoutly
To take his last voyage to the haven of bliss.” Will it be credited that the whole sum subscribed towards this truly national Catholic work by the Catholic laity of England (exclusive of the Greenwich congregation) including the donations of one noble family, do not amount to £100, or a fifth of the sum given by our Protestant Government. Despite his difficulties, however, he continues his holy work. The chancel, chapels and sacristy are roofed-in, the piers of the nave erected, and the tower steadily rising over the noble park which it faces. To those who have time and opportunity I would say run down, and judge of these beautiful and massive works (from the design of W. W. Wardell, Esq.), and leave some memento of your visit with the good Priest, whose house adjoins the church; but to the Catholics of all England I would suggest the giving up of their appreciation of the value and of the venerable defenders of the walled walls of Old England, and to “spare a corner for an old man.”

From the Philadelphia Catholic Herald.
ANNIVERSARY OF THE "AMERICAN
PROTESTANT SOCIETY."

At the recent Anniversary of the "American Protestant Society" in New York, Mr. Kirk, one of the most celebrated Protestant preachers, made a speech, in which he exhibited a little more reason and charity than is generally manifested on such occasions, by uttering the following remarks:

"For I agree in no small degree with Bishop Hughes on the subject of schools. I do not believe that we have a right to compel Catholic children to read the Bible against their will. It is desirable, indeed, that Catholic children should read the Bible; but it is highly doubtful whether it is the province of the State to enforce its perusal. And this sentiment is becoming so general, that it will never be in the power of schools to correct the tendencies of Romanism."

Mr. Kirk is right. The "sentiment" of which he speaks has fortunately become "so general" among the American people that there is every reason to hope that there will be no further attempts to do violence to the conscience of Catholic children, by compelling them to read the Bible, or rather the Protestant version of the Bible, for it is that, and that only, that Catholics object to, although Protestants, when speaking of the subject, carefully avoid this important fact.

On the same occasion, another speaker (Dr. Bacon) made the following acknowledgment as to the failure of the "Reformation":

"In some important respects the Reformation of the sixteenth century was a failure. It has stood upon its frontier line for three centuries, and made no progress. It committed one grand mistake. It failed to seize one element of life without which there is no life. It did not found itself, deep and strong, upon the doctrine of religious freedom. There was the mistake which committed the interests of the Reformation into the hands of kings and electors, that made of Protestantism something like a mummy, bound and bandaged, hand and foot, by the wrappings of State authority and ministerial dictation. That was the mistake that kindled at Geneva the mournful fires of Servetus' stake. That was the mistake that must detract, in spite of all our reverence for his incomparable merits, something from the greatness of Calvin's name, that he did not comprehend the meaning, much less expound, enforce, and exemplify the idea of religious liberty."

Our Protestant brethren are surely growing either wiser or more candid than they were formerly. It has generally been their policy to represent Protestantism and Liberty, as having been born and nurtured together, and on the other hand Catholicity as every where and always allied to despotism. But we are right glad that they are beginning to discover, or at least to acknowledge, that Protestantism, in its days of weakness, did by no means disdain the "aid and comfort" of monarchy and tyranny. When, then, in future, they shall be tempted to seek to excite prejudice against Catholicity by representing it as the ally of despotism in days gone by, we hope they will remember their own history.

Dr. Bacon also made use of the name of Bishop Hughes, and gave utterance to the following noble sentiment:

"Here all are for religious liberty. Roman Catholic, Independent, Baptist, Quaker—there are no differences here. I believe Bishop Hughes is as sincere in his belief that the interests of his Church require its separation from the State, as I am that the interests of my Church would be injured by such an alliance. This is our great business—to unfold to the world the broad, beautiful banner of religious equality, to propagate throughout the world the great, germinating, revolutionary idea, that no power of Church or State, no human law or organization has the right to interfere with those rights of conscience, and the rights of private judgment. Let us be true to our trust."

Strange to say there was still another speech delivered on this occasion, which was quite creditable to the speaker, a Mr. King. The following extract from it deserves to be well pondered by his Protestant brethren.

"To speak of Roman Catholics and to Roman Catholics in a manner that we would not speak of and to one another, is a breach of religious liberty. If a few will not do it? I ought to be as willing that he should call me a heretic, as I am ready to call him idolator. I ought to

accord to him the respect and courtesy with which I should wish my own religion treated. In Ireland, Protestantism lies under peculiar disadvantages. It has been associated for three centuries with a system of outrage and oppression upon every just feeling and every religious right. Indeed, I must say that I honour the integrity and the self-respect and the bravery which the Roman Catholic of Ireland exhibits in clinging to the religion and the church which he thinks true in spite of the persecution and oppression which that attachment has cost him. I would do as he does. And I do not hesitate to tell them so in Ireland. We have no right to ask them to give up their belief at the dictation of power or taxation or oppression. No! as long as Protestants oppress an Irishman because he is a Catholic, so long it is to be expected he will remain true to his Catholicism, if he has the soul of a man within him."

The first sentence in the above extract should be well considered by those who are so fond of calling us "Papists," "Romanists," &c. &c. However much we may be used to these epithets we (Catholics) cannot but regard them as discourteous and insulting. If Protestants wish to insult us, they may call us so to their heart's content, but if they wish to enjoy our respectful and unprejudiced attention, they must cease to give us such nicknames.

Among the numerous "speeches" delivered at the various Protestant Anniversaries in New York, there was still another which was a little remarkable. It was delivered by Mr. Magonn, a Baptist minister of Cincinnati, in behalf of Protestant exertions in the West. The following extract from it, as reported in the *New York Recorder*, administers a deserved rebuke to certain narrow-minded Sectarians. The latter portion of it is also "rich and racy."

"There are, however, serious obstacles in the way. We will mention two. First, Romanism. This is the standing death's head and marrow-bones of the day; and we think that much that has been proclaimed on the subject constitutes the most perfect humbuggery. It is said that the Catholics are overflowing the West. Well, why not? Are they poor, miserable, ignorant, bigoted, anti-republican creatures? Let us believe that God has sent them here to be Christianized, and ennobled every way. Do they build schools, colleges, cathedrals? Let us do the same. Are they enterprising, every where hard at work to achieve the triumph of their religion? Let us emulate their zeal, court free discussion in augmented light, kindle back fires, pray for their conversion, and labor magnanimously in behalf of all mankind. The most patriotic citizens we have are Catholics, who but recently fled from foreign oppression, and it seems hard for me to believe that divine grace may not render them as truly devout as other men. Prejudice towards foreigners appears the more contemptible in those citizens who are reaping the richest fruits from their beneficence. All the leading colleges of New England were mainly endowed by foreigners, and many of the great enterprises of the West are led and sustained by men born in other climes. Berkeley, who has immortalized his name in connexion with Yale, was persecuted by the same kind of enmity we are too prone to indulge. The Earl of Dartmouth was an Episcopal nobleman; and Thomas Hollis, the great benefactor of Harvard, was a foreign Baptist. The first printing-press in this country was a donation from Holland; and the whole expense of publishing John Elliot's Indian Bible was borne by persons beyond the sea. The grandest structure ever erected for educational purposes in this Union, is now building at Washington, entirely through the munificence of a foreigner who never saw the United States. What a commentary on Christian benevolence, to scrape together every dime we can raise to send the Gospel to our antipodes, and then quarrel with those who press through ocean storms and the perils of the wilderness, that they may come hither in pursuit of liberty and truth.

"But another obstacle in our way, the greatest and worst of all, remains to be stated. It is detestable protestantism, evangelicalism congealed, Mormonism, popery, atheism, &c. are had enough but they are quite sufferable compared with this. The persons who in general represent this spirit, were once revival preachers beyond the mountains, class leaders, or in some way have been subject in early life to violent religious impressions. They are burnt-out volcanoes, and in moving West have left behind all the spiritual heat they ever felt. They either repudiate every claim to religion, or perhaps have preaching "once to month." You will find them assembled in some out-of-the-way place, in a windowless and doorless shanty, which, with its windowless and gaping sides look as it it was designed in every storm to illustrate Noah's flood. There they are, the selectest wheat of human kind, the choicest darlings of eternal love, the elect saints who complacently declare themselves to be fore-ordained and predestined from all eternity to sit down in their infernal laziness, while the benighted nations of the earth are sinking to ruin like myriads of dead leaves before the blasts of win-

ter. Lead is as stupid as it is heavy, gold is heavier, and platinum among metals is the heaviest of all; but the heaviest and most stupid thing in the universe is your give-nothing and do-nothing "black-rocker" or "hard-side." He is the fossil remains of Pharaoh's lean kind; and if anything could arrest infinite beneficence, the *vis inertia* of his carcass would stop revolving worlds, and his dark spirit would extinguish every ray of glory round the heavenly throne."

IRELAND.

COLLEGE OF ALL-HALLOWES—His Grace Archbishop Murray held the annual Ordination in the Chapel of this College, on the 13th, 17th, and 18th inst. The following young Missioners were promoted to Holy Orders; they are all, with very few exceptions, destined for our foreign dependencies, where the want of religious instructors has been so long and so deeply felt by our civil and military fellow-subjects:—Rev. Dennis Spellisay, Christopher Conway, and Andrew M'Govern, for the Mauritius; Rev. James M'Glue, for Madras; Rev. Edward Farrelly, for Boston (U.S.); Rev. Bartholomew Stock and Thomas Mulvey, for Richmond (U.S.); Rev. Dennis Bryno, for England (Lancashire District); and Rev. Denis M'Iver, for Jamaica. In addition to these, several others, destined for the places above-mentioned, and for Scotland (W.D.), Trinidad, and Texas, received Tonsure and Minor Orders in his Grace's private chapel on Friday, the 12th inst. With reference to this truly useful establishment, we are happy to be able to add that Mr. John Donegan, of Upper Ormond-quay, has presented to the young clergymen, through their Rev. Superiors, five silver chalices, pixes and oil-stocks. Last year we noticed a similar gift from Mr. Donegan, and we are now requested gratefully to acknowledge on the part of the Rev. gentlemen, this second donation.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

PROTESTANT UNION.

DIVISION IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.—There has recently been an attack made upon Dr. Schmucker, by Dr. Kurtz, the Editor of the *Lutheran Observer*. They have been charged with rationalism. The prospect is that there will be a division of the Church. *Chris. Chronicle*.

PRESBYTERIANISM.—The Methodist papers are engaged at present in exposing the horrid doctrines of "the Confession of Faith," and the Presbyterians are occupied with an exposition of the abominations of Methodism. We believe both. "The World's Convention" in London has been productive of the happiest results amongst the Bible Christians, and the effect of the Evangelical alliance is a most profound hatred for the religion of each other. The Methodists, it must be acknowledged, have thus far the best of the controversy. They are inflicting heavy blows on the hydra of Calvinism, and may, eventually, destroy it altogether.

These are portions of their creed, says a Methodist paper, "that we regard as unscriptural and most dangerous to the morals of society and the souls of men." "In self-defence, says the same paper, we propose to lay before the world the peculiarities of the Calvinistic creed and expose its anti-scriptural character, and show its monstrous deformities."—*Cath. Telegraph*.

CINCINNATI.—First Communion.—These delightful festivities of our Church are now everywhere edifying our congregations and consecrating many a youthful heart to God. The ceremony at the healthy and beautiful residence of the Ursulines at St. Martin's, near Fayetteville, Brown county, was peculiarly interesting. Ten of the pupils made their first communion on the first Sunday of May. It would require the pencil of a Chateaubriand to describe the scene. Youth, innocence, flowers, fragrance, walks in the green wood, hymns, sweetest tears, peace and joy were all blended in one to make it the happiest of days. There were thirty-five first communicants in the two churches of Covington, on the same day; fifty-four of the students of the college at St. Xavier, last Sunday; fifty at St. Joseph's, and we know not how many in St. Mary's, St. John's, Holy Trinity, St. Philomena.—*Cath. Tel.*

THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—The Rev. James Maher, P.P., Carlow, has a very able letter to Lord John Russell in the *Dublin Evening Post* on this subject, and which gives some notion of the enormous wealth of the Establishment. The revenues of the Irish Secs (he says) are derived chiefly from estates. The following is the report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, made

in 1833—Armagh, 87,800 acres; Tuam, 39,531; Dublin, 23,926; Elphin, 29,235; Down, 30,941; Derry, 39,021, &c. &c. Profitable lands annexed to Irish Secs, 485,880; unreclaimed, 183,715. Grand total, 669,595 Irish acres. The territorial patrimony of the Bishops, or overseers, of less than a million of State Protestants was, in 1833, nearly a million of statute acres; or, according to Beaufort's Map of Ireland, one-nineteenth of the entire soil of the kingdom.—Lord Melbourne, in 1835, brought together in a striking point of view some of the startling anomalies of the Establishment. "It appears," he says, quoting the last Parliamentary report, "that there are 1,250 benefices in Ireland. Some of these are made up of unions of parishes, consisting in some cases of three, four, and five, and in others of eight and nine parishes. There are 975 single parishes, in each of which there are less than fifty Protestants, but of which the united income is £170,000 a year. There are 155 parishes with an income of £12,000 a year, which does not contain one Protestant. There are 173 parishes of which the income is £19,000 a year, and in each of which the number of Protestants is under ten. There are 406 parishes, of which the joint income is £54,000 a year, in which the Protestant population seldom exceeds fifteen, and never exceeds fifty."—*Vide Mirror of Parliament*. In what manner (he asks) have these parishes been administered? How has this wealth been disposed of? Who in Heaven's name, is benefited? Lord Mountcashel, in his correspondence with the late Bishop of Ferns, Dr. Elrington, p. 106, gives the following instance as an exemplification of the system.—Archdeacon Cotton was presented by the Archbishop of Cashel, his father-in-law, with the union of the parishes of Thurles, Rahilly, Shyane, and Athnett, to hold with the archdeaconry, consisting of Crohane, Lismalin, Madeshill, and Mowney. The Primate, knowing that each of these unions was adequate to support several clergymen, refused a faculty for the holding of the plurality. The Archbishop then filed a bill in Chancery to compel him to do so, in which he succeeded."

DEDICATION AT RONDOUT, N. Y.—Mr. Editor—On Sunday, 21st inst., the corner stone of a new Church was laid in Rondout, by Right Rev. Bishop Hughes. After the usual ceremony was performed by the Bishop, according to the rite prescribed in the Roman Pontifical, the Bishop deposited a zinc box in the centre of the corner stone, containing the following statement and particulars:—Pius the 9th, Supreme Pontiff, James K. Polk, President of the United States; John Young, Governor of the State of New York; P. Keely, Architect; Whiten Weeks, Builder; Rev. M. Maxwell, Pastor, "with a few silver coins of the Union, and newspapers of the above date.—After this was completed, the Bishop ascended the platform erected in the yard, shaded over with evergreens.—Our worthy and talented Prelate took his text from the 85d Psalm, and gave a discourse so excellent and appropriate, that he was listened to with the greatest attention, by a numerous and respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, of all religious persuasions.

TREMENDOUS MEETING TO RAISE IRISH VOLUNTEERS FOR IRELAND.—The Louisville, Ky., Democrat says:—We believe since our city was built there never was so large an assemblage gathered under one roof as that which crowded the court house. The immense chamber, capable of holding 2000 persons, was literally packed with human life, and the stairways, lobby, and avenues were blocked up by persons anxious to obtain entrance. The meeting was called by the hasty circulation of a handbill, which in the course of the afternoon was borne through the principal streets on a staff, preceded by a military band.

HENRY CLAY AND IRELAND.—The following is from the *National Intelligencer*:—

ASHLAND, April 3, 1848.

Dear Sir—Upon my return home, after an absence of several months, I found here your obliging letter proposing to enrol my name as an honorary member of the Linnet Club, established at Cincinnati. I accept the compliment with pleasure; and cordially wishing all success to the club in the laudable objects for which I understand it was instituted, I shall be most happy to contribute anything in my power to their accomplishment.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. CLAY.
R. F. Ryan, Esq.