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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 was 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 PROSCRIP. xvii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious."—St. Cyprian Ep. 13 ad plebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor 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 Jerusal. Cat. xii. 1.

Calendar.

December 24—Sunday—Vigil of Nativity.
25—Monday—Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ Doub II class with Oct.
26—Tuesday—St Stephen first Martyr Doub II class with Oct.
27—Wednesday—St John Apost and Evang Doub II class with Oct.
28—Thursday—Holy Innocents M M Doub II class com &c.
29—Friday—St Thomas of Canterbury B M Semid com &c.
30—Saturday—Of the Octave (office as on the Sundays within the Octave.

Poetry.

From the Southern Literator Gazette.

GLORIA TIBI DOMINE!

BY LELIA CAMERON.

Darkly round my drooping head
Hangs the cloud of human woe;
Weary is the path I tread,
Gathering blackness as I go;
Still I faint on the way,
For my trust is fixed on Thee—
On the cross my hopes I stay—
Gloria tibi Domine!

Few and ill have been the days
Of my sojourn here on earth,
Soon are spent life's fleeting rays—
Quickly joy succeeds to mirth.
Brightest joys are tinged with gloom,
Sweetest pleasures soonest flee;
But I look beyond the tomb,
Gloria tibi Domine!

Life deceitful is at best,
Thorns are hidden 'mid its flowers;
Here I find not peace, nor rest—
O'er me still the storm cloud lowers.
But along this thorny road,
Jesus bore the Cross for me;
Suffering here he long abode,
Gloria tibi Domine!

What though earthly hope may fail,
Friends prove false, and kindred die,
Human succour naught avail,
In the hour of agony!
Keener pangs, our blessed Lord
Bore in dark Gethsemane—
Ever be his name adored,
Gloria tibi Domine!

Nothing want I here on earth,
While my saviour proves my friend;
All things else are little worth—
On His love my hopes depend!
Love like His, divinely great,
Never can forgotten be:
Meekly I His coming wait,
Gloria tibi Domine.

When my earthly race is o'er,
And this weary, aching head,
Free from pain for evermore,
Peaceful slumbers with the dead—
Joyful shall my spirit rise,
Through a priceless ransom free,
Singing, as it upward flies—
Gloria tibi Domine!

PERSISTENCE.—"In vain we do good, if we cease its practice before the end of life, as in a race it avails not to run speedily for a time, if we halt before we reach the goal."—St. Gregory.

Select Tales.

THE IRISH LARORER'S BLESSING.

A True Story.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

I was on a visit at the city of Washington in the year 1841, to witness the inauguration of a new President. Early in the month of March, the weather was for a day or two, was springlike—and the morning of the 1st of March one to early rising. I was in the house of a friend, at a point opposite to and distant from the Capital, northwest, indeed, from the President's house. Sitting one morning at my window, before sun-rise, I looked out upon the city in front, and the country around. All was silent as death. In the distance, the majestic Senate House rose broad against the clear eastern sky; and near at hand, the other public buildings commanded attention.

While I was surveying the quiet scene, I saw a labouring man turn the corner of a neighboring street, and come directly in front of the window, from which I was looking. The man was very coarsely dressed, and was evidently a bricklayer, or a bricklayer's labourer. Having taken a stand, he looked carefully up and down the street, as if anxious to meet some one, or to ascertain whether the coast were clear for some depredation. This induced me to open the chamber window, that I might the better mark his conduct, which had certainly something very suspicious in it.

The man leaned against a poplar tree, and having once more gazed about, he passed his hand rapidly from his forehead to his breast, and muttered a few words which I was unable to hear. At length I caught a few words, they were evidently devotional—though apparently a part of no prescribed ritual. Having paused a moment, he renewed his devotions; and now I could, from a knowledge of the prayer which he was repeating, easily follow him; he was addressing himself to the Blessed Virgin, and when he had concluded his earnest request that she would be his advocate, and pray for her poor servant,—he humbly and in less set phrase commended to the care of the "Blessed Mother," his wife and little ones, that she might be blessed with health and strength to endure her lot—and they grow in the faith into which they had been baptised. The poor man looked again as if anxious for the approach of some one. But no person appeared,—and he commenced anew his solitary exercise. The Lord's Prayer, and a "Hail Mary" followed—and then was commenced an offering by the devotee, of life and person to the Lord. He asked that what he had endured of evil, as well as what he had of power for good, might be an offering acceptable,—and the very day's work before him, the toil that knew little remittance and small rewards, was laid upon the altar to be, if not accepted, at least blessed. Then came thanks for mercies—and one especially—I could not understand what was meant, as I could not hear all that he uttered, but it was evident that he considered himself the object of some special consideration from heaven, and asked for strength from above to be sustained in his new course.

The language of the man was certainly simple, but there was an unction about it that awakened in one a deep interest in his fate.—He started at length, as his eye caught the person of another laborer emerging from a distant street. He turned half round from him, blessed himself with the customary gestures, and then joined his companion in toil and passed cheerfully on. I heard his laugh rising clear and

strong across the open lot, as if he had never thought of sacred matters.

Alas! how unjust are many to that class of men—how many think because, in public, they join in the amusements and share the hearty laughs of those of their own station in life, that hence they have no fixed habits of devotion—no need of acknowledging their dependence on God and of softening their hearts by prayer. I learned more than one lesson from the poor laborer. I came, from his conduct, to understand better the character and appreciate the devotion of those who toil from sun to sun. And I have often since been led to my duties, by a recollection that the bricklayer's assistant found a moment amid all his toil to lift up his heart and his voice to God, and though he had no time to bend before the consecrated altar, yet, standing in the temple not made with hands, and lifting up his heart to his Maker, there could be no doubt that his prayers were laid on that altar above, an acceptable offering to the Father and friend of the pious poor. As the poor man closed his devotion and passed away, there seemed to spring up a new light in the east, and the lofty Capitol stood bathed in the splendour of the rising sun.

The incident that I have mentioned made a much deeper impression on my mind, than any narrative of it can make upon the minds of those who may read it. I felt anxious to know the history of the person—but especially was I curious to know, what favour or blessing it was for which he was so grateful, and why he so earnestly asked grace with a particular reference thereto.

In the latter part of May, in the following year, I was on business at Washington, and at the house of the same relative, with whom I sojourned on my former visit. Straying towards the Potomac, late one afternoon, I found a little boy suffering from a fall which he had had—and as his parents lived within a few squares of my kinsman's house, I volunteered to help him home.

I found the boy's mother at the door, directing a young woman in her labors of milking a cow, while a host of children in the house, the yard, and the well-tilled garden, showed that the blessings of plenty were not limited to what was to be consumed,—there was an abundance of consumers.

"Your little boy," said I, "has met with an accident, and required some aid to get home."

The mother sprang towards the lad, and ascertaining that his hurts were not serious, she directed her attention to me, hurrying out her thanks that I had given attention to her boy, and then apologizing for the trouble that he had caused.

Assuring the fond mother of my happiness in being even of so trifling a service to her child, I turned to depart.

But the heart of an Irish woman is the seat of gratitude and kindness, and the Irish mother must at least acknowledge, if she cannot repay, a favor to her child.

"You are from the old country!" asked the woman, evidently with a wish to detain me.

"Does my speech betray me?" I asked.

"I should think," said the woman, "that you are from Ireland. I rarely fail in detecting a native of this country, though he may have left very young."

I did not remove the impression from the mind of the woman; it seemed to please her, that she owed the favor to one of her own countrymen, and her pride was a little elated at her success in detecting the tones of the Emerald Isle in my voice.

"You seem to be in a thriving way here, madam!"

"Yes, for poor folks." "Your husband, I should think, labors as well yourself, to keep things so comfortable."

"We have both labored—but not until lately have we felt the reward."

"What is that?"

"I think it is Temperance in part."

"Your husband then is a member of the Temperance Society?"

"Yes, sir, more than a year, James, myself, and all the children, old enough to understand a pledge, have taken it—and a blessing has followed us."

"But Temperance alone, my dear woman, has not done all this for you?"

"Why, sir," said the woman gaining confidence, from a small cross on my bosom—"intemperate people are not very attentive to religious duties of any kind, and a resolution to perform so important a duty, as to avoid intemperance, will generally encourage one to look to other duties."

"And your blessings have then flowed from the practice of religio?"

"From an attempt to practice them," said the good woman with humility.

"Here comes Father," shouted one of the boys.

"It is James," said the woman.

And she introduced me to her husband, with a narration in ten words of the event which brought me there.

When James had taken off his hat, I discovered in him the very man, who the year, before had edified me by his devotions in front of my window.

I shook hands with the wife and husband, kissed half a dozen of the youngest children, and left the house, under a shower of blessings and thanks, from the mother, and of good wishes from the father.

I had learned then the special grace for which the laborer prayed, the grace of resistance to temptation, and I had seen the results of honest industry, pursued under the blessings of that God, in whose sight the poor Irish Catholic, offering to Him the homage of his labor and of his life, is more acceptable than the rich worldling who trusts in his riches, owns no relationship with the poor, and proffers no obedience to heaven. The offering of the hard-handed laborer, made in solitude and in the bleak air, had been accepted. The blessing he asked for had been bestowed, and his humble dwelling was the abode of comfort and of peace, where religion sanctified to us inmates every dispensation of Providence, whether of chastisement or of joy.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

The Creoles of New Orleans have a beautiful and touching custom of decorating the tombs of their departed friends and relatives with wreaths and flowers on All-Saints Day, (1st of November.) On this day, from early morning until night, large crowds may be seen wending their way towards the Catholic cemeteries, of which there are four at the back of the city. A correspondent of the Charleston Courier thus notices the manner in which this custom is still kept up in that city:

"On approaching them, we were first attracted by the mute appeals of the beggars, who had taken their position for the day at the corners of the streets, whilst the side walks around the walls of the cemeteries were crowded by the itinerant fruit and cake vendors. On entering the gates, the crowded walks gave it more the appearance of a city of the living than that of the

dead. The tombs here are all built out of the ground, the nature of the soil not allowing the digging of graves; and each tomb, if of marble or stone, had been cleaned and washed, and if other materials, had been white-washed or painted—giving the whole an appearance of newness painful to behold. Every tomb was decorated with wreaths and flowers, more or less tastefully disposed, while some had black velvet palls thrown over them, and others hung up with mourning draperies of black and white. One of those that most attracted my attention was that of a young girl, with a plain white scarf thrown over the monument, of rather more than ordinary height, and a few white flowers. Some of the monuments surmounted with urns, had funeral fires burning in them, whilst most of the tombs had lighted candles before them. To adorn some of them, the richest flower vases and the costliest candelabras had been bought; ornaments which perhaps, but a short time since, had aided to grace the triumphs of one of the envied beauties of the day; and now by a strange mutation of fate, were turned to funeral implements at her tomb.

Most of the tombs were very plain, having but the name of the person inscribed, together with the dates of the birth and death, and occasionally a few simple lines; some of them touchingly so. One of them had merely the name of a young girl that died at fifteen, and beneath it, the inscription 'Ma pauvre fille; another had three initials, and above it 'Ils repose un ange.' A memorial of the formerly prevalent practice of duelling, could be seen in another inscription, 'Victime de l'honneur, Act. 21.'

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

We believe there is no part of the world in which our holy religion continues to make such gratifying progress as in the United States. Throughout every part of this extensive Union new conquests are daily made by the Catholic Church. Hundreds of converts—not from the poor and humble; but from the wealthy and the well educated—are daily added to the fold; while thousands of emigrants from Ireland and Germany are fast peopling the far West, and laying the foundation of a mighty Catholic Empire. Forced by persecution and suffering to leave home, they are the instruments which Providence makes use of to convey the light of faith to the American people. Through them Catholicity—Catholic principles—Catholic feelings and sentiments, will, ere long, spread far and wide, and pervade that great Republic. The political influence of Catholics is even now admitted by all to be very great. Some of their wisest Statesmen bear testimony to the admirable adaptation of the Catholic religion to curb and restrain the fierce spirit of democracy, and to consolidate and unite the discordant masses to be found in America. Protestantism must, from its very principles, be powerless to effect anything of this kind. While the zeal and piety of the Clergy in the Western Dioceses are directed to convey the light of faith to the children of the forests and to the emigrants, scattered in throve prairies,—in the Eastern Cities, where Catholicity has taken a secure hold, the Clergy actively engaged in founding Colleges, Universities, and Catholic Institutions. The influences exercised by these on the rising generation cannot be too highly estimated.—They have already sent forth hundreds thoroughly imbued with Catholic principles—animated with a Catholic spirit—and soon to be found in every profession ready, in a bold and healthy tone, to vindicate their religion, and battle with the powers of darkness, heresy, and infidelity. Some of their Institutions are equal to any to be found in Europe, and all are well supported and in the most flourishing condition. The best evidence of the progress of Catholicity is, to be found in the statistics which we copy from the Catholic Directory for 1849:—

"In the United States, exclusive of California and N. Mexico, there are 3 Archbishops, twenty three Bishops, one thousand Priests and nine hundred and sixty six churches. Two bishops and 111 priests have died; whence it follows that, during the past year, there has been an accession of one bishop, 119 priests and 59 churches. Of the number of guests added to the list, during the last year, about 40 were ordained in the U. S. If we include in the estimate the bishopric of Monterey, with 14 priests and 3 churches in Upper California; and about 20

priests and 40 Churches in New Mexico, and between 40 and 50,000 Catholics in both countries the sum total within the U. S. will be Bishops 31, Archbishops 3, Bishops 24, Priests 1,044, Churches 1,024, Catholics 1,276,300."

CHOLERA.—THE POOR.

According to last accounts the Cholera has not made much progress in the United States. In England too it seems to have been on the decline—and there seems every prospect of our being spared from witnessing such ravages as were attendant on its first visit. God grant this may be the case for the benefit of the poor who seem to be the first and principal victims to this terrific scourge. We allude to the matter now to urge all who can afford it to be generous in their relief of the poor at the present holy season.—Christmas is a period in which the poor have peculiar claims on the charity of those whom God has blessed with the means of affording relief. We trust that a deaf ear will not be turned to their appeals—but as the Winter, with its intense cold, has already commenced we will gladden the hearts of poor and the suffering, at this season, by cheerfully contributing in money, clothing, or in any other way in our power. A reward is promised, in a cup of cold water given in the name of the Redeemer, and whatever is done for the poor he accepts as done for himself. The greatest happiness we can enjoy is to render those around us happy, and what reflection more quality at this holy season than the consciousness that we have made the home of even one poor person happy.

The Rev Dr Doyle, a distinguished and amicable Priest of the London district, who writes in the Tablet under the signature of Father Thomas, makes some touching appeals in behalf of the poor in that journal. The style of his appeals is quite original, but if we judge from their results they must be most effective. He has succeeded in building in one of the poorest districts of London the most magnificent Church erected in England since the Reformation.

We find in late numbers of the Tablet the following appeals in behalf of the poor:

SAINT GEORGE'S.—CHOLERA AND BLANKETS.
—We cannot be sufficiently grateful to God that hitherto this dreaded and dreadful disease has visited so very, very few of our poor people.—The cases amongst us are so few and far between that they hardly awaken attention. Thanks to God! But we await the will of God, and feel like soldiers on the reserve. Though inactive so far no one can say when the death-shower may not surround us. In the meantime, the poor want blankets, and fire, and everything. 'Sweet William,' through his 'Black-eyed Susan,' has sent four blankets and one counterpane—ho and she are always doing kind things—and a Protestant lady half-a-crown; and they have the prayers of the relieved for their charity. Has Father Thomas no friends? Yes, he has; though he says it himself; and the worst part of the affair is that they love him so much that they forget everything else in their admiration of his precious self. Now, let it be this way in future and particularly during this cold winter—of admiration less, and of blankets more. Would you know the value of a blanket, take your shoes off and your gannel, and put on some thin cotton covering, with holes in it, and don't eat anything all day, and sit down in the coal cellar for two hours after six in the evening, and then understand what a blanket means, and it will be the first time in your life. Poor people suffer all this—thin cotton, slashed; all this feet without shoes, or shoes with thin bottoms; all this cold stomach feeling; all this worse than your coal cellar chill, not once in a way, but day after day and night after night. It is but fair that there should be turn-about in the other world at least; and so there will be. 'My dear, fat, indolent, and heartless dame, how will you manage matters in the other world? No nice red carpet for your tender feet, and warmth in your bedroom, and warmth in your sitting-room, and nice things to smell and nice things to eat, and all manner of nice things; and all for yourself and nothing for any one else, excepting your nasty little lap-dog!' They say many things about the other world; but of things comfortable for such as you there, I have heard nothing. Come! send some blankets, that the poor shivering Kent-street or Mint, or Borough woman may say a prayer for you. Her cold and dirty skin covers an immortal soul, on which no defilement lies—it is white and pure: and take heed that that shivering child of the storm and of the cold might rise not to the skies when your sun life goes down in clouds, whirlwinds, and storms. Blankets! blankets! blankets!—FATHER THOMAS.—St. Edmund's Day.—The matting, for the last into shoes and cold feet, cost fifty pounds; and, last Sunday, I got only thirteen pounds about."

ST. GEORGE'S.—CHOLERA, OR NO CHOLERA?
—No cholera—we have much reason to be thankful. No; all looks well, and one feels more easy, and, if it please God, we shall begin to hope that it will pass away altogether—the melancholy disease. Let us endeavour to show our gratitude by becoming better boys and girls. I am quite sure that you might be better; and you think that there is room for improvement in me—so we are agreed at last. Blankets, four pair—blankets, nine pair—make thirteen, and with small contrivances in money assistances, six pair—total, nineteen pair of blankets: this will make a quantity of humanity warm. My good friends want no thanks or anything else but the prayers of the poor. Somebody, and a very dear body, says 'Your letters are so melancholy.' So I think; but what will that somebody have? I am afraid to be funny: the people want more dignity from me, but I have it not in me. I will be more dignified if something be done for the matting. Yesterday was Saint Cecilia's Day; what a beautiful description could be given by somebody of the music in the morning and the Vespers! at her own church on the Southwark side of the Tiber. If somebody sends somebody something for the matting, then there shall appear a long something about the church, and the statue under the name of Cecilia; all of which were seen, and most of which were heard, by FATHER THOMAS."

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

WARPS NOS 5 & 6.	
Rev. Mr. Mulsac	£0 5 2½
William Finning	0 1 3
Mrs. Thomas Gorman	0 3 1½
Widow Holmes	0 1 3
Mrs. John Grimman	0 1 3
William Jones	0 10 0
Michael Walsh	0 1 3
Charles Fredrick	0 1 3
John Ryan	0 1 3
Mrs. Anthony Martin	0 1 3
P. Freuny,	0 1 3
Mrs. John Murphy	0 1 3
Robert Devany	0 3 1½
Wm. Callinan	0 1 3
Mrs. Edward Nowlan	0 1 3
Peter Kenny	0 1 3
Miss McDermott	0 1 3
Mrs. D. Sweeney	0 1 3
Thomas Shaw	0 1 3
Mrs. Wm. Hogan	0 1 3
Richard Fitzgerald	0 1 3
Rodger McGowan	0 0 7½
Richard O'Neil	0 2 6
W. F. Newman	1 0 0
Michael O'Neil	0 2 0
Capt P. Murphy	0 3 1½
Dennis Heffernan	0 5 0
Bartholomew Mulcahy	0 1 3
Joseph Mulcahy	0 1 3
Michael Mulcahy	0 1 3
Robert Mooney	0 1 3
Mrs. FitzHenry	0 0 7½
John Mooney	0 1 3
William Colbert	0 1 3
John Noonan	0 1 5
Michael Bulger	0 2 6
Martin Summers	0 1 5
John Payne	0 3 1½
Michael Lacey	0 1 3
Michael Whelan	0 1 3
Jeremiah Sullivan	0 1 3
Edward Keary	0 2 6
John Kellehar	0 2 6
Thomas Browney	0 1 3
F. Kidney	0 1 3
Mrs. Richard Burnes	0 2 6
Mrs. S. Shanks	0 1 3
George Butler	0 10 5
Thomas Bowes	0 1 3
Finten Whelan	0 1 3
Thomas Keating	0 2 6
Widow P. Murphy	0 5 0
Mrs. P. FitzPatrick	0 1 3
Thomas Pender	0 1 3
Mrs. John Gilfoyle	0 3 1½
Mrs. John Meagher	0 1 3
Mrs. Stapleton	0 1 3
Catherine O'Brien	0 1 3
Widow Eagan	0 2 0
Miss Bridget Warren	0 1 3
Michael Punch	0 1 3
Mrs. McCarra	0 3 0
	10 9 0

Paid to the Rev. T. L. Connolly, 7, S., Dec. 15, 1848.

W. BUCKLEY, Collector.

THE EXILED JESUITS.

"Dr Vico, a celebrated Roman Astronomer, and Dr. PIANCIANI, the oldest member of the noble family of that name, of Spoleto, in Umbria, but more distinguished as the Professor of Chemistry in the Colleges of the Jesuits at Rome, having renounced the honor attached to his birth that he might become a member of the Jesuit Fraternity, are to be connected with the Georgetown (D. C.) College. It is said that the new government of Rome, although it exiled the Jesuits, attempted to retain Dr. Vico and PIANCIANI. A number of young gentlemen, lately students at Rotho, are now collecting at Georgetown."

In a late number of the New York Freeman's Journal, it is stated, in confirmation of the above, that forty Jesuits, driven by unjust persecutions from Italy, have arrived at Georgetown College, where they will remain for a short period to acquire a knowledge of the English language, and then proceed to different parts of the country to perform Missionary duty.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

The Very Rev. Father Badin, whose mind can never be inactive, but is always working for the good of religion, has lately composed the following beautiful prayer, and caused it to be printed in a small form, so that it may be placed in devotional books. Every word of it breathes the most tender piety and the most profound spirit of religion; and every line furnishes itself an inexhaustible subject of meditation. We hope it will be inserted in the prayer-books that may be reprinted or published after this.—Cath. Adv.

SUPPLICATION TO THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

O infinite Sanctity of God, purify and sanctify me!
O profound Wisdom of God enlighten me!
O incomprehensible Imensity of God, possess me, and make me ever attentive to thy presence!
O Wonderful Providence of God, protect and conduct me!
O Almighty Power of God, sustain me!
O Longanimity and Patience of God, bear with me!
O tender Mercy of God, have compassion on me!
O ineffable Goodness of God, attach me to Thee for ever!
O Beauty, always ancient and always new, attract me!
O dreadful Justice of God, spare me!
O Amiable Clemency of God, be propitious to me a sinner!
O Lord God of Sciences, make me wise unto salvation!
O infallible Veracity of God, strengthen my faith!
O consoling Fidelity of God, increase my trust and hope in Thee!
O Immense and Eternal Charity of God, grant me grace to love Thee always, and above all created beings, which are as nothing compared to Thee!
O admirable Immutability and Liberty of God, make me constant and faithful to my vow and good resolutions!
O Lord God of Virtues, fortify me!
O God, terrible in Thy Judgments, favor me with a perpetual fear of sin and of thy wrath!
O God, Judge of the living and the dead, whose piercing eye scrutinizes the reins and hearts of men, make me sensible of the errors of my life!
O God, whose eternal Vigilance is unavoidable except through repentance, make me a true and sincere penitent!
O God, whose name is Holy and Awful, grant that I may always pronounce it with reverence!
O God, whose Will is righteous and supreme, make me ever resigned to it!
O stupendous Majesty of God, I offer Thee all homage, humbly prostrate at the feet of Thy imperial throne!
O sovereign grandeur of God, make me humble and little in my own eyes!
O sublime Glory of God, be at all times exalted by men on earth, as Thou art by angels in Heaven!
O blessed Eternity of God, prepare me, call me, receive me!
O benevolent Magnificence of God, give me this day, and at the hour of death, the heavenly bread that gives life everlasting!
O God Infinite in all Thy perfections, fill all in me, now and forever! Amen.

CHICAGO AND VINCENNES.—We have received a telegraphic dispatch informing us that these two sees have been provided for. Rev. M. Van develde, late provincial of the Society of Jesus, in Missouri, has been appointed Bishop of Chicago; and Very Rev. Marcellus J. Callahan (Administrator of the Diocese) of Vincennes.—Catholic Telegraph.

We are deeply indebted to a V. Rev. Correspondent for the interesting intelligence given below. We have long known that there must be much to say about Texas, but to say it requires the observation of the Catholic Missionary. We shall hope to hear again from Spectator.

GALVESTON, Texas, Nov. 1st, 1848.

SIR—As your zeal for religion has prompted you to an act of charity in sending your truly Catholic journal gratis to persons who are, if not "too mean," at least "too poor" to subscribe, permit one of your many friends in Texas to contribute for dollars, a few facts relative to the state of religion in this "land of promise." I cannot pretend to do more than supply you with materials whence you may deduce information that may be interesting to some of your readers, I will leave to others who may have more time and ability, the pleasing occupation of painting Texas in its true colors, and of exhibiting it in a light capable of dazzling the eyes, and of exciting the admiration of our more northern friends.

My astonishment at the silence of all our Catholic journals on the subject of religion in this State, was only removed by the recollection of its former changing and unsettled condition, thereby leaving to none of its inhabitants either time or opportunity of considering the subject either as regarded himself or his neighbor—But, thanks to a wise and gracious Providence, things are now changed and we are reaping the benefit—the longest and most dreary night is over to have an end, and the heart that has suffered most is the best prepared to estimate and be grateful for a favorable change. Such has been my case. I have seen Texas when she was a land of actual sorrow, but still "a land of promise" and heaven has permitted me to see her sorrow changed into joy, and her promise literally and fully verified.

Such, Sir, you are aware, is the order of Providence with regard to nations as well as individuals whom He designs to signalise as the objects of his future love and approbation, as gold is tried by the fire, so is virtue and greatness tried in the crucible of affliction and adversity in order to make it permanent when obtained, "whom God loves he chastises" in order that it may not repent him of his favors when bestowed.

Such, then, has been the fate of Texas, but now we see her just emerging from the gloom that has hitherto darkened her destinies and beginning to experience the consolation of a brighter day which is likely to rival, in spiritual and temporal happiness, even the genial temperature of her own climate; her dreary night is passed, and she has left, as a security for her future greatness, her past solitary hope, "her lone star" united to that constellation which is now shining by its superior influence the hemisphere of which, like a pillar of light, it presides, and which it is destined to conduct to the end for which it was designed, viz. the model of all human governments. Anxious to be prepared to run her course in the great race of moral and physical improvement which is now the happy characteristic of the age, she has, like the wrestler of old, thrown off all exterior incumbrances and given the care of her temporal concerns to her sister republic, to fight her battles, in order that she may not be lost in the laudable race of improvement, and that she is realizing her calculations will be evident from the few facts which I will beg leave to submit to your judgement.

Fear not that I am going to unfold to you her past dreary history, or that I am going to lay before you the scenes of desolation and horror which are the subjects of her history for years past; I will but contrast her present infant condition with that of 1836, when her inhabitants were without a country or without a home, when her Christians, few in number, were nearly "without a priest or without a sacrifice," save that human victim that was immolated to the fury of the savage tribes. But, lest I should be supposed to coincide in opinions and fall into the errors of those frothy declaimers and speculators in religion who tell us to our teeth that "Texas has never been evangelized," and that it is a country that has never been aroused from its slumbers of infidelity by the "sound of the Sabbath bell," I will beg leave to direct your attention to the number of bells and ruins of splendid religious edifices that everywhere strew the land from one extremity of our happy State to the other, bearing ample testimony to the zeal of the true heralds of the Gospel and reasoning to future ages a standing memorial of their faithful

compliance with the great precepts of their Divine Master, to "preach the gospel to every creature." Yes sir, wherever those pious importers proceed, they find this precept fulfilled by Catholic priests, whether on the old continent or the new, thereby discovering a proof positive of their own usurped authority. Texas affords abundant proof of this, for we have in this one state not less than thirty bells scattered all over the country which are but the remnant that have escaped the rapacity of "a magnanimous people," and these few relics telling by their inscriptions that they were originally designed for the various churches in Texas to which they were sent upwards of 150 years ago, thus giving us at once both their own ages and that of their churches, since it is remarkable that the churches now destroyed bear each a name corresponding exactly with that of the few bells which are now extant.

If these splendid ruins do not convince the sceptical that "Texas has been evangelized," at least that it had the churches and bells to arouse the deep slumbers of infidelity, I can direct their attention to the state of the savage tribes when Texas was under the exclusive direction of Catholic missionaries. It is an admitted fact that they were not only reclaimed by Catholic priests from their savage habits, rendered a settled and industrious people from a roaming tribe, but what is still more, they were well known to be virtuous and pious Christians. These, sir, facts too true and fresh in the memory of the present generation to be contradicted even by the truthful Sam Houston, in his political speculation and Pious indignation against our creed and that of his own former associates.

But, sir, Texas saw another day, and these time honored monuments of zeal and Christian charity sunk beneath the ruthless hand of the destroying angel. The spirit of Calvin and Knox assimilated the state of Christianity in Texas for the last few years to that of England since the reign of the adulterous Henry. It is with this state of things I wish to contrast her present and future prospects, and I am confident you will be glad to hear that the sun, which has veiled his face that he might not witness the desolation andarchy which have here prevailed for the last five years, inundating the land, like a mountain torrent, since the cross and cross of the disciples of Christ were forced to give way to the bowie knife and dagger of the speculating assassin, is now again beaming forth with all its native lustre and promising well for the future. Our very temples seem conscious of the approach of their former splendor, for they are beginning to "look up" under the fostering care of a pious and zealous bishop—Texas is by prescription and by priority of possession, a Catholic country, and notwithstanding the prevalence of irreligion, at present, which is synonymous with Protestantism, it is making rapid strides in the "good old way" of its fathers. I do really believe that if the Almighty spares to Texas, for a few more years, its present patron, Bishop Odin will establish religion on so firm a basis that it will be impossible for even "the gates of hell to prevail against it." Such is my firm conviction a conviction founded on solid reasoning. If within the last two years he has supplied the mission with fourteen efficient clergymen, if he constructed a Cathedral in Galveston ready for consecration next month, and inferior to none in America, if he has established a convent with twelve nuns affording the blessings of a religious education to Galveston and vicinity, what may we not expect from the future? He has now in course of erection a second convent in San Antonio de Bexar which will be in operation next spring. He has either built or in course of erection, eighteen other churches with respectable and numerous congregations. These are facts which our beloved Bishop had mentioned to me after his return last week from his episcopal visitation. He has administered the holy sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of two hundred persons during the last month, many of whom were converts. These facts speak volumes for the energy and zeal of the faithful band employed in this portion "of the vineyard of our Lord"—they are purely disinterested missionaries having forsaken all for the love of Christ, having no earthly object in view but the promotion of His Kingdom, and being armed with the two-edged sword of the spirit and truth, their strength is irresistible; against such odds vain is and will be the efforts of modern Pharisees to seduce the "sheep" from the true pastors of their souls, in vain, do and will they enter in sheep's clothing into the portion of "the one fold of the Good Shepherd" the present progressive state of religion here,

and the very country itself seems to cry against them, even the soil, consecrated by the prayers and sacrifices of our pious predecessors, seems to say to them, "sacer est locus," salute not, harpy like, by your very tread, a country that has been sanctified by the faithful and self-sacrificing followers of Jesus Christ.

Had I not already trespassed too long on your time by extending this subject perhaps to unnecessary lengths, I would respectfully suggest an opportunity of conferring an immense benefit on religion and individuals by being the means of removing many destitute families to this "land flowing with milk and honey." Four surplus population in the city of New York, of Irish and Gornaps, should consider and embrace the opportunity that is here offered for quitting the scene of their present spiritual and temporal distress; we have here the advantages of religion to which I have already referred without the temptation to which poverty is exposed amongst a crowded population; we have a country which, for salubrity of climate and fertility of soil, is not surpassed, if equalled by, any other on the face of the globe, and the advantages occurring to early settlers is incalculable, since they can make a choice, and select a location, for a mere nominal price, which will be to them and their posterity a rich inheritance, and a source of "peace and plenty." Allow me, sir, the privilege of being, for the present time, your obedient servant.

SPECTATOR.

MEASURES FOR IRELAND.

To us it seems that a sufficient length of time has been suffered to elapse to let the dust and smoke of the late explosion in Ireland clear away, and to expose the real state of the case, with which brave hearts and cool heads must deal, in setting about, again, the work of Irish amelioration.

The public mind, after the immediate agitation and depression, has been in suspense in reference to the fate of the arrested "leaders." That suspense will soon be at an end. It seems likely, and we hope it will prove true, that the sentences against Smith O'Brien and his companions will be annulled. That they will come forth free of any penalty. The sufferings that they have endured for the love of their country, and the noble fidelity to their lot that they have maintained at every moment of their trial must have won the sympathy of the great body, even of those who were alienated from them on account of their attempt.

We cannot doubt that the movements that will, without doubt, be set in progress for the future, will be of a different kind from those that have marked the past. If the ultimate demands that shall be contemplated in future movements shall be less large or general, we shall be not the better pleased with them on that account; but, if hereafter a more practical readiness be shown to seize on every advantage, however trifling; to accept every amelioration, no matter how it may be offered—so being that it shall be a real amelioration; and if a patience yet more resolute be shown in continuing and repeating demands, which are just but which seem to meet only with inhuman insolence on the part of tyrants; then we shall be far enough from despairing of, or even distrusting, the men who shall be at the head of these new, or re-novwed agitations.

The nature of the evils that afflict Ireland have been sufficiently pointed out. These evils, so far as they are material and social, are agreed upon on all sides. No sane man, for example, doubts that in a populous country like Ireland things must go ill when an entire third of the whole land is lying waste—absolutely waste, through bad husbandry. Equally little will any man doubt that must be the effect of the consumers of the remaining two thirds of the land being, as to a large part of them, non-residents. That is, that the raw scanty produce of the land shall be carried away from the people; and spent beyond seas. In reference to these questions, all that remains is to hit on the remedies nearest at hand for the cure of the evils, and to stick perseveringly to the demand that such remedies be applied.

It is true that on some of these questions there are certainly determined opponents. There are some who will maintain the prescriptive right of landlords to live abroad, and to neglect their dependent peasantry. And there are still more who will insist on their right to clear their tenantry from their land at will, whenever misfortune shall render such tenantry no longer profitable. But we have great confidence in the effect of

persevering demands for justice and persevering denunciations of wrong.

To speak now of another class of measures: The recommendation of a Catholic University, now again repeated on the part of His Holiness, is we sincerely hope, about to be acted on. It is true it is a great measure, and, generally speaking, measures that appear great from their outset are seldom of favorable results. But, in this instance, it is a measure interesting a whole nation, and one of pressing importance. And yet, of itself, though the University projected would be a special fosterer and conservator of Irish nationality, we must own, that if it were to be the sum of all the efforts for Catholic education in Ireland, it would seem to us very inefficient. The comparative number of those who could profit by the University course must be small, and in no nation, least of all in a nation that must long remain poor in the means of livelihood, can the University course be considered as open to the youth of the country generally. Belgium; and the University of Louvain is an instance well in point.

But we look upon the projected University as an emphatic declaration and pledge of two things. First, that education is an obligation upon the Catholics of Ireland, notwithstanding the poverty and persecution from which they suffer, and that this education must be Catholic and national. Taken in this sense the University will be but a pledge for the existence of inferior colleges, seminaries and academies in the different parts of the country, and above all of the Catholic primary schools, or, to give them their right name, parish schools. The days are gone past in which the English could forbid as a crime the holding of Catholic schools in Ireland. It is true the old tradition of keeping these schools has been thereby lost, but now there is no penalty, but that of self-sacrifice required for their reintegration. This task devolves on the Irish clergy and we can conceive of no one, after the admiration of the Sacraments, that is of so great importance. In the meantime the scarcity of clergy in Ireland presents a difficulty to the accomplishment of the work, but again, this will always so continue till the Parish schools are organized, since these are undoubtedly the nucleus whence ecclesiastical vocations are commonly to be drawn—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—A good deal has been said of late about the progress of Protestantism in France; but we fear that what is there called Protestantism is not altogether what the term imports in this country. The Baptist Missionary, Dr. Devan, who has been in France for nine months past, says, that there are probably 1,500,000 nominal Protestants in France, of whom 80,000 are in Paris. But their Protestantism is in many cases an indifference to Popery, rather than a real attachment to the opposite views. They are ministered to by upwards of seven hundred Protestant Pastors, of whom four hundred and upwards are Rationalists, denying the divinity of Christ and the personality of the Holy Spirit. "And yet in the bosom of the National Church may be found preachers, both evangelical and rational, laboring in the same fields, preaching alternately from the same pulpits, fraternizing at the same communion, and wearing the same livery of servitude to the government."—Sab. Recorder.

THE CHURCH, THE WESTYANS, AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—The circumstance of the fifth of November, the anniversary of the gunpowder plot, falling this year on a Sunday, has, as we are informed, led several ministers of the Established Church to determine that they will, on that day, not only use the service appointed for it, but preach directly on the subject of the idolatry and superstitions of the Church of Rome. We have received from correspondents whom we respect, requests that we would urge the ministers of the Wesleyan connection to do likewise. It only becomes us respectfully to suggest to those ministers that the occasion may be a favourable opportunity to dwell upon this subject more especially than they may have deemed it expedient to do in their ordinary ministrations. For our part we can see no sufficient reason why a selection from, if not the whole of, the special service in the Prayer book for that day, should not be employed, in those places of worship where the Liturgical service is regularly used.—Watch.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CONNECTICUT.

At the moment when we are ready to go to press we receive the following letter from Milwaukee. The satisfactory adjustment of the school money in the case it mentions is excellently worthy of attention. Where there is a little fairness, and a little desire for good neighborhood, there could be little difficulty, at least in cities and large towns, in getting like arrangements for all religious societies who wish to educate their children separately.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 20th, 1848.

Mr. Editor.—Among the many places that have sprung as if it were by enchantment in the west, none have exceeded, and few equalled this city in the rapidity of its private buildings, and the respectable, orderly and business-like appearance of its inhabitants, now exceeding 17,000.

The Catholics number over one-third the population, and are daily adding to their number by immigration and conversions, but are sadly in want of more churches, as those erected can not contain one half their number. This will, however, be in some measure remedied when the Cathedral is finished, which is expected to be before next year. This building when erected will be the greatest ornament of the city, and situated on the very best location that could be desired, being on the east side of the only public square east of the river. No matter how the city is approached from the lake, it will be the first object to greet the sight of all, and O, will not the heart of many an immigrant throb with joy and thanks to God when he beholds the glorious Cross towering far above all other objects on his approach to the land of his adoption, proclaiming to all that now, as of old, in the far west as well as in the east, there are those, and thank God, in no small numbers, whose "glory is in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

But I am neglecting the object I had in view in writing this letter, which was to place on record an example well worth imitation.—When the public schools of the city were being organized, some three months ago, the Rev. Mr. McLoughlin stated to the board of Aldermen that he hoped they would have no objection paying the teacher of the school, held in the basement of the Cathedral, from the public funds, without, at the same time, either sending girls to the school, as it was exclusively for boys, or interfering with his control over it, as all the children were Catholics. This firm but respectful request was not only granted but the regular rent given for other rooms was allowed, although not asked, for the use of the school-room. The school is visited every day by the Rev. gentleman, above named, and one hour of his time spent in instructing the children in their various studies although there is no priest but himself, since the departure of the Right Rev. Bishop for Europe, to attend the Cathedral and the English congregation, and yet by seeing the number of Communicants at first Mass every Sunday one would naturally suppose that two or three priests, instead of one, were necessary to do the labor.

Another circumstance occurred here which equally shows the general feeling of our citizens as regards Catholic institutions. Of the collections that were raised here for buying provisions to be sent to Ireland, \$480 were kept on hand to pay for the freight in case any should be charged. When it was afterwards ascertained that there was none charged, the question was, how the money on hand should be disposed of. The Rev. Mr. McLoughlin recommended the giving of part of it to the Hospital under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and also towards the Free School the Sisters were building. The recommendation was immediately taken, and \$100 was given to the hospital and \$200 towards the building, and the remaining \$180 were given for other charitable purposes. I could, Mr. Editor, mention many similar instances of the liberality and anti-bigotry public spirit of our citizens and not one instance of a contrary nature. If either yourself, or any of your correspondents, know of any place which is pursuing a like honorable course, I am sure their record in your columns will be an agreeable treat to your numerous readers, and a strong encouragement to them to labor and pray that our happy country may become of the same mind and disposition as Milwaukee.

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully, X.

Few of your readers (save those who live in the State) may ever have been in Connecticut, and, therefore, a few words about the Catholics in this State may be acceptable. Some twenty years ago, there was not a single Catholic Church in this State, although it had been settled and peopled more than a century. Every child knows that this is one of the five New England States, originally settled by the Pilgrim Fathers—as bigoted a set of fanatics as ever mouthed about the Bible. These Pilgrims and their followers were all of Cromwell's age—were all English, and haters of Ireland and Catholicism. Their children and followers down to our days were fed from infancy with the sap of bigotry—to hate an Irishman and to fear "Popery," were the two leading stupid ideas of their education.

So long as Connecticut, and New England generally, relied upon their own barren soil for subsistence, so long these stupid ideas, like heaps of snow in the northern caverns of a mountain, remained unmelted away. But when manufactures began to penetrate their gloomy valleys, and to creep up their mountain streams, the light and heat of mind began its natural operation—Irishmen were called in to dig the deep foundations of huge factories, to blast the rocks, to build the dams, and when the great structure arose, the children of Irishmen were called to tend the spindles or the furnace.

The Irish are absolutely necessary to the manufacturing success of the new world. Without them the railroads would be uncut—the Canals undug—the factories unbuilt.

Poor, poor unhappy Ireland! the flower of your population,—the bone and sinew of your national strength are exiled, and applied to develop stranger lands and mix in dust with strange earth.

And yet, perhaps, Ireland is fulfilling her appointed mission in the great system of the Almighty, by sending forth to distant lands the agents of a mild and charitable christianity, as she did in days of national affluence, when her zealous missionaries and her polished scholars won for her from Europe, by their great labors and talents, the distinctive appellation of "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum"—island of Saints and Doctors.

Yes, unhappy nation! your very sufferings now conduce, as your affluence and zeal conducted in former ages, to spread the glory of God.

Wherever the Irish penetrate, they carry in their bosoms the living fire of the faith; they are the votaries and the missionaries of the Cross. They are all the same wherever they go—whether to the manufacturing districts in the East, or the untracked wilderness in the West. Their ever pressing want in a new place is a Priest, and when they have enjoyed the comfort for some little time in a series of visits, few perhaps, and far between, their next aspiration is a church, and then a home for the Priest. All this they at last accomplish by force of their warm faith and untiring perseverance; and it is not till they have established their faith, their church, and their Priest, in the midst of a prejudiced community—not until the Priest is located among them ready and able to deal, when necessary, with the surrounding stupidity, ignorance and prejudice, that they may say to themselves we are now at last Free—we are now at last independent; for then the people around begin to open their eyes, come into their churches, hear and see and think, and treat their Catholic neighbors almost as "fellow citizens."

These ideas flow from the writer as the unchecked current of his meditation, growing from a long observation of the Irish in America—for they indeed are the seed and salt of the Catholic faith in the new world.

Entering this puritanical State, from New York, we may step from a steamboat into Bridgeport, New Haven, or New London.—These are the principal seaport cities on the eastern border, opening into the Sound. In each of which there is now gathered a large Catholic congregation (mostly Irish) each having a resident pastor.

The congregation of Bridgeport, a commercial place of about 12,000 inhabitants, is presided over by the Rev. Mr. Lynch. His church is a beautiful brick building in the old Irish style, perched upon a handsome elevation above the business part of the town. Included in the lot is a good dwelling house for his reverence. The Rev. Mr. Lynch is an Irishman, and universally

beloved by his flock, who are a moral and well-conducted congregation, and enjoy among their American fellow citizens a high social reputation. The stranger is welcome to the door of Father Lynch.

New Haven is, as every one knows, the crack educational city of America, for here is Yale College, the Oxford of America, with its six hundred students from all parts of the continent. This College was founded, as very few are aware, by an Irishman, the celebrated Dean Becheley. The city is certainly beautiful—counts 20,000 inhabitants, of which the sixth part are Irish Catholics. It has commerce, railroads, churches, boarding houses, some light manufactures, and is the great oyster bed of New England. The Rev. P. O'Reilly, late of Ireland and a priest of thirty years standing, has care of this congregation. The church belonging to these people was burnt a few months ago, but they have purchased a Protestant church, built of brick, for which they pay some thirteen thousand dollars. The burnt church had been insured for eight thousand dollars, and the balance they contribute by subscription. The new church will seat a hundred or twelve hundred persons. The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly has been obliged for some time past to perform the Holy Ceremonies of religion under a tent. He is a polished Irish gentleman of the old school, and is much beloved by his people and by all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Proceeding some ten miles into the interior, we meet with the flourishing manufacturing village of Birmingham, and almost at the same time with the talented and zealous Catholic pastor of this and three other manufacturing villages, the Rev. Michael O'Neill. This zealous priest is one of the first pupils of the Dublin "College for Foreign Missions," and since his arrival from Ireland, some twelve months ago, has infused into the Catholic community a new religious zeal, and called up for them, by his great pulpit talent, a new feeling of respect from the American community. His eloquence and theological powers and labors have been blessed by some remarkable conversions to the faith. His work indeed is only begun.

The range of his mission extends from Birmingham through the manufacturing valley of Noughetuck river for about eighteen miles, terminating with the beautiful village of Waterbury. There is a church at either end of the mission, and the Rev. gentleman attends them on alternate Sundays. The church of Waterbury has a peculiar history, and I must give it. About twelve months ago, the Episcopalists of Waterbury conceived the idea of building a church of stone, on the site of their frame one, and signified a wish to sell the fine old frame church, steeple, pews and all. The Catholics by slow and creeping steps, through one or two of their body, purchased the church for five hundred dollars. Before this they were irregularly visited by a clergyman, but now they resolved on having one permanent, and the Rev. Mr. O'Neill was sent to them. The church, must be removed from its old site, and thus occupied two or three weeks—it was drawn along the public streets several blocks, with oxen, horses, and a world of trouble, superintended in its progress by the Rev. Mr. O'Neill. A new basement story was built of brick for its reception, on which at last it stands, steeple and all, in all its original integrity; and now really looks better than most of the new churches around. It will seat twelve hundred persons, and last these fifty years. The expense of moving came to six hundred dollars, and the achievement was one of great risk and trouble, but what will not zeal and perseverance accomplish!

The Catholics in Waterbury, mostly employed in the factories have done all this, almost unaided by distant congregations. Indeed, many of the Irish here have fine houses, which are kept peculiarly neat and clean, and reflect credit on themselves. There is not a drop of liquor sold by an Irishman in this whole valley. The Rev. Mr. O'Neill is active in checking intemperance, broils, gambling, &c. This proves to the reflecting mind what Irishmen can be moulded into, if the proper means be resorted to.

There are other places in this state that shall have from me a notice. I should have said before this, that Connecticut and Rhode Island are in the Episcopal charge of the Right Rev. Dr. Tyler, who resides permanently in Providence, and who was originally an American Protestant—but who is now among the most zealous of our clergy in the propagation of the faith. Dr. Tyler has obtained the most of his priests from Ireland. He treats them with the utmost kindness and consideration.—Pilot. M.

DRINK AND DIE

Every immoderate cup is unblest, and the ingredient a devil.—SHAKESPEARE.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a drunkard, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the efforts of the white human race to raise you to character, credit and prosperity, be a drunkard, and you will most surely triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be sponged on by knaves, be a drunkard, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a drunkard, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a drunkard, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a drunkard, and you will lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a drunkard, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a drunkard, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a drunkard, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a drunkard, that you may be excluded from heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a drunkard, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a drunkard, and they will rub out while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily strength, be a drunkard, and it will soon be subdued by a powerful antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labor, but a workhouse, be a drunkard, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a drunkard, and discord with all her evil train will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a drunkard, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families, will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a drunkard, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye-paths of the public streets.

If you like the amusement of a court of conscience, be a drunkard, and you may be often gratified.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, and cumber the ground, be a drunkard, for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a drunkard, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dung-hill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a drunkard, and you will be more disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a drunkard, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the pews, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in the watch-house, be a drunkard, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your end.

Births.

- December 19—Mrs Dolly, of a son
- " 20—Mrs Smithers, of a daughter
- " 20—Mrs Casey, of a son
- " 21—Mrs Phelan, of a son
- " 21—Mrs McWilliams, of a daughter
- " 21—Mrs Cronan, of a daughter