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THE MORNING STAR AND Catholic Messenger.

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To prevent all failure, and to guarantee the permanency of the undertaking, it is based on a joint stock company, the capital of which is one hundred thousand dollars, in five thousand shares, of twenty dollars each.

Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese.

† J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS.
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"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

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MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1869.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

Whatever be our earthly lot,
Wherever we may roam,
Still to our hearts the brightest spot
Is round the hearth at home:
The home where we received our birth,
The hearth by which we sat,
No other spot on all the earth
Will ever be like that.

When winter, coming in its wrath,
Piled high the drifting snow,
Safe clustered round the cheerful hearth,
We watched the firelight glow;
Nor brighter seemed the ruddy flames
Than did our hearts, the while
A loving mother breathed our names
With sweet approving smile.

When we set out with our eager chase
Through life's many a tangled path,
How sweet to the dear accustomed place
To turn around the hearth;
And still, when by our toil and care
We feel ourselves oppressed,
Our thoughts forever cluster there,
And there *alone* find rest.

Bright promise of the rest above,
Sweet shelter from the storm,
Home, hallowed by a mother's love,
Hearth by that love made warm:
Though wildly reared the storm without
What recked we of the cold,
What place for any fear or doubt
Within that loving fold!

And when some little trouble weighed
Upon the childish heart,
Till from our brimming eyes it made
The gushing tear drops start,
How quick, before that genial glow,
We felt each sorrow cease,
And back the crystal current flow,
To flood our hearts with peace.

And brighter with the passing years
Seems childhood's sweet employ,
And even sweeter still appears
Each well-remembered joy
Around the cheerful hearth at home,
Where we in childhood sat,
No other spot, where'er we roam,
Will ever be like that.

BEATRICE TREVIS.

A TALE OF FAITH.

"A member earnestly asks the prayers of the confraternity for a particular intention," was one of the requests read out by a priest at the parish church of a suburb of London, where an affiliation of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary had been some time established. The sender of the request with which we have begun our tale was a young girl named Cecily Trevis, whose elder sister, Beatrice, was about to contract marriage with a Protestant. Cecily's pious soul was deeply wounded at this prospect of a union between a Catholic (and one so dear to her) and a heretic worldling. She prayed the intervention of the Blessed Virgin that if God foresaw it would bring harm to her sister's soul He would yet avert the alliance, though the time fixed for its celebration was near.

Beatrice Trevis was a beautiful girl, grand and noble in appearance, and she was noble-minded too, in many things, for she could not do a mean action, hardly think a mean or base thought. She could not talk at, though she might to you, and she was generous and honest in her dealings with others. She had many natural virtues, and she was too high-minded not to be able to appreciate, in some way, religion and its truths, but although she had been brought up in the Catholic faith, she had associated chiefly with Protestants, or lay and worldly-minded Catholics. She had read no leading works of Catholic doctrine or practice; the lives of the saints were unstudied by her, and all the grandeur of their spiritual works was little known to her. At the age of seven she had lost both parents by a terrible railway accident—her father being killed on the spot, and her mother only surviving a few hours—during which time, however, she had been able to receive the consolations of the Church, and to obtain a promise from the aunt who undertook the charge of Beatrice that she would be brought up in the faith of her parents. Honorably, as far as they knew how, did Mr. and Mrs. Bellington carry out their promise. They made a point of engaging Catholic governesses for Beatrice, but as they were unable to discriminate, the poor child seldom had a really suitable guide; three out of four governesses through whose hands she had passed were accomplished and refined, indeed, but they were only Catholics in name and outer appearance. For a few months she had had the benefit of a good and pious instructress, and those few months did a work the results of which were as yet hidden. But uncontrolable circumstances removed so valuable a guide, and Beatrice remained until her education was completed in the care of a time-serving foreign teacher.

At the time this story opens she had spent two years in society. She was now twenty, and about to close her girl's career by a marriage with a man of rank, talent and considerable wealth. He was thirty-two years of age, and of such distinguished appearance and pleasing manners that he soon gained Beatrice's entire heart. Cecily, at this time, was a visitor at her aunt's house, and as the arrangements of the marriage were already fixed, she did not make any effort to dissuade her sister from it, but humbly and fervently prayed for what was best, for God's mercy on this beloved one, and for His omnipotence to shape events as He saw good for His own honor and her sister's soul. She had, indeed, from a sense of duty, on first hearing of the proposed marriage remonstrated with Beatrice on the unholiness of a union between faith and heresy, but a veil of worldliness was over her heart, and as she loved Archibald Beverly with an engrossing love, "not wisely but too well," could entertain no thought of separation from him.

Cecily had herself grown up in the household of her mother's oldest friend, who was the widow of a Catholic, the representative of a family that had bravely borne the burden of the Tudor and succeeding persecutions, and had emerged from their sufferings impoverished indeed, but stamped with the dignity of Christian fortitude and Christian hope. Mrs. Marston had taken little Cecily from her mother's arms on the fatal day which separated them forever in this world. "Let her be my youngest care," she said to Lady Trevis, and the dying mother thankfully consented, knowing her friend's religious feeling and maternal heart. So Cecily grew up a sister to Mrs. Marston's three children, the youngest of whom was four years older than herself, and now married to a French nobleman, and living at his chateau in Normandy.

Time went on, and the first week of June approached, the period fixed upon for Beatrice's wedding. A few weeks before the day appointed, Mrs. Bellington and Cecily were alone together one evening, and after some minutes silence, Mrs. Bellington said, almost abruptly:

"Cecily, do you like Archibald Beverly?"

"Oh, yes, aunt; don't you?" she replied, somewhat startled by the question.

"I should be very unlike the rest of the world if I did not," said Mrs. Bellington, "and yet at times I almost fear the match will not be for Beatrice's happiness."

"But why, dear aunt, should you think so? What cause for a fear of this sort?"

"None actually, and I blame myself for dwelling on an unfounded idea—fancy, I think it must be. Beatrice is so dear to me that I am alive to everything concerning her, and I find myself watching with too zealous an anxiety her future husband. His brilliant qualities and his delightful kindness of manner have been lately less apparent to me than a certain selfishness, however well concealed—a real disregard of the feelings of others, with an outward show of interest. Still I may be wrong, and in my love of Beatrice be unjust in my judgment of others."

"Is it impossible to defer the marriage? Could we not gain a little time in order to be quite sure Beatrice is doing well?" asked Cecily anxiously.

"Impossible!" answered her aunt. "There could be no reasonable pretext for postponing an event decided upon many months since."

The next day Cecily took her request to St. Mary's; at the next meeting of the confraternity it was read and prayed for.

Clare de Mesme to her mother, Mrs. Marston: "My dearest mother must not suppose that because she has not heard for a whole fortnight from her daughter she has undutifully forgotten to write. Ah, dear mamma, daily, hourly, I am with you, in spite of my great happiness here. I am already looking forward to your promised visit, next year. Why cannot it be now? Henri would be so glad to welcome you here; and I am sure the bright clear atmosphere would do Agnes good, and the entire change benefit you both. I cannot write a long letter to-day, because Henri's aunt and cousins came yesterday to stay for a few days, and during their stay I must place a great deal of my time at their disposal. But I must account for my unusual delay in writing. A few days after my last letter to you we made an excursion to some of the beauties in the neighborhood. About five miles off there are some extraordinary caves and a waterfall, near a very extensive forest, and within half a mile of a charming little village. After we had seen all these, we rested in the wood and took luncheon; but, desirous of taking home with me some wild flowers, I went off in search of them with little Rosalie de Bareau for my companion. We came upon some men who were felling trees, and turning to strike into another path, did not see a loose branch about to fall, but Rosalie screamed, and I escaped with a slight injury to my foot. Rosalie's cries were heard by our party, and they came to my assistance. Henri was very much alarmed, and thought it best to take me to the village and have medical advice. This was done, and although the injury my foot had received was slight, yet, as there had been a shock to the nerves, a few days' rest where I was, would greatly accelerate the cure. To this Henri and I consented. I was quite restored at the end of a week, and my beloved mother need have no anxiety about me. When I write again I will tell you a sad story I heard during my stay at Anvers. Adieu, for the present; with much love from Henri to Agnes and yourself, and the same from your ever-loving child,

"CLARE DE MESME."

The story which Clare promised to tell her mother was, that seven years before, in a small town twenty miles beyond Edinburgh, there lived a happy family of three persons—father, mother and daughter. The father was Dr. Graylie, the chief medical man of the place, and held in universal respect by all classes and persons. Mrs. Graylie was a kind and gentle woman, and Lizzie, their only child, sixteen, their joy, their comfort, and their hope. She was a fair, simple child of nature, knowing no worldly guile, having a fair amount of education, and, like her parents, a firm believer in the Free Kirk doctrines. But the time had come when this peaceful home would be made miserable. One of the many visitors to the town for fishing pursuits had fallen ill of low fever, and Dr. Graylie did his best, and quickly restored the patient to health, who, in calling to thank his medical adviser, found he was from home; but Mrs. Graylie received him, and so pleasing were his manners an acquaintance was begun which was continued during his stay. Though of aristocratic appearance and of refined address, he bore the plebian name of Smith—Charles Smith. Six weeks from the date of their first acquaintance, one morning on descending to breakfast the unhappy parents found a note from Lizzie, dated the night before, saying she was leaving to be married privately to their late guest, and she prayed their pardon for taking this step. She would return immediately after her marriage, and hear that they forgave and loved her from their own lips. She only consented for it to be private because Charles told her it would ruin all his prospects if his family knew he was about to marry any one below them in social rank, and that he knew, too, Dr. Graylie would never consent to her entering any family where she would not at once be received as she deserved to be. But once married, he was sure his relations would take a reasonable view of the matter, and Lizzie felt sure her parents would forgive her, so that in a little time everything would be right, and she was convinced her father and mother only wished for her happiness. She finished by saying she would always be their loving, loving child.

Vainly did Dr. Graylie put telegraph and post to work; vainly were inquiries made in all parts of the town, and the railway officials could only say that a gentleman had been seen to leave by the night train for Edinburgh; that a young lady had also gone, but in another carriage, both answering to the description given. But as the train arrived in Edinburgh at half an hour after midnight, so many hours had already passed, it was almost like searching for a needle in a bottle of hay. Days passed, and still no tidings of Lizzie. Poor Mrs. Graylie, broken hearted as she was, still clung with a woman's tenacity of hope to the idea that all would yet be well, that Lizzie had been persuaded to keep the fact of her marriage private, but that in time they would hear good tidings from her. Not so the father, from the day she left he broke down; she had been the idol of his heart, his solace and delight on his return from his anxious and weary duties; but now, honored and respected as he still continued personally to be, he felt that a deep shadow had fallen across his path, his child's fair fame was tarnished, and the recollections of her winning ways as a child, her sweet girlish face, as he had seen her last, were ever before him; for hours he would pace the garden, hitherto so neatly kept, but he had not cared to cultivate it since her departure, and weeds and neglect were doing their work of devastation. One morning when Mrs. Graylie noticed that he looked even more worn and changed than even she had seen till now, he went out and, taking his garden tools, began his old employment again. Glad to observe it, thinking it would serve to keep him from dwelling on the great affliction of his life, she on her part went to her household duties. Half an hour later he was found dead—he had fallen in the act of binding up a rose-bush—Lizzie's favorite white rose-bush. No doubt remembrances had been too much for him. The heart, already weakened and diseased, broke, and he fell clasping, if not his child, something that she loved. The bereaved widow and deserted mother laid her life's companion in the grave, and then turned sadly to her only sustaining hope—that of meeting again her lost one.

"The day drags through, the storm keeps out the sun," and fifteen months had added their link to the great chain of eternity, when at last news came, and came direct from Lizzie. She was again in Edinburgh, she had learned her father's death, and implored her mother to forgive and come to her. There was no delay in the answer. That night Lizzie was in her mother's arms. No sleep came to them, for they had much to say to each other. Mrs. Graylie learned that her daughter had been betrayed by a false marriage, performed on their arrival at Edinburgh by a man whom her betrayer said was a clergyman, and to her Scottish notions there was no need of going to church; she believed herself validly married, but there had been no witness, and directly afterwards they started for England. There he told her that his name was not Smith; that the marriage must for some time yet be kept secret, as his father was ill, and it would increase his illness to learn his son's marriage; and this being the case all his friends would be alienated from him. He made her promise, too, that she would not write home until she had his permission; he would learn, he said, how her parents were and let her know should anything go wrong. Upon this promise, and the assurance that he had heard through his banker that they were well and resigned to her absence, believing her to be well married, she had gone on hoping month after month that she would be able to return and see them, but he had brought forward continual reasons for keeping silence, until about a month ago, when he told her that their marriage was not binding, as there were no witnesses. Hearing this, she urged him to repeat the ceremony legally, but he refused, adding that none of his acquaintances had ever believed her to be his wife; that as she had hitherto been known as Mrs. Smith, she had better continue to keep the name; and if she wished to leave him, he would settle an income upon her, payable upon application at his banker's. To these cruel words and the knowledge she now obtained Lizzie made no reply. Instinctively her heart turned to her forsaken father and mother; her first thought was to fly to and take refuge with them, and then a sickening sense of her position came upon her—how face them? How tell the truth? Seeing her so quiet the *soi-disant* Smith thought it best to leave her for a time, and taking up his hat said he would go to the post, and return in the course of an hour. His absence gave her mind a capability of acting, which it seemed powerless to do while he was present. She resolved to seek her parents, and to go immediately; never again would she willingly set eyes on him who had so wronged her and them. Wrapping a large shawl round her, and with no luggage or money except what was in her purse, she left the lodgings she was in, and, in order to hinder pursuit, said she was going for a walk. They were staying at a German watering place, and it was easy to find means of leaving it. Taking a railway ticket to Cologne, she entered that city a few hours afterwards, and immediately went on board a steamboat going to Rotterdam, whence she sailed for England, and then on again by train to Scotland. She took no rest by the way, a feverish desire to look once more on the face of those whom she had loved though she forsook them, to hear words of pardon and pity from them, had possession of her, and she was flying from a terrible recollection, while fatigue of body and mind deadened the sense of mental misery. Thus she reached the home of her childhood, but she could not enter or even knock at the door, and inquiring from a passer-by if that was Dr. Graylie's house, she learned that it had been, but the doctor had been dead for fifteen months past. Stunned, motionless she stood. She felt she had killed her father. She could not now enter that house—its very walls would condemn her disobedience. Mechanically she found her way to the station, returned to Edinburgh, and with a last effort of strength wrote to her mother, and, as we have seen, was immediately joined by that faithful friend and loving heart. Poor Mrs. Graylie could very much avow, she had no reproaches. But the shock of learning her father's death, her remorse and misery, all contributed to bring on brain fever, from which she recovered with a shattered system—a harmless but confirmed imbecile. A lady lodging in the house advised Mrs. Graylie to reside in France, and recommended a village in Normandy where the air was invigorating, rent and food very cheap, and there poor Lizzie's story would be utterly unknown. Upon consideration Mrs. Graylie acted upon this advice, and she had been residing there for six years at the time of Mme. de Mesme's accident. It was to her humble abode (as being a countrywoman of hers) though indeed it was one of the best in the village, that Clare was carried, and an impulse urged her to tell Clare her daughter's and her own sad history.

A week after this time Mrs. Marston and Agnes arrived at Chateau de Mesme. They had written to excuse their being present at Beatrice Trevis's wedding, but they had brought with them portraits of the betrothed pair. Mrs. Graylie and Lizzie had come over at Clare's invitation to make them known to her mother and sister. After a family dinner Mrs. Marston showed some English photographs to the twog uests. Lizzie looked indifferently upon them; not so Mrs. Graylie. She gazed fixedly at Beverley's, and bursting into tears, said, "That is the villain!" Fortunately Lizzie had wandered off to the garden, and Mrs. Marston was able quietly to inquire into the cause of this strange emotion. Mrs. Graylie repeated that that was the face of him who had so wronged them, and as she persisted, Mrs. Marston thought it would be well for her and Mrs. Graylie to go to England and make everything known to Mrs. and Mr. Bellington, for Beatrice must be saved; and if it were possible to prove poor Lizzie's marriage, it must be done. No time was to be lost, as the wedding was to take place in ten days' time.

Arrived in London, after a short rest Mrs. Marston, concealing her own face under a thick veil, took Mrs. Graylie to the Park, where she thought most likely Beverly would be about six o'clock, and she was not wrong. Leaning over the railings he stood conversing with an acquaintance on horseback, and poor Mrs. Graylie was able fully to identify him. Almost fainting she reached the cab in waiting for them; they drove home, and having urged her to retire to bed immediately, and seen her tolerably quiet, Mrs. Marston went to Mr. Bellington, and, asking for a private interview, told him her tale.

Incredulous at first, he gradually admitted the possibility of its truth, and it was arranged that he should question Beverly that evening, and, if dissatisfied, forbid, for the present at least, all interviews with Beatrice. Mrs. Marston then left, promising to call next morning and hear the result of Mr. Bellington's inquiries. She called accordingly, and learned that Beverly had owned that at such a date he had been in Germany with a female companion, but he denied being married. Mrs. Bellington, who had been informed by her husband of the matter, suggested advertising—offering a reward for any information concerning a marriage said to have taken place in Edinburgh in the year 1850, under such and such circumstances. Mr. Bellington consulted his lawyer, and this suggestion was immediately acted upon. Meantime Beatrice had been told that some unexpected legal matters had to be settled, and until they were the marriage could not take place. Beatrice felt sure that there was some terrible mistake, some lawyer's fallacy. Why ask her not to see her promised husband? but she consented because she felt he would come out honorably from all trials, and she would not now stoop to plead for him or herself.

The advertisement was answered the next day by a man of bloated and dissipated appearance. He said he could give some information, but he must first have a promise that no harm should come to any one concerned. This was readily promised. The man then owned that he himself, being in great distress at the time, and his circumstances being known to Beverly, who had assumed the name of Smith, having fled from his creditors into Scotland, he tempted him by the bribe of fifty sovereigns to assume the character of a clergyman, and so deceive the unhappy girl by a pretended marriage, which took place with locked doors in one of the rooms of an Edinburgh hotel. He added that he almost repented his evil purpose when he saw the childish face of Lizzie. Beverly, suspecting something of this kind, placed the money within sight. He would have no difficulty, he said, in recognizing Lizzie, and he would willingly confront Beverly. He further added that he had only been in England two months; he had gone to America as he had promised Beverly he would do directly after his evil work, and, doing badly there, he had lately longed to return to his old haunts.

After this information it was judged advisable for Mrs. Graylie to bring Lizzie to London. This was done without any explanation to the poor imbecile. Jennings, the man who had helped to deceive her, recognized her, and shuddered as he did so; his victim gazed unconciously upon him; it only remained now to confront him with Beverly. This was also done, and, startled by this sudden conviction of guilt, he no longer denied his base conduct, but, with characteristic heartlessness, expressed his gratification that the condition of mind of the poor girl he had wronged would set aside all legal claim—her evidence not being admissable—and as there was no witness, Jenning's statement would not prove even a Scotch marriage. But there was no escape for him from justice now, Lizzie Graylie was rapidly passing into the grave, and Beverly was threatened with the loss of her having believed herself to be married, and the cruel deception that had been practised upon her; but no legal steps to prove a valid contract were entered on, as it would only serve to disturb her mother, who was in close attendance upon her, whose health was also now failing.

But Beatrice, what of her? How did the proud heart meet the wreck of its hopes and prospects? When the miserable tale of her lover's duplicity was first told her, she utterly rejected all belief in it, and would hear no words of sympathy; but, when it was made clear by his own confession, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, sought the solitude of her room and would receive no earthly comfort; of heavenly she did not think. Having learned it, "I want to see Lizzie," she said, "I will go at once." "Wait till you feel better," urged Cecily, "and I will ask aunt to let us go together." "To-day, now, if you would have me keep my senses," was the reply. Seeing she was bent upon going, Mrs. Bellington consented, but with Cecily's companionship. Humbly and gladly did the haughty Beatrice enter the room of suffering; very kind was she to the dying girl, and day after day found her seated with the hand of Lizzie in hers. Many lessons did she learn from sorrow, and by the bed of death, and when at length the lingering spirit left its earthly habitation it was Beatrice Trevis who soothed the mother's grief and showed her the value of suffering endured patiently. Together they found comfort at the foot of the cross. Yes, the Good Shepherd had laid one more strayed sheep on His shoulders and brought it safely to the fold. Henceforth humility and simplicity took the place in her heart of pride and vanity. She never saw Archibald Beverly again, though there was no sentiment but that of forgiveness and Christian charity in her mind; indeed she looked upon him as the means which had been used to lead her to a sense of her worldliness and of bringing her to God. From Lizzie Graylie's death-bed she passed to many others, and poverty and suffering were as familiar to her as gay sights and sounds had once been.

Four years have passed since the events we have narrated took place, other changes have occurred since then: Mrs. Graylie has found rest; she died seven months after her child, a convert to the faith, from the members of which in Clare, Beatrice, and Cecily, she had received so much comfort and edification. Clare de Mesme is the happy mother of two blooming children, her mother and sister visits her annually, and her accident had no further result. Mr. and Mrs. Bellington have become Catholics, but Beatrice is not with them, she is the vowed bride of Christ; her life's object is to serve her divine spouse in the person of His lowly and suffering ones; thankfully she acknowledges God's mercy to her, and she knows now that no human love could ever have satisfied her heart.

Cecily has married into an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and she and her husband do much good by their enlightened and ardent piety. She will not cease to spread, as far as in her lies, devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for she gratefully refers her sister's deliverence to the prayers she asked from the members of the Archconfraternity, for Clare de Mesme's accident which led to so much result to them all, occurred the day after the request had been made. At the combined cost of Mr. and Mrs. Bellington, Cecily and her husband, a church is to be built in one of our northern cities under the invocation of Our Lady Refuge of Sinners.

GIVE AND TAKE.—England has sent missionaries all over the world, sometimes with and sometimes without the moral support of gunboats; and now Russia is about to send some missionaries to England for the purpose of making an effort for the conversion of the poor British heathen to the Gospel of the Greek Church.

SACRED CONCERT.—Miss Theresa Cannon, amateur organist, will give a sacred concert at St. Alo's Church, on Sunday, 26th instant, on which occasion she will be assisted by her own choir, and that of St. Theresa's, led by Mr. Labache, and several distinguished amateur vocalists, as well as by several members of the French opera orchestra.

The Chinese.

That the question of Chinese emigration is destined to enter largely into the public discussion of the future, is now an undisputed fact. All that relates to that peculiar people, therefore, especially as touching to their moral training, must be of interest. A correspondent of the London *Times*, who signs himself "Veritas," and takes care to say that he is not a Roman Catholic, gives an interesting account in that paper of the emissaries of the great London Societies, as contrasted with Catholic missionaries:

He does justice to the self-denying and consistent lives of our heroes in China, Formosa, and Japan, where he states himself to have had three years' experience, while he describes the Procestant rivals in the same countries as exactly "the sleek, typical, under-educated class, lecturers in the small Sunday school-rooms of the provincial towns." As to their mode of life, he contrasts the [illegible] bungalow, with his mosquito curtains and his China loge, his well-stocked table and full cellar, his conventicle not a stone's throw from the house, with probably his wife and children, and perfect immunity from all personal danger." The converts these preachers produce are characterized in forcible terms. "I may fearlessly call all China to witness," writes "Veritas," "that, of all the rascals that infest Shanghai, Hong Kong, or Canton, few exceed in villiany these precious lambs rescued from the toils of the Chinese devil." The *Times* does not insert letters without knowing the trustworthy character of the writer, and we are also able to confirm, from personal experience, the sad reputation of the so-called Protestant Chinese converts in the English settlements, as well as the exemplary behavior and good reputation of our Catholic converts. The political annoyances, created by men who make the non-Catholic converts, have been matters of notoriety for many years, but do not enter into our present purpose, which is simply to attract attention again to the difference, upon unimpeachable testimony, between Catholic missionaries or Protestant agents.

GROWTH OF INFIDELITY IN ENGLAND.—After an unusal silence, *Cornelius O'Dowd* contributes three or four articles to the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in one of which he says:

Whence, I would ask, has come that almost general attack—not on the Church, but on all religion, and all religious profession—so common now in English society? Why is belief regarded as the badge of an inferior intelligence, and the *esprits forts* of the world alone counted amongst those who proclaim a bold infidelity? There were days when the original talker—the man who illustrated his opinions by happy imagery or *apropos* anecdote—had his fair share of social success, and who never, to be interesting, was driven to be impious. Now, however, a new school has grown up, unquestionably able, and often witty, who trade for the most part on the amount of shock they can impart to society by the rude encounter they give to what most of us were wont to believe as true, and by the amount of ridicule they can bestow on Scriptural incongruity. I found that these men had it "all their own" in the world of society. They were the fluent, the witty, the ready in repartee, and the most incisive in sarcasm everywhere. It was plain to see, besides, that mere levity, or the passing ambition to be thought pleasant, was not the spring of these displays, for many of the best articles in the daily press took a concurrent tone, and some of the most finished "leaders" were written in a spirit of perfect sympathy with them. "Where did Mr. O'Dowd go? Into what social crypt did he wander," you will perhaps ask, "to discover all this?" and his only reply is, that he knew too little of the geography of the country to trust himself very far from the high road—that, so far as he knows, he was always treading very beaten paths; and he is vain enough to believe that he met some of the pleasantest, as well as some of the most distinguished, of his countrymen. In fact, so gratified was he on the whole, so satisfied of the incontestable superiority of these same countrymen—not alone in knowledge, but in fairness and in tolerance—over all foreigners, that nothing less than a carping desire to find fault somewhere, might possibly be ascribed to the spirit in which he records his present blame.