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into the hands of all young priests the moment they are ordained, and after they promise, on bended knees, that they will not preach or teach anything contrary to truth, and not contained in the volume of inspiration. How preposterous is it in the Church of Rome, after imposing such obligations, to put such incredible fables into the hands of her ministers! What morality can be expected from the members of a Church which forces such indigestible food down the throats of her priesthood, and requires them to believe, or, at least, to profess, things so self-evidently incredible and absurd?

After having finished my academical course of study, and left the college, I considered it would add not a little to the future dignity of my character to travel. Accordingly, I set off for Paris, and, as my family was much more respectable and opulent than those from whom the students were usually selected. I had ample means given me for my journey. After my arrival in that city, I had time enough to consider how weak it would be to continue to read a book which I could not disguise from myself was nothing but a mass of turgid homilies, unintelligible hymns, and incredible falsehoods. I then came to the resolution of adding one volume more to the small family library of the hotel I was staying in, in the Rue de St. Honoré—Fontaine's and Florian's fables. I placed my book of fables with them, without possessing the style or morality of either.

After having thus disposed of my Breviary, I bought a copy of the New Testament, out of which I read a chapter every day, and feared no divine displeasure in consequence of the change. In the dark ages, when those miraculous powers existed in the minds of cloistered monks, rather than in the persons to whom the suspension of the natural law was attributed, those legendary tales were fabricated, without evidence or facts, justifiable alone on the Jesuit principle, "that the end justifies the means, and that all pious frauds are allowable to promote the glory of God."

As I had learned the French language grammatically in the college, I had not much difficulty in speaking it fluently after a stay of six months in that city, where I had repeated opportunities of witnessing the gorgeous display of natural and artificial garlands of flowers, with clouds of incense that obscured the churches, notwithstanding the brilliant light of the wax candles so uselessly wasted in the sunshine of a Paris meridian. Young as I was, it struck me very forcibly that these spectacles, these theatrical performances, were calculated more to affect the senses than to inspire a spirit of piety or improve the heart, and that all true devotion was lost in the representation; it appeared also to me to be a device of the Church of Rome to engage the senses, in order to prevent the mind from investigating the subject of most cardinal importance in this pompous display. During my stay in Paris, I visited the public libraries, and the various public buildings with which that great city abounds. The Royal Institutes, the Hotel Dieu, built by Madame Neckar, the Hotel des Invalides, and the Palace of the Tuilleries, commenced by that wicked woman, Catherine de Medicis, who, actuated by the same infernal principle, "the end justifies the means," caused the death of so many thousands of French Protestants in the streets of Paris, on the Feast of St. Bartholomew, in 1572.

The gallery of the Louvre, and the royal gardens, designed by Andrew Lenostre, were the next objects to captivate my attention, and I must to say, that for conception of design and grandeur of effect, nothing in England, not even the Paxton Gardens at Chatsworth, could, in my opinion, be compared to them.

During my stay of six months in Paris, I had frequent opportunities of speaking to the priests on various subjects. But, whenever I spoke on the religion of Rome, they invariably shrugged up their shoulders, and, with a forbidding grimace, said that the Church was infallible, that the Church ordered everything as it then stood, and that nothing remained for them but to obey. On one occasion, I said to one of them, named Hulutté, as you are at this side of the Alps, and have nothing to fear from the tribunal of the Inquisition, would you not test all things, according to the advice of St. Paul? I would, said he, but my bread depends upon my present belief, and I will not forfeit it for any other. However, as you are a British subject, and I have nothing to fear from you, I shall be happy to discuss the subject of infallibility with you this evening in the sacristy of the church to which I belong. I accordingly went, and began by saying, that from the days of St. Augustine, every Roman bishop had reversed, not only the decisions of his predecessors, but his own; and that these reversals had exercised a decided influence, not only on the Church itself, but on the purity of her doctrine. I showed him that Pelagius, Theodoretus, Arius, Athanasius, Origen, Paul of Samosata, and many others, had been condemned and acquitted by general councils, with the approbation of the Popes.

Is it not also a matter of history, that those very books that were once to be found in the "Index Expurgatorius," became afterwards school-books in the colleges of Rome; and as this is an age of proof, I shall point out some of them to your notice.

The history of Natalis Alexander, the writings of

Galileo, the sentences of Petrus Lombardus, Archbishop of Paris, even the books of Bellarmine are among those I have mentioned. Here you see a change of purpose totally incompatible with the Pope's infallibility, even in matters of fact. Besides, this doctrine of infallibility of the Popes was not known in the early ages of the Church; as Bossuet says, that the Popes' infallibility was first propounded in the Council of Florence, in the 15th century, by Cajetan, celebrated in ecclesiastical story. To all this he fully agreed, but said, what is to become of me, if I change my creed? I should have to go to one of the poor institutions of the city!

This objection was, of course, an unanswerable one. That it was not, however, calculated to convince an inquiring mind, you will readily believe. That it shuts the door, however, against all inquiry to many, there can be no doubt, in Ireland as well as in France. Alas! when will religious liberty be more than a mere name?

Before I left the College of Maynooth, I was greatly prejudiced against the French nation, in consequence not only of the frightful massacre of the French Protestants, already alluded to, but also on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the infamous conduct of the Duke of Alva, to say nothing of the more recent horrors of the French Revolution.

Tours and Cambay were, however, names of almost daily familiarity; and I was irresistibly impelled to visit both those places. A magnetic influence draws our feet to spots upon which our imagination has long fed; it is an instinct of our nature; and, perhaps, the chief charm of travel, and the simplest dictate of the heart, is to wish to visit those places that have been sanctified by miracles, or adorned by learning. I, therefore, set off for Tours, the Canterbury of France.

After spending a few days at Orleans I descended, in a passage boat, down the Loire, which serpented around a smiling and fertile landscape, and whose banks were decorated with the yellow blossom of the broom, which formerly gave title to the House of Plantagenet, and now rendered the scenery "unprofitably gay."

During the voyage of a summer's day, my mind was occupied with thoughts of Tours, formerly the ecclesiastical capital of France, in the fourth century, and the depository of the miracle-working remains of St. Martin, during the fifth and sixth centuries. This miraculous power gave an impulse to the munificence of France, and Tours became the centre from which radiated churches, monasteries, and religious houses. I must confess I was greatly disappointed when I found that two dilapidated towers were the only remains of the Cathedral of St. Martin, of which the king of France was once the abbot; and found the Church of St. Julian profaned by the impious ribaldry of a French postilion. The healing powers of the saint have been withdrawn by God, he even permitted the shrine to be plundered, the body itself to be taken away, and dishonored. Can it be that the saints are like the heroes of antiquity, that have passed away; and that a book is a more lasting monument than a saintly life; or than a body endowed with miraculous powers? Are the plough and the maddock, the loom and the distaff, of more paramount importance to mankind than the crucifix and the missal? I felt on this occasion that disappointment which a person who expects too much always feels. Yet, I must say, with Dr. Johnson, that I do not envy the man his feelings whose piety or patriotism are not excited by visiting the ruins of Iona or the plains of Marathon; and that it would give me pain to be numbered as one of those cold calculators who visit, with indifference and without emotion, such places of interest, as the hallowed remains of the Cathedral of Tours, Galileo's cell, the ancient battle-field, or the ruined abbey.

On my return from Tours, nothing of any moment occurred; nor did I see anything worth mentioning, except the sullen and gloomy scowl of the frowning Blois, as we swept along its rugged base. The scenery of France is generally tame and monotonous, without any of those bold features which so particularly distinguish Northern Europe. You do not find those mountain ranges in France that reign elsewhere with such composed majesty from age to age, and arrest the traveller's attention as he journeys along; but a vast ocean of tillage everywhere appears, with beautiful slopes dressed with vines, and whole districts covered with the mulberry tree, which feeds myriads of silkworms which enrich, in perspective, the populous city of Lyons.

Having taken leave of Tours, I set out for Cambay, in Picardy, a place that has been associated with everything that could adorn literature or add dignity to virtue. I may be pardoned when I avow that my feelings overcame my reason, when the tottering remains of the episcopal palace that witnessed the learned labours of the illustrious Fenelon were pointed out to my notice, as also the spot where the streets met at right angles, and where that illustrious man was compelled to burn, with his own hands, the best of his works, by order of the then Pope, the veriest of despotic tyrants. Cambay has been distinguished by two events of a very different character; the first is, that it was in this city was formed the famous league against the republic of Venice by Julius II.; the second, that it was from Cambay that the classic elegance of Fenelon's compositions was poured forth upon Europe.

The age that was signalized by the reign of Louis XIV., which in itself involved the history of Europe, was not less remarkable for having given birth to the inimitable author of Telemachus.

I was not long in Cambay when I became acquainted with a Dutch priest whose name was Rendal, who showed me the public institutions of the city; and, in return, I made myself as useful as I could, particularly on Sunday morning, when he was engaged in the confessional; I blessed the holy water for him. As I was always most anxious to come at the foundation of things, I examined very closely, not only the derivation of words, but also the practices of the early ages. I searched for the origin of holy water in the New Testament, in the works of the early Fathers, and, lastly, in the heathen authors. After having searched in vain for holy water in the Holy Scriptures, I examined the works of the Holy Fathers without finding any trace of it; but I found it in the works of the heathen writers. The lustrations of the ancient pagans was effected by sulphur, fire, or water; and as water was the most common element, it was it that was most commonly used. Ovid speaks of the *Aqua Lustralis* in his *Metamorphoses*, and so does Virgil in his *Georgics*. The arena where the gladiators fought was purified with water in ancient Rome. That the holy water of the Roman Church was borrowed from the lustral water of the pagans is evident, as the brush used by the priests is called *asperges*, the very name it bore amongst the pagans.

Frequent lustrations are also practised by the Turks in their mosques before prayers, and the Church of Rome, as well as that of Mahomet, borrowed this lustral practice from the ancient pagans. The exorcism used in making holy water is a curious *morceau* of the practice of the middle ages, and I take leave to point out how it is effected. The priest, with lighted candles, and ritual in hand, forms the sign of the cross three several times over the salt and water, in the name of the true God, the *living God*, and the *holy God*, to banish all demons, all unclean and malignant spirits, from those elements of salt and water; he then mixes the salt and water together, and uses this mixture (out of which he supposes himself to have banished all evil and malignant spirits), in one moment after, to banish all fairies, demons, and evil spirits, that may be lurking in houses, in home-steads, in dairies, and elsewhere. What a burlesque on the common sense of mankind, to make salt and water first the medium of possessing demons and evil spirits, and then the medium of banishing them!

In the present age, when the human mind has elevated the arts and sciences to a higher standard than they were ever before known to reach, how degrading it must be to thousands of priests to be employed, simultaneously, on the Sabbath morning, banishing unclean and malignant spirits from the pure water and salt, that were produced from the barrel of a pump or the bottom of a salt-pan. And can any one doubt, that hundreds of them feel the degradation, though they are obliged to submit to it?

Besides, how profane it is to employ the name of God six times in this unholy exorcism, contrary to the third commandment—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Moreover, if there are unhallowed spirits in springs and salt-pans, why does not Archbishop Cullen extend the ecclesiastical privilege of exorcism to all the salt and water necessary for the domestic purposes of life?

As nothing can be more subversive of true piety than superstition, I earnestly entreat my countrymen not to depend on holy water for their future salvation, as it is not to be found in the Scripture, or in the writings of the primitive Church, but was introduced into the Church of Rome in the beginning of the ninth century, as appears from Martini's History of the Rites of the Church; but to depend on the last petition of the Lord's Prayer, to deliver us from evil. As external pomp and ritual observances are foreign to the spirit of the Christian religion, let us place no dependence upon them for our future happiness; but let us rely upon the lustral sacrifice of the cross, and upon the pure water of eternal life—the Scriptures—and let us no longer slake our thirst in the impure water that flows from the *Cistern of the Hills*.

(To be continued.)

LATE CONVERSION OF A PRIEST OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

During the season of 1851, the Abbé Miel, then an officiating priest of the Roman Church, published in London two small works, entitled "The Pope and the Holy Scriptures," and "The Pope and the Primitive Church." In these the writer proposed to prove, "by precise Scriptural evidence," as also "from the writings of the primitive Christians," that the supremacy of Peter, and of his so-called successors the Popes of Rome, and of the Roman Church, was universally acknowledged.

The pamphlets contain a precise digest of all the texts from Scripture, and the principal extracts from the proceedings of councils and writings attributed to the Fathers of the early Christian Church, usually quoted by Romanists on the subjects to which the titles refer. They were expressly written for circulation among Protestants.

Mr. C. H. Collette, a lay member of the Church of

England, entered into a controversial correspondence with the Abbé Miel, on the subjects treated of, which has led to the conversion of the latter; and the once sincere and zealous Roman priest is now a sincere and zealous evangelical Christian.

The subjoined letter has since been received by Mr. Collette from the Abbé.

To C. H. Collette, Esq., 57, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

MONSIEUR—Comme vous avez été le premier instrument dont Dieu s'est servi pour me dessiller les yeux, je veux vous faire part, à vous le premier, de l'heureux changement que la divine grâce a opéré dans mes idées et dans mon cœur.

Et d'abord, je vous l'avouerai sans détour, Monsieur, il m'en a coûté de reconnaître, d'après vos indications si positives, non pas que je m'étais trompé, mais que nos théologiens les plus considérés nous trompent, ou plutôt se trompent eux-mêmes. Forcé pourtant de me rendre à l'évidence sur la fausseté d'un des principaux textes cités dans ma brochure, je crus pouvoir me retrancher sur les autres qui étaient nombreux et me paraissaient concluants. Hélas! vous l'avez trop bien montré, Monsieur, ils ne méritaient guère plus de confiance que le premier. Je me rejetai alors sur l'histoire. Je voulais trouver dans les documents historiques de la première période Chrétienne, des faits décisifs en faveur de la primauté de l'évêque de Rome, c'est-à-dire, de la Papauté. J'ai produit avec confiance les plus importants de ceux sur lesquels les docteurs Catholiques Romains appuyent leur système. Mais bientôt un examen plus attentif et plus impartial, provoqué par vos attaques, m'a prouvé qu'ils étaient insignifiants ou douteux; et pour quelques-uns qui semblent favorables, j'en ai découvert d'innombrables qui sont manifestement contraires à la thèse que j'avais entreprise de défendre. Et ainsi, Monsieur, si vos articles contre mes brochures pèchent dans la forme, qui pourrait être quelquefois plus digne, et souvent plus adoucie; du moins, vous avez gain de cause pour le fond, et c'est l'essentiel. La question débattue entre nous est trop sérieuse, j'ai apporté trop de bonne foi dans cette controverse, pour songer à me défendre par des arguties.

Le travail critique et historique auquel vos articles m'ont conduit, Monsieur, a été suivi d'un autre non moins important. Quand j'ai vu que la doctrine Romaine ne pouvait tenir en face de l'histoire, je me suis demandé si du moins elle n'avait pas dans l'évangile des fondements solides. Laissez-moi vous le dire, Monsieur, ce fut un grand jour dans la vie de mon âme que celui, où après de longues luttes intérieures qu'un vrai Catholique Romain peut seul comprendre, je me décidai à lire l'évangile avec un esprit sincère, mais indépendant. Cent fois précédemment j'avais fait cette lecture, mais dans un simple but d'éducation, et bien déterminé à ne jamais voir dans le texte sacré que le sens qu'y attache l'église Romaine. Cette fois je résolus donc de ne m'en rapporter qu'à mon jugement de ma raison aidée de la prière. Or, à peine eus-je parcouru quelques-unes des saintes pages dans ces dispositions nouvelles que je fus stupéfait de découvrir dans le livre divin une doctrine que je n'y avais jamais remarquée précédemment, et qui dans les points fondamentaux me semble la

Sir—As you were the first instrument employed by God to remove the scales from my eyes, it is my wish that you may be the first person to whom I communicate the happy change which divine grace has effected in my views and in my heart.

In the first place, I will avow, without circumlocution, how deeply it has grieved me to discover, as you so accurately pointed out, not that I had deceived myself, but that our most esteemed theologians deceive us, or rather deceive themselves. Nevertheless, compelled to yield to evidence respecting the untruthfulness of one of the principal citations in my pamphlet, I thought that I was able to fall back upon the others, which were numerous, and, in my opinion, conclusive. Alas! Sir, you have too successfully shown to me that these deserved no more confidence than the first. I then fell back upon history. I thought I could find in the historical documents of the first Christian period decisive proof of the primacy of the Bishop of Rome—i.e., of the Papal supremacy. I brought forward, with confidence, the most important of the facts upon which Roman Catholic doctors base their system. But ere long a more attentive and unbiassed examination of those facts, to which I was incited by your attacks, proved to me that they were either of no weight or of doubtful authenticity; and for a few which seem to favour the Roman Catholic pretensions, I discovered innumerable instances in manifest contradiction to the thesis which I had undertaken to defend. And I thus found that if your observations upon my pamphlets were faulty in style—if they seemed, on some occasions, wanting in suitable dignity, and often wanting in softness—at least, you had the right and truth of controversy at the foundation, which is the essential point. The question at issue between us is too serious, and I brought to the controversy too much good faith to suffer me to make use of any subtleties.

The critical and historical researches to which your observations led me was followed by another of no less importance. When I saw that the Roman doctrine could not stand before the face of history, I asked myself whether it had not, at any rate, a firm foundation in the Gospel. And let me tell you, Sir, it was a great day in my existence on which, after long internal struggles, which a real Roman Catholic alone can understand, I, at last, resolved to read the Gospel in a sincere but unbiassed spirit. I had read it hundreds of times before, but simply with a view to edification, and with a full and fixed determination never to see in the sacred text any other sense than that adopted by the Roman Church. But on this occasion, I, at last, resolved to take the opinion of my reason alone, assisted by prayer. Scarcely had I perused a page or two in this new disposition of mind when I was stupified at finding in the Divine Book a doctrine which I had never before observed in it, and which is, in fundamental points the negation and sometimes the express condemnation of the teaching of Rome.

négation et quelquefois la condamnation expresse des doctrines de Rome. Les limites de cette lettre ne me permettent pas d'entrer aujourd'hui dans quelque détail, mais je crois pouvoir défer qui que ce soit de lire l'évangile comme j'ai fait, c'est-à-dire, exempt de préjugés, et avec droiture de cœur, sans arriver au résultat que, par la grâce de Dieu, j'ai moi-même obtenu. Du reste, je me dispose à publier prochainement à ce sujet un petit travail, qui sera comme l'historique de mes études, de mes observations, et de mes recherches; il servira, peut-être, à guider quelques âmes dans la voie qui conduit à la vérité; en tout cas, ce sera un témoignage de la sincérité, et, (s'il m'est permis de le dire,) de la sagesse avec lesquelles j'ai procédé.

J'aurais pu m'en tenir, Monsieur, à cette double étude sur l'évangile et sur les premiers âges chrétiens; j'avais droit dès-lors, je pense, de tirer mes conclusions contre le système Romain. Cependant, pour que nul ne pût me reprocher plus tard de m'être prononcé dans une matière aussi grave d'une manière inconsidérée, j'ai voulu tenter une dernière épreuve. J'ai fait tout exprès le voyage de Rome, afin de juger le système en question, sur place, pour ainsi dire, et dans son application immédiate. Oh! c'est là, Monsieur, c'est à Rome que les faits parlent, et, certes, un bien éloquent langage. Oh, non! je ne m'explique plus comment, à part même toute étude préalable, un homme au cœur droit, à l'esprit sincèrement ami de la vérité, peut rester ferme dans sa foi de Catholique Romain, s'il lui a été donné d'observer Rome avec un œil impartial. Presque partout la superstition à la place de la religion; ce trafic odieux des choses de la piété; ces honteuses spéculations sur la foi des simples; l'homme substitué à son Dieu recevant jusque dans le temple les hommages qui ne sont dus qu'au Seigneur lui-même, le luxe pour le moins étrange (au milieu d'une population de mendiants, de ces cardinaux et de ces pontifes, qui n'hésitent pas à se donner comme les seuls légitimes successeurs des pêcheurs de la Galilée, et comme les premiers ministres de celui qui n'avait pas où reposer sa tête; l'ignorance et la dégradation morale et matérielle de ce pauvre peuple, gouverné par eux, élevé sous leur directe influence, et dans le cœur duquel on a peine à trouver encore la trace d'un sentiment honnête et généreux. . . . Monsieur, je n'ai séjourné que quatre semaines à Rome, et c'a été bien avisé à moi de ne pas y rester d'avantage; mais dès les premiers moments que j'ai passés dans la ville appelée sainte, il m'a semblé que retentissait sans cesse à mon oreille cette voix mystérieuse qui fut entendue dans le temple de Jérusalem peu de temps avant sa ruine, "Sortons d'ici! Sortons d'ici!"

Et en effet, Monsieur, de ce moment je me juge obligé de renoncer à tout ministère dans l'église Romaine. Il ne m'est pas permis de servir plus long temps une institution qui se donne comme divine, quand une étude consciencieuse m'oblige à ne voir en elle que l'œuvre des hommes, je dirai même, le chef-d'œuvre de l'orgueil humain.

Toutefois, Monsieur, je ne considère pas comme accom-

The limits of this letter do not permit me to enter, on the present occasion, into any detail; but I defy any one to read the Gospel as I have—I mean free from prejudice, and in uprightness of heart, without arriving at the result, which, thanks be to God, I have myself attained. I hope to be able shortly to publish on this subject a few remarks which will be, as it were, a historical review of my studies, my observations, and my researches; it will, perhaps, serve to guide some souls in the way which leads to the truth; at all events, it will be a testimony of the sincerity, and (if I may so say) of the caution with which I have proceeded.

I should have been justified in contenting myself with this double investigation of the Gospel, and of the early ages of Christianity. I had a right from that moment to draw my conclusions against the system of Rome. However, in order that no one might, on any subsequent occasion, have it in their power to reproach me with having declared myself in a matter of such gravity without the fullest consideration, I wished to make a last trial. I undertook for this sole purpose, a journey to Rome, in order to see the system in question on the spot and in its direct application to men and things around it. Oh! it is there—it is at Rome itself that facts speak, and, assuredly, in eloquent language. I cannot explain to myself how, without reference to any previous studies, any man, with an upright heart, with a mind sincerely attached to truth, can continue firm in the Roman Catholic faith after he has once seen and observed Rome with an impartial eye. Almost everywhere is to be found superstition occupying the place of religion, everywhere an odious traffic in objects of devotion; everywhere shameful speculations based upon the credulity of the simple-minded; man, substituted for God, receiving, even in God's house, the homage due to the Lord alone; amidst a population of mendicants, the strange luxury of cardinals and pontiffs, who give themselves out as the sole, legitimate successors of the fishermen of Galilee, and as the first among the servants of Him who had not where to lay his head; the ignorance and degradation, moral and physical, of their poor people, though governed by them, and brought up under their direct influence, and in whose hearts is scarcely any longer to be discovered the trace of a noble or generous feeling. . . . Sir, I remained but four weeks at Rome, and I think I did well to stay no longer; but from the first moment of my sojourn in the so-called Holy City, I seemed ever to hear resounding in my ear that mysterious voice which was heard in the Temple of Jerusalem, shortly previous to its destruction, "Let us flee hence! Let us flee hence!"

I have, in fact, gone out of her; and, you may consider me for this moment to renounce for ever all ministry in the Church of Rome. It is not lawful for me any longer to serve an institution which claims to be divine, when a deeper study and research compel me to see in her but the work of man—I will even say, the greatest work of the pride of man.

I do not, however, consider that I have fulfilled all my

plis tous mes devoirs envers la vérité et envers la société Chrétienne. Je vais continuer avec tout le zèle dont je suis capable mes méditations et mes recherches. Joignez-vous à moi pour prier le ciel de les bénir; et puisse venir un jour où il me soit donné de rendre quelques-uns de mes frères participants de la lumière et de la grâce que Dieu dans sa bonté m'aura départies.

Je serais heureux, Monsieur, qu'après nous être traités jadis en adversaires, nous pussions avoir désormais des relations d'amis. En tout cas, agréez, je vous prie, l'assurance des sentiments de haute estime avec lesquels je suis, votre très humble et tout dévoué serviteur,

MIEL.

Londres, 27 Janvier, 1854.

duties towards truth and the Christian world. I shall continue to carry on with all the zeal of which I am capable my meditations and my researches. Join, I beg of you, your prayers with mine for the blessing of heaven upon these studies and meditations, and that the day may come when it shall be given me to bring some of my brethren to participate in the light of grace which God shall have shown me.

I should be happy, Sir, if, after having formerly known each other as adversaries, we may henceforward have intercourse as friends. But, in any event, I beg you will accept the sentiments of deep esteem with which I am your very humble and obedient servant,

MIEL.

London, 27th January, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received Mr. Edmond Power's letter, the great length of which, obliges us to postpone it till our next.

We have again to apologize to several of our friends for postponing their valued communications. If our correspondents would recollect the limited space of our columns, when forwarding letters or articles, it would prevent much embarrassment and disappointment.

We beg to call the attention of our correspondents to the utility of adding their name and address to their communications.

To diminish the chance of disappointment, all letters should be forwarded to the office by the first day of the month.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-st.

Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber. Any one receiving any number of the journal, which has not been paid for or ordered by himself, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, OCTOBER, 1854.

In our number for April, 1853, we gave our readers a short account of the alleged apparition of the Blessed Virgin on the 19th September, 1846, to two peasant children named Peter Maximin Giraud, and Frances Melanie Mathieu, aged respectively eleven and fourteen years, on a mountain, near Grenoble, called La Salette, the authenticity of which formed the subject of a sharp controversy between M. Philibert de Bruillard, Bishop of Grenoble, and his metropolitan, Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, which terminated in a letter of the latter to his clergy cautioning them against false miracles, from which the following is an extract:—

"In times of perplexity, pious, but imprudent persons are found, who wish to have it thought that God interferes in a visible manner in human affairs. An effect produced by a natural cause, which is to them a mystery, is by them transformed into a prodigy; and without waiting to examine into it, or consult men of knowledge, they allow themselves to be deceived by false appearances, and declare miracles to be true which are very questionable. Some pecuniary speculations which intrude themselves into everything, seize upon this imaginary fact, and, at the expense of the credulous, turn it into profit. Men greedy of gain soon dress out the history of these false miracles, and accompany them by false indulgences. What, then, is their grand object, but to procure dishonest gains, by trafficking in objects of superstition. We, therefore, forbid the publication of any miracle from the pulpit without previous permission, should its authenticity be attested even by another bishop."

We have not recurred to the subject for the last eighteen months, believing that but few of our intelligent Roman Catholic readers were in danger of being deceived or influenced by so glaring an imposture; and knowing that the prevailing feelings, with regard to the matter, were those of regret and shame, that the cause of religion should be compromised by such palpable frauds upon the credulity of mankind.

The asserted miracle has, however, been of late so perseveringly pressed by the ultramon-