

that he, a Roman Catholic, like myself, believing that the truths of the Catholic religion can be proved from the Scriptures.

"Mr. John Macnamara—Order, order.

"Mr. Creagh—I am not out of order. I say that so far from danger arising from the general perusal of that book, I would place it in the hands of every man, woman, and child in Ireland. And my allusion to that is not at all irrelevant; because it is from that book the people of Ulster have learned the great principle and law of Providence that 'man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.' I say it is this knowledge that has spread both self-reliance and individual exertion among the people of Ulster, and has led them to pursue habits of industry. Is it not the reverse with the people of this part of the country? Here the people depend not on their own exertions, but on the exertions of others. They rely on dragging from the farmer and landowner all their substance, to be scattered in the shape of indoor and outdoor relief among them. But their instructors have not inculcated principles of self-reliance among them; nor have they taken care to instruct them in the words of the apostle—that 'if any man does not work, neither should he eat.' They have not explained to them that the reception of outdoor relief by parties able to earn their bread is equal to robbery, which the law of the land would punish by transportation. But on this important point I do not intend to detain this meeting further, and shall defer to another opportunity speaking more at large on the subject.

"Mr. John Macnamara said—I fully agree in the greater part of the statements made by Mr. Creagh; but I dissent from that part of it where he alludes to only one Roman Catholic bishop distributing the Bible. I am now rather advanced in life, and have long had acquaintance with the Catholic clergy, and I can say they are the most active and best friends of education. I know, also, that they never prevented their flocks from reading the Bible. I know that and I assert it without fear of contradiction (ironical cries of "hear hear," from Mr. Creagh). My friend, Mr. Creagh, need not to travel to the north for a bishop. We have them in the south and west, not at all inferior to the northern clergy; and Mr. Creagh is entirely mistaken in supposing that the Catholic clergy are not the friends of education, and of reading the Bible ("hear, hear," from Mr. Creagh)."

As another step in the right direction, we rejoice to hear that three dozen of Testaments have recently been ordered for the Roman Catholic children in the Cavan Union Poorhouse, on the application of the Roman Catholic chaplain, in consequence, we believe, of the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, having recently visited the school, and suggested the need of the supply. This is, we understand, the second time that Testaments have been supplied to these schools at the suggestion of Dr. Browne. We only hope that the reverend chaplain will carry out the object of his respected bishop, by vigilantly enforcing their use in the schools.

NEWSPAPER READERS.

The Americans are really a very droll people. The following sketch is original in style, and, considering its source, strictly true in substance. How endless is the variety of newspaper readers, and how hard it is to satisfy their wants.

Mr. A. believes he shall discontinue his paper, because it contains no political news; while

B. is decidedly of opinion, that the same paper dabbles too freely in the political movements of the day.

C. don't take it, because it is all on one side; and

D., whose opinion it generally expresses, does not like it, because it is not severe enough upon the opposition.

E. thinks it does not pay due attention to fashionable literature.

F. cannot bear the flimsy notions of idle writers.

G. will not suffer a paper to lie upon his table which ventures to express an opinion against slavery.

H. never patronizes one that lacks moral courage to expose the evils of the day.

I. declares he does not want a paper filled with the hodge-podge doings and undoings of the legislature.

J. considers that paper the best which gives the greatest quantity of such proceedings.

K. patronizes the papers for the light and lively reading which they contain.

L. wonders that the press does not publish Dewey's sermons, and such other solid matter.

M. will not even read a paper that will not expose the evils of sectarianism.

N. is decidedly of opinion that the pulpit, and not the press, should meddle with religious dogmas.

O. likes to read police reports.

P., whose appetite is less morbid, would not have a paper in which these silly reports are printed in his house.

Q. likes anecdotes.

R. won't take a paper that publishes them, and says, that murders and dreadful accidents ought not to be put into papers.

S. complains that his miserable paper gave no account of that highway robbery last week.

T. says the type is too small.

U. thinks it too large.

V. stops his paper, because it contains nothing but advertisements.

W. wants it to see what is for sale.

X. will not take the paper unless it is left at his door before sunrise; while

Y. declares he will not pay for it, if left so early; that it is stolen from his house before he is up.

And, last of all, come the complaints of some of the ladies—who declare the paper very uninteresting, because it does not, every day, contain a list of marriages; just as if it were possible for the poor printer to marry people without a licence, and whether the parties will or no. But the variety of newspaper readers is too great for the present review; and "we give them up," with a determination to pursue the "even tenor of our way," in offering to the public such reading as, in our humble opinion, will prove most useful to them and interesting as possible.—*American Paper.*

THE TALK OF THE ROAD.

ONE Sunday, after chapel, Pat Dolan and Jemmy Brannan were going home from Mass; and as Pat, who was before, stopped to speak to a neighbour, Jem overtook him, and they walked on together.

"Good morning, Jem," says Pat.

"Good morning kindly, Pat."

And so they fell to talking of the sermon, for Father John had preached that day.

"Didn't Father John give it to the Bible readers, like himself, to-day?" said Pat.

"Deed and he did, and its he that can," said Jem.

"I wonder how Tim Finnegan and Peter Daly, that I know is reading the Bible, liked to hear him; maybe that will stop them, or maybe they will go on till Father John puts up their names before the people," said Pat.

"I don't know," says Jem, "but I see that them that takes to reading is not easily put from it. But Father John said one thing to-day that bothers me entirely; I can't see the reason of it at all."

"Now, what was that?" says Pat.

"Why, he told us," says Jem, "that any man that takes to reading the Bible will be sure to turn Protestant; and I can't come up to the raison of that at all."

"Why, man alive," says Pat, "don't you see it yourself? Isn't there Tim Daly and Mat Fogarty, and plenty more, and Johnny Connor himself, that was sexton of the chapel, that Father John trusted more than any man in the parish; and didn't they all turn Protestants when they took to reading the Bible; and what for should you be saying that you can't understand Father John saying that, when you see it yourself as plain as the blessed sun in the sky this moment?"

"True for you, Pat," says Jemmy; "I see all that as plain as you do, and maybe a little more; for I see foreby, that it is mostly the best Catholic, and the most devoted man, and the man that minds his duty best, and the greatest arguer against the Protestants, that evermore turns Protestant, all out and out—the surest of all, once he takes to reading the Bible in earnest; none of your keeping it quiet in the bottom of the chest with the likes of them; but they'll turn readers too, and go through fire and water to get others to read, and turn Protestant, like themselves. I see that; and I don't wonder that Father John says it; for sure he would be blind all out not to see what every man in the parish sees. So it isn't Father John saying it that bothers me; but what I can't make out at all is, why the Bible should put every one astray, and make every one that reads it turn Protestant."

"Man alive," says Pat, "sure isn't that as plain as your hand. Why, wasn't Luther the first Protestant that ever lived, and didn't he write all the Bible himself, and why wouldn't it turn every one Protestant that reads it?"

"Sure enough, Pat," says Jem, "if that was true it would make all plain; but there isn't a word of truth in it, that's all. Sure doesn't Father John tell us that the Catholic religion is 1850 years old, and doesn't he tell us that Luther lived only 300 years ago (and I believe that's all true); and will any man in his senses tell me that the Catholic Church had never a Bible for 1550 years? Sure that doesn't stand to reason. And isn't there the Douay Bible, that the priest allows is the true one? And where did that come from? Sure Luther didn't write that too. And so, if Father John was to tell us that Luther wrote all the Bible out of his own head (and sure enough, I heard Father John once say very near that same), I wouldn't believe him; for how could Luther put it on the priests, too?"

"Don't you see, Jem," says Pat, "that you have it now? 'Twas the Protestant Bible, of course, that Luther wrote; and its as different from the Catholic Bible as turnips is from the good old cups (my blessing be with them and the old times), and sure that's the reason that reading the Protestant Bible turns every one into a Protestant."

"Well, Pat," says Jem, "if that was it, I'd be quite happy and settled in my mind at once; but I doubt it isn't

it, after all. Didn't I hear old John Dowd, the schoolmaster that lives over at Kilmore, the cutest and learnedest man that ever was in this country, say that he got a Protestant Bible and a Catholic Bible, and that he read them both together (and he was the boy that was fit to read two books at wonst), and didn't I hear him lay it down that there wasn't a word of differ between them that signified one haporth? And that's what makes me ever more uneasy in my mind, till I get the reason why reading the Bible should make people turn Protestant. Sure now its not easy to believe that the Word of God would put every one astray entirely. And by the same token, you told me yourself that Luther was the first Protestant that ever lived, only 300 years ago, and that there never was a Protestant for 1,500 years before that. Now if they had the Bible all those 1,500 years, isn't it mighty odd if no one ever looked into it? and if they did, why did it never turn them Protestants before as well as after?"

"May be it was all in Latin, Jem," says Pat, "and that nobody at all could read it."

"Well," says Jem, "the schoolmaster said that wasn't it, though I don't remember how he made it out. But I'll tell you what it is, Pat, my mind's all astray about thinking why the Bible should make every one a Protestant, and set every one astray that reads it. Sure that isn't like the Word of God at all; and I can't attend to my duties the way I used to do, nor keep myself from thinking, and I be to look for something to quiet me, and its to Father John I'll go, and ask him the reason why reading the Word of God is setting all the people astray."

"And isn't it yourself that'll have to flatter him neatly, and get him in the best of good humour when you go to poke him with questions like that, Jem?" says Pat. "And isn't it his reverence that'll handle you, and may be put up your name before the people?"

"Well, Pat, I want to be satisfied in my mind, and sure I'm willing to be satisfied; and who would I go to to settle me, if I wouldn't go to my own clergy? Sure, if all the boys that go astray from reading would only go to their clergy to satisfy them, and set them right, maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Any way I'm resolved to try; and maybe I'll have the telling you what he says."

And by that time Jem was good to his own door; so he says, "Good evening, Pat." "Good evening, neighbour," says Pat, "and I wish you safe from Father John."

Well, it so happened, about three weeks after, that Pat and Jemmy fell in together again, coming home from chapel, and of course they began to talk.

"And did you ever speak to Father John?" says Pat.

"Indeed I did," says Jem; "last Thursday was a fortnight he overtook me on the road, him riding and I walking; so I took off my hat to his reverence, and as he spoke to me pretty civil, I made bold to talk to him then; and says I, 'Your reverence, I hope since you came to this parish you never found me anything but a boy that always attended to his duties and was respectful to his clergy.' 'True for you,' says he, 'that's what you are.' 'Well,' then, says Jem, 'I want a bit of advice, and maybe a little instruction from your reverence; for who would I go to for it, only to my own clergy?' 'Quite right,' says he; 'if everybody did that,' says he, 'the way they used to do, the people wouldn't be going astray.' 'Well, then, your reverence,' says I, 'I'm uneasy in my mind about one thing that's disturbing me; and I'm sure your reverence could settle it in one word, and maybe you'll have the kindness to do so.' 'What is it?' says he, quite pleasant-like. 'I wanted to know, your reverence,' says I, 'what is the reason that the Word of God should set everybody astray that reads it?' With that he turned round upon me as sudden as a clap of thunder, and says he, 'Its reading the Bible you are, and going to turn Protestant on me.' 'No, please your reverence,' says I, 'its nothing of the kind.' 'Your a liar,' says he, 'and its reading the Bible you are.' 'No, please your reverence,' says I, 'I never had a Bible in my hand in all my life, and I never heard one word read out of it good or bad' (and with that he began to look more easy in his mind and more agreeable-like), 'barring,' says I, 'the bits of scraps that your reverence reads in the chapel sometimes, and sure,' says I, 'looking up at him out of the corner of my eye, 'that wasn't too much, any way.' 'And what more do you want?' says he. 'Only just to know,' says I, 'why it is that the reading of God's Word puts every one astray that reads it.' 'And what's that to you,' says he, 'if you don't read it?' 'Only this, your reverence,' says I, 'that I see everybody that's reading the Bible going astray and turning Protestant.' 'Sure enough,' says he. 'And it seems so unnatural-like,' says I, 'that God's own Word should set the people astray, and ruin them entirely, that I can't get my mind off thinking of it, and I can't attend to my duties for thinking, and sure if your reverence could settle my mind for me in one word, wouldn't it be the good thing for me?' 'To be sure,' says he, 'and isn't that what I am going to do in a moment?' and with that I pulls off my hat, and says he, 'Isn't it the Protestant Bible they're reading, says he; 'that's all full of lies from beginning to end? and isn't that the reason their going astray and turning heretics, and doesn't it stand to reason?' says he.

"Oh, then, your reverence," says I, 'its all because they're reading a false Bible that they are going astray