

propositions appear to be considered by his lordship as so many theological axioms, which require neither proof nor illustration. If I may be allowed to deliver my opinion, I will say of them that the first is probably true. For it was at Jerusalem that St. Peter laid the foundation of the christian church, on the festival of Pentecost, (Acts ii. 1-4) and of course, the church of Jerusalem may be considered as the most ancient local church. The second proposition is very doubtful. The scripture does not expressly declare, who was the president of the first council; but as far as I can judge, the narrative of St. Luke seems to attribute that office to St. Peter, (Acts xv. 7.) The truth of the third proposition will depend on the meaning which is given to the word *Bishop*. If it import no more than the spiritual superintendance of a certain limited district, St. James may perhaps have been the most ancient bishop. but if, as most divines maintain, all the apostles were invested by Christ with the episcopal character, I know not how any one can claim the priority in point of time before his colleagues. But what follows from these propositions? That "the words *thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church*, were not meant to convey any supremacy to St. Peter." Reader, if thou art acquainted with any logical process, by which such an inference may be extracted, thou art more fortunate than I am. While the vigorous mind of the bishop gains remote conclusion at a jump, my more feeble intellect is compelled to feel its way in the dark, I cannot return an answer to that, which I am unable to comprehend. The right reverend prelate has shown us the two extremities of the chain. Let him disclose the intermediate links, and we shall then be able to judge in what manner they are connected together.

* Ib. p. 10.

IGNORANCE AND THE VICES.
A M. S. POEM.

Continued.

Th' allarm is caught by all the bellish crew,
When spied among our race this wonder new,
Yet, whom they dare not tempting more assail,
They strive to ruin through his brethren fail.

Straight envy's sting into their wounded heart,
Its whole collected rankling venom darts:
Till all the demon's torment they endure,
Awak'd at sight of such perfection pure.

Revenge calls sudden forth the savage yell
Of his dread pack, turn'd by his wond'rous spell
From men to brutes; which, worse than Circe's feign'd,
Each grow'ng slave had to some fury chain'd.
These on be leads, all panting for their prey,
Now 'gainst the main disturber of his way
Who thwarting durst his precept neck oppose.
Not merely to forgive, but leve our foes.

Lust grieves, and gluttony, intemp'rate pair,
And sensual pleasure drops her syren air.
To see the dreaded dawn of reason bright
Fast opening on their horror-crowded night:
In all their hideousness, exposing true
Their disenchanting forms to human view
These, now the threatening danger to avert,
On blind, unconscious man their pow'rs exert
They pour successive on his mental sight,
The tempting scenes of criminal delight.
Each to the taste el'ach, with magic skill

High colouring; and the wish for such instal,
Then hid him scout the mandate, st austere
From these, his wont enjoyments, to forbear
And loath a law, that would from his deter,
Enjoining here ev'n sufferings to prefer.

But none 'gainst reason's Lord such numbers arms,
As coward fear, the fiend; who now alarms,
With dangers new his palsey stricken slaves;
And 'gainst such precepts harsh, thus loudly raves.
"What? for this preaching mortal, self-still'd God,
Your comforts quit, nay brave affliction's rod?
You, frail, the tort'rer's brand and steel defy;
Ev'n death's dread stroke endure without a sigh!
Is this his proudly boasted perfect law,
Absurdly made your rational minds to awe;
While nat'ral instinct teaches all to fly,
The threatened ill; and snatch the pleasure nigh?
Haste then, my sons; your jeerings all unite,
And hoot this teacher odious from the sight,
'Gainst one so weakly passive freely dare."
He said, and straight their scoffings rend the air

Though last, not least, of this unsightly band,
Lo pride appears, and claims o'er all command.
His plea admitted, to his host combin'd,
The largest portion far of human kind,
Whom various spell, or false suggestion draw
And blends together in one common cause.
He holds discourse in such imposing strain,
As may the gen'ral approbation gain;
"Would you, he says, at such mean upstart's call,
Your dignities forego; your wealth, your all?
Count poverty your gain, and covet scorn?
Rejoice in sull'ring, but, if fort'nate, mourn!
Ev'n ill with good repay; and love your loss?
Yet friends and kindred hate, nor care to lose?
Ev'n sorrow fondly seek, and pleasure shun,
For sake of him, a low mechanic's son?
Your limbs submit to every tort'ring smart,
And ev'n of death defy the brandish'd dart.
Would you not haste, such easy yoke to bear?
You're all invited: why so tarry here?
You're right—this dogmatizer can beguile
None, but th' unthinking, ignorant rabble vile
They, who have nought to loose, and nothing know
Their hopes of future good may cred'ulous show,
Ours be the present certain; theirs unsure,
For which they're bid such misery to endure.

To check this growing madness, for it gains,
And thousands now believe, what'er he feigns:
"We must, (or with his wretched follow'rs join,)
To explode his odious doctrine, all combine
Nor stop our efforts short, till from the stage,
We've thrust this cens'ring self-proclaiming sage.

He said: and vanity applaudive cheers,
His mimick'd argument, that sound appears.
Talks much of toys, which she no more might deal,
Should such revolting doctrines e'er prevail;
And cites, now lost among the rabble mean,
Her late distinguish'd vot'ry, magdalene;
Th' imposing threat her childish vot'ries awes,
And firm unites them in their Sov'reign's cause.

The yell is up: hark! far and wide resound
The clamours mis'd the just one to confound:
He, like a rock amid the roaring tide,
Can all unmov'd the tempest's rage abide,
Till from its side, the baffled billows fall.
And all in murmurs hoarse their spray recal
When o'er the fast subsiding deep it rears,
Its head sublime, and statelier hence appears:
So, when assailed, majestic and serene
Amid the railing for the Lord is seen.

Ye vice-deluded worldlings! can you stay
The orient sun, fast hast'ning on his way!
Far less may you obstruct, now rising clear,
The sun of justice in his bright career.
Still in his mien and manner might you spy,
In human form, though hid, the deity.
Who, but th' eternal wisdom, thus dignify'd,
Could dash your plans, so artfully devised?
Your puzzles solve' your columns refute.
So with a word; and leave you wond'ring mute!
Yet should not this your minds convincing move;
With prodigies unmatch'd behold him prove
His mission all divine, himself that God,
Whom nature owns, obedient at his nod!

See round him crowd, th' afflicted of our kind,
The sick, the lame, the deaf, the dumb, the blind.
He speaks, and lo! to each, straight at his word,
Health, strength and hearing, speech and sight restor'd.
Life's author he, the dead to life returns;
And bids each kindred heart rejoice that mourns
In barren solitude whom forth he leads.

With bread, by miracle supplid he feeds.
And, sanctioning with an act of pow'r divine,
The nuptial rite; ev'n a water turns to wine.
Up from their oozy beds the finny prey,
He calls; and straight his summons these obey,
He stills the tempest, lulls the raging deep:
Walks, like a spirit o'er its surgy steep.
In Jordan's stream, and where on Thabor's height;
Was round him roll'd a cloud of glory bright,
The voice peternal issuing from on high,
Proclaims him God, the filial deity,

AU PUBLIC.

Les pseumes, aux quels nous voila arrives dans le cours de nos explications Bibliques, etant une portion si importante et interessante de l'écriture Sainte; nous voudrions en presenter a nos lecteurs un commentaire plus choisi et etudie; ce que, pour le moment, nous nescaurions realizer a notre pleine et entiere satisfaction. En cessant donc pour un temps, de continuer nos e'pliations de la Bible nous esperons pouvoir avec avantage les recommencer dans notre second volume; s'il paroit que nous puissions hazarder la continuation de notre periodique: ce qui depend de l'exactitude avec laquelle les abonnements sont remis au publicateur. Car, quelque disposes que nous soyons a dedier veilles gratis et sans retour icibas, a l'instruction publicque, et a la defence de la religion: nous ne nous trouvons pas a meme de souffrir une si grande perte annuelle en suppleant le defect des payments a l'imprimeur, au fournisseur, et a la poste, pour la publication la moins dispendieuse qu'on puisse nommer.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The Psalms, at which we are now arrived in our *Biblical Notices and explanations*, are so important and interesting a portion of the inspired writings; that we could wish to give a more choice & studied commentary upon them, than we can well at present accomplish. We must therefore suspend for a while our scriptural notes; which we intend renewing in our second volume: should we be induced to continue the publication. This, however, entirely depends on the exactness, with which the subscriptions are remitted to the publisher, for, though willing to yield, as we have hitherto done, even single handed, our labours GRATIS to the public in the cause of truth; we cannot afford to be at so very considerable a yearly loss, to make up the defalcation of payments to the Printer of the cheapest periodical in existence.

THE EDITOR.

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