

pray for themselves? If this be a duty of the clergy why not enjoin it? Why not secure its performance, by making it of strict obligation? We beg Mr. White to attend to a remark of an able German writer on this question: "If the Breviary were not of obligation, if the reading of the Holy Scriptures and the prayers of each priest were left to his own discretion by the Church, O how many would be found neglecting both! If I might here refer to experience, how continually do we find that the enemies of the Breviary are no friends to any other kind of prayer! And how evident is it, that such men hurry over every other spiritual duty, while they often and readily go into assemblies of pleasure, and by their tepidity, indifference, and scandalous deportment, ruin souls, rather than edify them!"

When the reader has duly attended to the account just given of the contents of the Breviary, he will at least think Mr. White very bold in asserting that "there was a time when he knew it by heart." And when he has considered what has been said of the Saints' Lesson, he will not find Mr. W. correct in saying in his "Preservative," that leges of the Saints are read, "day by day, the whole year through." There are more than sixty ferias in the year, when no Saints' lives are read at all, there are about twenty Sundays when no Saints are honoured; besides at least twenty days within octaves of various feasts, making together about one hundred days out of three hundred and sixty-five, on which no "compendious lives of the Saints are read at all!" Yet Mr. W. knowing how few will trouble to examine, boldly says, that the Saints' Lives are read, "day by day, the whole year through!"

But it is time to examine his grand argument. It is drawn from the nature of those lessons we read of the Lives of the Saints. Mr. W. has collected a great number of curious histories related in them, of extraordinary miracles, of austerities, singular visions, revolutions and other astonishing narratives; from which having copied them at great length, and falsely insinuated that they are the principal part of the Breviary, and every day, he endeavours to draw the conclusion, that the tendency of our Office-book is to "cherish credulity, and adulterate Christian virtue."

To be continued.

ORIGINAL.

MIDNIGHT CONTEMPLATION.

Now, mounted aloft on her bright beaming car,  
Lo, Cynthia speeds her career!  
Around their fair empress, diffus'd wide and far,  
The starry host twinkling appear

O'er heav'n's bright azure the fleecy clouds sail,  
And vary their forms in the breeze.  
The hoarse rushing river now gleams in the vale,  
The silver beam floats o'er the trees.

While nature in silence her mighty machine  
Is working majestic along;  
In thought let us soar to a goodlier scene,  
And mix with the Angelical throng:

Where beaming in beauty the bless'd appear,  
As they move in the Deity's blaze;  
Their music celestial enraptur'd we'll hear,  
And join them in hymning his praise.

In ravishing symphony often they sing  
How nature's omnipotent Lord  
Made all that existeth from nothing to spring,  
From nothing it sprung at his word:

How o'er the dark chaos his spirit then mov'd  
And call'd forth the light's cheering ray;  
From darkness emerging the light he approv'd,  
And gave it to form the first day.

The waters he parted, some causing to rise  
Aloft on the wings of the wind.  
Then, whither he orders, the rest instant lies,  
The dry land disclosing behind.

The gathering of waters he called the sea,  
The dry land, the earth he design'd:  
The earth now he decks with each green herb & tree,  
Bearing flow'rs, fruit and seed of its kind.

These luminous orbs then he pours o'er the sky;  
Bid each in his orbit be whirl'd;  
That man by their course may the seasons descry  
From his lowly terrestrial world.

The sun first he launches forth, flaming so bright,  
And bids him preside o'er the day:  
The moon he commands next to lead on the night  
With her fainter and changeable ray;

Be earth, air, and waters replenish'd, he said  
With creatures that swim, creep or fly!  
Straight, fishes o'er ocean, o'er earth beasts are sped,  
And birds wing their flight to the sky.

Still, where is the creature, for whom is design'd  
The wonderful fabric he rears!  
'Tis man, whom his God all the while has in mind;  
And at length the lov'd creature appears.

"Man now to our image, he says, let us make."  
So spoke the mysterious three:  
"Of all the fair creatures, just made for his sake,  
The sole Lord and master shall be."

His finger Almighty then fashion'd the clay,  
And built up the beauteous frame:  
Then he breath'd in the spirit immortal; straight way  
It caught the celestial flame.

Thus blooming and upright the favourite of heav'n  
From the hand of his maker arose:  
Sole test of his gratitude, free-will was giv'n,  
Ne'er meant to have wrought him such woes;

The gift he abus'd, and a rebel full soon  
To his God, like the tempter, he came:  
Then heav'n he lost, the conditional boon;  
Doom'd henceforth to misery extreme.

Here suddenly pause the celestial choice:  
They feel for their brother, lost man,  
Each pensive reclines o'er his light streaming lyre,  
When God's word thus gracious began:

"Not evil shall over my goodness prevail,  
Or render my purposes vain:  
The deep wound, inflicted by sin, I will heal,  
And man his lost bliss shall regain.

"But who for his sin the atonement shall make,  
For made an atonement must be?  
Who can but myself? then his nature I'll take,  
And stoop to death's fatal decree.

"Thus man, of my justice, the victim assign'd,  
The adequate victim shall be:  
Then my anger shall cease; truth & mercy be join'd;  
And justice with peace shall agree."

He ceas'd. The Angelical host with amaze  
Ave struck at the tidings they hear;  
To think that their God could himself so debase  
As frail human nature to bear!

To think of such honor on man thus conferr'd,  
As brother of God to become;  
Nay God; and thus heav'n o'er all creatures preferr'd,  
To claim, as his own native home.

But hark! Now their voices harmonious they raise;  
In strain so melodious they sing:  
To him be all honor and glory and praise,  
Such good who from evil can bring!

And thou, the last child, not the least of his love,  
O man, let it ever be thine  
His name to extol, who has raised thee above  
Thy nature, and made thee divine!

What sound interrupting their concert; would spill  
My bliss? All is vanish'd the scene!  
The vigilant cock with his clarion shrill,  
Recalls me to earth back again.

O death, whose approach now we hope more than dread,  
Thy dart we invite thee to fling:  
To heav'n that our souls from their banishment freed,  
Their flight unnumber'd may wing!

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

AT THE KISSING OF THE CROSS.

Hail, mighty Lord of nature slain:  
Our guilty race from sin to free:  
Converting thus to bliss our bane:  
And death to life upon the tree!

Accept our prostrate homage paid  
Before thy cross and sacred shrine!  
As dying Israel look'd for aid  
To thee, in thy redeeming sign.—*Numb. xxi. 8.*

The church reminds her children dear  
Of all, for them, thy sufferings borne.  
And bids them drop the pious tear,  
As o'er thine imag'd death they mourn.

Thy wounded hands and feet and side  
She pointing bids us fondly kiss  
Whence flow'd our ransom's crimson tide,  
That wafts us back to forfeit bliss

How o'er her bloody spouse she wails,  
In weeds of deepest mourning clad!  
To sooth her sorrowing nought avails,—*Cant. ch. iii.*  
While he lies numbered with the dead.—*Ch. 2.*

Yet soon are turn'd to gay attire,  
To white, her sable weeds of woe:  
And from her lofty sounding lyre  
Exulting allelujas flow.

Thus welcomes she to life restor'd  
Her best belov'd from death's domain.  
And to his praise, in sweet accord  
With hymning Angels, pours her strain.

To God the father, and the son,  
O'er death who did triumphant soar;  
And holy spirit, three in one,  
Let creatures all their praises pour!

ERRATA.

FOR THE LAST NO.

Page 180, second column, line 1—They will have nothing to do with the good Angels; though they acknowledge they have with the evil ones.

The Catholic

Will be published weekly at the Office of the Patriot and Farmer's Monitor, Kingston, Upper Canada, and issued on Friday. Terms—\$2 per annum, (exclusive of postage, which is four shillings a year payable in advance.

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