

Original.

MAN CONFORMABLE TO THE IMAGE OF CHRIST.

God made man to his own image and likeness. The eternal Son, by his Incarnation, made himself to man's image and likeness, in order to repair, in that image and likeness, what had been disfigured by sin. Now, if man even here in his imperfect state is made, and again restored by the sanctifying grace of the Saviour to the image and likeness of God—how much more perfect in him must the image and likeness of his Maker be, when he is at last admitted into heaven. Above all, when, at the last day, his soul shall be reunited with his glorified body, now become immortal and impassible; and his whole being be thus made, according to St. Paul, *conformable to the image of his Son*.—ROM. viii. 29. The whole man shall then put on immortality, and be endowed with the qualities of a spirit. No obstacle can then bar his flight; nor will he require time (for time is no more) to reach the utmost bounds of creation, and admire the wondrous works of the Omnipotent.

The Saviour's humanity, in its mortal state, found access to his Apostles, though closeted up for fear of the Jews. "And, when they were troubled and frightened, supposing that they saw a spirit, he said to them—why are you troubled... see my hands and feet, that it is I myself: handle and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me to have.—And when he had said this, he shewed them his hands and his feet."—LUKE xxiv. 37, &c. Nay, to convince them that he was not a spirit, he eat before them "a piece of broiled fish and a honey comb and gave to them the remains."—*Ibid.* v. 43.

Now, as we in our glorified state are to be made conformable to his image, similar powers will be granted to our glorified humanity, though in a subordinate degree. Anticipating in thought the enjoyment of this spiritual, unimpeded, and instantaneous self-transporting power, the royal prophet exclaims: "I shall behold thy heavens, the works of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast founded." P. s. viii. 4. What a source of enjoyment will not this prove for eternity to the rational and glorified beings, in which the reprobated portion of our race can never participate!

Nor need this instantaneous self-transporting power, imparted to a spiritual being, surprise us, when we consider the inconceivable velocity of light, a material body, traversing, as is ascertained, in seven minutes, the immense distance between us and the sun. Nor in considering that, whatever distance we are removed from places where we have been, our minds, when we choose, are instantaneously there. Now, our minds are our souls; and when we put on immortality, our bodies, like the Saviour's, will be spiritualized, and fitted to be wherever the soul is, as soul and body, finally united, are forever inseparable.

What then must we think of the Protestants' unphilosophical, as well as unchristian denial, in the very teeth of the Saviour's most explicit and repeated declaration, that his humanity, inseparably united with his divinity, can be present at the same time, however he pleases, and wherever he pleases?—The earthly worm will call impossible the evident revelations of God, and set bounds to the power of Omnipotence!!!

To the Editor of the Catholic.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.On board the Bark *CLYDE*, off the coast of Scotland—
August 30th, 1841.

Ye hills in magic beauty piled!
Ye mountains of my native land!
While the loud blast is howling wild,
And shiv'ring on the deck I stand,
I raise my moistened eye o'er ocean's swell,
And strive to bless you ere I say Farewell.

How lovely o'er the deep they rise,
With wildness grand—with beauty gay!
Around their summits light'ning flie,
While round their base the lambskins play;
And sweetly in the lowly vales between
The wood-bine twines—the ivy mantles green.

How sweet in yonder flowery vale,
To sit and hear the linnet sing!
Or skylark's notes—the morn to hail—
Come floating on the breeze's wing;
While morning's rosy beam comes thro' the bower
Exhaling dew drops from each tree and flower.

How brightly gleams the summer sky!
How rich and fair th' autumnal eve!
When Tay's broad stream is stealing by;
Where rapt in bliss, the heart will grieve
To wander from a scene, so calmly fair—
But feel as if 'twould ever linger there.

And light steps roam thro' yonder bowers!
And music swells thro' yonder hall!
And sweetly smiling summer flowers
Are clamb'ring o'er the garden wall!
While o'er the scene the fading sun-beam strays,
And Boatland's charms, Tay's mirrored stream
displays.

How sweet the hour! when evening steals
O'er sweeping Dee's refulgent wave!
When scarce the twilight gloom reveals
The varied banks its billows lave;
When dreamy stillness o'er the forest creeps,
And nature, clothed in charms, in beauty sleeps.

How throbs my beating bosom yet,
When oft my frequent prayer ascends,
To bless that spot I'll ne'er forget;
Where purity with beauty blends
In one fair form; while mem'ry of the past
Sends forth—e'en now—my sighs upon the blast.

Not this my theme—away—away—
To other scenes my muse retire,
Let other strains beguile to-day,
Let other numbers swell my lyre.
See, where Edina's smiling turrets gleam!
See, where the Forth slow winds his mazy
stream!

There often, Scotia's warrior lords
Have seen proud Denmark's hordes retire!
And oft beneath their dreadful swords
Rome's Legion's, in the strife, expire!
There too they've taught proud England's hosts
to feel
Th' awakened vengeance of the Scottish steel.

But now no more the war cloud lowers,
And all the lovely landscape smiles;
Save, where from Stirling's aged towers
The pibroch's martial strain beguiles;
And Bannock's brawling brook, still bounding
nigh,
Yet wakes th' memory of days gone by.

Yes! dearly do I love to stray
O'er scenes that tell of ages gone,
Where patriot chiefs—in firm array—
For freedom fought, and glory won!
Their spirit still, perhaps, pervades the scene,
And I inhale it, though their graves be green!

But oh! than these—than all more dear,
Romantic Morar's cliffs arise!
Her silvery Lake is crystal clear,
Her steepy mountains scale the skies,
E'en now, above the deep their summit hang,
The same as when the bard of Selma sang.

Though wildly thus the mountains loom,

And heave to heaven their giant forms;
Yet sweet below the vallies bloom,
While high above them roll the storms;
And shepherds and their flocks, secure from ill—
Wind thro' the vale, or clamber o'er the hill.

There o'er the lake, or thro' the wildwood,
Or o'er the mountain's grander scene,
I have roamed in joyous childhood,
Ere distance threw a veil between;
But years have gone—and years will roll amain,
Ere (as of old) I wander there again.

Yet there, shaft winged fancy rove
When many a fleeting year hath passed;
No change of clime shall change my love,
What had the first shall have the last;
And there, when death's cold hour hath closed
my eye,
My spirit on the pinioned gale shall fly!

O'er ocean then—impassive borne,—
Ye tempests, on your wings I'll ride!
I then may laugh your wrath to scorn,
And, borne above the whelming tide,
O'er forests—earth—and sea—and sky above,
Bear back my spirit to the land I love!

Wm. McD. D.

Byrown, Jan., 1842.

THE

TOUCHSTONE OF THE NEW RELIGION;

Or, SIXTY ASSERTIONS OF PROTESTANTS
tried by their own Rule of Scripture
alone, and condemned by clear and ex-
press Texts of their own Bible.

To which is added,

**A Roman Catholic's Reasons
Why he cannot conform to the Protestant
Religion.**

I.—Protestants, in order to justify their new religion, affirm, that before their pretended Reformation, laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children, of whole Christendom, were at once drowned in abominable idolatry; and that for eight hundred years and more. Homily of Peril and Idolatry, approved by the 35th of the 39 articles, part 3; and consequently they must hold, that for all that space of time, the gates of Hell prevailed against the church of Christ.

Their own Bible, in plain and express terms, declares the contrary. St. MATT. xvi. 18. Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

II.—Protestants maintain, that for many hundred years before Luther, there was no church upon earth, with which a christian might lawfully join in communion; that all were notoriously gone astray from the purity of the gospel; and consequently, that Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life, St. JOHN xiv, 6, was not with any church, before their Reformation, because they were all gone astray from the way, the truth, and the life.

Their own Bible expressly assures us, that this could never be.—St. MATT. xxviii, 19, 20. Go, teach all nations: and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.

III.—Protestants teach, that the spirit of Truth was not promised to the church of Christ, to be with her teachers forever, and to guide them into all truth.

Their own Bible, in clear and plain

terms, contradicts this their assertion.—St. JOHN xiv, 16, 17, I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth. And St. JOHN xvi, 13—When the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth.

IV.—Protestants assert, that the church of the living God is not the pillar and ground of truth; but may, and often does, uphold damnable errors.

Their own Bible expressly declares, 1 TIM. iii, 15, that the church of the living God is the pillar and ground of the truth; and consequently cannot uphold damnable errors.

V.—Protestants maintain, that God has not made any promise to his church, that his spirit should never depart from her; and that his words, which he at first put in her mouth [that is, the faith and doctrine at first delivered to the Saints] should never depart from her mouth, through all generations.

Their own Bible, in plain terms, delivers this promise, ISA. lix, 20, 21—The Redeemer shall come to Zion, &c.—This is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; my spirit which is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever.

VI.—Protestants, to justify Luther, (who, when he first began to set up the Protestant religion, stood alone against all the Bishops and clergy upon earth) deny that there is any command in Scripture to hear the church, or submit to her decision; or that such as, like Luther, stand out against the established doctrine of the whole church, are thereby condemnable before God.

Their own Bible, in plain words, teaches them another lesson: St. MATT. xviii, 17—If he neglect to hear the church, let him be to thee as an heathen and a publican.

VII.—Protestants will not allow that there is any need of adhering to the pastors and teachers of the church, in order to be maintained in unity and truth; and preserved from being carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the slight of heretics.

Their Bible expressly declares, EPHES. iv, 11, 12, &c., that Christ has not only given apostles, and prophets, and evangelists; but also pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of a stature of the fullness of Christ. That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the slight of men; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ. And St. LUKE x, 16—He that heareth you (the pastors of the church) heareth me: and he that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me. And HEB. xiii, 7, &c. Remember them which have the