

# THE CATHOLIC.

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS CREDITUM EST.—WHAT ALWAYS, AND EVERY WHERE, AND BY ALL IS BELIEVED.

VOLUME II.

HAMILTON, G. D. DECEMBER 1, 1841.

NUMBER 12.

## THE CATHOLIC

Is Printed and Published every Wednesday morning, at

No. 21, JOHN STREET.

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM P. McDONALD, VICAR GENERAL,  
EDITOR.

Original.

## THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

DEMONSTRATED DIVINE.

Dedicated to our modern Freethinkers.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.—GEN. ch. xxxvii.

HIS DREAMS.—HIS BRETHREN ENVY AND SELL HIM TO THE STRANGER—HE IS MADE RULER OF HIS MASTER'S HOUSEHOLD.—IS FALSELY ACCUSED AND IMPRISONED.—HE INTERPRETS THE DREAMS OF HIS TWO FELLOW PRISONERS, AND IS FINALLY LIBERATED.

Of all the great personages mentioned in the Old Testament, as emblematical in their lives and actions of the Messiah, no one bore so striking and continued a resemblance to him, as the innocent, long persecuted, and finally exalted Joseph. His very name in Hebrew is the same as that of the Redeemer; for Joseph is Jesus, and signifies Saviour. He was, like the Saviour, the beloved of his father; and, on that account was hated by his envying brethren. His mysterious dreams not only betokened his future grandeur; but shewed him, as the representative of the Redeemer, the object of adoration to his virgin mother and reputed father; and to all his brethren; or mankind, whose nature, he had assumed. Their homage paid to his sheaf, alludes to their dependence upon him for bread; and in the spiritual sense, to the homage due by all to his sheaf; "the corn of the elect;" ZECH. ix. 17; "the living bread," with which the prefigured Joseph would one day supply his family.—JOHN vi. 59.

Joseph was sent by his father to look after his brethren and their flocks. He answered "I am ready."—Jesus Christ equally ready, was also sent by his heavenly Father to look after the shepherds and the sheep of Israel. Joseph found his brethren, where they should not have been, for they had strayed, as did the Jews, "from Sichem to Dothain." On seeing him yet afar off, "they sought to kill him;" for they bore him a grudge for having accused them to their father "of a most wicked crime;" and hated him as a spy upon their conduct. The father's predilection for him was also to them a source of envy; as well as his dreams which portended his exaltation over them. "Come then," said they, "let us kill him... and then it will appear what his dreams avail him."

Who does not see here portrayed in the speech and conduct of Joseph's brethren, the envy and deadly hatred of the Jewish priests, princes and people towards the Saviour, whom they considered as a spy upon their conduct; and an accuser of their misdeeds? Juda's advice to sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites, rather than imbue their hands in his blood, is like the Jewish priesthood's instigation to the multitude to deliver up the Saviour to the Romans. Joseph is sold for twenty pieces of silver: Jesus, as more valuable, for thirty.—The figure is in the sale of "the Just One" for so many pieces of silver; and his delivery over to the stranger. Joseph's coat dipped in the blood of a kid, and presented to his father; is an emblem of our humanity given as a coat, or covering to the filial Deity by his heavenly Father, ("thou hast fitted a body to me;") HEB. x. 5;

and dipped by his brethren in the blood of the kid; that is drenched in the blood of an apparent criminal dead upon the cross; for "he was reckoned among the wicked;" MARK xv. xxviii.; GEN. ch. xxxix. Joseph is re-sold to Potipher, and is constituted the chief of his master's household. Jesus Christ becomes as a servant for our sake; MATT. xiii. 14; "the servant of the servants of God;" as his vicar on earth is styled; who devoted himself like a slave bound over in the legal form to do for ever, as man, the sovereign will of the paternal Deity; PS. xxxix. 7; DEUT. xv. 17; and is therefore made the ruler of God's household, the church; PS. ii. 6. By thus stooping the lowest, he is exalted the highest; PHILIP. ii. 9. Ch. xi. Joseph in prison, the worst state of his degradation; treated like a criminal, though innocent; and placed between two criminals; to the one of whom he foretells his pardon and restoration to his master's favour; and to the other the infliction of death; represents the Saviour in his worst state of degradation, on the Cross, between two thieves; to the one of whom repentant, he promises bliss with himself in Paradise, while he leaves the other unrepented to his dreadful doom, eternal death.

VERSE 12. The three days till the verification of Joseph's prophecy, indicate the three days from the Saviour's death, till the verification of all his words, when, after fulfilling his mission among sinful mortals, he afford'd in his triumphant resurrection from the grave, the main proof his divinity.

## HOLYCROSS ABBEY.\*

"From the high sunny headlands of Bere in the west,  
To the bowers that by Shannon's blue waters are blest,  
I am master, unquestion'd and absolute"—said  
The lord of broad Munster—King Donough the Red—  
"And now that my sceptre's no longer the sword,  
In the wealthiest vale my dominions afford,  
I will build me a temple of praise to that power  
Who buckler'd my breast in the battle-fray hour."  
He spoke—it was done—and with pomp such as glows  
Round a sunrise in summer that Aboey arose.  
There sculpture her miracles lavished around,  
Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound—  
There from matins to midnight the censers were flaming,  
Along the proud aisles the deep anthems were streaming,  
As a thousand Cisterians incessantly raised  
Horannas round shrines that with jewel'ry blazed;  
While the palmer from Syria, and pilgrim from Spain,  
Brought their offerings alike to the far honour'd fane;  
And in time, when the wearied O'Brien laid down  
At the feet of Death's Angel his cares and his crown,  
Beside the high altar a canopied tomb  
Shed above its remains its magnificent gloom,  
And in Holycross Abbey high masses were said,  
Through the lapses of long ages, for Donough the Red.

At the thought if King Donough could traverse the line  
That divides us from death, and could really exceed  
In looking about him—what lessons he'd read!  
All was glory in ruins—below and above—  
From the traceried turret that shelter'd the dove,  
To the cloisters dim stretching in distance away,  
Where the fox skulks at twilight in quest of his prey,  
Here soar'd the vast chancel superbly alone,  
While pillar and pinnacle moulder'd around—

\*The Cisterian abbey of the Holy Cross, county Tipperary, was founded in the twelfth century by Donough Red (the red) O'Brien, king of Limerick. It was regarded through Western Europe with peculiar veneration, and for three hundred years was favoured by the pilgrimage of noble and illustrious persons of both sexes. At the Reformation, the abbey with its dependencies was sequestered by the crown, and was finally granted (5th Elizabeth, to Gerald, Earl of Ormond. The beautiful and extensive remains of Holycross attest to the present day its former magnificence. It is miserably engraved in Gros.—Blackwood's Magazine.

There the choir's richest fretwork in dust overthrown,  
With corbel and chapitor "cumbored the ground,"  
No lamps glimmer'd now but the cressets of heaven—  
From the tombs of crusador, and abbot, and saint,  
Emblazonry, Scroll, and escutcheon wore rent;  
While usurping their banners' high places, o'er all  
The Ivy—dark sneerer—suspended her pall.  
With a deeper emotion your spirit would thrill,  
In beholding wherever the winter and rain  
Swept the dust from the relics it cover'd—that still  
Some hand had religiously glean'd them again,  
And piled on the altars and pedestal tones  
Death's grisliest harvest of skeleton bones,  
There mingled together lay childhood and age,  
The hand of the hero and brow of the sage—  
And—grave lesson to you!—I, methought, could dis-  
The limbs that had once been adored by a lover,  
The form of some beauty, perchance, who had shone  
Like a star of the evening in centuries gone;—

## ON THE MICROSCOPE.

This valuable discoverer of truth will prove the most boasted performances of art to be as ill shaped, rugged and uneven, as if they were hewn with an axe, or struck out with a mallet and chisel. It will shew bungling, inequality and imperfection in every part; and that the whole is disproportionate and monstrous. Our finest miniature paintings appear before this instrument as mere daubings plastered on with a trowel, and entirely void of beauty, either in the drawing or the colouring.—Our most shining varnishes, our smoothest polishings, will be found to be mere roughness, full of gaps and flaws.

Thus sink the works of art, when we become enabled to see what they really are: But, on the contrary, the nearer we examine, the plainer we distinguish, the more we can discover of the works of nature, even in the least and meanest of her productions; the more sensible we must be made of the wisdom, power, and greatness of their author. Let us apply the microscope where we will, nothing is to be found but beauty and perfection.—View we the numberless species of insects that swim, creep or fly around us; what proportion, exactness, uniformity and symmetry shall we perceive in all their organs! What a profusion of colouring! Azure, green and vermilion; gold, silver, pearls, rubies and diamonds; fringe and embroidery on their bodies; wings, heads and every other part! How rich the glow! How high the finishing! How immutable the polish we everywhere behold.

Search we yet farther, and examine the *Animalcula* many sorts where of it would be impossible for an human eye unassisted to discern; those breathing atoms so small; they are almost all workmanship! In them too we shall discover the same organs of body, multiplicity of parts, variety of motions, diversity of figures and particular ways of living as in the larger animals. How amazingly curious must the internal structure of these creatures be! The heart, the stomach, the entrails and the brain! How minute and fine the bones, joints, muscles and tendons! How exquisitely delicate, beyond all conception, the arteries, veins and nerves! What multitudes of vessels and circulations must be contained within this narrow compass! And yet all have sufficient room to perform their different offices; and neither impede, nor interfere with one another.

The same order, regularity and beauty will appear likewise among vegetables, if brought to examination. Every stalk, bud, flower, seed, displays a figure, a proportion, a harmony beyond the reach of art. There is not a weed, not a moss, whose every leaf does not shew a multiplicity of vessels and pores disposed most curiously for the conveyance of juices to support and nourish it; and which is not adorned with innumerable graces to embellish it.

The most perfect works of art betray a meanness, a poverty, an inability in the workman. But those of na-