

THE CATHOLIC.

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

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THE CATHOLIC

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Original.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND CONSOLA- TION.

Continued

Round Quibron's coast in vain we hov'ring lay,
Till thrice the moon her silver disk had filled :
Nor left untried, nor unaccomplish'd ought
To speed th' intent. Ev'n more than bid, we dar'd ;
And dar'd successful : had ne'er trusted been
The faithless alien with such high behest.
No signal e'er was made, to hint success ;
No message sent, to close our risk and toil ;
Till fame at last proclaim'd our purpose fail'd,
And feign'd arrested, who his meed but won.

Then fortune doff'd her smiles, and stern assum'd
'Gainst me her lasting frowns : and, in her glooms
Pour'd sudden forth, my darken'd fancy wrapt,
Damping my spirits, that, so buoyant once,
Made all around me cheerful, as myself.

One transient gleam withal of sunshine bright,
Pierced the thick gloom ; though more the sudden glare
Dazzl'd, than warm'd me, with its genial heat.
And, as with shatter'd bark who late escap'd :
The midnight horrors of the stormy deep,
His chart and compass lost, with transport views,
At morning's dawn, close on his lee some port
Unlook'd for to receive him ; such retreat
So I, when hopeless, found. Sir Henry, thou,
A kinder Wel'-ley, on a foreign shore
An outcast did'st receive me : did'st me place,
Admitted to thy counsels and thy board,
Amid'st the pomp and splendours of a court.

Precarious grandeur ; honours, though well earn'd,
By persecution's unrelenting code
Deerced not mine ; not theirs, who cannot bend
Their stubborn faith to tally with the whim
Of party ; and, with oaths remorseless sworn,
Make perjury legal passport to a place.
Short was my dream of unsubstantial bliss.
The sudden creak of fortune's shifting wheel
Awoke me from my slumber, as it dropp'd
From their high station Britain's friends and mine,
To exalt her newest favourites in their turn.
Hence, still a wand'rer doom'd, my wayward fate
Bids me my luckless roamings straight renew.

Then, though thy count'nance cheer'd me, as it beam'd
Princely benevolence : while thy soothing speech
Could mitigate my disappointment's pain,
And in my breast inspiring hope revive ;
Yet could'st thou, Royal Kent, for all thou strov'st,
Nor stop my wand'rings, nor my mis'ries end.
The sport of fortune, still I'm forc'd to seek
Far from my native land Trinmaria's Isle.

There much to Orleans did'st thou me commend :
To benedict much, by thee suppos'd the friend
Of suff'ring merit ; gen'rous as thyself,
And just as gen'rous ; who my rightful claims,

At thy request, not scornful would reject ;
But sanction, as he could, and end my care.

But there are minds, so diff'ring far from thine,
Thou can'st not know them ; base, though nobly born ;
Vain of their wealth ; of honours fast acquir'd,
As plac'd by fortune's partial hand within
Their easy reach, so insolently proud,
They scorn hard fated worth, and from them spurn
Imploring merit ; in their own conceit
The wisest, though most ign'rant of their kind :
Untutor'd but by prejudice ; and scar'd
Their callous hearts with bigotry's hot brand.
Such pity's soft emotions never knew,
Nor sympathy for virtue in distress ;
And all the luxury of doing good.
Then what had I to hope, whose only plea
Was but a long neglected piteous case,
By justice urg'd ; and thy request in vain ;
And Orleans' kind entreaties interpos'd ?

From the Catholic Herald.

FEARS OF THE PAPAL PRIESTHOOD.

The Editor of the Baptist Record has had the simplicity to write an editorial with the above caption and the following exordium :

"It is the glory of all Protestant Governments, that Truth unaided, is left to exert her own power, in counteracting and overmastering Error. She fears not to meet an unshackled opponent. Conscious of her own strength, she asks not that her foes be bound or banished, but chooses to meet them free, and face to face, and conquer in open contest. In all Protestant countries opinions are free. Men may believe and speak and read as they like, provided they interfere not with the personal rights of others. How different in all Papal lands !"

Now it requires no Oedipus to see whether opinion is more restrained in Catholic France than in Protestant Denmark, in Catholic Belgium than in Protestant Sweden, in Catholic Austria than in Protestant Prussia. It must be of late years that Protestant governments have left Protestantism to fight its own battles ; for England and Holland, and Geneva, bear on their records bloody traces of the aid given by the powers of this world, and of the efforts made to crush Catholicity. In this country Protestantism does not appear to rely on mere appeals to the understandings and consciences of men, but seeks to persecute *en petit*, by forcing the consciences of domestics, under the penalty of wanting bread. How its votaries still cant about freedom of conscience ! The maintaining of the liberty of domestics to worship as their conscience dictates, is designated *constraint* by the Editor, who deems it the perfection of religious liberty, to cast a faithful domestic on the world, if she will not join in a worship repugnant to her convictions. He says :

"So strong are the fears of Priests that they even forbid servants to kneel at the family altar with Protestants. The voice of solemn prayer might break the delusive spell that binds them. This system of constraint cannot long be continued. It is unnatural. When it is broken up, and truth and error boldly and daily meet, upon one common platform, if the Papal system be the true it will triumph in the contest, if the false it will be destroyed."

The misgivings of the Editor manifest themselves in the concluding sentence. In truth, Catholicity points to numberless trophies of her multiplied victories, and there is no need of awaiting the issue of new contests. The

experience of eighteen hundred years is sufficient. The *Christian Reporter*, a Baptist paper, thus speaks :

"The Catholic church is never in want of men ready to go to the ends of the earth to propagate her faith and extend her dominions. Already have her sons achieved results in past ages, which put to shame all the Protestant church has ever done.—What land is there beneath whole heaven, to which the crucifix has not been borne by the missionaries of the Catholic church ! How astonishing are the labors recorded of the Jesuit Fathers ! Francis Xavier alone is said to have baptized with his own hands 720,000 heathen converts among the nations of the East, to which he was sent on his wonderful mission. The order of Jesuits is still in existence, and with something of its ancient discipline, and training its youthful members for the sacrifices, and toils, and privations, and unflinching perseverance of missionary life.

Against a foe thus armed and supplied, and thus disciplined, with what resources now in our possession are we to contend ? Leaving out of consideration other branches of the Protestant church, in what manner and by what means are Baptists to carry on their part of this contest ? Where is the union of effort—where is the liberality of contributions—where is the numerous band of accomplished, disciplined, and devoted missionaries—where is the self sacrificing piety—by which this onset of a corrupt and ambitious church is to be resisted and driven back, and the standard of the pure Gospel to be firmly planted on the ramparts of heathenism ?

Alas, Mr. Editor, that the answer to this question should be discouraging and humiliating to us as a denomination. We waste our energies on petty questions, and forget that the world lies in wickedness. We see in the distance the fields white for the harvest, but neglect to send forth labourers. Our communion increases, and our churches multiply in number, but our contributions to the treasury of missions diminish, our feeling of obligation to send the Gospel to the heathen grows cold and dull. Is there not danger that while we thus slumber and sleep, the enemy may enter our enclosures and sow the tares of error and corruption over all the fair fields of our missionary enterprise, and forever choke the truth, and crush the power of the simple Gospel ?"

WEST INDIES.—Trinidad March 1.—A splendid cathedral, of the second order of Gothic, has been lately erected. It is 240 feet in length, 120 feet in width in the transepts, 80 feet wide in the nave, and 80 feet in height to the ridge of the roof. It has cost about 50,000 sterling, 16,000 of which were munificently contributed by the government, besides granting the permission to take, from the government quarry, all the stones necessary for the walls ; and to cut, on crown lands, all the cedar and other timber required for the roof and the interior decorations of the sacred edifice. A suitable college and a large and commodious convent have been established, which are doing incalculable good. The religious ladies are now educating about 250 pupils in their boarding-school, day-school, and poor school ; there is nearly an equal number in the college and poor boy's school. Since 1828, 19 new churches, 22 new chapels, and several new school-houses have been built ; there are, at present, six new churches and chapels building. The progress made in a spiritual point of view, on the Trinidad mission is still far more consolatory.