

as did his illustrious prototype:—*Fear not: can we resist the will of God? You thought evil against me; but God has turned it into good, that he might exalt me, as at present you see; and might save many people. Fear not, I will feed you and your children, yes, he will feed them with the plenty of his house; and give them to eat of the real manna, the living bread that came down from heaven.* John, 6.
To be continued.

THE CANADIAN WATCHMAN.

That venomous reptile, the Canadian Rattlesnake, has again crossed our path; doubtless in the hope of decoying us aside from our main purpose, the investigation of truth: and engaging us in a fool's chase through all the wriggling mazes, and dark perplexities of his rampant retreat. Let him play his instinctive art of deception against the ignorant and unwary; as his Father was permitted to do in Paradise. But, as for us, we can mock at his obtrusions. And as he is of that serpent-brood which must sound their rattle before they strike; our staff is always ready to give him a passing tap; and a tap that may some day break his coil; and send him writhing painful, to die in his native mud-hole.

QUERY TO THE WATCHMAN.

Who was the woman, between whom and the devil; and between whose seed and the devil's seed, God said he would put enmity? Who is the woman, who, he said, should crush the Serpent's head; though he should lay snares for her heel? If it is not she, whom an Archangel from Heaven addressed as his superior, with the respectful salutation *Hail*: a salutation never before nor since given by heavenly messenger to mortal being? whom the same Archangel declared *full of Grace*? if so, where was the room for sin? Whom (assuring her that the Lord was with her,) he pronounced most blessed of womankind: on whom her Cousin, Saint Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, bestows the same incense; and adds, considering her dignity, *whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?*—Who herself, in her inspired, humble and gratitude breathing Canticle, exclaims: *from henceforth shall all generations call me blessed*; that which is verified in the Catholic Church; the only Church of all generations. If she was not the woman destined to crush the tempting Serpent's head; that is, to triumph completely over him, whose wiles had triumphed over the woman; though he, the old Serpent, and his brood, by disparaging on all occasions her unrivalled worth, were to lay snares for her heel: if Mary, the Mother of God, the most blessed of womankind, was not that woman; let the ignorant and bold blasphemers, to whom this query is addressed, say what other woman was the predicted one? And what sort of Christians must those be, who can relish the profane effusions of a fanatical rhapsodist; who dares declare, in the very teeth of scripture, which all Protestants affect so to revere, that this most blessed and privileged of creatures, was nothing better than one of ourselves, a *sinful even and a depraved mortal*. Where is the scripture for this assertion? for *sinful and full of grace* do not well accord. Whom are we to be-

lieve? the Archangel, or *this son of Satan, laying snares for her heel?*

But Catholics derogate from the Saviour's mediation by asking her prayer in their behalf. Do Protestants derogate from his mediation by asking the prayers of their Brethren here on earth? But how can she know what passes here below? How do the Angels know, who, the Saviour says, rejoice so at the conversion of the sinner? or can they rejoice without knowing? and what is more secret than the inward change of the heart, which constitutes conversion? And does not the Saviour also declare that the Saints are like the Angels in Heaven? Or can the Angels rejoice in Heaven at man's conversion, and the Saints there not partake in their joy?

But Catholics by honouring and worshipping her, as they do, consider her as a Goddess, and are guilty of Idolatry, by worshipping the creature.

Is all kinds of worship Idolatry? Then if you uncover to a superior, you are guilty of Idolatry. What would you think then of bending the knee before royalty? This is surely worshipping the creature. Is it then Idolatry, a crime that damns? Catholics, and the money-hunting impostor whom we address knows it well; otherwise where has he been; or what has he read, during all the debates in the British Parliament on the Catholic question? Catholics worship none, as God, but *the eternal one in Three*, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost: and they acknowledge no mediation as available, but through Jesus Christ, our Supreme Mediator, who is God and man, the second person of the Blessed Trinity. But they honour his blessed Mother, though as a mere creature, yet as he has been pleased to honour her himself by exalting her above all creatures: and they dishonour him, who call her a *sinful and depraved creature, like any of ourselves*.

But what must we think of this rare expounder of the Scripture: who would make the Saviour address his mother in the same deprecatory sense as the Devil did the Saviour. Did he not however comply with her mere hint? Did he not work for her sake his first public miracle? And that even, as he said, before his time was come? And did she not know he would do so, for all his reply to her; since she immediately said to the waiters: *whatever he bids you do, do it*: a wonderful speech, which includes in it all the possible exhortations to the end of Time. Very different from that of the first woman addressed to man in Paradise. But that speech she never would have made, had she taken as a rebuke the Saviour's words to her.

We have not room to notice, as we could wish, what appears in the last *Watchman*, as his leading article; the polemicalrodomontade of that thrice baffled, and yet-blustering bully, the itinerant fanatic Captain Gordon: who, in a paper composed for the Bible and Tract Society, by a Cheltenham Evangelical Journalist, is represented there as overwhelming with his interrogatives, to which no room for a reply is left, three Catholic clergymen,

who had let themselves down to enter with such a raging *net* upon a public religious disputation. It is noways impossible that the brazen impudence of the strolling Evangelist, his loudly vociferated and close pressed queries; vented in an unrestrained torrent of abuse; may have scared meek and modest truth from her seat upon the bench of judgment. But the whole is evidently a pious falsehood, like thousands more, to impose upon the ignorant; and keep up the Tract and Bible-making trade, to the exclusive advantage of our money-hunting GOSPEL-PUFFERS. For what Catholic Priest, or what well instructed Catholic child, but, in calm disputation, could have answered convincingly all his stale queries; and left him, as, on similar occasions, he has ever been left, the scoff and scorn of the discerning public?

In that heterogenous jumble of cant and fanaticism, the *Christian Guardian*; that leathsome compost of mental ordure, raked together from all quarters to force a soil, which stubborn nature has refused; and render fertile an unconvertible *caput mortuum* of sear and cauterized ignorance; we observe from some soiled scraps of the late Bishop Heber's lucubrations, thrown purposely in our way, that the hopeful compound has lately received a precious addition to its putrescent amalgama.—When we happen, as, we intend some day, to pass near this agglomerated nuisance; we shall clear away with a clean sweeping-broom, after however stopping our noses, all the scattered filth and impure scraps that obstruct the thoroughfare of the decent passenger.

Were the *Guardian* and *Watchman* as really *Christian*, as they pretend to be: they could not have shewn so fell a hatred, and so indiscriminating a spirit of antipathy against *The Catholic* at its very first appearance: especially as it offered no attack; but simply sought to exhibit in their true light the much misrepresented doctrines of the Catholic Church: and, above all, as it contained arguments in favour of Christianity at large, which none, but downright *Infidels* could censure or disrelish. Yet, *The Catholic in toto* has been disrelished and attacked from its earliest outset by these two hired organs of a foreign pelf, place, and power-hunting sect, and that too, with such outrageous, virulent and unmeasured abuse, as betrays the very reverse of Christian meekness and a love of truth. But, in the hurry of their onset, they have luckily dropped their sheep-skin covering: and they now stand confessed before the public two hungry, growling wolves, close *watching* for their prey. Dear and esteemed Countrymen! Let it never be said, that in slighting the learning and unanimous testimony of the whole Catholic world, you have been brought to such a pass of doctrinal uncertainty, as to mistake for Gospel truth and evangelical sanctity, the vague assertions, or conjectural surmises; the cant, the rant, and hypocritical whinnings of every spiritual quack that scours the country for love of lucre: of every ignorant upstart, and self-styled Apostle.