

lation, made at Madrid, and dedicated to the Infant of Spain, has been published in two volumes, in a very beautiful manner, and there is subjoined to the second volume of this translation, thirty-eight pages containing the names of the subscribers to, and patrons of, the work, who appear to consist of a great part of the persons of the highest rank in that kingdom."

We are strangely at a loss to know what the Editor of the Sentinel can mean by expressing the wish that some of his clerical brethren would compile short historical notices of the lives of the English reformers, suitable for common readers." We should suppose, that truth was at all times suitable for all descriptions of readers. This, so far as we have gone, we aver to have given, and defy the contrary to be shown.

When "Mr. Southey's most interesting book of the Church" makes his appearance, we hope it will not turn out like his "Peninsular War," a libel on the Spaniards in return for the honor conferred upon him in 1811, by the Royal Historical Society of Madrid, through our own instrumentality.

BIBLICAL NOTICES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Continued

THE BOOK OF JOB.

Verse 30.—*If I be washed, as with snow water; and my hands shine ever so clean; thou shalt plunge me in filth; and my garments shall abhor me.* That is, however innocent we may think ourselves; the all-searching eye of God will still spy guilt in us.

Chapter 10.—The whole are the conjectural reasonings of the holy sage concerning the suffering lot of fallen man.

Chapter 11.—In this chapter we see that the reasoning of Job's friends was false only in this, that they imputed all his temporal sufferings to his iniquities: whereas, he was, though innocent, like the child of the sinful Adam, subjected to temporary trial and tribulation; in order that, by his patient resignation to the will of God, he might merit everlasting bliss.

Chapter 12.—In the whole of this Chapter Job preclaims the all disposing power of providence.

Chapter 13. Verse 15.—*Although he should kill me, I will trust in him; &c.* This shows Job's total reliance upon God; and that his strong oriental aphorisms were not as they might seem, the expressions of diffidence or despair. He then returns to his reflections on the human creature's final humbling and life-ending doom.

Chapter 14. Verse 4.—*Who can make him clean, that is conceived of unclean seed? Is it not thou, who only art? Job thus acknowledges that we are born in sin; and yet that God intends cleansing us from our guilt.*

From verse 13 to verse 19, inclusively, the text shews clearly Job's belief in a resurrection from the dead.

Chapter 15.—Eliphaz all along mistakes Job's meaning, as appears in verse 4, and condemns the holy man, as suffering, not for a trial of his innocence, but for his supposed iniquities: for it is clear that Job's friends considered even temporal sufferings, (the consequence indeed of original sin) as the consequence of actual, or individual guilt.

Chapter 16. Verse 18.—*These things have I suffered, without the iniquity of my hand, &c.*—The just Job in his sufferings, was a prototype of the Saviour.

Chapter 17. Verse 2.—*I have not sinned; that is,*

I am not guilty of such sins, as those they charge me with. D B.

Chapter 19. Verse 5.—*But you set yourselves up against me; and reprove me with my reproaches.* Job complains of the severity with which his friends, and particularly Baldad, in his bitter invective, reproach him for crimes, of which he is innocent, and therefore he says in the following verse. 6 at least now understand that God hath not afflicted me with an equal judgment, &c.

Saint Gregory explains these words thus. Job, being a just man, and truly considering his own life, thought that his affliction was greater than his sins deserved: and, in that respect, that the punishment was not equal, yet it was just, as coming from God, who gives a crown of justice to those who suffer for righteousness sake; and proves the just with tribulations; as gold is tried in the fire.—D. B.

Verses 25, 26, 27.—*I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c.* How clearly do these texts shew Job's explicit belief in his Redeemer: and that also of the resurrection of the flesh: not as one tree riseth in place of another; but that the self-same flesh in which we die, shall rise again at the last day; changed, by the power of God in quality, but not in substance; every one having then to receive sentence according to his works in this life; and in that very flesh, which had been instrumental in his good or evil deeds.—Ibid.

Chapter 20. Sophar, like the rest of Job's friends, apply to the holy sufferer's afflicting case God's threats against the wicked.

Chapter 21.—Verse 18. *They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment they go down to hell.* This is Job's triumphant argument against the imputation of his friends. The wicked, as the Saviour says, have their consolation here: while the just are tried like pure gold in the furnace of tribulation, whereas, the wicked man says Job, "is reserved to the day of destruction; (which is after this life) and he shall be brought to the day of wrath." Verse 30.

Verse 33. *Acceptable to the gravel of Cocytus.* The Hebrew word, which St. Jerom has here rendered by the name of *Cocytus*; (which the poets represent as a river in hell,) signifies a valley, or torrent; and, in this place is taken for the lowest region of death and hell: which willingly, as it were, receives the wicked at their death, who are ushered in by innumerable others, who have gone before them; and are followed by multitudes above number.

Chapter 22. Eliphaz renews his imputations against Job's innocence, and supposes him afflicted on account of his crimes, for which he exhorts him to repent, as the only way to recover God's favour.

To be continued.

Continued extract from Reason.

A M. S. POEM.

Yet oft, to intercept the sacred blaze,
Her stygian glooms, all round does ignorance raise.
Called up, the dire enchantress by the foe
Of Human kind, and bid to work our woe.

Unhappy man! long by the witch misled,
What foolish pranks and desperate hast thou play'd:
Thy comfort marring here; and risking all
Thy future weal.—her constant dupe and thrall
For, when betwixt thee and th' essential light,
Close interposing broods her dismal night;
Than ev'ry Meteor's gleam, that haps to shine,
Thy fancy craz'd effulgence deems divine.
Thus, dimm'd and dazzled, nought thy sight desires
Beyond the range of earthly vanities.
Mid these thou eager seek'st; and groping blind,

Do'st madly hope thy Maker lost to find.

Hence Monarchs fam'd, who o'er his land had reign'd,
His gods in Hieroglyph th' Egyptian feign'd,
These Greece ado, led; whence victorious Rome,
Transferr'd and plac'd them in her pantheon dome
E'en from the lowing herds his Gods he chose,
To beasts and reptiles vile he paid his vows.
And of his Garden's vegetative store
A portion deific'd could he adore.

Wide spreads the monst'rous folly round our globe
In forming Gods the Artist finds his Job;
Of metal fashioned, clay, or stone, or tree,
Deem'd fit materials for a God to be,
The elements, fire, water, earth and air,
Did all alike in man's fond homage share:
And countless deities were feign'd to rove
Through ev'ry field; and haunt each stream and grove.
Some, household stild, a group domestic plac'd
On ev'ry hearth, each vot'ry's dwelling grac'd.

From these absurd, as numberless, man turns
To heav'n; if there perchance his God sojourns:
Where, in his course he views, majestic whil'd,
The sun, the soul of this material world;
Light, heat and life to all dispensing round:
And here concludes at last his object found.

In all her silv'ry radiance beaming bright,
The moon he next contemplates through the night
And how she wanes; and how, as she pursues
Her waxy course, her fading form renews
Her too he deems immortal and divine;
To both ascribing nature's vast design.

Nor these suffice; alike the starry train,
Innum'rous twinkling o'er th' ethereal plain,
He hails, as Gods, that glow with kindred flame;
And gives to each some fancied place and name

Thus scarce in all this world was object found
But man has for his god successive own'd.
In quest of truth, still by the sore's res led,
In error's murky path he onward sped;
Where all that goodly seem'd was empty show;
Nor real ought, but folly, guilt and woe.

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