

receiving additional improvements according to the species in which they are implanted.

This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the whole chasm from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, rising, one over another by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost insensible; and the intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life.

Every creature is confined to a certain measure of space, and its observation stunted to a certain number of objects; but some move and act in a sphere of a wider circumference than that of others, according as they rise above one another in the scale of existence. The earth is the spot appointed for man to dwell and act upon. He stands foremost of all the creatures here; and links together intelligence and brutes. The sphere of his bodily action is limited, confined and narrow; but that of his mind is vast and extensive beyond the bounds of matter.—Formed for the enjoyment of intellectual pleasure, his happiness arises from his knowledge; and his knowledge increases in proportion as he discovers and contemplates the variety, order, beauty and perfection of the works of nature. Whatever therefore can assist him in extending his observations is to be valued, as in the same degree conducive to his happiness.

What we know at present, even of things the most near and familiar to us, is so little in comparison of what we know not, that there remains a boundless scope for our enquiries and discoveries; and every step we take serves to enlarge our capacities, and gives us still more noble and just ideas of the power, wisdom and goodness of the Deity.

The universe is so full of wonders that perhaps eternity alone can be sufficient to survey and admire them all: Perhaps too this delightful employment may be one great part of the felicity of the blessed; when the soul shall become divested of flesh, the pleasures of sense can be no more.... But if its principal delight has been in the contemplation of the beauties of the creation, and the adoration of their Almighty author, it scars, when disembodied, into the celestial regions, duly prepared for the full enjoyment of intellectual happiness.

To thee, Eternal, self-existing Creator of the universe! whose will is Nature's law! Omniscient, Omnipresent, all bountiful and gracious! to Thee be paid by all Thy creatures thanksgiving and adoration, till time shall be no more!—*Baker on the Microscope.*

**CONJECTURE**—A Philadelphia physician in a letter to a lady on the effect of wearing corsets has the following remarks:—"I anticipate the happy period when the fairest portion of the fair creation will step forth unencumbered with albs of walnut and tiers of whale-bone. The constitution of our females must be excellent to withstand in any tolerable degree the inflictions of the corset eight hours every day. No other animal could survive it. Take the honest ox and inclose his sides with hoop-iron, put an osken plank beneath him, and gird the whole with a bedcord and demand of him labor. He would rather indeed but it would be for breath."—*American Paper.*

Original.

## THE DUTY OF LOVE.

MATT. xxii. 37, 38, 39.

The tender two-fold duty well observ'd,  
First God to love supremely as supreme,  
Th' essential excellence; next, for his sake,  
Our fellow-man, His child and image dear,  
Is all our task enjoin'd. A task how sweet,  
'That ev'n its own fulfilment here repays  
With bliss on earth, that's perfected in Heav'n.  
For still the measure of our bliss is Love;  
And happiest they who most its influence feel,  
And feeling, least oppose. Ah! what were life  
But wretchedness, did Love not daily yield  
Its dear delights, that make existence sweet,  
And ever pleasing, felt our sense of being?  
While theirs is Mis'ry, hopeless and extreme,  
Whose doom at length for Love's long slighted  
law,

Is never ought to love. From Love's domain  
A banish'd, hateful, self-aborning crew,  
They hopeless roam, and would, if but allow'd,  
Their sense of pain in self-destruction end.

Ev'n here on earth, where Mercy cheers the scene,  
By guilt so gloomy made; not few are seen  
Thus wretched and self-hating: round their  
ninds

When some foul passion's intercepting cloud  
Has settled dismal; and th' enlight'ning ray  
Of Charity repels: 'Til cold and numb'd,  
And frozen quite, their hearts at length become  
To all insensible but anguish keen,  
'That thrills incessant thro' their inmost frame;  
And frequent shakes, with horrors deadly, chill  
Their shudd'ring souls; till in some luckless  
hour,

No object by their jaundic'd sight espied,  
In nature not disgusting, dark despair  
O'erwhelms them sudden; and their frantic  
hand

Arms, 'gainst themselves uprais'd; impatient  
thus,  
With loathed life, their mental pangs to end.

☞ All letters and remittances are to be forwarded, free of postage, to the Editor, the Very Rev. Wm. P. McDonald, Hamilton.

## THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22.

We would tell the editors of the *Toronto Church* that the dark age of Protestant imposition on the public mind is fast drawing to a close. There is freedom now in the British dominions for the Catholics to speak and write in their own defence. They have done, and are doing so in a far more elegant, open and argumentative style than the cant and hypocritical whinnings, the saintly slang, the coarse vituperative railings, all based upon old worn out villainous fictions, misrepresentations and calumnies of their opponents. Who now of the present generation, (except the most uneducated, though of such in this new country the proportion is very great,) what real scholar, or one accustomed to the genteeler ranks of society, but would scout the foul epithets, the degrading nicknames, the most unchristian, as unmerited aspersions thrown out so lavishly against us, in their preachings, tracts, and tasteless catch-penny lucubrations, as those with which the *Church* editor crams his weekly journal!—**POPISH, PAPIST, PAPISTICAL, MONKISH, ROMISH, ROMANIST, ROMANISM**, like the hiss of the

serpant brood at the heel that was destined to crush their Father's head.—**GEN. iii. 15.** Why not give us our own proper names, such as we are, and have ever been known by, in the whole christian world? Who has given them a right to dub us all over with their mocking terms and ridiculing appellations? Not surely the Saviour, whose doctrines they pretend to preach. They cannot say that such uncharitable conduct towards their neighbor was authorized by him, who tells his followers that "whoever calls his brother a fool shall be in danger of hell fire.—**Matt. v. 22.** By whom then are they authorized to do so? I leave it to themselves to answer the question. There is magic in a name, which, when once impressed upon the public mind, has a lasting effect for honour or dishonour. Hence the labours of all the reformed, as they are called, or reforming teachers, has ever been, since their great Father Luther's apostacy, to decorate with glorious epithets, and high-sounding appellations the leaders and supporters, lay or clerical, of their several parties. Witness, in the preface to their parliament Bible, the disgustingly fulsome titles given to that mean royal pedant James I., whose appearance they hail, like that of the *sun rising in the east*; and to that murderess, Queen Elizabeth, styled by them the *bright occidental star*, and to whom they have fastened the title of the *good Queen Bess*! But again, on the other hand, with what unmeasured terms of opprobrium and reproach have they not endeavoured, and endeavour still, in the teeth of impartial history, which contradicts their statements, to blacken the reputation, and render odious to posterity the memory of their conscientious opponents. The *bloody Queen Mary* is the title given by them to Elizabeth's predecessor; but it would not have been given her had she dealt only with Catholics like her sister Elizabeth. Then she would have been lauded to the skies, whatever number she might have massacred of her Catholic subjects for denying merely her *spiritual* supremacy. Those whom Mary suffered to be slain, were convicted traitors, who had plotted against her lawful succession to the throne, and sought to prevent the acknowledgment even of her *temporal* supremacy.

If we are Christians indeed, and not in name only, let us drop forever such uncharitable shifts and wicked subterfuges to propagate our religious principles. Catholics could never be accused of abusing them. They never gave other names to their opponents than what these had adopted to themselves. They never sought to indispose the public against them, by any studied misrepresentations of their doctrines, by scurrilous invectives, foul fictions, nick-names, and abusive terms. If forced into the polemical arena, they used only the legitimate weapons of fair argument, backed with scripture, reason, and historical truth. We observe, however, and have always observed, that in such disputative skirmishes, our antagonists never meet us on equal grounds. Instead of fighting fair, and parrying our thrusts with proper arms, they invariably give us the slip; and, wheeling round, endeavour to

smother us amid the filth of no sweet favour, which they have hoarded up, & bring forth so unspurringly against us. Now, this is no fair fighting match at all. In such a contest our chief endeavour must always be to avoid the savoury aspersions from the night-man's bucket. If this be not the way in which the *Toronto Church* and *Guardian* Editors endeavour to defeat us, we leave the case to the decision of the impartial public.

At any rate we would request the *Guardian*, the *Churchman* or any other who is in the habit of pouring out upon our church their opprobrious terms of "superstitious," "idolatrous," "corrupted," "anti-scriptural," "tyrannical," "the mother of ignorance," &c., to point out to us in what precise and particular sense she deserves all, or any of these fair compliments; and we shall have a tangible something to dicate upon. But who can clear off at once all the jumbled heaps of their dunghill filth, which they so unwarrantably cast upon our premises. And now I would ask them, do they really believe, and if not, they are deliberately and wittingly imposing on the public, can they possibly believe that all the members of our church, are such downright idiots, as to worship images or the inanimate works of man's hands, as being of themselves able to see, hear or help us? That we give to the Saints and Angels, that supreme worship which is due to God alone; or to Jesus Christ, our sole chief Mediator. If not, in what sense are we idolators? What can be more audaciously presuming, than for this or that individual, [for all are individuated in Protestantism, where every one is authorised to judge for himself,] what can be more recklessly daring, than for any one to affirm that he is more wise and learned: purer in his faith and morals; better acquainted with the Scriptures, and the Saviour's one true religion, than all the Catholic millions now, or formerly existing for more than eighteen hundred years; than those who carefully preserved, and handed down to us the Scriptures, with all the ancient learning, and knowledge of antiquity, which they saved from the destructive inroads of our barbarous ancestors; whom they converted and humanized in the bosom of their church? And yet we have lived to see the day, when they, together with their Church, are vilified, and held up to scorn and detestation by those who owe them all that, as men and Christians they can boast of; by individuals, or partial, and newly formed groups, who proclaim themselves the only wise men in the world.—But, as Solomon has said, "there is more hope for a fool, than for one who is wise in his own conceit."—**Prov. xxvi. 12.**

The Rev. Waldo Siphorp, fellow of Magdalen College, and brother to Colonel Siphorp, has sold his church at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and suddenly taken his departure, in order to become a Roman Catholic Priest. The poor man must be downright mad.—*Hamilton Gaz.*, Dec. 20.

[The Jews would have said the same of Saint Paul, who was such a fool as to give up all his worldly prospects, which were great, and become the despised follower and zealous preacher up of the Saviour's religion.]—**ED. CATH.**