

POETRY.

Original.

THE TE DEUM.—A NEW TRANSLATION.

To thee, O God, we pour our praise ;  
To thee, our joyful voice we raise ;  
And hail thee, Sovereign Lord,  
O'er all the Earth thy name's rever'd  
Thy might, eternal Father's fear'd  
Thy Godhead is ador'd.

To thee, the vast Angelic throng,  
The Heavens resounding with their song,  
And all the powers above,  
The thought-entraptur'd Cherubim,  
The ascent-blazing Seraphim,  
With flames of purest love ;

The tribute of their praises bring,  
And Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! sing,  
Lord God of Hosts ! most High !  
The heav'ns and earth thou giv'st to shine  
Reluctant in the light divine  
Of thy dread Majesty.

To thee th' Apostle's glorious choir,  
The Prophet's sacred band conspire,  
And martyrs' shining train ;  
To pour their praise in rapturous sound  
While thee, thy Church, the world around  
Extols in humbler strain.

Father of boundless Majesty,  
With thee thy Son, who reigns on high—  
And Spirit, three in one.  
Thee, King of Glory ! Christ, we own.  
The Father's coeternal Son ;  
Who, to redeem lost Man,

Our nature frail hast deign'd to take .  
Nor did'st reluctant, for our sake,  
Shrink at the Virgin's womb  
Death saw his rueful empire end,  
When, first of men, thou did'st ascend,  
Immortal from the tomb.

'Then to thy kingdom did'st thou soar,  
And heav'n's gates, ne'er unbarr'd before  
To man did'st open lay.  
Still from thy Sire's right hand again  
Thou'lt come ; and unkind all arrayn—  
Their Judge at the last day.

Let them for us prevailing plead—  
That blood, which thou for man hast shed—  
And bid us number'd be  
Straight with the just, at thy right hand,  
In glory beaming bright, who stand  
Thy rescued Progeny !

Thy people bless—guide and defend !  
O'er thine inheritance extend  
Thy mild, paternal way—  
We ev'ry day invoke thy name,  
And to thy Majesty supreme  
Our dutious homage pay.

Guard us from ev'ry sin this day !  
Thy mercy, Lord, on us display,  
As we have hop'd in thee  
In thee our hopes we place secure ;  
And, trusting to thy promise sure,  
Shall ne'er confounded be.

Original.

ON THE SOUL.

Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal ?  
Behold this midnight glory, worlds on worlds :  
Amazing pomp ! Redouble this amaze,  
Ten thousand add and twice ten thousand more ;  
When weigh the whole . one soul outweighs them all ;  
And calls th' astonishing magnificence  
Of unintelligence creation poor.

Young's Complaint Night 7th.

WHEN I look into myself, and take a view of my own Soul ; when I consider all her excellent qualities and final destination ; I cannot help feeling for myself a certain respect and esteem, which hinders me from doing any thing below the dignity of my

nature. When my mind has risen to this pitch of thought, if I look abroad among my fellow creatures, and consider them in all the variety of rank and condition ; I am apt to think we are all children of one common Father : and that although our present inequality, if rightly understood, be necessary for the preservation and harmony of society ; when we are recalled from our temporary exile to our eternal home, there will be no difference made between the haughty statesman and the humble artisan ; the king and the beggar. Full of this idea I can look upon the greatest monarch as my brother, and the meanest slave as mine equal, without either admiring the grandeur of the one, which is but like the sunny cloud, that fleets with the wind and disappears, or despising the meanness of the other, an imaginary stain, which death will wipe away : I consider in each only that immortal part of man, the Soul, which in both is equally great and equally noble.

And indeed what a grand idea does it not give us of the Soul, to think that even now, while shut up in the prison of the body, and not suffered to exert all her native energy, she can trace back the events of the most distant ages past, and behold them as present. She can look into futurity, and by rational conjecture foresee what is to happen. She can follow out the thread of human sciences and unrival the most knotty difficulties. Or, if she disdains to confine herself to this earth, she can with Newton wing her flight to the stars ; run over the vast expanse of the firmament ; contemplate those huge unwieldy bodies, those numberless luminous or illumined orbs, which the hand of the Almighty has scattered through the void ; and with the rapidity of imagination she can trace their course in all its velocity. In less than the twinkling of an eye she can overleap the bounds of finitude, and lose herself in the contemplation of the Deity.

There is nothing created, so great, but her imagination can grasp : so perfect, to which she cannot add some new perfection. She even seems in some sense to partake of the divine attributes.—Her reason is an emanation of the wisdom of the Creator ; her benevolence and charity of his goodness ; her love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, his sanctity and justice ; her sense of honour and contempt of whatever is base and mean, of his personal dignity. It is this that impresses on her mind the sense of shame, and makes her even internally blush ; when by any vile action she has degraded her innate dignity. In fine, by being immortal, she, as far as a creature can, divides eternity with the Supreme Being.

Had the soul of man been doomed ever to fall back into her ancient nothing, it would have been impossible for God himself to have completed her happiness. Nothing but the eternal enjoyment of himself was capable of filling up the immense capacity of her desires. Give her all the delights imaginable, allow her bliss to be infinite, save in its duration ; the reflection—that it all must come to nought, is alone capable of embittering all the sweets of her otherwise perfect felicity. Nay, the

more exquisite you suppose her happiness, the greater her reluctance to part with it must be : and God, by adding to her bliss would in effect only augment her misery. She would view in despair the fatal boundary of her existence ; and shudder at the dreadful thought of annihilation.

Did we frequently endeavour by such reflections as these to keep up in ourselves a proper sense of our own intrinsic worth and dignity, as would scorn to busy ourselves as much in the vain pursuits of the momentary and imperfect enjoyment of this earth : but, turning our backs on him, and carrying our view beyond the grave, we would make the goods of eternity the sole object of our hope and desire.

O Eternity ! what is time, or all that is created and that passes with time, if compared with thee ! A mere atom dropped from the hand of the Almighty within the immensity of thy sphere : an airy bubble blown up, on the bosom of thy depth which must shortly burst and dissolve into nought. Towards thee am I carried on the wings of time. The scenes of my past life seem but a dream. I see this world passing before me like a phantom, and nothing is permanent here below, nor can my Soul any where find rest, till death break the bonds of my mortality asunder, and set her free to wing her flight to those mansions of never ending bliss, which God has prepared for his faithful servants.

AVIS A NOS CHERS FRERES DU BAS CANADA

Il est a esperer que tout bon Catholic entendant ou n'entendant pas la langue angloise, pretera son support au seul journal Catholique anglois, qui ait jamais paru dans ces provinces surtout en sachant qu'il est public avec l'approbation, et sous les auspices des Eveques et du clerge du pays . Le prix d'ailleurs, en est si modique n'etant que quatorze shellings par an, la poste incluse, pour une Feuille hebdomadaire ; qu'il y a bien peu de personnes qui ne puissent contribuer cette miete a l'elucidation et defense de notre Sainte Religion, assailie de toutes parts, et calomniee par ses Ennemis dans une langue, qu'il est indispensablement necessaire d'adopter, pour refuter sur pied egal leurs erreurs. On s'attend que la moitie de l'abonnement annuel, sera paye d'avance, et envoye par chacun, avec son adresse, franc de post, a T. Dalton. U. C.

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