

THE CATHOLIC.

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, 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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THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM P. MACDONALD, V. G.

EDITOR.

THE DIES IRÆ.

Translated by Roscommon.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Death and Nature with surprise,
Shall see the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne:
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O, then, what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror toss'd.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt [too great to pay]
Before the sad accounting day.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: accept my tears.

Thou who wast mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast giv'n a me hope; now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy pray'r,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss.
Promote me to thy seats of bliss.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty men compassion find!

Original.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION DEMONSTRATED DIVINE.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BOOK OF RUTH.

This Book is called the Book of Ruth, from the name of her whose history it records. She was a Gentile, but became a convert to the true faith; and marrying Boaz, the great-grand-father of David, was one of those from whom Christ sprung according to the flesh; and an illustrious figure of the Gentile church. It is thought this book was written by the prophet Samuel.—D. B.

CHAPTER I. 15.—"Behold thy kinswoman is returned to her people, and to her gods: go thou with her."—Naomi did not mean to persuade Ruth to return to the false gods she had formerly worshipped; but by this manner of speech she insinuated to her that if she would go with her, she must renounce her false gods, and adhere to the Lord, the God of Israel.—D. B.

Verse 6.—"But Ruth answered: be not against me that I should leave thee and depart; for whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die; and there will I be buried. The Lord do so and so, and add more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

This form of swearing, which was common among the Hebrews, being used by Ruth, shows her belief in the true God; and her affectionate, humble, meek and obedient conduct towards her worthy but indigent step-mother Naomi; her total abandonment of all earthly considerations, to follow his truth, which had captivated her innocent mind.

As has been observed, she was an illustrious figure of the Gentile church; which, like Ruth, left the gods and heathen household of her fathers, and adhered to her step-mother, the Jewish synagogue, then in her widowhood; for she had lost her spouse, the Messiah; but she taught her step-daughter how to find what she herself had lost, a spouse in Boaz, the Bethlehemite, and representative of the Saviour; and this too in the harvest time; when Jesus, the real Boaz and Bethlehemite, was bidding his labourers "lift up their eyes, and see the countries round about, already white for the harvest."—John iv. 35.—It was then that Boaz desired his reapers, [the Apostles and first preachers of christianity] to scatter largely of his wheat to Ruth, the gleaner, whom he invites also at meal time, to eat with his labourers; then recognizing her family as his kinswoman, [for all are kindred

in Adam] on his kinsmen's renouncement to his prior right to her, [that is, when the proud and selfish synagogue scorned all connexion with the Gentiles, which the Saviour's dispensation of universal mercy held out] he takes to himself his spotless bride, the chosen mother of his princely progeny. From the plenty of Ruth, thus become mistress, shall all the wants of Naomi, or the converted synagogue, be finally supplied.

CHAPTER IV. 11.—"The people and ancients at the gate," who witnessed and blessed the marriage, were first all the Believers, Patriarchs, Priests and Prophets of old; who saw in figure this union of the Saviour with the Gentile church; and last, the Apostles and Jewish converts, who witnessed, in the call of the Gentiles to the faith, the fulfilment of the prediction.

The congratulations of the women to Naomi, are prophetic; and show her destined to be happy in the end; and the genealogy of Boaz, with which the Book of Ruth concludes, proves the importance attached to it by the inspired writer.

[End of the Book of Ruth.]

From the True Tablet.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TO THE OXFORD CATHOLIC.

Suggested by a perusal of No. 9 of the Tracts.

Searcher for Truth's pure light,
Long bound in error's night,
Thy haughty captor's wrath now snaps thy chain:
Cast off, renounc'd, revil'd—
Come, lone and sorrowing child—
Come to thy mother's pitying breast again!

Oh, thou hast wandered long,
Through thorny paths of wrong,
Mocking my deep love with unfilial scorn:
Yet no reproach severe,
No anger waits you here;
Back to thy home, forgiven one, return.

The towers where thou hast dwelt,
On sand and ruins built,
Are bent and quivering to the tempest's shock:
Trembler! in lone dismay,
Watching o'er that decay,
Come, shield thee in the fortress of the rock!

All that thy soul doth feel
Of fiery faith and zeal,
Now sternly fetter'd in repression cold—
Shall there, on pinion's bright,
Rear up to heaven thy flight:
Return then, wanderer, to the ancient fold.

The treasures thou hast sought,
Through mines of olden thought,
Are lock'd with golden keys—by us possessed:
All, all, shall now uncloze;
Come, then, to thy repose,—
Come, toil-worn spirit, and receive thy rest. J. S.

A functionary from Chili, who is at present in Rome, has procured the opportunity for 200 Spanish clergymen of proceeding to Chili and Buenos Ayres, where, in consequence of protracted wars, the number of ecclesiastics have become so far reduced, that they are unable to perform divine service in numerous churches.