

at all?—who ever heard of a visible kingdom, without a visible King? of a government without a governor? of an army without a commander? of a family without a father? of a visible body without a visible head? The thing were monstrous; and hence, to avoid it, his own national parliamentary church has run into the equally monstrous extreme by adapting two heads to its pigny stature; a *supreme one* in the Sovereign, man, woman or child; and a *subordinate one* in her primate, the Arch Bishop of Canterbury. We should ask him again, as he holds his national church to be the *only true one*; does he then consider this head of hers, as the head of Christ's church, or spiritual kingdom here on earth; as that must be, which is the *only true church*? We believe him too wise to make such an assertion; then let him say who is her *visible head*; for as a *visible body*, she must have one. He perhaps will tell us that Christ himself is the *only head* of his church on earth. He is indeed her *invisible one*; & (as the soul is of the Body;) her *supreme ruler, enlightener, director and preserver*. But a *visible body*, which she is, not to be a monstrous one, requires also a *visible head*: though endowed with an *invisible soul*, to govern supremely, and direct it in all its movements and functions. Such, according to St. Paul, is the *mystical body of Christ, his church*; and all the faithful over the whole world, (not those of England, or Scotland only,) its visible members.—1, Cor. 12, 27.

The Sentinel's church is stiled, the *Church of England*: not of England's people, (the great bulk of whom are not of her communion; or hold to her only by their tythe and cess-connection,) but of England's Government; and hence, as the creature, so is the cherished pet, and privileged favourite of that government, wherever its *sectarian sway* and influence prevail. But were she even in the amplest sense, and quite exclusively the church of England; will any one, even the Sentinel himself, or Canadian Panygerist, affirm her to be the *only church*, and sole visible kingdom on earth of him who is the *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*? His spiritual kingdom embraces *all nations*; for to all the nations were his Apostles sent. Go, said he to them, and *teach all Nations*. His church is then not the church of this or that, but of every nation under the sun. And who does not know that his can be no other than the *Roman Catholic, or Universal Church*; she being the only one to be met with every where, and always the same: the only one which has always existed, and still existing in every place; even where protestantism has never yet appeared, and also wherever it does now appear in all its reformed & reforming discordancy. This is therefore the only church worthy of him, who is the common Lord of all. This is his spiritual kingdom here below; governed, as *visible* by his visible representative, or Vice Gerent, her Chief Pastor; in union with her other lawfully commissioned and sub-ordinate clergy; her bishops and priests in their respective departments; each within the precincts of his own particular jurisdiction.

To be continued.

UPPER CANADA HERALD.

We are truly astonished that our neighbour, the *U. C. Herald*, should be so unacquainted with the *notorious workings* of the Bible Society, as to question the truth of what we advanced concerning them in a late number of our periodical.—Editor.

The 32d number of the Cristian Sentinel, containing the *irrefutable* article against the Pope's supremacy, has been transmitted to us by the Editor; though not in so handsome a way as we should have expected; for though we had clearly enough perceived from his stile and argumentation, that he was no scholar; we never before doubted his being a gentleman. His paper was directed to us on the outside cover, as follows:—"This contains the article on *Papal Supremacy* and the *Post-Master of Kingston* is requested to convey it safely to THE CATHOLIC; lest he should not get it, and complain of neglect." On this we need venture no further comment, than merely to observe that it is chiefly by such sudden, unguarded freaks, that real character is displayed.

With regard to the point in question, the *papal supremacy*, which indeed is a most important and fundamental one; after making a few strictures on the Sentinel's boasted article, just sufficient to show forth its absurdity; and the ignorance, bad taste and weak reasoning powers of its author;—We shall pass on to consider this momentous subject in a scriptural and historical light; and leave the christian public to judge how far the Church of England's champion in these provinces has, in our parliamentary, or rather pawn-broking phrase, *redeemed his pledge*, and proved his cause invincible.

IGNORANCE AND THE VICIES.

A M. S. POEM.

Continued.

See with th' intemp'rate God Silenus drench'd,  
Till in the draught his reason's flame is quench'd  
Reeling and staggering on, with giddy poise,  
He falls, and mutters madness where he lies.  
With filth besmear'd, he strives, but strives in vain  
Erect his manly posture to regain:  
Bruis'd, numb'd, or drowning, feels the mortal thro',  
Unconscious verging on to endless woe  
Or, should he 'scape: his loathings sick confess  
How life he shortens by the vile excess.  
'Tis pleasure's sting, that gives the frantic joy,  
Sure in the end his comforts to destroy.  
Who so, but fiends, could rational man degrade;  
And make him reckless brave such dangers dread:  
Nay, gl'ring boast: his shame, the base exploit:  
And in it place his pride and chief delight!

As for the shambles fatted, sleek and fair,  
Next view the glutton gorg'd with dainties rare:  
Happy he seems: nor other care has he,  
But when to feast; and what his fare may be.  
Yet, with the meats, that most his palate please,  
Are mix'd the seeds of many a dire disease  
For, at his board presides the tempting foe,  
In pleasure's form; and plans his future woe:  
His poison o'er the choicest viands flings:  
Whence surfeit soul ensues; and gout, that stings  
And fever lights her fast consuming flame:  
And morbid humours mine his shrinking frame:  
Or rushing apoplex our scaster gay  
O'erwhelming sudden, sweeps from earth away.

Nor they, by lust from reason's precincts led,  
Are less to plagues expos'd, and dangers dread:  
Whether they break the fence of wedded love,  
And all an injur'd husband's vengeance prove:  
Or, like the brutes, contending for their mate,  
In jealous strife they madly tempt their fate  
E'en should no rivals spoil their guilty joys;  
Disease waylays them, and their bliss destroys:

This Florio found; a youth of beauty rare;  
And long the idol of th' admiring fair.  
Like death embodied, now he moves along,  
And stares with carrion look the passing throng  
With all his features sine dissolv'd away,  
He seems, to life restor'd, the maggot's prey.

Next view, by av'rice away'd, the wretched crew  
Curs'd most, when gain'd the object they pursue.

Grippus, when young, was not ungen'rous thought:  
What on his mind such woeful change has wrought:  
An aunt's estate bequeath'd, and bags of gold.—  
These with their keeper av'rice, took such hold  
Of all his soul's affection, that not more  
Socks he on earth, but how t' augment his store  
Relations, friends, acquaintance, ev'n himself,  
He all neglects; nor cares but for his pelf:  
Counts it by day, and adds some sorry mite:  
Then sleepless o'er it keeps his watch by night  
Grudges the needful pittance to supply  
His daily wants, that cost him many a sigh.  
So thin and thread-bare clad, the frame he shows  
Wastes in proportion as his treasure grows.  
His far exceeds the penitence severe,  
For heav'n endur'd by rigid Cordelier.  
Though death, he knows, will make him all unclasp,  
His hoarded wealth; and break his ling'ring grasp  
Urg'd by the fiend, who marks him for his prey,  
He hastes the fate he'd shun, or would delay.

Want, though herself not of the fiendly tribe,  
Yet chooses most with av'rice to abide;  
And with him leagues our species to betray,  
His Jackal, serving to decoy his prey.  
Points out his shining hoard, and bids us dare  
To seize the whole; or snatch at least a share.  
'Tis all a gilded snare, set by the foe,  
Sure, once it rashly touch'd, to work our woe.

They too, whom envy's with'ring spell has bound,  
A jaundic'd, pining, wretched crew are found.  
At other's woe their hearts with anguish smart:  
And scenes of bliss but grief to them impart.  
Their ev'ry source of joy is drained quite,  
Save that, like fiends, in mischief they delight.

To be continued

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