

St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, speaking on the same text, *thou art Peter*, concludes thus: "According to the promise, the apostolical Church of Peter remains immaculate; free from all seduction and heretical circumvention." He, as well as Origen, repeatedly declares the Church to have been founded on Peter: that he fixed his Chair at Rome: that the Church of Rome is the *Mother Church*, and the root of Catholicity. Epist. ad Cornel.—Epist. ad Anton.—De Unit. &c.—1 Hom. 5, in Exod. Hom. 17, in Luc. The latter expresses great indignation "that certain African Schismatics should dare to approach the See of Peter; the Head Church, and source of ecclesiastical unity, Epist. ad Corn. It is true, this Father had afterwards a dispute with Pope Stephen about re-baptizing converts from Heresy. but this proves only that he did not think the Pope's authority superior to general Tradition; which, through mistake, he supposed to be on his side. To what degree, however, he did admit this authority, appears, by his advising this same Pope to depose Marcian, a Schismatical Bishop of Gaul; and to appoint another Bishop in his place, Epist. 29.

7° Eusebius, the Greek Historian, declares in the clearest terms, that the Roman Pontiff derives his superior authority from Peter, Euseb. Chron. An. 44.

8° Saint Hilarius says that it was in order to confound Satan, that the Saviour appointed Peter, the first proclaimer of his divinity, to be the foundation of his church; the door keeper of his kingdom; & in his decisions here on earth, the judge of Heaven. O thou, in thy new appellation, (he exclaims,) thrice happy foundation of the church! the rock deemed worthy to uphold such a fabric, which art destined to frustrate all the infernal schemes; to dash to pieces the gates of Hell; and demolish all the strong holds of death! comments in psal. 131.

9° "Hear, says St. Chrysostom, what Christ says to Peter, the pillar and foundation of his faith; who, for the strength of his confession, was called the Rock: Christ saying to him: *thou art a rock, and upon this rock will I build my Church*, Com. 16. in Matt.

10° St. Athanasius, appealing against his opponents, to the Bishop of Rome, calls that see the *mother and head of all other churches*.—Epist. ad Marc.—In fact the Pope reversed the sentence of deposition pronounced by the Saint's enemies; and restored him to his patriarchal chair.—Socrat. Hist. 2, c. 2. Zozom.

11° St. Augustine in many places of his works, testifies to the Pope's supremacy; particularly where he mentions the condemnation of the Pelagian Heresy by the Roman pontiff. Rome, says he, *has spoken forth: the cause is ended: would that the error were ended also*. ROMA LOCUTA EST: CAUSA FINITA EST: UTINAM FINIRETUR ET ERROR!—Serm. 3. de verb. Apost.

12° St. Jerom, distracted with the disputes among three parties, who divided the church of Antioch; to which he was then subject; wrote to Pope Damasus, imploring him to set him right on

the subject. "I, said he, who am but a sheep, apply to my shepherd for succour. I am united in communion with your holiness, that is to say, with the Chair of Peter. I know that the Church is built on that rock. He, who eats the paschal Lamb out of that house, is profane. Whoever is not in Noah's Ark, will perish in the deluge. I know nothing of Vitalis: I reject Meletius: I am ignorant of Parlinus. He, who gathereth not with thee, scattereth."—Epist. ad Damas.

But why unnecessarily add more testimonies from the Holy Fathers on this head, to which all of them in word and deed have borne witness. St. Hippolitus, in lib. de cons. mundi. St. Dionysius, in Epist. and Tim. St. Basil, in anabo. St. Gregory Nazianzen, in orat. de moderat. in Disp. St. Ambrose, Serm. 47. de fide petri, et 69. de Nat. petri et pauli. &c. The Council of Sardica confirmed the Bishop of Rome in his right of receiving appeals from all the churches in the world. Even the Pagan Historian Ammianus about the same time bears testimony to the superior authority of the Roman Pontiff.—Rerum gest. l. 15.

We might here add many protestant authors of the first standing in favour of Papal Supremacy: such as even Henry the eight, in a book written in defence of it. James the first, in his first speech in Parliament, and in his writings. Arch-Bishop Wake, Bishop Bramhall, Hugo Grotius, and Melancton himself, with numberless others, too tedious to mention.

And now we take leave of the *Sentinel* upon this subject, and every other in future. nor should we have thought his poor stuff worth all the notice we have taken of it, were it not for the sake of his ignorant, yet well-meaning subscribers, who relish the garbage he deals out to them, only because they have never tasted any thing better, and especially as the subject started in his *unanswerable article*, was an unusually interesting one, and meriting an answer.

EXTRACTED FROM THE MONEAD.
AN ORIGINAL POEM.

Happy they seem, who, nurs'd in fortune's lap,
Have all their wants supplied; and ev'ry wish
Not sooner form'd, than granted; happy, lodg'd
In stately palace: cloth'd in rich attire,
With gold and gems adorn'd, and sumptuous fed
On nature's delicacies pour'd profuse:
While music soothing breathes soft harmony
On costly beds of down to lull them laid;
And ling'ring sleep invite, with opiate spell,
To shut their sense, and weary eye-lids close.

Happy, when forth they fare; and proud attract
With gorgeous equipage the public gaze:
Or at the ball, or mingling in the rout,
As pastime's round enchanting they pursue,
Still meet the courteous smile, th' aduring look;
And homage, lowly bending at their nod,
Rejoic'd th' seems their mandates to obey.
Fresh honours round their path, like flow'rs, are strewn;
And ev'ry rugged step, or rude access
By menial hands before them straight is smooth'd!

Yet, look behind the scene, where all so gay
These actors figure o'er life's crowded stage:
Not here is inward peace; not heart's content:
Found sole in virtue's duty well performed.
But lassitude from frivolous toils you spy;
Or listless languid apathy; each thought,
Like gulf absorbing; and each sense of joy
Lost in the hollow void of time mispent;
When all the ceremonial bustle's o'er;
And fled the mirthful vision of the day.

So glides their life apace, at best a dream,
On fashionable follies vainly spent,
Yet has that dream its horrors, and, ev'n here
Amid their short enjoyments, oft the rich
Their worn, denounc'd anticipating feel:
On easy chair though stretch'd; and cushion'd round;
When rack'd then punon'd limbs they feel by gout,
Of gutted m' silence the dire disease;
Like tort'ring fiend, that stings intense, and burns;
And wrings their pamp'ring frame with mortal throes.

Nor less is felt their mental anguish keen;
Which sullen mood, and low'ring aspect shew,
And peevish humour; oft in sudden blaze
Of anger kindled, and convulsive rage,
At slightest trifle mov'd, though show appears'd.
For smoothest stream first ruffles in the breeze.

Besides, what care to keep; what dread to lose
The gather'd self their anxious thoughts employ!
Or how to turn to worldly best account
The hoarded treasure—No provision made,
No store laid up for th' endless life to come!

Woe to you rich! the Saviour said; who here
Have all your comforts! But, ye poor are blest,
If poor in spirit; then you're blest indeed:
Since yours, for short privations here endur'd,
Is everlasting bliss by him assured,
Whose words can never fail. And oft on earth
He grants sweet foretaste of the promised joy.

Say, in your humble homes, when toil is o'er,
How grateful rest is found! what relish then,
Seasons, though coarse, your fare! and to your comes,
So hard and lowly laid, does balmy sleep
From palace boat'd, ev'it wing his silent flight
No surfeit yours, to break your slumbers soft;
Or scarce with frightsome dreams your troubled minds.

For you does nature wear her loveliest forms
Unnotic'd by the great. For you her trees
Sigh waving in the gale; and soothe you stretch'd
Careless beneath their shade. For you the birds
Warble their gladsome notes, the bleating flocks,
The lowing herds; the hoarsely rum'ring floods,
Wild nature's chorus, more delight your ear,
Than sounds combin'd of sweetest minstrelsy.

What though not yours the pomp and pride of wealth:
Not yours are then its cares, its dangers not,
And all its duties in proportion great.
For think not pleasure's cup, when sweetest pour'd,
Untemper'd e'er with gall. And, though her strain
Delights the ear; and fair her form is seen;
Tis all seductive snare of Syren fell,
Who thus th' unthinking portion of our race,
Her easy prey, from virtue's path decoys.

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