

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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EDITOR.

[From the Tablet.]

LAUDA SION.

(From the *Lyra Ecclesiastica*.)

Zion, thy Redeemer praising,
Songs of joy to Him upraising,
Laud thy pastor and thy guide:
Swell thy notes most high and daring:
For his praise is past declaring,
And thy loftiest powers beside.

'Tis a theme with praise that gloweth,
For the bread that life bestoweth
Goes this day before us out;
Which, His holy supper taking,
To the brethren twelve His breaking
None hath ever called in doubt.

Full then be our praise and sounding,
Modest and with joy abounding
Be our mind's triumphant state,
For the feast's prosecution,
When the first bless'd institution
Of this feast we celebrate.

In the new King's new libation,
In the new law's new oblation
Ends the ancient Paschal rite:
Ancient forms new substance chaseth,
Typic shadows truth displaceth,
Day dispels the gloom of night.

What he did at supper seated,
CHRIST enjoined to be repeated,
When His love we celebrate.
True, obeying His dictation,
Bread and wine of our salvation
We the victim consecrate.

'Tis for Christian faith asserted,
Bread is into flesh converted,
Into blood the holy wine.
Sight and intellect transcending,
Nature's laws to marvel bending,
'Tis confirmed by faith divine.

Under either kind remaining,
Form, not substance, still retaining,
Wondrous things our spirit sees.
Flesh and blood thy palate staining,
Yet still CHRIST entire remaining,
Under either species.

All untorn for eating given,
Undivided, and unripen,
Whole He's taken, and unrent.
Be there one or crowds surrounding,
He is equally abounding,
Nor, tho' eaten, ever spent.

Both to good and bad 'tis broken,
But on each a different token
Or of life or death attends,
Life to good, to bad damnation:
Lo! of one same manducation,
How dissimilar the ends.

When the Priest the victim breaketh,
See thy faith in nowise shaketh,
Know that every fragment taketh
All that 'neath the whole there lies.
This in him no fracture maketh,
'Tis the figure only breaketh,
Form, or state, no change there taketh
Place in what it signifies.

Bread that angels eat in Heaven,
Now become the pilgrim's leaven,
Bread in truth to children given,
That must ne'er to dogs be thrown.
He, in ancient types disguised,
Was with Isaac sacrificed,
For the feast a Lamb devised,
Manna to the Fathers shown.

Bread, whose shepherd care doth tend us,
JESU CHRIST, Thy mercy send us,
Do Thou feed us, do defend us,
Lead us where true joys attend us,
In the land where life is given.
Thou all ken and might possessing,
Mercies aye to us largessing,
Make us share Thy cup of blessing,
Heritage and love's caressing,
With the denizens of Heaven.—AMEN.

MISSIONARY SCHEMES AT MADEIRA.

You have made, in some of your leading articles, some very interesting observations on the missionary labors of the Protestants. Your readers will doubtless be much edified by a little information on one of those gigantic efforts for the spread of Gospel truth, which has not, as far as I know, been as yet brought forward to receive merited publicity and admiration. The scene of the glorious effort to which I allude was the island of Madeira; the hero of the piece, though probably only the puppet of some more distant agents, was a certain Robert Reid Kalley, a personage who unites in himself the two characters of doctor of medicine and would-be doctor of divinity. This man generously, zealously, and heroically undertook, some three years ago, to enlighten the benighted Papists of Madeira. For this purpose he opened several schools, in which gratuitous instruction was given to the children of as many Popish parents as chose to purchase the temporal education of their offspring by sacrificing their faith and their eternal interests; for of course the enlightened doctor was, above all things, anxious to purge his pupils of the Popish poison with which they were one and all infected. His charity further prompted him to establish an hospital—supported either from his own funds, or from the money placed at his disposal by other philanthropic persons—in which the patients, at the same time they were cured of their corporal disorders, were to be liberated from that more dreadful distemper, Popery; and that no means of furthering his holy object might be left unemployed, the doctor of medicine and divinity converted his house into a temple, and there breathed forth the pure evangelical word to all whom curiosity or piety might induce to enter within the holy precincts. I think you will agree with me that Protestantism has seldom produced a champion such as Dr. Kalley; and if his desires and efforts have not been crowned with success, if Madeira has not become as enlightened in the gospel as England and Scotland, and if its unfortunate inhabitants have not be-

come partakers of all the blessings arising from that beautiful and fanciful variety of opinions and doctrines which adorns our country above all others, you will readily acquit the missionary physician of all share in the blame. Yet so it has happened. The unaccountable obstinacy of the stupid islanders has induced them to nauseate the pill of Protestantism, even when involved and partially concealed in the sweets of gratuitous education, gratuitous provision for the sick, and gratuitous eloquence from the mouth of Dr. Kalley. Nor is it merely the infatuation of the patients that has raised obstacles to the skill of the physician. If report be true, Lord Howard de Walden, the British Ambassador at Lisbon, in consequence of remonstrance made to him by the brother-in-law of the Count de Montalembert, lately arrived here from Madeira, directed to him an admonition very much calculated to damp his zeal in the good cause. Her Most Faithful Majesty, too, has thought proper to interpose her authority in opposition to the Doctor's endeavors; for the Governor of Madeira has published an edict under the sanction of his Sovereign, which seems likely to put an eternal extinguisher on Dr. Kalley and the Madeira Protestant mission. His Excellency expresses, in no equivocal terms, his decided conviction that it will be conducive to public tranquillity, and only showing a due deference to the sixth article of the Portuguese Constitution, to allow the people of Madeira to plod quietly on in the old-fashioned track trod before them by their forefathers, without stunning their ears and shocking their prejudices by vituperation of their creed, and clamorous invitations to adopt the new-fangled Christianity; and, acting on this conviction, he positively prohibits the preaching of Protestant truth to the Madeira Papists, and transmits to his subordinate officers the most stringent commands to carry the said prohibition into full and immediate execution. Such is the gratitude with which the Portuguese—governors as well as subjects—usually feel and manifest to those generous benefactors, who, for their enlightenment and liberation from Popery, prodigally squander their gold and their labors. Will it be believed that a Protestant missionary, Gomes Tojar by name, *olim* Canon of Malaga, afterwards banished from Malaga for immoral conduct, next an *employe* of some zealous missionary society in London—will it be believed that this generous victim to his religious zeal continued for whole years in this benighted city of Lisbon (all the while comfortably supported by the gold of his employers), raising his voice, like a Jonas in Nineveh, against the abominations of Popery; and that, after receiving from the Portuguese, as the only reward of his persevering exertions, uniform ridicule and contempt, mingled, I may add with but too much truth, with indignation and execration—he was at length obliged to depart, shaking the dust from his feet, and abandon the Portuguese to their incurable perversity and blindness? I do not know whether the missionary society in London have it in contemplation to send any more missionaries to Portugal; but if they have among their zealous apostles any who, without any reasonable hope of obtaining the crown of actual martyrdom, have courage to aspire to that lingering martyrdom which consists in the being universally regarded with feelings of pity, ridicule, and contempt, if not of indignation and aversion—I certainly think that they cannot have a finer field for exertion than Portugal and its dependencies.—*Tablet*.