

regardless of the future as if the morning that last broke upon him, was the last that should break upon the world.

O could such a man be condemned in after times—could the son of St. Leonidas be guilty of wilful heresy—could all those virtuous deeds be all rendered unavailing by a too daring sweep of his spirit's too daring wing, when soaring to the starry heavens, it shouted from its lofty eminence that the planets were inhabited by beings glorious as ourselves—when the earth was proclaimed a giant animal over which we, like insects, crawled for awhile—when, rejoicing in its warmest charity, it imagined that even the tortured ghost of the damned should one day flee from its prison-house, and shine with eternal irradiation in the blaze of its Maker's splendour—Oh! and is Origin the “irresistible” who loved, revered the old, old Church with a fondest child's fond affection—scattered her enemies—published abroad her doctrines—made her the envy of the nations—is he after all to forfeit the crown of her defenders, the fame of her champions—and alas! be associated with a Judas, a Julian, a Donatus, an Arian, a Luther—they, the evil hearted, the haughty, the despised of all that are worshippers at the shrine of Glory and Truth?

[We will resume this Memoir next week.]

THE MAGNIFICAT;

ON, SONA OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE SAME.

In gladsome strain I raise my feeble voice,
And in my Saviour's heavenly name rejoice—
He hath beheld me from his place on high,
And crowned with honours my humility,
For which my name is blessed* on every shore,
Till mankind fails and seasons roll no more—
The power whose glories fill th' ethereal frame,
Hath hallowed me, and holy is his name—
To those that fear him he extends his grace
From line to line, from rising race to race—
He hath stood up and shown his arm of might,
And in their boasting put the proud to flight—
He hath cast down the mighty from their throne,
And raised on high the lowly and unknown.
He hath with plenty filled the hungry heart,
And bade the great in emptiness depart—
And now to crown his many gifts divine
He sends a son from Israel's lofty line,
As he had promised to our sires of yore,
And to their progeny for evermore!

*How verified is this prophecy all over the Catholic world—the sects rarely or never give the appellation of ‘blessed’ to the Mother of the Saviour.

General Intelligence.

THE “CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,”

versus

THE CATHOLICS.

A late number of this Periodic, in an exceedingly illiterate tirade against Catholicism, charges the Church of Rome with hostility to civil and religious freedom. The foundation of the learned Editor's imputation is a letter of His Holiness the Pope, published some twelve months ago, and directed against the fanatical revolutionists of the “New York League,” who aimed at the subversion of the civil order and religious belief of Italy. Early in last August the “Christian Messenger,” with the characteristic imprudence of intense prejudice and no information, propounded the inanities which it now repeats. We replied in the article which we republish in the present number. We heard no more of the matter, until we saw the “Messenger” of last week, when, to our astonishment, we saw that this same Letter was “just promulgated.” We know not whether a design not very creditable to its name induced our contemporary to make this announcement. Many, doubtless, will so believe: though, really, the man who makes a mistake of *six hundred years*, in his first sentence, might be well permitted to make a mistake of one year in his third. We shall, however, hazard no conjecture.

We should imitate the folly of our contemporary, should we deem his childish dogmatism worthy of reputation. It is a melancholy state of society which permits such gentlemen to assume the position of public instructors; it should be much more melancholy if importance were attached to their few favorite phrases of imbecile prejudice. The man, who can look round him, in these times, and tell the mighty men, who stand prominently forth as the future heroes of the world's history, that they do not understand their religion, or, that understanding it, they are blind to the inconsistency of their actions with its tenets, demands the pity rather than the censure of an opponent. To declare Gregory the 11th to be “the present Pope” was mere ignorance; but to set about teaching the intelligence of the world Liberty and Dialectics from the ‘Christian Messenger's’ office in Granville street—that beggars the boasted abundance of the