

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS CREDITUM EST.—WHAT ALWAYS, AND EVERY WHERE, AND BY ALL IS BELIEVED.

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Original.

MEDITATION IN A CHURCHYARD.

Here let me sit and meditate a while
Among the silent mansions of the dead ;
Where wisdom holds her court :
And to the thoughtful few,
Who shun the giddy crowd, oft truths reveal,
Though awful, that can sooth life's ev'ry care ;
Blunt sorrow's sharpest sting,
And turn ev'n grief to joy.

Hark ! Now she bids observe with curious eye
The mould'ring fragments of the human frame,
Low laid in native dust,
By heedless footstep trod.
Vain mortals ! why, she says, ah ! why so boast
Of beauty's transient bloom ! of sinewy strength,
Than lute in minstrel's hand,
By death more quick unstrung ?

That head, of aspect grim, was her's whose cheek
With youth's rich purple glow'd ; whose ruby lips
A smile bewitching wore :
And graceful brow o'er arch'd
Her azure eyes, that mildest lustre shed ;
As Eve's attendant star shines through a show'r ;
While round her lilly neck
Her ebon tresses wav'd.

These too the sad remains of him, who late,
The village champion, dar'd his match in might ;
No giant's force so great
May death's dread stroke fend.
Here crumbling lie together rich and poor,
Who erst their distance kept. Hush'd is the voice
Of mirth ; and riot's feast,
Save with the maggot, ends.

No rival statesman here their factions stir ;
Extinct ambition's fire. Nor foe meets foe,
As wont, with wrathful eyes ;
Join'd in clay cold embrace.
Thine too, poor pensive mortal ! there that sit'st,
And ey'st the mingling mass of human kind,
Thine is that humbling fate,
The fate of all who live.

These auburn ringlets, that o'er shade thy brow,
Shall from that brow by death's cold hand be torn ;
And, in their sockets sunk,
These visual orbs be lost.
Thy tongue, to sweetest harmony attun'd
Dry shrunk, shall moulder 'twixt her parting jaw :
That through the wasted lip
Displays the ghastly grin.

That hand, that now my dictates nimbly takes,
And thy whole loosen'd frame, shall be commix'd,

Nor know'st how late, how soon,
With earth and reptiles vile.
Weep not. This but reminds thee that not here,
Where all is fleeting, like yon passing cloud,
Can o'er that bliss be found.
Which thou wert born to seek.

Here who that bliss would find, in vain pursue
A varying phantom, that their steps decoys ;
Till urg'd o'er mis'ry's brink,
They fall, to rise no more.
Not so, whom reason and religion guide
Through life's dark vale secure ; like pilgrim tir'd,
They hope their journey's end,
And look beyond the grave.

There shall their suff'rings cease, and joys begin,
That not with time shall end ; and yet some day
He, whose almighty word
Bade all that is, to be,
Calls up to endless life their sleeping dust ;
To each his own restores ; now more refined
Than purest gold ; whose blaze
Would dim Sol's fainter beam.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION DEMONSTRATED DIVINE.

CHAPTER XXI.

Judges.

CHAPTER XIII—Verse 3. To the mother of Samson, who was barren, like Sarah, Rebecca and Rachael ; (all emblems of the long barren spouse of the Redeemer, the Church of the Gentiles ;) a son is promised by an Angel ; who at the same time enjoins her to “ drink no wine, nor strong drink, nor to eat any thing unclean, while she is with child of him ; and to let no razor touch his head ; for he shall be, says he, a Nazarite of God from his infancy, and from his mother's womb ; and he shall begin to deliver Israel from the hands of the Philistines.” The same restrictive injunction is repeated in verse 14.

Here then is *abstinence* enjoined by an Angel from heaven ; as conducive to holiness and supernatural power. In the prodigious feats of Samson God shews us that he can turn any instrument, however mean and insignificant, even the jaw bone of an ass, to the salvation or destruction of his creatures, according to their merits or demerits. Sensual pleasure, proved Samson's bane ; as it does to all who become slaves to it. His hair was the sign of his consecration as a *Nazarite* to God ; who, on that account endowed him with matchless strength for the merited destruction of the Philistines ; and, when the legally appointed sign was removed ; the supernatural gift attached to it was withdrawn. That sign however reappearing when his hair had grown again ; in the midst of the blasphemous exultations of the Philistines, who praised their God, above the God of their prisoner ; at that moment grasping the two main pillars, which supported the whole building, where the infidel and hostile multitude had assembled to make sport of the worshipper of the true God ; he prayed that his former strength might be restored ; and like the Saviour devoting himself to death for the good of his people, “ he

shook the pillars ; and the house fell upon all the princes, and the rest of the multitude. And he killed many more at his death, than he had killed before in his life.”

CHAPTER XVIII—Verse 26, “ They had not received, &c.” Their portions had been assigned to them Joshua, 19, 40, but through their own sloth, they had possessed themselves as yet but of a small portion of it. Judges, 1, 34. D. B.

CHAPTER XX—Verse 26. “ Wherefore all the children of Israel came to the house of God ; and sat, and wept before the Lord ; and they fasted that day till the evening ; and offered to him holocausts and victims of peace offerings.”

That sacrifice is grateful to God, and that prayer is sure to prevail, which is accompanied with fasting, weeping and mourning. The details in this chapter, and in the next, shew that the perpetration of heinous crimes is sure sooner or later to meet, with condign punishment.

CHAPTER XXXI—Verse 10. “ Behold, there is a yearly solemnity of the Lord in Silo.”—Verse 21.—“ And when you shall see the daughters of Silo come out, at the custom is, to dance, &c.”

It would seem from this text, that the Jews, who had abundance of legal duties to perform on their Sabbaths ; could yet find time on them, for innocent mirth and amusement. It was the sect of the Pharisees, whom the Saviour styles *hypocrites* ; who, in their supercilious affectation of superlative Godliness, introduced a scrupulously punctilious observance of the Sabbath ; rendering it a day of restraint not only from all harmless pastime, and cheerful intercourse with their fellow creatures ; but even from doing good, or performing works of charity. On which account the Saviour asked them, before healing the withered hand, “ is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day ?” Mark iii. 4.

How exactly do our gloomy Puritans resemble them in name and nature ! They proscribe, as profane, every public manifestation of social joy and happiness. They shrink, like the fallen Angels, from day-light scenes of bliss ; & group together in the dark, to howl and groan, at their nocturnal conferences ; where lurking demons lay their snares for young and old ; and tempt under the concealing canopy of the night to deeds of sin, and shame, and sorrow.

QUINTESSENCE OF ORTHODOXY.—We borrow from our accomplished cotemporary, *the Churchman*, a summary of the distinctive characteristics of the Oxford School, nick-named Popery, in common with better teaching.—*Cath. Her.*

“ The visibility of the Catholic Church of Christ ; the perpetuity of the Christian priesthood ; a settled and immutable faith which has an objective reality independent of individual consciousness, which is always one and the same and is to be taught to all men on the authority of God, and not left to be guessed and reasoned out of the Bible by every man for himself ; the regeneration of men by baptism or initiation into the Church of Christ on the profession of this one immutable faith ; the necessity of a good life as the fruit of faith, in order to our final justification ; the nurture of the divine life, which is a life of penitance and faith, by the eucharist in connexion with the doctrines of Christ, and the Apostolical Succession as the root of the whole ; this, in the vocabulary of Exeter-Hall, is—Popery ;”