

relatives, or acquaintance. A dying parent longs to see and embrace his absent child before his departure out of this world: a wife her husband—a husband his wife. Their sad announcements and urgent calls are stopped short, and delayed in the post office; or the ready conveyance is denied to the bearers of the afflicting tidings, by these heartless and inhuman hypocrites; though the Lord himself of the Sabbath, in all the ceremonial rigour of judaical bondage, sanctioned the saving a brute beast's life, by pulling it out of a pit on the Sabbath-day. How many other cases of equally pressing communication might not be instanced in the constant interchange of national despatch; on the timely arrival of which at their place of destination, the well-being and happiness of thousands depend. Relief is thus forwarded to the distressed; spiritual, as well as temporal, comfort to the afflicted and desponding; nay, life itself to the despairing patient, by the quick arrival of the skilful physician; and, as may happen, to the respited criminal, whose life may be forfeited by an hour's delay. The ruin of whole families, and the derangement of public as well as private affairs, might not unfrequently be the cruel consequence of such ultra-pharisaical and anti-christian restriction as that intended to be forced upon the public by the gloomiest, most unsocial, unblushingly obtrusive, and overbearing sect that ever God permitted or the devil prompted to add to human misery in this world as well as in the next. The tongues of such are not lighted up with the blissful fire of charity; but like so many brimstone brands, enkindled by their unblest inspirer, they scatter all around them the scorching flames of hatred, strife, and maddening rage, which often end in ruthless war and downright desolation.

GOD'S IMMENSITY AND OMNIPOTENCE.

From the highest to the lowest, from infinitude to infinitude, God ascends or descends. Need we wonder then that He, the greatest, should, in assuming our nature, become as the least? That the Eternal, as God, should be born, as man, a child of time? The Mightiest of all, a helpless Babe? The source supreme of bliss, the most suffering of mortals? The richest giver of all good gifts, the poorest and most destitute of beings? The most majestic and beautiful the most disfigured and debased? Nay, the holiest of holies, the most oppressed with guilt; (not his but ours?) Even wisdom infinite disguised as a fool? And life itself eternal stooping unto death?

Need those then wonder, who are Christians, and believe all this; that he should still, from the immense love he bears us, make himself, in the blessed Sacrament, as the merest atom; and all, but nothing, for our sake?

Yet, lest this greatest trial of our reliance on his word, though so clearly expressed, should prove too much for our acquiescent reason; he shews us in nature a proof of its possibility, in those numberless diminutive but animated objects, of every shape and hue; which, but for the microscope, were wholly imperceptible:

yet, to which he has adapted an instinct and organs as various and perfect as to the largest and most imposing forms. The truth is, size and space are nothing to facilitate or impede the operations of the Deity; nor, indeed, of any spiritual Agent whatever. The intensity of being may exist, as reason shews, in whatever way or form the Almighty pleases.

☞ All letters and remittances are to be forwarded, free of postage, to the Editor, the Very Rev. Wm. P. McDonald, Hamilton.

THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.

As mentioned in a late number, the august ceremony of the consecration of the right reverend Dr. Power, took place on the 8th instant, in the splendid new church built by his lordship at Laprarie, amidst an immense concourse of people. His lordship intends visiting his new diocese towards the end of next month.

The Rev. Mr. McDonagh, of Perth, we learn, has left for Ireland, via New York. A correspondent says, "that nothing could equal the general feeling that prevailed here this day (May 1) among the good people of these parishes, in paying their subscriptions to defray the expenses of their excellent Pastor to and from Ireland, and subsequently their taking leave of him. May God grant him a safe and happy return to us in the Fall."

In our late journey to eastern Canada, it gave us much pleasure to observe the improvements in lake navigation when contrasted with by-gone days. The Niagara, Captain Elmsley, is a beautiful boat, while the attention and urbanity of her engaging commander cannot fail to be felt by every passenger. The City of Toronto, Captain Dick, in whose vessel we returned in, and which may be called the lady of lake Ontario for her splendid accommodations, is another of the same class of elegant mail steamers; and we confidently assert, that in all our travels, we never met with greater kindness or hospitality than from these gentlemanly commanders.

Our courteous neighbour, the Gazette-man, has, during our absence from home, thought proper to attack us in his usual way, with the outpourings of his stink-bucket, which a Sir Somebody Musgrave has filled for him; and promises, when want is, to fill for him, with Orange ordure, to be tossed in our face, as often as we deign to meet him in the field of controversy. Let him rest assured that we intend not to meet so unfair and filthy dealing an adversary. We only wonder that he is such an undiscerning simpleton as to mistake for ours the article of the Edinburgh Reviewers, [not Catholic] detailing the disclosures officially made in the British Parliament of the Orange enormities.

As he seems to challenge us on that subject, we shall furnish the Canadian and American public with enough to make them shrink with horror from the approach of the selfish, baneful, and bloody monster, that has insidiously and secretly crept in upon them, to excite civil and religious discord and dissension, amongst the otherwise too happy settlers in these fertile colonies, where all should be unity, harmony, and peace. But our neighbour's motto is, *Divide and Rule*. His paper, and that of his notorious compeer of Brockville, now of Kingston, is a disgrace to every civilized community.

The Musgrave tale of the massacre at Scullabogue, is a good, honest, Orange lie, in as far as it represents the Catholics as the sole perpetrators. The rebellion of 1798 was exclusively the work of Protestants. All the leaders in it were Protestants. The Catholic hierarchy and clergy all declared against it, as government itself acknowledged: just as happened at the late insurrection in Lower Canada; while, in Upper Canada, though all who rebelled were Protestants of one denomination or other, not one Catholic (or if one, an outcast of his church) was to be found among the rebels. And what has ever been the reward of Catholic unimpeachable loyalty?—Neglect and insult; or, when and where it could be presumed, indirect, if not, as formerly, direct and positive persecution. In the late distribution "of the loaves and fishes," for their equal share of which, if withheld, some covenanting saints threatened to buckle on their armour; have not Catholics, though their church is one of the only three acknowledged ones by act of parliament, been thrust into the back ground, and desired to wait there with all the other nondescript expectants, should they look (which they never did) for any share in the sectarian distribution. Our chicken-hearted rulers trembled at the threat of the Kirk to draw her claymore against her loving sister, the English church, and force her, once more, to acknowledge her entitled to an equal share in the ecclesiastical appropriation. Did the Catholics then raise their voice to claim their just portion of the common donation?—No, never. They knew that they had no justice to expect from a sectarian government. They knew from the words of their divine chief, that they had no favorable or equitable treatment to look for from the children of this world. "If the world hated me, says he, know that it hated me before you. If you had been of this world, the world would love its own. But because you are not of this world, but I have chosen you out of this world, therefore the world hateth you."—Matt. xv. verses 18, 19.

Our Gazette-man, blind as a beetle, cannot perceive in our paper of the 13th ultimo, the difference between our editorial and our selections; nor that the article on the *Nature and Tendencies of Orange Associations* is but copied from the Edinburgh Review!!! Yet does he pretend to be one of the clear-sighted in Israel.—The authorities from which we copy our extracts are, however, known to be much

more authentic and unquestionable, than his Orange rag, and party-coloured hebdomedol, the *Warder*, from which he quotes.

To shew the public to what lengths certain remorseless villains, lay and clerical, will go, in order to misrepresent and render odious to their ignorant dupes, the doctrines of the holy Catholic Church, we subjoin an Orange forged *Confession of Catholic faith, found*, it is said, "in the box of a priest at Gorey; the original of which (as our Gazette-man vouches) is now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Bayle, of Arklow." We wish the man joy of his treasure.

Now, our Gazette-man either believes Catholics capable of holding such detestable doctrines, or he does not. If he does, what an ignorant, uninformed individual must he be as to the doctrines, the best known, the clearest defined, and the most universally received, in all ages and nations, since the Saviour's time!—A pretty fellow is such a one to direct, with his Orange sheet, the religious notions of our well-meaning but too credulous public.

If he does not believe Catholics capable of holding such detestable doctrines, then do we spy the cloven foot—the mark of reprobation in the wretch who writes but to deceive;—the father of falsehood's hireling scribe, engaged in his weekly task to bear false witness against his neighbour.

Confession of Faith found in the box of a Priest at Gorey.

1 WHEN we assemble, we all cross ourselves, saying, we acknowledge these our articles, in the presence of Christ's vicar, the Lord God the Pope, and in the presence of the holy Primates, Bishops, Monks, Friars, and Priests.

2 We acknowledge they can make vice virtue, and virtue vice, according to their pleasure. They all falling flat on their faces, beginning the articles in this manner and speaking to the Host, saying Holy, glorious, and admirable host, we acknowledge it according to our great father the Pope's mind; we must all fall down before the great effigy of our Lord God Almighty.

3 We all acknowledge the supremacy of the holy father, the Lord God the Pope, and that he is Peter's lawful successor in the chair.

4 We acknowledge that holy Peter has the keys of Heaven, and will receive those that acknowledge his supremacy.

5 We are bound to believe no salvation out of our holy church.

6 We are bound to believe that the holy massacre was lawful, lawfully put into execution against protestants and likewise to continue the same provided with safety of our lives.

7 We are bound to curse, ring the bells, and put out the candles four times a year on hereticks.

8 We are bound to believe a heretick can never be saved, unless he be a partaker of that holy sacrament extreme unction.

9 We are bound to believe that those who clope from our holy religion, go into the power of the devil, whom hereticks have followed.

10 We are not to keep our oaths with hereticks, if they can be broken; for, says our holy father, they have followed damnation, and Luther and Calvin.

11 We are not to believe their oaths, for their principles are damnation.

12 We are bound to drive hereticks out of the land, with fire, sword, faggot, and confusion. As our holy father says, if their heresy prevails, we will become their