

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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Original.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM ON THE "POWER OF MONEY,"—
DEDICATED TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE
OF KENT.

(Continued.)

Then thou, with sight of all thy treasure shewn,
And ardent thirst of thee, awak'd in all,
Did'st Navigation's slumb'ring genius rouse,
And send him forth, each land and isle remote
All o'er the deep to find; and nice explore
Each cape and creek and bay of shore unknown.
Sure Magnet led the way, magician guide!
And ever sleepless shew'd, by night as day,
The wat'ry pathless way, or starless course.
Thus man long lost was to his brother man
By thee restor'd; and all the wants of each
Mutual supplied; when in thy precious chain
The various nations round the world were link'd
At thy command, and fast by commerce bound.

Religion then, on sacred purpose bent,
Which by her worthless follow'rs oft is marr'd,
With mind elate, and meek celestial men;
And looks, that pity spoke, and love to man,
In murky error's clouds and tempest toss'd;
Walk'd o'er the waves: and on the savage shore
Her banner rear'd sublimate: blest sign of Him,
Th' eternal Son; who from his Sire's right hand,
In glory where he sat, o'er all enthron'd,
Descending on our world, our nature took
Of virgin pure; and thus was victim found
Sole adequate to cancel human guilt;
Sole sinless of our kind, and God, though man:
Teacher most fit truth's secrets to unfold,
As to himself best known; and best he knew:
How on his creature's ear and mind to pour
The loftiest dogma in plain familiar phrase,
And parable, well understood by all.

Nor did he not, so unimpeachable,
His precepts by his own example prove;
And constant practis'd to their full through life
The virtues, to his follow'rs which he taught:
Contempt of worldly bliss, in surest hope
Of future everlasting, soon reveal'd;
In suff'ring, patience meek, unmov'd alike
Or when calumnious speech would blast our name;
Or grim oppression's gripe unjust invades
Our rights; or persecutor's hand torments
Our bodies frail, and deals the deadly blow.
In sickness as in health, in all we bear
Afflictive here below, or pleasant feel,
Mild resignation still, and gratitude
To Him, who rules with fond paternal care
The meanest things he makes: and for the best
And surest good, most wise disposes all.

THE NEW JERUSALEM MISSION.

From the Dublin Nation.

"Go teach all nations," was the injunction of the Divine Founder of our Holy Religion to those divinely ordained Missionaries to whom he bequeathed the rich inheritance of the Gospel of Grace.

The Church of England, long slumbering on crimson-cushioned benches of the House of Lords; lazily reclining in Prebendal stalls, or, with tithes and old port sore oppressed, dozing in snug vicarage, entrenched in circumferential glebe, left missionary labours, toils, and dangers, to churches more zealous and less wealthy than its own. Instead of going forth to teach all nations, they prefer staying at home, rejoicing in the temporalities of the nation they left untaught. Filled to repletion with the fatness of the land, the "lean kine" of Heathenism were left without compunction in their benightedness. Churchmen of a church "by law established," happy in their orthodox spouses, and casting prudently about in search of provision for the little pledges of their connubial love, found no inspiration strong enough to call them away from reverend uselessness, across the stormy main, to unconverted climes, where Pagans are obstreperous and Port inferior; where labours of the ministry are great, but ministers' money little—inhabitable and anti-Church-by-law established regions, where lions and tigers are abundant, but tithes and an animal utterly unknown.

Missionaries, to be sure, boasted and still boast, this self-styled Catholic and Apostolic Church; but these babes of grace, such as the Rev. Trash Gregg, the Rev. Joe Baylee, and the Rev. Renegade O'Sullivan, seldom penetrate into foreign parts farther than the Town Hall of Liverpool. Saints, too, have they—Saint Plumtree, Saint Knatchbull, Saint Stowel—fishwomen in full canonicals, who now and then do a bit of Billingsgate at Exeter Hall; proselytes they have made of poor men, to vote against their consciences; and their conversions are many—in the three and a half per cents.; but for converting the Heathen, they leave that to Papists and Dissenters, convinced at the bottom of their hearts, many by experience, many more by hope, that the coronet of a Peer dispenses rays more substantial and more glorious than the heaven descended halo encircling the brows of expiring martyrs.

Latterly, however—public opinion stirring them up, as it were, with a long pole—my Lords the Bishops of the Anglican Church, very much against their grain, have been compelled to an activity surprising in men of their corpulence and habits of feeding—they have actually gone down in their purple carriages, with a purple coachman in a flaxen wig, and three purple footmen, in purple plushes, hanging on behind, and got a bill passed for endowing out of the Consolidated Fund—that is out of the pockets of the people—a squad of foreign Bishops, foreign Chaplains, foreign Archdeacons, foreign Deans—in short, a complete foreign and colonial rookery; and having passed their bill, went home at 7 o'clock to their stewed meats and claret.

To begin the thing in good style, they first outfitted a Bishop of Jerusalem; and having provided his Lordship with silver forks, a grand piano, and other necessaries, for his mission, shipped him off with, as Dogberry says, "everything handsome about him."

The account of his Lordship's embarkation for the Holy City, we transcribed from the columns of a London

paper at the time; and as it is a splendid specimen of Ecclesiastical warlike intelligence, we cannot withhold it from our readers, more especially as they help to pay for it:—

"The Devastation steam frigate, Commander Hastings Reginald Henry, will be fully completed and ready for sea this afternoon. A large quantity of shot and shells were put on board this morning from the arsenal. The Reverend Michael Solomon Alexander, Bishop of England and Ireland (!) in Jerusalem and suite (!) are expected to embark at the Woolwich Dock-yard, on Tuesday next, and sail immediately afterwards for their destination. The original intention of the Reverend Divine to embark at Portsmouth has been altered, in consequence of the daily expected confinement of his lady, who, with her family of six daughters, the oldest not above thirteen years of age, will have ample accommodation on board the splendid vessel, and avoid the fatigue of travelling by rail to Portsmouth."

This is certainly rich: rockets and rockets—canons and canon shot—missionaries and marines—homilies and howitzers—the Bishop and the bombardier—the Devastation steam frigate, and—delightful combination of Heathen, Hebrew, and Christian names—the Reverend Michael Solomon Alexander!

The Church militant is beautifully exemplified in the happy union of the messenger of peace and implements of war. The conjugal consideration, too, of the Missionary Bishop for Mrs. and the half dozen Misses Alexander, in embarking them at Woolwich, to avoid the fatigue of journeying by rail to Portsmouth, however gratifying as a picture of domestic bliss, gives us but feeble hope of much activity on the part of his Lordship in awakening to the sublime truths of Christianity the unbelievers of the City of the Sepulchre.

The next account we had of the Bishop of England and Ireland in Jerusalem was, that he had made a triumphant entry into that city—a sort of entry, indeed, which must have impressed the Mahometans, and much more the Franks, with an extraordinary notion of the Church of England and Ireland as by law established.

We forget the exact order of the procession upon this memorable occasion, but believe it was headed by a squadron of Arab cavalry, followed by the butler, chaplain, upper and under housemaids, Mrs. Alexander's lady's maid, and the Misses Alexanders' ladies' maids, cook, scullery maids, coachman, grooms, and upper and under footmen in purple plushes, newly provided for the occasion. All this—albeit not exactly apostolical—was episcopal and orthodox. But when Mrs. Alexander, whose interesting condition rendered it impossible for her to bear the motion of a camel, came on sight, extended on a palanquin, upborne by four bare-legged infidels, the astonishment and disgust of the motley population of the Holy City burst forth into open ribaldry and sarcasm.

"Allah is great," said an old Turk, withdrawing the pipe for a moment from his bearded lip, "behold the *mufti* of the *gaiour*!"

"Bishallah!" shouted another, "see the naked faced spouse of the *mufti* laid upon a palanquin!"

"And the little *mufti*'s in frilled trowsers," exclaimed a third.

"Vescovo, the Bishop," exclaimed one of the Christian population.

"Vescova, Mrs. Bishop," observed another, opening his eyes in astonishment.