

Verse 26. The altar, which Gideon built, as God had commanded him, on the top of the rock; & on which he laid his sacrifice; is the same figure continued of the church, in which the true holocaust is offered up; the church founded on the rock: or of which Christ is styled the chief corner stone.

Verse 37. Gideon's fleece, on which alone at first the dew of heaven descended; is recognized by the holy fathers, and doctors in the church, as the emblem of innocence in the mother of God; on which in an extraordinary degree the all purifying and refreshing dew of heavenly grace descended: as the angel Gabriel saluting her declared in these words: "Hail, Mary! full of grace. The dew is often used in Scripture as the emblem of grace: and the fleece is the native clothing of the harmless sheep. In the second trial of the fleece, the dew was seen diffused all around it, shewing after her repletion with grace in a supreme degree; and when she had given us the Saviour; the benediction, through him, and grace extended to all. Her innocence, however, was indicated by the fleece, before the extraordinary descent of the dew upon it: she having been so sanctified from the first moment of her existence, as became the one chosen of all womankind to be the mother of the most holy and high God.

To be continued.

SELECTED.

HUSBENBETH'S DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

As the great object of Mr White, in both his books, was evidently to fix upon Catholics, the odious the uncharitable, the often retuted charge of making persecution a part of their creed, he winds up his "Poor man's preservative against Popery," with repeating in the most unmeasured terms, this insulting calumny against so many millions of his fellow christians. To this charge we have already spoken, and shall add no more in this place than indignantly to declare that the accusation is totally FALSE. How much more honorable and christian is the conduct of another clergyman of the Church of England, who, instead of calling in calumny & misrepresentation, to keep alive the prejudices already too fatally enkindled against us, eloquently exhorts those who differ from us to examine our tenets accurately, and expose them in such spirit and temper as may convince us that their heart's desire is to convert us if we are in error. "If" says he, "this mode does not succeed, our own personal experience, and the history of our own country, might serve to convince us of the futility of any other. It is in vain that our statute books have been disgraced by edicts more ingeniously cruel and absurdly oppressive than ever disgraced the codes of Imperial or Papal Rome. It is in vain that parents were compelled to surrender the the nurture and education of their children, and the child bribed to rebel against his parents, to expel them from their homes, and consign them and their helpless families to beggary and famine. In vain have we attained as a traitor the minister for performing at the altar the established offices of his religion, and branded as a felon the pious devotee who assisted at the solemn service. You have beaten them down to the earth, indeed, but they have risen up from it with Antrean energy and hydra-like fecundity. They sprung up from your ungenerous oppression, and multiplied nurters to share and amaze you.—But there is no particular in which we do so much injustice to our brethren of the Romish Communion, and eventually to ourselves, as by misrepresentation of their tenets and principles."* How much more honourable, we repeat, is the recommendation of Mr. Bird, than the whole design of Mr. Blanco White, in the works which we have now reviewed! Their whole end and object appears to have been to keep open, if not to widen

these unhappy breaches, which every charitable Christian would gladly see closed up for ever. And this end is pursued throughout, as it has been our unpleasant task to shew, by misrepresentations, calumnies and base insinuations, not to be equalled upon the whole by any work that ever came before us from the pen of our most prejudiced adversaries.

We have now done with Mr. Blanco White. But in parting, we would entreat him to reflect how grievously his pages have insulted the Church which nurtured him, and opened to him the gates of her sanctuary. We would beg of him seriously to consider how far he has "impugned the known truth," by the many revolting charges he has propagated against the creed of his fathers. We have little hope that any remonstrances of ours will lead him to return, as he has deeply revolted: we shudder when we read the extreme difficulty, which the Apostle speaks of, for "those who have been once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and have fallen away, to be renewed again to penance." But we earnestly assure both him and his readers, that, much cause as we have for resentment, we have not been moved to oppose him from that feeling, but from a sacred regard for truth; from a fear that some might be taught to think evil of us, and others might be confirmed in their animosity against us, by statements coming from a priest once of our communion; and from an earnest desire to vindicate our venerated Church from the bitter enemy she has found in one, formerly of her own household. To us our faith is "far more precious than gold," our religion dearer than any earthly prospects or rewards: our ancestors clung to it in the darkness of persecution, & we shall eagerly defend it against those who would make our days of comparative "peace, most bitter." Our prayer is with the holy Psalmist, "Thou hast taught me, O God, from my youth and till now I will declare thy wonderful works. And unto old age and grey hairs, O God forsake me not!"—Psalm lxx, 17, 18.

ORIGINAL.

THE SPRING.

Now earth puts on her mantle green
With many a flow'r besang'd gay:
Now blithesome o'er the meads are seen
The milk white lambs to frisk and play

From trees o'ershadowing sweetly sing
The birds, and hail returning spring,
Till echo makes the grove to ring,
Repeating still their tuneful lay.

Busy toils the prudent bee
Up, and down the flow'r's among
Visits ev'ry plant and tree,
And charms her labour with her song.

Up springs the lark, and soaring high,
Sweetly warbles from the sky,
Rejoic'd the smiling scene to spy,
So far above the feather'd throng.

By yon river's eddying flood
The patient fisher takes his stand;
Now eager eyes the scaly brood;
Now dextrous plies the tap'ring wand.

From all care corroding free
The plough boy whistles o'er the lea,
And lo! with measure'd step you see
The sower rattling o'er the land.

The lowing herds now feeding spread
O'er yon wide extended plain;
Reclin'd beneath the willow's shade
Their keeper tune his rural strain.

All nature now with mirth is crown'd
And all is melody around:
From rhyming to the cheerful sound,
Though shy, nor can the muse refrain.

Happiest of the human race
Are the harmless country swains:
Enjoying nature's gifts in peace,
They careless tread the flow'ry plains

In cities all is craft and guile,
All bustle, tumult and turmoil;
There flatter'd false with feign'd smile,
And envy pale for ever reigns.

For man ere yet with sin defil'd,
The rural life was first ordain'd;
Till by the fiend he was beguil'd,
Nor from the fatal fruit abstain'd.

God's wrath, his fellows next he car'd,
And for his safety cities rear'd;
Then laws enacted first appear'd,
Which but the ruffian fierce restrain'd.

A SPRING MORNING.

No surely winter's past:
No more his chilling blast
Through humming chink in sad'ning murmur sings
In all their foliage clad,
Trees yield the screening shade;
And round each blooming flow'r its fragrance flings

How sweet at early dawn
To tread the dewy lawn;
And hear the shrill lark tune her matin song!
Or view the kindling east;
Whence issuing forth in haste
The sun his flaming chariot wheels along.

Mark! from each blooming spray
Some feather'd songster gay
In strain melodious woos his list'ning mate:
Scar'd from her early fare
Is seen the limping Hare
To seek the copse presageful of her fate.

A clam'rous, dusky train
The rooks fly o'er the plain;
And cawing each to each his errand tells:
Yet may their scheme be vain;
For oft the jealous swain
With thund'ring gun the sooty tribe dispels.

Wide spreads the noise around;
Yet sweet the mingling sound
That slowly rising loads the breezy gale:
Th' uncott'd flocks all glad
O'er yon hill beating spread:
Herds low responsive from the hollow vale

While nature's hand profuse
Her ev'ry beauty strews
All o'er the laughing landscape's bright'ning scene;
Who would like sluggard lie,
Nor care her charms to spy
Fast lock'd in sloth's and slumber's magic chain?

Would draw the vapour dank,
Unwholesome, heavy, rank,
That stagnates round the couch in chamber pent;
Nor rather choose 't inhale
The sweet salubrious gale,
That wafts from ev'ry flow'r its choicest scent?

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