

assumption, not only to the sanctity of so many thousands of holy Bishops and other Clergy of whom the Catholic Church has been able to boast in every age, but even to numbers of virtuous laymen, who have voluntarily remained unmarried, and yet been models of purity and holiness! We shall briefly state the advantages of celibacy, and refute Mr. White's disgraceful deduction. A single life is of itself a more perfect state, and more becoming the clergy, than the use of marriage. St. Paul teaches this clearly (1 Cor. vii 32, 33), where he says that the unmarried careth for the things of the Lord. When the heretic Jovinian, first broached the doctrine that there was not more merit in a single life, the Church unanimously condemned him. Let the duties of a priest be considered—administering the sacraments, particularly confession; attending the sick, and even persons with the most infectious disorders, and liable to be called at all hours of the day and night. That he must be the father of the poor; of widows, of orphans, and the consoler of the afflicted and desolate. How incompatible are all these painful functions with the solitudes of a married life! A married priest, moreover, could never secure for himself the respect and confidence essential for the success of his ministry; and particularly the great confidence necessary for him as a confessor. It is easy to conceive this from the conduct of the Greeks towards their married priests, and the little respect and confidence of Protestants towards their ministers.

But to whom is the practice of continence painful? To those who have not always been chaste. To those who are infected with the too common depravity of manners in the world. Let the cause be removed, and virtue will soon resume her rights. Where scandalous irregularities have disgraced the clerical profession, have they been found in those who were zealous and laborious in the discharge of their duties; or rather, in those who neglected prayer and study, and were unfaithful to their charge, idle and dissipated; and intruded into the sacred ministry by family ambition and intrigue, and without any real vocation?

Protestants have not always disapproved of celibacy with the virulence of Mr. White. Mr. Thorndike's judgment is worthy of attention: "A single life is a safer way to perfection in Christianity than marriage. So is the profession of the clergy,—and the grace which our Lord, and St. Paul after him, owns in them that do this, is not a peculiar temper of the body, obliging him that hath it to live single, and him that hath it not, to marry, but a single zeal, to waive that which God makes lawful for us, that we may the better come to his kingdom."

Here a learned Protestant judges a single life to be "a safer way to perfection;" and Mr. White, who now calls himself a Protestant, proclaims it an injury to public morals, and that there is no alternative between matrimony and the grossest profligacy. Deeply do we sigh over the man that could put forth such shameless declarations as these! We are unwilling to charge him with having never known the purity of a holy priest after God's own heart: we are unwilling to charge him with having had the most abandoned characters for his associates; and we feel great reluctance to defile our pages with some extracts in his own words though they are necessary to vindicate our insulted clergy. The following are Mr. White's own acknowledgments; and let the reader consider well how much they disclose of the character of their author, and decide if such a man be an immaculate witness or judge of the value of celibacy. Speaking of such ecclesiastics as were his own intimate friend, he says: "The coarse frankness of associate dissoluteness, left no secrets among the spiritual slaves, who, unable to separate the laws

of God from those of their tyrannical church, trampled both under foot, in riotous despair. Such are the sources of the knowledge I possess. God, sorrow and remorse, are my witnesses." Soon after he mentions one of his particular friends, who after being promoted to one of the highest clerical dignities in Spain, "sunk at once into the grossest and most daring profligacy," of which he gives an instance too abominable to appear in these pages. After this come the following remarkable words: "I had loved him when both our minds were pure; I loved him when Catholicism had driven us both from the path of virtue," &c. Such avowals need little comment: but if such was the character of Mr. White and his bosom friends, we will not endure that the venerable body of Fathers assembled at the Council of Trent should have it asserted of them with daring and impious calumny, and without any attempt at proof against even one individual, that of "six-hundred bishops, few could have cast the first stone at the adulteress." Nor can we read without indignation, the broad assertion that most priests wade through the roiry slough of a vicious life; having the happiness to know from personal acquaintance with so many ornaments of the Catholic priesthood, and so many other respectable sources of conviction, how far such a charge is truth, from and even probability. The innocent are not here to suffer for the guilty. the venerable body of Catholic Clergy is not thus to be impeached because Mr. White's friends, some Spanish ecclesiastics, sacrilegiously broke their solemn vows.

Mr. White is an admirer of Erasmus. Has he forgotten that great man's satirical condemnation of the eagerness with which the reformers flew to matrimony? "This is the way then that they crucify themselves! The reformation seems to have had no other end but to transform monks and nuns into husbands and wives; and this grand tragedy will end like the comedies, where all are married in the last act." It does not appear that Mr. White has married; but in the first Dialogue of his Prae-rative, page 21, he signifies that he should have had no scruple about it. St. Paul, however, annexes the guilt of damnation to a breach of a vow of chastity. And St. Augustine declares his opinion thus; "I am not afraid to say, that falling from chastity vowed to God, is worse than adultery."

On this subject we shall make but one more observation. In making only a general use of knowledge acquired as a Confessor, which Mr. White has done according to his own acknowledgment, in pages 130, 133, and 135 of his "Evidence," he has acted as dishonourably as man is capable of acting. Though he might cease to consider the obligation sacramentally, he could not, as a gentleman and a man of honour, consider the trust so reposed in him but as most sacred and eternally inviolable; and though he has not betrayed individuals he has reflected upon whole bodies, in a manner which renders him forever unworthy of confidence.

To be continued.

The following lines on the loss of time were written by the late Rev. Dr. Geddes, to the well known tune of the *Cowden knolls*; a profane ballad, composed, like many others, by the Scottish reformers for the laudable purpose of weaning away people's minds from the *Catholic Hymns*; one of which was sung to this sweet and so common air. The music of this, and of several other sublime and plaintive Scottish melodies, is supposed the production of the unfortunate David Rizzio.

THE REPENTING SINNER—OR, THE LOSS OF TIME.

O, the years! the many, many years,
That I have spent in vain!
O could I with my sighs and tears
Recall them back again!

But no, they're gone. They're ever, ever gone
No power can them restore.
And all the moments I have run,
Are lost for evermore.

The health and strength, that God me lent
To save my precious soul,
In vice and folly have I spent,
Sinning without control.

And now the prime of life is past:
My force, I feel, decays:
Then let me manage at the last
My few remaining days.

Let me, with broken heart and mind,
Revise each guilty hour:
Perhaps I mercy yet may find,
And live, and sin no more.

What though my crimes more numerous are
Than stars in Winter's sky?
What though again they're redder far
Than scarlet's deepest dye?

One saving drop of that dear blood,
Which from the side did fall
Of Him, who hung upon the wood,
Can soon expunge them all.

Have mercy then, O gracious Lord!
And my remittance sign!
The more thy mercy doth accord,
The greater glory thine.

Thou surely hast not said in vain:
More joy in heav'n is made
For the lost sheep, that's found again,
Than those, that never stray'd.

Thy grace mine aid, no more I'll stray:
No more misknow thy voice.
Where thou, my shepherd, lead'st the way,
That way shall be my choice.

If casual falls retard my pace,
With speed again I'll rise:
With speed I'll reassume the race,
And run, and gain the prize.

The Catholic

Will be published weekly at the Office of the Patriot and Farmer's Monitor, Kingston, Upper Canada, and issued on Friday. Terms—\$2 per annum (exclusive of postage, which is four shillings a year payable in advance).

All Communications to be addressed "to the Editors of the Catholic, Kingston," and *Post Paid* AGENTS.

- Mr. Bergen, Merchant. York.
- Mr. Macan. Niagara
- Mr. L. O'Brien. Town of London.
- Rev. Mr. Crowley. Peterboro.
- Rev. Mr. Brennan. Belleville.
- Mr. MacFall. Wellington.
- Patriot Office Kingston.
- Rev. J. Macdonald. Perth
- Mr. Hugh O'Beirne. Yarmouth, near St. Thomas.
- Mr. J. A. Murdoch, P. M. Larak.
- Alexander McMillan, Esq. Prescott.
- Mr. Trench, Merchant. Mariatown.
- Rev. Wm. Fraser. Saint Andrews & Cornwall.
- Mr. Cassidy, Student, St. Raphaels. Glengary.
- Angus McDonell, Esq. P. M. Alexandria. Dittos.
- Col. J. A. Murdoch, Compt. of Customs. Coteau du Lac.
- Mr. Moriarty. Schoolmaster at the Recollets, Montreal.
- Hon. James Cutburt. Manorhouse, Berthier.
- Mr. Jon. Byrne. Lower Town Quebec.
- Rev. Mr. Camusky. New York.
- Rev. Dr. Barcel. Resident of St. Mary's College
[Emmet's Burgh, Maryland.
- Mr. Michael Fitzgerald. Augusta, Georgia.