

the absolute obligation every one is under of enquiring after the truth, whenever there is the least cause for doubt; and of embracing it, when found.

THE RULE OF FAITH.

Et hæc erit vobis directa via, ita ut stulti non errent per eam. *Isaias xxxv. 8.*  
*And this shall be to you a straight way, so that even fools may not err therein.*

THE grand discriminating principle between Catholics and others, is their rule of Faith. Protestants admit as their rule of faith merely the Scripture, as interpreted by each individual in the sense he thinks the truest; and hence the cause of perpetual disagreement among them concerning the real meaning of the text. Catholics admit as their rule of faith the same Scripture, not as interpreted by one's self, or by any private or particular individual; but as unanimously understood, and invariably explained by the Pastors of the Church: together with certain traditional truths, which have been universally received and carefully handed down to them from the beginning; one of which is, (what Protestants themselves admit,) that the Scripture is inspired writing, and the sure word of God.—This, indeed, seems the very rule of faith, laid down by Jesus Christ himself, when he commanded all to hear the Church, (Matt. xviii. 16.) and to attend to the voice of his pastors instructing, with the same deference, as one would to his own. Luke x. 16. It is not the result of one's own reading and investigation, as the very word *Revelation* implies: for what is discovered by one's own lectures, and study, cannot surely be called revealed.

In the Christian system, that which has been revealed, not discovered, is the object of our belief: and it becomes a proper object, when once the authority on which it rests, is proved an unquestionable one. The nature of this authority is therefore more the object of our disquisition, than the truths it propounds; and which, though never contrary, are often impenetrable to our limited reason.—In proof of the infallible nature of this authority, all might be adduced, that has ever been urged in defence of *Revelation*.

BY ITS FRUITS THE TREE IS KNOWN.

WHO, in passing through the reformed Countries, and contemplating the ruins of their Cathedrals, Churches, Abbeys, Monasteries, Priors, Hospitals; and the poor remains, where any such are left, of their former magnificent foundations for the free diffusion of learning and piety; the relief of the sick; the support of the indigent: the shelter and entertainment of the houseless and weary traveller, who, in viewing all this wide spread desolation, but must recognise the work of *Apollon*, the destroyer; the enemy of God and man; of God, whose worship he proscribes; whose praises he would drown in worldly clamour; or hush in dead, perpetual silence: whose wondrous favours in man's regard he would bury for ever in oblivion, by the suppression of all their commemorative festivals; and the destruction of every recording symbol.—Of man, by depriving him of all mental light, or knowledge; especially of that which is conducive

to his eternal salvation: darkening and distracting his mind with doubts, and fresh-suggested contradictions: by stripping the favourites of Heaven, the poor, of every help; and heaping all his favours upon his worshippers, the great and wealthy: by making even, as he did 'twixt Cain and Abel, religion, the very bond of charity and peace, the cause of fratricidal discord? Who, with any taste or judgment, in contemplating all this saddening scene of ruin & spoil but must perceive that this is the only fruit produced by what is called the reformation?

ON THE RUINS OF A CATHEDRAL.

*Si hæc tacuerint, lapidæ clamabant*—*Lu. 19. 4.*

There once, where now these ruins lie,  
 A stately temple stood:  
 Its steeples, reaching to the sky,  
 O'ertop'd th' encircling wood.

Around it, where the rip'ning corn  
 Now rears its awny head,  
 The plough profane the soil has torn,  
 Where lay the mould'ring dead.

Lo yonder, where her verdant boughs  
 The yew tree loves to spread:  
 And o'er the tabernacle th' oaks  
 A dusky, waving shade.

The ivy weaves a mantle green,  
 Yon altar to array;  
 From vulgar eye the place to screen,  
 Where the dread victim lay.

Here now no anthem warbling soft,  
 No hallelujahs sung:  
 Silent these roofless walls, which oft  
 With loud hosannas rung.

Save that from yonder toplest tow'r  
 The raven owns his throat:  
 Or moping owl, at midnight hour,  
 Renew's her plaintive note.

Not age, but modern Goths o'erthrew  
 The venerable pile:  
 Ought, that oppos'd they burn'd or slew;  
 And laid waste Britain's isle.

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 facili-

tate 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.

HYMN

ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

My beloved to me, and I to my beloved.—Cant. 1. 12.

Our Jesus on his Altar lies;  
 The Christian's noble sacrifice:  
 Conceal'd his Majesty divine  
 Beneath the forms of Bread and Wine.

There, or within his silver cell,  
 He still on Earth vouchsafes to dwell:  
 Where, resting on the mercy-seat  
 He hears our prayers in humble state.

Go then, my Soul! Thy God adore!  
 His pardon, pity, Grace implore!  
 Before his foot-stool prostrate fall;  
 And on thy Lord for mercy call!

Fear not. It was for thy dear sake  
 That he this shape has deign'd to take.  
 'Twas his unbounded love for thee  
 That nail'd him bleeding to the Tree.

Go, then; make thy request: nor fear!  
 Thy loving Jesus learns to hear.  
 Give thou thyself to him, and He  
 Will give himself again to thee.

AVIS A NOS CHERS FRERES DU BAS CANADA

Il est a esperer que tout bon Catholic entendant ou n'entendant pas la langue angloise, pretera son support au seul journal Catholique anglois, qui ait jamais paru dans ces provinces surtout en sachant qu'il est publie avec l'approbation, et sous les auspices des Eveques et du clerge du pays. Le prix d'ailleurs, en est si modique n'etant que quatorze shelins par an, la poste incluse, pour une Feuille hebdomadaire; qu'il y a bien peu de personnes qui ne puissent contribuer cette miere a l'elucidation et defense de notre Sainte Religion, assailie de toutes parts, et calomniee par ses Ennemis dans une langue, qu'il est indispensablement necessaire d'adopter, pour refuter sur pied egal leurs erreurs. On s'attend que la moitie de l'abonnement annuel, sera paye d'avance, et envoye par chacun, avec son adresse, franc de post, a *P. Dalton, U. C.*

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