

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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THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

A POEM.

BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. COYLE, CATHOLIC BISHOP OF RAPHAËL.

WHAT mourning best becomes this awful day,
The sun eclipsed, the stars of heaven will say.
The scarlet moon, the vanquished power of hell
The temple rent, the opening tombs can tell:
The face of nature, heaven and earth forebode
The death and passion of the Son of God;
Disorder, darkness, dread despair, dismay,
The murder of the King of heaven display.
That day with treason, and with terror fraught
The flocks dispersed, the guiltless Pastor caught.
He pray'd, he wept, he bled, he cried in vain,
Said—Father see, ah! see thy son in pain.
I'm sad to death—say, can't thy anger pass
Unless I drink this sad approaching glass?
The gall of sin, the wrath of heaven, I see
The enormous debt of man must fall on me.
But, save the world, and on thy bleeding son
Thy wrath discharge, and let thy will be done.
Unmoved, my soul! canst thou that scene behold,
The Lamb of God for thirty pieces sold!
Betrayed, abused, defenceless and alone,
Amidst his foes, deserted by his own!
Unfelt, how can your Christian heart sustain
That bleeding figure of your Christ in pain!
His wounded head with piercing thorns crown'd,
His hallowed hands, and blood-stained body bound!
What grace may men from such effusion have,
One drop of which ten thousand worlds would save!
His eyes behold, once more, than diamonds bright,
With crimson gore distained, deprived of sight:
That face divine, which charmed the heavens before
With buffets bruised, and dashed with spittle o'er:
The angelic face of our redeeming Lord
By men insulted, but by thrones adored.
Now dost thou, Parent of my Saviour, see
Thine only son oppress with agony
The foresight of his cruel death appears,
And from his heart breaks out in bloody tears.
The King of Angels thus by ruffians tied,
By wolves harassed, relentless tyrants tried;
That scene could thou, afflicted virgin, bear,
If heaven did not thy tender heart repair!
How different looks, my God, that face divine
From that which did on Thabor lately shine:
A cloud of glory clothed thy aspect there,
But's' reams of blood, and mortal sadness here.
A heavenly robe thy shoulders there display'd,
Which furrowed now, strained on the cross are laid:
That head which was by thrones on Thabor crown'd,
Droops, shedding mercy, pierced by many a wound,
Methinks I hear thy voice from yonder tree,
Cry, Lord, my God! hast thou forsaken me?
Imploring heaven with thy departing breath
To spare the atrocious agents of thy death.
Thro' all the scenes of woe Christ's passion ran;
No wonder, since he bore the guilt of man.
Presented Adam, and his fallen race,
The breach repaired the fall with greater grace.
The morning sun eclipsed in sable night,
From men withdrew the auspicious face of light.

The starting comets from their circles fled,
The graves were opened and throw up their dead.
The moon appeared distained, immersed in blood,
And nought but man the dreadful sight withstood.
From head to foot the temple rent in twain,
Pale nature sunk beneath the frightful scene—
The work is done—the Father's will obey'd,
With infinite price is Adam's trespass paid;
He gently laid his bleeding head aside,
Pierced through the heart, delivering Jesus died.
Let mortals from this dust of earth arise,
And from the cross to heaven direct their eyes:
From woeful cares to heavenly thoughts ascend,
And to that voice which points to God attend;
The voice of Christ, replete with healing grace,
Inviting sinners to eternal peace—
That peace which teems with merit, favor fraught,
With blood, the sacred blood of Jesus, bought.
Now, from the bloody mount, my soul! return,
And the parent of thy Saviour mourn;
If yet she be in such distress alive;
If yet she can her murdered son survive,
With bleeding heart her melting eyes espied
Her darling whipt, his naked body tied,
Stretched on the cross, the torturing rack of death,
She saw him forced to yield his dying breath.
His hallowed limbs with iron nails, his head
With thorns pierced, and now she sees him dead,
She weeps, and lives to shew the friends of God
Must suffer here, and kiss the penal rod.
Oppressed with grief, the faithful partner she
Of Christ's affliction and calamity;
Her trembling voice now Christian James attend—
A tear, the tribute of compassion, lend.
Old Simeon said his prophesy was true;
The sword of grief would cleave her heart in two.
Ah! could'st thou hear her palled lips repeat
The lamentation of her mournful state:
Behold my sorrows, and my anguish see,
My child is racked—will no one pity me?
I'm pierced to death! O guiltless Son divine,
Can there be sorrow, grief, like thine and mine!
Pierced is thy heart bound on the woeful tree
For man—but mine, O darling Son! for thee.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN THE EAST.

SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The extent to which Schools have been established by modern (Protestant) missionaries, is very great. There cannot be fewer than 250,000 youth, now receiving instruction in missionary schools. As the school system has been actively maintained for a number of years, there is an aggregate of a million of scholars who have been for a succession of months subject to missionary influence. The proportion of converts in this mighty host, is certainly very small. It was stated by the Rev. Mr. Richard, who labored long in the services at Calcutta, that of the many thousand boys instructed, only 5 or 6 were converted. At Vopcy, a suburb of Madras, where for a hundred years this species of labour has been bestowed, the results are scarcely more encouraging, nor at Tranquebar, where schools have been maintained for 130 years. In all Madras, where many thousands have been taught in missionary schools there are not known to be a half dozen converted natives. Out of the Scotch General Assembly's school in Calcutta, which for six years has had an average of 400 scholars, and the entire and constant attention of two missionaries, there have been but five or six conversions. That at Chittagong, taught by a missionary in person, every day for 16

years, with an average of 200 pupils, has witnessed but two scholars, converts.

As to conversions to Christianity, Malacca has but few instances, so few as to call for anxious inquiry. As to the natives, it remains a moral wilderness. The schools, so long and so vigorously maintained, have not been prolific of spiritual good. Thousands who have attended them, are now heads of families, and ample time has elapsed, to allow the efforts to show mature results: but no Malay Christian, that I could learn, is to be found in the place!

Scripture and Tract System.

The Malays have long had missionaries; few of whom in the way of preaching, but distributing tracts have engaged most of them. No less than seven versions of the Scriptures have been printed; and so early as 1820, Dr. Milne stated that forty-two Christian books had been distributed, but so far as I can learn, with scarcely any perceptible benefit.—I do not hear of a single Malay convert on the whole Peninsula.

CONJUGAL SYSTEM.

The calculations which have been made on the labors of the wives of missionaries are for the most part too large. Speeches, essays, and sermons, have described the usefulness of females in glowing terms. It has even been declared that on this account, "almost all missionaries of the Protestant churches may count for two." The exclusion of women in certain countries has given rise to this opinion, as they can find access to their own sex, not practicable to their husbands. But it must be considered that only in a part of the field are females rigidly excluded, and then only in the higher classes, with which new missions have much to do. Few missionaries, wives have acquired the language to such an extent as to be useful in this way.—Their opportunities for learning are by no means so good as those of their husbands. Household duties demand some time, their minds have been less trained to the acquisition of language. Among ourselves we do not reckon minister's wives as so many evangelists,—much less can we count upon the wives of missionaries. Among the heathens few nurses or servants can be trusted with children even for an hour; the elder ones are not safe away at school, but must be about the mother, and taught wholly by her—herself a great task which few mothers in America could add to their other cares. In sickness she is not aided by a circle of kind friends, but must nurse her husband, her child, or her scholar, day by day alone; she must find her principle sphere of usefulness, in keeping her husband wholehearted and happy—In being a good house-wife—training up her children well; furnishing her husband with prudent council and affectionate support,—and setting before the heathen the elevated and purifying character of conjugal life as regulated by the New Testament. Unmarried females (why not males also?) and such as have no children, may generally be regarded as missionaries in the fullest sense. Some of these have maintained for years a course of usefulness not inferior to their masculine (married) fellow laborers.

MOTIVES OF CONVERTS.

The convert becomes an outcast in such a sense as the European cannot conceive. Unless the missionary devise a mode of subsistence for him, he must literally starve. In addition to other evils, this state of things tends to keep off all who have property to loose, and