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## THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1843.

We have received by the last packet *The Tablet* in a larger and much improved form. Its reasonings on every subject, religious, social and political, are of the highest order; and it embraces in its details every thing worth knowing, domestic and foreign. We wish the talented Editor, whom Catholics every where ought to cherish, as the unflinching advocate of their holy religion, that encouraging support to which his exertions in so righteous a cause are justly entitled.

THE DEVIL IS A LIAR, AND THE FATHER OF LIES, who deceived our first parents in Paradise.

It seems quite impossible for Protestants to speak or write on Catholic doctrines, without misrepresenting them; without wholly changing them into their very opposites, and making Catholics hold and profess tenets which they disclaim and abhor. In the *Toronto Church*, of the 3d inst., (that hodge-podge compound of Anglican protestantism,) we observe in a *Warden of Wadhaw's sermon* transcribed into it, on the pretensions of the *Romish See*, an instance of that mendacious effrontery with which such hired organs of the lying spirit represent, as doctrines held in the Catholic Church, the blasphemous concoctions of their own soul imaginations. What Catholic in the whole world ever heard of such a doctrine preached or taught in his Church as, that "it is heresy to teach that the Pope cannot dispense with the ordinances of the universal Church; nay, even with the very commandments of God himself?" "O, for shame, ye false teachers, who in your very sermons can so openly and unscrupulously infringe the divine precept; forbidding you to bear false witness against your neighbour! But this with you is a common, enduring, and habitual sin: for, whether from ignorance, (in you at least a culpable one,) or from interested malignity, in all your religious sermons, writings and conversations; in all your polemical and tracts disputations; you were never known in one single instance to represent the Catholic doctrines in their proper light. Your anxious study is always to distort them; to misconstrue them, to suppress or totally change them; and then to superadd your own fallacious and deluding comments, in an insolent and triumphant tone, at having so easily upset and demolished the man of straw, the Guy Fox hobgoblin of your own creation: the *Romish, Popish, Monkish, Papist, Papistical* phantom of *Popery*, held out by you to your simple, easy-going careless and unenquiring followers, to scare them from the bewitching precincts of the good old mother Church.

"*Forgery*, says Whitaker, a Church of England Minister, in his vindication of Queen Mary, (I blush for the honour of Protestantism while I write,) seems to have been peculiar to the reformed. I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." *Vind.* vol. 2. p. 2.

If there be any one thing more than another that attaches the Catholic to his Church; it is the constant misrepresentation of her invariable, universal, and well-defined doctrines; and of her salutary discipline and sacred instructive ceremonies, by those, whose interest it is, by suppressing or disfiguring the truth, to indispose the public against her. The livings of such depend upon their rendering her odious in the eyes of their followers: for, were these suffered to view her in all her native comeliness, they could not help acknowledging her to be the only one to whom were addressed the endearing words of the spouse in the canticle of canticles: "Thou art all fair, O my love; and there is no spot in thee. Cant. 4. 7. My Dove is one; my perfect one is one; she is the only one of her Mother; (the Jewish synagogue, from which she sprang) the chosen of her, who bore her. The daughters (her own offsprings) saw her and declared her most blest: the Queens and Concubines, (the worldly great, and spurious sectaries, viewing her harmonious consistency) and they praised her." *ibid.* ch. 6. 8. In these texts the great Apostle of the Gentiles recognizes the Church of the Redeemer, who, he says, "has presented her to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing: but that she should be holy and without blemish." *Ephes.* 5. 27. It is she, whom the spouse again addresses in the following strain: "Under the apple tree I raised thee up: (that is under the tree of the Cross; not the tree of knowledge, the fruit of which eaten against the command of God, gave death; but the tree of Faith, the fruit of which, or that which hung upon it, eaten, as by him enjoined, gives life eternal, and is made for us the antidote of death. Now that which hung upon the Cross, was the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; and he has solemnly declared these to be the sustaining meat and drink of our souls: 'Verily, verily, said he, I say unto you, except you eat my flesh and drink my blood, you shall not have life in you.'—*John* 6. 54.) Under the Apple Tree I raised thee up; (that is, his Gentile Church; for he had said: 'when I am exalted, I will draw all to myself.' *John* 12. 32.) there thy mother was corrupted, (by committing the crime of dooming him to death;) there she was deflowered who bore thee." *Cant.* 8. 5.

Such is the *Glorious Church*, against which all Heresies and Sectaries, ancient and modern, have exerted and ever exert their efforts in vain: for he, "who dwelleth in Heaven will laugh at them; and the Lord will deride them." *Ps.* 2. 4.

It is necessary therefore that every founder of a new religion should cry down, and vilify as much as possible, the Saviour's only church, (as he himself

while here on earth was vilified by his enemies;) in order that each may puff off his own invention as the only true and perfect one; for should the people continue to believe that Christ's promises shall never be falsified; but that, as he had solemnly declared, "Heaven and Earth should pass away, but that is words should never pass away;" *Matt.* 24. 35. what hope could such upstart Gospellers have of palming their new religious systems on the implicit faith of the community?

To all reflecting persons, as well as to Catholics, what can seem so supremely absurd and ridiculous, as to hear every dissentient and protesting sectary styling his particular sect, however new and small, *our Holy Zion*. We read in scripture but of one *Zion*, which was destined to "enlarge the place of her tent; to stretch out the skins of her Tabernacle; not to spare, but to lengthen her cords, and strengthen her stakes; for that she should pass on to the right hand and to the left; and whose seed should inherit the Gentiles." *Is.* 54. 2. &c. Is this only some National Church; or the Church of any sinful mortal's construction; and not the Church of all Nations? *Go*, said the Saviour, to his Apostles, *and teach all Nations*. And which is the Church that has taught from the beginning, and still teaches, not some particular Nation, or casually gathered group; but every Nation under the sun? Yet, what numbers, now-a-days, in this boasted age of enlightenment and refinement, are seen every where struggling to set up, each by himself, some whimsically built Tabernacle, and proclaiming it, his sainted and darling *Zion*. And, in their eager efforts to erect their several tents; "to stretch out their skins and lengthen their cords," how often do we observe them to tear their skins asunder; to snap their tightened cords; and to rend, or pull down their hasty and slender formed fabric! Thus Luther's tent has been shivered into a thousand pieces; so has that of Calvin. The remaining portion of John Knox's *Zion*, is now in a ruinous condition. John Wesley's is split and divided into many fragments: nor has Queen Elizabeth's, or *old Harry's* Church, escaped the dividing and subverting doom. Whatever is human is subject to decay; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

The anonymous declaimer against the Jesuits, the *Xon* of the *Montreal Herald*, is evidently one, whose religious information is all derived from the home-spun tales of popish monsters and monstrosities, recorded in his *Grandam's* well saved *Almanac*; or in the office of the *Gunpowder Treason*, where his national church in that choice portion of her Liturgy recalls yearly to God, (lest her people should ever cease to remember) "the hellish malice and damnable conspiracies of the cruel and blood-thirsty papists!!" He has as yet to learn, that in that barbarous

age of protestant plotting, this was but a plot of Cecil to save his booby sovereign, (who then, according to his Bible's testimony, had "appeared as the sun in his strength") from favouring, as he seemed inclined to do, the persecuted papists. His *Class Book*, which so long has been that of the neglected and ignorant English peasantry; seems to have been, as he styles it, "Fox's venerable and faithful History of Martyrs." His eulogium on the work of so notorious a Liar, as *Andrew's* and others have proven him to be, shews at once what a left sided knowledge the man has imbibed; though sipped partly, and largely too, as would appear from his spoutings in his last elegantly abusive letter, from Mosheim's kit, full of rank anti-catholic poison: and doubtless also from the anti-christian and partial sources of a Hume, a Gibbon, a Robertson, a Voltaire, a Diderot, or a Rousseau.

*Testa recens veterem semper conservat lorem.*

We should like to know from the Deputy Postmaster General of Canada, by what authority the Postmaster at Queenston charges on our exchange papers *one penny*, when the postage is only *one cent*? Upon 100 exchange papers at this rate, he pockets 3s. 4d! This is setting up his office as a Shaving Shop in right earnest, and should be looked to by the head of the Department.

Lists of the Canada Company's Lands have been forwarded to us, in connection with their advertisement, to which we have before called our readers attention, and which can be seen at this office.

If sectarianism possessed the power from on high to convert a nation, it is full time that it should give some proof of its ability in the United States. Protestantism with all its heterogeneous variations, has had full control over our citizens for half a century; whatever plan it suggested it had the means to execute; the power and purse of the nation have been in its hands, and yet there never was a nation as all must acknowledge, which has sunk with such rapidity into almost irretrievable ruin. We love to look on the country with pride; our virtue and independence have been the themes of orators until the subject has become ridiculous; we have looked down with supreme contempt on the public virtue and political condition of all other nations; to compare this Protestant land with any Catholic country has been the perpetual challenge of our opponents, and yet, heaven knows that the time has come, when a little modesty may be allowed to temper the extravagances of their conceit. A bankrupt people, a mendicant treasury, a glorious country with thousands of able-bodied men almost starving for want of employment, our character in Europe inferior to that of any other nation, and our Congress and Legislatures, with trifling exceptions, disgraced with the petty quarrels of some and the vulgarity of others. Such is the condition of a country, with a Constitution unequalled in excellence, and thousands of honest