

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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EDITOR.

Origin.

THE CONSOLATION.

O thou, from whom all good perpetual flows,
The sov'reign truth! sole source of happiness
Ineffable, and constant to the mind!
To thee I turn me in my state forlorn;
And comfort hope from thee, else hop'd in vain.
Do thou with thy celestial light dispel
The murky clouds of how'ring dark Dispair.
That from my wishful look all prospect veiled
Oblivion; and shew some extricating path
From such perplexing labyrinth of woe!

O yes, the ray implored has pierc'd the gloom:
I feel its cheering warmth. My night is fled.
And now what prospects fair of future bliss
Break on the ravish'd sight! Methinks I hear
Thy warring voice within. Or does it chide
Thy humble suppliant for his errors past,
And long misplac'd affections; save in thee
Who thought on earth true happiness to find!

"Had'st thou," it says, "Ambition's utmost aim
Attain'd successful; honours, wealth, renown.
Whate'er might gratify thy fondest wish:
Nought, but an airy phantom had'st thou clasp'd,
An empty shade, that, from thy eager grasp
Elusive flitting, mock'd thy fruitless toil
The fancied good, by thee so anxious sought,
Was passing all; and what is all, when past,
But real loss, if good; if evil, gain?
The less some day shall be thy sad regret;
The less thou hast to lose; and more thy joy.
The more of suffering's here thou hast endured.
Say, *Dives*, blest on earth, what was thy claim
To bliss hereafter? Say what, *Lazarus*, thine?
By me, as man, was sorrow's bitter cup
Drain'd to the dregs, ere I my glory won.
So have I said is heav'n by violence gain'd;
And joys eternal sought through temp'ral pain.
Nor can'st thou sinful hope what ne'er my saints,
Nor I myself pretended. These in heav'n
Exalted most, were most on earth debas'd.

"Or would'st thou yield my pleasure's endless sweets,
Enjoyments irretreivable when lost;
And thus, my goodness scorning, rouse my wrath
For one short dream of sublunary bliss?
Then be what may thy lot, no more reprieve:
But in severest trials most rejoice:
As well thou may'st; else had'st thou cause to mourn.

"Nor think that I, who made the eye, am blind
To all thy wants, nor deaf, who form'd the ear,
To thy petition. Would I bid thee ask
Thy daily bread, and not that bread bestow?
Did thee myself thy *Heav'nly Father* call,
Yet, than an earthly parent more forsake
My fav'rite creature, whom I died to save!

"My *vivax* extends, and providential care,
To all that be. Each meanest mite I feed,

And clothe and cherish in its narrow sphere
Of puny life. On ev'ry flow'r that blows
I pour my beauty forth, and rich perfume
With lavish hand: and art thou less than these?
I bade thee mark the wand'ers of the air:
Who feed and shelters them, when earth I've wrapt
In winter's snowy mantle, and let loose
The spirit of the storm, that howling drives
The show'r delightless o'er the plashy land?
Yet they nor sow, nor reap, nor provident
'Gainst future want hoard up the gather'd store.
Have I the mouth not fashion'd, and from me
The needful morsel shall it crave in vain?
The body not, and yet the raiment grudge?
Remember'st how in Paradise I cloth'd
The guilty pair, ere turn'd adrift to reel
In this wide world each smarting fierce extreme
Of chine and season, nor not lid their shame?
Thy hair I've number'd, and the countless sands
On boundless ocean's bed: nor ought escapes
My clear Omniscience; and alone can'st thou?
Why murmur then, in me so diffident?
Can I, like faithless man, my promise break
Deceitful? Say, from whom I ever turn'd,
Who turn'd not first from me? Or whom so late
Converted, have I from my mercy spurned?
The sinner's chief my care: 'twas him I came
To seek when lost, and most rejoice, when found:
For man I love ev'n when he loves not me.
Then why despair, nor trust my word, so pledg'd,
Thy temp'ral wants all careful to supply:
Did'st thou thy better portion chief prefer,
That endless bliss, which I for thee have won:
For thee reserv'd in heav'n, thy happier home?
For thee thou art no stranger. There thy name
Is registered a Christian, and my priest;
Confirm'd, and by my holy spirit seal'd
The charter, purchas'd with my dying pains,
That constitutes thee ever with myself
Of my eternal sire the rightful heir.
Not the bright angels in their loftiest spheres,
The native princes of my heav'nly court,
May claim such proud pre-eminence as thine.
These are my friends, a fav'rite brother thou,
Once their inferior by thy nature frail:
Now by that nature their superior made,
Since I, their lord, thy kinsman am become.
While they adore me prostrate, as their God,
And hymning hail me, Author of their bliss,
Still may they not, like thee, familiar clann,
Lock'd in mine arms, a kinsman's fond embrace.

"And can'st such partial love, such preference shewn
To thee o'er millions, who have faithful prov'd
One day of trial; nor have sin e'er known:
Can'st all thy destin'd grandeur, future bliss—
Transcendant, part with for a moment's joy,
That while it lasts, nor perfect is, nor pure?"—

"No never.—O my Lord! All worldly pomp,
Life's sinful vanities, the Tempter's lure,
Renounc'd in Baptism, I renounce again
And with thy blest apostle count as vile.
So I but thee, the sov'reign good, may gain.
Not more I ask, than thou see'st fit to allow
Of good on earth; nor wish of suffering less.
Thy will be done, not mine! If but thy grace
Support my weakness; and thy cheering light
With inward streaming ray my steps direct.
Then be whate'er thou bidst my future fate;
No more shall I repine, of passing pain
Impatient; nor in trouble more despond.
Still should affliction's dark'ning cloud o'ercast
My Life's short day, down to its latest close;
Shall I with joy expect the promis'd morn
Of that unclouded day, that ever shines
To glad thy chosen in a happier world."

STATE OF MORALS AND RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is conceded by all, that the morals of this country at this time, are in a most deplorable state. Scarcely a day elapses without bringing with it one or more narratives of horrid murders, wholesale butcheries—daring robberies—forgeries & private delinquencies of every description—appalling to the feelings, and which destroy all confidence in individual rectitude and honor.—We shall not attempt, at this time, to point out the various causes which have conspired in a greater or less degree, to bring about this alarming condition of society. There is one cause however, to which we shall allude, as we believe that it has an essential bearing on the subject, and that is, the relaxation of the wanted restraint exercised over the passions by the influence of religion.

That religious influence over moral deportment is, in a great measure powerless, at present, no one who has closely observed the state of society will venture to deny; Exclusion from church membership has lost its terrors; disgrace has ceased to be its attendant. The truths of religion are being discredited and discarded. And why? is it not ascribable, mainly, to the course and conduct of the professors of religion themselves? They have failed to act up to its doctrines, and how can they expect others to be guided by the precepts which they teach. There is scarcely a religious society of any magnitude which has not had its most bitter dissensions, which in many instances have resulted in open separation into different parties with embittered feelings of hostility to each other. The spirit of peace and love which was given by the head of the church as the badge of his fellowship, is no longer the type of christian fellowship. At the same time the professed ministers of religion present to us such discordant views of what the scriptures are said to teach, that distrust is awakened in regard to the whole subject, and we are beginning to regard our spiritual leaders, but as the blind leading the blind. In this state of religious anarchy, when Divines who have devoted their whole lives to the consideration of the subject, are violently opposed to each other in regard to what the bible teaches, how can we, the laity, receive implicitly the doctrines of either party; and in the state of scepticism thus induced, will not religion lose its influence over our morals!—*Cin. Republican.*

If the reader should have the curiosity to know "to what vile uses" the pulpit is in these strange days often prostituted, he may be gratified by listening to a coarse, vulgar, profane and vain fool, dolt or knave, we scarcely can tell which, who for several evenings has been holding forth on the Millerite doctrines at College Hall.

There is excitable, or rather *combustible*, material in this city for these adventurers, and the congregation on one of the evenings at the Hall consisted of several ladies, but who will scarce appear there again. Shame! shame!—*Cin. Inquirer.*

The foregoing comments give a just idea of the degradation to which Christianity is reduced by private interpretation of the Divine Word. When a man thinks himself at liberty to take any system of faith or morals from the Bible which his imagination, or his rash judgment, or his vanity may suggest, the consequences of such licentious freedom must be felt in the confusion which it will produce in Society, and in those scandalous exhibitions of pulpit buffoonery which are now so common. Protestantism is pursuing the same course here as in Germany.—