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The Catholic.

Quod semper; quod ubique; quod ab omnibus.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1830.

NO. 7.

ORIGINAL.

THE HAIL MARY.

Hail Mary, full of grace! with thee
The Lord vouchsafes to dwell;
In greeting strain'd Gabriel thus
His heav'nly message tell:
And styl'd thee blest o'er womankind;
And bade thee nothing fear,
So did Elix'beth sound thy worth,
And dignity revere.

Thou too, prophetic did'st foretell
That generations all,
Would thee, the mother of their God,
Most blest of women call.
And thee most blest all in the Church
The faithful still declare;
And supplicate, so needful here,
Thy kind protective care.

Nor do they vainly thee invoke,
Who could'st thy Son Divine,
At Cana's feast, induce to change
The water into wine!
And, though nor him did ought concern,
Nor thee the object sought;
Still, at thy word, before his time,
The wondrous change he wrought.

His transubstantiating pow'r
Micro-wondrous still was view'd,
When bread into his flesh he chang'd,
And wine into his blood.
At this, his mystic Marriage Feast,
For all so richly spread,
With those, whose nature he assum'd
He comes, himself to wed.

The first of all, his signs bespoke
His filial love for thee:
The last, for all our evil'd race
His boundless charity.
Deign then, where now thou reign'st on high,
Next him in glory plac'd,
To urge for us, ne'er urg'd in vain,
Thy pitying kind request!

Should'st thou for us his grace implore,
Will he that grace deny,
Who could mirac'ulous, at thy word,
A feast with wine supply?
Our mother thou, since he, thy son,
Our brother man became;
O then, from thee, a mother's care
Let us, thy children, claim.

He dying bade thee, as thy Son
His lov'd Disciple view;
Bade him, and all his brethren find
In thee, a mother true.
Nor can'st thou e'er, by him enjoin'd,
The gracious task forego
Of guarding safe from ev'ry harm,
Thy children here below.

If, as his word unerring says,
More joy in heav'n is made
For the lost sheep, that's found again,
Than those that never stray'd:
Can'st thou in heav'n, and heav'n's great Queen,
Nought of those transports know,
Which Angels feel for man on earth,
Reclaim'd from sin and woe?

Each for his neighbour's weal is bid,
Nor vainly bid to pray:
Can't then Love's duty, and, where Love
Obtains its perfect sway?
O no, the saints their bosoms feel
With tenfold ardours glow,
That now from Love's exultant source
On them redundant flow.

Well pleas'd th' Eternal Father hears,
Nor can their pray'r deny,
All through our Sov'reign Pontiff sent,
The Filial Deity.
Through him our ev'ry claim is made;
On him our hope depends:
And all, if ought our fancied worth,
In him begins and ends.

Yet should he e'er our weak request
And pray'r, us worthless, spurn;
Not so from thy maternal suit
Can he neglectful turn.
Nor to his Saints can he refuse,
In our behalf who plead,
His grace and favours, crav'd for those,
For whom he deign'd to bleed.

O thou, to crush the serpent's head
By heav'n's decree ordain'd!
Through whom at length, our ransom'd race
Lost Eden have regain'd:
From thee, the guiltless second Eve,
Our ev'ry good must flow:
As from the guilty first, who fell
Is all deriv'd our woe.

By nature she; but thou by grace
Our choicer mother own'd!
O guard us 'gainst the tempter's snares,
And all his wiles confound!
Do thou the serpent's head, that lies
In wait to wound thy heel,
So bruise, that we, thy children ne'er
His deadly sting may feel!

For us exert thine influence great
With him, thy Son Divine;
Who thee, o'er all exalting crown'd,
And bade thee thine brightest shine.
And all ye choirs of Angels blest,
And all ye Saints on high,
Obtain, that we some day may share
Your blissful destiny!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Th' Eternal one in three,
Let creatures pour their endless praise
In grateful harmony!

SELECTED.

From the London Catholic Miscellany.

RISE, PROGRESS, AND DISCIPLINE, OF PROTESTANTISM IN GERMANY,

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF CATHOLICISM IN THAT COUNTRY.

It is with the maladies of the mind, as with those of the body, in which the very violence of the disorder produces a favourable crisis, and restores the patient to health. From the very excess of evil, good sometimes proceeds; and it would seem that man, when he has once quitted the ways of truth, must traverse the long and melancholy regions of error, ere he can regain the path which he has lost.

Protestant Germany offers at the present moment a striking example of the truth of this remark. That country which, in the sixteenth century, was the cradle of the Reformation, the scene of an event which, when considered in respect to its remote consequences, is one of the most awful calamities in the whole history of man—that country seems

now destined, after a cycle of three hundred years, to become the theatre of one of the most august and imposing spectacles which a benevolent Deity can offer to our contemplation—the regeneration of faith and human society. Like the comet, which, after its long irregular and devious course, returns to the luminary from whence it sprang; so Protestantism, wearied of its long aberrations, at length takes refuge in the bosom of that church which it had once deserted.

This is not the place to enquire into the general causes which produced the Reformation, or into those which had more particularly predisposed some parts of Germany for the reception of the new doctrines. But we may briefly observe that the late period at which the North of Germany was converted to Christianity, the circumstances of violence and compulsion which attended their conversion, the disputes between the popes and emperors which proved so injurious to ecclesiastical discipline, the heresy of John Huss and his followers, the religious troubles of Bohemia, the ignorance and corruption which excessive secular occupations had introduced among the higher clergy of Germany; and we may add, the jealousy subsisting between the great and petty sovereigns of that country; all these circumstances had long prepared the Teutonic soil for the fatal seeds of the Reformation. Lutheranism at first was predominant; but Calvinism soon disputed, and at length divided, its empire. Of all the sects of the Reformation, Lutheranism, which preserved the dogma of the real presence, a certain pomp in divine worship, a feeble image, and in some countries the entire substance, of episcopacy; and which was distinguished for its submission to political authority, which indeed it carried to a blameable extreme; Lutheranism approximated the most to Catholicism; and we shall see in the end that it is from this sect that the most numerous, as well as the most distinguished, converts of modern times have proceeded. The sect of Calvin, on the other hand, which, from its origin, was distinguished for its turbulent and seditious spirit, its hostility to monarchy and episcopacy, its harsh and desolating dogmas, its cold and heartless worship, was ever most widely removed from our religion.

Former heresiarchs, when they attacked particular dogmas of the church, and particular ordinances and usages of its discipline, always respected, or affected to respect, its authority. But the reformers of the sixteenth century, after the subtuges common to all heresiarchs, boldly appealed from the sentence of the church which condemned

them, to the judgment of the people; they declared that the scriptures were to be interpreted, not by the authority which Christ has established, but by each individual; they proclaimed the principle of private judgment in matters of faith, and thereby established a maxim which struck at the root of all authority, and consequently of all order, all religion, and all society. But man is not always consistent with himself—he recoils from the consequences of his own principles—he sows the seeds, but is too often ignorant or reckless of the fruits which future generations must reap. After having proclaimed a principle subversive of all ecclesiastical authority, the reformers of the sixteenth century endeavoured to form separate sects of their own—each was desirous of establishing his own authority on the ruins of the papacy; but the principle which had served for the destruction of the ancient faith, was not equally favourable to the establishment of a new religion. They had left the high ground to build upon a marshy soil—the solid earth for the treacherous quicksand; and it was easy to foresee the fate of their enterprise. Yet the principle of obedience is so natural to the heart of man, in despite of all his corruption, authority in matters of religion is so conformable to his nature, and such is the tenacity with which he clings to opinions which he has once conceived, that it was long ere the human mind deduced the ultimate consequences from the fundamental principle of the Reformation; and the deluded multitude, which had refused to obey its legitimate pastors, long blindly followed the guidance of those ambitious demagogues that had proclaimed the principle of anarchy only to promote the establishment of their own despotism. But, on the other hand, minds of superior penetration and sagacity anticipated the slow march of vulgar intellect—they rejected, one by one, all the doctrines of Christianity; and, leading the way in error, plunged at last into the gulf of universal scepticism, the last and fatal term, where all the doctrines of the Reformation terminate.

To convince ourselves of the truth of these observations, we need only turn our eyes over the page of history. We shall there see that to the heresies of Luther, Calvin, and to the first reformers, the dangerous system of Socinus, that last and feeble partition between Christianity and Deism, soon succeeded to swell and aggravate the evils of Christendom. The sixteenth century had not closed, when a sect of Deists had already made its appearance in Germany; and at the commencement of the seventeenth, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in England, gave such a shape and form to the doctrines of Deism, that he has been called, by the most profound and eloquent writer of our age, "The patriarch of modern Deists." The patriarch had soon a multitude of followers, especially in his own country, where the bitterness of religious feuds was aggravated by the violence of political dissensions, and where the disastrous revolution, which, by occasioning the downfall of the monarchy and Episcopal Church of England, burst asunder

all the bonds of moral constraint and civil subordination, and soon fostered a general spirit of pride, turbulence, and independence in the minds of men.

It is unnecessary to point out the swarm of frivolous, obscure, and profligate Deists that infested this country during the Commonwealth and the reigns immediately subsequent. The tide of immorality and irreligion which overflowed the country during the reign of the second Charles, has been artfully represented by the enemies of monarchy as a consequence of the restoration; but those writers would do well to consider that the most pernicious consequences of revolution are not immediately perceptible; that the great convulsions which ordinarily accompany them, such as civil and foreign wars, the sanguinary tyranny of factions, the confiscation of property, the proscriptions of individuals, and even of classes, are indeed great and awful calamities; but perhaps are not so pernicious as those moral consequences which ensue—that prostration of justice—that confusion of the principles of right and wrong—that fatal legacy of pernicious doctrines of every sort which those revolutions bequeathed to a posterity already too corrupt, or too feeble to renounce the deadly inheritance.

Hobbes, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, successively continued the work which Lord Herbert of Cherbury had commenced. A crowd of writers, more or less obscure, followed the standard of these celebrated champions of infidelity; and it was from their arsenal that Voltaire and most of the French sophists of the eighteenth century derived the weapons for their anti-Christian warfare. "Boyle," says the illustrious writer whom we have before cited,* "Boyle, who first introduced infidelity into France, was a Protestant, and Rousseau, born a Protestant, has only given a more complete development to the principles of Protestantism." Such is the sad and melancholy origin of modern infidelity. We are aware that certain Protestant writers, ashamed of this disgraceful genealogy, have ascribed the origin of modern Deism to other sources; that they have asserted its existence previous to the reformation, and have affected even to deduce its origin from Catholic Italy, and thus indirectly throw the infamy of its birth upon Catholicism itself. A little reflection will show the futility of this objection. In the first place, we do not maintain that infidelity was entirely unknown in the period anterior to the reformation; but we maintain that it was of a character too partial and too limited to produce any important consequences on society. Secondly, it is very true that an abuse of the scholastic philosophy had produced rare and occasional instances of infidelity in the middle ages; it is very true that, at the end of the fifteenth century, a sort of practical epicureanism and indifference for religion began to shew itself among the upper classes in Italy, when the democratic tyranny of her petty republics, the frequent revolutions those states underwent, and the violent and sanguinary wars which they waged with each other

had tended to corrupt morals, degrade feeling, and relax the springs, not only of political and international justice, but even of private honour and integrity. But at this period, as in the early middle ages, infidelity had to contend with a formidable and uncompromising foe in the predominant religion; the feeble and partial influence of irreligion never extended much beyond the schools; at all events, that influence was not, as afterwards, fostered and encouraged by a religion which left the human mind, alone and unassisted, a prey to its own evil suggestions, and the attacks of unprincipled sophistry. But to return to our subject. We have seen the rise and gradual progress of modern infidelity. We have seen how it emerged, by degrees, from the reformation, assumed a certain shape and consistency in England, and thence spread its roots into France. To follow its growth and development in these countries, to point out its fatal influence on morals and on society, forms not the object of our present inquiry. Our attention must be confined solely to Germany. It was not to be expected that the progress of the Reformation was to be every where the same—and that particular sects and particular countries which had embraced its principles, should not advance more rapidly than others in the career of error and innovation which that revolution had opened. Thus the church of England, which had preserved the episcopal hierarchy, a close connexion with the state, and great wealth and immunities, possessed greater barriers against innovation than the Protestant churches of Germany where these advantages did not exist. There the naturally bold and speculative spirit of the German might range from system to system, from theory to theory, uncontrolled by episcopal authority, and the bond of political interests.

It is true that infidelity had a more early and rapid development in England than in Germany; but in a church which had preserved along with the civil immunities and temporal possessions of the ancient clergy, much of their ecclesiastical discipline and government, infidelity had to sustain a more vigorous opposition than in the German churches, with their feeble discipline and their Presbyterian government.

The Protestant churches of Germany, though, like those of other countries, they had at various periods wavered and varied in their doctrines, remained on the whole, tolerably faithful to the principles of their founders, and their ancient symbols and formularies of faith, until the middle of the last century, when, with the memorable reign of Frederic II., there began a new epoch, not only in German history and German literature, but in German manners and German modes of thinking. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, which had established the seat and centre of its operations in France, acquired towards this period greater strength and audacity, and extended its ravages through every country in Europe. Some Theologians in Protestant Germany, attacked it with vigour and boldness; others endeavoured vainly to conciliate the principles of this sophistical philosophy with those of

* *L'Abbe de la Mennais Essai sur l'indifference*, vol. i.

* *Essai sur l'indifference en matiere de religion*, vol. i.

Christianity, and thus compromised the cause which they were bound to defend; like a feeble and timid assaulant, who, incited by the eye of the monster which he should destroy, opposes but a weak resistance, till he is at last drawn within his fatal coil. X.

HUSENBETH'S DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Continued.

Having "thrown off all allegiance to the Christian religion, though I tried," he says, "to enjoy myself and indulge my desires, I could find neither happiness nor comfort. I lived ten years in the most wretched and distressed state of mind; nothing was wanting to me, being happy but the liberty of declaring my opinions." Whatever, then, had been his previous conduct, it is avowed here that he abandoned himself to licentiousness when he had forsaken his faith. This is all in character; but how comes Mr. White to say now, —now that he professes to be a Christian and a Church of England minister—that in that deplorable abyss of infidelity and vicious indulgence, nothing was wanting to his being happy but the liberty of declaring his opinions? Does this tell well for his sincerity and rectitude at present, to declare thus to the wavering Christian that he may plunge into infidelity and immorality, and yet nothing will hinder him from being happy, provided he can declare his opinions freely? Oh, we do not envy the Church of England such a patch-up proselyte! These are only stronger evidences against his boasted purity of morals before his infidelity. He never learned in the bosom of the Catholic Church, that infidelity and vice could give any real happiness to their deluded victims; or that liberty of declaring their opinions is all that is required to make such men happy.

Ten years Mr. White spent, acting daily as a minister and promoter of a religion in which he did not believe; and when the various duties of a Catholic priest are considered, a more complete instance of hypocrisy and deception can scarce be imagined than that to which Mr. White pleads guilty. During those ten years, he must have often recited and sung the Divine office in public at least—in private, of course, he did not wear out many breviaries,—he must have pretended many hundred times to say Mass, deceiving thousands of sincere Catholics, who little thought they were assisting at a diabolical imposture, for most probably he omitted or nullified the most sacred parts of the sacrifice, and could have had no serious intention at any time. He must have preached and pretended to enforce what his heart affected to deny—he must have received the most sacred confidence of many souls in the tribunal of confession and how cruel was the imposition he practised upon their confiding candour! He probably was called to prepare the sick and dying for the most awful passage to eternity; and the mind shudders at the thought of poor souls in the straits of death being at the mercy of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Does Mr. W. think he can find a palliation for his impostures in pretending that he was

compelled to be a hypocrite? Would any mind, with a single principle of natural rectitude left, with any sense of honour and sincerity remaining, have consented to pursue a lengthened course of deception like this? No: better a thousand times, and more honourable, to expose himself to peril, than to become the base deceiver of thousands of unsuspecting Christians. He pretends to have been afraid of the Inquisition, and is very loud about the tyranny of the Church of Rome; but it comes out that another reason weighed heavier—the fear of afflicting his parents; for he tells us, what any one could readily see—that he could have gone to North America, but the love of his parents withheld him; so that rather than grieve his parents, he remained a hypocrite. It is not unlikely that his clerical emoluments had a stronger hold upon an infidel than filial affection; and when the French came at last, and put his revenues in jeopardy, and all things in confusion, he probably moved off, for the best of all reasons—because he was obliged.

Mr. White, in his book for the lower classes, paints in fearful colours the Inquisition and the tyranny of the Church of Rome. He always puts religious tyranny in italics, and illustrates it by such strokes as the following:—"The Popes of Rome believe that they have a right to oblige all men who have been baptised by their priests, to continue Roman Catholic to their lives' end. A Roman Catholic who is not protected by Protestant laws, is all over the world a slave. The Roman Catholic religion in itself, and such as the Pope would make it all over the world, if there were no Protestant laws to resist it, is the most horrible system of tyranny that ever opposed the welfare of man."—Could not Mr. White content himself at least with the truth; and not thus outrageously vilify and misrepresent the religion of his fathers? He knew very well when he wrote, that the Popes of Rome believe no such thing as that they have a right to oblige people to continue Roman Catholics. The Popes have no separate articles of faith from those of the Catholic Church throughout the world; and Mr. W. well knows that he can produce no shadow of proof that such an absurd tenet was ever believed by the Catholic Church. That Church has ever believed it obligatory upon her to use every means which the Gospel puts into her hands to keep her children from being seduced by false teachers; namely, the means of exhortation, reproof, and all such correction as is consistent with personal liberty; but it is no part of Catholic Faith, that people are to be any other way obliged to continue in her communion. Mr. White knew, too, that a Catholic is not a slave all over the world, where there are no Protestant laws to protect him. He knew that English Catholics were truly free before the very name of Protestants was heard of; and, alas! he was not ignorant that Protestant laws, so far from protecting them, have made them slaves in their own land. There are no Protestant laws in France, nor in many other countries of the globe, where Catholics are very far from being slaves. To say that the Roman Catholic religion in itself, is the

most horrible system of tyranny, is saying a great deal more than Mr. W. would be able to prove—and he does not attempt to support it by any proof, except a vehement declamation against the Inquisition. This is leading his readers falsely to imagine that the Inquisition is an essential companion of Catholicity, that we cannot be true Catholics, without approving its alleged cruelties. These are monstrous misrepresentations, as a few plain statements will abundantly shew.

That the Inquisition is no part of our Religion, is manifest from the plain facts, that the Catholic Religion existed 1,200 years in every part of the globe, without any tribunal of the kind; that there are very many countries in which it was never established, though the Catholic Faith flourished in them; and that the Popes, with all the religious tyranny with which Mr. W. reproaches them, never refused to acknowledge the Catholics of those countries equally with those who had an Inquisition. Few, if any Catholics in France or in this kingdom, will praise the Inquisition or its proceedings, but so many falsehoods and exaggerations have been propagated against that tribunal, that it is but just to distinguish truth from falsehood in its regard.

The Inquisition, as all history testifies was never established in any kingdom, but by the consent, and sometimes even at the requests of its sovereign. It is essential to keep this point steadily in view, for declaimers against the Inquisition always conceal it; and Mr. White, like the rest, tries to make it believed that it is solely the Pope's Tribunal; "established" he says "kept up, and managed by and under the Pope's authority." But if this were the case, it would be natural that in Rome, where the Pope is absolute sovereign, spiritual and temporal, the Inquisition would be the most cruel and sanguinary, whereas the contrary is a well known fact. The Roman Inquisition is the mildest of all, no example is recorded of its punishing any one with death; and if Mr. White had been sincere, he would not have written a charge so triumphantly contradicted by this striking fact. The many English that have visited Rome will testify that Protestants can enjoy perfect liberty and security there, and even assemble for their own worship without fear of the Inquisition. After all, when a Spaniard is reproached with the rigour of the Inquisition, he may reply, that far less blood has been shed by all the Inquisitions ever established, than has flowed in France and Germany, from wars in the cause of religion; and that the Inquisition has, at least, secured Spain from the poison of infidelity, which has infected almost every other nation of Europe. There is little doubt, but that if once those who profess to be Atheists and Deists became our masters, they would establish an Inquisition more rigorous than that of Spain, against those who retained any respect for religion; witness the horrors of the French Revolution; witness the sentence of Rousseau, in his *Contrat Social*, upon any one who would not act conformably with his *Civic Religion*: *Let him be punished with death!*

To be continued

ORIGINAL.

ON HEAVEN.

How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord
Ps. lxxxiii. 2.

ALTHOUGH it is impossible for us, so long as we remain here on earth, to form to ourselves any just or adequate idea of the kingdom of heaven; for, however glorious we imagine it to be, it is still infinitely more so, than yet we have conceived it: nevertheless there are some considerations, which lead us on a far way in the contemplation of that place of bliss: which make us view, though from a distance, like Moses from the mountain, the promised land; and shew us enough of that happy country of the children of God, to wean our affections from all sublunary enjoyments, and fix them on those of the life to come.

Of this sort is the consideration of this visible universe, and of the glorious prospect it exhibits to our view. For, in taking a general survey of this nether world, and in particular of that part of it, which we ourselves inhabit, we are naturally inclined to raise our thoughts to the happier world above, where we hope some day to be associated with the saints and angels in the enjoyment of our God for an endless eternity.

Look round you then, Christians, and contemplate the grandeur and beauty of the scene, which God has here displayed before you. Consider what he has done to render you happy even in this your mortal and imperfect state of existence; and then think what he will do to compleat your happiness in that state of perfection and immortality, to which those shall be one day raised who love him here and keep his commandments.

Behold with the Psalmist *how the mountains ascend and the plains descend to the place which he has founded for them. How he sends forth the springs in the vallies, and between the hills the waters pass.* Ps. ciii. 8, 10. See the earth teeming with all her various productions, her trees and herbs, fruits and flowers. Her green fields and meadows, her woods and lawns, are stocked with numberless animals, destined not merely for our use, but also for our pleasure and amusement.—The sheep lend us their fleece, to defend us against the cold. The horse and ox tamely submit their necks to the yoke, assist us in our labour, and bear the burthen of our toil. The cattle send us their precious streams of milk, and daily furnish new dainties to our board. To omit thousands more, of the savage as well as domestic kind, equally useful and amusing to us. Are not our ears charmed with the melody of the birds, that soar aloft and wing their flight through the regions of the air.—The very insect tribes, or those that creep, or those that fly, deserve our regard. What an infinite variety of sizes, shapes and hues, do they not present to the eye of the curious observer! And how pleasant to the ear is the ceaseless hum, which their winged nations raise, as they sport at large, and pursue their airy dance over all the surface of the earth! Some even of these are busied in labouring for us, and exert all their skill and industry in

the service of man. For man the silk-worm weaves her slender web; and the bee extracts her honey from the flowers. Through what wonderful stages of existence do we not see many of them pass! which from the condition of loathsome reptiles, rise into that of beautiful flies; display their gilded plumage to the sun; and, spurning their native dust, sally forth in quest of now and more extensive scenes of bliss! Nor let us even disdain to trace in objects so mean, a lively figure of our own resurrection and future glory.

Neither is the watery element without its inhabitants, Millions of living creatures people the vast abyss, and wander through the trackless paths of the deep. Over these also has man received dominion. His hand can find them in their most secret recesses. He calls them up from their deepest gulfs, and leads them forth to the dry land.

The royal prophet, considering how richly God had furnished out our habitation here below, and how he had subjected all things to man; at the same time reflecting on the meanness of the creature, for whom he had deigned to work such wonders; breaks out into the following exclamation: *What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou shouldst regard him? Thou hast made him little less than the angels; thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, and thou hast placed him over all the works of thy hands.— Thou hast put all things under his feet, the sheep, the oxen, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes that wander through the paths of the deep. O Lord, our Lord, how wonderful is thy name over all the earth!* Ps. viii.

But if from off this earth we raise our eyes to contemplate the heavens, what a new scene of wonder and admiration opens to our view! At his appointed moment we behold the sun issuing forth upon our horizon; and rolling from East to West his refulgent orb. The fleecy clouds, that sail along the blue expanse of the firmament, kindle at his approach, and form a delightful prospect to the enraptured eye. The birds and beasts are roused at his return. Every living creature feels his heat.—The very fishes at the bottom of their oozy caverns bestir themselves, and leap and sport beneath his gladdening beam. Nor is even the inanimate creation insensible of his presence. All nature feels his influence throughout her wide domain. Each herb, revived with his warming ray, lifts up its drooping head: each tree puts forth its leaves.—Amid the smiling scene see man himself walk forth, to partake of the general joy. His posture erect and majestic mien bespeak him the Lord of this lower world. He alone, fair Reason's child, is capable of discovering in the works of nature the finger of an almighty and all-wise Creator, and of rendering him that homage of praise and benediction, which is his due. He alone can explain with the psalmist. *How great are thy works, O Lord! Thou hast made all things with wisdom. The earth is filled with thy riches. Bless then the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art exceeding great.*

The sun has no sooner finished his daily career

and night has come again to refresh the earth with her falling dews; than another scene, not indeed so gay and exhilarating, but more sublimely grand and solemn, immediately succeeds. In proportion as the bright orb of day recedes, the planets and stars begin to appear. Their number seems to increase by degrees, till the whole firmament is in a glow. To compleat the grandeur of the scene, the moon rises at last: and urging her way through the obstructing cloud, takes her progress along the sky, and diffuses her silver light over the face of our benighted world.

Such then, and so magnificent is the habitation which our God has fitted up for us here below.—*He hath given the sun to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night: (Gen. i.) and has commanded them to lead on the seasons in their turns. The whole pavement of heaven has he strewed with beaming sapphires, numberless as the sands on the sea shore. He has hung them up so high, like so many lamps; and has suspended them over our heads, to light us during the night, and to shine forth upon us with undiminished lustre to the end of time.*

But if this world, which God has created only for our temporary abode; which itself is also subject to decay; for according to Saint Peter, (2. Ep. iii. 10.) *the heavens shall pass away with great violence; and the elements shall be melted with heat; and the earth and the works that are in it shall be burned.* If this world the duration of which is so short, and the end and design so limited, be decked out in such magnificence; what must be the splendour and magnificence of the world above, which God has designed for the place of our eternal abode with himself, where he will take a pleasure in manifesting to his chosen creatures all his beauty and all his grandeur!

Besides we must recollect that this world, however great and admirable, is but the woeful region of sickness and death; is, but a vale of tears; in which we are condemned for a while to suffer, weep and mourn: a place of probation, where we must be tried and found worthy, before we can be admitted into the eternal mansions of bliss above: a land deluged with iniquity, where the wicked are seen to mingle with the virtuous; for *God makes his sun here to rise upon the good and bad, and commands it to rain upon the just and unjust.* Matt. viii. 45. Where even the number of his friends, for whose sake alone the world endures, is far exceeded by that of his enemies. We must remember, in fine, that this world is the barren desert, through which we now travel, like the Israelites of old: Heaven the promised land, to which we tend.

If then, notwithstanding all this, it has pleased God to rear such a mighty fabric, and to create so stupendous an universe; what must that universe be, and how great and magnificent the fabric, which he has prepared for the habitation of his elect: where only the dear objects of his predilection shall reside; from whose eyes, like a tender parent, he shall wipe away every tear: where death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying: for these former things

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH

Verse 55.—When the threatened scarcity every where prevailed; and the people in Egypt also began to be famished; they cried to Pharaoh for food: and he said to them, go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you.

It is to Jesus that all mankind are referred in their wants by the eternal father. It is through the Saviour alone that they can obtain what they ask of God. He is the sole appointed distributor of the provisions, which he has stored up for them: and he deals them out on his own terms. They, who apply to him, are commanded to do all that he shall say to them. Matt. 17, 5. Neither is there any supply to be procured in the whole earth, but from Joseph's stores erected all over the land of Egypt: that is, from the numberless branches of the Saviour's Church spread over all this earth, the land of famine and spiritual desolation; save where the proper application is made at Joseph's barns for the needful, soul-sustaining provision. Thither too, at last, must the Israelites repair to have their spiritual wants supplied: not to the sham stores of any other, but to those erected by their brother Joseph; to those of that Church, the first of any; to which all his promises were made; against which he said the gates of Hell should never prevail,—Mat. 16, 18,—and with which he promised to abide, together with his holy spirit, the spirit of truth: who should teach her all truth to the end of the world,—Mat. 29, 20—John 14, 26,—adding, in confirmation of these, his promises:—Heaven and earth shall pass; but my words shall never pass away: Mat. 24, 35, and assuring us that, where two or three are gathered together in his name, (not in the name of any other, of a Luther, a Calvin, a Wesley, or a whom you please) there is he in the midst of them.—Mat. 18, 20.

The rest of Joseph's affecting history shews, in the mystical sense, the happy final reconciliation of the Jews with their Messiah; whom, though so long as dead to them; they find alive, and ruling in a foreign land: adored and invocated, as the God and Saviour of all, by the converted Gentiles.

Chapter 49, Verse 5.—Jacob adopts Ephraim and Manasses, the two sons born to Joseph by his Gentile wife: and grants them all the rights of primogeniture, which belonged to his own two first born, Reuben and Simeon, whose former conduct had so grieved him.—1 Paral. 5, 1, 2.—God, in like manner adopts the spiritual offspring of Jesus; born to him in baptism by his Gentile spouse, the Christian Church: and gives them all the rights of inheritance, which belonged to his own first born in the synagogue; whose conduct also had so displeased him.

We find another mystery displayed in Jacob's manner of blessing Joseph's Children. They are placed by their natural father, Joseph, the oldest, Manasses, on Jacob's right hand: the youngest, Ephraim, on his left. But Jacob, in blessing them

have passed away. Rev. xxi. 4, Where all trial and chastisement ends, and only reward and enjoyment takes place. Into which the foul contagion of sin can find no admittance; for nothing unjust can enter there. Rev. xxi: 27. Where, according to the royal prophet, the blessed shall be inebriated with the plenty of God's house; and shall be made to drink of the torrent of his pleasure: and in his light, with whom is the fountain of life, they shall behold light. Ps. xxxv. 9, 10. For night shall be no more, nor shall they need the light of the lamp, nor the light of the sun: for the Lord God shall enlighten them; and they shall reign for ever and ever. Rev. xxii. 4, 5.

Add to this reflection that may be made on that remarkable saying of the psalmist: that better is one day in the courts of the Lord above thousands. Ps. lxxxiii. 11. And again, that a thousand years in the sight of the Lord are but as yesterday, which is past and gone. Ps. lxxxix. 4. The remembrance of which saying the apostle St. Peter thinks it of the utmost consequence to inculcate: (2 Ep. iii. 8) Dearly beloved, says he, I would not have you ignorant of this one thing, that one day before the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years, as one day. 2 Pet. iii. 8.

In the ideas of men time is always measured by that degree of happiness which they enjoy, or of misery which they endure. To the happy man time seems to run on with amazing rapidity: but to the man in misery, to him, who, for instance, is afflicted with a painful distemper, or whom a lingering sickness confines to his bed, how tediously slow does time seem to creep along. The greatest part of a day spent in agreeable amusements will often seem but an hour: and an hour, spent in the company of those we love, but a moment.—How transcendent then must that bliss be, how sweet those enjoyments, how enchanting those celestial entertainments, how ravishing those delights which can make so large a portion of time as a thousand years, seem but a day or as yesterday, which is past and gone.

Again, in this world we are never fully satisfied with what we actually enjoy. We are always troubled either with the wish of having more, or with the fear of losing what we already possess.—

And thus, as the wise man says, the eye is not filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.—Eccl. 1. 8. But in heaven so full and substantial, so completely satisfactory, so infinitely superior to the empty, vain, and fugitive happiness of this life, is the sovereign happiness of the blessed above, that although their relish for the sweets so copiously poured out to them is so very great: as to make a thousand years of their enjoyments seem but a day; yet so perfectly satisfied are they with what they enjoy; so fully replenished with every delight; that one day of these enjoyments seem to them a thousand years. What an exalted idea then does not this passage of scripture give us of that bliss, which awaits the just in the kingdom of heaven!

But what still adds, if possible, to this idea, is the consideration of all that God has done, in order to secure to man that bliss, for which he had cre-

ated him; (for, when by the sin of our first parents we had all forfeited that bliss, the Deity did not think it unworthy of himself to descend in person upon our earth, to assume our nature, and as man to suffer and die, in order to restore us to our birthright, and re-instate us in our lost inheritance;) how inestimable then must this our birthright and inheritance be, which nothing less could redeem than the sufferings and death of a God made man? And what value must not God himself have set upon that, which he thought worth the purchasing for us at so dear a rate! No wonder then if St. Paul exclaims, while meditating on this bliss: neither eye has seen neither ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God has prepared in the next life for those who love and serve him. 1 Cor. ii. 9.

These few considerations, if properly attended to, might alone suffice to detach our minds from the things of this earth, and fix them on those of the world above. Might render us quite indifferent as to all that either flatters our pride, or pleases the senses. Might, in fine, encourage us cheerfully to undergo all fatigue, endure every hardship and put up patiently with whatever crosses and disappointments might befall us in the course of our mortal pilgrimage here below: during which, like the weary traveller, we ought only to think of gaining our journey's end: always sighing after the happy country to which we are tending; and crying out, with the holy prophet David: how lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.

But, alas! so very abject and grovelling in his desires is man, that rather than forego the enjoyments of a moment, he chooses to forfeit that bliss which is eternal; thus, like Esau, selling his birthright for a mess of porridge: or, like the prodigal in the gospel, exchanging the plenty of his father's house for the husks of swine.

O would to God that if hitherto, like the prodigal son, we too have preferred the husks of swine to the plenty of our Father's house; we would also, like him, begin to loath the mean satisfactions, the troubled pleasures, and momentary enjoyments of this world, which can never fill the heart of man! That, like him, we would look up with regret to the immortal joys, in which the meanest servant of our Father's household so largely partakes! That, in fine, we would at last, like him, take the wise resolution of returning back to our Father, and of saying to him with profound humility and an unfeigned sorrow of heart:—Father, we have sinned against heaven and before thee: we are not worthy to be called thy children: make us but as any of thine hired servants.—Mat. xv. 19. If with such sentiments of real compunction, we return back again to our heavenly Father, he will still, as he assures us by his parable alluded to, most readily receive us again into favor; acknowledge us for his sons and heirs; and put us some day in possession of our eternal inheritance.

crosses his arms; and lays his right hand on Ephraim's head, and his left on the head of Manasses.

Verse 17.—And Joseph, seeing that his father had put his right hand upon the head of Ephraim, was much displeased; and, taking his fathers hand he tried to lift it from Ephraim's head, and to remove it to the head of Manasses.—Verse 19.—And he said to his father; for this is the first born. Put thy right hand upon his head.—Verse 19.—And he refusing said I know, my son! I know, &c.

There we see, as in Jacob's own case, the younger preferred by the Deity to the elder: the late offspring of the Gentile Church put before the early one of the Jewish synagogue; and inheriting through the cross, (which is the scandal of the Jew, 1 Cor. 1, 28) the chief promise and choicest benediction.

Verse 15, 16.—The words also of Jacob's blessing are particularly remarkable at a time, when so many in their new fashioned religions, make a mockery of praying to God through the medium of his Saints and Angels: who, notwithstanding, are represented in scripture as offering up our prayers to God.—Apoc. 8, 3, 4. Jacob, in blessing his grandsons, alludes in his prayer, as a motive for granting his request, to the virtues of those Saints, his progenitors, Abraham, and Isaac; who had always, as God himself had desired them to do, walked before God, and were perfect.—Gen. 17, 1—and prays the Angel, who delivered him from all evils, to bless the boys.

Chapter 49.—Jacob on his death bed calls together his sons to receive his prophetic benediction. To the three eldest, on account of their crimes, he foretels the division of their posterity from the rest of their brethren: that which, in the temporal sense, appears verified in the separation of the tribes from Juda after Solomon's death; and, in the spiritual, in that which took place after the Saviour's death, between the believing remnant of Israel, and their unbelieving brethren.

When he comes to speak of Juda, his mind is carried in an extacy towards the Messiah, who, he foresees, is to be born of Juda's tribe; and, addressing his son in the character of his divine descendant, he bursts forth in the following sublime and mystical strain:—*Juda, thee shall thy brethren praise. Thy hands shall be on the necks of thine enemies. The sons of thy father shall bow down to thee. Juda is a Lion's whelp. To the prey, my son, thou art gone up. Resting thou hast couched, as a Lion; and, as a Lioness, who shall rouse him. The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda; nor a ruler from his thigh; till he come, who is to be sent: and he shall be the expectation of the nations. Tying his foal to the vineyard, and his Ass, O my son! to the vine. He shall wash his robe in wine; and his garment in the blood of the grape. His eyes are more beautiful than wine; and his teeth whiter than milk.*

Without dwelling on the other parts of this prophecy, which so clearly point out, descending from Juda, the promised Messiah; the object one

day of the praise and adoration of his brethren: the invincible Lion of Juda; Apoc. 5, 5—till whose appearance the sovereign power was to remain in that tribe: we shall notice merely the more mystical, and less obvious part of this wonderful prediction; tying his Foal to the vineyard; and his Ass, O my son! to the vine.

The Ass is the animal, on which the Saviour rode, at his meekly, triumphant entry into Jerusalem: a circumstance foretold by the prophet Zacharias, chapter 9, verse 9.—The human nature is that which bore the filial deity on his humble entry into the world, among mortals. It was, as united with his divine person, the most meekly, patient, drudging and enduring of animals: the worst treated, and, like the Ass, the most despised. *I am become before thee*, says he to his heavenly father, *as a beast of burthen; and still am with thee.*—Ps. 72, 23.—*He became*, says the Psalmist, *as a worm, and no man; and the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people.*—Ps. 21. 7.—This was the Ass, which Jacob in an extacy beheld the Saviour tying to the vine: that is, binding it in the Eucharistic sacrifice to the fruit of the vine; or the juice of the grape. It was this stupendous mystery, which made Jacob, on viewing it, exclaim in a transport, *O my son! He shall wash, continues he, his robe in wine: and his garment in the blood of the grape. His robe, or stole, is his regal dress; indicating his divine dignity, or divinity. His garment or rather cloak, as in the latin, PALLIUM, which hides all, is his humanity. In the Eucharistic sacrifice both, inseparably united in his divine person, are washed in the blood of the grape.*

The Foal is the offspring of the ass; a meek, humble, and drudging race; such as the followers of Christ are in this life, like their Saviour doomed to be: or *they are not the Children of this world. These he ties to the Vineyard*; particularly in their adherence to the belief of this mystery; for in addressing them, he says: *I am the vine; ye are the branches. The branches live on the sap of the vine; so do they, on the blood of the grape, changed into the blood of the Saviour: for, except you eat my flesh, and drink my blood, says Jesus Christ, you cannot have life in you.*—John 6. Jacob knew this Eucharistic mystery to have been prefigured by the Priesthood of Melchisedech; and beheld it with astonishment displayed to him on his death bed in the light of Revelation.

His eyes are more beautiful than wine, and his teeth whiter than milk.

The oriental comparisons are always much freer and bolder than ours. Things, resembling each other but in one particular, are often compared; though widely differing; nay, wholly disagreeing, in every other: that which is particularly noticeable in the Canticle of Canticles. Hence, though at first we may think the comparison uncouth of the beauty of eyes to that of wine; on second reflection we find that the sparkling brightness of wine is not unappropriately compared to the piercing lustre of one's eyes, nor the pearly whiteness of one's teeth to the bluish whiteness of milk. It is in the living lustre of the eye, and the pure whiteness of the teeth, that the chief beauty and loveliness of the human countenance is found: and the Saviour, whom Jacob is contemplating in all his natural and supernatural comeliness, is thus also described by the psalmist, his royal progenitor:—

Thou art beautiful above the sons of men. Grace is poured abroad in thy lips, &c. Ps. 41, 3.

Jacob's prophecy concerning his other children, and the fate of their posterity, is also spoken in a spiritual as well as a temporal sense; the fulfillment of which in some is more obvious than in others. The deeds, for instance, of a Sampson, who was one of the judges in Israel, seem particularly alluded to in what he says of Dan, to whose tribe he belonged; though some think his words alluded to Antichrist; and suppose, from their tenor, that the great and final Adversary of the Saviour will be born of the tribe of Dan: and that therefore the dying patriarch, foreseeing that trying epoch when it is understood Israel will be converted; he concludes in these words:—*I will look for thy salvation, O Lord.*

In Joseph, he spies again the comeliness of the Saviour; and the desire of the daughters, that is, of the several branches, or offspring of his Church, running to and fro upon the wall to behold him; but never leaving the safe and sacred precincts of his holy city, to look for him elsewhere.

They, who hold darts provoked him, and quarrelled with him, & envied him. All this was verified in the treatment which he himself experienced here on earth, from those who had darts, that is, the power of hurting; from those in authority, the priests and rulers of the people; and it is still verified in the treatment which he meets with in the opposition to his word, and in the persecution of his Church by his enemies.

But his bow, says Jacob, rested upon the strong, that is, on the Deity: *and the bands of his hands and arms were loosed by the mighty one of Israel.* That is, the prefigured Joseph is freed like his prototype, from his bondage, or prison, the grave; and comes forth in all his strength, a pastor to feed and tend his people; first the Egyptians, or Gentiles; finally, his kindred Jews, his brethren; but in a foreign land, to which they must come, where they will find him, the stone of Israel; the stone which the builders (the legal or levitical priesthood) rejected; but which now is become the head of the corner.—Ps. 117, 22.—Matt. 21, 12,—on which is firmly founded his Church among the nations.

The God of thy father, continues Jacob, shall be thy helper; and the Almighty shall bless thee with the blessing of heaven above; with the blessings of the deep that lieth beneath; with the blessings of the breasts and of the womb.—The blessings of thy fathers are strengthened with the blessings of his fathers; until the desire of the everlasting hills shall come. May they be upon the head of Joseph, and upon the crown of the Nazarite among his brethren.—Joseph is, thus declared the comeliest, best beloved and most blest of all his brethren; the representative of him, on whom all grace and benediction descends and dwells; the growing son; rising in greatness, majesty and glory; the most exalted, because the most debased, Phil. 2, 9.—*The Nazarite; the holy and consecrated one among his brethren, among mankind, whose nature he assumed.*

In Benjamin, as is commonly understood, Jacob spies Saint Paul; the most illustrious descendant of the tribe of Benjamin.—He beholds him, as a ravenous wolf, in the morning eating his prey; in the morning of the day of truth: in the infancy of the Christian Church; consenting to the death of her first martyr, Saint Stephen; and soon after scattering and devouring the sheep of Christ; but in the evening dividing the spoil: in the end dealing out the treasures of the Saviour's merits to the faithful, the rich spoils acquired by the lion of Juda in his final triumph over all his enemies.

Chapter 50, v. 17, Joseph's brethren, after burying their father, go down and dwell with Joseph in Egypt.

The Jews, after burying the synagogue, their common parent in the spiritual sense; go down, and reside with Jesus in his Church among the Gentiles. That before doing this they must, like Joseph's brethren, commissioned by their dying parent, beseech him to forget their wickedness; and the sin and malice they had practised against him. They must worship him prostrate on the ground, and acknowledge themselves his servants. Then Jesus, hearing this, will weep over them, like Joseph: and will say to them,

as did his illustrious prototype:—*Fear not: can we resist the will of God? You thought evil against me; but God has turned it into good, that he might exalt me, as at present you see; and might save many people. Fear not, I will feed you and your children, yes, he will feed them with the plenty of his house; and give them to eat of the real manna, the living bread that came down from heaven.* John, 6.
To be continued.

THE CANADIAN WATCHMAN.

That venomous reptile, the Canadian Rattlesnake, has again crossed our path; doubtless in the hope of decoying us aside from our main purpose, the investigation of truth: and engaging us in a fool's chase through all the wriggling mazes, and dark perplexities of his rampant retreat. Let him play his instinctive art of deception against the ignorant and unwary; as his Father was permitted to do in Paradise. But, as for us, we can mock at his obtrusions. And as he is of that serpent-brood which must sound their rattle before they strike; our staff is always ready to give him a passing tap; and a tap that may some day break his coil; and send him writhing painful, to die in his native mud-hole.

QUERY TO THE WATCHMAN.

Who was the woman, between whom and the devil; and between whose seed and the devil's seed, God said he would put enmity? Who is the woman, who, he said, should crush the Serpent's head; though he should lay snares for her heel? If it is not she, whom an Archangel from Heaven addressed as his superior, with the respectful salutation *Hail*: a salutation never before nor since given by heavenly messenger to mortal being? whom the same Archangel declared *full of Grace*? if so, where was the room for sin? Whom (assuring her that the Lord was with her,) he pronounced most blessed of womankind: on whom her Cousin, Saint Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, bestows the same incense; and adds, considering her dignity, *whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?*—Who herself, in her inspired, humble and gratitude breathing Canticle, exclaims: *from henceforth shall all generations call me blessed*; that which is verified in the Catholic Church; the only Church of all generations. If she was not the woman destined to crush the tempting Serpent's head; that is, to triumph completely over him, whose wiles had triumphed over the woman; though he, the old Serpent, and his brood, by disparaging on all occasions her unrivalled worth, were to lay snares for her heel: if Mary, the Mother of God, the most blessed of womankind, was not that woman; let the ignorant and bold blasphemers, to whom this query is addressed, say what other woman was the predicted one? And what sort of Christians must those be, who can relish the profane effusions of a fanatical rhapsodist; who dares declare, in the very teeth of scripture, which all Protestants affect so to revere, that this most blessed and privileged of creatures, was nothing better than one of ourselves, a *sinful even and a depraved mortal*. Where is the scripture for this assertion? for *sinful and full of grace* do not well accord. Whom are we to be-

lieve? the Archangel, or *this son of Satan, laying snares for her heel*?

But Catholics derogate from the Saviour's mediation by asking her prayer in their behalf. Do Protestants derogate from his mediation by asking the prayers of their Brethren here on earth? But how can she know what passes here below? How do the Angels know, who, the Saviour says, rejoice so at the conversion of the sinner? or can they rejoice without knowing? and what is more secret than the inward change of the heart, which constitutes conversion? And does not the Saviour also declare that the Saints are like the Angels in Heaven? Or can the Angels rejoice in Heaven at man's conversion, and the Saints there not partake in their joy?

But Catholics by honouring and worshipping her, as they do, consider her as a Goddess, and are guilty of Idolatry, by worshipping the creature.

Is all kinds of worship Idolatry? Then if you uncover to a superior, you are guilty of Idolatry. What would you think then of bending the knee before royalty? This is surely worshipping the creature. Is it then Idolatry, a crime that damns? Catholics, and the money-hunting impostor whom we address knows it well; otherwise where has he been; or what has he read, during all the debates in the British Parliament on the Catholic question? Catholics worship none, as God, but *the eternal one in Three*, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost: and they acknowledge no mediation as available, but through Jesus Christ, our Supreme Mediator, who is God and man, the second person of the Blessed Trinity. But they honour his blessed Mother, though as a mere creature, yet as he has been pleased to honour her himself by exalting her above all creatures: and they dishonour him, who call her a *sinful and depraved creature, like any of ourselves*.

But what must we think of this rare expounder of the Scripture: who would make the Saviour address his mother in the same deprecatory sense as the Devil did the Saviour. Did he not however comply with her mere hint? Did he not work for her sake his first public miracle? And that even, as he said, before his time was come? And did she not know he would do so, for all his reply to her; since she immediately said to the waiters: *whatever he bids you do, do it*: a wonderful speech, which includes in it all the possible exhortations to the end of Time. Very different from that of the first woman addressed to man in Paradise. But that speech she never would have made, had she taken as a rebuke the Saviour's words to her.

We have not room to notice, as we could wish, what appears in the last *Watchman*, as his leading article; the polemicalrodomontade of that thrice baffled, and yet-blustering bully, the itinerant fanatic Captain Gordon: who, in a paper composed for the Bible and Tract Society, by a Cheltenham Evangelical Journalist, is represented there as overwhelming with his interrogatives, to which no room for a reply is left, three Catholic clergymen,

who had let themselves down to enter with such a raging *net* upon a public religious disputation. It is noways impossible that the brazen impudence of the strolling Evangelist, his loudly vociferated and close pressed queries; vented in an unrestrained torrent of abuse; may have scared meek and modest truth from her seat upon the bench of judgment. But the whole is evidently a pious falsehood, like thousands more, to impose upon the ignorant; and keep up the Tract and Bible-making trade, to the exclusive advantage of our money-hunting GOSPEL-PUFFERS. For what Catholic Priest, or what well instructed Catholic child, but, in calm disputation, could have answered convincingly all his stale queries; and left him, as, on similar occasions, he has ever been left, the scoff and scorn of the discerning public?

In that heterogenous jumble of cant and fanaticism, the *Christian Guardian*; that leathsome compost of mental ordure, raked together from all quarters to force a soil, which stubborn nature has refused; and render fertile an unconvertible *caput mortuum* of sear and cauterized ignorance; we observe from some soiled scraps of the late Bishop Heber's lucubrations, thrown purposely in our way, that the hopeful compound has lately received a precious addition to its putrescent amalgama.—When we happen, as, we intend some day, to pass near this agglomerated nuisance; we shall clear away with a clean sweeping-broom, after however stopping our noses, all the scattered filth and impure scraps that obstruct the thoroughfare of the decent passenger.

Were the *Guardian* and *Watchman* as really *Christian*, as they pretend to be: they could not have shewn so fell a hatred, and so indiscriminating a spirit of antipathy against *The Catholic* at its very first appearance: especially as it offered no attack; but simply sought to exhibit in their true light the much misrepresented doctrines of the Catholic Church: and, above all, as it contained arguments in favour of Christianity at large, which none, but downright *Infidels* could censure or disrelish. Yet, *The Catholic in toto* has been disrelished and attacked from its earliest outset by these two hired organs of a foreign pelf, place, and power-hunting sect, and that too, with such outrageous, virulent and unmeasured abuse, as betrays the very reverse of Christian meekness and a love of truth. But, in the hurry of their onset, they have luckily dropped their sheep-skin covering: and they now stand confessed before the public two hungry, growling wolves, close *watching* for their prey. Dear and esteemed Countrymen! Let it never be said, that in slighting the learning and unanimous testimony of the whole Catholic world, you have been brought to such a pass of doctrinal uncertainty, as to mistake for Gospel truth and evangelical sanctity, the vague assertions, or conjectural surmises; the cant, the rant, and hypocritical whinnings of every spiritual quack that scours the country for love of lucre: of every ignorant upstart, and self-styled Apostle.

SELECTED.

THE BIBLE AND RELIGIOUS TRACT MANIA.
Continued.

But let us go on. "Thousands of heathens are now perishing for want of the gospel; our own country is in want of Christian ministers—[none are Christians but the Orthodox, or Presbyterians, rather] we want 70,000 ministers, and 25,000, competent, religious teachers." There is an army for you. They must have a missionary revenue of \$748,323,000,* and there is enough to pay it.—These pious young men would leave St. Paul, if he were now on earth, in the back ground; they would not be caught in his company—St. Paul coveted no man's silver nor gold; he labored with his own hands. Which of our priests was ever seen at work? Which of them can say he never coveted any man's silver or gold? Which of them can say he does not receive it? Is it St. Ely, of Philadelphia, St. Beecher, of Boston, or St. Spring, of New York? Let these reverend saints answer the question. These three or four thousand dollar saints would not invite St. Paul into their houses. Now these are Bible men, missionary men—do they ever read the Bible? If they do, what do they think of this part of it? If the Bible has such an effect on them, as to make them notorious robbers and swindlers—a disgrace not only to the Christian name, but to human nature, for God's sake keep it from the heathen. But let us hear more preaching—one Reverend Mr. L., in one of our towns, after saying every thing that the ingenuity of the most consummate villain could say, to get money, concludes thus—"And, my friends if you leave this house without contributing your mite, you need not think of saving your money thereby: for the Lord will have it, some way or another. If you do not give it voluntarily, he will burn your houses, destroy your shipping and merchandise, and blast your hopes forever"† My opinion, is, that in a century from this, there will not be a priest, person, clergyman, or whatever you please to call them in the United States. These scandalous proceedings will rouse the indignation of the country, and those pirates will be sacrificed to the vengeance of an insulted people. All the people are not fools. Their Lord must be the d—l, beyond all doubt. But let us hear more—I have hardly patience enough to copy such blasphemy against common sense. Listen to what they put into our Saviour's mouth: "Imagine yourself at the bar of God, and listen to what Christ may be supposed to say to the man who witholds God's property—(money)—"Could you not have parted with a portion of your property to procure that for which I laid down my life? Was your property more precious than my blood, that you could not part with a portion to save immortal souls?" Now see the logic by which the ignorant are gulled. In the first place, if Christ has laid down his life to save immortal souls, the thing is done already, without

money; and the plain fact is as clear as day light, that money cannot save immortal souls—if it could, there would have been no need of Christ's death; for I dare say, by raking and seraping heaven and earth, if money could have redeemed mankind, (as we had no missionaries then) enough might have been raised for the purpose.

Such abominable language from people calling themselves christians, would disgrace a Turk; and I should think, ought to rouse even our women;—but there's the rub, while they have the women, it is easy to gull the men. I would ask my sex, if they can be so blind to those wicked priests? it is impossible they can; but I have no hopes of reclaiming my sex, after what I have seen and heard myself; "a'nt he a dear man?" and "Oh! I love my minister." But I may be the means of keeping others out of their fangs. I must say, that no lady, who regards her reputation, would run after these blackcoats. It is bad enough to be run after by them; and if ye must give money, (I would stop working for them, for shame sake, and give your old rags and clothes to the aged poor and orphan children) give it for some wise national purpose; give it to construct roads and canals; give it to some generous sect, to found schools and colleges; employ it in adorning the minds of your children; found poor-houses, and asylums for orphans; your bounty would then be a common benefit, it would enrich the country, and perpetuate your names to latest posterity; and not give it to a thankless rabble, an army of pirates, who are by this very money, wielding fetters to bind you, overturn your liberties and enslave your offspring, as I shall show presently. What good has been done by all they have received; those vast sums are lost to mankind? These Dondismals never gave a piece of bread to the beggar in their lives; you might as well expect to "see a soul come out of Pandemonium," as a dollar from the bottomless pocket of a missionary.

But let us see what effect all this pious preaching, and this ribaldry, of Societies, and Tracts, and Bibles, and Sunday Schools, &c. has had on people in our own country. If they cannot reform themselves, how can they convert the heathen?—How many have they converted? They have converted a great many into detestable hypocrites, but how many to Christianity? Look at the state of Society in our towns—in every street. Old age is insulted, the poor are neglected, drunkenness, thefts, robberies, murders, debaucheries, divisions, broils, and strife abound. Let your state-prisons and work-houses speak—let the rabble in your streets testify against you. How can ye say to the heathen, "Let me pull the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam is in thine own eye?" Well may the heathen say, "Physician, heal thyself."—If the heathen were to come this way, they would catch the gospel spreaders at dirty work. They would detect them in acts of which no savage was ever guilty. When these vile hypocrites equal the heathen in virtue and hospitality, it will be time enough to preach the gospel to them. It is mockery, and the height of impudence, to talk of civilizing the heathen, when you have not been able to civilize yourselves.

We will now see what the third division of pious young men are about, viz. those who are sent off for a sham. It appears they amount to forty-two in number—now the deception appears! the mask drops—forty-two—and is it to support these forty-

two missionaries, that the country is pillaged; that the labor of the honest poor swallowed up; silly women held in bondage; the widow and orphan stripped; private calamity; individuals and whole families reduced to want and beggary? Hence crime, and "all the ills that flesh is heir to;" and the poorhouse, the workhouse, and the jail, become their final resort. Contented with the fleece, these swindlers care not for the flock.

But let us examine the vast revenue pretended to be raised, to send the gospel to the heathen by these forty-two missionaries; as the whole of their societies were at first got up under this pretence. The American Board of Foreign Missions, has 1317 associations belonging to it; how many individuals belong to each of these, I know not; but the Board received from them, last year, (1827) \$44,000—from additional agents and auxiliaries, \$38,000—from fifteen (only) benevolent societies, \$356,163! A pretty good outfit for forty-two missionaries. We might add the \$101,000 raised in one evening's time, only, by St. Lyman, a few nights ago, in New-York; and a great deal that is hid from profane eyes. We do not include any part of the other pious revenue; this is for the foreign missions, and little doubt but it is double, as the Board expended \$104,430, last year, (1827.) How this was spent, is a secret which may come to light, ere long.

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 public 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 miete 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. Ou s'attend que la moitie de l'abonnement annuel, sera paye d'avance, et envoye par chacun, avec son adresse, franc de post, a T. Dalton. U. C.

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* Zion's call must be the d—l's call.
† The name of the priest is at the service of any one who may wish to know it.