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# The Catholic.

Quod semper; quod ubique; quod ab omnibus.

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## ORIGINAL.

### ON THE VALUE OF TIME.

*Why stand you here all the day idle? Matt. xx. 6.*

THIS is the question which our Lord in the gospel puts to all those, who neglect to work in his service during the short day of their mortal life: who squander away their precious time in doing nothing to the purpose; or in doing every thing, but that, which it is their indispensable duty, and main interest, to do.

There is nothing so unaccountable as the folly of mankind in mispending their time. Some pass their whole life in idleness, useless to themselves, to their country, and to their fellow-creatures.—Others plunge into the hurry of business, and mingle in the bustle and tumult of human affairs.—Some seem born only to enjoy the fleeting pleasures of this world; and by the variety of their amusements and pastimes study only to beguile care, and that tedious irksomeness of life, which always pursues them close at the heels, how fast soever they seek to fly before it. Others, while they strive by their painful endeavours, to heap together the perishable goods of this life, deny themselves the necessary time to lay in proper stores for the life to come.

Thus Time seems a common enemy, whom all men seem to have conspired to make away with. Their whole life seems but one continued study how to get rid of it: and those are always deemed the most happy, who succeed best in contriving how to make it appear short; who feel least of its weight, and who are least sensible of its duration. Their frivolous amusements, or more serious occupations, are sweet and agreeable, only in as far as they seem to abridge their days and hours; and to make them pass away so insensibly as scarcely to be perceived till they are gone, and gone for ever.

Time, that precious depositum with which our God had entrusted us, is then become a heavy, an insupportable burthen to us! It is true, we would consider it as the greatest of misfortunes to be wholly deprived of it: but then when it is ours, we cannot support the tediousness of its duration. It is a treasure, which we would for ever keep, but which we are also impatient to waste and to squander away.

Nevertheless it is on the right use of this time, which we seem to value so little at present, that our happiness for eternity depends. Time then is of all things the most precious: but it is precious only in as far as it is well employed. We must

then employ it well, in order to render it precious. It shall therefore be my endeavour at present to shew how great the value of time, if well employed, may be; in order to induce you to employ it well. This shall be the whole subject of my discourse to you on the present occasion.

There are four considerations, which if properly attended to, must convince us of the exceeding great value of time; and these considerations deserve your utmost attention. Time is precious, 1°. Because it was purchased for us at an infinite price. 2°. Because if well employed, the advantages it produces are nothing less than infinite.—3°. Because it is very uncertain as to its duration: and 4°. Because, when lost, it is irreparable.

1°. The value of any thing is best known by the price paid down for it, if the purchaser is too good a judge to be overreached in the bargain. But here, my dear Christians, the purchaser is God himself, who cannot be deceived: and the price paid down for our time is nothing less than the sufferings and death of his only Son made man.—For you must recollect that by the sin of our first parents we had all of us forfeited our time. The dreadful sentence passed upon our first father Adam, extended to all his posterity, *In what day soever thou eatest the fruit of the tree, whereof I have forbidden thee to eat, thou shalt die the death.* Gen. ii. Our fate was inseparably linked with his. We were to be his children, and consequently his heirs. Had he never swerved from his duty, the kingdom of heaven, the promised reward of his obedience, was ours by inheritance. But as he fell by sin from his happy state, and incurred the divine displeasure, it was ours to share with him in the punishment of his transgression; and this punishment was death. *By one man, says St. Paul, has sin entered into the world, and by sin death.* Rom. v. 12. All our time was then at an end. Or if we had been suffered to make our appearance in this world for a while, it were only to entail death, and all its unhappy consequences on our wretched posterity; when having fulfilled the dreadful purposes of God's justice, we were doomed to become successively the prey of death; and to be cast forth for ever from the face of the Lord.

In this dreadful situation, born as we were but to die; or, if permitted for a while to linger here, when life itself was become a curse, and but the occasion of augmenting our guilt, by adding actual to original sin: when all our endeavours to effect a reconciliation with our offended God were of no avail; what would we not have given, what would we not have done or suffered in order to obtain the smallest portion of this time of mercy, of grace and

salvation, which we at present enjoy? Almighty God might have treated us, as he did the rebel angels, and denied us the possibility of being ever reconciled with him any more. Nay, his justice called aloud for satisfaction, and pressed the execution of the sentence pronounced against us.

But here his mercy interposes herself in our behalf; and thrusts herself between us and his avenging justice. The Deity is moved with a pity for lost man, which he had not felt for the rebel angels. He cannot bear to see his child of predilection, his last born, but the most beloved of all his creatures perish; and perish, not so much through any malice originating with himself, as through that of the infernal serpent, by whom he had been seduced. He therefore resolves to save him, and at whatever cost, to rescue him from utter destruction.

Great God! but how then shall thy insenced justice be appeased! She demands a full and complete satisfaction for our sins; and a price adequate to the value of that time, which was to be restored. But who shall be able to make the atonement required; or to pay up the enormous sum stated to our account? *O the death of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways! For who has known the mind of the Lord, or who has been his counsellor?* Rom. xii. This debt of satisfaction, which all the creatures together could never have paid off, he himself resolves to cancel. And as man was the one by whom it was due, and of whom it was required, in order to render him capable of clearing it, he even deigns to take upon himself our nature, and to unite his own divinity so closely with our humanity, as that God was man, and man was God. Thus man, as God was able to cancel our debt, and to blot out the hand-writing that stood against us. *Coloss. i. ii. 14.* And God, as man, of whom satisfaction was exacted, could atone for sins committed by man. In this mystery is verified that saying of the Psalmist: *Mercy and truth have met each other; Justice and Peace have kissed.* Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

But to what humiliation did not this God-Man submit in order to complete the great work of our redemption! Ah, Christians! how dearly has he bought back for us this time, which we undervalue so much, and are apt to throw away with so little concern! *He became says the Psalmist as a worm and no man; the reproach of men and the outcast of the people.* Ps. cxi. 7.

Born into this world of a poor and humble maid, he had scarce made his appearance among the

children of Adam, when they, whom he had come to save, already began to persecute him unto death. His whole life was but one continued scene of extreme poverty; in so much that he himself was heard to say: *the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes have their lurking holes: but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head.* Matt. vii. 20. The Lord and Master of all things wanted for every thing. And while he so plentifully ministered to the wants of all his creatures, he denied himself so much as a home of his own, or a covering to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather.

But not to speak of his poverty, nor of the monstrous ingratitude which he met with from those among whom he was pleased to be born; whom he honoured with his presence in the flesh, and blessed with the sight of his stupendous miracles, and the hearing of his heavenly doctrine: to say nothing of the manner in which they contemned and persecuted, reviled and blasphemed him: let us but take a view of this Man-God in the last stage of his mortal existence, when about to discharge the last farthing of that debt, which was owing to divine justice; and then let us imagine, if we can, the value of that time, for the recovery of which, when lost, so great a price was paid.

Behold him in the garden of Gethsemani, loaded, like the emissary goat, with the sins of men, (*Ler. xvi. 10.*) ready to expire under the pressure of so grievous a load; and in the excess of his agony, bleeding at every pore. See him next betrayed by his bosom friend into the hands of his enemies, by whom he is insulted, blindfolded, buffeted, and spit upon. By whom he is clothed with a fool's coat, and treated as a fool; scourged at a pillar, and crowned with thorns, vested in derision with a purple robe, and, in this guise of a mock king, insulted with the feigned and ludicrous homage of a vile and lawless soldiery, who smite him on the head with a reed, which they put as a sceptre into his hand. By whom, in fine, after seeing a Barabas, the worst of men, preferred before him; being now abandoned by all his friends, and, as it were, for a moment even by his heavenly father; he, the glory of Israel, and the expectation of the nations, is nailed to an ignominious cross between two thieves; on which, like a common malefactor, he at length expires.

Then indeed was the atonement for our sins completed. Then was our peace with the offended Deity ratified and signed with the last drop of the blood of a God made man. Then were the gates of heaven, which had hitherto been shut against all the children of Adam, thrown open. The mystical veil of the sanctuary was torn asunder, and the *Holy of Holies* no longer concealed from our view. Already the grave begins to yield up its dead; and the holy city witnesses the first fruits of the resurrection. Even death itself, once so terrible, is now become more the object of our hope than of our fear: and that which was to have been the gate conducting to endless misery, has now become the entry into never-ending bliss.

O Divine Goodness, who has stretched forth thine almighty arm to save us when about to be swallowed up for ever in the bottomless abyss! Who thyself hast drunk off the cup of sorrow, in order to spare us the bitter draught! O what return can we ever make thee for all thy favors? But thou askest nothing but our love: O thou author of all our good; and only wishest us to profit of all all thy endeavours to secure us that eternal happiness for which thou hast created us: nor ever to be so mad any more as to throw away upon trifles the precious moments of a life, which thou hast purchased for us at so dear a rate.

2°. But if, from the consideration of the price paid down for the recovery of our time we pass on to consider the immense advantages accruing to us from the right employment of it; we shall find that not only in whole, but in every part, it may be made infinitely valuable to us. For although God, on account of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, might indeed have restored us to our forfeited inheritance, only on condition that we never sin again, and that our whole life, from the first dawn of reason till our departure out of this world, be spent in the most exact observance of his commandments. yet he has been pleased to accommodate his mercy more to our weakness; and besides leaving us in the sacrament of penance a second laver of regeneration, in which, if truly contrite, we are washed anew from the defilements of actual sin; besides having instituted other sacraments for our further sanctification and preservation; he has, in order to give our time its full value extended the merits of the incarnation, sufferings and death of his only Son, to any good actions we perform for his sake: and has given those actions a merit and a value in his sight which they would not have had, even in our original state of innocence.— Thus he has put it in our power to be every moment of our life bettering our condition in the world to come; and by labouring diligently in the practice of those virtues which he recommends, to make that weight of glory, which awaits us in the kingdom of heaven, much greater than it would have been even if Adam had never fallen. Nay, he has attached this increase of our future glory to our most ordinary and indifferent actions, if performed with the proper intention, that is, with a view to please him: in so much as he himself declares, *even a cup of cold water given in his name shall not its want reward.* Matt. vi. 20. No actions surely can be more common and indifferent than eating and drinking; and yet even these, according to St. Paul, may be done *for the glory of God*: and, if done for the glory of God, they necessarily deserve an eternal reward. *Whether you eat or drink, says he, or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God.* 1 Cor. x. 31. So that, according to this great apostle, we can do nothing, that is innocent, which may not add something to our glory and happiness in the life to come. How precious then must that time be, every moment of which, if well employed, may secure to us some additional, eternal, and consequently infinite reward!

Indeed, if there is any thing, which the saints in heaven can regret, it is only the loss of their once precious time, by the right use of which they might have raised themselves to a still higher degree of glory in heaven, than even that to which they have attained.

Christians! what have we been doing hitherto? Have we been laying out to interest the precious talent with which we have been entrusted? or have we not rather, like the wicked and unprofitable servant, mentioned in the gospel, buried it in the ground, (*Matt. xxvi. 25.*) by minding only the things that are on the earth, and not the things that are above. Coloss. iii. It is well, if instead of augmenting our stock, we have rather increased our debt, by adding daily new sins to the former. Let us then now at last begin to set our accounts in order, to repair our past losses, and to make the best of that part of our time which as yet remains, that we may not have the misfortune some day to hear that dreadful and irrevocable sentence passed upon us, which was passed on the slothful servant: *Take him, said his Lord, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into exterior darkness, there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.*

3°. It is true we are apt to flatter ourselves that at some future period of life we will exert ourselves to repair the time we have lost; that some day or other we will take care so to settle our accounts with our Judge as to have nothing to fear, but rather all to hope from his sentence. But, besides that it is an article of faith that we cannot make the least step towards our eternal salvation, without the grace of God; and that he seldom fails to withdraw it from those, who make it only a pretence for continuing to offend him; who has made us so very sure of that time which is to come? or who has measured out to us so very exactly the length of the race, which we have yet to run? Tell me then, if you can, how many years, how many months, weeks, days, or hours as yet remain, ere you may be summoned hence to give an account of your stewardship! Alas, so far from knowing that we shall have time sufficient to make up for the past, and to provide for an eternity to come; we cannot so much as assure ourselves of pushing life beyond the last point, to which it has arrived. Only the present moment is ours; the next may belong not to us, but to those who have survived us.

This third consideration of the uncertainty of time, ought to make us prize it the more; as, when least expecting it, and in the twinkling of an eye, we may be deprived of it for ever. What folly is, it not then to neglect making our best of it, while we may: not to seize the fleeting moments, as they pass, and distinguish each of them by some good action or other, which shall be remembered when time shall be no more! The very heathens of old could not help valuing time the more because of its uncertainty and the shortness of its duration.— *As our life is short,* says Sallust, *we should be the more diligent in performing great and useful actions; lest, like the brutes, that study only to satisfy their appetites, we waste our life in indo-*

tence and inactivity. And Seneca in particular gives us to understand how much it is to be prized for the same reason, in one of his emphatical sentences: *No avarice says he, is honourable, but that of time. Nulla est honesta, avaritia, nisi temporis.* The Roman Emperor Titus, when he happened to let slip any day, without having done any action, particularly good, was wont to exclaim with regret: *Diem perdidit; I have lost a day.* How such instances even among the pagans ought to confound the slothful Christian, to whom time should seem, as it really is, infinitely more precious, for the reasons already alledged.

But to bring the subject more home to us by a supposed example. Imagine, if you please, a man entrusted by a friend with a very large sum of money; the use and interest of which for a time not specified, is entirely at his own disposal; what would you think of such a person if, instead of laying it out to interest; and thus, while he may, providing abundantly for the future exigencies of life; he busied himself only in scattering it up and down along the highways, and in throwing it away on every body whom he chanced to meet? Or were it to be wondered at, if at some unexpected moment the owner make his appearance, and finding not only his money without interest, but wholly wasted and squandered away, should order him to be severely punished for having so unwarrantably disposed of what did not properly belong to him?

But the case of this imaginary madman is exactly our own. Almighty God has entrusted us with our time, as with a sum of immense value. By laying it out to interest, that is, by employing it in the practice of good works, we may not only make abundant provision for a never-ending eternity; but as we have above shewn, we may be every moment purchasing for ourselves new honours and dignities in the kingdom of heaven; and yet although we know not how soon this treasure may be taken from us, we not only neglect to lay it out to interest; but like the madman just now described, we seem quite impatient to get rid of it at any rate. The very keeping of this inestimable treasure seems to us a most disagreeable charge; and without reflecting on the fatal consequences of such a conduct, we throw it away in heaps, and, as it were, in the lump, upon every trifling pretence or occasion; and in proportion as our stock is diminished, we seem to think the weight of our burthen decreased.

Christians! let us now at last be wise. Let us henceforth begin to make up for our past losses by our future care and diligence. To be sure, that part of our time, which is gone, can never be recalled; but still that part of it, which is yet to come, is wholly at our own disposal. And if we know not how much of it as yet remains, let this be but an additional motive for us to prize it the more, and to husband well all the moments, which God is still pleased to allow us. Often have we deserved, on account of our sins to have forfeited all our time: and yet our God has hitherto prolonged it; so that our present life is nothing less

than a miracle of his goodness and mercy. For every mortal sin we have had the misfortune to commit, we deserved to die, and to have been plunged for ever into the flames of hell. The dreadful sentence of condemnation was then passed upon us, when the crime was perpetrated; and yet, our Lord has suspended the execution of it, in order still to allow us time to repent. This time of reprieve, which his mercy has granted us, shall we employ it only to augment our guilt, and thus provoke him to put an end to it? O, this were madness indeed; for if once the time of our reprieve is ended, there is no more room left for mercy. If once the short day of our life, during which we may labour, is brought to a close, it shall never more return; but a dreadful and eternal night immediately succeeds, in which, as our Saviour says *no man can work.* John ix. 4. And hence the fourth great and last motive for valuing our time: because, when lost, it is irreparable; when past and gone it can never be recalled.

4°. Indeed, if our life, when finished, could be renewed, or time, when lost, restored, our folly in wasting it to no purpose, and in squandering it away so profusely, might then be less. But you know, dear Christians! that those who have once passed the gates of death, have passed them never to return: and that the fate of such is decided for eternity, either to reign for ever happy with God in heaven, or to suffer with the devils and the damned in the fiery dungeons of hell. Now which ever of these two alternatives may fall to our lot, after death, and either of them must be our portion for ever; we shall have but too much reason to regret our precious time, when lost, because it can never be recalled.

The Saints who are once admitted to the beatific vision, who see God face to face, and mingle with the glorious princes of his household, are indeed, incapable of regretting with any degree of sorrow the loss of any portion of their time; because they are now completely happy, having attained their last end, which is God. He is their center, to which they were ever tending; and having at last arrived within their sphere, each at his own distance, they continue for ever to move around him, and shine resplendent with the splendour of his Majesty. But yet, to whatever degree of glory they are raised, if we except the blessed Virgin Mother of our Lord, and perhaps some other privileged individuals besides, their glory might still have been greater, had their lives in this world been full; that is, had they improved all the moments of their time; or had they employed them in the practice of the more heroic virtues. For in my Father's house, says our Lord, there are many mansions, many different degrees of glory: And again, *I will render,* says he, *to every one according to his works.* And can those blessed souls be sensible of this, and not feel in some degree for the irreparable loss, irreparable even to them of every the smallest portion of that precious time which once was their's. There is indeed nothing they could desire on earth but the opportunity of time, by the right employment of which they might augment their glory, and

render themselves worthy of drawing nearer to that God, whom they so ardently love. And if, as I said, they feel no such regret for it, as could in the smallest degree impair their bliss, it is on account of the fulness of that bliss, which they now enjoy; and which, though it might indeed have been greater, is yet too great to leave any room for regret. It is because they are now drowned in an ocean of delight, of which, though without satiety, they are full. It is, in fine, on account of the extreme joy they must feel at the thought of the dangers they have escaped: and because, having now no other will, but that of the Deity, they desire nothing, but what he desires; they love nothing, but what he loves; nor wish or want any thing more than what they now so fully possess. Yet are they not insensible of the loss they have sustained, in having let slip unimproved the smallest portion of the time of their mortal life, especially when they now so clearly perceive to what a still greater height of glory it might have exalted them in the kingdom of their heavenly father.

But if we can suppose the blessed in heaven sensible in any degree of the loss of only a portion of their time; how keen and thrilling must be the regret which the damned shall feel for the loss of all their time; and with what bitter, but fruitless lamentations shall they lament their misfortune, which, alas! admits of no redress! O to them how precious would the smallest portion of that time seem which to us appears of so little value; nay, which we often wish past, and thus struck off from our life, as irksome, tedious, and insupportable! Fools that we are, we little know the value of that time which we at present enjoy. But woe to those who only learn to appreciate time when time shall be no more! What would not a damned soul give for one of those hours, which we throw away on idle conversation, on frivolous amusements, or waste in doing nothing to the purpose? Or is there any thing within the whole compass of nature, which she would prefer to a few moments of time, during which she might repent; if by repentance she could but atone for her past guilt; if with floods of tears she could but wash away the horrid stain of mortal sin that defiles her, and extinguish the wrath of an angry God? And suppose a few hours of time allowed her for this purpose; how would she spend them? Good God, Christians, what a penitent should we then see! The sight alone would strike us dead with horror; nor could we endure even to behold the severities she would exercise upon herself in order to appease her offended God. And, indeed, all the severities she could inflict upon herself were as nothing, or but like an amusement compared with those she must otherwise endure from the chastising hand of the offended Deity. But, alas! no such time shall ever be allowed her; for if any time, however short, were allowed her to repent, hell would be no longer hell; nor eternity eternity. For ever, then, must she dwell in those gloomy regions of never ending despair. For ever, must she mingle her outcries and lamentations, with the shrieks and groans, the howlings and yells

lings of her companions in misery, and for ever must she continue to be tossed in tempests and whirlwinds of fire and brimstone in the deep unquenchable abyss. *Fire and brimstone, and the spirit of whirlwinds shall be the portion of their cup forever. Ps. x. 7.*

Ah, Christians, Christians! may the fate of such an unhappy soul never be ours! But then it will certainly be ours, if we continue to undervalue our precious time, and to mispend it, as we have hitherto done. She too once had time, abundance of time, by the right employment of which she might have more than secured her eternal salvation: but, like us, she threw it away upon vanities, or used it for every purpose save that for which it had been given her. Wherefore is the light of her short day extinguished in darkness, and in the horrors of eternal light. The incestimable gift, which she knew not how to prize, so long as she enjoyed it, is at last taken from her: and now, too late, alas! she prizes it, when deprived of it for ever.

And shall we, who still enjoy that time, which, when lost to us, God himself thought worth the purchasing for us at so dear a rate; that time, every moment of which, if well employed, may add something to our glory and happiness in the life to come; that time, which is so very uncertain as to its duration; that time, in fine, which, when lost, is irrecoverable; and for the recovery of which a soul in hell would give a thousand worlds: shall we I say, who still enjoy that precious time, be so very mad as to continue still to throw away upon trifles; and to spend it in the vain pursuit of the momentary pleasures of this life? Shall we still think it long and tedious? Shall we repine at the seeming length of its duration? Shall we wish it abridged of, such huge portions of it as often seem to lie heavy upon us? Shall we plunge into the whirlpool of business, or run round in the enchanting circle of amusements, that, being thus intoxicated with the giddy rotation, we may be induced to imagine it short. Short it is, my dear Christians: and of itself is very short; and God knows how short it may be to us; but, if we are wise, we will strive to make the best of it while we may. Nor let us trust any more to our future endeavours. Let us begin from this very moment to employ it well. The future is not ours; only the present is ours. Then let us seize the present moment lest it be our last. Often have we resolved to begin in earnest to serve our God. As often perhaps have we broken our resolutions. Then let us first begin in earnest, and afterwards resolve.

Nor is it any thing very hard or impracticable which our God requires of us; or any thing, in the performance of which he himself is not always ready to help us by his all-powerful grace. Only to love him above all things, as he every way deserves; and to hate and shun more than any other evil the sovereign evil of sin. Only, in a word, to sanctify our actions, by the habitual intention of doing them all to his honour and glory, and in this manner, to endeavour to improve all the moments of our precious time. Then shall our life be full. Then,

*whether we eat or drink, or whatever else we do, we shall then do all to the glory of God.* Thus, by making that use of our time, which God intends we should, we shall in the end secure to ourselves the reward which he has annexed to the right employment of it, the enjoyment of himself and a happy eternity.

ON TIME AND ETERNITY.

WHAT art thou, Time; or whence? say, when began Thy silent, ceaseless course? And whither tends? Forth from th' eternal deep th' Almighty pour'd Thy tide o'er flowing; and, with ebbsweep sweep, Till in its parent main engulf'd and lost, Bade all his works thy circling torrent roll, Earth, sun and moon, and stary host of heav'n, And all that each contains.—Yet not with thee Is all thou bring'st coeval; nor endures.— Of later birth a swifter passing train Of objects on thy flood are drifting seen, And, soon as seen, successive disappear. For, thick as leaves strew'd by th' autumnal gale, All o'er thy surface broad are floating flung The wreck of seasons; and our toiling race Amid their ruin'd works, in various groups This way and that convolv'd, and rapid whirl'd In boiling eddies round: or borne away, And by th' impetuous current dragg'd diverse, Least as they'd list: till, ever and anon Close verging on th' abyss, thou to thy liege Frequent emit the tributary stream: When sudden down each nearing atom starts, Snatch'd hasty from the motley drifting throng, And disappoints th' observer's earnest gaze. Thus onward fast our generations glide, Still each to each successive roll'd away; And daily some acquaintance, parent, friend, Down death's rough channel darting disappears.

Yet say, why from th' original infinite Thyself not infinite wast bid to flow; When first th' omnipotent, essential being Bade all that is to be; and o'er the void Pour'd forth his orbs refulgent, worlds on worlds? Did then eternity, at his command Her flood-gates open'ng, send the rushing forth To wait whate'er, not perishable doom'd, From nothing's womb his word creative call'd; And all, in fine, lodge head-long, with thyself. In her vast ocean of vitality; Existence thence perpetual to derive, Such as from infinite the finite may? For hers is but th' existence of a God, Who was not, nor will be; but ever is Unchangeably the same; to whom alone Nor future is, nor past, but present all.

Thou to his creatures mak'st all present past, O Time, and future present: thou their deeds Faithful record'st; and met'st out merit's term; Ordain'd to creatures rational and free: Not free, as rational, how could they yield Mete homage grateful of obedience due, And praise to their great Maker? How, or bliss, Their portion just, or woe, their doom, deserve? By him, no boon, may bliss be freely giv'n, As from its boundless source may partial good. To glad th' all needful creatures, freely flow: Though nobler far the gift by him bestow'd, The means to win, and make that bliss their own. Not so may he, supremely just and good, His creatures guiltless e'er to pain consign; Or bid, not meriting, of sorrow's cup One drop diminutive reluctant taste? Yet who not here the bitter portion sips, Dealt out as regular as our daily fare? And, if not one, then all are guilty shew'n: Though shew'n not hopeless.—In th' inflicted pain But partial; in the bitter draught, still mix'd With many a tempting sweet, they clear may spy Hear'n's gracious purpose, and their suffering's end.

For these, immortal made, was pour'd abroad Time's deluge wide o'er whelming; these to bear, From nothing's empire late stupendous won, With reluctant ware back on the vast abyss, Th' eternal home of intellectual being.

There, from their place when earth and heav'n are mov'd, And, reeling from their spheres, the stars are hurl'd To ruin: these, beyond the tumult plac'd, And crush of worlds, devoted haunts of sin, Now reach'd th' shore, shall nature's wreck survive, Expos'd to Time's vicissitudes no more.

THE PROTESTANT, OR NEGATIVE FAITH, REFUTED, AND THE CATHOLIC, OR AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, DEMONSTRATED FROM SCRIPTURE.

Continued.

II.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

THE only other sacrament which Protestants admit; and that but nominally, since with them it is nothing but common bread and wine; is what they call the *Lord's supper*.

Is this then, will they say, the promised fulfilment of all the ancient figures; the Paschal Lamb; the wonderous manna, and all the unbloody sacrifices; particularly that of Melchisedech? Do all these mystical types and shadows point but at the baker's loaf, and wine-merchant's cheapest beverage? Is this the marriage banquet of the *King's son* to which we are all so formally invited! *Matt. 22, 2.* This the sumptuous feast prepared for us by wisdom herself? *Prov. 9.* Has she then no better fare to treat us with, after all her preparations, than a mere earthy crust; and the simple juice of the grape? unsanctified, but as our ordinary meals are, with the sinner's suppliant benediction; not consecrated and changed by the omnipotent word of God pronounced over them by his appointed organs, the lawful successors of those, whom he commanded to do just what he himself, the incarnate Deity had done; that is, to make these elements what he then, with truth declared them to be, his very body, about to be bruised and broken for us; and his very blood, about to be shed for the remission of our sins? Is all; what wisdom divine bids so pressingly her guests to eat, but a niggard morsel and scanty sip of those corruptible elements, intended only for the short support of our mortal bodies? O, no: her's is a food divine; a sweet, a nourishing; an immortalizing repast for our better half, the soul. Her table is that *spread for us against those who afflict us: Ps. 22, 5.* on which is displayed *Messiah's best and most beautiful gift: the wheat of the chosen ones; and the wine germinating virgins. Zach. 9, 27.* Still in her house, the Saviour's Church, built, not on sand, but on the rock; *Matth. 7, 24. ibid 16, 18.* and reared and resting on her seven pillars, the sacraments; she immolates her victims; mixes her wine; sets forth her table; and sends her maids to invite to the tower, and to the walls of her city; not the worldly wise and great; but whosoever is a little one, says she, let him come to me: and to the unwise, that is, to those simple enough to believe on her word alone all she tells them concerning her wonderous feast; to those therefore accounted fools, by the incredulous, for not relying on their own erroneous judgments, rather than on her infallible declaration: to these unwise she says: *come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine, which I have mixed for you. Leave off childishness; and live; and walk in the ways of prudence.—Prov. 9.*

If we wish to be more particularly informed as to the nature of Wisdom's Banquet; let us hear herself, in her visible shape assumed, explain it, as she does, in the clearest terms imaginable; for her

banquet is no other than the Saviour's feast; which he describes to us, as follows:—

"I am, says he, the living bread, that came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world. Amen, amen. I say unto you; unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood; you shall not have life in you. For my flesh is meat indeed; my blood is drink indeed. He who eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him. As the living Father has sent me; and as I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, the same also shall live by me. This is the bread that came down from heaven: not as our fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth this bread, shall live forever.—These things he said, teaching in the synagogue at Caphernaum. John vi. 32. &c.

The promise of this living and life-giving bread; he verified at his last supper: when, after eating with his apostles the figurative paschal lamb; he concluded the mystic feast by fulfilling the figure; giving to them himself, the true paschal lamb, the divine food and nourishment of their souls: and desiring them, the pastors of his church, to do the same; even that, which he himself had just done; that is, to change the elements by the all efficient word of him, who created them, into his living body and blood, & distribute them, as such, to the rest of the faithful. For, taking the bread, he blessed it, and broke it, and gave it to them, saying: take and eat; this is my body:—and taking the chalice, he gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many, for the remission of sins.—Matt. xxvi. 26.

Take and eat; this is my body, says Jesus Christ. It is not your body, says the Protestant, but only common bread, taken and eaten as a figure of your body.—Drink ye all of this, says the Saviour; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many, for the remission of sins.—It is not your blood of the New Testament, says the Protestant, but merely wine, which was never shed for the remission of sins.—Can any two declarations be more opposite and contradictory than these? God's affirmation is here again met, as in paradise, by the devil's negation. Where in all scripture does the Protestant find this negative sense of the Saviour's plain affirmative declaration? In the concluding words of the institution, whispers the father of negatives, to all who give ear to him. You will find, says he, (the lying fiend) who durst quote Scripture to tempt even the Saviour, that in these words—Do this in memory of me, the negation is contained of the Saviour's affirmation: for, if what he gave was himself; how can he be a memorial of himself?—Why may not a prince, for instance, present, together with his chosen fellow actors in the drama, his former exploits and achievements for his people? And would this be less a memorial of himself, as he formerly was, for the good of his people, because he himself was there, the chief character in the commemorative exhibition? Now this is just what takes place in the Eucharistic mys-

tery: for in it is represented, not what Jesus Christ now is, immortal, glorious, and impassible; but what he once condescended to become for our sake: a suffering, bruised, and dying mortal; our propitiatory, long prefigured victim slain; by the eating of which, as the Apostle testifies, we shew forth the death of our Lord, till he comes.—1 Cor. xi. 26.

I came not, says our Saviour, to abolish, but to fulfil the law. Amen, I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or tittle of the law shall not pass, till all be fulfilled:—Matt. v. 17, &c. that is, till all the typical and figurative allusions in the Old Law find their exact accomplishment and complete realization in the New. But if what he called his body, was not his body, but only bread, as a figure of his body; and if what he called his blood, the very blood, which at his Last Supper he was about to shed for the remission of sins, was not his blood, but only wine, which was never shed for the remission of sins: then the figure was not fulfilled, but continued: or rather a comparatively mean and insignificant figure was substituted to an august, expressive and appropriate one. For who will compare with all the pompous sacrifices of old; with the Paschal Lamb, or the miraculous Manna, a little common bread and wine, handed round, to be just only tasted? Can this, even as a figure, much less, as the fulfilment of one and all, be considered in any sense equal to the Paschal Lamb alone; which, for its innocence, meekness, dumb and uncomplaining patience under the very hands of its slayers; so fitly represented the meek and innocent Lamb of God; who, according to the prophecy of Isaiah, was led like a sheep to the slaughter; and as a dumb lamb before his shearers, who opened not his mouth:—Is. 53, 7. To the lamb whose blood, like the Saviour's, when shed, became the sign of salvation to the people of God; turning aside from their doors on which it was sprinkled, the death-dealing visitation of the destroying angel!—to the lamb, in the figure, as really eaten as slain; and therefore to be as really eaten as slain, in the exact fulfilment of the figure; that of which we are repeatedly assured by the Saviour's most plain and positive declarations on the subject?

It is a hard saying, said the Jews, and who can hear it? It is a hard saying, says the Protestants, and who can believe it? It is indeed a hard saying: and none can hear and believe it, but they, who, according to Saint Paul, bring into captivity their understanding, in obedience to Christ:—2 Cor. x. 5. None but wisdom's little ones; her reputed unwise for so readily believing on her sole word, what surpasses so the understanding of man.

It is written in the prophets, said the Saviour when inculcating this stupendous doctrine, they shall all be taught of God:—John vi. 45. Protestants, however, on this head prefer being taught of man; who can judge of nothing, but as he thinks he spies it, in the dim glimmer of his natural, and but conjectural knowledge; and will credit nothing, but what his glow-worm light of reason enables him to perceive: who would sound with his atom-line and plummet the unfathomable depths of wisdom infinite; and determine with his unite of intellect the possible

extent of the operations of Omnipotence. How then can such, as are taught of man, ever hear and believe a doctrine so far exceeding all human understanding; and utterly incredible, were we not certain that he was God himself incarnate, the most holy one, and true, who taught it?

They, on the contrary, who are taught of God, can take his word for their security; well knowing that he can do infinitely more than they can comprehend: that he who created all things out of nothing, can change them, when he pleases, into whatever he pleases. They see him daily working wonders in the administration of the universe, which shew that nothing is impossible to him. And can they rationally doubt his power to fulfil his own most solemnly repeated promises? If asked by him, therefore, as the Apostles were, if they too, like the rest, would leave him, rather than believe that he could give them his real flesh to eat; what answer could we, make, but that which Saint Peter made in their name, and in the name of all the true believers; Lord, said, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life: and we have believed and have known that thou art Christ, the Son of the living God.—John vi. 69.

The unbelief of Protestants in a mystery so clearly revealed by him, whom they acknowledge to be God, is the more unaccountable; as they have in all nature, and even in themselves, the constant and most striking proof of his power to work the very change in question. For, do they not behold him, in the vegetable, as well as the animal species of every denomination, transubstantiating one substance into another? Do they not behold him, even in themselves, transubstantiating their meat and drink into their very flesh and blood? Let them tell me else from what other source does the diminutive infant derive its increasing bulk; till it has grown up into the full sized perfect man? And can they then deem it absurd to believe, on his own formal and repeated asseveration that he can do for himself in a supernatural and instantaneous manner, what he does in a slow and natural manner for all? The first and last of his public miracles was transubstantiation; the first, that of water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee:—John 2—the last, a still greater one, that of bread and wine into his body and blood, at the mystical marriage feast of himself, the celestial bridegroom, the king's son, to which all are invited.—Matt. 22, 2. But this, the last, and greatest of all his wonders wrought, he intended as the chief trial, and object of our faith. Wherefore, resting it on the evidence of all his other miracles, he denies it that of all the senses, but the hearing. Faith then, says the Apostle, cometh by the hearing; and hearing by the word of Christ.—Rom. 10, 17.—And can we distrust his word, so clearly, frequently and emphatically announced? Can we refuse our entire reliance on that word, to the truth of which all nature has borne such miraculous testimony? The winds and the waves were seen subject at his call; and the inhabitants of the deep crowded instantly where he willed them. The watery element grows firm under his steps. The

vegetating productions are blasted by his frown. Diseases, defects and debilities of every kind vanish at his word. The blind see; the deaf hear; the sick are restored to perfect health; the lepers are cleansed; the devils fly at his rebuke; even death and the grave, at his summons, yield up instantly their dead: the very inmost thoughts of the human heart are known to him, as soon as formed. In a word, the whole of nature owns him, though disguised in human form, her Almighty Maker and sovereign Lord.

If we see him not now performing such miracles, we behold him daily working in the administration of this universe other wonders as astonishingly great. For instance, to give life is a far greater act of omnipotence, than to restore it: and this we see him do daily, by calling into existence millions of creatures, and giving them a life and a being, which they never had before. He reproduces with increase the seed in the ground to feed his needful creatures; as he reproduced the loaves and fishes in the desert to feed his fasting followers: and can he not as easily reproduce in its very distribution, by the hands of his Pastors, the bread of life, which he promised to give us? It was from this very miracle, a most stupendous one certainly, that he took occasion to challenge the belief of the multitude, who had witnessed it, in his power to furnish them with a far more wonderful and exquisite repast: not an earthly one, for the short support of the body; but a heavenly and life-giving one, for the nourishment of the soul: a food, as he affirms, far excelling even the miraculous manna of the Israelites; and infinitely surpassing the Protestant's poor drop and crumb.

It was our original distrust in the word of God, and our guilty wish for forbidden knowledge, that wrought all our woe in Paradise; by making us the willing dupes of the deceiving fiend. The redemption therefore of our fault is our entire reliance on the word of God, without coveting to know and understand more of his mysteries than he has been pleased for the present to reveal. As a trial therefore of our faith in his word, he has grounded his whole religion on mysterious inexplicable; several of which are admitted by protestants as articles of their faith: such as the unity and trinity of the Godhead; the incarnation of the eternal son; the resurrection of the dead, &c. And, while they admit these, as essential truths revealed to us by the deity; can they reject, though more explicitly, repeatedly, and emphatically revealed and taught by the same authority, the Eucharistic mystery, on the sole plea of its incomprehensibility?

Yet, in the whole of nature, which is that single object which man in his present state does fully comprehend? Are we not every where surrounded with mysteries inexplicable? Are we not, in every sense, a perfect mystery even to ourselves? And shall we doubt the clear declaration of God, because to us its verification is quite incomprehensible?

The Eucharistic mystery is, if you please, the hardest to be understood. It is, if I may call it so, the mystery of mysteries; and the one by which our trust in the divine word is put to the severest

test. But then it is, on this account the clearest and most fully revealed of any; not only by the Saviour's solemn, plain and positive declarations on the subject; but by all the, else unmeaning, legal sacrifices, types and figures; the whole of which but pointed at this mystery; and found in it their full accomplishment.

Our belief in this mystery, from our total reliance on the word of God, is the ample amends made to him for our original distrust in his word: and, as we fell from him by our disbelief; we are restored to him in this mystery, and united with him in the closest manner; in reward of our perfect faith. Our bane is thus changed into our bliss: and the tree of death, with its forbidden fruit, converted into the tree of life; the fruit of which, we are now commanded to eat as the sovereign antidote against the threatened death; for on the tree of the cross that body hung, and that blood was shed, to the eating or drinking of which is promised eternal life.—John 6, as above.

Still, to those not taught of God, but of man, how incredible and absurd must seem so deep a mystery! And hence do we see all the sectaries, though they affect to cling to the letter of the scripture; racking their brains, and rising every conjecture, rather than take the Saviour's words in their plain, unfigurative and literal meaning. They believe his declaration only in as far as they think they understand it. Where then is the merit of their faith, if they believe nothing of the word of God, but what they comprehend? Strange presumption in such short-sighted and ignorant worms, to set themselves thus to judge how far the evident disclosures of omniscience are admissible; rejecting of them, as absurd and impossible, whatever comes not within the narrow sphere of their intellect.—*Faith*, says St. Paul, cometh by the hearing:—Rom. x. 17. *It stands not on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God.* 1 Cor. ii. 6. *We speak*, continues he, *the wisdom of God in a mystery; a wisdom which is hidden; which God ordained before the world unto our glory; which none of the princes of this world knew.—But to us God has revealed them by his spirit: for the spirit searcheth all things even the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of a man, that is in him? so, the things also that are of God, no man knoweth, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of this world, but the spirit that is of God; that we may know the things that are given us from God: which things also we speak not in the learned words of human wisdom; but in the doctrine of the spirit, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit of God; for it is folly to him; and he cannot understand, because it is spiritually examined. But the spiritual man judgeth all things, and he himself is judged by no man: for who has known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.—Ibid.*

Those therefore taught of God, and who thus have the mind of Christ; can see in this Eucharistic mystery a doctrine worthy of that God, who

with his word created all things out of nothing: and in our belief in a mystery so inexplicable, an act of homage paid to his veracity proportionably great. While those taught of man, who perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit, see nothing in it, but folly, because they cannot understand.

Yet in all this prodigy of love to man, there is nothing too much for him to accomplish, who could stoop so from his sovereign height to the extreme lowliness and utter abjection of our fallen and wretched condition: could even assume our suffering and mortal humanity; and in it, as a worm and no man; the reproach of man, and the outcast of the people.—Ps. xxi. 6.—bear the expiatory punishment of our guilt, in order to save us from destruction. It is not too much for him, who could make himself our brother, to vouchsafe so to dwell in the midst of us; disguised, indeed, to try our faith, and muffled up in the sacramental veils; but in that very same, though now glorified and impassible humanity, which he disdeigned not to take upon himself for our sake. Here he stands between us and the just wrath of his heavenly Father; pleading, our high priest according to the order of Melchisedech, a merciful respite for sinners; and preserving thus our sin-polluted world from destruction: as Moses, interposing himself between the angry Deity and the guilty Israelites, prevented their threatened extermination: and as Aaron, the High Priest, breathing forth with his censor and holy fire, stayed the havoc made in the camp by the destroying Angel.—Numb. 14.—*ibid.* 16, 48.

Yes, he still deigns to dwell in the midst of his followers here on earth. His love for us, which knows no bounds, will not suffer him to be absent from the darling objects of his care and concern. *My delight says he, is to be with the children of men.* Prov. viii. 31.—and, where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Matt. xviii. 20.

No bars or doors can now exclude his presence. In the midst of his Disciples, though closetted up for fear of the Jews, he suddenly stood; and gave his wounds to be felt by his doubting Apostle; chiding him at the same time in the gentlest manner for his credulity. *Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, said he, thou hast believed; but blessed are they, who have not seen me, and yet have believed.* John xx. 29.

*I will not leave you orphans, said he, to his dear afflicted followers, who thought they were going to lose him. I will come to you again. Yet a little while, and the world sees me no more, but you see me, because I live; and you shall live. In that day you shall know that I am in my Father; and you are in me; and I in you. He who hath my commandments, and keepeth them; he it is who loveth me: and he who loveth me, shall be loved by my Father; and I will love him, and manifest myself to him.*

*Judas, not the Iscariot, saith to him: Lord! How is it that thou wilt manifest thyself to us, and not to the world? Jesus answered and said to him: if any one love me, he will keep my word; and my Father will love him: and we will come to him, and make our abode*

with him.—He, who loveth me not, KEEPETH NOT MY WORDS.—John xiv. 18, &c.

What then is that word of his, the keeping of which, he says, will manifest him to his followers? What, but that word which he so plainly spoke to his Apostles at his last supper with them the transubstantiating word which made what he then gave them, as truly as he spoke it, his very body to eat; and his very blood to drink; that word, which he had so fully explained, and so forcibly inculcated to the multitude, when teaching in the synagogue at Capernaum:—John 6, 59—*that word*, which then so shocked the Jews; which now so shocks the Protestants, Freethinker, Deists, and all unbelievers; who refusing to be taught of God, prefer grounding their faith on mere human conjecture; yet that very word which manifests him to all those who keep it; and who recognize their Lord under the disguise, which he assured them he would henceforth assume. These still see him, while the world sees him no more. He lives in them, and they in him. On such he daily showers down his hidden manna:—Apoc. 2, 17,—and bids them feast and grow immortal by feeding on the fruit of the tree of life.

Such require not the aid of the senses to confirm their faith in his word and promises. They seek not, like Thomas, to see and feel the print of the nails in his hands and feet; nor the mark of the spear in his wounded side, in order to prove his presence and identity. They rest their faith, as he enjoins, on the testimony of his other disciples; on the unerring declaration of his Church, which he commands us all so peremptorily and unreservedly to hear.—Matt. 18, 17.—encouraged as we are so to do by his assuring us that *blessed are they, who have not seen, and yet have believed.*

To be continued.

#### BIBLICAL NOTICES AND EXPLANATIONS.

##### EXODUS.

Verse 19.—*And Moses took Joseph's bones with him.* Did Moses act wrong in taking with him, and keeping with honour, the sacred remains (what Catholics would call the relics) of the Patriarch Joseph? If not; why are Catholics blamed by our pretended Bibliests, for keeping with honour, during their spiritual pilgrimage through the desert of this world, the precious remains of their illustrious Saints? Did not the first Christian so keep the very handkerchiefs and aprons that had but touched the body of Saint Paul? And did they not, with these, cast out devils? Acts xix. 12. Did not the Prophet Elisha divide the waters of the Jordan with the mantle of Elias? 4 Kings ii. 10. And did not the bones of Elisha by their touch, raise a dead man to life, &c. *ibid.* xiii. 21. All this, however, though scriptural, smells greatly of Popery.

Verse 21. *And the Lord went before them, to show the way, by day in a pillar of cloud; and by night in a pillar of fire; that he might be the guide of their journey at both times. There never failed the pillar of cloud by day; nor the pillar of fire by night before the people.*

The cloud by day, is the emblem of the whole revealed mystery, or of revelation. It is during the day, that is, during this life, an impenetrable cloud to the human intellect, the eye of the soul: but it shews itself from God; and serves to guide us on our journey towards the land of promise. At night,

or the end of that day, given us to work out our salvation, John ix. 4, it is suddenly changed into brightness. The pillar of cloud by day becomes a pillar of fire by night. In times of persecution too, when the people of God are hard pressed by their enemies; the cloud throws itself between; darkening and confounding the camp of the adversary; but shewing a bright side, towards those, who march under God's direction; and shedding light on the ways of all, who follow their proper guides by him appointed.

Chapter 14. The Israelites, hemmed in between the red sea and the whole host of Pharaoh, see no possible way to escape destruction. Yet, they had no cause to despair, as they were under the guidance of God himself the Omnipotent: who, to shew us how we are to rely upon him in all our difficulties, in the discharge of our duty; however in surmountable they may at first appear; delivered the Israelites in the moment of their despair; and destroyed the Egyptians, already exulting in the sure and easy anticipated capture of the fugitives.

Chapter 15. v. 25.—*The Lord shewed to Moses a tree; which when he had cast into the waters; they were turned into sweetness.*—The bitter waters of Mara, which the Israelites could not drink, represented the bitter potion of sufferings and sorrows, which is offered to all in this mortal pilgrimage; These waters are unpalatable and disgusting, till seasoned with the wood of the cross. This is the tree, shewn by God, which turns those waters of bitterness into sweetness; stops all the murmurings of the multitude; and makes them be more relished by the sojourners in the wilderness than the choicest streams of pleasure so coveted before. Of the waters of Mara we all are doomed to drink, but nothing can sweeten, and render them palatable, but the cross of Christ, and the consideration of his sufferings. It was this that made so many in the Catholic Church, lay down their earthly crowns; divest themselves of all their worldly dignities; scatter their treasures among the poor or employ them in permanently useful benefactions to the community: and renouncing all the vain enjoyments of this short passing life, embrace a course of penitential suffering and privation.—It was this that made saint Paul exclaim: *God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Jesus Christ: by whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world!* Gal. 6. 14.

Chapter 16. Verse 2.—*And all the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron.*

We are astonished at the proneness of the Jews to murmur in all their wants, dangers and difficulties; when, in the stupendous wonders wrought in their behalf, they had all along such unquestionable proofs that they were under the immediate care and special guidance of the Almighty. But this only shews us that even the greatest miracles would lose their effect upon the human mind, were they to become common and ordinary. We may judge of the truth of this by our own daily experience. For do we not daily witness in God's administration of the universe, wonders as great as any wrought in favour of the Israelites? The only difference between them is, that what we behold happens according to the usual course of nature, and the established order of things; whereas, what they beheld, and what is called miraculous, happened in a new and unusual manner, such is therefore apt to strike and amaze us the more, by its wonderful singularity.—But, is for instance, the raining down Manna from heaven, a greater wonder in itself; than the raising up bread and so many other productions from the

bosom of the earth? Is the restoration of life to the dead, even equal to the giving of it to those, who never were among the living? Which is that portion of nature, which does not proclaim to us an all-wise, infinitely good and Omnipotent Providence? And yet we are nothing moved at the sight of all these wonders. And why? Because they are constantly in our view, because they are daily recurring: because they are common and ordinary. For the same reason did the many prodigies witnessed by the Jews, make so slight and transient an impression upon them. Wherefore, God, who wastes no wonder, having once sufficiently proved his Revelation in an extraordinary manner by miracles; leaves his people to the ordinary guidance of his own lawfully appointed pastors; whom he commands us to hear, as we would himself:—Luke x. 16. Leaving us thus the whole merit of believing without seeing: for *Blessed, said he, are they, who have not seen, and yet have believed.* John xx: 29. and reserving it to himself, as he thinks fit, to support their testimony by extraordinary signs and wonders.

Verse 14.—When the Israelites saw the Manna, in the morning, like a dew lying round their camp; appearing small, and as if beaten with a pebble, and like the hoar frost on the ground: they said one to the other MANNA? which signifieth, what is this: For they knew not what it was. And Moses said to them; this is the bread, which the Lord has given you to eat.

The mysterious and inexplicable nature of the thing, signified by the Manna, is here well portrayed by the enquiring exclamation of the Jew: *What is this?* Nor could more be told them concerning it, than what Moses, God's interpreter said: *This is the bread, which the Lord hath given you to eat.*

Verse 17. After being commanded to gather of it for every man, according to the number of souls, the measure of a Gomer; one gathered more; another less. But when they came to measure it afterwards, neither had he more, who had gathered more; nor he less, who had gathered less. In this again is discerned another precious resemblance to the thing signified, the Blessed Eucharist: for in it also, he who receives more of the species has no more, than he, who receives less: for both receive, under the external forms him entire, who declares himself to be *the living and life giving bread:* John vi. 36, 51. the Saviour himself, who cannot be divided.

V. 31. *And the house of Israel called thereof the name MANNA.* They gave it the mystical name: **WHAT IS IT?** For who can explain it, till the power of God, and his wonderful works are manifested to us in Eternity? Till then, it forms the inexplicable puzzle of our proud presuming reason; and the most trying test of our reliance on God's word revealed.

V. 34. The Manna was kept by the command of God, in the Jewish Tabernacle; as a figure of the reality, now kept by his command in the Christian Tabernacle.

V. 35. *With this meat were the children of Israel fed until they reached the borders of the land of Canaan.* With the real Manna, the true bread from heaven, John 6. 32. are the Christians fed, until, at the hour of death, they reach the borders of a happy eternity.

To be continued.

SELECTED.

MUSENBETH'S DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Continued.

But Mr. White thinks he has a triumphant retort against Catholics, when he recounts the wicked lives of several Popes; a fact which, he says, we "shall not venture to deny." No, we shall not; and let Mr. White be equally candid, and not attempt to deny the accusations of all history against Luther and the reformers. But we have something important to say upon the matter; and we can soon shew Mr. White that there is no parity in the two cases. We acknowledge that there have been very wicked Popes; but let it be well observed, that it is a very different thing for ordinary ministers of wicked character, to be permitted, to carry on a religion otherwise firmly established; and for extraordinary men to appear, of dissolute lives, and give themselves out to be special Apostles commissioned from the God of Holiness, to reform his Church, and purify it from corruption. We are ready to allow that perhaps a tenth part of the Popes have been wicked men: but even these always fulfilled the public duties of the Church, and maintained the *Apostolic doctrine, order and mission*; so that their personal vices did not essentially affect the Church. The inscrutable Providence of God has permitted that bad men should sometimes be invested with the ordinary mission and ministry in his Church? and this is not lost by any personal crimes, nor does their wickedness justify the faithfulness in refusing to obey them: *the Scribes and the Pharisees have sitten on the chair of Moses. All therefore, whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do: but according to their works do ye not.*—Matt. xxiii. 2, 3.

The great Protestant philosopher, Leibnitz, thought very differently of the Popes from Mr. Blanco White. "It must be acknowledged," he says, "that the vigilance of the Popes for the observance of the canons, and the support of Church discipline, has produced from time to time very excellent effects, and that exercising an influence with Kings, in season and out of season, either by remonstrances, which the authority of their charge entitled them to make, or by the fear of ecclesiastical censures, they prevented many disorders."

We repeat, then, that if the church of Christ had needed a reform in faith, such men as Luther and his brother reformers would never have been chosen for its reformation. But the very idea of reforming the faith of the Church, is an insult to its divine Founder, Jesus Christ. He had promised to be with his Church to the end of time; he declared it built upon a rock, and proof against the gates of hell: he promised that the Holy Spirit should guide it into all truth: who then will say that he did not fulfil his promises! What are we to think of men pretending to reform the Church of Christ, and loudly proclaiming that it had become corrupt in faith and discipline, that its doctrine was erroneous, its worship superstitious, & its discipline full of abuses? Far be from us the blasphemous idea that the promises of Eternal Truth should have failed; or that the increased wisdom of God should have founded a Church liable to become corrupt and erroneous? Against the empty boasts about the glorious work of the pretended Reformation, we shall shew, that this Reformation was unlawful in its principle, criminal in its means and fatal in its effects: it was the work of human passions, and not of divine grace.

The pretended reformers were, in the first place, men without mission, ordinary or extraordinary; they could shew no proofs of a supernatural commissi-

on; though so great a work as that of reforming the Church of God, would have demanded no less powerful signs than those given by Moses, by Christ our Lord, and his Apostles. When Luther and Calvin arose, there was already in the Church a public ministry appointed to teach, a body of pastors claiming an ordinary mission, which came down to them in regular succession from Jesus Christ and his Apostles. When the Sacramentarians and Anabaptists preached contrary to Luther, he haughtily required them to shew supernatural proofs of their mission, as if he had been able to exhibit any such of his own. When Servetus and others taught against Calvin, he drove them out of Geneva; or punished them by the arm of the secular power. This was not acting like the Apostles; they employed against those who opposed them only the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and the ascendancy of their eminent virtues. The reformers claimed the right of preaching against the faith of the whole Christian world, and they refused every one the liberty of preaching against them. As the reformation proceeded, confusion and dissention daily increased; there was soon a swarm of sects, Lutherans, Anabaptists, Calvinists, Zuinglians, Church of England, &c. &c. Calvin began to see the disgraceful consequences, and wrote thus to Melancthor, a brother Reformer: "It is of the greatest importance, that no account of the divisions that are amongst us should go down to future ages: for it is worse than ridiculous; that, after breaking off from all the world, we should have agreed so little among ourselves, ever since the beginning of the Reformation." Another leading Protestant says: "Our people are carried away by every wind of doctrine. If you know what their belief is to day, you cannot tell what it will be to-morrow. Is there one article of religion in which the Churches that are at war with the Pope agree together? If you run over all the articles, from the first to the last, you will not find one which is not held by some of them as an article of faith, and rejected by others as an impiety."—(Dutith inter Epist. Bega.) Nothing then could be more contrary to all law and order, than the assumption of Luther and his followers, to be divinely commissioned to reform a Church founded and preserved by the Eternal Truth.

To be continued.

Original.

LAUDA, SION, SALVATOREM.

In sweetest strain now, Sion, sing  
The praises of thy Saviour King!  
And wide resound his fame!  
Exert thy skill the song to raise  
Not all thy loudest, loftiest lays  
Can match th' exalted theme.

The living and life-giving bread,  
With which the chosen twelve he fed,  
'Tis giv'n thee to extol  
Exulting let each heart rejoice,  
While Hymns and Anthems fill the skies,  
And sound from pole to pole.

For now to mankind is renew'd  
The memory of their mystic food  
In wondrous banquet spread  
The Christian's pash: each Jewish rite,  
As shadows fly before the light,  
At truth's bright dawn has fled.

"Henceforth, in memory of me,  
"What I have done, Christ said, do ye;"  
At supper as he sat.  
Empow'rd thus by his word divine,  
Into himself the bread and wine  
We're taught to consecrate.

Into his flesh th' bread is chang'd  
The wine into his blood, that cleans'd  
The guilt-stain'd human race.  
Should sense her wonted aid deny  
To ascertain his mystery;  
Firm faith assumes her place.

Naught, but the outward form is seen  
Whose slender veil is left to screen  
His Person unreveal'd  
His flesh our food, our drink his blood  
Though he his two-fold nature shroud  
Beneath each form conceal'd.

Him none can bruise, divide or main  
For ever now his glorious frame  
Impassable remains,  
Him one receives; a thousand may  
Nor he has less: nor more have they  
Each him entire retains.

Both saints and sinners him receive:  
The first are bid on him to live:  
The last are doom'd to death.  
When Priests the sacred host shall read,  
Remember that he's whole contain'd,  
Each smallest part beneath.

Not he, 'tis but th' external sign  
That broken lies: his form divine,  
His size and shape's the same.  
Behold the Children's sweet repast  
Angelic fare: not to be cast  
To Dogs: no food for them.

This mystery was of old reveal'd  
To Israel; though in part conceal'd  
Behind the typic cloud:  
In holy Isaac sacrific'd,  
And Paschal Lamb it was disguis'd:  
And manna's wondrous food.

Jesus, our gracious Shepherd, tend,  
Feed here thy flock, and safe defend,  
Till death hence act us free  
With thee aloft to wing our flight,  
And mingle with the legions bright  
Of Saints, who reign with thee!

ERRATA.—In page 69 of last Catholic, after the words "atoning medium" in the first column, 20th line from the top, read "which the prefigured male child was alone to shed: water the purifying medium."

In the Hymn: for "influence me with thy charity," read "inflame me with thy charity."

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\*See the admirable work of a Protestant minister, the Baron de Starck, entitled, "Entretiens philosophiques sur la Reunion des differetes Communions Chretiennes," page 396