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The Catholic.

Quod semper; quod ubique; quod ab omnibus.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1830.

NO. 9.

ORIGINAL.

AGAINST MATERIALISM.

... cogitaverunt, et erraverunt; excecavit enim illos malitia eorum. Et nescierunt sacramenta Dei; neque mercedem speraverunt justitia; nec judicaverunt honorem animarum sanctarum. quoniam Deus creavit hominem inextinguibilem; et ad imaginem similitudinis sue fecit illum.—Sap. Cap. 2. v. 21. &c.

These things they thought, and were deceived; for their own malice blinded them. And they knew not the secrets of God; nor hoped for the wages of justice; nor esteemed the honour of holy souls. For God created man incorruptible, and to the image of his own likeness he made him. &c.—Wisdom, Ch. 2. v. 21.

THERE are no notions so very absurd and extravagant, that man, when left to his own conjectures on his origin and last end, has not entertained of himself. I need not mention the dreams of a Pythagoras, and of other Pagan philosophers, whom our modern freethinkers, so barren in conceits of their own, seem proud in following. Even the *Metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls, not only of one human being to another; but of men to brutes, birds, insects, and fishes; has found in all ages down to the present times, persons capable of adopting it for their creed, in spite of all its revolting absurdity. Indeed, what is it that man has not fancied and believed of himself, except what he really should have fancied and believed?

There are however two points, which the ancient Pagans broached; and which our modern infidels seem more fond of inculcating than any thing beside: *the eternity of matter*; and *the materialism of the soul*. Though these are too absurd to require serious refutation; yet, as they are so often urged upon us by our modish theorists, who would have their admirers more remarkable for their credulity than they themselves are for their incredulity; it may not be amiss to say a few words on these heads.

The Pagans from mere ignorance ventured these conjectures; having lost amid the plurality of their Gods the proper notion of the Deity; with nothing to guide them in their researches after truth, amid the murky mazes of long established superstition, but the distorted rays and faint glimmerings of their clouded reason; they saw this mighty universe, in the midst of which they found themselves placed; and could distinguish among all the Gods they worshipped none so great as in their conception was able to cope with such immense materials: to mould the boundless whole into its present perfect form; much less to give birth to it, and call it up from nothing. It was therefore quite impossible for such not to imagine it eternal. Who, in their ideas, would give it a beginning? Which

of all their Gods could originate and realize the stupendous design? It was therefore natural for them to suppose it self-existing; prior even, and, though passive, in some sense superior to their imaginary Deities. A Spinoza's boasted system of Materialism, and all the extravagant notions of his followers, are but grounded on the ignorant surmises of the benighted Pagans, groping their way, and reasoning at a venture amid the thick incumbent and settled gloom of Idolatry.

What more exalted notions could these entertain of the soul? Or what could they suppose it to be more excellent, than a refined portion of the eternal mass? A *tenuis aura*, or a light and subtle vapour? A *scintillula quadam ignis aetherii*; a small spark of ethereal fire, uniting itself after death to the original whole; and losing itself as a diminutive stream, in the universal abyss? And is not this the very idea which our modern Infidels have taken up; and, decking it forth, according to their own fancy, they offer it to the public as a precious and important discovery of their own.

The truth is, these silly reasoners, who must think those even sillier than themselves, who are capable of crediting their strange assertions; advance their ridiculous absurdities, not from ignorance, for the undeniable, though confounding truths of revelation have flashed full upon them: but from a wish still, if they only could, to persuade themselves and others, (for who could like to stand alone in his opinion on subjects of such momentous import) that there is no God to punish after death the crimes, of which they feel themselves guilty. *Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus.* The fool said in his heart, that is, in his wishings, not reasoning faculty, *non est Deus*, there is no God: or that the soul is such after its separation from the body, as to preclude the possibility of its being subjected to pain. It is a fatal truth confirmed by experience, that what we earnestly wish we are easily led to believe; and the more we bring to be of the same way of thinking with ourselves, the more we are encouraged and confirmed in our error. But whatever may have been the internal conviction of those, who could broach such enormities, that of many of their followers may be a thorough conviction. We shall therefore add a few observations on these two heads, with the view of helping to undeceive them.

Every thing that is, if not eternal, must have had a cause capable of producing it. But it is evidently absurd to suppose that matter, or any thing, could have produced itself; for, to produce itself, it must exist before it exists; which, I need not ob-

serve, is the height of absurdity. Besides, matter being by its nature passive and inert, could never of itself, and without the operation of some external agent, have been brought to assume any regular, fixed, and determined motion, color, or form. But is it then eternal? And shall we give to it an attribute, which can belong only to that supreme intelligence, which moulds and directs it at pleasure: to which it is subject in all its parts; and consequently in its great universal whole; but with which it is repugnant to suppose it endowed in any of its portions, or in its vast totality. Does not reason then, and nature compel us to ascribe this attribute to a distinct and more excellent principle, which is seen and felt by common sense to exist apart and uncombined, save in its operations; nay uncombined in any degree with matter in all its possible forms. I perceive this intelligence in every modification of matter; and can plainly read its design. Whose is it not displayed in every object of nature, where every thing is regulated with order, weight and measure; and best adapted for its own particular end? I can perceive it in the least as well as in the greatest objects: in the figure and progress of a snail, as well as in the brightness, immensity, and velocity, of the celestial orbs. It is visible even in the wing of the smallest insect, where, besides the delicate texture & wonderful mechanism; we cannot help admiring its nice proportion to the body it suspends. I see it carefully clothing, according to the temperature of the climates in which they are intended to reside, the various animals, who cannot make coverings for themselves, and either arming them with the fittest weapons for their defence; or affording them sufficient swiftness & sagacity to elude their pursuers and secure their retreat. The same is observable in the inhabitants of the deep; and every creature in all this vast universe is found fitly furnished with every thing best adapted to its line of life in its own nature element.

Need I mention the equal wisdom and design displayed in the inanimate part of the creation? The reproduction of the seed and roots in the vegetative kingdom? The formation of the leaves, flowers and fruit? The wonderful care and skill with which the precious principle of reproduction, the seed, is folded up, each in its own distinct envelope, and securely fenced against the destructive influence of the wintry cold, till the genial season return? It were an endless, but a needless task, to enumerate every thing, in which the skill and wise design of the Supreme intelligence evidently appears. And is all this the scheme and effect of

matter working upon itself? It were truly wonderful if the horn of the horse's hoof should fashion itself into so fit a defense for his foot against the ruggedness of the roads, on which he has to toil and travel. Then might even an oyster boast its intelligent shell, that so opportunely forms itself round its delicate body, to defend it from filth and friction, and the devouring attacks of hungry fishes. It is really humbling to have to notice such free thinking dotage and mental aberrations.

We are then brought back from dead unthinking matter to a distinct intelligent principle, which we are thus forced to acknowledge; but which our infidel Theorists were seeking to avoid. Shall we then to humour them, allow matter to be at least coeval with this principle; though we have already proved that to be an absurdity? If we even did so, in what would they be the gainers? They have still left in all his dreadful night and majesty the same supreme being to judge and condemn them for their guilt. Where then is the advantage to them, or what is the necessity of acknowledging matter to be eternal? Or are we, without any possible reason or motive, to make so boldly an assertion? If this is their boasted philosophy, it is evidently the philosophy of fools; which no one in his right senses would listen to for a moment.

I need not therefore enter into any further argument, to shew the extravagant absurdity of such a hypothesis. My observations are directed only to common sense, without any wish to dive into abstruse reasonings on a subject, which indeed does not require them: though there are not wanting able authors, who have carried their proofs upon this score nearly as far as the human intellect can follow them.

Let us next consider for a moment the other notable assertion, that the soul herself is material.—I should begin by asking those, who hold such an opinion, why they have chosen to adopt it; and what their views are in maintaining it so strenuously. Is it not evidently from the wish; and in the hope to convince themselves that they may escape the punishment of their guilt; to lull their ever chiding conscience, and blunt the scorpion sting of inward gnawing remorse; by reasoning themselves, if they could, into the belief that their souls are but matter, destructible and doomed to perish? Thus, while they assert matter to be eternal, only in order to avoid the terror of an offended God; they at the same time, with surprizing inconsistency, but in conformity with the dictates of common sense, maintain it to be perishable; and on this opposite principle they ground all their hopes of future impunity: for, if not, then I would ask them again, where is their gain, by supposing the soul material, since, if not destructible and perishable, as matter, it may still exist after death; and if so, why may it not be subjected to all the punishment it deserves, for having acted in this life against the strong felt moral sense of justice and virtue, implanted in the mind of every one; and what we may justly call the instinct of reason. For if the soul is punish-

able here for what she does amiss, even by the inward, painful and abashing sense of shame; by regret, sadness, remorse and despair: or, should the guilty succeed in extinguishing in their minds by long habit in vice all sense of horror at their wicked and infamous deeds; at any rate by the very pain of disease, the frequent consequences of their dissolute conduct; by sickness even, and sufferings of every kind, to which in their present state they find themselves occasionally subjected; they may learn, in spite of their Hypothesis, that as their souls, whether material or not, are punishable here, and subjected to pain, so they may be in another state of existence hereafter. Here again they are drawn back by the very means they had planned for their escape, to that adjudging principle of intelligence; whose dreaded grasp they endeavour so to shun; and they are shewn that, as they must bear its chastizing influence in this life, so may they have to feel its more rigorously exerted influence in a life to come.

But some will have it only the body that feels; and when it has lost its vital warmth, after ceasing to breathe, that all its feelings and sufferings are at an end. It is but building castles in the air, to make supposition unsupported by known facts, or probable arguments. We often see the body during life, as but the organ of a distinct and thinking principle, enlivened or depressed, by mere mental affection; originating not in any accident or alteration in its own state; but in that of its reflecting and invisible manager and mover. It reddens with shame; and grows pale with apprehension. It smiles or dances with inward joy; or droops dejected, shed tears, and often wails aloud, not from any hurt it sustains, or pain it suffers, but from deep thought and abstruse cogitation. How a faint glimpse of hope, which has no reality but in thoughtful anticipation, can brighten up its looks, dry up its tears, and still its lamentations on such mournful occasions! And after all these evidences of a distinct principle from the body, is it rational to suppose this last the only one that suffers and feels. Why, in this supposition should not the body, still remaining after death, feel and suffer as before? Because its animating principle is fled; something they must own, infinitely excelling what it has left behind; and essentially different from its perishable organ of clay; which, as henceforth useless to it, in its new state of existence; it drops on taking its flight to the region of spirits; leaving it to moulder away and mingle with its native earth; till the Omnipotent, who made, and linked it with the soul, restore it to her in a state of merited bliss or misery interminable. It is therefore the soul, a distinct principle from the body, that suffers and feels in this life, and which may equally or more intensely be made to suffer and feel in a state of separation from its earthly organ; which had been adapted to it for the temporary purposes of its short sojourn in this place of probation.

Yet how, it is often asked, can a spirit, not matter, be punishable, according to the gospel threat, with material fire? But is not the soul a spirit in

her present state? and still, though by the medium of her organ, the body, she feels all the scorching effect of material fire, as well as all the pleasing or painful influence of the material elements surrounding her. As God has tied her thus down to the earth, so may he chain her down to fire; and link her if he chooses, to her own merited torment, for who can say what he can, or cannot do with his creatures? Or shall man with his short-sighted reasonings presume to limit his infinite power; or set bounds to his inscrutable justice? All we know from the certain idea we have of his justice and goodness, is, that he will inflict no punishment on the soul, which she herself is not at the time conscious of having deserved. That his wish in creating her was to have rendered her finally happy, for which purpose, without forcing her will, the free choice of which was to constitute her merit or demerit in this life; he afforded her more or less the means, if well improved, of securing to herself that perfect bliss, for which he had called her into being.—Looking, as he does, from eternity to eternity, he foresaw, if you will, her fate, and permitted it. But his foresight no more caused that fate, than my seeing any action done causes that action to take place. Is he then, as infinitely good, obliged to prevent it? But he is infinitely just, as well as infinitely good; and owes to his rational and immortal creatures the display of his dreadful as well as amiable attributes. Besides, where were that full freedom of willing and choosing betwixt good and evil, granted to his creatures, after warning them sufficiently as to the choice they should make which he does by the internal moral sense implanted in them, as well as by external means; should he thus preclude the possibility of their choosing wrong?

This, however, is an awful mystery, not farther to be sounded by the human intellect, but sufficiently grounded on all the proofs adduced in support of the Christian Revelation; proofs, which the greatest and wisest of mankind have considered as unanswered and unanswerable; and therefore conclusive on the subject in the opinion of all, who reason as they ought, not on bare suppositions or fanciful theories; but on what we actually feel, and on matters of fact.

I need not here stop to expose the absurd consequences of the ridiculous hypothesis, which I have been refuting; or to prove the folly of the attempt to account for the very thoughts and volitions of the human mind, by the curlings, for instance, of a vapor; the coruscations or scintillations of an ethereal spark; or the various conglomerations, evolutions, separations, or conjunctions of material particles, all which has been abundantly held forth to public ridicule by those who have condescended to follow such argumentative maniacs through all the perplexed and bewildering mazes of their random conjectures. I shall therefore conclude with a quotation from an ingenious author, particularly adapted to our present purpose, that of demonstrating the absurdity of the supposition that the soul is material.

“She cannot be material, the soul, that can judge

within herself the whole mass of sensible things, which taketh up so much room without her: And when she has piled them up upon one another in such vast and prodigious numbers, is still as capacious of more, as when she was altogether empty. In a word, that can grasp the universe with a thought, and comprehend the whole latitude of Heaven and Earth within her own indivisible centre: who, though she takes in objects of all sizes; yet, when once they are in, they are not, as bodies, in a material place, where the greater take up more room than the less; for the thought of a mile or of ten thousand miles, does no more stretch and fill the soul, than that of a foot, an inch, or a mathematical point. And whereas all matter has its parts, which extend, the one beyond the other in length, breadth and thickness; and so, is measurable by inches, yards and solid measure; there is no such thing as measurable extension in any thing belonging to the soul: for in cogitation, which is the very essence of the soul, there is neither length nor breadth, nor thickness; nor is it possible to conceive a foot of thought; a yard of reason; a pound of wisdom; a quart of virtue. Then, if what belongs to the soul be immaterial, the soul herself must be immaterial: simple, therefore, indivisible; unalterable; incorruptible; therefore immortal and everlasting."—SCOTT.

[THE RHYTHMUS OF SAINT THOMAS OF AQUINA.
Adoro te devote.

Devoutly I adore thee, hidden Deity!
Beneath these forms who veil'st thine awful Majesty,
To thee my heart must ever wholly subject be;
Because I'm wholly lost, when I contemplate thee.

The sight, the touch, the taste, in thee are all deceiv'd:
But safely still the sense of hearing is believ'd.
What God's eternal son has said 's believ'd by me:
Nought, than the word of truth itself, more true can be.

Hide on the Cross alone was thy Divinity:
Here also lies conceal'd thy bless'd humanity:
Yet owning and confessing both most steadily,
I beg what once the thief repentant begg'd of thee.

Thy wounds no more I now behold, as Thomas did:
Yet own thee still my God, who hast my ransom paid:
Still make me with a livelier faith believe in thee!
Confirm my hope! influence me with thy charity!

Memorial wondrous of the death of my dear Lord!
O living bread, to man who can'st true life afford!
Grant that my soul on thee, her mystic food, may live;
And ever with true relish all thy sweets perceive!

True parent Pelican, who bleed'st, to nurse thy brood!
Pleasant me unclean, O Jesus, with thy sacred blood!
One precious drop of which thy guilty world can save;
And from its whole collected mass of sin can lave!

Jesus! whom now beneath these veils conceal'd I spy:
O grant me that, for which alone so much I sigh:
All veils remov'd, thee face to face that I may see.
And in thy glorious presence ever happy be!

ON ROMANCE WRITING.

UMBRARUM HIC LOCUS EST, SOMNI, NOCTISQUE SOPORIS.
'Tis his the region of phantoms, of dreams and soporific night.

In the whole history of British literature it were impossible to point out an age so abounding in works of fancy; in love tales and romances; in every species of un instructive, frivolous and worse than all, demoralizing fiction; as the one we live in. Every week ushers in some new publication of this sort either in prose or verse: and such is the general taste of the times for these insignificant, absurd, and, except to their authors and publishers, unpro-

fitable, if not pernicious, lucubrations; that no sooner is a fresh one announced from the press, than all are striving with the impatient curiosity of children, who shall have the earliest reading of it. As a whet to this puerile appetite for devouring up every new story that is forthcoming; and, in order to heighten our curiosity; a whisper is slyly sent abroad and industriously circulated concerning it by those who have an interest in the quick sale of the work; and, who possessing the true tact of the trade, having previously felt the pulse of the public on such matters; know well how to raise and keep up the general expectations; especially if the author has already succeeded by some such performance in making himself a favorite with the lovers of this species of composition. Like skillful anglers, who know the colour of the busk that takes best; if the tale of *Waverley*, for instance, or *Guy Mannering*; of *Childe Harold* or *Lalla Rookh*; has proved a successful bait; they never fail to furnish you with a regularly continued succession of productions, pompously announced as issuing from the same patent mint and wholesale manufactory. You have them of all sorts, shapes and sizes. In every bookseller's window they are seen staring you in the face, and thrusting themselves upon your notice; each with the head that hatched it adorning the frontispiece; and seemingly bewildered in the endless images of its own imaginations; while the writers of all that is good and graceful; of all that is truly learned, classical and useful; are thrust into the back ground, even where such are to be had; and forced to give place to these ephemeral, but fashionable authors of the day.

All this, however, in the way of book-making and bookselling, is very natural; and not at all to be wondered at. Neither authors nor publishers will neglect the golden opportunity thus afforded them of improving their circumstances. The only thing surprising is that, notwithstanding the frivolousness of such works, to say nothing of their immoral tendency; their composers have all along met with an unparelled success; such as none of our most learned and first rate authors could ever boast of having obtained. The precious works of these are left uncalled for, in obscurity; while the hot-bed, mushroom productions, so rapidly springing up from the agglomerated filth, and doughill fermentation of obscurity; and even the jejune crudities of ignorance and folly, alone are sought after: though when stripped of the charm of novelty, the only thing that recommends them to notice; they are thrown by as waste paper, and devoted to perpetual oblivion.

What a satire does not this undeniable fact imply on the perverted taste of the present generation! I know an author who offered to the publisher of that doggerel mass of impiety, *Don Juan*, for which other almost as valuable lucubrations he pays so dearly, a work upon charity. Charity! said the publisher, without ever deigning to look at the manuscript, charity is a subject that will never take with the public. The like condemnation was passed upon it by other publishers on learning only its title; who speaking, as they did from experience.

rejected it at once as an unprofitable concern, Bring us, said they, a good novel; that is sure to go through at least one edition; and thus to remunerate us for our trouble.

It were needless to anticipate those reflections on the depraved taste of the age, which must instantly offer themselves to every one's mind on learning these particulars. But I cannot help making a few observations on the dangerous tendency of the works in question.

The least exceptionable of them are just good for nothing but killing time; by withdrawing the mind from every rational, useful and virtuous reality; and ingulfing it in the interminable chaos of fancy; where, participating in the author's dream, its whole faculties are absorbed in the intense observation of the shammed feats of aerial phantoms; the motley offspring of some idler's brain; or the hopeful vision of some needy or greedy somnambulist.

And is merely killing time, however agreeable it may seem to many, who feel their very existence a burthen to them, no evil? Has youth nothing more necessary or useful to learn, than the feigned feats of some bully baron: the difficult intrigues of some amorous couple, crowned always right or wrong with ultimate success: or the absurd stories of water kelpies, hobgoblins and enchanted castles? Have parents no more important duties to attend to; servants no labours to perform?—Have those in health no pursuit more rational; or the sick no purer source of consolation, than romance-reading? And when, neglecting all besides they have fully perused the tale most to their liking; let them tell me; if they can, what good they have gained by it. Nothing, they must own, but a dead loss of time, if not the relish for vice into the bargain. And is this indeed no evil? Our time is *our all*, for which too at the last we would readily give whatever else we possess, nor grudge any sacrifice made only to prolong it a little. And while we have it, is this the best use we can make of it; just only to fling it away uselessly; to get rid of it at any rate, because we are quite sick and weary of it? Strange and unaccountable inconsistency! To make it our study how to squander that away which we wish most to retain; though we know that what we lose of it, is lost to us for ever; and that in whole it is but very limited. Nor is it even our own, nor at our own disposal, to use it as we choose. It is the talent entrusted to us but for an uncertain term, which we are expected to improve by laying it out to interest; and on the produce of which we are to subsist in a future state of being that never ends: and if, while we possess it, we neglect to turn it to any profitable account; where is our provision for that eternity of existence and which we are doomed so soon to enter; for from no other source, but our well spent time, can we derive any benefit availing us in the world to come.

O, but romance reading is useful in teaching us the ways of the world; how to speak, write and act with elegance and propriety. Our minds too are thus habituated to the finest feelings and sentiments;

or we learn by example to avoid the snares and elude the arts displayed to us of seduction. Romance is then in your opinion the best school of virtue; and fiction's imaginary characters the fittest for imitation in real life. Alas! were those the deepest read in novels to speak their minds fairly on the subject; they would own that this species of reading was what proved their virtue's earliest bane, and the final ruin of their morals. The highly coloured scenes of sensual enjoyment, with which such works abound; and which form indeed the principal attractive to all such noxious publications, were what inspired their first relish for criminal delight; gradually undermining, and at length wholly upsetting their native innocence. Men of pleasure, skilled in the arts of seduction, always consider her as their easiest prey, whom they observe most fond of reading novels. So that it is proved by daily experience that these imaginary descriptions, instead of putting us on our guard against the snares of vice, only lay us more open to all its captivating and demoralizing influence when really turned against us.

The great misfortune is that such dangerous works, considering the general relish for them, are of such easy, and, to an infinite degree, variable manufacture. The regions of fancy are unlimited; and the scenery and objects they afford appear and vanish at the call and caprice of their beholders. Hence we find men and women, young and old, beating up for fame in this, if I may call it, literary department. And sure it is, their insect tribes now flutter in their May.

What has greatly contributed of late to this general perversion of taste, is the control, which our metropolitan publishers have acquired by the nature of their business over the productions of genius; which, without the previous sanction of the trade, that never considers them in any other light than as a ready money making concern to some of its speculating members; can never, when edited at the author's private cost, obtain that run, which every ignorant bookseller, assisted by his brethren, can give for a time to the most worthless performance. Thus Midas is made the judge of Apollo's lays, and you may laugh as you will at his stupid decision; and point in derision at his projecting ears; while he regardless of every thing else, contemplates in extacy his growing treasure.

It is this well known advantage, which publishers possess, of giving to the works they have a personal interest in disposing of, a wide and ready circulation, that makes most authors apply to them; often yielding them up, from a thirst after fame; the whole golden fruit of their learned labours. Many too are compelled to submit their compositions to such incompetent judges, from their want of the means of publishing for themselves; and to wait with anxiety their approval, more from a wish to gain celebrity, which they cannot, but through these acquire, than from the meanly interested hope of some compensation for their trouble, and the ceding of their right to the profits accruing from their writings in behalf of the selfishly condescending and interested purchaser.

Such unluckily are at present the only porters of Parnassus; who alone have the power of admitting or rejecting whom they please, and he must be a strong or subtle genius indeed, who can force or win his way to the celebrated mount without their permission. Of all those, however, whom they think proper to let pass; they omit not trumpeting forth the names in a manner quite astounding; though their hopeful favorites almost all, in their vain attempts to climb the slippery steep, have sunk and disappeared, before the echo of their praise had ceased yielding to her promoters the monotony of their responses.

How much is wanted at present, when only a *Mevins* or a *Davius* can look any where for patronage; such a club of truly learned, disinterested and honorable critics, as flourished in the beginning of the last century! Such alone are fit to take charge of the sacred portals! to distinguish aspiring merit, and encourage her onward steps: to reject all vain and worthless pretenders to renown; and direct those subordinate menials, who now usurp their superintending functions, whom they are to admit, and whom to exclude. Thus again might we soon hope to see appearing works that would do honour to the human genius, and benefit mankind.

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE ADDRESSED TO OUR POETICAL ROMANCERS

PINDUS ENCHANTED.

Arise at last some classic genius bright,
And cheer the hauns of Pindus with his blaze!
For all in gloom is wrapt the tuneful height;
Save where amid the thick incumbent haze
Some flaring meteor flitting mocks the gaze;
And dazzled leaves in deeper seeming night;
Though steep the path and intricate the maze,
That to the summit guide th' aspiring wright;
By few successful tread in noontide's clearest light.

No more harmonious from the lofty steep
Is pour'd the stream of melody divine;
That all in rapt'rous extacy could keep
The list'ning throng; or tempt the strain to join.
Hence all are fled, with Phœbus and the Nine
Th' immortal band, th' enchantment dark to shun.
And now monotonous in northern whine
Three minstrels chaunt their endless ditties spun;
And with their rustic tales our ears incessant stun

For greed of pelf they ply their rhyming skill;
And tax each passenger, who stops to hear.
Into the mind lewd maxims they instil;
And pour th' immoral fiction on the ear;
Making to rash impression'd youth appear
As virtue vice, inuring forms portray'd;
While at their eager dupes they secret sneer;
And count well pleas'd their earnings ready paid
For passing glimpse allow'd of wanton feats display'd.

For wanton still, and graceless feats they choose
Of barb'rous Goth, or Infidel, their theme:
Not to instruct their audience, but amuse,
Do they pretend, with idle fancy's dream
The same the subject, varying but the scheme;
Some love-sick maid and deep enamour'd swain.
Struggling through obstacles their bliss supreme,
The free enjoyment each of each to gain;
And, right or wrong, at last their object to attain.

Her right, ally'd legitimize, to hold
The subject mount, as erst in Gothic time,
These dullness sent, t' assert; her champions hold;
And of her burling bands the leaders prime;
Amid her shelt'ring fogs the cliff sublime
They scan secure no Twickenham bard was there,
Back with his sounding scourge these elves of rhyme
To drive discomfited; nor pitying spare
The vain, though sordid crew; to perch so high who dare.

Nor jealous less, and envious found, than vain
These ever with each other ill accord.
Not friendship, honor, virtue; only gain
Can pleasure to their grow'ling minds afford.

The mite, that's added to their neighbor's hoard,
They grudging, deem deducted from their own
Hence, each abhorring, and by each abhorr'd,
In common cause though join'd, they're rivals grown;
And but agree to drag th' outstripping part'ner down

Yet, high aloft though genius now reclin'd
In slumbering France, no vigil seems to keep:
Let such beyond the murky range, assign'd
To storied goblin ne'er advent'rous creep.
Above their sphere should they presuming peep:
And with their tattle rouse th' indignant too,
With giant-jerk hurl'd down the slipp'ry steep,
They'd soon their vain pretensions all forego,
Lost in oblivion's gulf, so deep that yawns below

Nor let their fellows perk so high their ears,
And bray so loud, though of the Zebra breed,
Wild and intractable, that loudly jeers,
And rocks with nimble hoof the hunter's speed
Should they profaning graze the Delian mead;
Or drink polluting the Pierian spring;
From tighten'd bow with whizzing arrow freed,
There are, th' insulting herd who straight can bring
Flat to the ground, and forth the loathsome quarry fling

O, hasten back, ye bright æthereal choir,
By all the wise and good your wish'd return
Ye, who have tun'd your strains to Phœbus' lyre:
And for his bays could filthy lucre spurn!
With virtue's purest glow whose bosoms burn;
Whose lays, divinely sweet, her love inspire;
Cheering our weary steps on life's journey:
And, while they warn us from th' absorbing mire
Of vice, unceasing bid to deeds of worth aspire.

Ye British bards, admitted 'mong the train
Of Phœbus, O return, to grace your Isle
Nor let, to fame these new pretenders vain.
From virtue's path our heedless youth beguile
Bid dullness at her triumphs cease to smile,
Her sons your vacant seat usurping so:
And idle folly with her fictitious vile,
Her dreams absurd, and vacant laugh forego!
Your stern rebuke would spare a world of vice & woe

Or is it, say, by rigid fate ordain'd
That Britain henceforth downward must decline
From all her learning's height, meridian gain'd;
And cease the wonder of the world to shine?
Alas! such dire misfortune, Rome, was thine:
Down reclining from thy noontide glory's sphere,
Thou all thy blazing honors dost resign
To dismal night; and desolation drear
Forbade thy prostrate might her laurel'd head to rear

ON OUR PREFERRING ALWAYS THE FUTURE TO THE PRESENT.

Spatio broi
Spem longam recesses Dum loquimur fugerit invida.
Ætas; carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero,
Hor. Ode u. lib. 1

Strike off immoderate hope from a life so short, Even
while we speak, the moment envious of our bliss is fled.
Seize then the present, nor ever trust in the smallest de-
gree to the future.

To live long is the general wish of mankind; and if but happy, to live indeed for ever. Not one courts death but in the hope either of being freed from some misery he endures, or of attaining to some good which he has set his heart upon. This wish for life betrays itself in our constant enquiries concerning one another's health; in the satisfaction we express at hearing our friends are well; in our congratulations on the subject, and wishes that they may long continue so; and, above all, in the sacrifices we make, when sick, in order to bring about a recovery. It then appears that there is nothing on earth which we would not part with, in order to effect a cure, and thereby to prolong our existence.

Yet, notwithstanding all this value which we set on life, we seldom prize much that portion of it, which we actually enjoy; but are always parting after the future. The present not only never satisfies, but, on the contrary, tires and disgusts us.—We are always wishing it past, from our impatience to get at what is yet to come. Can any thing in the eye of reason be so inconsistent and unwise, as

ours to desire above all things a long life : and, at the same time, to sigh so much to have it shortened ! The fact is, we never think on the serious loss we sustain in letting slip unimproved the present, which can never be recalled ; but on the acquisition we may make by possessing the future, & the unknown gifts it may bring us. Still that future, which we so anxiously expect, if ever it should happen to be ours, will only become that present, which we shall again long to get rid of. In this manner do we throw away, as unworthy of our notice, a real, and covet only an imaginary good ; which never is, but is always about to be : is never real, but merely ideal and conjectural. The future indeed, is less real than the past : which though no longer existing, yet withal has been ; and has left its good or bad effects behind it. The past therefore is more connected with the present, than the future. The experience of the past teaches us how to improve the present ; and thus to provide against that future, which is as yet wholly unknown to us.

That part of our life, which really exists, is nothing but a swift passing moment ; which no sooner arrives, than it is gone for ever, and is swallowed up in the gulf of eternity, from which it sprung. No power on earth can arrest its progress, or make it tarry in its course. Our whole life consists but of a certain definite number of these moments, which God has determined, and which is known to him alone. As many of these moments as we mispend, so much of our life is irrevocably lost. A deduction is made from the talent allowed us, the interest of which is our provision for eternity ; though the whole capital amount is quite unknown to us ; so that the last mite to be spent, may be our only remaining one.

This neglect of the present and impatience to arrive at the future, shews, however, that there is nothing here below capable of contenting us.— After tasting successively of every enjoyment, we find the last is not yet the one we looked for ; the one that satisfies ; that so fills the heart, as to leave no room in it for further craving. Experience has shewn, and reason and religion are constantly warning us, that it is folly to think such bliss is to be found in any temporal enjoyment whatever.— Solomon, who withheld not his heart from indulging itself to the utmost in all the delights which riches, wordly grandeur, and even learning, could afford, confesses in the end that in all this he found nothing but vanity and vexation of mind. Eccles. i. 2.

No ! that hope, which constantly carries us away from what we actually have, to what may be yet acquired, proves that something still awaits us, if we but take the proper way to arrive at it, which will supersede all further wishes : some permanent and perfect bliss, out of which the soul of man (that noble and aspiring creature, whom any thing mean, vain and transitory can never content) shall have nothing to regret in the past, nor to desire in the future.

ON THE PROBABLE TIME OF THE WORLD'S ENDING.

Unum vero hoc non lateat vos, Charissimi, quia unus dies apud Dominum sicut millo anni : et mille anni sicut dies unus.—2 Pet. iii. 8.

Most dearly beloved ! be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years ; and a thousand years as one day.

In the text just cited the apostle St. Peter seems to allude to the words of the royal prophet : “ mille anni ante oculos tuos tranquam dies hesternus, quæ præterit.”—Ps. lxxxix. 4. *A thousand years in thine eyes are as yesterday, which is past and gone.*

From the occasion on which the apostle inculcates our remembrance of this prophetic saying ; and the earnestness with which he recommends it to our consideration ; it is pretty evident that it implies some important mystery, deserving our most diligent and attentive investigation. It has, indeed, been considered in this light by many in the Church from the earliest ages ; whose conjectures as to its predictive meaning I here endeavor to expose.

It is particularly to be observed that St. Peter urges it in direct contradiction to the infidel sophisms of immoral and profligate scoffers ; who, he says, are to make their appearance in the latter times, denying the promise and the coming of the Lord, and maintaining that all things hold, as they imagine they have ever done, their uniform natural course : not aware, he adds, because not choosing to be so, *latet enim eos hoc volentes*, that, (as the scriptures, and the Church of God inform them) the heavens and the earth were created by the word of God ; deranged by the deluge ; replaced again by the same divine word, and reserved for fire against the day of judgment, and the perdition of the ungodly, &c.

Who, on reading the whole context, would not imagine that the apostle was describing the very infidels of the present times, our modern freethinkers and their disciples : the ground-work of whose impious doctrine is that part which he here points out ; namely, the denial of the promise and coming of the Lord ; and the beginning and end of the world !

Every one acquainted with the deistical writings of these later times, down from Tyndal's antichristian lucubrations, to the blasphemous effusions in prose and verse of our Rousseaus, Voltaires, and their demoralizing disciples and associates, knows how much these scribbling wits, these sophistical and deceitful scoffers, in *deceptione illusores*, as the apostle styles them, have endeavoured to persuade mankind that the account given by Moses of the creation is improbable, false, impossible : (offering, as better conceived, numberless absurd systems of their own invention) that the world is eternal, or that its formation was merely the effect of chance ; that all goes on in the usual way, without the interference of a providence : that were there such a being as a God, it were unworthy of him to concern himself with any thing that regards us : that the promises and threats of Jesus Christ are vain : that the last consuming fire, the end of the world, the

resurrection of the dead, the general judgment, heaven and hell, in a word, all revealed truths, are mere human fiction ; old wives fables ; childish bugbears, and religious chimeras.

The apostle's words on this head are truly remarkable. *That you may be mindful*, he says, *of those words, which I have mentioned to you before, spoken by the holy prophets ; and of the precepts of our Lord and Saviour, inculcated by your apostles ; knowing this first, that there shall come in the latter days scoffers in deceitfulness, walking according to their own concupiscences ; saying, where is his promise or his coming ? for, ever since our fathers have slept, all things go on in the same way as from the beginning. For they know not, because not choosing to know, that the heavens were first and the earth from water, and through water consisting by the word of God : so that the world, which then was, perished by the inundation of water ; but the heavens, which now are, and the earth, were replaced by the same word, and are reserved for fire against the day of judgment, and the perdition of the ungodly, &c.*

Never, assuredly, was there an age, since the coming of our Saviour, so marked for incredulity, and for that species of it, which the apostle indicates, as the present one. It would seem as if we were bordering on the great general apostacy, which it is believed, will take place before the final consummation of all things. *Do you think*, says our Saviour, *when the son of man comes, that he will find faith upon the earth ?* Luke xviii. 8.

All this infidelity, the unhallowed fruit of that pretended Reformation, which leaves every thing in religion to the arbitrary decision and determination of every one's private judgment, even to that of a Johanna Southcot in England, or a Jemima Wilkinson in America, the apostle seems to have clearly foreseen. And, wishing to guard the faithful against it, assures them, that *the Lord will not delay his promise, as some imagine ; but that he deals patiently on their account ; not wishing any to perish, but that all may return to penance. For the day of the Lord, continues he, shall come as a thief, on which the heavens shall pass away with great violence ; and the elements shall be melted with heat ; and the earth and the things that are in it, shall be burnt.* Alluding therefore, one would think, to the time that must elapse before that dreadful day appears, he exhorts us all to have particularly in our recollection *this one thing, that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years ; and a thousand years as one day.* In order to understand the mystery which these words seem to imply ; we must recollect that God created the world in six days, and rested from his labour on the seventh. Not that he required any given time to create the universe, which, with one act of his will he could have called forth from nothing ; that he needed, as if fatigued, any rest from his labour : but because he annexed to that division of time a mysterious meaning of some great and serious import, having thus thought proper to establish and observe it himself in his own external operations, and afterwards so strictly to enjoin its

observance to us. The Deity therefore, in concluding his work upon the sixth day, and resting from it on the seventh, seems to insinuate to us that this universe shall be finally concluded as to all its ends and purposes: the work of the creation be thus completely ended; the given period of its duration, that is time, be brought to a close on the sixth day; and the great sabbath of the Lord, the day of perpetual rest to the just, begin upon the seventh. In this supposition it would appear that the apostle affirms that each day of this mystical week of the world's duration is a thousand years. *One day with the Lord is as a thousand years; and a thousand years as one day.* Six of these days, or six thousand years, will then complete the week of labour; and on the seventh, will, as I said, begin the endless sabbath of eternity.

We find the week of days extended in the levitical law to a week of years. During six successive years were the Israelites to till their ground; but on the seventh they were commanded to let them rest.—Levit. xxv. 3, 4. They were also commanded to reckon seven of these weeks of years, on the expiration of which they were to celebrate the year of the jubilee, (Ibid. 8, 9, 10, 11.) all which shews that the hebdomadal term, fixed upon by the Deity, alluded to something of a much longer duration, than the original week of days. It was according to the levitical week of years that the time of the Messiah's coming was predicted to the prophet Daniel.

As therefore in the levitical week the day was extended to a year; and in the week of the jubilee the year was extended to seven; so in the great concluding mystical week, apparently alluded to by St. Peter, the day is extended to a thousand years.

The best chronologists are of opinion that the world had existed for about four thousand years before Christ: two of which are supposed to have elapsed before, and two after the deluge; which makes just four days of the mysterious week. If two more such days, or two thousand years, be added to these, the time of labour, in this hypothesis, is done, and the day of everlasting rest begun.

Thus time, or the duration of the world, is divided into three parts; commencing each with a grand event; and forming the three most distinguished epochs in history; those of the creation, the deluge, and the birth of the Messiah. So that each of the persons of the adorable Trinity seems to have chosen a particular age for displaying that peculiar influence & those operations, which one most especially ascribed to him. The age of the creation, or that before the flood, during which man had only the law of nature to direct him as to his conduct, is in this sense the age of the father, the original principle, from whom the Son and the Holy Ghost proceed; and who is particularly styled the Creator. The intervening age from the deluge till the incarnation, is that of the intermediate principle: the Holy Ghost, who proceeds both from the Father and the Son. And as he is styled the inspirer, so his age is the age of inspiration, during which God revealed his will to mankind by his prophets and inspired writers. The last age therefore which is the age of grace, atonement and propitiation; the age of the fulfilment of all the types, figures and promises; the age that perfects and concludes the whole; and which is destined to shut the scene of all temporary and passing events;

is that of the second person, the eternal Son of God, the Wisdom of the most High; who begins and ends all things well: repairs, adjusts and completes the vast universal scheme; and seals with his own omnipotent hand the whole of his work. Then shall this universe pass away, like a book that is folded up. Apoc. vi. 14. Hence in scripture whatever happens in this age, is said to happen in the last days, or later times.

From all this it is natural for us to infer that, as each of the two preceding ages consisted of about two thousand years; so in the third remaining one, from the coming of our Saviour to the end of the world, the same number of years may be reckoned; and that about two thousand years will elapse of which one thousand, eight hundred and thirty, are already past.

To this supposition will, of course, be objected our Saviour's own declaration, that no one, (the angels of heaven, and the Son himself, considered merely as man, not excepted,) but only the Father, knows the day or the hour of the world's end, and second coming of the Messiah. *De diem autem illo, vel hora, nemo scit, neque angelus in celo, neque Filius nisi Pater.* Marc. xiii. 32. Yet this proves only that God has concealed from his creatures the precise day and hour, when this dreadful event is to take place. And, with regard to man in particular, the time of its happening is still more uncertain, owing to the undetermined and inexact state of modern as well as ancient chronology. On this account that awful day may come many years sooner or later than is supposed in any calculation.

We see nevertheless fulfilling fast in our days the signs foretold; as preceding this great final catastrophe. Infidelity, which is one of them, has already arrived at a height never before witnessed in the christian world. A general virtigo seems to have seized on the present generation, carrying along and hurrying headlong into fashionable incredulity, not only those, who have their faith to seek, because left to themselves to find it; but even a vast proportion of those, who have been reared in the unerring school of Jesus Christ and his Apostles, the holy Catholic Church; with whose pastors he has promised to remain, *together with his spirit the spirit of truth, who should teach them all truth to the end of the world.* Matt. xxviii. 20. John xvi. 13, &c.

We have had wars also, which is another of the signs to precede the dissolution of the world; and wars of a more lasting and general nature, than any recorded in the history of ages past.

Earthquakes in divers places, of the most disastrous kind have happened within the recollection of persons still living. Such as the earthquakes of Lisbon, in the year 1755; of Calabria and Sicily in 1783; of the Caraccas in Spanish America in 1711; and various others. Indeed these seem to have become more general and frequent than formerly. In our own country several, though partial, have been lately felt; only just the other day one of some minutes duration shook different counties in England.

There have also been signs in the heavens. Since the beginning of this very century no less than two comets have appeared; and just now we discover on the disk of the sun two new and remarkable spots, the diameter of one of which is larger than that of our earth.

New plagues have made their appearance in the world. The yellow fever, beginning in America, has extended its ravages to Europe; and renewing, lately in Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Carthage, its destructive influence, has filled these places with all the horrors of death and a wide-wasting mortality. About the same time the pestilence was raging in Malta; and again it broke out afresh, and threatened to spread in the kingdom of Naples and the Ionian islands.—All these, therefore, in the eyes of the reflecting Chris-

tian, must appear so many marked symptoms of the world's fast approaching end. To be sure the most marked of all seems yet wanting, the reign of the great Anti-Christ; but I should not think it unlikely, considering the rapid progress which immorality and irreligion are every where making, that this main enemy of the faith will soon appear. Infidels, indeed, may scoff at these surmises, saying, *Where is the promise, or the coming of the Lord?* It is prophesied that they shall do so. But we answer with Saint Peter, *that the Lord will not delay his promise, as some imagine; but that his day, that dreadful day will come like a thief, when the heavens shall pass away, &c.* and therefore will we endeavor to keep always in mind, as he exhorts us to do, *this one thing, that one day with the Lord is a thousand years; and a thousand years as one day.*

It is very remarkable that in the Apocalypse, or Revelations, of Saint John, which are supposed by the learned the prophetic history of the Church down to the end of the world, all the events which the prophet foresees and describes, are regulated by seven mysteries, the last of which invariably brings all things to a conclusion. Thus, when the seventh seal is opened, heaven and the state of endless bliss is described, as following the destruction of this universe, and the signing of the elect of every nation, tribe and tongue, which is in consequence of the decision given by the supreme Judge at the general judgment. apoc. vii and viii. When the seventh Angel sounds the trumpet, the mystery of God, foretold by his servants the prophets, is consummated. C. x. 7. On the pouring out of the seventh plague, a loud voice, issuing from the temple and the throne, proclaims: "It is done." *Factum est.* C. xvi. 17, &c.

Indeed, on studying the scripture, we find that for some mysterious and figurative reason, the number seven is particularly selected throughout: the number three also, and the sum of both, the number ten. It were needless, however, to dwell any longer on this subject at present; which though curious, perhaps, and interesting, would lead us into a dissertation far exceeding the limits of a short essay on one particular point. I cannot however avoid observing here, while mentioning numbers of mystical import, that the seven aspersions of the altar, (Levit. viii. 11.) the seven sprinklings of the door of the tabernacle with the blood of the victim, (Num. xix. 4.) the seven washings of Naaman in the river Jordan, (4 Kings v. 14.) &c. were allusive to the purifying effects of the seven sacraments of the new law; and that these sacraments themselves were prefigured by the seven branches of the golden candlestick, (Exod. xxv. 37.) the seven lambs offered up in sacrifice, (Numb. xxiii. 14.) &c. these sacraments being seven ways of participating in the merits of the Redeemer, and in the benefits derived from the one great sacrifice he made of himself to his eternal Father on Mount Calvary: as also by the seven jubilee trumpets; (Jos. vi. 4.) because they are the seven glad tidings proclaimed to the people of God in the name of the Messiah announcing his jubilee to the faithful. The seven sacraments of the new law are likewise particularly signified by the seven pillars, which wisdom is said to have hewn out for that house which she has built to herself: (Prov. ix. 1.) as on them the whole fabric of Religion, the work of Jesus Christ, who is the Wisdom of the Most High, rests and depends. For he is the Wise Man, who built his house not upon sand, but on the rock; against which the floods and tempests shall ever exert their rage in vain. Matt. vii. 24. This house is his Church, of which he chose Simon, whom he therefore surnamed Peter, or the mystical Rock, to be, after himself, the chief corner-stone in the building: that Church, against which he declares the powers of hell shall not prevail. Matt. xvi. 16.

BIBLICAL NOTICES AND EXPLANATIONS.

EXODUS.

MOSES is empowered by three distinct signs to prove his mission from God to his Brethren: by the change of his rod into a serpent; by his hand struck with the leprosy and cleansed; and by the change of water into blood.

In the Revelations of God to man, sufficient, nay more than sufficient motives, are always granted to those who choose to attend to them, for believing in his word: and when once the word is so proved to be his; man is bound to believe whatever it reveals as it is the word of him, who can neither deceive nor be deceived. We are not therefore to regulate our belief in his word by our notions of what it reveals; for though he can reveal nothing evidently absurd, nothing directly contrary to the fixed principles of common sense and reason: yet who can deny to him the power of revealing to us what infinitely exceeds our knowledge or comprehension? *Who, says the Apostle, has known the mind of the Lord? or who has been his counsellor?* Rom. 11, 34.

To Moses, pleading against his mission, on account of his impeding of speech, and slowness of tongue; God answers: *Who made man's mouth? or who made the dumb and the deaf; the seeing and the blind? Did not I? Go, therefore, and I will be in thy mouth; and I will teach thee what thou shalt speak.*

Moses still pleading to be excused, displeased Almighty God; who therefore desires him to put his words into his Brother Aaron's mouth; assuring him that he would be in his mouth, and in Aaron's mouth, and shew them both what they must do. Aaron, says he, shall speak in thy stead to the people; and shall be thy mouth: but thou shalt be to him in those things that appertain to God. *And take this rod in thy hand, wherewith thou shalt do the signs.*

All those, whom God appoints to be guides to his people; he calls: and none have a right to hold themselves out, as guides to salvation, unless they be sent by God himself; nor are they to be received, or acknowledged as such; unless, like Moses, they can prove the lawfulness of their divine mission. Never in the whole Bible do we see any usurping the priestly functions; or acting the prophet, without the call of God; who was not punished by God, and condemned for his temerity. Witness the fate of *Core, Dathan, and Abiron*.—Numb. xvi. 10. Witness that of the Jewish Monarch, who usurped the priestly function of offering incense in the Temple. 2 Paral. xxvi. 18. And with regard to false, or uncommissioned prophets, Almighty God speaks thus by the mouth of Jeremiah: *I did not send prophets, and yet they ran. I have not spoken to them, and yet they prophesied.* Jerem. xxiii. 21. And again, *The prophets prophecy falsely in my name. I sent them not; neither have I commanded them: nor have I spoken to them. They prophecy unto you a lying vision, and divination and deceit; and the seduction of their own heart. Therefore, thus saith the Lord concerning the prophets, that prophecy in my name: whom I did not send; who say; sword and famine shall all these prophets be consumed. And the people, to whom they prophecy, shall be cast out in the streets of Jerusalem; because of the famine and the sword; and there shall be none to bury them; they, and their wives, and their sons and their daughters: and I will pour out their own wickedness upon them.* Jerem. xiv. 14.

Now, if God was so angry with self-commissioned false teachers and prophets formerly; is he not equally, nay more so at the present day? Nothing is more strongly reprobated in the New Testament by our Saviour and his apostles, than the guilty presumption of all who take upon themselves, un-

called by God, to exercise the pastoral charge; and preach without being sent. These are they, who enter not in by the door of lawful ordination; but who force their way into the sheepfold by the roof; whom the Saviour denominates thieves and robbers. John 10.

God's displeasure with Moses, on account of his reluctance to undertake the task enjoined; shews the readiness with which we ought to comply with what we know to be a call from God; discarding from our minds every consideration that might deter us from yielding to it.

Moses, in obedience to God's command, sets out for Egypt; taking his wife and sons along with him; and carrying the rod of God in his hand.

V. 24. &c. *And when he was on his journey in the Inn, the Lord met him, and would have felled him.—Immediately Sephora took a very sharp stone, and circumcised the foreskin of her son; and touched his feet; and said: a bloody spouse art thou to me. And he let him go, after she had said: a bloody spouse art thou to me.*

Moses had neglected to circumcise his son, according to the covenant made betwixt God and Abraham: and therefore was exposed to the wrath of the Deity; had not his wife Sephora; who must have been instructed as to the indispensable necessity of that rite, saved him by performing it.

Still in Sephora as we observed, the fathers find a figure of the Church, the spouse of the Redeemer; who may well address him in the words of Sephora: *a bloody spouse art thou to me:* for as he shed his own blood for us; so he requires, if necessary that we also her children, shed our blood for him: she is the Church of martyrs.

The Lord next desires Aaron to go into the desert to meet Moses; which he did in the mountain of God. Thus both were divinely commissioned to go and liberate their brethren from the Egyptian bondage. They go therefore together to their brethren in Egypt; and prove before them their divine mission by the signs they wrought so that the people believed.

Chapter 5.—Moses and Aaron next, in obedience to God's command, present themselves before King Pharaoh; requesting him to let the Israelites go to sacrifice by themselves to their God in the desert. This Pharaoh not only refuses to do; but augments their oppression. Yet he thus only fills up the measure of his iniquities; and provokes God the sooner to stretch forth his Almighty arm against him, in their defence. This, is exactly what happened all along, as history shews us; and what daily happens in the Church of God. After trying his people for a while, he interposes at last in their defence, destroying their oppressors, as he did the Egyptians; and preserving, sustaining and leading forward, towards Heaven, the true land of promise, his faithful worshippers; as he did the Israelites towards the Land of Canaan. Where are now all the once powerful persecutors and enemies of his church? Nothing of them is now to be seen, but their names on the page of history; while that Church, which they so persecuted; that religion, which they strove so to extirpate, exists still the same; the most conspicuous of any in every quarter of the globe; still Catholic, or universal; though insulated, as in the desert, from all other multiform and discordant worshippers.

Chapter 7.—Verse, 1, 10.—Moses is appointed the God of Pharaoh. & Aaron, his brother, his prophet. Moses speaks by deputy: Aaron is his in-

terpreter. Jesus Christ also speaks by deputy: by his Priesthood, represented by Aaron by those, whom he commands us all to hear, as we would himself, Luke 10. 16. The rod in Moses's hand is as we observed before, the kingly sceptre; that in Aaron's hand is the priestly sceptre of Christ. It was the last, that, when cast down before King Pharaoh, was changed into a serpent: and when the Rods of the Magicians were also cast down, and turned into serpents; it devoured them up. The magicians here represent the Hæresiarchs and false teachers; and their rods are the emblem of their power: the power of seduction; too successfully exerted against our mother Eve by the false serpent in Paradise: and still too successfully exerted against her more weak and short sighted children. Aaron's rod is but one, which swallows up the many rods of the Magicians. So, in the Church of Christ, his priestly rod, alone swallows up the rods of all her opposers. It has already swallowed up successively the rods of the Nicolaites, the Gnostics, the Manichæans, the Priscillianists, the Valentinians, the Arians, the Semiarrians, the Nestorians, the Eutychians, the Donatists, the Pelagians, the Wickliffites; the Hussites, the Albigenes, the Adamites, and a thousand others: who exist no more; and still that priestly rod is the same; and as much alive and ready as ever to devour every succeeding Magician's rod. Yet the triumphant miracle of Aaron's rod, made no salutary impression on the minds of Pharaoh and his Egyptians; nor does this perpetual miracle of the rod of Christ make his enemies relent in favour of his oppressed and persecuted followers.

Chapter 8.—Of the plagues with which God visited Pharaoh and the Egyptians by the hand of Moses and Aaron, two are mimicked by the Magicians: the changing of water into blood, and the calling up of the frogs: after which the power of their enchantments ceased; and they acknowledged in the third plague, which they were unable to imitate; in the change of the dust into cinis; the finger of God. Nor had they even the power of repelling the two plagues, which they were permitted to call forth. They could not remedy the mischief they had caused.

All this exactly happens to those, of whom they were the Prototypes. The spiritual magicians, or false teachers, who oppose the word of God; are permitted for a time to work their enchantments.—But the finger of God interposes in the end; and always shews their power surpassed by that of his lawfully commissioned servants. The magicians can bring in the plague upon the people; but none, but God's own deputed messengers can remove it.

The following plagues, the flies; the murrain among the cattle; the blains and biles on man and beast; the thunder, lightning, and hail; the locusts, and palpable darkness, were not capable of subduing the hardness of Pharaoh's heart: which shews how difficult it is to overcome the evil bias, and subvert the rooted prejudices of the human mind.

To be continued.

SELECTED.

MUSENBETH'S DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Continued.

Mr. White knows very well that we have ever believed Christ Jesus our Lord to be the supreme head of our Church: that we only obey and reverence the Pope as his vicar and representative on earth: that in submitting to the authority of the Church, we believe ourselves submitting to Divine authority delegated to the Church by those memorable words to the latter part of which Mr. White would do well to attend: "he that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me." How, then, can the monstrous charge be substantiated that we blasphemously make the Pope with his Church the finisher of our Faith! Our Church proposes nothing to our Faith but what she received from the Apostles, and was taught from the beginning. Every article of our creed comes down to us, hallowed by the concurrent testimony of eighteen centuries; sanctioned by Fathers, councils, and holy writers, attested by the blood of martyrs, and illustrated by the spotless lives of innumerable "most sincere followers of Christ."—But how is it with our adversaries? And how does Mr. White attempt to shew that Catholics are more exposed than Protestants to danger from the arguments of infidelity?

"The Romanist," he says, "grounds his belief of the Bible on his belief in the Church of Rome: the Protestant, on the contrary, grounds his respect for the Church to which he belongs, on his belief of the Bible." We must stop here to remark, that if by the "Church of Rome," Mr. White means the Catholic Church in communion with Rome, we shall not deny, that we believe the Bible upon the authority of that illustrious Church. St. Augustine, as we have seen above, was not ashamed to believe it from the same authority, and we shall not blush to follow his great example.—Let Mr. White shew how he himself came to believe in it; how he would ever have possessed it, if the Catholic Church had not preserved it for him; or how he could have known what parts to believe as Scripture, and what to reject as not Scripture, but from the testimony of that Church against whom he ungratefully rebels. He may talk, like other Protestants, about the internal testimonies of Scripture, its force and efficacy to convince our minds, &c.; but all these were the same in the fourth and fifth century as they are now, and yet St. Augustine, with all his learning and acuteness, solemnly owned, that his only inducement to receive the Scripture was the authority of the Catholic Church. A word also upon the second part of the sentence. Mr. White had told us before, that he joined the Church of England, because it appeared to him the best calculated of all human establishments to promote the doctrines of the Gospel. If then, a Protestant considers his Church as a human establishment, why does he look for it in his Bible? or how can he be said to "ground his respect for it on his belief of the Bible?" But Mr. White goes on

with more inconsistencies. He tells us that the Protestant "has a church which leaves him free to try her authority by her conformity with the Scriptures....A true Protestant Church...will leave her members in perfect freedom to desert her, and choose their own Christian guides, but God has rewarded this generous forbearance by appropriating it to the Protestant Churches &c." and to this he applies the words of our Blessed Saviour, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one towards another." How glaring is the absurdity of all this! How will the Church of England admire this singular exhibition of her wisdom and consistency? Here is some mention of Church authority, which comes out to be no authority at all, for all the members may judge of it as they please, receive or reject it as it strikes their fancy, and stay in it, or leave it, equally to the Church's satisfaction. Can this be the Church which Christ appointed to guide us into all truth, with which he promised to abide for ever! When St. Paul exhorted the faithful to be obedient to their prelates, and be subject to them," did he mean that they might forsake them and choose their own Christian guides? When the same great Apostle said, "Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God, whose faith follow," did he mean that they might choose their own faith, and believe as they pleased? "Generous forbearance" indeed, to let every wolf come and scatter the sheep, and let poor souls be tossed about with every wind of doctrine! O let such forbearance have the reward which Mr. White assigns it!—Let it be appropriated to Protestant Churches.—We have no wish to see the Church of Christ permitting false teachers to invade her flock by a cruel forbearance. We know who has said, "the hireling, and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth," &c.—And this, according to Mr. White, is the precept of our Redeemer, "to have love for one another!" That is, to see one another in danger of being "led away with various and strange doctrines," and yet be indifferent about our brethren's following truth or error, walking in light or darkness. This is a false charity, a cruel kindness, a fatal indifference, far removed from the true love which should characterize the disciples of him who is "the way, the truth and the life."

Mr. White favours his readers with a quotation from a Protestant Bishop, Bedell, whom he calls "a pious and amiable Bishop," and who calumniates the Catholic Church in his pious, and amiable and truth-telling stile: "Without expecting Christ's sentence, the Church of Rome cuts with the temporal sword, hangs, burns, draws those that she perceives inclined to leave her, or have left her already." Are we to be falsely accused under the name of piety and amiability too? Are we never to obtain a hearing, when we protest that the act of individuals ought not to be charged upon our body, when they are not done as being dictated by our creed, but by the mistaken judgment of particular

persons? How often must we declare, that our Church claims no temporal power, and has never taught that any unfortunates were to be corporally punished merely for forsaking her communion? Mr. White follows up the quotation with strong invectives against the wiles of Rome, the tyranny of the Pope, and such men of straw of his own making; let him indulge in these rhapsodies, for in all these things words go for nothing. He must produce more proofs than the "pious and amiable" calumnies above noticed, before he can merit the attention of any rational and considerate Christian.

To be continued.

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 Catholic anglois, qui ait jamais paru dans ces provinces surtout en sachant qu'il est publie 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 shillings 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, assaillie de toutes parts, et calomniee par ses Enemis dans une langue, qu'il est indispensablement necessaire d'adopter, pour refuter sur pied egal leurs erreurs. On 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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