

the more dangerous because concealed beneath the covert of many plausible pretensions—a species of dastardly, hypocritical skepticism, which under the cloak of a professed regard for the Bible, aims at nothing short of its entire destruction as a revelation from God. This is one great enemy of the Bible in the present day; it has crept into many a printer's press—it pollutes the pages of many an extensively circulated journal, and beguiles many an unstable soul.

But, Sir, another bitter enemy of the Bible is *Rome*. And O how Rome hates the Bible! And no wonder! *The Bible hates Rome*. No wonder that the thief hates the laws that relate to dishonesty—no wonder that the drunkard hates a “prohibitory law”—no wonder that the murderer hates the law, which enjoins that he “who sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed”—no wonder that Rome hates the Bible. The Saviour tells us the reason, “he that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved.” And here, I cannot refrain from bringing before your notice the most audacious manifestation of Romish hatred to the Bible, which has perhaps, occurred in modern times; an instance of Bible burning, the most atrocious that has occurred, at least for many years past, under the flag of Protestant Britain. I allude to the fact recorded in recent old country papers, that a few weeks ago, in the large and populous town of Kingstown, the port of the city of Dublin, almost within view of the vice-royal towers, in the open day, and in the public street, at all events in the public view, a “gang of furious and bigoted monks, kindled a fire, and publicly flung upon the flames a number of copies of the sacred Scriptures, which were consumed, amid every mark of indignity which brutal bigotry could suggest.” Sir, I have heard before of Romish priests burning God’s Bible in my poor benighted country. It is no strange thing *then*, but I never heard before of them having the audacity to do it in *broad day light*, in the *public view*, and almost under the eye of the representative of a Protestant Queen. What action may be taken in this matter, I know not. I confess, from what I know of the extent to which British rulers have hitherto succumbed to the “Mother of harlots” in times past, I have my fears that in this case they will pocket the insult, and perhaps, to keep Rome in better humour for the future, will throw another “sop to Cerberus” in the shape of an enlarged grant to Maynooth—but no, though I have my fears, yet I cannot believe that this wanton outrage on the deepest feelings of the great mass of British subjects, will be allowed to pass with impunity. Whatever the emissaries of Rome may do in Tuscany or Spain, or amid the wilds of Connaught or Kerry, I cannot believe that in a protestant city, and in the *public view*, they will with impunity insult that *Book* which is not only God’s Message to fallen man, but which is the palladium of British liberty and the safeguard of British justice.

But, Sir, let it not be forgotten that the Bible has a more formidable opponent still to contend against, viz. the *corruption of the human heart*. It presents truth that finds no cordial response in the natural feelings of man. It teaches a system of religion that is a “stumbling block to the Jew, and foolishness to the Greek.” It teaches *doctrines* which mortify the pride of the human heart, and inculcates *precepts* which the “carnal mind is not subject to, neither indeed can be.” It lays its hand upon the drunkard and tells him, “Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.” It lays its hands upon the slave of lust, and reads this lecture in his ear, “This ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.” It lays its hands upon the Worldlings, and solemnly declares to them, “If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him.” It lays its hand upon the