

sovereign over His own will and actions, though always according to the eternal rule of right and wrong, which is Himself. I mean, moreover, that he created all things out of nothing, and preserves them every moment, and could destroy them as easily as he made them; and that in consequence He is separated from them by an abyss, and is incommunicable in all His attributes. And further, He has stamped upon all things, in the hour of their creation, their respective natures, and has given them their work and mission, and their length of days, greater or less, in their appointed place. I mean, too, that He is ever present with His works, one by one, and comforts everything He has made by His particular and most loving Providence, and manifests Himself to each according to its deeds; and on rational beings has imprinted the moral law, and given them power to obey it, imposing on them the duty of worship and service, searching and scanning them through and through with His omniscient eye, and putting before them a present trial and judgment to come.

"Such is what theology teaches about God, a doctrine, as the very idea of its subject matter pre-supposes, so mysterious as in its fulness to lie beyond any system, and to seem even in parts to be irreconcilable with itself, the imagination being unable to embrace what the reason determines. It teaches of a being infinite yet personal; all-blessed yet ever operative; absolutely separate from the creature, yet in every part of the creation at every moment; above all things, yet under everything. It teaches of a being who, though the highest, yet in the work of creation, conservation, government, retribution, makes Himself, as it were, the minister and servant of all; who, though inhabiting eternity, allows Himself to take an interest, and to feel a sympathy, in the matters of space and time. His are all beings, visible and invisible, the noblest and the vilest of them. His are the substances, and the operation, and the results of that system of physical nature into which we are born. His, too, are the powers and achievements of the intellectual essences, on which He has bestowed an independent action and the gift of origination. The laws of the universe, the principles of truth, the relation of one thing to another, their qualities and virtues, the order and harmony of the whole, all that exists, is from Him; and, if evil is not from Him, as assuredly it is not, this is because evil has no substance of its own, but is only the defect, excess perversion, or corruption of that which has. All we see, hear, and touch, the remote side, real firmament, as well as our own sea and land, and the elements which compose them, and the ordinances they obey, are His. The primary atoms of matter, their properties, their mutual action, their disposition and collocation, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, light, and whatever other subtle principles or operations the wit of man is detecting or shall detect, are the works of His hands. From Him has been every movement which has convulsed and refashioned the surface of the earth. The most insignificant or unsightly insect is from Him, and good in its kind; the ever-teeming, inexhaustible swarms of animalculæ, the myriads of living motes invisible to the naked eye, the restless overspreading vegetation which creeps like a garment over the whole earth, the lofty cedar, the umbrageous banana, are His. His are the tribes and families of birds and beasts, their graceful forms, their wild gestures, and their passionate cries.

"And so in the intellectual, moral, social, and political world. Man, with his notions and tasks, his languages, his propagation, his diffusion, is from Him. Agriculture, medicine, and the arts of life, are His gifts. Society, laws, government, He is their sanction. The pageant of earthly royalty has the semblance and the benediction of the Eternal King. Peace and civilisation, commerce and adventure, wars when humane and necessary, have His co-operation and His blessing upon them. The course of events, the revolution of empires, the rise and fall of states, the periods and eras, the progress and retrogressions of the world's history, not indeed the incidental sin, over-abundant as it is, but the great outlines and the issues of human affairs, are from His disposition. The elements and types, and seminal principles and constructive powers of the moral world, in ruins though it be, are to be referred to Him. He 'enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.' His are the dictates of the moral sense, and the retributive reproaches of conscience. To Him must be ascribed the rich endowments of the intellect, the radiation of genius, the imagination of the poet, the sagacity of the politician, the wisdom (as Scripture calls it) which now rears and decorates the temple, now manifests itself in proverb or in parable. The old laws of nations, the majestic precepts of philosophy, the luminous maxims of law, the oracles of individual wisdom, the traditional rules of truth, justice, and religion, even though imbedded in the corruption, or alloyed with the pride of the world, bespeak His original agency, and His long-suffering presence. Even where there is habitual rebellion against Him, or profound far-spreading social depravity, still the undercurrent, or the heroic outburst, of natural virtue, as well as the yearnings of the heart after what it has not, and its presentiment of its true remedies, are to be ascribed to the Author of all good. Anticipations or reminiscences of His glory haunt the mind of the self-sufficient sage, and of the Pagan devotee; His writing is upon the wall, whether of the Indian fane, or of the porticoes of Greece. He introduces, He all but concurs, according to His good pleasure, and, in His selected season, in the issues of unbelief, superstition, and false worship, and changes the character of acts, by His overruling operation. He condescends, though He gives no sanction, to the altars and shrines of imposture, and He makes His own fiat the substitute for its sorceries. He speaks amid the incantations of Balaam, raises Samuel's spirits in the witch's cavern, prophesies of

the Messiah by the tongue of the Sibyl, forces Python to recognise His Ministers, and baptizes by the hand of the misbeliever. He is with the heathen dramatist in his denunciations of injustice and tyranny, and his auguries of Divine vengeance upon crime. Even on the unseemly legends of a popular mythology He casts His shadow, and is dimly discerned in the ode or the epic, as in troubled water or in fantastic dreams. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from Him.

"If this be a sketch, accurate in substance, and as far as it goes, of the doctrines proper to theology, and especially of the doctrine of a particular Providence, which is the portion of it most on a level with human sciences, I cannot understand at all how, supposing it to be true, it can fail, considered as knowledge, to exert a powerful influence on philosophy, literature, and every intellectual creation or discovery whatever. I cannot understand how it is possible, as the phrase goes, to blink the question of its truth or falsehood. It meets us with a profession and a proffer of the highest truths of which the human mind is capable; it embraces a range of subjects the most diversified and distant from each other. What science will not find one part or other of its province traversed by its path? What results of philosophic speculation are unquestionable, if they have been gained without inquiry as to what theology had to say to them? Does it cast no light upon history? has it no influence upon the principles of ethics? is it without any sort of bearing on physics, metaphysics, and political science? Can we drop it out of the circle of knowledge, without allowing either that that circle is thereby mutilated, or, on the other hand, that it is no science? "

"When theology gives, it has a right to take; or rather the interests of truth oblige it to take. If we would not be beguiled by dreams—if we would ascertain facts as they are—then, granting theology is a real science, we cannot exclude it, and still call ourselves philosophers. I have asserted nothing as yet as to the pre-eminent dignity of religious truth; I only say, if there be religious truth at all, we cannot shut our eyes to it without prejudice to truth of every kind, physical, metaphysical, historical, and moral; for it bears upon all truth. And thus I answer the objection with which I opened this discourse. I supposed the question put to me by a philosopher of the day, 'Why cannot you go your way, and let us go ours?' I answer, in the name of theology, 'when Newton can dispense with the metaphysician, then may you dispense with us.' So much at first sight; now I am going to claim a little more for theology, by classing it with branches of knowledge which may with greater decency be compared to it."

Dr. Newman summed up in the following terms:—"It will not take many words to sum up what I have been urging. I say, then, if the various branches of knowledge, which are the matter of teaching in a University so hang together, that none can be neglected without prejudice to the perfection of the rest, and if theology be a branch of knowledge, of wide reception, of philosophical structure, or unutterable importance, and of supreme influence, to what conclusion are we brought from these two premises but this?—it follows at once that to withdraw theology from the public schools, is to impair the completeness and to invalidate the trustworthiness of all that are taught in them. Religious truth is not only a portion, but a condition of general knowledge. So to act is nothing short, if I may so speak, of unravelling the web of University Education. It is, according to the general proverb, to take the spring from out the year; it is to imitate the preposterous proceedings of the tragedians, who represented a drama with the omission of its principal part."

Loud applause followed the conclusion of the lecture.

#### DR. CAHILL'S THIRD LETTER.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

House of Lords, May 21.

Earl of Derby said—What I have stated before is, that her Majesty's Government have no present intention of making any alteration in, or proposing any repeal of, the existing act, by which an endowment was granted to the College of Maynooth (hear, hear.)

House of Commons, May 21.

Mr. Spooner, in answer to the appeal made to him as to whether he believed in the present session that an enquiry could be carried to a satisfactory conclusion, would at once say that he did not think it could (hear, hear, from the opposition.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said—The vote meant that the House of Commons should express an opinion whether there should or should not be an inquiry in respect to the system which was carried on at Maynooth, and when he heard the words "a mockery and a delusion" used with respect to this debate, and the manner in which it had been conducted, he must say, that with regard to the people out of doors, it would indeed be a farce and a mockery, if, after all that had been said, and all the feeling that had been expressed, the house did not come to some conclusion on the subject of Maynooth (hear, hear.)

The Attorney General for Ireland said—The hon. member for Middlesex, referring to the Established Church, renewed the old exaggeration, with respect to the value of its property, and the right hon. member for the University of Oxford, as well as the noble lord the member for London, warned the friends of inquiry to be careful what they were about, lest they should bring about the reconstruction of religious establishments in Ireland generally. As a representative of the Church; however, he (Mr. Napier) would not accept that statement. It was thought a desirable thing, on its own merits, to interfere with the Established Church of Ireland, let such a proposition be brought forward, and he would give it a fair consideration. He did not forget that in earlier days that Church had neglected its duty; that Ireland condemned it, that the Almighty condemned it; but let it be borne in mind that England did not condemn it. Now, however, that it had become an active and living interpreter of

God's Word, speaking in the native language, and had acquired spiritual power, an inquiry into the Establishment was menaced, with a view to its reconstruction.

Caernarvon, Wales, June 2, 1852.

My Lord Earl—The history of our Imperial Legislature affords no parallel of the hypocrisy, the meanness, and the trick, by which the Government of England is now systematically executed. I presume to express towards your lordship, personally, the most profound respect; but what politician of any age of England's history has ever seen such contradiction, such swaddling, such shuffling, or, as it is now adays termed, such "dodging," as are all contained in the extracts quoted above? The mover (Mr. Spooner) for the Maynooth inquiry, who, but some few days ago, spewed such filthiness on the Confessional, now gives up that inquiry as not likely to lead to a "satisfactory conclusion;" next comes your Chancellor, who contradicts the mover, and thinks an inquiry necessary to "satisfy people out of doors," and to escape being branded with the charge of "mockery and delusion;" your lordship next comes forward in the order of the political dodging, and takes a course peculiar to yourself, by stating that you have no intention of making "any alteration in the act of the endowment of Maynooth," from whence it must be concluded that all the past debates on Maynooth have been a mere Parliamentary farce; and lastly, your Attorney-General for Ireland concludes the official melodrama, with a kind of ministerial doxology, in which he declares, as *ex-officio* theologian to your lordship, that the Irish (Protestant) Church has "neglected its duty" (oh, strange fact!)—that it had been "condemned by Ireland, and the Almighty" (what a happy coincidence of opinion between Lord Roden and the Almighty)—that at present that same condemned Church has learned to speak and pray in Irish (oh, liturgy of Elizabeth)—that consequently (the Lord be praised) it has again recovered the good opinion of Ireland and the Almighty! and is at the present moment (oh ghost of Oliver Cromwell!) "the active and living interpreter of God's word." I declare I have never read in the same number of words coming from the members of any responsible society, so much trifling inconsistency, reckless insult, and swaddling puerility, as may be collected from these specimens of cabinet wisdom. I assure you, my lord, nothing but my deep personal respect for your lordship, prevents me at present from laughing in your face, seeing the ridicule and the contempt with which your administration must be covered all over the world before every man of common sense and honor. Who can avoid smiling, in melancholy scorn, at seeing the reigns of Government in this great and powerful, and enlightened country, entrusted to men who plainly avow that they are humbugging the nation, and that, in order to please the unjust cry of a ferocious bigotry, they are keeping alive the feelings of religious rancor, and, without necessity or a useful aim, ranging two hostile parties of our common country in a perilous and a sanguinary struggle?

And is there never to be an end of this furious malignity against the Catholic name? Is the British Parliament to assemble, year after year, uttering the grossest falsehood, publishing the basest lies, and encouraging the most relentless prosecution against the creed of Catholic Ireland? From Dioclesian to Elizabeth, from Julian the Apostate to Lord John Russell, there never has been displayed, in any part of the world, a more debased, unceasing system of shameless misrepresentations, ribald insult, and debauched lies, than has been promulgated from your senate house against the faith of two hundred and fifty millions of the present population of the world—against the creed of your English ancestors—and against the venerable and imperishable records of all that has been great, learned, and virtuous of the past eighteen centuries in every nation of the earth. This frantic warfare did not begin in drunken clubs or in infuriated fanatical enthusiasm; it did not commence in Tyburn or Smithfield. No, it burst forth in the British senate; it was first announced from the treasury benches; it originated with the Premier of England; it was the offspring of the English cabinet; it was planned in silent deliberation, urged in ministerial eloquence, and executed under the sanction of Parliamentary wisdom. It employed Lord Minto to deride the Pope sent to light the fires of Switzerland, licensed Canning to endorse the pillage of the monasteries, gave a military medal to Garibaldi, feted Kossuth, aided Haynau to erect scaffolds to hang men and to flog women, encouraged Bismarck, and transported Smith O'Brien; and, while standing in Lombardy, in the sight of Europe, flinging the red hissing balls of sanguinary revolution over all the nations, it was seen, at the same time, turning with the other hand the leaves of the Bible, polluting God's Gospel with a reeking hypocrisy, and provoking the indignation of man, and the vengeance of God. Yes, my lord, the legislators of England during the last three hundred years have practised the reformation act of presenting the appearance of sanctity in language, while perpetrating, in fact, the blackest enormities of crime. From Dean Fletcher, who had the shocking indecency to preach incongruous godliness to the Queen of Scots, while the perjured executioner uncovered his murderous axe, down to the Jumpers of Connemara, it is all the same system of lies, hypocrisy, and guilt. And as a matter of course, from the 4th of November, 1850 (the date of the Durham letter), up to the present sittings of your "crime and outrage committee," there could be no possible phase of calumny and insult put forth in sanctimonious baseness against the discipline, the doctrine, the practices, and the ministers of the Catholic Church, which has not been shamelessly exhibited with a perseverance, a malignity, an indecency, and a fury, which have no parallel in the history of modern times. Depend on it, my lord, that all this base slander and national injustice will end in

the disgrace of your name and in the weakness of national power. Vespasian and Caligula tried this policy before the administration of Lord John Russell, and they failed. Attila attempted in his day to uproot the Gospel and letters before the time of Lord Palmerston; and while the furious Hun is forgotten, they both survive; and Tom Cromwell was appointed the head of a commission similar to the plan by which you now assail Maynooth, and Catholic colleges still remain in spite of Cromwell and his royal profligate master. All the enemies of Catholicity through the past ages have had the malignant triumphs of their short space of life against our Church; and they are all now dead and she lives. Their lives were counted on the narrow scale of years, months, and days, but her age is reckoned on the endless revolving circle of ages; she enjoys a perpetual spring of youth—they are sealed in the frozen winter of death. Their forgotten ashes are now inorganic clay—the grave-worm sleeps in their black hearts, and brings forth her young in their disastrous brain—while her lofty spires, and million altars, and myriad congregations, spread all along the nations, from the golden gates of the east, to her sombre turrets in the western twilight, proclaim her activity, and her life, and her jurisdiction, wide as the rational horizon, and comprehensive as the human family. Depend upon it, my lord, you are placing yourself in a wrong position, by employing the prestige of your great name (for great it is) in the cause of bigotry, persecuting a people whose loyalty is without a stain, and inflicting an unmerited insult in gratuitous vengeance against a seminary, which, during the venerable period of upwards of half a century, has sent forth a priesthood, the teachers of morality, the abettors of the public order, the promoters of peace, and the too faithful and zealous defenders of the stability of the English throne. Your lordship has acquired great practical power—you have a just political illustrious reputation amongst your followers—and hence you can, with prudence, calm the storm of party strife, subdue the rage of religious prejudice, and be the father of your country, not the demagogue of a ferocious faction. Those who presume to know best your lordship's sentiments assert with confidence (what I am anxious to believe,) that you are personally and sincerely opposed to the religious persecution of Catholic Ireland; but that the tide of popular opinion running against you, you are forced to yield to the public clamor. But it must not be forgotten that it was your official predecessor who has excited this popular fanaticism; and hence your lordship, who now holds the helm of the state ship, has only to reverse the machinery, go back to the liberal just course of Sir Robert Peel, silence insane devility, unite the conflicting energies of the empire, give liberty to conscience, correct past errors, and surround the throne with the civilised courage and the invincible fidelity of the universal people.

The entire aim of the present English legislation in reference to Ireland, is based on insult, misrepresentation, and injustice; the minds of men in office are so infected with a hatred towards everything Irish and Catholic, that it is painful to hear in every society where the traveller mixes, one unbroken tale of the grossest lies and the foulest bigotry. The slanders uttered in the Houses of Parliament have passed for legalised facts through all the walks of life in these countries; and although one listens at every turn to the most monstrous calumnies, it is perfectly useless, in the present diseased state of the public temper, to attempt to correct their absurd statements, or to allay their ferocious rancor. Time alone, and the good sense of the generous English people, will remove this wicked scheme of the English government; and as sure as the swollen tide will recede in due time to the opposite shore, the excited feelings of the nation will yet recoil in accumulated anger against the base ministry, which could, from motives of vengeance or mischievous power, gain majorities by perjury, make laws by political prostitution, and stamp on the doors of the senate house a notorious national lie on the religion and the people of Ireland. Perhaps the most fatal error your lordship has committed since the commencement of your administration is the foolish malice of your spiteful Attorney, in his Orange interrogatories at "the Crime and Outrage Committee." The attempt to connect the Priest with the murders of Louth, is a clumsy device, and shows what the heart of your subordinate could execute if he had the power. But the Priest stood considerably beyond the range of the Orange rifle, and the lead fell harmless at the feet of the unsuspecting victim. I consider the assassin of character and the assassin of life to stand in nearly the same category of guilt; and the Priests of Louth must in future begin to learn that they have foes in power with hearts as deadly scarlet as the murders of Bateson. I could wish it lay within the rules of Parliamentary usage that my oppressed poor countrymen could appoint me as an occasional chairman of that committee, and I think I should be able to prove to the satisfaction of the whole world that the English government are the real assassins of Ireland—that the English Church is the great Biblical mill where all the lies against religion and morality all over the world are manufactured—that Lord Palmerston is the Captain Rock of Europe—and that Lord John Russell is the "Ryan Puck" of Ireland. If I were permitted to examine the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord John Russell, and Lord Truro, for three hours, I should hope to elicit to a perfect mathematical demonstration, that all the lies, and all the uncharitableness, all the religious rancor, and all the smothered hatred, that, like the tide, rises and threatens to roll in flooded devastation over the barriers of Irish society—all the disorders, and the heartburnings, and most of the riots of Ireland, are solely to be ascribed to the irritating, unceasing provocation and insults of the Established Church. I should be able to prove that each successive Government of England have robbed Ireland (by