

reliance for the enlightenment of the Irish, and so long as the poor people accept their cookery, they continue confident of their conversion.

True charity, like the gentle dew of Heaven, fears the sound of its own falling. It uses its hand more than its tongue; when it sees real misery, it puts forth its arm while it averts its head; it shuts its ears even to the benediction it so well deserves. True charity, such as that exhibited by America to Ireland in '47, asks no sectarian questions before giving relief; it does not take a lie on the soul for a loan to the stomach; it gives for God's sake and for humanity's sake, and if there be any of its recipients not worthy, it leaves them to repentance and to time. Calm, swift, silent in its beneficence, it pursues its course like the twin rivers that bound this city, powerful without effort, and generous without expectation of reward. I say for such charity as that we all cherish the deepest admiration; show us such a charitable man or minister of any creed, and we will wear him in our heart of hearts.

But for that peculiar kind of charity professed by English and Irish evangelical people, which comes in the wake of destitution as the shark follows the ship that has a dead body; for that charity which, with demure visage and doleful accents, carries through ranks of human skeletons its steaming flesh pots, and exclaims, "accept our doctrine and live," or, "refuse and die;" for that cold-blooded and diabolical charity, no man with a heart of flesh in his breast, whether he be Jew, or Gentile, can have any other feeling than detestation. This is the charity that proclaims itself from the house-top, which puts down its alms by double entry, and keeps a balance sheet against God; which flourishes on misery and fattens on despair;—and it is also the charity which so loudly proclaims its conversions in the famished districts of Ireland. You will, I think agree with me in saying that there is no great danger of such charity going very deep into the affections or the convictions of the Irish people.

But I do not say, Ladies and Gentlemen, that there is no danger to the religious constancy of the Irish race. The pride of hereditary orthodoxy may be carried too far, even by the Island of Saints. I do think there is, at this hour, a formidable danger to Irish faith, on both sides of the Atlantic, from an evil common to the age both in Europe and America. We have seen that the Irish cannot be changed by any form of persecution, and we have seen that false systems of education hitherto have ever failed to ensnare them; we have seen a Nation of Jobs, coming out of the ordeal, with all Job's unshaken faith and sublime dependence. But there is a test to which the Irish have not anciently been put, and that test, has been silently trying them, at every point, for some years past. I allude to the enemy I have already mentioned, which is best known by the name of *Liberalism*. This is an enemy the more insidious because it is impossible to define its personality; it is the modern Proteus, and has as many forms as it has occasion for. Our fathers knew where to expect danger, and where to find their foes; there was some chance of calculation upon Cromwell; and even the oscillations of the Stuarts could be foreseen; but against liberalism, as you never know where to have it, so you never know how to guard against its treacherous tactics.

Now the faith of Liberalism, is to believe in nothing but its own superiority. It regards all Theologians as equal, and speak of the church, as of any other sect. Exact opinions of any kind it abhors, the positive politics are too strong for its weak stomach, and as for those obsolete edicts, the commandments of the Church, it ignores them, with the easy indifference of "Fashion" in the comedy. While it thus dignifies, the worst form of indifference into a fashion, it yet pretends to speak with the greatest respect for what it calls "the essentials of Christianity" these essentials being another name for *liberalism* itself. Men who know that a pretended friend is far worse than open foe, will readily see the dangerous, disarming effect of such an enemy among an easy and generous people.

Our best barriers against liberalism went down when our old language fell into disuse. Its traditions were positive and full of faith, while our new language has nothing of the sort. English was fabricated by Protestant man to express Protestant ideas, and Protestantism when not a savage persecutor, must insensibly melt away into liberalism. National Schools, railroads, the new materialism, which glorifies a spiritual contractor, as the first of men; most of the tendencies of the times in Ireland, are to generalize Anglican habits and ideas, and to extend the area of liberalism. If ever these words should reach Ireland, I would most respectfully ask for them the attention of the spiritual authorities. I am convinced that the false and canting liberality, so common in Dublin, and Cork circles, is a danger more to be dreaded, than another Cromwell, or a new penal code. Even here in America, its disciples are not scarce among us, but, I believe, we are more on our guard against them than they are in Ireland, in consequence of the missionary state of this country.

These are not alone my opinions. I have learned them from others, of far greater experience and authority. Among the rest I often heard them from the lips of one whose seat is vacant here to-night, but who is not forgotten by any of his friends. I allude to the late lamented Pastor of St. James', Brooklyn, when I last stood on this platform he was here also; to-night he lies cold and stark and low, in Flatbush Cemetery. It is not straying from my subject to introduce his name, for he was a true Priest, a true Irishman, a true Patriot. His heart was in his people for nearly forty years of official labor; their children were his special care; his only grief was for their errors, and his only anxiety was to make them better, wiser, and more Catholic. He

had a mind most fruitful—capable of producing a rich harvest of ripe thoughts, upon the shortest meditation. With this mind he had a cheerfulness that was never clouded, and a tenderness that never congealed. Perpetual summer shone within his breast, where all the passions and feelings moved, in ordered orbits, round the great central light of moral rectitude. If to-night the spirit of that sagacious and holy man, is permitted to be a spectator here—it is my sincere belief that he approves what I have said, for many of these things I learned from his own lips.

It is time—high time, I should be done. In winding up my web, Ladies and Gentlemen, suffer me to put on a little fable, giving the essential facts, in as many sentences.

It pleased Providence, for His own wise purposes to permit Ireland to fall under a foreign dynasty of kings. That dynasty began, for us, with Henry VIII., and is not yet at an end.

That dynasty united England, Wales, and Scotland as a patrimony, while Ireland came to them by annexation. The patrimony was larger than the conquest; it retained the seat of power, it became Protestant, it grew rich, it strove to cement Ireland by oaths, by arms, and by confiscation, by education.—Three hundred years have passed since the *Baculus* Jesus and the relics of the Saints were burned at Dublin, at Derry, at Cork, at Clonmacnoise, at Kilkenny. Two hundred years have passed since the native schools and colleges were closed at the point of the bayonet, and their students driven to beg in France, Italy, and Spain, the education denied them at home. One hundred and fifty years have passed since the last Catholic army emigrated with Sarsfield. In the first century and a half after the Reformation, our fathers spent forty years in arms. We have no reason to be ashamed of their achievements. With far inferior resources, they fought four national wars, and extorted fair terms, in three treaties. But these treaties were in every case broken, and last, and most shameful of all, the capitulation of Limerick was basely violated!

Then came the century of our soldiery abroad, and of our submission at home. Then Irish Catholics led the armies of Austria, Spain, Sardinia, France, and Russia; then they inscribed their deathless names at Almanza, Velletri, Cremona, Rilloma, Fontenoy; then Irish Catholics governed in Hungary, Livonia, the Balearic Isles, Louisiana, Mexico, Chili, and the farther Indies. And while thus, look to what quarter she would, Ireland could see her absent sons shining like stars, above the nations; at home their brothers pined in slavery, disavowed, disleader'd, dispossessed. At last in a new shape the old spirit reappeared among its native scenes. The race of agitators was born. The men of the gown and the pen succeeded the banished sons of the sword. Sir Theobald Butler—whose name stands with Sarsfield's on the Treaty of Limerick—a great orator and lawyer, was the forerunner of the new native chiefs of Erin; Charles O'Connor, John Keogh, and Daniel O'Connell, are of the same succession. This illustrious dynasty should never be forgotten by us, or by our children, for purer patriots or better men, the world never saw. But they, too, are gone, and some suppose the dynasty of agitation has closed, with the last and most illustrious of their number. I do not know how this may be, but I do know that able and virtuous Catholic leaders were not wanting to-day in Ireland. Mr. Lucas, Mr. Moore, and my old friend, Charles Gavan Duffy, are names not unworthy to be ranked immediately after the lamented O'Connell.

Three hundred years have passed, and what do we find? To-day, every Irish See has its Catholic Bishop; Maynooth, the most successful Seminary in Europe, supplies all the wants of the island. All-Hallows, beginning to be famous, sends out her students to make the antipodes familiar with the Irish accents; the scattered originals of our ecclesiastical history are being collected; the work of our religious restoration goes on incessantly, and as a child looks up to its mother so the bright little new church looks up to its neighbor, the venerable and dismantled abbey. Primate Dixon sits in Primate Dowd's seat as securely as if there had never been a reformation attempted; St. Laurence has a shrine in the city, and St. Kevin an altar in the valley.

The Irish church never was stronger than it is now fifteen centuries after its foundation. As I look out upon this project, I sometimes fancy that I discover the august form of Saint Patrick wrapped in the mist of one of those penitential mountains to which he so often retreated, surveying the scene, and extending his shadowy hands, in benediction over his successors. The mitre that outshone the crown of Tara adorns his head, the crozier that pierced the foot of royal Angus is in his hand, the heel that crushed the serpent's head, is red with the remains of victory; his face is awful but beautiful, and as he moves solemnly over the hills, I catch the faint echo of his voice, as if saying—"I prayed a prayer for thee, that the faith might never depart from thee, nor the stranger overcome thee even to the end; and my prayer was heard, Oh, island of my heart!—And thou shalt forever be in the hands of Roman unity, nor shall any enemy be able to call Ireland his own, till "time shall be no more."

Over the signature of *Expostulatus*, a writer in the *Quebec Gazette* has defied Catholics to make good their accusations against King James' version of the Word of God, as a mutilated, and corrupt, version of the original. Not content with vaunting the beauty, and elegance of the language in the English authorised version of the Scriptures, our writer challenges admiration for the *fidelity* of the translation. This latter praise we are by no means prepared to accord, though we fully admit the poetic elegance, and the harmonious majesty of its diction. Never perhaps has the

English language been spoken in greater purity than in the days of Elizabeth, and James I.; and in no book do we find such models of purity, and elegance of style, as in the authorised English Bible. To all times, it will remain the standard of excellence, a standard, unapproachable perhaps, certainly unsurpassable. But here our praise must end; for the question at issue between Catholics and Protestants, is not as to the elegance of language of the authorised English version, but as to its fidelity—as to whether it be indeed a faithful transcript of the original. Protestant controversialists often confound these two things; and argue as if, by establishing the one—which no competent judge will hesitate to admit—they had made good the other—which Protestants themselves are the first to deny. That Protestants do not, any more than Catholics, believe the present authorised version to be a faithful translation of the original, is evident from the unremitting efforts of the different sects to revise that translation, or to substitute another for it. Of these efforts, we have an amusing account in the following article, from the *Catholic Indicator*. We recommend it to the perusal of "*Expostulatus*," as showing—"What Protestants think of King James' Word of God:—

"No less than three Protestant ecclesiastical bodies, assembled to consult for widely different and divergent sectarian interests, have within the past two weeks given their attention to projects for a revision of King James' Bible. The propriety of substituting the Oxford edition of 1834 for that of the American Bible Society as the standard of the sect, was discussed very fully in the Episcopalian Convention at New York, and in the course of the debates on the proposition it came out that the American Bible Society had been engaged in a correction of their edition within the last four years, which resulted in the production of one that was pronounced every way immaculate and perfect. No sooner however had the new edition been given to the world than it was discovered that it contained 'twenty-three thousand errors!' On the other hand, the friends of the Bible Society charged a number of errors upon the Oxford edition, and the Hon. Luther Bradish (no mean name) went so far as to intimate that the 'Convention did not possess that amount of talent and so critical a knowledge of the Bible as to enable it, individually or collectively, to adopt intelligently and conscientiously that (the Oxford) Bible as the standard;' to which the Hon. gentleman might have added that a large majority of the assembled functionaries would have been sorely grieved had they been called on a sudden to put *apud* through its inflections, to say nothing of the more difficult and jaw-breaking *kafal*.

"These, however, were questions which merely concern the accuracy of editions, a matter of comparatively trivial importance, though by no means unessential to the integrity of a rule of faith and morals, as may be fairly inferred from the fact that in an edition (the famous 'diamond edition') published in New England a few years ago, the little but expressive word 'not' was found omitted in one of the commandments! Far more serious is the assault which has been made in two directions upon King James' translation itself. The somewhat famous Alexander Campbell of Virginia, found out many years ago that although admirably fitted, by its perversion of the sense of several passages, to insinuate certain Protestant heresies, it did not teach with sufficient clearness and explicitness, the new and pure doctrine which, after the lapse of eighteen centuries after the Paraclete descended to teach the Church 'all truth.' Mr. Campbell, with his improved and powerful telescope, discerned for the first time in the theological heavens. Thereupon Mr. Campbell resolved to prepare a translation which should teach his doctrine.—The idea was worthy of the occasion and the man.—With a very imperfect and school boy knowledge of Greek, and relying upon the strong probability that no one would ever arise among his disciples capable of convicting him of ignorance or wilful perversion, he set to work to prepare a new translation of the New Testament, which should be in precise accordance with his novel theory of Christianity. What progress he made beyond the four gospels, we are not advised; but we see by the papers that at a gathering of Campbellites in Cincinnati last week, the project for a new version of the entire Scriptures was under consideration.

"But by far the most note-worthy attempt to replace the common Protestant version by one entirely new and original, has been made by the sect of Baptists, under the auspices of an association called the American Bible Union, which held its fourth anniversary in New York during the present month. The ground upon which the Baptist translation, now progressing, is advocated and justified, is that important doctrines—so fundamental as to warrant the Baptists in remaining a distinct sect—are kept out of view in the common version, while contrary tenets, unchristian and untrue, are made to appear part and parcel of the divine revelation. The committee who have the work in hand thus reported for the present year:—

"Rev. J. L. Wallis, of Louisville, Kentucky, presented the report of the committee on English Scriptures. The committee report—'That they regard the revision of the common English version as the great enterprise in which the Bible Union is engaged. In proportion to the success which attends this, will be the probable prosperity of all the other enterprises naturally and legitimately associated with it. The excellence of the version in our own language, produced by the joint labors of the distinguished scholars employed by the Union, must give a tone and character to all other revisions made under the auspices of the same body. Nor will its influence be confined to the work of the Bible Union. All intelligent translators and revisers of the sacred volume throughout the world will be more or less influenced by it, and sacred literature, in every land where the Christian religion is known, will be affected by it. In view of such facts, and of the inestimable consequences to the souls of men growing out of the faithful and accurate portraiture of the divine mind, in the book which contains the revelation of God's will to man, your committee are not surprised at the extreme caution with which the Board has proceeded, while they admire the plans adopted and the measures prosecuted to complete the revision, at the earliest period consistent with the attainment of the highest degree of excellence in the work itself.'

"The object of the new translation according to the

above is, to give 'a faithful and accurate portraiture of the divine mind,' and this they assert to be of inestimable consequences to the souls of men.' Of course, if King James' version gave an 'accurate portraiture of the divine mind,' in the opinion of the committee and Baptists generally, there will be no necessity for another translation, and no one would be found sufficiently in love with a very difficult and discouraging labor to undertake one. But a false 'portraiture of the divine mind,' is, according to the American Bible Union, 'of inestimable consequences to the souls of men,' as well it may be granted to be. For nearly three hundred years, as the Baptists concede, and as Catholics have all along known, the English Protestant world has been severing and guiding itself by such a representation of the divine mind and will, as has been unfaithful and inaccurate, and therefore of inestimable consequences to the souls of men. Protestants, while boasting of a rule of faith at once perfect and immutable, have been cheated by a 'counterfeit presentment' of the genuine and the true. The souls of men have in consequence, been perilled and lost. False gods have been adored, a spurious Christianity has been believed and practiced, 'another gospel' has been preached, of which an apostle declares that should an Angel bright with the glory of heaven be the teacher, he would be 'Anathema.'

"See the terrible uncertainty of such a rule of faith as that of which Protestants boast so unreasonably.—This thing cannot stop here. The Baptists have set the ball rolling, but in a short time every sect will add to its impetus. As a measure of self-protection every sect will soon have its own version, contradicting that of every other sect, and every generation will have a new revision accommodated to the changed and improved condition of theological sentiment. But even then it is doubtful if the Sacred Scriptures will be made more completely a 'nose of wax' than they are now in the hands of the whole sectarian world. And yet Protestants pretend to tell us that they see no inconsistency and no difficulty in the principle of Chillingworth—'the Bible alone.'

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR,—I had intended not to trouble you, or the public, with any remarks, in reference to the Rev. Mr. Dewar's letter, which appeared in your issue of the 15th ult., and which professed to explain away the insinuations which, in his speech delivered at the Synod of the clergy held at Toronto, he made upon me; but further consideration has caused me to change this resolution. As the Rev. gentleman denies having made use of the words attributed to him, in an invidious sense, or with the least suspicion that an invidious interpretation would be placed upon them, I will say no more about the matter than only this—That the Rev. gentleman employed precisely the same language, in a letter written, in the month of February last, to the Chief Superintendent of schools; and that in the interval betwixt the writing of that letter, and the delivery of his Toronto speech, he had plenty of time to reflect on the impression which these expressions were calculated to produce upon the minds of persons not acquainted with the particulars of the case. And yet it seems that, in the interval betwixt the delivery of his speech, and its appearance in the newspapers, Mr. Dewar did but think him of the erroneous nature of that impression, and that he took steps to correct it in *one* journal, whilst in the other papers (which most probably were represented at the Synod as well as the particular one to which he sent his subsequent explanation) the erroneous statement was allowed to go forth to the world, uncontradicted.

There are also, both in the speech, and in the letter, other assertions on the part of the Rev. Mr. Dewar, which I think require particular notice. The first that I would point out is that in which he states, as a matter of fact, that, at the school examination which he attended in the vestry of the "*Romish Church*" the first text book used was a "*Treatise on the Mass*"—I beg leave to say that no such book was ever used in the school in question; the only text book used, besides the National School books, being one which the Rev. gentleman might study with much profit to himself—"The duty of a Christian towards God"—a work very different from a "*Treatise on the Mass*." To me it seems somewhat strange how the Rev. Mr. Dewar contrived to make such a great *mistake*.

The value of Mr. Dewar's complaint against the Board of Education may be fairly estimated from the consideration of the following facts:—The Board is composed of eight members, including the Reverend complainant—of whom two only, besides the Secretary, are Catholics; and of these two, one has never taken any part in the proceedings. Now surely two Catholics, are not an unreasonable proportion, in a community, three-fourths of which, upon Mr. Dewar's own showing, are members of the "*Church of Rome*."

[After pointing out some other mis-statements respecting the "*Separate Protestant School*," and in the letter, which Mr. Dewar wrote to the Chief Superintendent of Schools, in February last—and in which, it seems, occurred the same insinuations against our correspondent's parentage as those which gave umbrage at the Toronto Synod—he concludes:—Ed. T. W.]

I only add that I think it rather unfortunate that Mr. Dewar has seen fit to stir up strife and ill-will betwixt the members of his denomination, and Catholics; and upon a topic which hitherto has never occasioned any trouble amongst the residents of this district.

J. A. VERVAIS, M.D.

Local School Superintendent.
Sandwich, Nov. 25th, 1853.

Mr. Henry McCullough, a gentleman who has been doing business in the city of St. John, N. B., for the past fifteen years, and amassed a princely fortune, has presented \$2,000 yearly to Rt. Rev. Bishop Connolly, Bishop of St. John, until the splendid Cathedral, which has been already commenced in the new diocese of St. John, is completed.