

"O Donagh, Donagh! can it be,
And hast thou left us so,
The gem, the flower of all thy race,
With heretics to go?"

We lay thee in thy father's grave,
Beneath thy mother's head;
No parson o'er thee e'er shall pray,
No Bible e'er be read."

We can have, however, no proper idea of the hold which Popery has on the Irish heart, unless we understand how entirely it is enslaved by superstition. What folly can a poor, superstitious papist not be made, by his priest, to believe? Some believe that the seals along the shore are animated by the spirits of their ancestors; some that when a man offers to become a convert, all the Roman Catholic blood is drained out of him, and Protestant blood poured in; and some, that the priest can punish the disobedient, by changing them into goats, hares, or asses.

When a pious lady was mourning to the people of Great Blasquet Island, over their deplorable ignorance of religion, as they had no idea of responsibility or sin, except in sheep-stealing, they all cried out—"We'll send for a woman that will answer you; she knows how to make her soul, and has it in fine order; she wears a scapular, belongs to the Carmelite order, and has more prayers than are on her beads." This was their Christianity under the teaching of a Romanist priest; and yet, when the woman came, ragged and filthy, and care-worn, with deep furrows ploughed upon her brow, and a face of melancholy, telling how deeply, under a hopeless system, the iron of despair had entered into her soul, she clasped her hands in anguish, and exclaimed, "God help me, I can't be saved!"

They must be drowned in superstition who encourage, as Irish Romanists do, the assumption of miraculous power by their priests, and so tamely submit to their iron yoke. How very largely must a Romish priest draw on the superstition of his

poor victim, when he demands a fee for saying mass to banish vermin, or for reading, and cutting the sign of the cross, to cure a vicious mule! Some priests are trafficking to an enormous amount in the gullibility of their people, by blessing salt for hire, as a cure for the disease of the potato.

The horsewhip of the Irish priest, with which he flogs his flock, is as notorious as the American cowhide. The style of address in which the Irish priest is in the habit of badgering his people from the altar, shows how fully conscious he is of his own exorbitant power, and their prostrate slavery. Why should he doubt a power or a degradation which he has so often tried in the destruction of Bibles, and the withdrawal of children from school; and when, for example, half a dozen crews are paying him, at the same time, for saying mass over their boats; or, when, for five or six pounds, he bargains with the people along a shore, to bring an abundance of herrings or mackarel into their bay?

Oh, what might not our unhappy country be, if the power of its priesthood were employed for good, as, alas! it is for ill! A man-servant, in a highly respectable family, being apparently near death, sent for the priest, who refused to administer the "last rites" till he would bind himself by an oath, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that he would never listen to the Bible again. The man refused, and the priest left him. •

On this a fellow-servant rushed in despair into the sick man's room, and placed so vividly before him the horrors of damnation if he died without the rites of his church, that he took the awful oath. Unexpectedly, he recovered, and he still lives, with the vow to resist all scriptural instruction bound upon his soul. When asked, Did he not know that the Bible,