





Division - 715327

Section - 44714

/

A BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF THE

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE CHANGE IN RELIGIOUS OPINION

NOW TAKING PLACE

IN DINGLE, AND THE WEST OF THE
COUNTY OF KERRY, IRELAND.

BY MRS. D. P. THOMPSON.



SEELEY, BURNSIDE AND SEELEY,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXLV.

L. SEELEY PRINTER, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

TO MR. GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

LONDON.

SIR,

The desire you have so strongly expressed to have a distinct account of the beginning and progress of the remarkable change of opinion, now taking place in this remote corner of Ireland, together with the generous and effective interest you have shown in this work of reformation, have induced me to prepare for publication the following narrative of what has occurred at Dingle, and in the neighbouring parishes, during the last eight or nine years. And I cannot be satisfied,—however unwillingly you may consent to it.—that this little volume should appear without being inscribed to one who has been so especially instrumental in its production.

To men involved in business in London, the real state of Ireland can be so little known, that mere novelty may invest the following statement with a higher interest than at first might be expected: that interest may fearlessly be yielded, since all exaggeration, all high colouring have been scrupulously avoided in this simple relation of facts, however many of those details may surprise and almost seem doubtful to a reader unacquainted with the character and

habits of mind of our untutored, but enquiring and intelligent population.

There have been some small publications, giving slight accounts of the religious change taking place at Dingle, and in the surrounding country, which have been favorably received ; but slight accounts of that sort, or collections of anecdotes of the converts, however in themselves interesting, can never give the public full satisfaction ; they are also in some degree hurtful, by sending forth exaggerated representations which touch the heart, and raise undue expectations, which not being afterwards fully realized, cause disappointment ; and that disappointment leads to the undervaluing of what has absolutely been effected.

To obviate these evils I have, at your earnest request, backed by that of many friends, consented to draw up a fuller and more precise statement of the whole work, than has yet been laid before the public ; in which will be found original documents,—letters from the converts themselves, and a few remarkable anecdotes, all well known to the writer.

Many errors in the style of writing will no doubt appear, but as an inexperienced writer can hardly avoid such, I do not stop to apologise for them, but rather come forward in honest humility, with all my imperfection on my head, confident only in the truth.

D. P. T.

Dingle,

Feb. 10, 1845.

DUBLIN,
THE BAY,
AND
SOUTH-DUBLIN COUNTY.



1844

54

A BRIEF ACCOUNT,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE south-western coast of Ireland is singularly indented by deep bays running far inland, separated by narrow peninsular tracts of wild mountainous country. Of these bays, that of Castlemain, or Dingle, is one of the largest. On its northern side, a very narrow passage, between two bold rocky head-lands, opens into a small inner harbour surrounded by hills, bosomed in which nestles the little town of Dingle, which, rising up the southern slope, enjoys a splendid view across the wide bay to the mountain range of the rugged Barony of Iveragh. In this place there is now going on a remarkable work of Reformation.

Forty years ago the Church of Dingle had fallen into such ruin as to be disused. The Protestant worshippers met for divine service in a room in the

town—they were few and careless. Yet they did not pass unmolested by popish enmity, but were frequently assailed in going and returning, by cabbage-stalks and other filth. In 1804, however, a small parish Church was erected on a former site in the ancient Church-yard, and more regular ministrations of the usual services afforded to those who attended.

Fifteen years since, the writer of these pages first visited Dingle, as a tourist; the majestic scenery of this neighbourhood attracted some adventurous spirits even then, to explore its wilds. The roads had become nearly impassable for any conveyance better than a car or Irish dray.

The post was conveyed by foot-carriers; one man starting from Tralee, and the other from Dingle, and trotting at a pace which is very commonly practised by active boys in Ireland, of between four and five English miles an hour; they met half way, by a pass over the mountain, exchanged bags, and each trotted back to their respective towns, having accomplished a distance of fifteen English miles forward, and the same back; they did this every day, winter and summer, for which they received the pittance of seven shillings per week. I give this as an instance of the extreme backwardness of this spot, so lately as the year 1830. In this year, however, improvement commenced; a good road was carried along both sides of the range of mountains,—as may be seen in the map,—that on the northern side passing over the Conner, and opening up a truly romantic and beautiful country,

interesting both in historical and antiquarian respects.

In the troublous times of the Desmonds, Spanish auxiliaries had landed their forces in this part of Kerry: and here the gallant Raleigh won golden glories for his royal mistress, repulsing these foreign invaders, and driving them from their fortifications, the ruins of which still crown the cliffs, literally into dark graves of deep ocean; the booming surfs of the ocean break upon the base of Fort Doloro, (the Fort of Sighs), so called because of the number driven headlong from it into the sea. The castles of the insurgent knights, Fitzgerald, Moor, and M'Carthy, rising in gaunt desolation, tell tales of powerful days and past times, when Dingle was the chief town of the country, and a fortified place, as its name (a corruption of Dangan or Dongon, a fortress or strong-hold) indicates: That it was formerly known as a place of trade, is proved from an estimate still extant, made during Lord Strafford's government, relative 'to goods that might be purchased in this country,' 'goods usually transported from the port of Dingle to Spain;' insomuch that Queen Elizabeth gave money to repair its walls, and grants of land in its neighbourhood to her faithful servants, so planting a protestant population here, with a view, probably, of counteracting all remains of Spanish and papal influence. These advantages it continued to retain for above a century later, as entries in the customs so late as 1750 shew that Dingle exported annually above £60,000 worth

of linen, besides large quantities of butter, eggs, hides, and cattle. The ruins of churches, comparatively modern, declare that at a period not very far back, protestantism had extended itself throughout our peninsula. But alas! what a mere name to live by, while the soul was fled, did Protestantism present in these districts during the seventeenth century; even the ordinances of the Established Church were carelessly administered, and as for pastoral care, there was none.

Smyth, in his history of Kerry, makes mention of fifty-four Churches at one time in this county, thirty-four of which were in ruins in 1756; out of these thirty-four, only eleven have since been repaired. An attempt was made in 1795 to rebuild the Church in the parish of Dunurlin, but the contractor having neglected to finish it according to specification, it remained unclaimed by the Board of First Fruits—no clergyman was on the spot to take possession of it, and the Roman Catholics seeing it unprotected, fell upon it, and in *one night* pulled it down, and carried off the whole of the materials to the mountains with impunity. What wonder that (as is the lamentable fact) all the English settlers of low degree lapsed into popery, or that in measure, as its people departed from the truth of God, the country around Dingle sank into insignificance and poverty, until Dingle was only known as the name of a place *unknown!* *

* "I wish you were at Dingle-y-couch"—being a cant phrase, meaning totally out of the way.

In the year 1831, the Rev. J. Jebb became rector of Dunurlin, the most western of our parishes, indeed the most western in Europe, and fenced from the incursions of the Atlantic by gigantic cliffs, many of them presenting a perpendicular face of nine hundred feet to the ocean, which is said to be thirty fathom deep at their base: The aspect of the inland portion of this tract is singularly sublime, long *flats* of drifted sands formed by the encroaching of the sea, where in the small coves it can force an entrance, sparsely clothed here and there with sea bent-grass, and bounded only by distant mountains, present to the eye of those who love nature in her wildest aspect, a strangely delightful conception of the sandy deserts of the east. Three other small parishes lie contiguous to Dunurlin, those of Kilquane, Keelma-kedar, and Dunquin, in not any of which was there a resident minister, a church, or other means of grace; the occasional duties having been *gratuitously* performed by the Rev. T. Goodman, curate of Dingle. Mr. Jebb was nephew to the Bishop of the diocese, and with praiseworthy zeal determined to remedy the abuses which he observed in the district, as well as to supply what was necessary for the due and uninterrupted administration of public worship. In his own parish he appointed a resident curate at a salary of £100 per annum, and determined to apply all the emoluments of the living to the maintenance of schools, and the establishment of religion on a permanent footing. The Bishop also required the rectors of the neighbouring parishes to provide for

their occasional duties, and thus ensure a new and better state of things.

The Rev. George Gubbins was eventually appointed the curate of the *four parishes, Dunurlin, Keelmakedar, Ventry, and Kilquane*, and entered on his duty with all the zeal of an ardent mind, willing to fulfil the positive stipulations of his rector—‘*that he should LIVE in one of the four parishes, and visit all of them at least once every week, summer and winter, for which purpose he was required to keep a horse;*’ he was also ‘*required to return the names of every lapsed Protestant throughout them, as well as of the coast-guards, for whom more specially he was to minister:*’ as it was ‘*his (Mr. Jebb’s) desire, in every way in his power, to contribute to the interests, and render if possible those parishes exemplary to that portion of the diocese.*’* Rather a difficult matter to expect in a district where there was *no Church, no house, no school*, nor any thing that could lead one to suppose that Protestant Christianity had ever been preached, much less established, in Ireland.

However, no way appalled, this excellent man determined to meet the difficulties by throwing himself into them; *he lived in a cabin, at one shilling a week*, independent of circumstances, and deprived of all the comforts of refined life.

Stated services were performed in each of the parishes, and Sunday Schools established for the families of the coast-guard stations, who formed a nucleus for a Protestant congregation in three of the above-

* Rev. J. Jebb’s letter to the Rev. G. Gubbins.

named parishes ; but as yet he had discovered none of the lapsed families of native Protestants ; he commenced however a close search after them, and had the happiness in 1832, of restoring five families to the bosom of the Protestant Church.

Still, the minister of God, who feels that every soul in his cure is given him in charge, cannot rest with the mere preservation of professed adherents, or even the recovery of the lapsed ; he must go forth into the highways and hedges, preaching in season and out of season, persuading, exhorting, and shewing Jesus to be the Author and Finisher of our salvation.

At first, however, the obstacles appeared almost insurmountable, and he could only pray that God would open a way of access between him and his popish parishioners ; while for the present, he took a leaf out of the ‘ Jesuits’ book,’ and determined to practice medicine in such a simple way as would bring him into contact with them ;—hoping, by manifesting a care for their bodies, ultimately to benefit their souls.

The Lord gave a fearful opportunity of effecting his purpose in this respect. Cholera, in its most frightful form, visited the parishes under his care. The people, maddened with dismay, knew not whether to charge God or man as the author of this visitation. The Popish priests, terrified by the idea of contagion, actually fled from the scene, and left to the minister of a purer faith, the privilege of administering medical aid and kindness to the sufferers, and thus afforded an opportunity of opening truth to

many perishing sinners, who, under other circumstances, would have closed the door against him. He spared himself neither day nor night, ministering comfort to all while life remained, and in more than one case personally assisted in the interment of the dead; from henceforth he became physician-general to the poor, who, ever after, while he remained in the parish, sought to him in times of sickness, and therefore could no longer regard him as an "*emissary of the evil one.*"

Being unable to speak Irish, he had obtained an interpreter, and one fortunately capable of reading the Scriptures in the Irish language, through whom there was immediate access to the hearts of the people; so that by the year 1833, we find his hands full of useful labour in these hitherto-neglected parishes.

But, much as their state was thus bettered in some respects, improvement was not, thank God, to stop at the mere restoration of outward order. This century has indeed been blest beyond former ages by the spread of scriptural light; evangelical views of religion, too much lost sight of hitherto, were, about the period of which I speak, rapidly spreading through Ireland—the doctrines of Christ,—justification by faith, repentance from dead works, and the need of the continually-renewing influence of the Holy Spirit. These great doctrines were preached by numbers of the younger clergy, and by the grace of God, extended to our remote peninsula.

Lord Ventry, to whom the rectorial and vicarial

tithes of Dingle belong, considering that one curate was insufficient for its spiritual necessities, appointed the Rev. Charles Gayer, in 1833, as his private chaplain, and assistant to the Rev. Thomas Goodman, who had been, as mentioned above, for some years gratuitously performing the occasional duties of the whole district, until the arrival of Mr. Gubbins in 1831.

These gentlemen were not among those who consider the Protestants only as their parishioners. Such a view of pastoral responsibility has been one cause of Popery's standing erect and unabashed throughout the land. Almost everywhere the people have been given up to the priests, considered outside the pale of the cure of souls; and because it was difficult to recover these wandering sheep to the fold, while they were themselves unwilling to return, the pastors have left them to wander and stumble on the dark mountains of Popish idolatry, unheeded, uncalled, and *unaccounted of*. Yet of the earth, which they cultivated with the sweat of their brow, these shepherds ate the fat and richness!

The results of a different mental view of the subject and an opposite system of conduct, prove what might have been done throughout Ireland ere now, and done with all good feeling on the part of both pastor and parishioner, had such care prevailed to any extent. It has been very generally believed, that the signal success that has attended the ministrations of the clergy of this district, in bringing many hundreds into the fold of the Established Church, is

owing chiefly, if not entirely, to the operations of the Irish Society in their parishes. And when the Reformation here is adduced as an example for others to follow, and as a source of encouragement to clergymen in other Popish districts, the reply is always, ‘ Oh ! but there they had the Irish Society.’

Without in the least wishing to derogate from the blessing which the Irish Society has proved itself to be, wherever its operations are carried on ; and desiring as I do, to give ample proof of the great benefit it has been among ourselves, (having been an eye-witness from the commencement of its operations,) I wish to correct the mistake alluded to above, both because I am ‘ jealous for the *truth*,’ and because I think it is calculated not only to give false impressions respecting the Society, and the line of work it has judiciously marked out for itself, but also to damp the exertions of parochial ministers in the remote parts of Ireland, under the mistaken idea, that nothing can be done among Roman Catholics, except by the agency of the Irish Society. None who love the truth can fail to bid the Irish Society, ‘ God speed,’ —to honour its labours, and to recognize in its objects the cause of that God who has declared it to be according to his mind, that men should hear, each in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God.

Yet a ministry for the gathering out of God’s people, is the ORDAINED means of God, and no Society, however excellent, can take that place, nor receive the blessing God has promised to, and fails not to pour out upon, the faithful preaching of his word by

his ministers. And I do firmly believe, that sympathy with the Society would be more extended if it were shewn to be,—that which indeed it is,—simply the ready handmaid of the faithful pastor. The clergy throughout all parts of Ireland, would be more readily induced to make the experiment in behalf of their Roman Catholic parishoners, if it could be made apparent to them, that *it is possible* to effect the conversion of Romanists, by giving them the Scriptures, and seeking conversation, as well where the Irish is *not* the prevailing language, as where it is. Moreover, where the labours of the Irish Society are not followed up by the hearty and affectionate exertions of the clergyman of the parish, the fruit yielded, comes as little to perfection, as do the labours of a minister, on the other hand, who cannot come into communion with the people in the language they understand.

CHAPTER II.

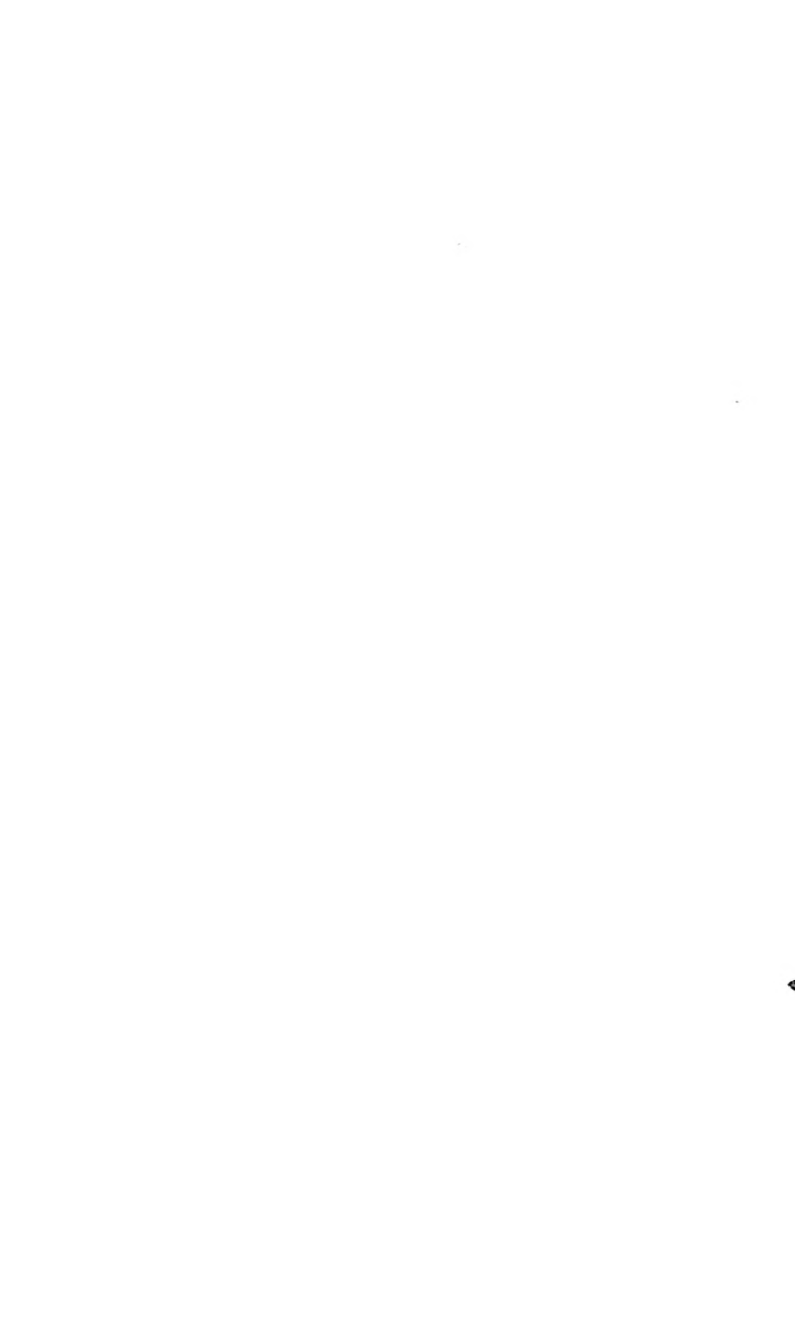
DINGLE.

IN proof of the justice of the opinions, expressed at the close of the last chapter, I distinctly state, and request that it may be particularly observed, that religious enquiry here first began in the town of Dingle, *where the people speak English*; and as far as a work of the Almighty's can be attributed to human instrumentality, it resulted from the excitement and novelty of *evening service* being performed in the Church, which attracted the curious and intelligent youths of the town, to go and hear the new parson,* under cover of the dusk of evening. Many who would not risk public estimation, in order to gratify a lawful desire of information as to what was doing and saying in a Church; and who first entered the Church only from curiosity, repeated the

* The want of a residence for a clergyman in Dingle, which has always existed, obliged the excellent Mr. Goodman to live on his own property; which being at a distance of four miles from the town, together with the great delicacy of his health, prevented the performance of evening service hitherto.



THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF DUNDEE



visit again and again, won by the glad tidings of great joy there announced: They then followed up these transgressions against priestly authority, by coming to Mr. Gayer's study *by night*, as Nicodemus did to our Lord, to ask questions concerning the Scriptures and the way of salvation.

The Priests, it is true, came to hear these things, and denounced the offenders, but no earthly power can stop the progress of the Gospel. These denunciations seemed only to increase the desire for instruction, insomuch, that several families quitted the Church of Rome at the close of this year, 1834, *two of whom were gentlemen of considerable fortune*. Of the lower classes, some were induced by reasonable convictions of the Romish errors, and others by a contempt for the avarice and tyranny of the priests.

In the year 1835, the conversions increased, so that at the close of it the number of converts *in the town of Dingle* amounted to about seventy individuals;—the Irish Society not having been as yet called on to aid, for Mr. Gayer did not then know of the existence of that excellent Society. In the beginning of 1836, tidings of the conversions from Romanism in Dingle caused a visit from the inspector of the Irish School's Society of the county; and from this poor man Mr. Gayer first learned what an effectual instrument was ready to assist in enlarging his labours, and extending them into the country around, of which he immediately prepared to avail himself, by entering into correspondence with its excellent secretary.

During the whole of this period, every effort was made by weekly curses from the altars of the Romish Chapels, and by persecution of every kind, to try and stop the work of reformation, but these efforts proved unavailing, and seemed soon to lose their effect on the minds of the people; it was not thought judicious to speak of these conversions at the time, lest haply they might come short in the day of trial, but every pains was taken by Mr. Gayer to instruct the enquirers. An excellent Scripture reader was sent amongst them, and every one of them had liberty at all hours, even late at night, to come to his study to read with him.

Most interesting circumstances arose—still the converts were not depended upon until time should prove their steadiness and sincerity; and had not Mr. Gayer's faith at this time been of a temperament "to hope all things and believe all things," the present pleasant work might have been effectually hindered,—so greatly suspicious were all persons, and chiefly the *other Protestant clergy of the country*, of any *dependance* being placed on *converts from Romanism*.

Yet the Lord sustained the faith of those working for him, by permitting them to witness the steadfastness of more than one of those despised and persecuted converts. One boy of ten years old, in the trying moment of death, witnessed a good confession, surrounded by papist friends who succeeded in bringing a Popish priest to his bedside. He could not be induced by entreaty or force to receive any supersti-

tious rite from him. He flung himself, in his dying agonies, from side to side of the straw pallet, *to avoid the priest's hand* ; till his father, compassionating the sufferings of his child, begged the priest to go away, and mainly by force cleared the room of the crowds that had gathered in ; and such was the dense mass of people outside the house in the street, during the enacting of this dreadful scene within, that no vehicle could pass.

Another instance may be given, of a poor Waterloo pensioner, P—F—, who, when invited by two servants of Mr. Gayer to accompany them to Church, replied, ' he might do worse ; ' he went, and the word of God, which is quick and powerful, was that night blessed to him. He came shortly afterwards for a Bible, which Mr. Gayer gave him, and by the perusal of which he made rapid progress in divine truth, and soon openly renounced popery. Not long after, becoming very ill, his wife, a bigoted Romanist, did every thing in her power to induce him to return to Popery, and was quite in despair when she could not succeed. Their little girl attended the nunnery-school. Her father insisted she should be brought up in the protestant faith, and sent to the protestant school ; but the mother continued clandestinely to send her to the nun's school ; which when the poor man heard, he went himself, though scarcely able to walk, and took away his child by FORCE, amidst the greatest abuse and opposition from every one belonging to the nunnery. He spent his evenings instructing his children, and

daily exhibited increasing holiness, evincing also a tender concern for his ungodly wife, who did all she could to bring the priest to him whether he would or not. The night on which he died, when she was going out for this purpose, the poor man sprung out of bed quite excited, and solemnly protested that if she did, he would '*go die in the street.*' During his illness he had gone in debt for some necessaries, which he intended paying for when his pension was due ; but as he became very ill, and it was feared he would not live until his pension became due, his bed and bedding were seized. 'I was in the room,' (says Mrs. Gayer,) 'when the bailiffs entered for this purpose ; on expressing my fears that this confusion would hasten his departure, he calmly said, "they may take what they please, they cannot take away *my peace.* I feel safe in Jesus Christ, and have no care but her,"—pointing to his wife who was sitting on the floor of the little room ; "if I could see her a believer in Christ, I should die happy." "That you will never see !" she replied, so hard-hearted had bigotry rendered this woman, for whom, nevertheless, the Lord had better things in store. About two years after her husband's death she was converted, and has ever since been a very consistent Christian ; thus happily and satisfactorily did the two first deaths testify to the genuineness of the change which was wrought in them.'

Much edification resulted to others : for it is a general belief with Romanists, that no convert will meet *death* out of that communion ; but that however

men may from the desire of gain or other beguilement be induced to *live* estranged from her communion, death will restore the power of conscience, and terror and conviction drive them back again. The priest also saw the influence such instances of stedfastness were calculated to have. They became more oppressive than ever in their exactions of obedience, and in their restrictions; servants residing in protestant families were tampered with; and if it could be proved they attended (though in pursuance of family regulations) at family prayer, they were refused confession and absolution, and denied the rites of the Church even in the hour of death, notwithstanding, they are taught to believe that the salvation of their souls depends on the due reception of this rite.

A man-servant in the writer's employment being ill of pleurisy, and supposed to be at the point of death, sent for his priest, who refused to give him the 'last rites' till he should bind himself by an *oath*, in the name of "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," that he would '*never listen to the Bible again!*' The man resisted and the priest left him. But on this a fellow-servant rushed in to the dying man, and placed the horrors of damnation so vividly before his mind, if he died without the priest, that the man permitted him to be recalled, took the awful oath, was anointed, and had some Latin prayers mumbled over him. Contrary to all expectation, the man recovered, and still lives with this *vow* to resist all scripture instruction bound on his soul. I asked him afterward, did he not know that the Bible was God's

own word, against which he had sworn ; he said, '*he did well,*' but that he expected a speedy death when he took the oath, and he knew he could expect nothing better than the burial of a dog, 'if he died without the priest's blessing.'

Parents who persisted in sending their children to scriptural schools, though not themselves suspected of wavering in their fidelity to the Church of Rome, were held up by name to public scorn in the chapels, — 'called in chapel,' as is the phrase: But these biting knots in the slave-whip not effecting the desired object, they selected a poor and very ignorant woman as a fit subject on whom to wreak their fury, and strike terror, by making an example of her. I wish my readers particularly to take notice that this woman *was not a convert*, though subsequently driven from the Church of Rome by harsh treatment. She had persisted in sending her children to school, contrary to the command of the priest ; this was the head and front of her offence. It was decided she should be anathematized and excommunicated, with all the forms so terrific to superstitious persons ; it is called by them, 'being put out with bell-book-and-candle-light ;' which means that the priest is to commence by ringing a bell to summon all to hear, then close the book of life on the refractory individuals, and calling their name aloud, extinguish the candles on the altar, by which is meant that the light of heaven is extinguished unto them, and that they are given over unto Satan and the powers of darkness.

This ceremony is sometimes practised towards Protestants, which proves that it is not done in the exercise of internal discipline. In the particular case to which I refer, the statement, here given, was taken down on oath, in order to be laid before the committee of the House of Lords.

‘ Q. Were you in the chapel on the day of the cursing ?

‘ A. I was.

‘ Q. Did you hear it ?

‘ A. I did.

‘ Q. What did the priest say ?

‘ A. *I’ll be bound he cursed her well !*

‘ Q. What did he say ? did he give a reason for cursing her ?

‘ A. He said it was for going “ *here and there.*”

‘ Q. What did he mean by that ?

‘ A. Because, he said, she was going to-and-fro, sometimes to mass and sometimes to church.

‘ Q. What did he say ?

‘ A. Enough I’ll be bound.

‘ Q. But what did he say ?

‘ A. *He cursed every inch of her carcase !*

‘ Q. Did he bid the people not speak to her ?

‘ A. He desired them not *to speak to her, or deal with her, or have any thing to do with her.*

‘ Q. Did he curse her child ?

‘ A. He cursed every thing that would spring from her.

‘ Q. Did he say any thing of the child she was

carrying? did he curse the fruit of her womb? (The poor creature was pregnant at the time.)

‘ A. I did not hear him say THAT: he cursed every thing that would spring from her.*

‘ Q. How was he dressed?

‘ A. He threw off the clothes he had on, and put on a *black dress*. ’Tis the way the clerk quenched all the candles but one, and himself put out that one, and said, ‘ so the light of heaven was quenched upon her soul,’ and he shut the book and said, ‘ the gates of heaven were shut upon her that day.’

‘ Q. What do you mean by saying he cursed every inch of her carcase?

‘ A. He cursed her eyes, and her ears, and her legs, and so on, every bit of her.

‘ Q. What did you think of such doings?

‘ A. I wished myself at Carminole. (A proverbial expression.)

‘ Q. What did you mean by that?

‘ A. I wished myself a thousand miles off.

‘ Q. Did the rest of the people in the chapel seem to like it?

‘ A. How could they like it? they all disliked it, some were crying, some women fainted.

‘ Q. Did any one speak to the priest about it?

‘ A. I’ll be bound they did not, they left him to himself, they would be in dread of their lives to stir.’

‘ Now, sir,’ said the man, after stating these circum-

* Another witness told the writer he cursed the fruit of her womb, and said it should become *rotteness* in her bones,—that it should be the untimely fruit that should never *see light*.

stances, ' I would go up to my neck in the sea to serve the gentleman * you are with. I would do any thing short of my life, in fact, but it would be better for me to be dead a thousand times than to have my name brought in question about this business. Five hundred could tell you the same story ; but what could a man do standing alone ? For God's sake don't expose me.'

The whole examination is too long to give ; I shall therefore only add, that the neighbours withdrew their intercourse, shopkeepers refused to sell her food, even bread !—her children were all included in the curse, except one, who was in the service of a Roman Catholic lady, and who was prohibited from speaking to his mother. When her children in the thoughtlessness of infancy, ran into a neighbour's door, they were driven out by a can of hot water being thrown at them ; the woman at whose house they lodged was so dealt with, that she was obliged to turn them into the street. Her husband, a shoemaker, who had gone to a distance for leather, was on his way home, when he heard of the circumstance : he turned back whence he came, and forsook her. Thus abandoned, had she not been received into the house of a protestant, she must have perished in the street : when her confinement approached, no one could be found to remain with her, until Mrs. Gayer made application to the priest, representing, that if the infant or the mother died he should be

* Mr. D. P. Thompson.

prosecuted according to law ;—when he gave permission to the midwife to attend her.

The woman on whom this outrage was practised, was a very stubborn character ; she became exasperated, not intimidated. She was neither a convert nor a christian. As soon, therefore, as she was quite recovered, and had proved that the priest's curse did not blight her infant, or injure her own health or person,—perhaps influenced by the latent desire to have it baptized by the priest—she submitted herself to him, took her children from school, and consented to do penance—upon which she was pardoned, publicly received again into the Church—made much of by the Roman Catholic ladies of the convent, *the priest himself standing sponsor for the infant.* Thus was peace restored for the moment, and the woman restored to society—her eyes however had been opened ; and shortly after she notified to the priest, that she was no longer one of his flock, that she had changed her creed, and warned him, that if he attempted to bring her name into public odium, she would prosecute ; when he would have been liable to a fine of five hundred pounds. This had the desired effect ; she was permitted to go to Church quietly, no one refusing to deal with her. But such has been the horror planted in the minds of the people by the whole affair, that they believe the curse then '*put by the priest on the land she walked on,*' remains untaken away, and many would cross the street to avoid walking in the same path she had trod. She did not shew herself

to be a respectable person, and has left Dingle, *but continues a professed Protestant.*

The history next to be related, I have, with great difficulty, and after much entreaty, obtained; and I have been permitted to write it from the relation of the lady who is the subject of it, only in order to exhibit the persecuting nature of popery, and the manifest design of the priesthood to keep their power over the people, by withholding from them the Scriptures: for whilst it is considered, and in some instances justified by Protestants, that the Bible should not be put into the hands of the *very* lowest, it is not thought, and could not be justified, that the better orders of thinking and educated persons should be equally denied the use of it, and the exercise of their own judgment. Here we have the history of a pious and zealous Roman Catholic family of remarkably good talents, and very fair education. We shall see the exertion of spiritual domination over them, quite as violently exhibited, as in any other case.

'The Widow and her Son.'

'You desire to hear my story, Madam; and as you think it is calculated to be of use, and make known the difficulties that meet and distract poor Roman Catholics who struggle out of Popery, I will tell you what I can recollect. I was my father's favourite, and he gave me a very good portion, £200; it was a great deal of money. I married in a way to please him; I went from plenty and comfort, into plenty

and comfort ; and for five years I knew nothing of trouble. I had four boys, finer children or more graceful* were no where to be seen ; but the hour of darkness drew near. One morning I got this letter from my husband, who had gone, as I thought, to Limerick on business for a few days.' Here poor Mrs.— put into my hand the fragments of a letter which she took from an old-fashioned pocket-book, wherein I read :

‘ *July, 1818.*

‘ DEAR MARY,

‘ It is time to undeceive you, as you are not to see me for some time, I am sailing by this evening’s tide for New York. I suppose you, as well as many more, will deservedly censure my conduct on this occasion, but I think it is better to do this than to be incarcerated within the walls of a dungeon, or to be obliged to give up whatever I am possessed of, and afterwards walk about an unconcerned spectator of the world, doomed to drudge along-side of my father’s servants ; perhaps be subservient to them.

‘ Dear but unfortunate Mary, you may depend upon it, as soon as I can make up as much as will bring you and my children out, I will send for you.

‘ Dear and unfortunate wife, censure not the conduct, but pity the situation of your miserable husband driven to despair by adverse fortune. I leave you and my children my blessing, and the blessing of God. I shared what I had with you, but now as I run short, it is better to fly.

* Used in the sense of amiable—a Kerryism.

‘*I crave your forgiveness* a second time—think it not unkind that I took no leave of you ; believe me it cost me many a tear, but the parting would have been too cruel to have been borne ; often I strained you to my heart, and pressed my childrens’ lips to mine—departing instantly to weep—yet at the last I could not say, Farewell.’

‘ And my dear madam,’ said I, as I handed the letter back, ‘ what caused so hasty and unexplained a flight ?—you do not seem to have known of your husband’s intention.’

Mrs. ——— replied, ‘ that her husband had gone security for a relation who failed, and he had lost every thing ; I and my children were obliged to go back to my father’s house and live on his bounty—the children were often found burthensome—I could not wonder at it, and my father was very angry against my husband, and I dared not shew that I loved him, or speak his name to the little boys, and indeed the pillow every morning was wet with tears that I dare not shed throughout the day. The rocks and the fields, and the very mountain’s top could tell my tears : to them I told my grief, which time could not make lighter, though months and years rolled away. My husband wrote seldom, and had little good news to tell. At last I got an account that he was making a little money, and hoped to send for me. My hopes rose, and I began to get all in readiness, as well as I could, to go without delay when the money should come. In about two months I heard there was a letter for me in Tralee, but that I must go for it

myself; it would not be sent. With no other notion but that it was the money-letter, I walked into Tralee—the way was long, but I did not feel it, and cheering my little boy, I reached my relation's house in Tralee.' Here poor Mrs. ——'s lip trembled, she stopped—the letter was from a stranger—her husband was dead!—a minute or two was all the widow paused—in patience she possessed her soul, and calmly taking up the thread of her narrative, she told how the letter also informed her that he had left the money for her voyage, £150, with ——, from whom she was to get it on application. She administered, and went to many expences for the recovery of this money, but from various causes, unnecessary to detail, she never received but £10 of it, and after some weeks of wretchedness she returned to her father's house more sunk and depressed than ever. There she continued for some years, and afterwards an uncle of hers permitted her to repair a house on his ground, and gave her a garden rent-free. 'I laboured to support myself in various ways, sowing a little flax, preparing it for spinning myself; manufacturing it into linen, of which I was a good judge, and selling it. Wool, in the same manner, I bought in the coarse state—prepared and spun it myself—worked it up into home-made flannel and worsted stockings. My father, and after his death, my uncle, seeing my struggles, and that I did not spare my own labour, was a father to my growing boys, who through all my distresses I continued to send to school, considering that if I could

educate them they would comfort me in my old age : they paid seven and sixpence per quarter, and learned reading, writing, and book-keeping, to enable them to take situations ; constantly and fervently I petitioned the Lord to look upon them and take them to his grace, and to enable me to rear them in such a way that they should not bring shame on their father's name. I remember one New Year's day—the day that all may expect a gift—throwing myself on my knees, and imploring salvation for myself and my sons through Jesus Christ. I think that, that very day was a beginning of days to me. Yet I do not think I had true faith in Christ then, as I know Him now. I interrupted Mrs. —, ‘ Dear Madam, why do you say you knew not Christ ?—what do you count the difference between the faith that forced you to your knees that day, and that which you feel now ? ’ ‘ Oh ! dear Madam, then I was always putting myself in the *place of Christ* ; all my works I did to *save myself* ! Jesus' name I knew was “ Saviour,” but I knew him not in the *power* of salvation—as the prophet expresses it, “ I exacted all my labours, and in my fastings took a pleasure.” I used to say seven paters and aves and a creed in honor of the death and passion of our Lord and Saviour ; but strange to say, I this day got a foretaste of the joy of a knowledge of Christ, a feel came over my mind that I never would die till I should know I was saved. Oh ! my religion was a *curious* thing, and when I look back on it, it does seem wonderful how I was ever brought out of Popery. I used to say

thirty day's prayers to merit being heard in all my lawful requests; but oh! how differently did He, on whom I called, answer me from what I intended, but surely he *heard* me, and granted "all my petition and all my request," and made use of my own child for whom I prayed to teach me. Well I remember the first Bible that reached our house. It was from a teacher of the Irish Society, who used to go about teaching to read Irish; a sister of mine and my boys learned; they were delighted to see an Irish book, and as they spoke it always, they soon learned to read it. My father read Irish and wrote it of old. When the Bishop found out we received the Scriptures he cursed us, and commanded us to burn the books. But this I would not suffer my boys to do, but sent them back to the first owner, and in a little while, when fear subsided, we were at the Irish reading again. When I say we, I mean my boys, for I was too busy with one job or another to be able to give my mind to any book but my prayer-book; but this I had by heart from cover to cover, being as great a voteen* in my own ignorant way as any one could be. I took great delight in preparing young girls for their first communion. I used to advise them not to detract,† to take care of themselves, to be sober and discreet: I read pious books to them, telling them the dangers and pains of hell, and the pleasures of heaven.—"Thomas a Kempis,"—"Moral entertainment," and such books,

* Voteen, devoteé.

† Detraction is one of the seven deadly sins in the Roman Church.

but I never read the Scriptures. When my eldest boy was fifteen I put him into business.

‘ Here again I trace the guiding hand and restraining grace of my heavenly Father. A relative in Dingle offered to take him *if my second son would come with him*. I was glad to have them together, and consented. So I bound my second son as clerk to C. F——. He attended in the shop, and was one of those who was led by curiosity, five years afterwards, to go to the Church, thinking to controvert all he heard there, and prove his own religion true ; he was but nineteen years of age at that time, the year 1836. With this intention he procured a Bible ; but he had not compared its doctrines long with those he heard at the Church, and in the Chapel, before he was taught to see the truth was in the former and not in the latter ; as he learned, he confessed, making no secret of his doubts as they arose, till at last I was written to, to come into town, but I was mysteriously warned not to ask to see my son till I should first have seen Mr. F——, his employer.

‘ As I walked in I was met by two men, friends of mine, on the road. They asked me where I was going. I told them the odd message I got ;—“ Get upon my horse behind me, my good woman,” said one of them, “ and go no farther, it’s your *blackguard of a son* that’s going to turn protestant, and it’s not fit you should own him at all.” I felt my heart rise in my throat when he called my son a blackguard, else I think I should have fainted at the tidings ; but pride

kept my spirit up ; and I told them I would go on, that I was sure it was all a lie.

‘ When I reached Dingle, the sad news—as I then thought it—was confirmed : all my friends and his were making a perfect Babel, and when we sat down to tea, my son stood a general attack, we were all down on him, abusing and arguing all at once, and not hearkening to any thing he could say, till he got up and left the table. I was myself so bewildered, I could do nothing but entreat them to take him quietly. I went to his confessor and entreated him to do the same ;—in the dead of the night I went to his room, when I knew all the family were asleep—he too was asleep, I seated myself by his bedside in great trouble, he was starting in his sleep, tossing his arms about and sighing. After a while he wakened, and seeing me, started up. I clasped him in my arms weeping and lamenting ; he prayed and begged me not to weep ; but I told him if he would not give up his wickedness that he would see me *not only weep, but go distracted*. Yes, said I, *I’ll tear off my clothes and run wild about the town*, if you follow your present folly ! It was not boldness, nor anger, I felt, but *real heartbreak* to think he was *lost* to me for ever. If you, said I, that were my idol, run to destruction, I know I shall go mad.

‘ My poor boy soothed and reasoned with me, bringing the word of God to prove all he said ; he told me how he had been reading and studying it day and night for many months, that he had carried his Bible to his priest, and begged him to point out

where he could shew any one scripture for the Romish doctrine of the adoration of the Virgin; the priest did not even *endeavour* to do so.—How day after day he beset the confessional, and at last when the priest was wearied by his perpetual comings and references to the scriptures, he had endeavoured to possess himself, by violence, of the Bible, suddenly wrenching it from his hand at an unguarded moment, thus committing an actual robbery. “No, mother,” he said, “if my faith were to be taught by men, they must be men able “to render a reason of the hope that is in them with meekness and fear,” not by such as Lord it over God’s heritage, and abuse their “oversight thereof” for purposes of “filthy lucre.” Men capable of pointing out the way,—not blind guides whose ignorance and dishonesty become apparent even to a child, the moment a ray of scriptural light beams on the soul. But as for *me*, mother,” he continued, becoming every moment more fervent, “*my faith I will learn from NO MAN: God and his word alone shall guide me to the finding of the true Church.* He has promised the light of his Holy Spirit, to guide the humble beginner to a knowledge of *all truth.* The holy and compassionate God is more merciful than man—to Him alone must I look—if you, mother, reject and renounce me, I must only remember Him, who said, “He who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, but when thy father and mother forsake thee, *I* the Lord will take thee up.” Although I felt heart-broken, and very angry with the lad too, there was

something in the words he spoke and the look he had, that while they told me I need not think to change him, calmed my mind, and struck a kind of terror into my heart. The morning rose upon us both—no sleep had touched our eyes—it was the sabbath, the neighbours were all preparing for early mass. I was ashamed to show my face outside the doors to go home; but as the place was just opposite the Church-gate, I entreated him for the love of God, not to let my eyes see him go to Church that day. “You shan’t, dear mother, you shan’t,” said he, “the Lord is not confined to temples made with hands;—I’ll stray away to the shore.”

‘And surely he did,—he walked off to Mr. Gubbins that day, nine miles, and attended prayers in the Coast-Guard-room at Feriter’s-Cove; for myself I told my cousin, I had done what I could, and that there was no use in harsh measures; I begged of them to bear with my poor boy a little longer, and to take him easy and not to be always arguing with him, for it would only make him give his mind to his evil thoughts the more, but to let him mind his business, and the notion might die away. When dusk came, I threw my cloak about me and took my sorrowful road home. Many bitter words I uttered in my distraction, the sorrows of my youth came back on me—and was it for this I reared him, I said,—that early and late I laboured, and when all the world slept, I waked and thought no hardship hard, if out of it, I could bring decent bread for him, my darling and my pride—and the pride of his poor father that left him, because

he could not see him want. Oh! happy father, whose head is lying low in a land far away beyond the sea; and woe to the mother you left behind you that lives to see this day! Shortly after, I was again written for to come and bring home my son: my cousin and every one that came in and out, were for ever asking him questions, and when he took out *his book* to answer, they used to fly into a rage, and he had no peace, till at last the Priest was afraid to let him stop any longer, lest heresy should spread, so he bid my cousin "*turn him out.*" The lad had been bound for seven years—five of them were served, *and he was sent away without a character.*

'This, Madam, was an additional blow at the time, but the Lord was overruling all for my benefit and that of my child—had he not been treated with such injustice and cruelty, and sent away without means of support, the good fortune he is in now would never have opened on him: *we* looked no higher than a livelihood by some small business, but the Lord meant to bring him to honor. O, Lord, I daily beseech thee, keep my child, let not his heart be lifted up.'

After this fervent aspiration, Mrs. — continued:

'Mr. Gayer received him into his own house; where he remained some weeks, and then came to me.

'The very first day of his return home, my son introduced family prayer; I objected to it and would not attend. I said, "he should not interfere with me, and I would not with him;" he answered, "true, mother, but you will not object to those who

wish to attend doing so :—praying to God can do no harm to any one.” I felt obliged to assent, and my sister, my brother, my two younger sons, and two nephews all attended. My sister was in earnest from the first. She was a most devoted Romanist, her feet would be benumbed every night kneeling on the cold flags to her prayers ; she loved her soul indeed, and the Spirit of God was striving so with her, it was easy to make a Saviour lovely in her eyes. Day after day, my son catechised them, sometime twice a day. Every one that came back or forward he gave a tract to, or spoke a word. Then I attacked him again, and said he was making me hated in the neighbourhood ; could he not let every man go his own gate*—but he said, “ Oh ! Mother, that is not right, we must not let every one go his own gate ; we must put the ONLY gate to salvation before them.” Though his outward conduct was quiet, and he never expressed a repining thought, yet he felt a great deal at being cast out from all means of supporting himself, and thrown a burden on me just as he was rising into manhood. This agitation brought on a heavy fit of sickness. I watched him anxiously through it, as, to be sure, a mother should, and then I learned the nature and power of true religion ; his patience, his peace, his forbearance, his thankfulness, the way he spoke and explained the Scriptures—he brought me to see that a religion having such fruits could not be bad. The Rev. Mr. Thomas, the parish minister, visited him

* Own way—an Irishism.

daily. I never can express my gratitude to that gentleman. He read and prayed with my son, and comforted him by the sweet promises of the Gospel, so that I could not but be instructed and edified, and my heart began to open to the truth in such a manner, that after my son's recovery, when the Priest rode to my door one morning, and instead of coming in, as he had ever done before, called me out and imperiously demanded why I brought my "*pestilential fellow* of a son into his parish," that he "*should not be in it,*" and commanded me to *turn him out,*—I humbly begged his pardon, but told him I could not turn my own child from my roof, that he had already been sorely persecuted, that I was his mother, and must shelter him from the storm. He cursed me, and said, "*I must turn him out,*" that he would not allow him to remain—that he was "*a plague-spot,*" spreading the "*leprosy of heresy,* by his books among the flock, and out of his parish he should go:" I told him I knew nothing of his books—that I could speak for him as a son, no mother could have one more obedient or respectful, but even were he a bad boy, it was my duty to shelter him from the scorn of the world. The Priest abused me in the grossest terms, and told me he would expose me in chapel. "If you do, Sir," said I, "I must tell you that I do not dislike his religion a bit—I like it very well, and may betake myself to it." "Recollect," said he, in a threatening manner, "that you will *want the Sacraments one day!*" "If I do, Sir," said I, "I shall not apply to you for them."

“Woman,” said he, “I do not intend to stand talking to you, remember Sunday!” and with these words he put spurs to his horse and galloped away. Between that day and Sunday, all my relations and neighbours came to me, beseeching me to reconcile myself to his Reverence, and not to scandalize all belonging to me by bringing upon me his wrath which I well deserved: I dreaded the day myself, but what could I do? I could not turn out my child, though many harsh words I spoke to him for bringing such shame upon me, grieving his heart. On the morning of the day, my brother came and asked me, would I have *courage* to go to chapel? that he thought it was the *best* I could do, if I could bear it, as that it might put some “check upon the Priest’s tongue.” I told him, “I was prepared to go in the strength of the Lord,” that what “I dare do, I dare own,” so accordingly I went, and he came with me, to back me, and after mass was over, while the Priests were yet at the altar, the young Priest called out, and after abusing the Bible-readers—the Bible, and “*all lovers of novelty* :” he said, a certain gentlewoman’s son in the parish, who came from “*measuring tapes and yards behind a counter, strait jumps out a Doctor of Divinity*,” “*du Leam se maugh na ducture dight cume*,”—more in the same strain which I forget—then the old Priest spoke to them a parable, saying, “he heard tell of an old fox, who seeing bait laid for the young brood, cutely warned them off; he himself was this old fox, the brood were the people and the Scriptures *the bait*.”

Here I could not help interrupting Mrs. ——,

‘ Was it usual, I asked, for the Priests to descend to such low personalities while at the altar ? She said quite usual, that they seldom had any thing of a better nature.*

‘ At this stage of his harangue, my son drew near with his Bible in his hand, and asked the priest to prove his religion from it ; this was the signal for all the congregation to gather round them, bustling and calling out to them to discuss the matter, and to answer my son. I was in such a state of terror that I left the chapel, but I was not in a greater fright than the priests ; they came down from the altar, and jostling through the crowds, they actually ran away—the whole flock tumultuously leaving the chapel after them, and assembling outside, calling on the priests to give satisfaction. The priests took refuge in the house of Mr. E—— ; they overtook me on their way to it. “ Woman,” said one of them, “ do you want to have us beaten, do you want to have us murdered ? ” I replied, “ No, sir, I don’t, and if you will come into this gentleman’s house, you shall find

* Read the following as a sample of a discourse, given by the Rev. Mr. Carroll, in the chapel at Anisball, in this neighbourhood, on the Sunday preceding Shrove Tuesday, on which day marriages are encouraged by the Priests as a source of income—‘ And as for the boys of this parish, *bad luck to them*, for a set of poltroons—they have no heart to the girls at all, at all.—Marry ! I tell you, marry, and bad luck to you if you don’t. Look at me, I’m without a hat to my head, and without a coat to my back, and my horse is a show under my saddle—marry, ye rascals, or I’ll put my hunger and thirst on ye,—I’ll curse your crops, and ruin you entirely.’ The whole sermon was in the same strain.

I only want to tell you my mind, and that you shall not be injured." They were glad to come in; I threw myself at their feet, and upon my knees, and clasping my hands, I cried, "I want to tell you my doubts, solve them, or I never again shall belong to you. I disbelieve transubstantiation, I disbelieve the invocation of saints."

"Woman," said he, interrupting me, "leave me, I know you not, I have nothing to say to you."

"You do know me," said I, "my father's table was the first you ever eat bread off in the parish, and I call upon you to solve my doubts, and explain to me transubstantiation and the invocation of saints, or I'll never more belong to you."

"There is a *drift in this*," said he.

'What he meant by this, I neither then, nor ever since have understood, but these were the only words he spoke. I could obtain no other, and I rose from my knees unsatisfied. My brother just then came in, and would have entered into controversy with the priest, but he would not, and calling for his coat, which my brother helped him to put on, he left the house. All the intelligent neighbours who were present, remarked how he fled from discussion, and one of them, at whose house he dined that day, had the courage to ask him why he did not solve my doubts and satisfy the people. He answered, that "I was a rotten branch," that it would do no good, to which the man of the house replied that there was the more "necessity to heal and convert me."

'After this, two priests went through the whole

country round, villifying me and my son everywhere, telling everyone how we got paid for becoming Protestants, and were living on the wages of spiritual prostitution; that my house was worse than the seven deadly plagues of hell, and to avoid it as they would the pest. My own neighbours, and my own relations began to shun the house, and my son who had been just three months at home, seeing how much discomfort his living with me caused, returned again to Dingle to Mr. Gayer, who received him with christian benevolence; and knowing the nature of his education and abilities, kindly commenced to instruct him himself in Latin and Greek, urging upon him the devoting himself to his own improvement.

‘ In his house as an inmate he remained, until his removal to Dublin, to pursue his college studies, the expenses of which were borne by christian friends to whom Mr. Gayer introduced him that summer. I have brought with me two of his letters; I am humble in giving them; for my son was but a youth at the time he wrote them, but I thought you would like to see the one he wrote on his entrance into college, and that which he wrote when he heard of his poor mother’s coming to the truth.’

‘ MY DEAR MOTHER,

‘ You will be glad to hear that on the 5th of November instant, I stood an examination in Trinity College, and gained an entrance, and have also got credit from the beginning of the term, that

is 1st October last. In this, as in all other things, you, I am sure, will see, and I hope will acknowledge the hand of God; for though I studied perhaps too hard, yet were not the Lord's hand manifestly in it, how could I effect in about eight months and ten days the work of three years, sometimes four; but so it is, I now wear the cap and gown in T. C. D. I declined writing until now, that I might be able to say I was well: as either the anxiety previous to my examination, or the severe studying, brought on a nervous attack, and I was unwell for two or three days, but am quite recovered now, thank God, and can sleep enough in future, which I did not do before. My hour of going to bed used to be two o'clock at night, and up as soon as I could see the letters in the morning; in future I have only to meet my quarterly examinations, and that is no more than a lazy school-boy might do. You would not be interested about the examination itself, else I should tell you it more fully. I was examined by nine of the fellows of the college in nine different books, and only broke down in one, and that an unimportant one, Zenophon's *Cyropædia*,—they did not take it into account against me.

‘ I am, dear Mother,

‘ ever yours in the Lord.’

*On hearing of his mother's leaving Popery
openly.*

1838.

‘ DEAR MOTHER,

‘ I received your letter by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, and feel glad that your mind is at last at rest. I feel confident you will agree with me when I say *it is the first time*, and Oh, if it be, it is a blessed change to be brought from darkness, *to rest in the arms of a Saviour's everlasting love*: however, I would say, *be satisfied with nothing short of a full assurance of salvation, for it is for you if you believe*. I know you have much to contend with, (having passed through the fire), both from without, and from the inward conflict, which is far more severe, but which is the surest evidence of life! Yes, spiritual life! to maintain a conflict with an evil heart of unbelief, and like a living fish go against the current of an ungodly world; always cautious lest the pride of the heart might lead us to feel that the final victory is to be attained, either by any thing we can do, or as the consequence of any obedience on our part, while even to the end, though sanctified by the Holy Spirit, we are still as much *dependent* upon the *mercy* of God, as when we were living in open sin. You say, “If I can,” surely *you cannot*, but the *Lord* can for you—the world may frown and smile at the idea of *our assurance*, but we know it is not an imaginary thing, it is a *reality*, a *certainty*, a *salvation*: and all the powers of earth and hell cannot separate the weakest believ-

ing soul from the love of our God reconciled to us in Jesus. Ah! *none but Jesus, and then will be victory!* Victory! Victory! Oh that men would be wise and consider their latter end. I enjoy, blessed be God, much peace in the Lord, and have many opportunities of improving myself in Christian society here, and surely I am a standing monument of the fulfilment of God's promise, Matt. xix. 29; and furthermore, I praise his name that I have learned of him to be thankful. I have some difficulty and danger at present to encounter, in getting into the islands of our coasts; the weather at this season of the year being stormy, but what is the difficulty when compared with the happiness I afterwards enjoy, which you will best appreciate by fixing your mind's eye on some of those incidents which often bear an impression to my heart. Fancy then, a little cabin, with few accommodations beyond those which are absolutely necessary to protect the inmates from the inclemency of the weather: enclosed by the stormy billows of the Atlantic, and observe the surrounding little cabins pour forth their inhabitants of all ages, who bend their steps to this little heath-clad cot; while I stand with the Irish Bible in my hand, ready as an instrument of the Holy Ghost to unfold its treasures to the humble poor, (and may we not hope that its pure rays will more and more attract poor ignorant wanderers in that path of moral darkness which my ill-fated countrymen have long been doomed to walk, and may still brighten their minds from the blindness of the world which Popery

has flung arond them to the glorious views of eternity, which the gospel of God's grace alone unfolds,) and you will have some idea of the indescribable pleasure which I sometimes feel in speaking and reading the message of love to these neglected people.

'Tell Jane from me to be cautious of the Priest, and to avoid him as she would a fiend; as he does not care a farthing for her soul, farther than to serve his base purposes; and the subject is momentous, nothing less than salvation; tell her my advice to seek the Lord while he may be found, and to avoid soul-destroying popery and the idolatrous Mass; and assure her that I speak in the sincerity of my heart when I say so, and that my ardent desire and prayer to God is, that she and all my friends may be delivered from that awful delusion, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

'I am, dear Mother,

'Your's for ever in the Lord.'

'From this forth, Madam, you know my son's history, how through the pious liberality of Christian people he is now a Minister of your church.'

'Well, but, my dear Madam,' said I, 'I should like to know how you proceeded yourself, until you found your way out of a system to which you appear to have been so much attached. I should also like to know, what became of all the seven persons with whom your son read so constantly during his residence at home'.

'They *all* left *popery*; I was myself THE LAST.

my sister became a devoted Christian, and is gone to America, finding no means of livelihood at home; my two nephews, unable to bear the persecution of the Priests, have found employment in Manchester, where they are doing well; my third son is in the east, and has made good use of the Irish Bible there, he is not only become a Protestant himself, but has brought several young men of his regiment to the knowledge of the truth; my fourth son is with his brother; my own brother and I were more difficult to unsettle; we were grown old in Popery, God would not suffer us to settle on our lees. After the others dispersed, we were constantly together reading the Bible; his wife and her family were greatly opposed to him; he is a man of tender, feeling mind; great was his anguish and the struggles of his conscience. So he spent all his spare time with me reading and praying, he was a good scholar, though but a poor farming man, that followed his own plough; he understood Greek and Latin from his youth, and used to explain every thing to me. He used to say, "Mary, we are in an awful state; he that denieth Christ before men, shall be denied before the angels of his father in Heaven." Long we lingered thus, but at last, partly strengthened by my son's letters, I found grace to emancipate myself, and my dear brother did not remain behind, though his difficulties were every day increasing; and the Sunday he first went to church, when his wife found it out, she rushed up the aisle screaming and calling him to come away, and when the sexton appeared to put her

out she fell into strong hysterics, and was carried out fainting, while my poor brother's state may be better imagined than I can describe it. The Lord however has sustained his drooping heart and borne him on eagle's wings ; his acquaintance with Greek and Latin, and the deep theological reading he applied himself to immediately, (being supplied with books by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gayer, and Mr. Moriarty) rendered him a suitable person for the Ministry, now that the ability to preach in Irish is becoming a recommendation.

‘Several gentlemen introduced him to the Committee of the Society for promoting the knowledge of the truth in the Irish Islands. They are bearing his expenses through Trinity College, and he will soon be ready for his ordination, which we hope will take place in October: he will then be the *fifth converted Romanist* FROM DINGLE now in the ministry of the Protestant Church.’

‘Yes,’ said I, ‘it is indeed a remarkable fact that a little corner like Dingle should have sent forth into the ministry, from out of the bondage of popery, such a host of faithful witnesses to the truth as it is in Jesus!’

Although the circumstances related by Mrs. — in the course of her remarkable story have brought us down to the year 1838, yet the current of our general history, I must remind my reader, has only reached the year 1836. In that year, the spirit of enquiry awakened among the people was so strong,

that Mr. Gayer, feeling the great advantage of having the assistance of Irish Teachers, applied to the Irish Society. He was in consequence appointed Superintendent of the West Kerry district, which under his management, was to embrace every parish in the peninsula. In the course of this first year (1836,) a staff of *twenty* Irish Teachers, paid by the Irish Society, and under Mr. Gayer's watchful care, were distributed throughout this district. And before the year closed, as many as 120 men were to be seen in the School-house in Dingle, reading the Irish Bible. These men were not *converts*, neither were they all able to read fluently, but they were willing to be instructed to do so; their prejudices against Protestant contact being overcome by their love for their own language, in which they felt competent *to reason*, and therefore not liable to deception. Behold them, then, assembled in the Protestant scriptural school-house to receive instruction from the Protestant clergymen, expressing their own ideas of the word read both *to* and *by* them.

Thus did the clergymen of their respective parishes become acquainted with each man able and willing to learn, but especially their superintendent, Mr. Gayer, to whom the teachers used to bring those amongst the learners who expressed a desire to converse on the difference of the religious tenets between the two Churches. Early in 1837, four teachers residing at Ventry, (for my readers should be informed, that the teachers employed by the Irish Society are not necessarily protestants), who by read-

ing the Bible, and receiving instruction from Mr. Gayer, had become convinced of the errors of Popery, declared their intention of publicly coming to Church in Dingle : This created immense excitement ; that an apostacy growing and increasing in Dingle, should now commence to manifest itself in the country parts, drew down a fresh flood of priestly wrath : the altars rang with curses against individuals and against schools, the priests everywhere declared from their altars that Mr. Gayer *bribed the people, that he received money from England for the purpose.* This lie soon betrayed itself : for some unfortunate creatures coming many miles *to offer themselves as converts for pay,* and being sent away with kind instruction, and without money, soon undeceived others. The strangest reports were circulated ; nothing was too absurd for bigotry or credulity to swallow : it was said that any one willing to become ‘ A man of Mr. Gayer’s,’ ‘ a souper,’* ‘ a turncoat,’ the various appellations the convert bears, was immediately BLED by Mr. Gayer, and PROTESTANT BLOOD infused into his veins. This caused a panic amongst the relations of the converts, which would have been ludicrous, had not the occasion been so solemn ; others were absolutely believed to have been turned by priestly power, as a punishment for their heresy,

* This term of reproach grew out of the circumstance of a soup-shop having been opened by a benevolent lady of the town, in a time of great scarcity and distress, and soup offered for sale to the poor. The Roman Catholics might have purchased, but were forbidden by the Priest ; all who did avail themselves of it were henceforth termed ‘ *soupers.*’

into goats, hares, &c., that by these reports the timid might be led to fly intimacy with the teachers, or the converts. Notwithstanding all this, the light spread, converts in the country parishes began to be counted by tens, not units, and Mr. Gubbins, now become rector of Dunurlin, was able to hold meetings exclusively for Roman Catholics to enquire into the subject of religion ; and every week ‘ Ambulatory assemblies,’ as he called them, were held in some retired village, for the purpose of conversing without attracting suspicion.

CHAPTER III.

VENTRY.

VENTRY, lying in the centre of the district, became a gathering-place, and many converts from other parishes collected for strength and mutual support into this poor village, which had been nearly depopulated by the cholera: even in this wretchedly poor part of the country, where there is not so much as one resident gentleman. Ventry was *superlatively* wretched and squalid. Misery marked every countenance, the untenanted houses were falling into ruin, or become the haunt of lawless men, the place had what we call in Ireland, ‘a *bad name!*’ It is situate at the head of a stretch of shore, called therefore, *coun tra*, ‘the head of the strand.’ Yet here, in this despised spot, had the Lord *a people* to bring from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

The four Irish readers, who had been placed at Ventry by Mr. Gayer, and who had been convinced of the errors of Popery, worked indefatigably amongst the people. The word grew “mightily

and prevailed ;” the numbers rapidly increased, for as one of these Irish readers, whose words I quote, said, in recounting these facts to a friend of mine, ‘ the people began with no other desire than to *hear the Irish* ; but by-and-by the word of God rubbed off the scales, and they saw the light, at first dimly, then more clearly, till the perfect day broke in, and they went on their way leaping for joy.’

‘ Is it man’s devices ?’ said Dolan, the Irish school-inspector, ‘ that will stop the sword of the Spirit from cutting right and left, when once it is drawn out of the scabbard, though for our good we may have a trial of patience now and then, just to let us see that the “ *work is the Lord’s* ;” and so I told Mr. Gayer it would be at Ventry, where, twelve months ago, there was not one *avowed* convert. I knew how many spent the long winter evenings, aye, and the hours of the night to the back of them, over the Irish Bible,—and have not my words come to pass ? A pleasanter day I never hope to spend than that gone by at Ventry, when Mr. Gayer, with myself and the Irish readers, and as many boys as we liked to call, set about throwing *two cabins into one*, to be big enough for a school. Our tools were none of the best, but we did great execution.’

‘ Please your reverence,’ said one of the boys, ‘ how long was the battle of Ventry-harbour in fighting.’

‘ A year and a day, as the old story goes,’ said Mr. Gayer.

‘ Aye, but the battle we’re now engaged in will

last not a year and a day only, but all our lives through,' said the boy ; with that there was great applause : but I beg your pardon for taking up your time, sure it's yourself knows how that school-room grew.'

The writer of these pages also knows how that school-house grew, and how it was then filled on each sabbath and each week-day with creatures who, for uncivilized aspect and poverty of garb, might bear competition with the most savage nations. The women squatted on the floor nursing their infants—elder infants were supplied with a potato or perhaps a *live bird* to keep them quiet—but all *thirsting* for the word of life, now *first* brought to *their ears* ; and evincing their feelings, sometimes by smiling and nodding approbation at each other, and sometimes by groaning aloud : the service was at this time conducted by Mr. Gayer in English, but translated, paragraph by paragraph, into Irish, by the readers.

The writer has also been present at meetings for the Irish learners, when it has been full from one end to the other : clergymen standing at the upper end, teachers at the lower, the ministers giving out the questions in English, the teachers rendering the same into Irish, and giving the answers in English, as replied to them in Irish by the scholar. Of the fidelity with which the questions and answers were repeated, Rev. Mr. Goodman, who speaks Irish fluently, was a competent judge ; and it was delightful to hear even in that first year of their instruction,

the scriptural answers of these poor unlearned men called on to contend for the faith.

One day, a poor man having determined to bring his infant to be baptised, the first child of a convert received by this rite into the congregation, the Priest, a very brutal man, walked up and down before the school-house throughout the whole ceremony, brandishing his horse-whip in a rage: (a weapon it is not uncommon for them to use in the open streets among their flocks—the writer has twice seen it done, and has seen the people running from them like frightened sheep) On the present occasion, this minister ‘of another gospel’ called down imprecations on any man, woman, or child, who should assist at the ceremony in question; doubtless many believed in these anathemas—they knew not that the ‘curse causeless shall not come;’ but when time proved that the infant so anathematized, lived and thrived, and that its father remained unharmed, though it had been predicted that some signal judgment would fall on him, “the wrath of man was made *to praise God*” by loosening still further the bonds of superstition. Indeed it was marvellous how the word of God prevailed, to do the work that it will never fail to do, when permitted free course; building up some by the gradual increase of knowledge in school-instruction, and by calling others individually and suddenly, as occurred in the following case.

An Irish teacher was crossing one of our mountains; a thick fog came on; meanwhile he overtook a

lad who shortly before had commenced learning Irish, but who, as regarded religion, was in gross darkness, and as yet without the desire of the knowledge of Christ. They joined company, but the fog being very dense, they missed their way, and got into dangerous swamps. Death appeared at hand : the Irish teacher, an elderly man, felt much for the lad, who appeared about to be carried into the presence of his Judge in company with himself, yet how differently prepared ! He turned to him and said, ‘ Dear young man ! how sad is your case ! ’ ‘ Sir,’ replied the other, ‘ in what am I worse off than yourself ? We are likely to suffer the same fate.’ ‘ No, young man, *my* death would be no loss to me, for heaven is purchased for me by the blood of Christ ;—but for you—my poor boy, what hope have you ? ’

Out of this remark a conversation arose which continued for some hours, while they sat under the shelter of a bank in the bog, and which was blessed to the conversion of the lad, who shortly after wrote a poem in Irish and dedicated it to the teacher, which has been by that teacher rendered into English, who, however, owns he has ‘ *no taste for poetry* and could do it no justice,’ it being ‘ very fine in the Irish.’

REFLECTIONS OF A YOUTH ON HIS PRESENT AND
ETERNAL STATE.

Translated from the Irish.

‘ O pity the state of a poor Irish youth,
Whose heart has been touched with a love of the truth.

By father and mother renounced and forgot ;
 Should he dare to be *that*, which the priest bids him not,
 The eyes will look cold that smiled on him before,
 And the hearts that have lov'd him will love him no more.
 Should he open the Book that to sinners was given
 And try to make out the right way to Heaven.'

He then describes the mountain-scene, the fog, the conversation, &c., which we will not trouble our readers with ; and then concludes versifying the last words of the teacher.

'By Priest or by father or mother if led,
 To give up your Bible—remember, *who* said,
 The man who loves parent or land more than me,
 I count him unworthy my servant to be.

The clouds as he spake seemed to clear from the sky,
 Peace came to my bosom, and light to my eye :
 I said, as the fog is departed and o'er,
 So *I* will be groping in darkness no more.

No more like the thistle all blasted and gone,
 When the blossom falls off that the summer puts on,
 But like the green branch of the true Living Vine,
 Let the world do its worst, if my Saviour be mine.'

In the course of the summer of 1838, the converts at Ventry numbered one hundred and seventy persons, kept together as a congregation, by having service for them in English on Sunday. Mr. Gayer and Mr. Goodman officiating alternately in the humble cabin rented for the school. Mr. Goodman could address them in Irish, and the discourses of Mr. Gayer were explained to them in Irish, by the few who understood English. Mr. Gubbins also made, as he was accustomed to do, a weekly visit to the parish on Monday. Matters went on thus,

until August of the same year, when it was found impossible that the people, now become so many, could continue without the care of a resident clergyman, who could minister to them in Irish. Mr. Gayer, therefore, again made application to the committee of the Irish Society, to permit their Agent, the Rev. T. Moriarty, then residing at Kingscourt, who was himself a native of Dingle, and a convert from Romanism, to come and take charge of this interesting flock. Mr. Gubbins proposed to surrender to him the salary he received as curate of Ventry, if the society would permit him to come. Mr. Gayer, at the same time, went himself to England to endeavour to procure subscriptions for building a Church, a dwelling-house for a clergyman, and a school-house, that in use being very inadequate. On his return, the Irish Society not only consented to Mr. Moriarty's removal, but undertook to maintain the mission at Ventry at their own expense, paying the salaries of three Irish readers, a school-master and mistress, which aid has been ever since continued.

Things were now put on a more regular footing, and Mr. Moriarty entered on his ministry early in 1839, the congregation consisting of about 170 converts, besides the Coast-guard, who were also become his parishioners by Mr. Gubbins's surrender of the parish.

The work henceforth promised, under God's blessing, to be not only enduring in itself, but of a character to exert a striking influence on the surrounding population. The new school-house, a

large and airy room sixty feet long, was rapidly completed; and until the Church was built, the congregation assembled in it every Sunday for service, using our Liturgy in the Irish language, and having the sacraments administered, and sermons preached to them in the same; almost all, young and old, committed the general confession, the responses, and the Litany, to memory, in order that they might audibly join in the service; and most striking it was to witness the earnestness and devotion with which their united prayers and praises were offered up in their own loved tongue.

Here, as in Dingle, the adults were required to attend for instruction at Sunday School before service, and during the week the children were taught to read both the Irish and English languages, and the facility with which they acquired the latter was truly surprising. Mr. Moriarty trained them to refer, with equal ease, to either version of the scriptures, particularly on subjects connected with the Roman controversy, for which they needed to be prepared at any moment. Some of these boys are since gone forth as master-readers, and others give promise of much future usefulness to the mission; upwards of a hundred children are now on the roll.

DENIS DUNLEVY.

Denis Dunlevy was one of the first Roman Catholics in Ventry who was led to embrace the truth; he used to come into Dingle to receive instruc-

tion ; he was a man of naturally ungovernable temper, and a man who would dare any thing ; his temper was such, that every one feared him, and his companions have been heard to say, he once threw himself out of a boat in a passion, and was with much difficulty preserved from being drowned : his legs and arms were often obliged to be tied together, to prevent his doing injury to those about him, when in those fits of passion ; the subjection of his temper was one proof of many that he gave, that not his opinions only were changed, but that he had been made the subject of that operation of the Holy Spirit, by which we become new creatures ; turned indeed, not only from Popery to Protestantism, but “ from the power of Satan unto God.”

This alteration in Dunlevy was remarked by all ; he sent his children to school, and made a firm stand on the Lord’s side : he was *the Captain* of the little missionary boat, given by some Christian friends to Mr. Gayer for the use of the mission, and the night she was lost, was one of the four men who were so providentially preserved.—The boat had anchored at the Maharée islands, at the entrance of Tralee bay, but broke from her moorings, and was driven out to sea. When poor Denis found her quite unmanageable, he said, ‘ We must give ourselves up to the Lord ; ’ they all took leave of each other, expecting death every moment : the boat struck against the rocks of Bally Haigue bay, and was dashed to pieces : the men were thrown out on the surf, which by the mercy of God washed them on shore, where their

first act was to kneel and thank the Lord for their wonderful and merciful preservation.

Great anxiety had been manifested at Dingle for the poor sufferers, and Mrs. Gayer, in a letter to a friend, written at the time, says:—‘When they were seen driving into Dingle on a car in the evening, a shout of joy was raised from every one: they all ran up to our house to make known the joyful news, that the poor boatmen were saved—a most touching scene took place—the wives, mothers, sisters, and children, all crowded together, so overcome by their feelings, that the sight was truly distressing, they had had no hope of ever again seeing their dear relatives, and were all waiting in Mr. Gayer’s house to receive the first intelligence of them, when they so unexpectedly arrived. Mr. Gayer had received a note from Denis that morning, written from the Maharée previous to their leaving, in which he says, “*We set sail three times, but we were obliged to return on account of the storm, but we know all things work together for good to those who love God, whether at sea or on land.*”’

Poor Denis! he never seemed to recover his spirits after the loss of the boat; the shock and anxiety of the night, (he being the responsible person,) lay on him perpetually. The last week in December he was seized by influenza, and sunk at once. When danger was apprehended, every effort was made by his popish relatives to bring the priest to him, but neither entreaty nor threat prevailed. The dying man continually expressed firm faith in his Saviour,

and clung to him “*as his all,*” “*his salvation;*” the dark valley of the shadow of death was illumined by *His* presence, who had watched over him in the perilous deep. ‘No,’ said he, in answer to his sister, ‘*I want no priest, I have Jesus Christ my High Priest, who shed his precious blood on the cross for me, and for all who trust in him.*’ He requested his sisters, ‘*for God’s sake not to disturb his dying moments.*’

Mr. Moriarty and the scripture-readers were with him constantly, and he was much comforted and supported by their visits; but he felt a strong desire to see Mr. Gayer, (who, at this time, was from home;) he sent constantly to ask if he had returned, and, on the day he was told he was come, was, by his own request, raised up to watch the moment of his arrival, when his countenance assumed an expression of delight, as he declared, ‘*his only earthly wish had been granted.*’ Mr. Gayer had much comfort and satisfaction in this visit, he administered the Lord’s supper to him, he then took leave of him, until he shall meet him as one of his crowns of rejoicing at the great day of the Lord’s appearing!

The following day, Denis called for his wife and children, and recommended them to the Lord; he exhorted them *to look to the Lord Jesus by faith;* then turning to two of his companions, he said, ‘*good bye! Dan; Good bye! Maurice, may the Lord strengthen your faith to the end, and give you grace to follow Him; we spent many a happy day together here, may we spend eternity together.*’ He then said,

‘ *My spirit is departing,—Lord Jesus, receive me!* ’
 and fell asleep in Jesus!—His sisters caused much disturbance and excitement at his funeral, being resolved to have him buried as a Romanist, which Mr. Moriarty and Mr. Gayer would, of course, not permit; the poor women then acted more like *fiends* than human beings, and did every thing in their power to interrupt the solemn service; they sang in the wildest manner the following recitative to the ‘ Irish cry,’ translated at the time by a person present at the funeral:—

‘ In the deep mighty ocean, the dark night found thee
 The tides and the billows, foaming around thee,
 Lo! doubling the headlands, oh! here’s the sad token
 Thy heart and thy vessel together were broken.

My sorrow! my sorrow! it drives me to madness—
 No! never again shall my sad heart feel gladness—
 Oh! sadly it grieves me, to think that those dangers
 Overcame thee, my Donagh, while toiling *for strangers!*

Oh! would that thy grave were made under the billow,
 And would that the wild shark himself were thy pillow,
 Than thus on the bed, *in thy senses* to die—
 And our church and her priesthood so boldly deny!’

The second sister then took up the wail and continued:—

SECOND SISTER.

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

* Denis.

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.

(*Turning to his children.*)

No children of Dunlevey's line
 Are ye ! nor of his race,
 Beneath him ye shall never lie
 Nor in his grave find place ;

His gatherings and his earnings all,

(*To his widow.*)

They may belong to *thee*,
 But we his kindred flesh and blood,
 Deep, deep, *in him are we ! †*

During this and the preceding year, many clergymen from different parts of Ireland visited us, to ascertain the truth of reports which appeared to them almost incredible. The Rev. J. Gregg, of Trinity Church, Dublin, who examined the converts in Irish, of which language he is perfect master ; Rev. R. Daly, now Bishop of Cashel, Rev. I. Alcock, Rev. W. Cleaver, and many others ; these gentlemen,

* It may be necessary to mention, that the latest buried coffin is always put *under* all the others ; what wonder then that the Roman Catholic relatives should have been excited !—but also how greatly are our poor converts tried !

† It would appear that in the day of resurrection, they dreaded a heretic's bones superincumbent upon theirs, as if their own rising would in that case be hindered. There was another instance of this superstition took place. During the interment of a very respectable convert, his sister, a devout Roman Catholic, gathered *into her apron* the bones of their mutual parent when the grave was opened, and carrying them away, had them buried in another part of the church-yard, that they might not be polluted by the neighbourhood of heretic's bones.

satisfied with all they saw, carried with them accredited tidings of the work to the public.

Meanwhile the difficulties of existence became daily greater to the converts; the Roman Catholic peasantry, under orders from their priest, refused to give labouring work, or to *sell* food to them; and as the greater number of them were not in possession of ground of their own, but depended on their daily labour for support, it was manifest that a systematic intention existed to STARVE them out of adherence to their new creed; tempting them to cry out in the language of Satan, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." In this emergency, Mr. Thompson's active benevolence in providing numbers of them with work, and his fearless promptitude, as a magistrate, and as the representative of their landlord, (Lord Ventry,) obliging the farmers (when the converts applied in the public market) to sell potatoes to them on the same terms they would to any one else, absolutely saved many from perishing of want.*

Mr. Thompson also wrote a statement of their case to Lord Ventry, who, with his accustomed desire to forward every good object, directed that a farm should be leased to the converts at Ventry, whereby they might be made independent of their

* I have heard the milk-women *curse* the milk as they handed it into a poor convert's hand, and declare with an oath, that they would rather send it down the channel of the street for nothing than let them have it. Every one residing in Ireland, knows the superstitious dread that attaches to a curse on milk.

Roman Catholic neighbours: this was done and placed in the hands of five Trustees:—Rev. A. Rowan, Blennerville; Rev. A. Demy, Tralee; Rev. C. Gayer, Dingle; Rev. T. Goodman, Dingle; D. P. Thompson, Esq., Dingle.

On this farm all the buildings contemplated by Mr. Gayer, and for the erection of which he had been raising subscriptions in England, were subsequently built by Mr. Thompson, who undertook the management of the fiscal department of the Trusteeship.

CHAPTER IV.

DUNURLIN.

DURING the year 1837, the conversions steadily increased in Dingle, but we forbear to lengthen the narrative with too many individual cases, the means of conversion and the features of the change being of a character similar to those already related. The congregation had so increased, that it had become necessary to enlarge the church. The ecclesiastical commissioners, who were preparing at that time to renew the roof, were consequently applied to; but they refused, saying they had not funds for enlarging, but only for roofing. Mr. Thompson then offered to rebuild the church altogether on a more commodious scale, if the commissioners would give him the £400 allotted for the roof and allow him the old materials. This was also refused. The commissioners would do nothing but roof the old church. At this juncture, Mr. Thompson saw the necessity for the addition so forcibly, that on his own responsibility he advanced money to build it, Mr. Gayer promising to make application to the public for funds to repay him.



OLD LE HEAD.

The addition was built, in two years after (1841) it was further enlarged, and is now, again in 1844, quite inadequate to the accommodation of the continually-increasing congregation.

In the month of January 1838, Mr. Gayer wrote to a friend the following account of the performance of divine service in the school-house at Ventry:—

‘ We had a glorious meeting on New Year’s day; upwards of one hundred and twenty were present, all from the country. Our converts came forward boldly before 400 people, just coming out of the chapel hard by—the priest remaining in a neighbouring house—eight Roman Catholics came into the school-house; the day was beautiful, the only fine one for three weeks. I preached from Isaiah xxviii. 16. “ Behold I lay in Zion, for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a sure foundation.” Many of the neighbours came in the crowd to aid us if necessary, but, thank God, all passed off quietly, though it was a great holiday and the crowds great. Our prospects are cheering. I hear that the eight men mentioned above, will leave popery. I expected that they would when I saw them, for when once a Romanist finds courage to oppose the Priest in *any one* point, his power over him in all is gone—they almost invariably leave a system which they feel to be a hard bondage, though they *dare* not forsake it in the face of scorn and starvation.’

‘ Let the landlords of Ireland only afford *protection* to their people in emancipating themselves from popery, and Babylon is fallen ! But so far is this from

being the case, that Protestants join Romanists in pointing the finger of reproach and suspicion at the men who come out from popery. Two men who have lately embraced the truth from reading the Irish Scriptures, I purpose employing as scripture-readers, if the Lord provides me with means—being connected in the country they will get access, and do more than six regular scripture-readers. It is in this way the work is progressing at Ventry, and I am persuaded from *experience*, that it is the best way to get at the people.’

Mr. Gubbins’s health not having been at all strong for some time, his friends were earnest with him to remove from Dunurlin, the duties of which were peculiarly arduous to a delicate frame. He could not resolve, however, to leave a locality where he had been an instrument of much usefulness, and to which he felt a strong attachment, until he found that the living was likely to be given to his excellent friend Mr. Gayer, who, he was well assured, would foster his people, and build them up.

This appointment being determined on, Mr. Gubbins, knowing the suffering he and his family had experienced for ten years, from the want of a residence, determined, before his departure, to try if he also could not raise money in England to supply his successor, whoever he might be, with a house, Church, and school, to be built on an acre of glebe-land in the parish, about two miles nearer Dingle than the village on the coast where he had himself lived.

Many fears were entertained that the similarity of Mr. Gayer's and Mr. Gubbins's objects would hinder the accomplishment of either ; but it did not prove so. Both gentlemen returned eminently successful, and the funds they had obtained were placed in Mr. Thompson's hands, who, without loss of time, erected the glebe-houses of both parishes, Dunurlin and Ventry ; unavoidable difficulties arose to prevent the immediate erection of the Churches. These difficulties were, after some time, happily overcome ; and the ecclesiastical commissioners undertook to build Dunurlin Church, doubling the sum of £500, put into their hands by Mr. Thompson for Mr. Gubbins.

Who, that was present, can forget the happy and solemn ceremonies of laying the first stones of these Churches ? They were not commenced exactly at the same time ; but the scenes were so nearly similar that I shall describe only one—that of Dunurlin—which took place on a glorious day in August. Mr. Gubbins had been at this time, nearly a year removed from the parish, but he visited it now, that he might himself witness the happy event.

At an early hour in the morning, the children of all the convert-schools, who had been given a holiday for the occasion, marched in order, two-and-two in bands ; the girls marshalled by their mistresses and monitors, and the boys by their masters, proceeded in long array ; from Dingle one hundred and twenty, from Ventry eighty, from Dunurlin thirty, from Dunquin forty,—making a total of two hundred and

seventy. It was a beautiful and novel sight for many who, with the writer, stood on an eminence, to watch the long line of these babes in the faith, winding its way among the hills; now visible—now for a moment hidden by some impending crag, or jutting hill—the sun shining on their clean white aprons and tippets, while every vehicle within twenty miles was to be seen coming, carrying those who wished to assist at the interesting ceremony. Large groups of the *adult* converts were gradually assembling on the ground, and the summits of the neighbouring heights were crowned by Roman Catholic peasants, come to see the strange sight. To many it was, doubtless, a galling sight; but the generality seemed to enter into the gladsomeness of the scene, and no mark of incivility or enmity was evinced throughout the day; though the converts, going and returning, walked miles in every direction, through a numerous population of Romanists.

This peaceableness of the inhabitants is the more remarkable, as forming a striking contrast to their lawless conduct on the former occasion, when they wholly destroyed the Church just built on the same spot; and proves, that exertions for their conversion, when pursued in a judicious manner, do *not* incense or irritate them: it also proves the good effect produced by the knowledge, that Mr. Thompson would not be intimidated from bringing any offender against the peace under the penalty imposed by law.

The youthful heir of these large estates, the Honourable Dayrolles Mullins, Lord Ventry's eldest

son, then about twelve years old, was permitted by his father to lay the first stone; and when we were come together, to a number amounting to about a thousand,—seven hundred of whom were converts,—he, with beaming countenance and elastic step, evidently under the elevating impression that he was called to perform an important act, came forward; and supported by all the faithful clergymen of the district, seven in number, he placed the stone in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, pronouncing Israel's dedication, “Behold this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house!”

Solemn silence pervaded the surrounding multitude, many of whom prayed that grace might be given to this amiable youth hereafter, to become in spirit to the church at this place what emblematically he was this day—a Founder and a Pillar; a petition which entered the hearts of all that day, who could not but look upon the erection of a Protestant place of worship in so wild a place, as a token of the Lord's purposes concerning this people for good.

Affectionate and earnest addresses were then made in Irish by Mr. Goodman and Mr. Moriarty, explaining the true and scriptural character of *The doctrine of the Church*; whose foundation being on Christ, is built up in the Spirit, its members compared to lively stones only as they cleave to Christ and are built on Him by faith; false members, to wood, hay, and stubble, to be burned up in the day of the Lord; while the clergy were shewn to be “ministers only by whom they believe.” When the sound of the Irish

reached the ears of the Roman Catholics standing afar off on the tops of all the banks near, they closed in and gave earnest attention to the things which they heard that day for the first time, and many were seen to speak thoughtfully one to another. Mr. Gubbins made a most impressive speech, and was followed by some others. The religious ceremonies of the day closed with the 100th Psalm in Irish; a thousand voices and a full band* swelled the notes of praise, till the mountains and valleys, the rocks and caves gave back the sound; and as they died in cadence, sweet echoes awakening in the hills repeated them again and again, and all the earth with one consent sung songs of praise! With hearts thus attuned and refreshed, the poor people were made to seat themselves by companies on the grass, and a plentiful supply of bread, apples, and beer was served out to them by their pastors, beginning with the children.

Full of thankfulness, we returned to our homes, rejoicing in what God had done in gathering out such a people in a country hitherto wholly given up to idolatry and ignorance. This is a fitting place to introduce a few letters from different converts of this parish, written to Mr. Gayer, to whom this small living had been presented, on Mr. Gubbins' resigning, and where he now keeps a resident curate. These letters will give the English reader a truer idea of our converts than any description can do.

* The family of the Rev.—Cotter composed in themselves a full band; being at that time in this county they kindly brought their instruments.

‘Dunurlin, October 6.

‘REV. SIR,

‘I am sure you will be glad to hear how the cause of truth is progressing here; what are our prospects and what the means resorted to, to stop the general spirit of inquiry which pervades the entire population of this district; which spirit it is now absurd to attempt to put down. Rome’s emissaries have done their worst; they have left no means untried. They have strained every nerve to prop up a foreign, superstitious and unsound religion—a system of religion in which the name of the Redeemer, if ever mentioned, is coupled with feelings of indifference, distrust, and even with no small share of aversion. But, God be thanked! the clouds which have long hung over our country are not only broken but entirely vanished; the chains which were even a few years ago firmly fettered around us are struck off, and the glorious Gospel of peace has free course in all parts of our district.

‘I am not alluding to the numbers who have renounced their errors and joined our church; no, Rev. Sir, I am speaking of the wonderful change a few years have brought about. I am alluding to the wide-spread and general suspicion in this part of our country that Romanism is false, unsound, and dangerous; this, Rev. Sir, is the great point for which I have looked, and this, praised be the Lord, is the state of feeling here! She who boasted of sitting as a Queen and no widow, is, in spite of her allure-

ments, considered a fallen, faded, and dangerous impostress; therefore, it is no wonder that her admirers, the Priests, should be wroth.

‘Exclusive dealing has failed here again, and the fierce persecution which was raised these few months back is again cooling down. I have access to the people more freely than ever.

‘It has often struck me, since I had a conversation with a man over seventy years of age a few weeks ago, how little the Priests regard the consequences of keeping their poor followers in ignorance: how little they fear God, in feeding them on ashes. The conversation I allude to happened on the high road of Dunurlin. I met the old farmer, and after some civilities, he asked me the news. I spoke of the glad tidings; he looked disappointed. I however followed on. “Patrick,” I asked, “do you know what the object of our Saviour’s mission into the world was?” “An odd question,” says he, “how do I know what he came for?” I shook my head and hinted at his ignorance, but “I suppose,” says he, after a pause, “it was to do no harm to the neighbours he came?” Here was an idea of the Saviour! in a man, who lived for the last thirty years within a stone’s throw of a Romish Mass-house. But Popery is ever the same, strange, absurd, and unaccountable: in truth, if the Romish Priests believe their own tenets, the Irish portion of them must have an anxious and wretched spirit.

‘I was a few weeks ago, about five, at a village called Ballincola, where there are many Popish

friends of mine. I went to see an old man, my father's cousin-german. This man was after buying a fine mule a short time before, but he was uncommonly vicious. "Uncle Tom," said I, "how does the mule get on?" "That he may be hung," said he, "he is as bad as ever, after losing my half-crown to him." "How is that?" I asked. "I could get no good of him," said he, "he used to kick so, I went to Father Pat to read over him; he came; but wouldn't lay a thumb on him until I paid him. But faith," continued Tom, "he had like to earn it well; for when cutting the sign of the cross on the mule's back, he plunged so violently that the blessed priest was near being killed, and in his fright fell into a dung-pit outside, *though his Alb was on, and all;* pronouncing the beast incorrigible."

'Since then, about a month ago, I walked into a Roman Catholic's house in Ballyferiter's. There is a gentleman's lodge kept there by a lone woman. It belongs to P. G——, of Dingle. I sat down, observing to the woman, "You have a comfortable house, Norry;" "Indeed, I have not, Mr. Brien," said she, "and I must leave it entirely." "Why?" I asked, "Oh! the rats," said she, "they will eat me at night, they come into the bed to me." "Very bad companions," I observed, "and what do you purpose doing?" "I went to Father Pat," says she, "to drive them away with a mass, and he promised to come; but he is going to charge five shillings." "And is a mass good for driving rats away?" said I. "Arrah, then you know 'tis good for every thing in the world," says

she. There was no use in saying much to her, but I was well amused by the conclusiveness of her logic.

‘On another occasion, I visited a friend’s house of mine in this village, and was scarcely seated, when my relation’s wife, an officious and talkative scapular-woman, whispered me by way of advice, “Yerrah then, for the sake of the virgin, don’t die without the oil.” “And what will that do for me?” I asked: “Why it will kill all the mastiffs about Purgatory,” says she. “They ought to be extinct now,” I observed, “there was a good deal of oil went that way!” “Oh,” said she, “it only puts them into a sound sleep, and if you have not the oil on you, they smell you in a moment.” “And is it not more reasonable to think they would sooner smell me with the oil than without it?” I remarked. At this she got cross, and said, she was afraid the dogs would have cruel sport with me.

‘When the proverbially covetous priest, Owen Aherne, lived in this neighbourhood, there were two persons came together to his house to attend two dying patients. Both happened to live on one line of road, one about half a mile farther off than the other; on approaching the nearest village, Owen asked, if they both had the oil-money; one man said he had, while the other said he had but ten pence: “Oh!” said the priest, “where were you coming for me? go and borrow the remainder.” So the man went off to borrow the remaining two pence, and the priest passed to the further village with the man that had the shilling. But at his return, lo,

the man who hadn't the shilling was dead, and when his friend began to blame the priest, Rome's emissary, ever-inventive, pulled out a piece of paper and wrote something on it, telling them to put it into the coffin with him, as it was much surer than the oil.

'These, Rev. Sir, are a few points of the system which have come under my own cognizance for the last three months, which shows that Irish Romanism is at all events unchanged. John Bull, in his good nature, may think these things incredible, for I understand popery in his country puts on a dress of rationality, but is as unsound as ours; while his less fortunate brother Paddy, must still be contented with a strange, absurd and unheard-of medley of rites and ceremonies. Praying for your safe and speedy return, to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of our holy and scriptural church.

'I beg to remain, Rev. Sir,

'Your devoted Servant,

'M. B.'

The statement of J. C. in reply to the question why he left the Church of Rome.

'I, J. C., do hereby certify, that I have been brought up from my infancy in the Roman Catholic Church, and left that Church five years last February, and ever since belong to the Church of England; and my reason for reforming from the Roman Catholic Church, was, in reading the Scriptures, for I considered that there was no salvation in that Church by what I saw in the Scriptures:

my first reason was as this, “without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.” Heb. ix. 22. “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” 1 John i. 7. Propitiation made by it. Rom. iii. 25. Justification by it. Rom. v. 9. Redemption procured by it. Eph. i. 7. Peace made by it. Col. i. 20. Redeemed by it. 1 Peter i. 18, 19. Church purchased by it. Acts xx. 28. Remission of sins by it. Matt. xxvi. 28. Saints washed from their sins in it. Rev. i. 5. Ascribe their redemption to it. Robes washed white in it. Rev. v. 9. Rev. vii. 14. I would lay down many more Scriptures to you, but being too tedious to pen down, and if it be required I will pen them with the greatest pleasure; but I wish to let you know my persecution after coming out of the Romish Church. When first my father came to understand my revolting against the Romish Church, he turned me out of doors, and would give me no admittance, until Mr. ——, coast-guard at Ballydavid—gave me lodging for some time; and in course of a short time my father taking compassion on me, gave me admittance, until the Romish priest came to hear of it, who pronounced a sentence of condemnation on my father unless he would make me an example to the public, by giving me neither diet, work, or lodging. I was thus left wandering up and down in a deplorable state, until I came to Dingle and made it my place of abode for some time, when the Rev. Mr. Gubbins took me in hand; and then Mr. Gubbins rented a house for me, and the man that the house was

rented of, when he heard that I was the person who was to live in it, he would not give the house; he disapproved me so much in consequence of reforming from the Romish Church. I could not lay down all my persecution, for it is too tedious, which I hope you will excuse me.

‘ I remain,
‘ Your humble servant in Christ Jesus,
‘ J. C.’

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

Before adding to these interesting documents some of the same description, written from Ventry, I must mention the very interesting fact of our Bishop's visit amongst us.

He desired to see his new children, and personally to welcome them into the bosom of our scriptural Church; for this purpose—before he went to the continent, where the delicacy of his health obliged him to go, and ever since to remain—he took a long and fatiguing journey, and without parade of equipage, or ostentation of authority, but with a humility that was very pleasing, went from schoolhouse to schoolhouse, preached in the Church at Dingle, the only pulpit there was at that time for him, and the following Lord's Day he delivered at the schoolhouse in Ventry a most affecting and affectionate address to the new congregation. The address was unintelligible as to the language, and was afterwards repeated to them by Mr. Moriarty in Irish; but they understood the language of the kind old man's

tears that coursed each other rapidly down his face, as he contemplated the rugged countenances of so many grown old in sin and superstition, now brought to hearken to sound doctrine with child-like confidence. The poor people were afterwards heard by the writer congratulating each other on their being '*no longer outcasts, but having found a father.*'

This visit of our Bishop, accompanied as he was by some of his clergy, was a great building-up of the converts, affording them a sanction and testifying approbation of the work, and implying a *confidence in their sincerity*. Nothing is so *blighting* to the heart of a convert as the suspicion with which he is in general received by cold-hearted *Protestants*. It is as though we doubted that the truth had power to set men free in these days, though it had in the days of Luther. But, blessed be God, the word of God will be found ever quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword: a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and able to make men wise unto salvation, now as then, and henceforth, and for ever.

Letters from some of the Readers at Ventry.

‘REVEREND SIR,

‘I beg leave to write these few lines to you, letting you know the number of Irish scholars that passed inspection in the district this turn, and also the number of schools.

‘There were ten schools passed, in which there were competent, 404 scholars; besides four more of the schools that were put back in consequence of

the Romish priests' denunciations against their poor deluded flocks, if they dared read or converse with any Irish teacher or scripture-reader in the place; and thus they strain the chains of their superstition to a still higher degree, and curse and bind them under the penalty of condemnation to their souls, and their posterity for seven generations after them. With this, they ring the bells, close the books, and quench the candles, to terrify the people the more; and if any person is found to speak to them after such denunciations, he is considered the same as a heathen or a publican! This I make known to you, to let you know how hard it is for Irish teachers to make out scholars,—tyrannizing leaders, who are considered by their blind-led victims to have the power of turning them into the shape of such beasts as goats, foxes, or bulls, and to make them wear horns, &c. &c.

'The priest in Castlegregory, named Collins, about three weeks since, cursed a man from Keelshanig, in Mahree island, for sending his children to Pat Nash to school, and after compelling the above-mentioned against him, he took the candles and threw them out into the street, and engaged the dogs would not touch them; but accidentally the priest's *own dog*, as soon as he threw them out of his hand, snapped up one of them; and before it could be taken off, the dog eat half of it, and broke the other half in pieces; and before he had ended his sermon, which was all about converts and Protestants, he invented another scheme, by telling them three mice fell down out of the roof of the chapel-house on the altar which were

dead, *and began to shed blood to make them believe that some miracle was to happen in the place*, which mice he pretended to take with him in a paper, that he might predict what should happen. I hope all this falsehood will turn out for good, from the effect I find it has produced on some of the people's minds, as some of them told me they were sure he was bringing the wrath of God upon himself in consequence of his malicious curses. For since he spoke of John Lawler, who got the rheumatism, (one of the Ventry converts), he is himself keeping his bed mostly all the time since with the same disorder. This however, did not make Darby Connor keep his children from Pat Nash's school, and I doubt if not for the same man, that Nash could stand the place, though he was *once* one of the priest's greatest advocates, telling him who were sending their children to the Protestant school in Keelshanig. However the priest is such a tyrant that the people do not like to draw his edge against them; he is thus enabled to set the people against reading with the Irish teachers in his part of the district, and also has put some of them up to ill use any reader who comes their way.

'I could tell you many similar to this in the district, such as at Onischall, (or Shaddy River), near Mr. Thomas's, on the first day of this month, and it being a holy day by the Romans; and as priest Carrol discovered that Pat Landers and I came to the place, he cautioned his flock to beware of having any conversation with either of the two Ventry lads that came into the place, namely Pat

Landers, a man who was *considered to be made a fairy of, as being small in stature*, and Daniel Sullivan, to whom *his horse spoke in chastisement for parting his former creed*; and said he, if they get at ye, they will surely poison some of ye, as they poisoned John Sullivan, who was considered a pious intelligent young man among you. However his argument did not take any effect upon the people's mind. After mass being over, Pat Landers collected a large number of Irish readers into one John Mahony's house; and as they were reading portions of the Irish scriptures, the priest passed by, going to anoint a sick patient. A man told him, saying, "The men that *you spoke of* a while ago, are within here, and many of your flock reading Irish with them, will you come in, father John;" he turned about, and said, "No! no! I will have no more interference with them, I can not help them," and went his way and said no more.*

'I had a very interesting conversation with them for two hours, and also had many visits, which were very interesting, in the same parish; and I hope against the next time to have a large number of scholars in regular attendance at the school; for Miss Rae told me she had sixty scholars, until George Sullivan, the priest of that parish, spoke against the Protestant school; and as soon as he did, half the number fell away, though there remain some Romans with her still. She has a new school-room built, the same as the school-house in the Blacket's island.

'I have many other facts to mention to you, that

* This was the same Priest whose sermon on marriage is given, p. 37.

I would be very happy to tell you of, but as I hope this will give you an idea of what is going on, I think it enough.

‘ Rev. Sir, I hope you will have the kindness of remembering me to the Mistress, and tell her that we are all at Ventry, young and old, praying to the Lord to bring both your reverence and her safe home; and not we alone, but many of the Romans in the place also.

‘ Rev. Sir, all your family at home are in good health. I was very happy to hear Miss — say the Mistress was enjoying good health since she left home. In conclusion I will add a word of Irish prayer.

(2 Cor. xiii. 14, was here written in the Irish character.)

‘ Rev. Sir,

‘ I remain your humble servant,

‘ D. S.’

To Mrs. Gayer.

‘ DEAR MISTRESS,

‘ I would wish to let your honour know about the difficulty that happened to me the night my mother died in November, in Killshanig, in or about eleven o’clock in the night at the wake, when wherein the house took fire and all our goods burned to atoms; only for God’s providence the corps also would be burnt. The following morning we were without house or home, or aney sort of close but what we wore our back. Some time before this acident hapen to us, I hard Rev. C. Gayer in a

meeting, reading the 4th chapter of Acts for a number of in the iland, but the 11th and 12th verses took a great oppresion upon me.

‘ Now I see that I have a days-man that can lay his hand upon us both, and that I am looking to that Mediator and Entercesior which is able to save the vilest sinner. Blessed be God that I am not bowing to stick or stone, or praying to saints or angials as I was, or going round the world, giving rounds to help me in the way of salvation. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I am bought with the presus blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish or spot. I was wance of my time, and if I would see a english clergyman I thought I would be duing God service if I would kill the like ; but blessed be God I know the difference now ; one day when the priest herd that I reform, he followed me, hunting me with stones ; all the remedey I had is to hid myself under the clift ; but blessed be God I went under a better shade than under that great Babalian. Thank be to God that I did come out of that great troublation, and that Christ has wash my robs in his blood, for if we walke in the light, as he is in the light, we have feliship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleaineth us from all sins.

‘ I remain

‘ Your humble servant in Jesus Christ.’*

* In general the letters are perfectly well spelt, but this has been given with all its imperfections, as a proof that deficiencies of this kind will not disqualify these poor creatures from comprehending even the more abstruse portions of the Bible.

CHAPTER V.

DUNQUIN.

HAVING described Dingle, Ventry, and Dunurlin, it is time to mention Dunquin, a spot as desolate and lonely as any in the kingdom. On reference to the map it will be seen, that lying between five and six miles west of Ventry, it is the most western parish in Ireland, and the headland perhaps the most western point of Europe, exposed to the mighty blast which rolls over the vast Atlantic, and like Dunurlin, having only the wild waves between it and the American shores.

In this miserably poor village there dwelt a poor man of the name of Connor: to this man Mr. Goodman, about eighteen years ago, gave an Irish Bible, which he studied with unwearied diligence, and by degrees it made him wise unto salvation. He gave up attending mass; but not comprehending English, and there not being at that time any service in Irish, this heaven-taught disciple lived without outward ordinances, his soul, by faith, drawing water out of the wells of salvation, the Word his guide, and the

Spirit his minister. He did not prevent his son going to the mass, as he was of an age to judge for himself; but he read for him constantly, and many of the neighbours drew round of a winter's evening, and gave heed to the things they heard from his 'beautiful book.' The man was esteemed a village sage, and thus almost unwittingly made ready a people prepared for the Lord; so that when the Reformation began in Ventry, many from Dunquin joined company with them, feeling they were kindred in spirit; the boldest, the clearest, the most uncompromising of these was Paddy, son to old Connor; like his father, he spoke no English, but of the Scriptures he had committed large portions to memory; and he no sooner met, than he recognised, brothers in the faith; he cast popish observances aside, and felt "the truth had made him free." Soon the priests summoned the peasants at Dunquin to attend a 'station,'—that is, a visit of the priest to hold confession for those who do not seek that money-producing rite sufficiently often at the chapel to satisfy their cupidity. The people went, some boldly, some trembling—amongst others Paddy Connor: 'Stand out,' cried the Priest, 'stand out, Paddy Connor, and answer why you have not come either to mass or confession lately.' 'Because,' replied Paddy, 'I am determined to seek absolution from none but the Lord Jesus himself, Glory be to His Name! *He* only *died* for sin! and He only can *forgive* it!' There was a hushed silence of breathless expectation in the multitude. The priest's indignation rose, and after

some altercation, he absolutely sprang on Paddy and endeavoured to throw him to the ground, but the young peasant was strong and active; he stood the shock and flung the priest from him, exclaiming aloud, 'Now, boys, see the power of the priest, let him turn me into a hare or a goat if he can, for, before you all, I defy him;' thus saying, he turned on his heel and walked quietly home. Shortly after this, when Paddy was seen in the market-place of Dingle, he was a '*marked-man*,' and met with much hustling and insult on account of his quarrel with the priest: undismayed he stood firm, and to the surrounding crowds, in a loud voice, bore testimony to Jesus in many words, and amidst hooting, pelting, and uproar: then passing through he escaped to the house of Mr. Gayer, and took refuge in the kitchen. Mrs. Gayer hearing the matter, went down stairs and made one of the servants, who could communicate with him in Irish, ask him, 'Why he did so imprudent a thing as to go on a market-day to preach to the people;' Paddy burst into tears, and replied, 'Tell the mistress, that they came about me to ask questions, and amongst others, would I dare to deny that Peter was *the Rock* on which *the Church* was built? I replied, that it was not on *Peter*, but, on the declaration Peter had just made, that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, for HE ONLY IS THE Rock; and,' continued Paddy, '*I will never hold my tongue while I can speak a word for my master.*' This man was too fearless a convert, and too useful to the cause of Reformation to escape the priest's especial notice,

he therefore sought a reconciliation with him;—so meeting him one day on the road, he called to him in a friendly way, and after reminding him it was good to ‘forgive and forget,’ and promising that for his part he would never mention the past again, &c., he asked, ‘*how much* Parson Gayer was in the habit of giving them for *turning?*’ ‘as may be he would get as much more for turning back.’

‘Your reverence, replied Paddy, you may be sure it is no trifle would make us leave the faith we were born and bred in, and suffer all we do; if it were nothing but the cursing in chapel of a Sunday.

Priest.—‘Well, well, no more of that, confess what you get for leaving the true church, and I’ll give you more for turning back.’

Paddy.—‘There’s no use talking about it, for you would’nt or couldn’t give as much.’

Priest.—‘Try me, Paddy, only try me, you won’t find me a niggard; so out with it, man; what do you expect?’

Paddy.—‘Neither more nor less, then, since you must know it, than a *Crown* each and every one of us.’

Priest.—A Crown! Paddy Connor, only a Crown! you shall have that, Paddy, and more too.’

Paddy.—Oh! but the Crown we are looking after, is a Crown of glory reserved in Heaven for us, by the only intercessor between God and man, even—’

Priest.—(Interrupting Paddy in a rage,) ‘Oh! is it that way you are humbugging me, you low-lived fellow!’

Paddy.—‘No more ‘*low-lived*’ than yourself, seeing I am the son of a King.’

Priest.—‘Out upon you! you! son of a King!’

Paddy.—‘Yes then, poor as I am and despised in your sight, I am by the *free grace* of God and the atonement made on the cross for my sins, the son of the great King of Heaven and Earth; and oh!’ (continued he earnestly, while the Priest from amazement continued silent),—‘your reverence, just take timely warning and let us alone, for the God of truth hath said, it were better for you that a millstone were hung about your neck, and that you were cast, poor man, into yon sea, than that you should “offend one of the little ones that believe in Him;” and of one thing be sure, that not all the gold and silver this wide world could hold, would draw me back into your broken net again.’

A little after this, Mr. Moriarty received the following address from the converts at Dunquin, consisting of about eighty souls. It was dictated by one of the converts who could not speak a word of English, to the schoolmaster, by whom it was transcribed and presented in their behalf. The following is a translation:—

‘*To the Rev. Thomas Moriarty.*

‘We beg leave to state to your Reverence the manner in which we are situated here in the parish of Dunquin and the Blasquetts;—your Reverence has been aware that we have to travel five miles to Ventry and back again, across a steep lonesome mountain to

go to prayers every Sunday; as for ourselves, we would not murmur at it, had we to go farther, as the Lord was pleased to call us out of darkness to the light of his Gospel; but we regret our children to be growing up without regularly attending public worship, and also, your Reverence knows, the women and old people can't go to Ventry every Sabbath day; the length of the way, and the inclemency of the weather prevents them; whereas if they had service in the parish, they would all be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity. We are doing our best to instruct them in the word of God, but what we can do does not avail much; they wish to attend public worship, and hear the Gospel preached to them in their own tongue: moreover, we beg leave to state to your Reverence, that there are many in this parish anxious to hear the word of God if the opportunity offered, and the people are always glad to see you come amongst them; therefore, we feel it our bounden duty to address you in this manner, and humbly to request you will come amongst us on Sundays if you can at all, and also if your Reverence could get a school-house built, it would do for prayers on Sundays, and we hope we won't die till we see a Church in our parish.

‘ We remain, your humble Servants,

In compliance with this application, Mr. Moriarty has performed the service in Irish at Dunquin at an early hour every Sunday since, previous to the Ventry service.

The following account of a visit paid by a stranger to old Connor will be read with interest; it was written at Mrs. Gayer's request, in form of a letter; the matter contained had been given even more fully in the visitor's conversation, immediately after the occurrence.

‘MADAM,

‘Having heard that old Connor was an intelligent old man, I was anxious to converse with him; and as I was in his neighbourhood, having had the house pointed out to me, I entered; there were only some children in it calling him grandfather; he looked to be eighty years of age, and to all appearance very weak—after returning the usual salutations, he requested me to rest myself; we talked on various subjects, and he displayed such knowledge on general subjects as surprised me. I then turned the conversation on religion. He spoke of the certainty of death, and the necessity of experiencing that INWARD peace, which is the blessed *consequence of being justified by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ*; I saw that *he* had no fear of death or judgment, but rather rejoiced in the prospect of soon departing and being with Christ. I asked him some questions in regard to his assurance of salvation, which he answered in a way which none but a Christian deeply experienced in spiritual things could do. He could not tell for some time whether I was a Protestant or not, for I did not discover it by what I said, but when he found I had read the Bible, he called my attention to the doctrines taught

by Christ and his Apostles, and then referred to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome, to shew how far that church had departed from truth; at last I satisfied the poor man, that I fully agreed with him, and told him who I was, and how happy I was to find a man of his age so entirely delivered from the delusions of the Church of Rome. He told me he had been brought to the knowledge of the truth by the constant perusal of an *Irish Bible*, given to him by Mr. Goodman. He seems to possess much of the love enjoined by the Apostle.

‘ P. C.’

Shortly after this testimony of a casual visitor, poor old Connor felt he was hastening to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns. He who had walked so many years without ordinances, experiencing the sufficiency of the Scriptures to make wise unto salvation, was not insensible to the blessing of having a Gospel ministry brought to his very door, enabling him, ere he departed, to make confession with his lips of that faith he had so long tabernacled in the sanctuary of his heart, and *to die* in the *communion* of believers. Old and bedridden, he could not go to Ventry—he called together his friends, the villagers, many of them still Roman Catholics. They came in numbers, and stood respectfully round the bed of straw, on which the old man lay propped up a little, and leaning against the mud wall of his lowly dwelling. Clearly and distinctly he stated his faith, putting into the hand of

Mr. Moriarty (for whom he had sent to give him the communion) the Bible wherein he had learned it ;— and addressing his neighbours, he begged them to observe, that it was of his own will and conviction he here avowedly left the communion of the Church of Rome, and desired to be received into that of the Church of the Bible, by receiving the Sacrament of Lord's Supper, *not as transubstantiated* into the " Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity of his Saviour ;" but, in *commemoration of his death* and passion, whereby ONCE offered, he had for ever put away the sins of those who believed in him.

' He was heard in perfect silence, no murmur of dissatisfaction arose ; the Holy Ordinance was administered in presence of them all, and after it, Mr. Moriarty was permitted to speak a word of exhortation and explanation to them, none objecting. Not many days after this, the old man expired in peace, an eminent instance of the electing grace of God. The Bible thus publicly restored, is now the pulpit Bible, in the beautiful and spacious schoolhouse, which has been since then erected in the village of Dunquin, the sum of one hundred pounds having been given by one gentleman to Mr. Moriarty for that object. It also answers for Divine Service on Sundays, and contains under the same roof a dwelling for the schoolmaster. Interesting anecdotes of the converts of Dunquin, full of spiritual discernment, as well as racy humour, might be multiplied, but we do not desire to amuse the reader with the wit of our poor countrymen, which has already obtained in

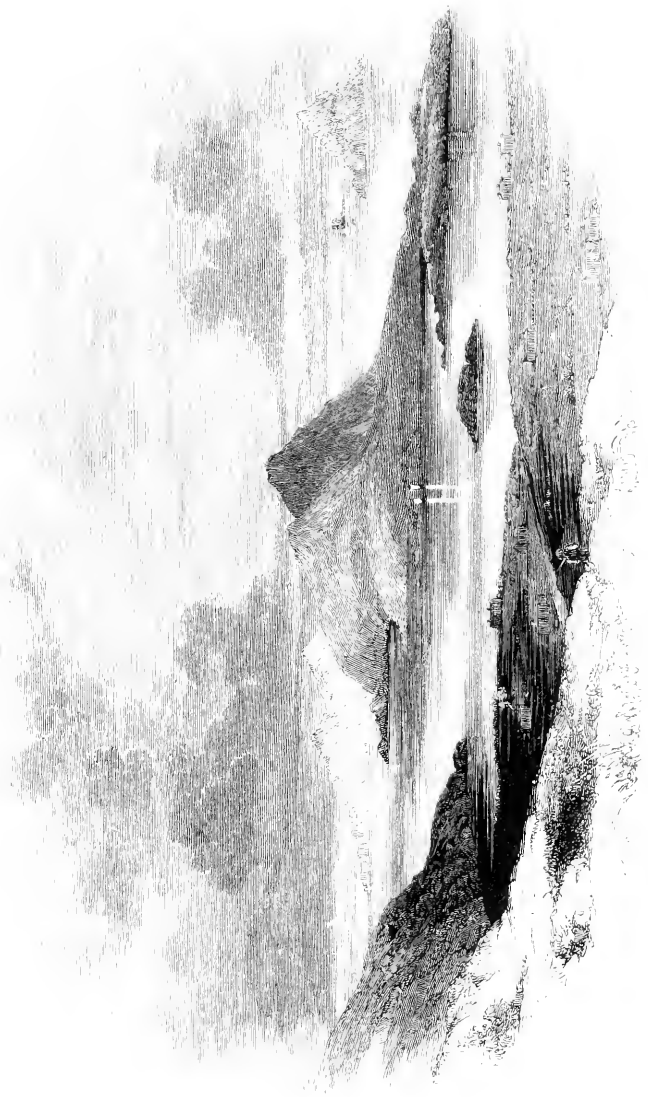
England, rather an unenviable celebrity, but to shew those into whose hand these pages may fall, the true state of our miserable country, and the difficulties the people have to encounter in coming out of the darkness of superstition to the light of the Gospel, which the happy inhabitants of the sister land enjoy *unhindered*;—but as there are still two localities not yet mentioned to bring before the reader, we shall here close the notice of Dunquin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLASQUETTS.

THE Blasquetts are a group of eight rocky islands, of which two only are habitable: they lie about three miles westwards from our iron-bound coast, which presents cliffs to the stupendous waters of the Atlantic, a thousand feet high;—the sound, that lies between those islands and the main land, is of the most dangerous description, in it one of the largest of the ships of the Spanish Armada sunk with all on board; the currents and tides which rush through it are terrific, and render it impassable, except in a long continuance of calm weather. There are about 150 inhabitants on the great Blasquett; these people are in a state of extreme ignorance, not a single individual in the island could read, write, or speak a word of English—not any religious service was hitherto performed in the island,—but when mass was said on the main land, a white sheet was hoisted to give notice to the poor islanders, who would then kneel down on the cliffs. Once in the year, perhaps once in two years,

THE GLASGOW ISLAND



the priest visited the island to take *his dues*, which he carried away with him in wool, mutton, eggs, or any thing else they had to give, valuing the articles as he pleased.

Mr. Gayer attempted, in 1835, to send an Irish reader into the great Blasquett, but the inhabitants threatened to hurl the man over the cliffs if he did not leave, which he accordingly did. Insurmountable difficulties indeed seemed to bar the way of access against the admission of the gospel. Leased to a Roman Catholic lady, whose rents are collected by an agent of the same persuasion: how could the Protestant teacher, bearing in his hand the forbidden book, find entrance here, or how should a convert, under such circumstances, find protection from the wrath of the priest and popish bigotry. Thus did man speak in the faithlessness of his heart, and the blindness of his wisdom; but while the munificent providence of God wafts the seeds of nutritious herbs upon the winds of heaven, that he may spread his mercies abroad, and enlarge his bounties to man, shall he not also cause the seed of his holy word, when it is sown in one parish, to spring up and its fruit to be borne on the wings of the Spirit to the neighbouring wastes, there to fall on some genial soil wherein to sow itself, and, watered by the dew of His grace, bring forth some sixty, some an hundred fold? So it was with the Blasquetts.

In 1838, Mr. Gayer received a deputation from the islanders themselves, entreating him to send them a teacher, that *now* they wished for a school,

feeling they were 'like the cows and horses,' and declaring that old and young would attend. This was an affecting appeal, but how was it to be responded to? Funds were wanting, and if these could be obtained, it could hardly be expected land would be granted for the erection of a school-house; and should one be built on any of the holdings of the islanders, the tenement would be liable to be seized for rent, almost all the inhabitants being in arrear. What was to be done? to refuse to hearken to such a call would be more than a Christian dare—to anticipate success under such circumstances, more than human foresight could hope. When some good men, eminent ministers of the gospel, visited Ventry in the course of the summer of 1838, the matter was discussed, and it was decided that at all hazards a mission to the Blasquetts should be once more attempted. In order that Mr. Gayer might not be obliged to diminish funds destined for objects having a nearer claim: the writer of these pages undertook to raise special funds for the object, separate from all others in the neighbourhood. The request of the Blasquett islanders was made known to only a few *Irish* friends in England, and the necessary means were immediately supplied. One lady sending by return of post a year's salary for a reader, besides becoming an annual subscriber and collector; we had to wait six months more before a suitable man could be found willing to go work in such a place, where sickness and death might be months unknown on the main land; where even

the simple food which he would require was not always to be had, and where, should his doctrines, when more known, be displeasing to the natives, he might be murdered with impunity; above all, where, if the reader himself should misbehave, or be negligent, little or no superintendance could be held over him. At length a young convert, who had been much persecuted in his own neighbourhood, and who was superior in education and manner to the generality of persons of his condition, expressed not only a willingness, but a desire to dedicate himself to the opening of the mission in this trying locality; and on the first of January, 1839, he went into the island, accompanied by Mr. Gayer, Mr. Moriarty, Captain Forbes, and several Christian friends, curious to witness the reception he would meet, when Mr. Moriarty should, in their own language, explain to them the object of his coming amongst them. Nothing could be more satisfactory; the islanders came down in numbers to the rocks, and would have carried these gentlemen in their arms up the almost inaccessible path over the cliffs, called, and indeed forming, their only landing place. Some hours were passed on the island, examining its wild beauty, and before taking leave the reader was commended to their hospitality. Prayer was made for him and for them—Christ was preached to them, and the Holy Spirit besought to bless the reader's conversation and instruction to them, and to bless them that they might be given grace to believe. The words were

words of wonder to their ears—never had they heard such—they were amazed!—But acceptance was found in their hearts for them, and not without tears did the islanders bid farewell to their visitors, pouring upon them benedictions, and wringing their hands in the warmth of their thankfulness; every house opened its doors to the reader, and the wondrous things out of his book were heard with gladness.

The reader was placed in the hovel of one of the islanders. Much did he endure of cold, and wet, and discomfort. The rain penetrated through the roof, and filth and smoke begrimed every thing around—his bedstead was made solid-roofed to keep his bed dry, and for the rest, we trusted that he would count these discomforts of no weight, when endured for his Saviour's sake. Matters went on smoothly during the few stormy months after his arrival, in which no access could be had to the island; but when May brought calm seas, the Priest was seen approaching from the main land,—and now came 'the tug of war,' and trial of faith. The Priest called the natives together, and denounced the people for letting a Protestant land on the island; he denounced the reader as an emissary of *the Devil*, if not the Devil *himself*, and his Book as the *Devil's Book*;—told the people there were two Bibles;—the true Bible, which the Priest had, and the Devil's Bible, which the Protestants had;—he threatened the man who housed the reader, and left the island, taking his dues in full tale, promising to come soon again to

see if his orders were obeyed. The people were evidently moved with terror; but after a few days permitted again the visits of the reader, with whom the priest had had no personal conversation whatever, to go on as usual. In about two months, the priest returned, he found the reader still there—his wrath rose and he stormed most vehemently, and ended by the usual ceremony of cursing; he cursed them “by land and by sea,” in their “*flocks* and in their *nets*,” “in the winds that blew,” and “the air they breathed;” he excommunicated the man with whom the reader lodged, and left the island carrying away more of their property. Next, the rent-day arrived, when the reader really feared he must leave the island, for all who received him, were threatened with ejection; many in whom worldly motives and old superstitions were stronger than desire for instruction, went back, and walked no more with him, nay, closed their doors against him. Four families there were, however, comprising sixteen individuals, who preferred to suffer persecution with the people of God, rather than renounce his word,—these sixteen left Popery, and of them, we have reason to believe, that several will at the great day of account be found unto the praise and glory of God. It is needless to say, that during these eighteen months, Messrs. Gayer and Moriarty visited the island as frequently as the weather, and state of the sea would permit, and always obtained a ‘*Cead mille failte*,’* and an

* Hundred thousand welcomes.

attentive hearing even from many, who would not venture to hearken any longer to the reader, as one not having authority. So strong is the natural bias in the Irish character, to venerate the clerical office.

In the year 1840, the following letter was received from the island.

‘MADAM,

‘I have been informed, that you are to leave home for some time. I would be glad that Mr. Gayer, if possible, would come here with the Rev. Mr. Moriarty, to baptize a child belonging to a family of native converts. You may be aware already, that the Romish Priest visited this island lately, and remained for four days; this was his second visit since May last—for ages before, the island was seldom visited by any of those priests more than once a year; every day he had a fresh supply of curses, the most awful and threatening; and told the people that they would most assuredly fall on them in some sore calamity; he prayed that the wrath and vengeance of the Almighty would follow them, as close as their shadow, all the days of their lives, and also their seven succeeding generations, if they ever after that day would speak a word to me, or to any Protestant clergyman that visited the island, especially the Rev. Messrs. Gayer and Moriarty. He encouraged the people to tie me and the converts, neck and heels, until we would promise to return to mass again, and plainly advised them to throw me overboard into the sea, if I went into any

of their boats. He said, that the earth was cursed on account of Roman Catholics sending their children to be instructed by Protestants, or, as he called them, heretics, and that those on the island who sent their children to my school, were guilty of as great a sin as if they gave them up to the Devil in person; for my business was, he said, to fit and prepare any that would listen to or receive instruction from me for Hell. I am sure you will be glad to know, that cursing can no longer answer the design or purpose of those agents of mischief, though they may for a little time frighten some of their poor and ignorant followers. After all he said to the people, they as usual continue to speak to me, and only two Roman Catholic children were withdrawn from my school. The priest addressed the father of those two children in particular, and said to him, Dunlevy, if you knew what I did for your poor old father, when I came to prepare him for eternity, you would never disobey me; I am certain he is now in Heaven. In the evening of the same day, while the Priest was on the Island, Dunlevy came to my house and told me, how the priest made out that he had a claim on him for sending his father to Heaven. I am willing, said I, to *lose the price of one mass* in order to make out that the priest is a liar, and does not care what he says, provided it answers his purpose. Send your brother, who lives in Donquin, the price of a mass, and tell him, call for father P. Foley, and *he will not say the mass if he believes that your father is in Heaven*. It is true for you, said Dunlevy, that if he

would receive the price of the mass from my brother it would be as much as to say, that my father was suffering in purgatory; may God direct me, he said,—between you both, it is hard to know who is right, and who is wrong. During the stay of the priest here, the converts boldly witnessed for Christ, and acknowledged him to be the only Saviour of sinners and their hope. Notwithstanding the exertions of the Romish priests, I am convinced, that many more in this place will be enabled, by God's grace (through the reading of the Irish Scriptures,) to see the errors of Popery, and embrace the truth, which is imperceptibly stealing on many; their early prejudices are dying away, and I am convinced, that many who are still members of the Church of Rome, *do not believe* the priests' power to forgive sins, nor many more of the false doctrines of that church.

‘ P. C.’

There was one spot in this island, of about a quarter of an acre of rock, that belonged to government. It had been obtained from the head-landlord, Lord Cork, for the purpose of erecting on it a Martello Tower. Negotiations had been going on with government for this rock from the time it had been determined to send a missionary to the island, with a view to build on it a schoolhouse, and dwelling-place for the reader, and thus obtain a solid footing in the island; this negotiation was happily effected just at that time, (1840,) and appeared like a recognition from God of our mission there, who had reserved

unto himself as it were "*a place to put his name there,*" and having engaged to pay the large rent of five pounds per annum for the spot, no time was lost in beginning to build. Nothing could equal the annoyance of the owner of the island at our having obtained this sure footing in it, and what lay in her power to do, to hinder the work, she did, forbidding the islanders, through her agent, under heavy penalties, to quarry a stone, or permit a stone to be raised in their ground, or aid by their own labour in any way the building of the school-house. This obliged us to bring from the main land, labourers as well as tradesmen, and materials, increasing the expense by at least double, and had not Mr. Gayer carried all gratuitously in his Missionary boat, it would have been impossible to have effected the object.

The poor islanders would stand round in groups, looking on at the works, and wishing that the money being laid out might be beneficial to themselves, but not daring to touch a stone of it. One woman was observed sitting for hours watching the progress of the masons: at last Mr. Gayer, who happened that day to be in the island, superintending the building, asked her what she thought he was about. She replied in Irish, 'Oh then it's no harm you're about at all events.'

In due time the house was complete, and the reader comfortably lodged in it; an extra apartment was also fitted up for the use of any clergyman visiting the island, and willing to remain there for a few days. During the months it was preparing,

persecution was so steadily and so uncompromisingly carried on, that the converts could not live on the island. I may truly say they had been 'robbed, and peeled, and scattered,' many were obliged to leave the island and join themselves to the Ventry congregation, insomuch that when the house was finished there was but one family of converts remaining on the island, who having their rent clear could not easily be dispossessed.

I went at this time into the island to inspect our new acquisition. I had not been in it before, landing being difficult for a female, as it is necessary to take advantage of the swell of the wave and leap on the rocks from the boat, which perhaps is the next moment carried several yards back on the retiring wave. I succeeded in landing, however, and was more affected than I have power to describe, by witnessing human nature reduced to the savage state it is among these islanders, within almost ear-shot of religious light and civilization. When I got into the new school-room, the women and children in great numbers crowded in and squatted themselves on the floor round me, chewing sea-weed incessantly, a large supply of which was in every woman's pocket and lap, and of which they pressed the long strings into their mouths with their thumbs in a most savage manner, and spat about unceremoniously at will; they touched my dress, turned me round and round to look at every separate article, laughed with admiration at my shoes and gloves, kissed and stroked my old silk gown, repeating

Bragh ! Bragh ! ‘ nice ! nice ! ’ though the reader may believe I did not wear any thing very handsome on such an expedition. After submitting to this inspection for a much longer time than was agreeable, I made the reader my interpreter while I spoke to them of Christ. They listened with great attention, and answered freely ; but how shall I convey an idea of their ignorance,—of the Holy Spirit they knew *nothing*, the name of Father, Son, and *Mary*, they repeated ; but so crude were their ideas of God, so insufficient, that with them it seemed evident that the *Mother* must have been before the Son, and consequently *Mary* and the Father, (with reverence I write the irreverend words,) must be before the *Son of God* ;—their darkness was on all spiritual subjects equally great. I asked them what their idea of ‘ sin ’ was, and they said ‘ sheep-stealing ; ’ and seemed to have no further idea of moral responsibility than was comprehended in not stealing sheep. When they had it explained to them that I thought them particularly ignorant, several were unanimous in sending for a woman who bore a great character for sanctity, and I was told ‘ *She would answer me ; she knew how to make her soul, and had it in fine order,* ’ for she ‘ *wore a scapular and was in the order,* (that is, a carmelite), and *had more prayers than were on her beads ;* ’ (it is usual for devotees, both male and female, to enrol themselves members of various monastic orders). When she entered, or rather was dragged in, she was saluted reverently by those around ; squatting herself on the floor with the others,

she drew her petticoat over her head like a hood; her garments were ragged and filthy, her long hair was matted, and without cap or binder—care and melancholy was stamped on her countenance—once she had been mad—perhaps, poor thing, with trying to ‘make her soul.’ She did not seem to heed much the encomiums on her sanctity, but listened with intense attention to what we were saying. We asked ‘how she hoped to be saved:’ she clasped her hands, seemingly with anguish, and said, ‘God help me, *I can’t be saved.*’ After some further questions, she said, ‘*Christ HAS NOT TOLD ME how I may be saved:*’ far from making mention of her prayers and sufferings, *with hope* of acceptance with God through their merits, she had been made to feel them insufficient, and the iron seemed to have entered into her soul. We read many passages to her, and spoke much of the love of God, his willingness ‘to receive sinners,’ his declaration of the gospel, and command to all to hear and read. We spoke of the fraud of the priest in holding back The Word from the people. She seemed to listen with such intensity that she had not time to answer, ask questions, or make comment;—but mute with attention, rocking herself back and forward, with a low moaning hum, that spoke mental aspirations. Crossing herself every now and then, she sat and listened while we spake, till the shades of evening warned us to depart. In conclusion we asked her what she thought of all we had been saying; ‘I think,’ said she in Irish, ‘it was FINE words! full of love! I’ll

never have any Saviour any more but Jesus ! never ! never !’

I was anxious that the Reader should attend to this poor creature especially ; but she led a kind of wandering life, being almost crazed : and soon after this she left the island, and in one of her ramblings died by the road-side in a ditch—let us hope that Jesus was near.

For some time after this, matters went on in a very discouraging manner. The reader became disheartened, and wished to be removed to some situation where he would have a freer field of labour. Mr. Gayer removed him, and another man was sent into the island ; the Reader wrote as follows on his removal.

‘ *August, 1842.*

‘ MADAM,

‘ John Sullivan, and James Gloster’s son, came to remain on Friday—the people expressed a good deal of regret for having me leave them, particularly Tim Connor seems greatly distressed ; such an interesting character as him I don’t expect to meet for a long time again ; he is a man of uncommonly strong understanding, and any thing once told him, or read for him, he would most surely keep in his mind, especially any thing interesting or important. I met him some time ago in Dingle, unexpectedly on a Sabbath evening with Murphy, another island convert : and they after coming out from prayers, “ Tim,” said I, “ what brought you

here, I did not expect to see you in Dingle this day." "I suppose not," said he, "but I have lately left the city of destruction in which I was bred and born, and am in search of Mount Zion. I have prevailed on my friend here to accompany me, we are at present so far on our way, and we are exceedingly happy to meet you here, knowing that you are also taking the same way." "But," said I to him, "did you meet any thing that would discourage you, or incline you to turn back again." "Yes, many," said he; "all our friends and neighbours told us they also were looking for Mount Zion, and if we did not take the same road with them, that we could never arrive there; they had almost prevailed on us to go along with them, as they considered it strange that two ignorant men such as we are, could be wiser than all the people of the city." "Did you meet with any other difficulty," said I. "Yes, we both fell into the Slough of Despond, but it pleased God that we came out at *the side farthest from home.*" "And do you know that you will have any more troubles or difficulties to encounter before you arrive at your place of destination." "Yes, the man that first induced me to take this way, told me that I should pass through 'vanity fair, the valley of the shadow of death, and would have to encounter and fight with a fierce beast called Apollyon.'"

'It had been eighteen months before since I read the "Pilgrim's Progress" for him, and he seemed to understand its meaning so well, that he could *this day tell the substance of the whole.*'

'P. Connor.'

I visited the island again in May, 1843, and found only a few children attending the school, and these irregularly, so that I felt tempted to repine at having gone to the expense of building the mission-house, and expressed myself to the reader to this effect; when he rebuked me, saying, ‘Oh Madam, don’t regret it, your heart would have opened if you had seen as many as seventy fishermen under its shelter one awful night last winter; to be sure they might have got a roof over them among the neighbours, but their boats would have all been lost but for this big house, and surely they might all as one lose the life, as the little boat that feeds them and the children!’ I acknowledged in my heart this seasonable rebuke, and faith and hope were still further revived, by a man’s bringing his child for baptism before we left the island. Forty-two of the islanders came to be present at the ceremony: how easily is faith shaken and our patience in well doing exhausted. We demand immediate success, forgetting the many promises of God, how he, who *soweth in tears*, shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him! that the Lord’s word *shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto he sent it*, that often where the seed lieth hidden beneath the surface longest, exercising the patience of the waiting husbandman, it fructifies more abundantly than that which is with joy received, but having no root in itself withereth when the sun is hot.

Notwithstanding the apparent inefficiency which seemed to attend the efforts of our second agent; no

doubt good was doing, and they were becoming more familiar with the scriptures, and less fearful of the malediction of the priest, so that in August, 1843, when Mr. and Mrs. Moriarty went and remained a week on the island, Mr. Moriarty thus writes:—

‘ * * * * We had the same number of children at school to-day, taught them their spelling in English, and the answers in Irish, to the questions on religion, during the day we had several men and women of the island looking on and listening—the parents of the children appeared gratified.

‘ After dinner I went to the house of Connor, one of our people, and found there Sullivan, whom I must now call a convert, and his wife. John Sullivan, our agent, and they, were conversing together; I sat down and joined in the conversation; seven or eight Romanists, men and women, soon came in; we exposed fully the errors of the Romish church, and I endeavoured to press solemnly on the minds of all, the necessity of timely and earnest attention to what concerned their soul’s welfare; the Romanists were very attentive;—it occurred to me during the time, that they were dissatisfied with, or at all events indifferent to Popery, without being at all concerned about their souls—in fact infidels, as to religion, without knowing what that means, or being conscious of it—hence arises, it would appear, much of their liberality in holding intercourse with the converts, and listening to the word of God: of course their isolated state without priest, chapel, or

other machinery of Popery, has tended to produce this state of mind. It is certainly favourable to our operations in the first instance, but painful to notice their insensibility and indifference to religion, while they listen freely to our conversations and reasonings on the subject.

‘ This impression made me speak this evening, in a way I thought calculated to rouse them to the consideration of it; they listened, as I read, attentively; may the Lord bless it to them; ’tis at all events a gratification and cause of thankfulness to get people to listen to the gospel. * * *

‘ I have from time to time, an opportunity of friendly discussion with little groups of the people, in and about the house * * *

‘ Men, women, and children, were gathered about us in the evening, admiring our work, and I had a good opportunity of conversation, chiefly as to their sending their children to the school: they positively assured me it was their most earnest desire to do so, if they could, but that they were too much in the agent’s power, and only for him that they wouldn’t think much of what the priest would say; they said that the children themselves were anxious for it, and one man remarked, that ‘ his own child was crying this very day to be sent to the school;’ but what could they do under these circumstances, to be driven on the wide world without a shelter.

‘ I felt their case was hard, and while sympathizing with them, I endeavoured to urge them to do what their conscience approved, and trusting in the Lord, to obey him rather than man.

‘ I was delighted to see at prayers this evening, Shea and his wife, with their children, who attended the school, they looked as if they came to join the other two families as members of our little flock, rather than as mere lookers-on. Shea himself was with us twice before at prayer, his wife once at lecture only. I had some conversation with her this evening after prayer. She told me that she had made up her mind to be at some side or other, adding, that she hadn’t been at any for some time back, that after she had sent her children to the school some time ago, she went to the priest herself, and her mother, for confession, and he only *took the stick to them*, and that since she hadn’t settled in her mind. I liked the manner in which she spoke of this, quite incidentally, without parade or boasting. I pressed upon her what she should earnestly seek, and whom follow. Alluding to evening lecture on John ix, she hoped that was her object and desire. God grant it for her soul’s sake—let us do our part, and leave the whole in the hands of the Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

‘ * * * In now reviewing our week’s work, we feel in the first place, that to the little school our visit was valuable. The master and children were stirred up, and a good deal instructed, and we heard of others intending to send their children to the school.

‘ 2ndly. Tim Connor and family were not a little comforted by our stay among them, he himself hadn’t been well with rheumatism, his wife was

after her confinement, and weak for want of a little nourishment; it was altogether a desirable visit to them, and we rejoiced to see them in health and spirits before we left.

‘3rdly. Michael Sullivan, the boat-captain, has fully joined himself to us, a step which we have been some time anticipating. His wife and children have come with him.

‘Lastly. Michael Shea and family also, joined our little flock there during our stay, with every appearance of their integrity, and every prospect of the work prospering with the divine blessing. Let us give God thanks and take courage. We must watch over them and pray for them. To bring in poor sinners, is only part of our work, though great indeed. We must now keep them in, and bring them up in the nurture and service of the Lord; for all this we need the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope.

‘As fellow-workers of the Lord himself, may we be enabled so to labour, that the ministry be not blamed; and may we at the last appear before Him with joy, and our sheaves with us.’

‘Sept. 1844.

‘In June of the present year, 1844, Mr. Gayer thought it advisable to change the reader again; we were fortunate in having a suitable man to send in at once; the work is now prospering greatly, our agent is received everywhere, the school is well attended, the Roman Catholics are on friendly terms with the

reader, and although it has become plain that a congregation cannot be held together on the island, all we can hope our missionary to effect, is to make ready a people, who, when instructed, must pass out of the island, and join the Ventry congregation ; the necessity to forsake all belonging to them, will hinder hypocritical profession, but the gospel standard is by the completion of this tenement on the government-ground effectually planted, and never can be uprooted so long as we pay our rent.

‘ As it will give an idea of how they are instructed to proceed, by falling in with the people as opportunity offers, by taking advantage of any passing occurrence to arrest attention, I subjoin some extracts from the last journal of our reader, not because it is the most interesting, but because it presents the work *as it is*, in this month of August, 1844, and is therefore the fittest to use.

‘ * * * * I commenced Sunday School, both adults and children together. I taught the General Confession, the Lord’s prayer and the Creed, together with the Ten Commandments and the Collect before them. I then read for them the fifty-fifth chapter of the prophet Isaiah, and spoke upon it, and many of them asked me questions which I explained for them, and afterwards we prayed together. May the Lord bless these our humble proceedings in this remote part of our benighted land. Amen and Amen.

‘ Read this evening in my own house, as a number of Roman Catholics came to me in order to get a ‘scoff’ (whiff) of tobacco as they call it, and while

they were engaged in smoking, I took the bible and read for them the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and spoke a good deal upon it. One of the men asked me, How was the people saved before Christ came into the world? this I showed from the some chapter and seventh verse, and also from I Peter xviii. 19, 20., showing them that he was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world for all believers, that it is through faith in him that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and the Patriarchs were saved. They, by looking forward to the coming of the Messiah or the Lord Jesus Christ and fulfilment of the promises; and we, by looking backward through faith, and beholding him sealing our redemption on Calvary's Cross, his triumphant resurrection from the grave, and his glorious ascension into heaven, these and many other passages I read and explained for them, and the night being far spent they all went to their homes. * * *

‘ This morning, before breakfast, a number of Romanists came into my house, and one of them, after a long conversation, said that he would wish to know if what he heard about the second coming were true, or would Christ come before the day of judgment? I told him that it was true, and read Rev. xx. for them; when I read the fifth verse, he *repeated back again and again with astonishment; and also the sixth verse*, as did all of them. I also read the first chapter of Luke, as one of them asked me, Was Christ older than John the Baptist. I told him that he was, as much as he was not man,—but *not as*

man. And I read the aforesaid chapter for them : they all rose up and went home. Read many other chapters during the day for some of the converts, and ended with prayer. * * *

‘ Walked out after school hours, and met a man and his wife who were drawing sea-weed ; in the course of our conversation, he said, that the priest would soon come, as it was fine weather. I asked him for what ?—he said that he came twice a year, once at the shearing season, when *he* should get *one* fleece, if a poor man had but *two*, and an old servant maid he had should get a pound of wool of the remaining fleece, if not, the priest would curse us for not giving it to her. Again at November, is the other appointed time for collecting the fish, and if sent for, between any of these seasons, to anoint a sick person, he would not come unless he was paid the sum of ten shillings down on the nail, before he left the chair ; if not, the soul of the sick person might go to hell, for he would not anoint it. I said that it was a sad thing for any poor sinner to put their trust in such a person. I then drew out my Irish Testament and read Heb. x., and shewed them that the Lord Jesus Christ was the great High Priest, and that he alone was the mediator between God and man, and not the priest or any saint or angel. As for the priest taking money, showed that he was a hireling and cared not for the sheep. Read John iii. for him, he said that it was true ;—we parted. * * *

‘ Visited Michael Moor’s house, who is a Roman

Catholic, whose wife was weighing some wool, the scale that the wool was in seemed to be a little light, which said Moor remarked;—the woman made answer, that she wished that her good works would so much outweigh her bad works, she would be sure of gaining heaven thereby. I took her upon these words, and said that all our works were but as filthy rags in the sight of God; she then threw down the scales and asked me what would she do then?—I told her that the same question was asked by the jailor at Philippi of the Apostle Paul, and read the chapter for her, and drew her attention to verses thirty and thirty-one. And after showed her from John xix. 30, that the Lord Jesus Christ finished the great work on Calvary's Cross, and that it was through faith in his name we were saved, Acts iii. 16. So I left the house as it was late.' * * *

Thursday, Aug. 1st. 1844.

' In my way home this day I met with some men in passing through Dunquin, who asked me had I any news?—I told them that I had the best news that they ever heard of,—What is that, said they—that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. " Oh ! did not I tell you that it would be a text from the Bible, the first news that we would hear from him?" said he, " and do you regret it?" said I, " Oh the Bible is too deep for me," said he, " it was not too deep for Timothy," said I, " although he was but a child, and you are a man of age, and have children of your own, and yet you are too young to

read the Bible. *I am sure you are young as regards the truth, and I am as certain you are old in sin,*—“How do you know that?” said he, “Because the word of God tells me so,” said I, and quoted Rom. iii. 10. As it is written “there is none righteous, no, not one,” and also the twenty-third verse, “for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” ‘Now, said I, “are you a sinner?” Oh! I am sure that I am a sinner.” said he. “But what about Timothy?” said the other man, “I will read the chapter to you,”—said I, and while I was taking out my Testament, I prayed unto the Lord to bless his own word and bring it home to the hearts of these poor men with the power of his Holy Spirit. I then read the third chapter of the second of Timothy, and when I read the twelfth verse, one of them pinched the other and told me to read it again, “Yea and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.” I then read the fifteenth and sixteenth verses for them, and after a good deal of conversation they told me to go, and the Lord bless me, at the same time expressing a wish to have my book. I told them to have it, but as it was Irish they could not read it, so I promised to give them an English one the next time I should be out of the island and meet any of them,—so we parted.’

‘*Friday, August 9, 1844.*

‘Visited a convert’s house; found four women talking about worldly affairs; sat down for some time, and when they were longer than I would wish talk-

ing, I said to one of them, "I never hear any of you speaking about the state of your immortal souls." Oh, said one of them, "it is only to put that *on the long finger*," "And what would you do," said I, "if the Lord *cut that finger short*, and called upon you to night, how would the case be with your poor soul?" "Oh," said she, "God will not be hard on me,"—"Are you a sinner?" said I; "I believe, I am," said she, "then the word of God tells us, that wages of sin is death, (Rom. vi. 23.), but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ. I will tell you from the word of God, what became of a man, who put the spiritual welfare of his never-dying soul *on the long finger*, as you say, and cared but for his worldly wealth. I then read part of the twelfth chapter of St. Luke, beginning at the fifteenth verse; and showed them, although this man was rich, and had much earthly substance, and at the same time, that he was gratifying himself with the pleasure of enjoying so much wealth, the Lord called him away. I spent much time in explaining the remaining part of the chapter, but more particularly to the thirty-second verse, they were struck with awe, with the foregoing verses, as one of the women remarked, *how well the person that wrote the book, knew how to humble the people, and make them think little of themselves*,—"why not," said I, "when it was *the Lord Jesus Christ that spoke these words*, and *he knew the thoughts and intent of the sinner's heart*, and the Apostles wrote it under the teaching of the Holy Ghost;" but when I came to verse 31, "but

rather seek you the kingdom of Heaven, and all things shall be added unto you ;” —the poor people thanked me very kindly, and I prayed to the Lord to bless the portion of his word, that I read for them to the salvation of their souls.’ * * * *

‘ *Friday the 16th.*

‘ Went out, but did not go far from the house, when I met an old man, who asked me, “ where I was going ? ” I told him “ fishing. ” “ I am sure the boats are all gone out now, ” said he. “ *Are you not a good old fish,* ” said I, “ if you were in the Lord’s net, for it will not be long until you are caught in some net. ” “ Oh, if that is all, ” said he, “ there is many gone before me in a worse state of sin than I am in. ” “ Do you think that you are better than them, ” said I. “ Why not, ” said he, “ for against one thing that I have done, they have done fifty. ” “ Are you guilty, do you think, ” said I, “ of any sin at all ? ” — “ I did not do much since the priest forgave me all that I did, since he was here before ; ” — “ The word of God tells us, ” said I, that he that “ breaks one of the commandments of God is guilty of all. ” The poor man stopt for some time. “ Well, said I, “ the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from sin, and not the priest, for he is the priest that offered himself up to God. ” I read for him, the seventh chapter of Hebrews, showed him from the twenty-seventh verse, that Christ needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people’s, for this he had done once when he offered up himself. I had at his

request to read the chapter again, so he left the house thoughtful.'

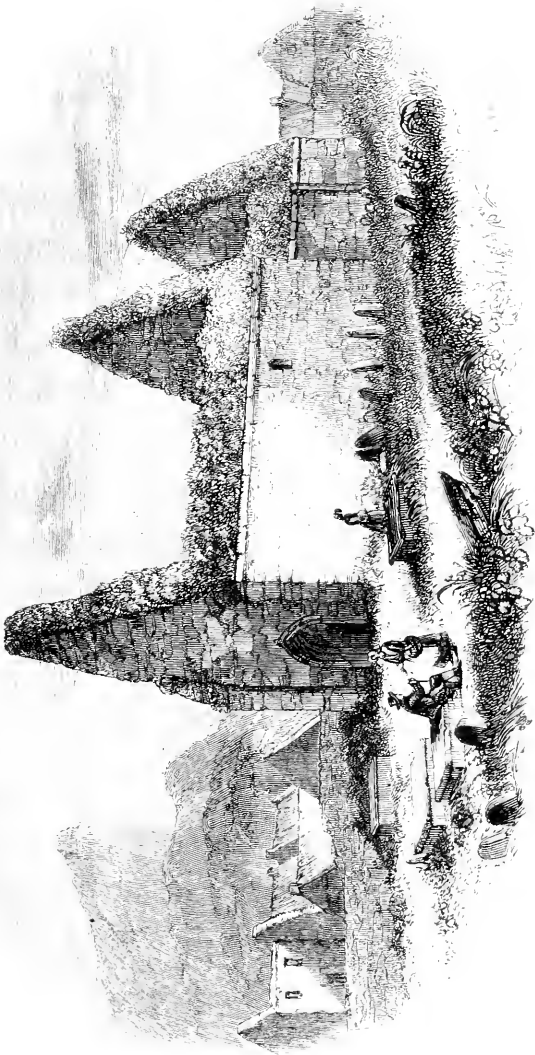
These extracts will give an idea of all the journals of our various readers, and the means they are in the habit of using to create throughout our land a loosening of superstition and ignorance, and an enquiry into the truth.

CHAPTER VII.

KILMALKEDAR.

ONE other parish remains to be noticed, through which the work of Reformation has in this neighbourhood been extended : Kilmalkedar, which lies at the foot of Mount Brandon, two miles north-west of Dingle, presents many subjects of interesting reflection to the thoughtful mind.

The Christian philosopher and the antiquarian, will find here objects of research, and in its monuments of by-gone days, will read legibly the motto written by God on all things terrestrial :—“ The fashion of this world passeth away.” Buildings are to be seen in this isolated spot, withstanding the destructive finger of time, yet so rude, they can only be referred to aboriginal times. Cairns, on which are stones bearing Ogham inscriptions, some prostrate, some still upright, lie undeciphered, and as far as our present knowledge reaches, undecipherable. Circular stone-roofed cells remain grouped together, of which even legendary tales having ceased to speak, they possess neither name nor interest in the superstitions of the



KILMALKEDAR.

peasantry. Two other very remarkable buildings also, with well-framed stone roofs, much larger than the cells, and of very superior workmanship; but without any plan to denote the object of their erection, must also be left unnoticed; no tradition existing to throw a gleam of light on their history. But, however the mind of man may please itself in trying to penetrate into the shadowy and uncertain past, it is to the sober mind more grateful to trace things sacred from their antiquity by the more certain light of history—it is therefore, with more than dreamy pleasure, that we contemplate the *old Protestant* church of Kilmalkedar—for the word “*Protestant*,” may not unjustly be applied to represent the true Christianity of our dear, but now most degenerate Ireland, at the era when the church of Kil-moel-Kedar was built, while she yet resisted the inroads of popish supremacy, and by her learning and sanctity, won to herself the title of the “Isle of Saints.” This church, of which the remains still stand in good preservation, is thus spoken of in an antient manuscript in the Royal Irish Academy; and were it written to-day, we could not desire a more accurate account of its “locality and its name.” Of its locality, the foot of Knock, (or Mount) Brennane on the sea-shore at the west; its name, “Moel Kedar,” or bald, or tonsured Kedar, son of Ronan, son of the King of Ulster. The whole passage runs thus, “Moel Kedar, son of Ronan, son of the King of Ulster, of Kilmoilche on the sea shore, at Knock Brennane in the west.” *Kil* is Irish for Church;

thus we have *Kil-moel-Kedar*, or, “the Church of bald Kedar,” on the “sea-shore at the foot of Mount Brandon at the west.” This person is in this manuscript said to have lived about the ninth century, and the architecture clearly refers it to about that era,—it is of the Anglo-Norman, or as it is more correctly called, the Lombardic style, of which the only remaining specimens are to be found in buildings confessedly the most antient. Such as is to be seen in the nave of the Rochester Cathedral, said to be one of the oldest in England, and in the Crypt of St. Peter, at Oxford, which may be really said to be a counterpart of *Kil-moel-ke-dar*. The account given by Gross, in his *Antiquities of Cormac’s Chapel at Cashel*, may be copied as a description of *Kilmalchedor*. “A stone-roofed chapel, with a Nave and Choir.” “Short thick columns supporting the arch leading into the choir. The portal semi-circular, with *nail head and chevron mouldings*.” Although *Kilmalkedar* has been in ruins for a period whereunto, (to use a legal phrase,) the memory of man reacheth not, yet a sufficient portion of the roof remains to prove that it was originally of stone, the elaborate ornamenting of the side-walls of the interior nave is of a kind to attract attention, even if found in one of our most richly-adorned chapels; but peculiarly so, being found in so remote a situation, and a place of so little note. But to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, no place is remote—no place forgotten—and *here*, after the long lapse of ages, the lamp of the Lord is again lighted, and the

Gospel of the Lord once more preached. The work was begun by the teachers of the Irish Society, during the incumbency of Mr. Gubbins ; but did not become apparent till March 1842, when Mr. Gayer was not a little surprised at the sudden secession of eleven families simultaneously from the Church of Rome, headed by one Laurence Sullivan, who had been the priest's clerk.

The writer received the following account of this remarkable fact from Sullivan himself, which is here given as nearly as possible in his own words.

“The way of it your honor was, how I got the Irish Bible, and it was not very long till the light broke on me, whether I liked it or no. I couldn't be easy going to mass, and I couldn't be easy going away from mass. I couldn't bring my mind to face the neighbours after bidding farewell to the priest. I pondered long in my mind, but the truth had not entered my heart yet, and like Jonah the prophet, I thought to run away from the Lord. So as I couldn't be happy at home any more, I started off to Tralee, and sailed for America by the first ship I got going ; but I find there's no such power in man, as will let him run from the Lord. He found me out in America, and as the Bible happened upon me here, so the Bible was the first book that *happened upon me* when I set foot in America ; and before I was a year there I found the Lord in earnest, and never had rest or peace in my mind, till I came back to tell the neighbours what I found out to be the truth. Sure enough I thought they'd murder me, and

cruel enough they did look on me surely, even my own wife. I couldn't bear it by any means ; so one day, says I to them, " Well, boys, you needn't be so black, and turning away from me as if I didn't belong to you. Sure here I am, you may kill me if you like, and may be it's to kill me you will ; but I don't care, I am ready to die for the Lord Jesus, and the sooner the better, but I'll not hold my tongue—while I have breath I'll speak"—and with that I told them what drove me to America, and what drove me back faster than I went, and the Lord opened their hearts, and gave them patience to hear me out ; and they took to hearing a chapter now and then out of my book, till it pleased the Lord that they should see the truth, and we kept quiet till we all came out from Babylon together, and by the blessing of the Lord, we never will be caught in the devil's net again."

Nor have they ; these poor people have continued stedfast : Mrs. Gayer collected funds for a school-house, which has been erected for them, and a resident scripture reader placed among them, paid by the " Ladies Auxiliary Society." There has been an increase of two families to their number, and there are forty-seven children in the school, who are taught by Laurence Sullivan, and who speak Irish exclusively.'

The Roman Catholic priest of the place was an old gentleman, of a class nearly extinct : he had been educated abroad, and knew perhaps the evils of revolutionary principles too well to inculcate them. Not reared at Maynooth, he was less of a politician

and less active, as well as less fiery in his sentiments against Protestantism, so much so that he had acquired the name of the Protestant priest. This old gentleman's watchfulness not being much to be depended on, two coadjutors have of late years been sent into his parish as curates. The following is a letter from the 'Reader' on the occasion.

‘ Oct. 1842.

‘ REV. SIR,

‘ Your untiring exertions in the furtherance of the truth of God in this unhappy country, and your constant anxiety for its welfare, obliges me to send you a few lines respecting the Lord's work in this hitherto benighted district. I can, of course, but give a brief outline of what is going on here, as there is just now a most fiery persecution waged against those who are brought from darkness to light and life, which will indeed try their faith;—there is, Rev. Sir, a crisis—such as during the six or seven years I have been engaged in pulling down the high places, I never before experienced. The priests, Rev. Sir, those mortal enemies of all righteousness, have taken counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed. They know, Sir, the ground they have lost—they see their ranks daily thinning, and have determined to make a desperate fight. May the Lord be on our side, may the God of battles decide in favour of his people, who trust in him; perhaps you are not aware of the orders issued by the Romish Bishop of this diocese to his priests,

charging them with negligence, lukewarmness, and want of affection to the fallen Lady; and they, to show their love of her, are moving heaven and earth to bring back her refractory admirers; but no man can pluck them out of the Lord's hand.

'Rev. Sir, it is curious to observe how they are working at present, in a parish where it is thought the priest is too mild, or not able to curse; another more talented blasphemer is sent into it for a sabbath or two, to curse the people, their flocks, and their herds, their crops, and their children, if they hear us, or speak to us, or deal with us: insomuch that unless we allow "the mark" to be again branded on "our forehead," or "in our hand," we may scarcely "buy or sell;" but it is still more wonderful to see them when their cursing fails, going through the villages, telling their dupes that if they sell us any thing our money will melt all they have in the world, because it is, as the priests say, the '*price of the blood of the Lord Jesus;*' the character of their curses in the chapel too is awful, and when they beseech God to *make the crops grow downward*, the people, who have suffered much of late years by the failure of the potato crops, are actually disgusted. I have spoken to many of them, who are evidently ashamed of the way their priests take to maintain their religion; I am sure you will like to know which priests have changed places in the West;—Dunurlin has been edified by John Carrol, of Aunascal, of cursing notoriety; and the good people of Dingle are to be so with the pre-

sence of Tim Collins on Sunday next, from Castle-gregory. Foley went to the East, and John Halpin is come to Kilmakedar, where old Casey is considered a blank, if not too partial to us. Poor John has destroyed his voice with the obstinate men of Ventry to no effect; it will be gratifying to your reverence to learn that this opposition to the truth is entirely powerless, the cause is progressing gloriously—priestly manœuvring is too stale—their last struggle is coming to an end—the converts through the district are much established, and firm on the rock of their salvation.

‘A few days ago I visited most of these two parishes; I was never better received,—had an important meeting at Gallerus, where I had an opportunity of speaking long on the great point. I went to Keel also with P. Connor,—had a fine meeting of the villagers—school-house progressing fast; I have great hopes of this place.

‘Cahirdorgan is also firm in spite of all the opposition and exertions of the priests to crush the spirit of inquiry, the people were never better disposed, nor had we ever such opportunities of showing up their folly and falsehood. I went to see Manning, of Farrar, a few days ago, and on my return by Smerwick Strand, there was priest Foley saying mass. I spoke to the people on the falseness of his assertion, in telling them that he could offer the Son of God *for fish*. I also spoke of the message of peace Jesus brought to sinners, whom he saved by his precious blood, which the priest told

them he could offer for mackarel, or herrings. I concluded by showing them how awfully they were imposed on, and the judgment that awaited them for being so careless of their souls, as not to try and examine whether they were in the faith. I perceived a good impression was made on them: there were the crews of six boats paying for the mass; priest Collins of Letterough has actually agreed with his parishioners for £6, to bring plenty of fish into Brandon Bay and the adjacent creeks. Praying that the Lord may deliver these people from their strong delusion, and that he may bring your reverence safely home.

‘ I beg to remain,

‘ Rev. Sir,

‘ Your faithful humble servant.’

M. B.

CHAPTER VIII.

DINGLE.

THE COLONY.

WHILE we have been giving the history of the reformation in all these small localities, and the bringing their simple annals down to the period at which I write, 1844, I have necessarily left unmentioned Dingle, the place from whence, under God, so much good mainly emanated, through the instrumentality of our indefatigable pastor—Mr. Gayer—whose zeal and energy *first awakened*, and has since sustained the zeal, and guided the energy of others, breaking down all opposition, and overcoming every suspicion.

It will be necessary, therefore, to return to the year 1839, when these lateral streams began to flow from the well-spring in Dingle, and bring up the account of the Lord's work there for the last five years.—

In this year 1839, our dear departed friend Captain Forbes, while in London, stated at a dinner-table, in

conversation, some of the circumstances of the Dingle reformation ; he added interesting anecdotes of the converts, and concluded, by declaring, that if there was a shelter provided, many families remaining in popery, from the mere fear of destitution, would come out ; that they were fully convinced of its errors, and were themselves eager to leave the Church of Rome at all hazards, but that he himself had persuaded them to remain as they were for a time, till he should see what could be done.

‘A Christian lady present felt deeply moved by this statement, and after a little time set on foot a subscription for the building of cottages for the destitute converts, to be called the “*Dingle Colony.*” A committee was formed for this object, of which the patroness was Lady Lorton ; Miss Mahon’s first printed circular states her object to be, “to form a Protestant settlement for the protection of the persecuted and afflicted converts from Romanism, who through their renunciation of Popery, are driven from their former homes and employment, and thereby to procure for them refuge, employment, and instruction, as it appeared abundantly evident from the statements of several highly-esteemed lay and clerical friends, who are well acquainted with the reformation in Dingle, that it is impossible for converts to hold out unless protection and employment are given them.

“It is our intention also,” says the same circular, “to extend our work to Ventry when we have sheltered those of Dingle.” So indefatigably did Miss

Mahon devote herself to the labour of collecting, that before the end of the year 1840, she placed the requisite funds for fifteen cottages in the hands of the gentlemen who kindly undertook to act as trustees, viz., Rev. Charles Gayer, Lieut. Clifford, Coast-Guard Inspecting Officer, and Captain Forbes. The ground for these cottages and the farm attached, was given by Lord Ventry. They were nearly complete, when a letter appeared in the 'Christian Examiner' for November 1841, written by Mr. Monck Mason, condemning the new institution on three several grounds, and entreating the Rev. Hugh White, to whom the letter was addressed, to dissuade Miss Mahon from proceeding with it. The three grounds of objection were, first, the expense, which was calculated to drain resources hitherto flowing into the Irish Society. Secondly, the 'embarrassment,—becoming daily more inconvenient,—arising from *new* objects being proposed to the public of Great Britain, demanding their bounty for the same ends.' The last was the most important objection, i. e., 'that there was no warrant in scripture for any such mode of rescuing converts from the persecution which was the predicted result of their conversion, and which persecution was the truest test of their sincerity.'

Mr. Gayer thus answered these objections in a letter to the Editor of the Christian Examiner :—

Dec. 1841.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ The last number of the Christian Examiner contained a letter from Mr. Monck Mason, relative to the Dingle colony, in which he states several objections against such an institution; which, coming from a person of so much influence amongst the Christian public as Mr. Mason justly is, is calculated to injure it in the eyes of its friends and supporters.

‘ I feel I must give Mr. Mason full credit for a sincere desire to benefit the work of the Lord in general, by the remarks brought forward in his letter; but I believe he wrote under *an entire misapprehension of the locality, nature, and internal management of the Dingle colony.*

‘ Mr. Mason’s first objection, and his principal one, shews that he is ignorant of the *locality* of the colony; and that is, “*that it is tempting converts to fly from persecution.*” If the colony was to be established on the top of one of our mountains, away from society, then the objection would be a valid one; and it might be indeed said, that the converts “*were timid and untried refugees, to be pointed at by Romanists, as craven persons flying from persecution to indulge the flesh, and that they had taken refuge there;*” but I am sure, that Mr. Mason will withdraw his objection as groundless, when I inform him, that the colony is established in the town of Dingle, opposite to the residence of three priests,—that they are liable to the *same persecution* that they were always sub-

ject to, and that their residing in the colony does not procure them work from their Roman Catholic neighbours. If going into the colony is “flying from persecution,” it is like going from the frying-pan into the fire; for they cannot go out or come in without being under the observation of their reverences of Rome. But “flying from persecution” seems to imply, that the converts came from a distance, whereas with *a very few exceptions they are all natives of the town*. But if merely changing their abode from one street to another is “flying from persecution,” then the objection is valid.

‘The second objection is, that “Christians are to be witnesses for the Lord, lights in the world, and are to show forth their good works in the *midst* of a crooked and perverse generation.” The *locality* of the colony overturns this objection also; for, I think it stands to reason, that the converts being collected together, are brought more under public observation than when scattered through the town—the very circumstances of the clean appearance of the houses, naturally attracts attention, and would lead strangers to inquire, who are the inmates? And that they “show forth their good works,” may be implied I think, from the fact, that although their enemies have charged them with being *bribed*, they have not charged them *with immorality of conduct*.

‘His third objection is, that it is “calculated to create *hypocrites*.” But, here Mr. Mason shows that he is not acquainted with the *nature* of the colony. It might be supposed, from his letter, that we were

building houses, in the hope of inducing persons to leave popery ; but, the fact is, that we *admit no persons into them who have not been tried, and of whose sincerity there can be no reasonable doubt. Eighty-six persons are now residing in the houses already erected, some of whom have been converts for seven years, some for six, and few for less than two years.* If we had double the number of houses completed this moment, they would not supply all our families : but even then we would not put untried families into them. But the objection that it would “ make hypocrites ” shows, that Mr. Mason is also unacquainted with the *internal management* of it, for what probable inducement would it be to a man to leave popery who was acting the part of a hypocrite, when he knows that he would only be received as a *weekly* tenant, and that all the ground he is to expect, is a small portion to cultivate for potatoes, and that only for the one crop, and that he could be prevented digging one potato until the rent both of the house and land was paid up ; and thus I consider, the *internal arrangement* of it, is not calculated to “ make hypocrites.” That no hypocrite will ever appear amongst us, I am not foolish enough to suppose, for “ hypocrisy is the only evil that walks invisible except to God alone,” but I think we have taken as many necessary precautions against it as is possible under the circumstances.

‘ I have already shown that the constitution of our colony does not make the converts “ fly from persecution ” but rather exposes them to it ; that it makes

them “witnesses for God”—that it is not calculated to induce “hypocrites” to join us—but the advantages of it are these, it improves both the *moral* and *spiritual* as well as *social* condition of the converts; it *improves* their *moral* condition, as those who are acquainted with the habits of the lower order of Roman Catholics can tell what a low state of moral feeling is amongst them, chiefly as to their conversation; it improves also their *spiritual* condition, as they can sit down without fear of annoyance and read their Bibles, and join in prayer; their *social* condition is also benefited, as they are able to contract more cleanly habits, than when living in a smoky filthy cabin, for which they had to pay a high rent; as they have a comfortable cottage—an acre or half-acre of ground for potatoes—for the one-sixth part of what they used to pay for the same quantity of ground and a miserable cabin; and such a provision for them is absolutely necessary when we take into consideration that they are deprived of the means of earning a livelihood by the social persecution they meet with, and by the great competition for ground here; an acre of land for merely taking one crop of potatoes out of it, cannot be got under £6 or £8, and the ground connected with the colony is only £1 an acre. And as the colony secures them from being interfered with on their sick and dying beds, by these emissaries of *the priests, who are continually on the watch on such occasions, or of being forcibly carried out of their house to have a priest brought to them, as was the case here not long since: these, and many other*

advantages which might be named, prove to my mind, the importance and usefulness of such an institution.

‘ In conclusion, I would merely say, that even if the mode of operations by which any society of persons are labouring with a single eye to the glory of God, is liable to objections, surely, there is a field large enough for those who differ from them to labour in the way that seemeth best to them; and I would merely say to the Ladies’ Auxiliary, and Mr. Mason’s favourite child, the Irish Society—“ *We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord,*” and to those who differ from us, I would use the language of Abraham to Lot: “ Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, between my herdmen, and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.”

‘ I am, dear Sir, faithfully your’s,

‘ CHARLES GAYER.’

So much did the objects of the Colony commend themselves to the public, that in 1842, Miss Mahon sent money sufficient to erect ten additional houses in Dingle, and ten at Ventry, and the Trustees of the Colony-funds enlarged their operations, by taking a farm at Dingle, on which to employ the still increasing number of able-bodied men. The greatest difficulty Mr. Gayer has, or ever has had, is to provide labour in a country, where few Protestant gentry

reside, and where the entire mass of the population are Roman Catholic. It will be easily conceived that those who have reformed are not employed. *To a man* they have been thrown out of employment, those who have trades, with few exceptions, as well as field labourers. To meet these difficulties, we have been obliged to send to a distance our young females as servants into Christian families, our young lads as apprentices to Protestant tradesmen; some whole families have been shipped off to America; while many of our very best-taught converts, are acting as school-masters and school-mistresses throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. This not only prevents the apparent growth of the body; but withdraws from it perpetually its best members. Our numbers nevertheless have steadily increased, and if Mr. Gayer was not scrupulous in refusing to admit any enquirer, until there was some evidence of his sincerity to be depended upon—that is, did he receive all who come to him, our numbers would not be counted by hundreds, but by thousands.

The church of Dingle, which had been added to in 1839, was of necessity still further enlarged in 1841, on which occasion Mr. Gayer sent forth the following circular letter; which the liberal Christians of England responded to effectually.

‘MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

‘I doubt not you will be glad to hear, that the Lord still continues to bless the work in which His servants are engaged in this place. To Him be

all the glory. In consequence of the increase to our congregation, we were obliged to erect an addition to our church two years ago, the expence of which was £250; only £150 of which I have been enabled to collect, and am still accountable for £100. We are now again compelled to find accommodation for our people by erecting a gallery, which will accommodate eighty persons, and will cost £60. I have therefore, taken the liberty of laying the case before you, and soliciting your assistance. If each of our friends would kindly undertake to get the enclosed card filled by twenty subscribers of 1s. each, the sum would, I doubt not, be collected; as I feel assured, that He whose call to come out of "Babylon," has been responded to by so many in this remote district, will provide his servants with means to enlarge his sanctuary—that his people may assemble to worship him on the Sabbath-day. I have made arrangements to begin the work, "The God of Heaven, He will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build."

' Since the beginning of the Reformation, several converts have been called to their rest, *all* of whom bore a faithful testimony to the last, to the "Truth as it is in Jesus," and "overcame through the blood of the Lamb." A few weeks since, one of them was called, after some months' sickness, to enter into the joy of his Lord; during his illness, his father and mother, who were then Roman Catholics, came to visit him, in the hope of bringing him back to the Church of Rome; but his conversation and piety had

such influence upon them, that they became converts themselves, and in three weeks after the death of her son, (whose end was peace, and who fell asleep, with his last breath proclaiming, "I am dying in Christ"),—she was summoned hence, after bearing also a faithful testimony to her hope in Jesus, as an all-sufficient Saviour ; and they lie buried together, waiting the coming of the Lord from Heaven.

‘ I remain, my dear Christian Friends,

‘ Your’s most sincerely

‘ in the bonds of everlasting Love,

‘ CHARLES GAYER.’

In 1843, the room rented by Mr. Gayer, in which, for six years, we had assembled the Sunday School,—though sixty feet long, and twenty feet wide,—and having a gallery above appropriated to the women, had become so completely inadequate to accommodate the classes, that Mr. Gayer collected money for a *Parochial School-House*. This noble house is seventy-five feet long, by twenty-two wide, with a return at the back of twenty-five feet, in which the Irish class assembles. It is built in the Elizabethan style, and presents on each Lord’s day a scene of no common interest. Six adult classes of twenty-two each, and eight classes of young persons and children, await with eager interest the arrival of their teachers, of which I grieve to say, there are a very insufficient number ; so that every day, there are some who are obliged to sit untaught, and the writer is frequently obliged to *double* her class.

The congregation at church, which in 1830, averaged thirty persons, now amounts to between four and five hundred—four-fifths of whom are converts from Romanism, brought from the lowest state of ignorance, and of moral and social habits, into decent order and intelligence, and whose families are growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. One day, lately, I visited one of the colony-houses; the poor woman whom I went to see, was sitting quite idle, and appeared exhausted. I asked her the cause of this, she stood up, but was obliged to seat herself again, and while she wiped off the profuse perspiration which was bursting again and again from her forehead, she gave the following account of the previous hour of trial. She was the widow of P. F., whose bigotry is related in page 18 of this little work. She had been to the other end of the town, and had ventured for the first time for many months to call on her relations. Of her visit, she gave this account: it was in Passion-Week, which will explain some of the allusions.

“When I looked in at the door, Ma’am, they had great welcome for me—asked me how myself and poor Peter’s children were; brushed the chair for me. I sat down and thanked them kindly. My cousin is a brogue-maker,* and keeps three journeymen at work, they were all present; bye-and-bye, two or three neighbours came in, thanking God, “they were happy, having *got confession*, though the press was so hard for room, that the priest’s box was

* Coarse shoe-maker.

broke in. My cousin turned to me, and remarked, that she “hoped *I had* not quite given up my prayer-book, but would sometimes give a look in it.” Cousin, says I, “the Lord Jesus said,” “Woe unto ye hypocrites;” “sure if I had the double way in me, I need look for nothing at the hands of God, *what I am, I am in my very heart.*” “God help us!” says my cousin, “is it a fact!” “Amen, if God help us, we shall be strong.” “And do you tell me that you drank milk this awful week;” “I drank what I could afford to buy of it, but that was but little—it’s three-pence a quart, and I’m poor.” “I’ll warrant you bought enough with souper’s money,” says one of the visitors. This mock I didn’t answer. “And do you tell me, you would eat meat this Friday.” “Don’t be asking me, cousin, would I eat meat—meat is for the belly, and the belly for meat, and to what avails the meat that perishes; be talking to me of the spirit and of the heart—it’s not what I eat or drink, that will save me or condemn me; but have I a *new heart*, and a new spirit. Jesus Christ said, unless we be born again; not in a fleshly way like a child from the womb of his mother, but in the spirit of our mind, we can never see God; this, my dear cousin, is what you ought to ask me of, and of what I would gladly converse.” “It’s likely you’re going to preach,” says my cousin, “This is the Scripture,” says the visitor. “She’s a devil,” says the other, “turn her out, these devils are always going on with the like.” With that they all set on railing. I couldn’t hear half they said, or get an

answer in by any means ; but I stood it mighty well, thank God, and not one bit daunted. I felt my spirit rise, my pulses beat ; my heart in my mouth. I'm but a poor nervous woman at the best of times, but I was not nervous now—and when their tongues gave a bit, I *railed* at them in return. Yes, Ma'am, I railed without offence, with the sword of the Spirit. “ Neighbours,” says I, “ now let me speak. Two men went up into the Temple to pray,” and with that I went through the Parable ; they listened well, for that they heard in the chapel often—take care, lest ye resemble the proud Pharisee, and be yourselves condemned while you condemn poor me.” “ She's a Devil,” says the same woman again, “ turn her out ! ”

“ I'll *go* out, honest woman,” said I, “ no need to turn me out ; it's the first day I came to see my cousin for these two months, and indeed it's seldom with her to receive me so impolite.” “ She's my wife's own flesh and blood,” says the man of the house, “ and none shall turn her out, what she says is very good.” “ It's Scripture,” says the other woman again ; “ and sure woman,” says I, “ if I speak the words of God's Scripture, they must be good words, and fit for sinners to hear to.” “ But,” says my cousin, who had not spoken all the while back, “ you left all belonging to you, and all that went before you ; and you brought scandal on them that bore you, becoming a *turn-coat*.” “ Don't be calling me *turn-coat*,” says I, “ it little matters, which side of the coat is out—call me *turned-heart*, and pray that my heart

may be turned back from all evil ways and bad words, and as for all belonging to me gone before, I can do nothing for them, but it is my daily prayer, that all belonging to me *yet to follow, may come to the true light, even Jesus Christ.* “*And where will you leave HIS MOTHER :*” says they all. “*I’ll leave her where she is,*” says I, “*a blessed woman in heaven, but she can do nothing for me.*” With this they all crossed themselves, and running at me, fairly put me out of the doors.’

On another occasion, more than two years ago, the following notes were taken of a visit made to a poor sick man in Mr. Thompson’s employment, a convert ; he was comfortably off in his worldly circumstances—a good fire blazed on the hearth, a pot was on the fire with potatoes, and a bit of bacon for the dinner of the family. Three very nice clean little children were playing about. The sick man was in an inner room, in a clean good bed, his wife stood beside him. Wine, tea, and chicken-broth sent by Mrs. Gayer were on the table. I was shocked to see the poor man lying at the point of death ; so weak he could not raise his hand, or keep his eyes open ;—he welcomed me kindly in a low weak voice, and with long intervals between his words.

‘Welcome, Ma’am, welcome ; I am glad you are come, I want to send my blessing to my master before I die.’ ‘Sorry to see you so ill, Paddy.’

‘Don’t be sorry, Achreé, I have no trouble in my own heart, and I want only to send my blessing to those that brought me to the light.’

‘ Thank you, Paddy, but I hope the Lord may raise you up again.’ ‘ *As is best in His holy will.* He may do his pleasure, I am content with any thing he pleases, my soul is full of peace,—peace and rest in Jesus.’ ‘ And what gives you such peace, Paddy?’ ‘ My confidence is strong in His blood, that gave it freely;—He thought it no trouble to die for me. He died for me with *all* His heart. Sinners reviled him, and the poisoned nails were through His hands, but He thought it no trouble to suffer it all for me and sinners like me.’ ‘ How long is it since you felt such peace, and such confidence; the Scripture words seem fulfilled to you “ Thy peace shall be as a flowing river.”’ ‘ How long is it? ma’am, you say,—oh! then truly I looked long for him before *he came into me*, before I *let him in*; och! I was blindfold with a cloud of darkness for an age of time! Och! trusting in sinners! trusting in sinners! but now I trust in the *pure bright blood* that washes out the sin of the world! Och! may Christ love *me* as I *love Him*. Och! may Christ rest on my soul as my soul rests on him. My heart grows as big as a horse’s when any one comes into me that loves my Lord as I love him.’

‘ Just here his wife interrupted with tears and sighs, &c., and spoke of the children, and what she and they should do if he was taken; he looked greatly distressed, motioned her to cease and said, ‘ I don’t want to hear of any earthly business, och! God don’t put any trouble into my heart, don’t put any *stroke* into me that will give me trouble, give me peace and rest such as I have.’

‘ Well Paddy, dear, will you let me wet your lips at all.’ ‘ No, honey, don’t disturb me, I’m very well, my lips will soon never thirst again, for I’m going to the well-spring that never dries.’ Here the poor woman left the room and began to cry. I asked again, ‘ But when did you feel this great happiness in religion.’

‘ Och! sure enough I was going to tell you, I was but a sinner, I was but a bit of clay,—I am no better still, but I got a gift that *any one* don’t know. Och! I got a precious gift, *the peace of God*. I have a *rest* in my soul that any one don’t know, but myself and Him that is judge of all above. What *great* peace should they have who have the *spirit of God* in their heart! I have a guard now I never had before.’ There was a great deal more that I cannot remember, but this much I took down in my pocket-book, as he spoke it very slowly, and lying with his eyes shut. People coming in now, I left him, hoping my last end might be like his.’

*Letter from a Dingle convert to the Roman Catholics
of Dingle and its vicinity.*

‘ MY DEAR FRIENDS,

‘ The ties of personal friendship by which I am connected with many of you, the great kindness I have experienced from several among you during my late visit, and my affectionate solicitude for all,

induce me to address you on the present occasion. In so doing I shall be careful to make no statement which, fairly interpreted, can give offence to any individual. I do not so much as attempt to refute any one doctrine of your church which I consider erroneous, my desire in this letter being, to remove prejudices against the Protestant religion, as prevalent as, I am persuaded, they are unfounded, simply to answer the question so often and so confidently put to us, namely, "Where was your religion before Luther?" to establish the *fact*, not so much that *we* can prove our religion to be the old one, but that no Roman Catholic who believes his own religion can say, that our religion is a new religion, and that Mr. O'Connell was not right when he said in his letter to the Hon. Mr. Smythe, M.P., for Canterbury, "that the Irish nation is made to pay for the propagation of what they conceive to be error."

'I know well the prejudices with which any statement emanating from one who has been educated in the Roman Catholic religion is received by many; that efforts made in the sincerity of their heart's affection to bring their friends and countrymen to the ancient faith of the Gospel, are put down to bitterness of spirit, and a desire to vilify the religion they have abandoned; but I know there are others too, who have candour and judgment enough to perceive, that error, if it exist, is not altered because of the person who opposes it, and that argument is equally powerful, no matter by whom it is used; and for myself I can appeal to the Searcher of hearts,

before whose bar of judgment we must all stand, that my motive in addressing you is none other than that if peradventure the Lord might make me the instrument of removing deep-rooted prepossessions, you may be led "to stand in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and find rest for your souls."—Jeremiah vi. 16.

‘ Now, I say that no Roman Catholic ought to state or can prove that the tenets of the Established Church are erroneous.

‘ The tenets of the Established Protestant Church are explicitly put forward in three creeds, which, as a church, she avows and holds, viz., the Apostles’ Creed, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed. The Protestant Church hold no other point of faith than what is contained therein, or may be tested thereby, either in her Thirty-nine Articles or Book of Common Prayer, and each article of which is taken from, and may be proved by the Holy Scriptures. Now, your church likewise holds and maintains these very three creeds, which are the creeds of the Protestant Church, and reads them publicly in the mass, though the majority of the people don’t understand them when they are read, and some know not that they are so publicly read: so that there is not a single point of faith held by the Protestant Church that is not likewise an essential point of faith held and avowed by the Roman Church.

‘ With what truth, then, can it be asserted by a member of the Roman Church that the Protestant

Church propagates error? What point of faith can a Protestant put forth that is not responded to and echoed by the Church of Rome? Can any Roman Catholic name one?

‘Every point of faith in the three creeds above-mentioned, is not merely to be traced to the Church of Rome, as to be found within her doctrines; but the very creeds themselves, whole and entire, word for word, as held in the Protestant Church, are adopted, held, and published by the Roman Church as essential points of faith to be believed in by all her members.

‘How then can the dissemination of any or all these points of faith by the Protestant Church be truly said by a Roman Catholic to be the propagation of error,—to be introducing a new religion?

‘I think this is plain dealing with you, my brethren; it is not mere assertion. Let any Roman Catholic bishop, priest, or layman, point out, if he can, *one*—even one—single point of faith contained in any of the three Protestant creeds that propagate error. Nay, more, I challenge any one to show or point out any single point of faith held by the Protestant Established Church which is unscriptural or erroneous. Mere assertion in this case will not do; the point of faith must be named, and if the Roman Church, with all her sons, will not name *one* erroneous point of faith held by the Protestant Church, or one which is not also taught by herself, what shall we say to the question? “Where was your religion before Luther?”—What, to the ignorant cry of a “new religion?”

‘The Roman Church cannot name any such point, and for these reasons:—The creeds believed in by the Protestant Church contain the points of “faith once delivered to the saints,” which points are maintained by Holy Scripture, and which are part of the faith professed by the Roman Church herself. In process of time other doctrines than those contained in the three creeds crept into the church; against which new doctrines a part of the church protested, and clung solely to the primitive points of faith, and therefore that portion of the church was designated “*Protestant.*” These proceedings in the church caused a council to be held, which commenced its sittings at Trent in the year 1545. This Council embodied those objectionable doctrines under twelve new points of faith, and published a creed with twelve points of faith that were not, and are not, in the three original creeds.

‘Now then, I challenge any Roman Catholic to prove that the Vulgate, Apocrypha, or Tradition, were ever held as articles of faith till the Council of Trent so decreed them in the sixteenth century; that transubstantiation was ever made an article of faith till by the fourth Lateran Council in the thirteenth century; that Communion in one kind, that is the withholding of the cup from the laity, was decreed till by the Council of Constance in the fifteenth century; that Purgatory was made an article of faith till by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century; that Auricular Confession was decreed till by the fourth Lateran Council in the

thirteenth century; the Celibacy of the Clergy till under Gregory the 7th, in the end of the eleventh century; the Seven Sacraments (first maintained by Peter Lombard in the twelfth century) made an article of faith till by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century: or that the Creed altogether containing the twelve new articles of the Council of Trent was ever published till several months after the publication to the world of our Protestant Prayer Book, containing as our standard of faith the twelve ancient articles of the Catholic Church, as embodied in the Apostles' and Nicene creed, (for the Athanasian adds no new article to the former two creeds.) Surely then, whichever way you take it, our religion must be considered the old one, while you bring upon yourself the anathema of the General Council of Ephesus, held in the year 431, which pronounces a curse upon any one who would presume to add any other article, to the primitive creeds of the church above-mentioned.

‘ Thus is the Protestant Church clearly proved to be the ancient Church; it holds none but Apostolic doctrine; each true member of it is at all times ready to give a scriptural reason of the hope that is in him; and, instead of referring in support of his faith to the doctrines of men, it refers directly to the word of God, and insists, whether it may be for “ doctrine” or for “ learning,” on the word of the living God, and on nothing else. Why does the Roman Church forbid the universal reading of the Bible to her sons and daughters? The Protestant

Church holds it up as “the word that maketh wise unto salvation.” She does not tell her people that her points of faith are orthodox, and insist that they *must believe them* to be so; but she invites them to “search the Scriptures daily whether those things are so.” Surely there must be a cause why the Church of Rome does not only not circulate the scriptures among her flock, but takes them from the people wherever she can find them. It certainly is *not* the first twelve points of her faith, which are in our creeds, that she is afraid of testing by the Word of God. Hear what the Holy Ghost has recorded of the word of God:—“All Scripture,” mind you, “*all* Scripture is written for our learning, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness:” take care that it is not because the twelve new points of faith would come under the “reproof” of that word, that the word itself is removed clean out of your way. My beloved Roman Catholic friends, it is a momentous question to put—“Why is it that the word of God is kept back from us?”

‘Would that my intelligent Roman Catholic brethren honestly desired to get answers whether these statements are true, viz:—

‘1st. Is it true there is no point of faith believed in by the Protestant Church, but what is to be found in her three creeds, and that these three Protestant creeds are likewise creeds of the Church of Rome?

‘2nd. Is it true these three Protestant creeds not

only are creeds held by the Roman Church, but that for fifteen hundred years they were the *only* creeds published as the creeds of the Romish Church? (and if there was any other creed within the time, let it be named, and the year and place of its publication be stated).

‘ 3rd. Is it true that in the year 1545, a Council was held at Trent, which Council published in its last session a *new* creed for the Roman Catholic Church, containing *twelve* new, twelve additional, points of faith, never before contained in any of her creeds?

‘ These are questions it is of the last importance should be honestly and distinctly answered. To what avail is it, if God has endowed you with fine senses, good understandings, clear perception, reasoning faculties, sound judgments, and given the word of truth for your guide, unless you apply them to good purposes; or if you allow your church at the outset of the most important of all enquiries, namely that for the truth of God, to deprive you of the evidence of senses, reason, private judgment, and the rule of divine Scriptures; and thus if you obey her dictates you are deprived of every principle on which it is possible to conduct any enquiry, a principle which dishonours every faculty given by God to man, and which if Turks, Jews, Infidels, or Heretics had the craft to adopt with their people, they must for ever secure their blind submission to any error which they may choose to propose, and which their system would make it a damnable sin to doubt the truth of?

Don't you clearly see yourselves, brethren, that any body of men may keep their people in any error, by denying them the right of private judgment, the use of their senses and reason in judging of any point,—as Transubstantiation for instance,—and by either shutting out the rule to test its truth or falsehood by, namely the Holy Scriptures, or which is as bad, by not allowing any individual to believe what his own sense, reason, or judgment, may tell him to be its meaning, unless that meaning fully agree with their own creed?

‘ It concerns you deeply to enquire whether these things are so; but if each proposition laid down here be true—and I challenge to the proof—if the answer to each of the three questions must be “yes,” it is shown to demonstration, and it follows as a matter of necessity, that the Roman Church is the *new* church—that the Protestant faith is the *ancient* faith; that it is not true, on your own principles, to say that we propagate error and that a full answer is thus supplied to the question, “Where our religion was before Luther?” while I think it will appear a difficulty to answer, “Where the new creed was before the sixteenth century?”

‘ Believe me to be,

‘ your faithful friend and servant,

‘ D. FOLEY.’

Waterford, January, 1844.

Many of my readers, before these pages shall reach them, will have seen by the public papers, that our minister's zeal, and the faith of our poor converts, have lately been strengthened by the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Brasbie—a ROMISH PRIEST—which took place in the parish of Keelmelchedar, whither he had been sent, and where, we have noticed, it was deemed expedient to send able men to fill up the measure of priestcraft, which seemed wanting in the mild old man who had resided there for forty years. Mr. Brasbie was selected as the agent of the Romish Bishop of the diocese, to put a stop to the progress of the Reformation, as will be seen by this abstract of his diocesan's letter, still in his possession.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Eagan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ardfert, to Rev. Denis L. Brasbie.

After some private arrangements, securing his comfort in Mr. Casey's house, the bishop wrote as follows:—

‘ May 30, 1844.

‘ * * * You will proceed at once where your *zeal and activity* are required to check the current of *proselytism*. Indeed I may say it is now pretty well checked in that parish ;—still the fire must be kept up.

‘ Believe me to be,

‘ &c. &c. &c.

† ‘ CORNELIUS EAGAN.’

Mr. Brasbie's mind had been passing through a gradual process of emancipation from the worst errors of his creed for five years, but more in the way of rational than of scriptural conviction. The scriptures are not much read by his order, and their avocations require such constant locomotion, and are fulfilled so mechanically, that there is little leisure for meditation or necessity for reading. He frequently expressed his doubts in a jocular manner, and was agreed with by those of his own cloth to whom he spoke, many of whom, he says, are dissatisfied with their creed; but, being little accustomed to regard the *value of the immortal soul in a right point of view*, they do not reflect on the enormous sin of *continuing to inculcate* what they themselves consider as *at least doubtful*. The writer has had the privilege of a good deal of conversation with Mr. Brasbie since his change, and endeavours to convey his sentiments as nearly as possible. He represents the young priest as issuing from Maynooth with ardent and blind zeal; filled with the *sincere belief of the Romish tenets*, and *awed* as well as *intoxicated* with the conception of his new powers,—‘*to bind and to loose*’—‘*to bless and to curse*,’—and utter the mystic words of consecration, whereby they believe that *VERY GOD is created by their hands*. These feelings are incapable of support at their high altitude, when made common by daily use, by the *modus operandi* of their profession, and by the want of all solemnity, wherewith they are generally administered in the filthy cabin of the poor bigot, or in the more dead-

ening confessional-box to the ear of low vulgarity ; and after becoming treasurer to the corruptions of each ignorant, low, and sinful mind that draws near ; soon, very soon, *does all sense of the sublime or even solemn* depart from a priest's mind, and the *tricks of his trade*, for *as a trade* they regard it,—literally take its place,—to give a sick call for a shilling,—give communion for two shillings and sixpence,—say a mass for five shillings,—marry at a fee varying from thirty shillings to twenty pounds,—and baptize at a cost graduated by the opulence and liberality of the gossips, from two shillings to one pound ; to do these *jobs* every hour of the day, and calculate their earnings in the evening, constitutes the *life* of a priest. He pauses not to ask ‘ Is there not a lie in my right hand ? ’ He stops not to inquire, ‘ Are these the wages of sin ? ’ Reader, if you hear with astonishment of such a state of conscience, fail not to put the question to yourselves, does worldly gain never cause you to deny your *real* principles, and act as though there was *none* to whom you must give account. We must recollect these men have been brought up to this as a profession—it is their all. If they fall out with their profession, being ineligible for any other profession, and as concerns their social relations outcasts—“ they cannot beg, to dig they are ashamed.” No endearing family ties surround them,—they can look to no futurity but one of contempt and opprobrium. Strong indeed does the *faith*, and great indeed the fear of that judgment that is to come, require to be in a priest of Rome, ere he can

resolve to quit it. Such was the faith, and such was *the* FEAR that pressed on Mr. Brasbie's soul when he wrote to Mr. Gayer to declare his intention of coming out; he saw, to use his own strong words, that 'his soul could not be saved in Rome;' many very strong motives there were to induce him to delay the step, even for one more year,—motives that had been sufficient to detain him an indifferent priest for years; but when the *terror* of the *Lord* came upon him, he could brook its warnings no longer, nay, not another moment—'I MAY NOT LIVE!'—'WHERE MAY I BE IN A YEAR!!'—These were the questions that pressed him day and night; he entered into communication privately with Mr. Gayer, who for a time had power to hold him back; but on the 21st of July, 1844,—it having been previously announced for some days as his intention,—he appeared in Dingle Church, and in a loud and firm voice read the tenets of the Church of Rome as contained in Pope Pius IV's creed, and renounced them one by one; then read the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed, and declared his desire to retain and adhere to the articles contained in those.

The excitement of the whole district, and the agitation of the Roman Catholics, rich and poor, high and low, can well be imagined; he was a very popular man, for from the time his own views began to open in any degree, he had ceased to be mercenary, and counselled no persecution, but on the contrary, religious and civil liberty, which rendered him a particular favourite in these quarters where

the people are shaking themselves loose from Romanism. Now were the thousand envenomed tongues of slander opened on him—every vile motive attributed to him,—he was accused of drunkenness, debt, incontinency, hypocrisy for gain, &c. He dared not appear in the streets unguarded by police; the first three Sundays it was necessary to bring military force to the town to prevent violence; but weapons of violence were not the only means by which his steady resolve was tested; letters from relatives, the most tender and heart-rending—from clerical friends the most insulting; they reprobate him for having ‘turned traitor to his religion and his God in the *very stronghold of proselytism and perversion,*’ with having disgraced the body to whom he belonged. They declare ‘they disbelieve that he doubts *one jot or particle* of the apostolic faith;’ but accuse him of a ‘conscience seared,’ yet upbraiding him with the damning crime of abjuring the faith, by an act that will make hell rejoice and angels weep. They accuse him of ‘going after other desires, and abuse of grace, and having in store for him the reward of Judas!’—Again it is said, ‘*You know you have done wrong—be converted—turn from your heresy—do public penance—CONVINCE THE VILE SOUPERS your recantation was but a sham—abjure it—suffer not the vile epithet ‘apostate’—and above all, apostate priest!—foolish man, arise from the drunkenness of error.*’ The letter from which this last is an abstract, passed through *the post*, superscribed ‘Rev. Denis Brasbie,’ ‘*A vera fide nuper deficiencies.*’

Mr. Brasbie bides the pelting of this pitiless storm with great calmness—some portion of it he anticipated, and came forth prepared to meet : but for the amount of scorn, hatred, and ill-will that he has experienced he was not prepared, and he declares he did not hitherto know the persecuting spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. When asked how he could possibly be ignorant of that when a very slight acquaintance with history would have informed him of it : he replied, ‘ I have read no history since I left Maynooth, and there we read only “ *one-sided* histories,” where “ Protestantism is represented as the *persecutor*, and *Romanism the victim*.” ’

This gentleman still remains in Dingle, having been advised by the friends of the Reformation, to *outlive calumny* in the place it arose ; he is at present studying the Scriptures very earnestly, and awaiting the leading and guidance of Providence as to his future destiny.

In the month of October, Mr. Gayer was obliged to leave home on a deputation, when Mr. Brasbie removed to Ventry, and became the guest of Mr. Moriarty. Three days subsequent to that in which he became part of the family circle, Miss Moriarty, sister of the clergyman, declared her resolution of renouncing the errors of the Romish creed on the *following day*. The stunning effect of this conversion on the whole district, cannot possibly be described. First, it came upon them as a clap of thunder, as indeed it did upon all, for this lady had not revealed her intentions or change of mind to any

one, not even to her brother, in whose house she resided. Secondly, she was the idol and pride, the boast of the priesthood. Most carefully educated in the tenets of her religion, and armed at all points, as her instructors thought, in a controversial panoply of proof against the inroads of Protestant doctrine, she had lived and resisted the force of truth for seven years in her brother's house. She had been lauded and held up as an example of holy stedfastness, of living martyrdom—of the power of the faith; her natural meekness, docility, zeal, and devotedness, attached them to her personally; as her position, standing a witness for them in the midst of her Protestant relatives, made her valuable to their cause. She was an object to whom every wavering mind might be directed—‘*See Miss Moriarty—she has had opportunity of judging of Protestantism; if there were any truth or superior sanctity in it she would have found it out, and you see she wavers not.*’ This their boast was now at an end, and the cry of the people *made itself heard*, ‘Who now may we depend on, when even Miss Moriarty has not been able to resist conviction after her *seven years* of conflict.’ Then arose a report among the more ignorant portion of the people, which was laboriously circulated by the priests, because so consonant to the mind of the multitude,—namely, that Mr. Brasbie had ‘*used a satanic charm over her, which had been the cause of her fall,—that this was manifest from the fact that he was only three days in the house with her when she was taken in the snare, and fell into the pit, sunk for those who abjure the faith.*’

This lady's change of mind had not been sudden, though the declaration of it was so; but on the contrary, *extremely* gradual—nor had her confessor been ignorant of its progress, to him she had confessed her earliest doubts concerning these 'temptations of the evil one;' and he had procured several of the most powerful works for her to read, confirmatory of the Roman Catholic faith; but the perusal of these books did much more to open her mind to the unscriptural character of that system, than any Protestant work could have done. She compared all the *references* given in them with the Scriptures, and being amazed at the *corrupt* misquotation and misapplication, was led day by day to look more simply to the word of God, until her path was made quite clear. She had kept silence even towards her brother, lest it might be supposed he had used undue influence with her. She had not intended to declare herself quite so soon: but foreseeing her conversion would be attributed to Mr. Brasbie if she delayed, she suddenly revealed her whole mind to her brother and boldly came out.

On the Sunday following her renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith, every chapel in the vicinity resounded to opprobrious discourses, of which she was the theme. The vilest epithets, the lowest and most scurrilous language were applied to her—indeed so low and abusive, that although strict truth might demand that they should here be proclaimed, to the disgrace of a system calling itself Christian, that can seek to retain its members by such unhallowed means,

yet we would not offend that excellent young lady, by making any memorial of them. These discourses have been continued Sunday after Sunday, up to the present, till the people lashed into fury, are carrying out the orders they have received under penalty of excommunication, *not to sell to the converts*. This was an order frequently given before, but which had always been very partially obeyed; for while the order, not to employ them or buy from them, was easily executed, self-interest led them to *sell* to them as freely as ever;—it is now, however, thoroughly acted out, and for the last seven or eight weeks, the converts have not been able to buy in the public markets any necessary of life. Potatoes, turf, milk, fish, are refused them. On several occasions, the children of the converts have been sent to the market, hoping they would not be recognised, they have completed their purchase and been returning with it, when some one has recognised them, and forcibly wresting from them the milk, poured it down the gutter, because cursed by their touch; their money was *restored*—thus were the infants and sick of the colony deprived of what may be called an absolute necessary! The dairies of Mr. Gayer, Mr. Clifford, and Mr. Thompson could meet the exigence in a very small degree. Mr. Clifford was sent money for the purchase of two milch cows almost immediately, which is sold to some of the most necessitous; *but what is that among so many*. After some difficulty, Mr. Thompson's positive commands were effectual in getting a supply of turf conveyed to Mr.

Clifford's yard, from whence it is also sold, and for several Saturdays, he (Mr. Thompson), attended the markets and purchased potatoes for them, selling them to them again on the spot; but this ceased to be necessary, when on Mr. Gayer's return, the potato-pits of the convert-farms, which were intended to be kept in reserve against the dear season, were opened and sold at market-price to the people. Many affecting instances of individual kindness appear through the gloom of fanatical bigotry. Roman Catholics buying milk and fish, and bringing it after nightfall, into the houses of the converts, pouring it into a vessel, or laying it on a plate on a dresser, and going out. This was, *neither buying from, selling to, or communicating with a SOUPER*; but it was ministering to the necessity of the saints, and we may believe, shall in no way lose its reward. An attempt was made to coerce Mr. Thompson into not employing the converts; he had a boundary sunk-fence of considerable extent being executed: it was calculated that it would give employment for the three dead months of the year to *forty* men; he chose *thirty* Roman Catholics and *ten* converts, and gave them the job. The Priest rode to the spot, and forbid the Roman Catholics to work at it, unless the '*Soupers*' were dismissed from amongst them. Great consternation was expressed at this arbitrary order, and the overseer of the work brought direct information of it to Mr. Thompson, who lost no time in riding off to the spot, where he determinately told them; 'They might leave the work if they pleased,

but if they did, no future submission on their parts would induce him to replace them in it; he would engage thirty more of the converts next day, and if it was necessary, obtain police to protect them while they executed it. He then reasoned with them on the folly of permitting their priests to put them *out of bread*—‘When you, and your wives and families are starving, all spring, will *they* support you?’ The result was, all the men continued in the employment.

Mr. Gayer’s family have received many personal insults; the children were attacked one day, and the young lady who was along with them very severely kicked; stones have frequently been thrown at them, and on one occasion, Mr. Gayer’s mother received a contusion on the side of her head from the blow of a stone. These things have been brought before the magistrates—for the first of these offences the man was fined; of the last no evidence could be obtained, though many saw the act. Lord and Lady Ventry have been made the theme of the chapel-harangues on more than one occasion, and the last fact to be noticed is one very novel, in a country hitherto remarkable for perfect tranquillity. Notices *threatening the life* of Lord Ventry, in the event of his not dismissing Mr. Gayer, have been forwarded to him.*

Such is the present state of Dingle and the neighbouring places wherever the Reformation has reached: a state that the worldly man will call ‘a very bad state:’ but a state that the Christian man rejoices in, as proving a reality and extent of the Lord’s work

* Written December 24, 1844.

in the place. The Priests are angry because *they know* that their dominion *is gone*. Bigots they will find to work upon for years to come, but the natural good sense of the people is righting itself, and if the PRESENT MOMENT IS NOT LOST, if the converts are enabled to STAND out the present storm, VICTORY is sure; and the Reformation will increase to an incalculable extent. Whereas if they are *not* now strongly upheld, the whole work must fall to the ground—those who are only theoretically convinced will go back to the Church of Rome, and those on whose hearts the love of God is shed abroad must emigrate. A few have gone back,—I believe *six* very poor individuals who were in the country parts, and not near assistance,—and double that number have been added to us; coming out boldly in the midst of the persecution.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

I SHALL sum up this little history of our Reformation and its present state, by appending a copy of the brief report already published by Miss Mahon, (now Mrs. Inglis,) of the year 1843, and a still latter appeal by the same lady. Our grateful feelings towards her cause us to have great pleasure in lending to her pleasing report all the circulation that may await ourselves.

The profits of this little work are to be cast into her collection to aid in the effort she means now to make, to add a manufacturing department to the other objects embraced by the Dingle colony.

Linen was formerly the great manufacture of the town, and formed its chief trade. Our poor women are admirable spinners, and it is most desirable to revive the business, even partially, that we may thereby afford employment to the females. It is plain, that in price we shall not be able to compete with the power-looms of the north; but we have already had encouragement to hope that some persons

will always be found willing to give an advanced price not only for a really better article, which there cannot be a doubt hand-spun linen is, but with the Christian view of giving employment—the best sort of charity in the best way.

In conclusion, we desire to impress upon the reader, that while all the honour is ascribed to God and the use of the Scriptures, which are able “to make wise unto salvation,” we wish it to be remembered that no *single* agency has produced the outbreak from popery in this district, but rather a judicious combination and zealous use of many agencies, each in their legitimate place—zealous and faithful preaching—and protection of the landlord.

The Irish Society in our Irish districts, whose teachers break up the fallow ground and prepare it for the *Scripture Readers sent forth by the Ladies' Auxiliary Society*, who, it may be said, ‘cast in the principal wheat’ by reading and expounding the word of Life, and gathering out of the mass those whose minds are turned towards reformation—SCHOOLS and that endearing reciprocation of good offices and gratuitous teaching which gives confidence between the rich and the poor: Let these means be tried in any place, and the result will be the same, as has been proved in the parish of Ballingarry, in the county of Limerick, where Mr. Gubbins has now upwards of *fifty* Roman Catholic converts since he went into the parish in 1839. But though these things be found amongst us in Dingle, and make us that we be not unfruitful in the

knowledge of the Lord: yet they do not sufficiently 'ABOUND.' We still need MORE ZEAL—more FIDELITY—more CHARITY—more LIBERALITY—more PATIENCE IN WELL-DOING. And we do most earnestly commend the work to the prayers of every Christian, and ask of them to entreat for us a larger measure of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that each of those who are labouring amongst them, together with all our poor converts, may daily learn that the gospel is the POWER of God unto *salvation from sin here*, and SATAN HEREAFTER. Amen.

APPENDIX.

REPORT OF THE DINGLE COLONY.

1843.

Patron.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

Patronesses.

THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER. THE COUNTESS OF BANDON.
LADY VENTRY.

President.

COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD WINGFIELD.

Committee.

LADY ADELAIDE WEBBER.	MRS. LUDLOW
MRS. JOHN HARE	MRS. COLTHURST
MRS. IRWIN	MRS. GAYER
MRS. HUNTER	MRS. MORGAN
MRS. T. DELACOUR CARROL.	MRS. NORMAN

Trustees.

REV. CHARLES GAYER. LIEUT. CLIFFORD, R.N.

Treasurer.

REV. CHARLES GAYER.

Honorary Secretary.

MISS MAHON.

[Miss Mahon requests that all Letters which are not immediate answers, may be directed to her, to the care of Charles Lambert, Esq., General Post-office, Dublin, by whom they will be forwarded without delay.]

REPORT.

“ Not on an arm of flesh for strength I lean,
 Frail help! it makes the heart that trusts it bleed ;
 But by the eye of faith my Lord is seen,
 Making omnipotent the fragile reed.
 Upheld by Him, I smile at dangers near,
 One word of His can quell the loudest storm ;
 Whate'er may come, my heart shall know no fear,
 For He who promised *can* and *will* perform.”—Isa. xli. 10.

THROUGH the tender mercy of our God we are permitted, at the close of another year, to renew our song of praise and thanksgiving, for the blessings which He has so abundantly poured upon our undertaking.—He hath said, “ Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.” This is the secret of our prosperity and confidence ; and thus has He proved that it is “ nothing with Him to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power.” But our song of praise is solemnized and saddened, by the recollection that many who would have united with us in it, are passed away into eternity, and help us now no more in praise, or prayer. Yet it may not be so—doubtless those blessed spirits, though they no longer struggle with us here, yet if conscious of what is passing in this lower world, join at least our song of praise. Yes, join it without sharing our sadness, or our sin. We have lost several dear friends, but one especially valued—Capt. Forbes, a name beloved by every Dingle convert. Nearest to his heart ever was this work in which we are engaged. And does he now regret, while sharing the bliss of angels and archangels, that while here, his delight was in bringing sinners to a Saviour, in gathering jewels for

his Redeemer's crown? No, my friends; it is a life spent as his was that robs death of its terrors, and makes eternity joyful; a life of faith on the Son of God. May the recollection, then, that he is gone, stimulate us to more earnest prayer, and more active exertion, on behalf of a work which has lost such a valued friend; and may it be ours to live as he did, so shall our last end be like his.

We are anxious to build eight or ten more houses in Dingle for converts, but our funds have not been sufficient; and though we have £190 in hand, yet we are obliged to keep this over to pay the expenses of the spring work on the farm, and the salaries of the Readers and Schoolmasters, which will be due before our subscriptions for 1844 are paid in. We beg our friends to assist us in building cottages for those who are left houseless, and for whom we are now obliged to provide lodgings. I will now, my friends, give you Mr. Gayer's report of the Colony.

‘ Dingle, Dec. 2, 1843.

‘ MY DEAR MADAM,

‘ In sitting down to give you a report of the Colony for the past year, on behalf of the Trustees, I do so with much gratitude to God for the blessing which He has been pleased to vouchsafe to the work in which we have the privilege to be engaged. The work of reformation in such a country as Ireland, where the priests exercise such unbounded influence over the minds of the people, requires, if I may so speak, an especial blessing from the Lord; otherwise the door of access remains closed, and all the efforts that are made to obtain admittance seem to be ineffectual. In looking back to the beginning of the work here, I can trace the hand of the Lord in everything, and have been forcibly reminded of the council of Gamaliel, “ For if this work be of men it will come to nought, but

if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it.”—To him who alone can give the increase, we desire to ascribe all the glory. I regret to say that this remote district has felt the agitation about the Repeal of the Union, which has been injurious to the progress of the reformation; a much more bitter spirit has been excited against the converts, and they have been plainly told that as soon as the repeal is obtained they will be the first to suffer. Of this there can be little doubt, for they are obnoxious for two reasons: 1st, as being Protestants, and 2ndly, for being apostates from the Church of Rome. I am thankful to say that as yet none of these things seem to move them, for there has not been any instance of apostacy during the past year, but on the contrary, some have had the courage to come out of Babylon and cast in their lot with us. We think it well to allude to an effort that was made at the beginning of this year to try and check the work of reformation, by endeavouring to prevent the converts being buried with the rites of our church. In the first instance the mob succeeded, and by force carried off the body and buried it,—the converts were beaten and had to retire: encouraged by their success, a crowd of 500 persons collected to oppose, a short time after, at the funeral of another convert; and but for the assistance rendered by a strong body of police and coast-guard, who were providentially on duty at a little distance, and who had to defend us at the point of the bayonet, in all probability some, if not many, lives would have been lost; some of the ringleaders were brought to justice, and since then no interruption has been given.

‘ You are aware that it was the intention of the Trustees to take a farm at Dunurlin, and also at Keelmeledar for the converts. This they have been enabled to do, each consisting of about twenty acres; it is quite impossible that the converts could exist at all without ground to cultivate

potatoes, as their enemies would gladly starve them out of the country. This was the system resorted to, when it was found that curses and excommunications were disregarded. Depriving those who leave the Church of Rome of all the means of earning a livelihood, is the great obstacle in the way of the reformation. As it is probable that some of the subscribers may object to see the rent of the farms charged in the accounts, not being aware of the position that the converts are placed in by the renunciation of popery, I think it right to state that on their leaving the Church of Rome they are instantly deprived of all their former means of support, and are consequently thrown upon the conductors of the mission for employment; and unless we can enable them to earn a livelihood by their own labour, they have no other alternative but to starve, leave the country, or apostatize. Some few, before the colony was established, were forced to choose the latter, as it was too much for human nature to see their children starving about them. A convert also is shown no mercy; no allowance is made for the trying circumstances in which he may be placed,—every one seems to be watching for his halting,—the “mote in the eye is magnified into a beam.” If he remain stedfast to the profession he has embraced, he is charged with doing so for bribes; if he apostatize through fear of starvation, he is branded as a hypocrite. The trial that a convert has to undergo, to test his sincerity in the eyes of some who from their own profession ought to uphold him, is a fiery ordeal indeed, and it is similar to the ancient custom of trying a person suspected of being a witch, which was, to tie her hands and feet, and throw her into a pond; if she did not sink, she was at once looked upon as guilty and was put to death, but if she did, she was acquitted of the charge, but in either case the poor creature was the sufferer. And so it is with the convert:—if through fear of starvation he is

induced again to return to his former ways, he is unhesitatingly denounced as a hypocrite ; but if he prefer to sit down with his family beside a ditch and perish sooner than forsake the truth, he is then indeed considered to be sincere ; but in either case he must be the sufferer, whether in his good name, or his life. I would therefore request those of our kind supporters who perhaps from a taste for political economy may be inclined first of all to cast their eye over the balance-sheet and decide against us, as exercising extravagance in the carrying on of the temporal affairs of the colony, first to consider that the converts are in a peculiar position, despised, persecuted, and forsaken by all, both friends and foes : that they cannot support themselves without work,—that they cannot obtain it except from us,—that we have therefore no alternative but to give them gratuitous relief or employment, or drive them to apostacy or starvation. The necessity of the case therefore compels us to employ them ; and although under other circumstances we should not feel justified in expending so much on rent and labour on the farm, under the existing ones we are compelled to do so. It is our blessed Master's direction that even if “ our enemy hunger, we are to feed him,” that we are to “ do good unto all men, but especially to them who are of the household of faith ; ” and surely what can be a more legitimate way of doing good to those who are persecuted and forsaken for His name's sake, than by enabling them to “ earn their bread by the sweat of their brow ? ” Gratuitous relief is not afforded to any but the widows and orphans, and those who by sickness are prevented from working. I am sure, therefore, when our friends look upon our peculiar position and difficulties, they will not charge us with extravagance in the outlay of their contributions, but will come forward still to assist us.

In the present state of the country, the lives of the con-

verts especially are in jeopardy. We know not if we ourselves shall be spared to make another appeal to the friends of the colony; if our enemies are permitted to have their will, this is the last we shall make to their liberality. I trust, however, that I can say, in the name of all that are engaged in the work here, that we count not our lives dear unto ourselves, so that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry we have received of the Lord Jesus. We have cast in our lot with the poor converts, and we shall stand or fall together. We cannot conclude our report without alluding to the loss we have sustained in the death of our dear brother and trustee Captain Forbes;—he is gone to his rest—the soldier’s work is done—he has laid aside his sword, and has received his crown. It may be truly said of him, he had not an enemy, for he was beloved and lamented of all;—he was indeed the convert’s friend, for *he* was the first who suggested to you the importance of establishing the colony as a refuge. For him to live was Christ, and to die was gain; but we shall meet again, when our Lord cometh with all His saints—the time is at hand—may we be found watching for His appearing. I am desirous to express how grateful we feel to you for your great exertions during the past year; we know what an arduous and trying post you have undertaken, and we cannot refrain from returning you (which is all we can do) our best thanks. May the Lord still strengthen you for His service, and continue to make you a blessing to His poor persecuted people.

‘ I remain, my dear Madam, yours most sincerely,

‘ CHARLES GAYER.’

‘ P.S. We have a large quantity of potatoes in store, the produce of the farm; but from the present very low prices, and the agitated state of the country, we consider it better not to dispose of them, as should there come an

outbreak, which is to be feared, provisions could not be procured.’

It will be seen by Mr. Gayer’s letter, that in the progress of the work at Dingle, we have had our encouragements and discouragements. I saw much to gratify me during my visit there in August last,—much to bless the Lord for. Well do I remember what my feelings were as I looked round the crowded school-room on the Sabbath morning, and saw the aged and the young, reading the word of salvation. Many whose hoary locks proclaimed that their pilgrimage was nearly ended, and who, but for that book, would have died trusting in lying vanities, without hope, and without God. And there too was a noble band of children being trained up to fight the Lord’s battles, and taught to wield the sword of the Spirit, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. O my friends, could you have witnessed this scene, and felt as I did then, you would require but little persuasion to induce you to give freely to the support of an institution which is the means of preserving this little flock from the hands of their enemies, and of enabling them in quietude to seek and serve the Lord. I visited twenty-nine families of converts the last day of my sojourn in Dingle, and was much interested and gratified; there are 160 children now at the Dingle School, and a good attendance at Keelmeledhar and Dunurlin.

Many blame us for giving temporal relief, and accuse us of bribery. Now we would again answer these objectors, and first ask, Have we not our blessed Redeemer’s precepts and example for giving temporal relief? Have we one instance of his sending the suffering or needy (even the most unworthy) away unaided? When the

multitudes came to hear him, do we not find him performing a miracle in the wilderness, rather than send them hungry away? And what are his commands on this subject? See Luke iii. 11; Psalm xli. 1, 2, 3; Matt. xxv. 34 to the end; Matt. x. 42; Prov. xix. 17; Isa. lviii. 6, 7; Heb. vi. 10; Luke x. 30—37; 1 John iii. 16, 17. In this last scripture we are called upon not only to give temporal aid, but if necessity require, our lives also, for our brethren. We do believe that no person who thinks over these scriptures will deny the duty of giving temporal aid. We will now reason after the flesh, and ask, Is it wise to drive these poor creatures back to popery by starving them as a test of their sincerity? We have heard of many instances of this being done, but we now only mention one;—a poor man in the Isle of Arran, who being many times refused temporal relief, for a long time endured hunger, but at length being overcome by the cries of his seven starving children, abjured his faith, and returned to the mass; while his conscience still accused him, he declared that he was obliged to tell most horrible lies, while dressed up in a white sheet each Sunday in the chapel before the whole congregation. Truly we do not envy those whose heartless policy leads them to be instrumental in bringing such things to pass. We know too well what human nature is; and for ourselves, we can say, we would much rather suffer a few hours' torture at the stake, than endure the gnawings of hunger, from day to day, amidst the scoffs and reproaches of the Lord's enemies and ours; yes, much rather would we endure the burning flame, which would speedily free us from a body of suffering and of sin, than see those loved around us crying for food, and sinking in slow disease from starvation. Friends! where is the father or the mother who could hold out with such a scene around them? We must confess we know not any. Lastly, we would exonerate

ourselves from the charge of bribery. Can it be so, when we only give our cottages by a weekly tenure? Would any one believing (as the poor Roman Catholics do) that there is no salvation in any other creed, renounce it, when they know they could have their houses for one week only, if proved to be insincere? Added to this, none are taken into the colony, without a long trial of their sincerity. We trust we have once again proved the duty and the wisdom of giving temporal relief, while we would beg our friends to remember that we do not neglect their spiritual necessities. We support, unaided by any other society, Schools, and Scripture-readers for the districts of Dingle, Dunurlin and Keelmelchedar.

And now, in closing our report for 1843, we would praise Him who has helped us hitherto. We would renew our request, that our praying friends would bear us, and our work, on their hearts before the Lord; we know, what He blesses, is blest indeed. We would reiterate our thanks to the kind friends who have so generously cöoperated with us, and we would beseech them to continue to aid this work of mercy. May they rejoice in the consciousness that they have “made the widow’s heart to sing for joy,” and that they have been instrumental in saving those “who were ready to perish.” Above all, we would remind them that soon our opportunities of thus glorifying our blessed Redeemer, and of thus manifesting our grateful love to Him who loved us unto death, shall soon cease for ever; perhaps ere another year closes, she who writes, and they who read this, may, like those we now miss, have passed into eternity. Let us, then, dear friends, live like those who are waiting for their Lord, doing his work and will, ready for his call, or his coming. “Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing.”

There's not a cup of water given
 From holy love unmark'd in Heaven;
 Immortal ones! will you not give
 For Him who died that *you* might live.

CATHARINE HARTLAND MAHON,
 Honorary Secretary.

December 16, 1843.

TO THE FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS OF THE
 PROTESTANT COLONY AT DINGLE, VENTRY,
 &c. &c.

IN THE COUNTRY OF KERRY.

MANY of you, I am persuaded, will be anxious to receive intelligence from me while I am sojourning in this most interesting spot—many of you who have kindly, generously, and confidingly supported the Dingle Colony, and I feel it to be my duty to put matters before you as they really are. I have attended the Sunday and Daily Schools in Dingle and Ventry, and have both examined the children myself, and have heard them examined by the Rev. E. Norman, and I thankfully testify that I never heard better answering. I have visited and conversed with the Converts from house to house, while my heart rejoiced in the assurance that *many* of them were the children of the Lord, and even those from whom the least might be expected, seemed to value the blessed truths of the Gospel, and rejoice in their deliverance from the darkness of Papal bondage.

Great has been the interest which I have felt in Dingle

for the last four years; an interest always deepened and increased by every visit I have paid to it; yet I can truly say, I never understood the vast importance of the work, so fully as within the last three weeks.

From the spirit of inquiry, and the many applications of those who are anxious to renounce Popery, but are deterred from doing so through fear of starvation, I have deemed it right to call again on the friends of the Colony to renew their exertions on its behalf, and give us the means of gathering in these poor straying *immortal ones* into the fold of the Gospel. My friends, consider the value of a never-dying soul! Consider, too, the awful guilt of those who leave such a prey to the roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. By giving a little more of that wealth which soon you must leave behind you, you could be the means of bringing them to hear the Good Shepherd's voice, and of leading them in the paths of eternal life. Such as refuse to help this work, are guilty of that of which our blessed Redeemer accuses those on His left hand, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in!" Oh, how will you bear to hear Him upbraid you with this sin in the great and terrible day? You cannot then plead ignorance of the fact. We tell you of hundreds who are wandering in the wilds of spiritual destitution, who are continually applying to be received where they can hear and read the word of life, but who cannot do so unprotected or unemployd by our Institution. Christians, will you close your hearts, and shut your purses against such a statement?

This day, a man, with a wife and nine children applied for admittance into our Colony—one, who for many years has walked as a consistent Christian in this county, but who has been driven from place to place by persecution. He is a respectable intelligent man, once doing well as a butcher, but since he became a Convert, his trade has failed,

in consequence of the Priest having cursed any who would buy from him. He has now sold every thing he possessed in the world, except his Bible, and is left with his wife and nine children in a state of beggary; and alas! he may beg in vain.

Dear friends, is it not hard to tell such a man, "You must either return to Mass, or starve; we cannot help you"? Such is the state we are now in, we have no funds to give employment to those already sheltered in our Colony, many of whom, Mr. Gayer has assured me, pass whole days without tasting food, and whose children often go to school, and remain till evening, without even having had a dry potatoe.

We see the necessity of enlarging our operations, we propose taking more land, and establishing other means of employment by way of manufacture; but we cannot do anything, if our friends will not help us. Now is the time, when, if encouraged, the Reformation here will take such rapid strides as will shake Popery in this country to its very centre. Again, and again, do I entreat all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, not to lose the opportunity He has afforded us of now gathering in His people from the Babylon which He has commanded them to leave. The recent conversion of Mr. Brasbie, a Roman Catholic Priest, has caused many in the Church of Rome to question their safety. Would that my English friends had witnessed what I did on the day of his reading his recantation—would that they had heard the hideous yells and shouting that accompanied us as we walked home with him, and which I am persuaded would not have ended there, had it not been that an armed force of nearly 200 men had been provided by the magistrates to prevent violence on the occasion. Popery is Popery still—it hates the light—may the Lord in his great mercy deliver poor unhappy Ireland from its power. The following letters from the

Trustees will, I am sure, be read with deep interest, and prove the necessity of this appeal.

Your faithful Servant,

CATHARINE HARTLAND MAHON.

Hon. Secretary.

Dingle, 2nd August, 1844.

‘ Dingle, 31st July, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is a subject of much gratitude to God, that he has, in his providence, so directed it, that the Rev. Mr. Brasbie, with whose conversion from the Church of Rome, you are already acquainted, should have taken the step he has done in this particular locality, for it has given a wonderful shaking to the minds of many who were reckoned amongst the most devoted members of the Church of Rome. On Sunday last, two Roman Catholic females came to church, one of whom, on her first meeting Mr. Brasbie, drew the sign of the cross between herself and him, supposing that he was under the immediate influence of the devil, but on reflection has been led to see that he must know which way is the best; there is another family, who, without exception, were the greatest bigots I ever met, who have been completely shaken, and who have declared they will very soon leave Popery. Besides these cases, two clerks, one of whom was once Mr. Brasbie's, have applied to us to receive them (giving his example as their reason for doing so), if they could get any employment to keep them from starving, and a clerkship in a chapel is a good situation; but we have no means of employing them, so at present they must only remain as they are. These few instances have come under my own knowledge, but I know that the minds of the people in general have received a shock with regard to the truth of their own religion, which I think they will never recover;

and I am sure, that numbers at the present moment are only deterred from making an open avowal of their convictions from the fear of starvation, as they see we have not employment to give, and that, if they took the step, they would starve. Now, dear friend, I feel it is right to let you know what I think is our duty at the present important juncture, when the Lord has so wonderfully opened a door for us, and that is, to make a great effort to try and influence the Christian Public to come at once, and in earnest, to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and supply us with the means of giving employment to those who otherwise cannot leave their present situations: I am *totally opposed to all gratuitous assistance*; my motto is (though many believe to the contrary) "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat;" and I am fully persuaded if the people of God furnished us with means, that Popery would soon be shaken here to its foundation; but *now* is the time for exertion, while the minds of the people are so unsettled. What do you think of making an application to the Christian Public for help? The Lord has opened the door; why should we hesitate? Has He not encouraged us to attempt great things? If we let the present opportunity pass, it may not be afforded us again. Why should we doubt? Is not the silver and the gold His? And are not the hearts of His children in his hands? Let us make the trial, and call upon His children to come forward liberally to His help, and if the call is not responded to, we must only be satisfied that it is not His will, but then we shall not have to blame ourselves that we did not, with all our might, that which we considered our hand found to do. If you think with me, no time should be lost, in sending forth the application, and leave it to the Lord to provide as He sees best.

Believe me, my dear friend,

Very sincerely and affectionately, yours in Christ Jesus,

TO MISS MAHON.

CHARLES GAYER.

MUST DINGLE COLONY BE ANOTHER PAUPER
ESTABLISHMENT?

‘Dingle, 27th July, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND—

From the conversation which we had yesterday, I am anxious, as far as the Lord may permit, having asked wisdom from above, to clear away the doubts and difficulties in the public mind, relative to the question before us: and I enter on the subject with some degree of hope, as I am enabled to speak from six years experience. When the Lord permitted me to pitch my tent in Dingle, in 1838, He had commissioned his servant, Rev. C. Gayer, to be the instrument of commencing a great work at Ventry, which has since been before the public, with many a mistake relative to it and Dingle, and much confusion between them, to the injury of both. Captain Forbes, a Half-pay Officer of the 45th, (now gone to his rest), had previously been influenced to make Dingle his head-quarters, that he might uphold Mr. Gayer, and, I trust, it is not too much to say, that the same governing power directed hither myself also, with my feeble powers, to sustain his servant who looked above for wisdom to guide him in the growing work in Dingle and Ventry.

I start then with the bold assertion—that this, and every other similar establishment in Ireland, must, of necessity, be a pauper one, until it can be made to support itself; and when the object of it is known to British Christians, fearlessly and clearly, they will not let it fall to the ground for want of money. Its object, then, is to shelter converts from the Church of Rome, who embrace the

Protestant religion ; and a few facts connected with those poor people here, will be better than a volume of fine talk.

Want of capital in trade, and popery, which forbids the people the Bible, destroy Ireland. Want of capital in Dingle, and a consequent inability to support the converts from Popery, must ruin the cause here, unless Christian men and women in England and Ireland, who have it in their power, come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

It is a well-known fact, and fearlessly I declare it, that when a man or woman uses the right of private judgment, and leaves the Church of Rome, they are at once denied labour or food by any Roman Catholic in the place, and if not supported until they can be put in a way to earn their bread, they, and their families, averaging in this country seven members, must, humanly speaking, starve ; and this, not from a feeling against them in the mind of the people generally, but arising from the general practice of the Romish Hierarchy throughout the length and breadth of the land. I say, then, they become paupers the moment they emerge from Rome ; I could produce many proofs of this, did time and space permit.

The Protestant gentry are few and far between in this Barony, and many have not the ability to afford relief to these poor people ; and, I regret to say, many are as much opposed to a convert, or a *Pervert*, as they are called, as a Roman Catholic can possibly be ; and here, I as fearlessly assert, that they are as much despised by them, and the common cry is, as in Egypt of old, “ Ye are idle—ye are idle.” Oh ! what strange bed-fellows does poverty make. I must defend the converts of Dingle from the charge that they are more idle than their Roman Catholic neighbours, when they have work to do ; but tell me, ye well-fed and well-clothed English labourers, would ye relish working at

the spade from six A.M. till six P.M. on a scanty meal of potatoes, which could only be earned three days in the week, and the produce of that three days, if it can be procured all the year round, must suffice to feed, and clothe, and warm, a man, his wife, his aged parent, his poor relation, his five or ten crying children, the beggars who may come to his door, (for an Irishman or woman always shares the meal with them) his dog, and his pig, if he ventures on one to pay the rent.

I say, therefore, Dingle, Ventry, Achill, Fealebridge, and every similar establishment in poor *Ireland*, must be a pauper one, until we have a capital sufficient to relieve us from the dilemma, into which we are of necessity, in the providence of God, thrown, if we encourage the hope of these poor souls who are willing to escape from worse than Egyptian bondage, and who desire to come to the light of God's holy word. It is a *fact*, and an undoubted one, that in Dingle itself, many are examining God's Bible, that they may judge for themselves, but fear of the still powerful arm of Rome prevents their declaring it; for if they do, and we cannot support them, they are crushed and driven back.

Not very long since, one of my own men, a Christian man, found near his station, a Roman Catholic, who, having more observation, and a more inquiring mind than his neighbours, had lost all faith in his religion, as he had seen through its tinselled exterior, and this man was a perfect Infidel—he induced him to read the Bible, and reasoned with him, as Paul with Felix, “of the Righteousness of Jesus, and the judgment to come.” The poor man became alarmed for his state, and eagerly applied himself to the enquiry, “*What must I do to be saved?*” The Christian man left the place, and before doing so, left him a Bible and Prayer Book in Irish. The priest heard of, and demanded the corrupt book—the man refused—the

priest threatened—the man was *proclaimed* before the assembled congregation at mass ; the friends tried him—he was unmoveable, and demanded of the priest to show him *one* corruption in that Holy Book. The priest threatened him with *Excommunication*—the man attended mass to hear it—the friends interfered—the *wife* threw her arms around his neck—his children clung to his knees—all implored him not to bring so heavy a curse upon them ; the poor man had not searched deep enough into the mine of truth—his moral courage gave way, having no one to stand by him, *and he gave up the books to the priest after a siege of three weeks.*

This poor man was willing to join the ranks of the converts, but he could not be encouraged to do so, as he could not be supported for want of funds, and he was obliged to be thrown back into the mire of Romanism.

I believe it was in the year 1840, the Lord was pleased to put it into your heart to raise funds in order to establish the present Dingle Colony Society, which I maintain, if to be kept up, must be supported as *a pauper establishment*, until Christian generosity shall enable us to find means of employment for our people, which has hitherto been done at the average of three days in the week, at EIGHT PENCE per day (Oh ! look, Englishmen at the sum paid for Irish sinew, and mourn for your poor neighbours) in labour at various buildings, together with the working of a small farm of twenty-seven acres, held at a rack-rent. The great difficulty, therefore, which now stares us in the face is, how are we to obtain work for the inmates of this growing pauper establishment ? and we answer it by saying, that we hope poor Ireland still lives in the hearts of British Christians, and that they will open their purse-strings and prevent her reforming children just emerging, or ready to emerge, from the darkness and bondage of Rome, by raising a fund which shall enable us to enlarge our borders

by taking more land, and assisting our poor people, male and female, to earn an honest livelihood.

In like manner, from want of capital, we cannot commence any manufacture to an extent to benefit the increasing wants of this now *Protestant* Colony of Dingle; whereas, give us means, and we may help on the people, not only by farm-husbandry, but by reviving the Linen Trade, and in many other ways. And while this work is going on for the support of the outer man, bear with us while we ask you liberally to supply our spiritual wants by affording us the means of supporting an efficient staff of Scripture Readers, male and female, who shall go from house to house daily, to strengthen our poor people and build them up in our most holy faith; remember too, the schoolmaster and schoolmistress, and give us means to increase the number of those, not only in Dingle, but in the Barony of Corkaguiney, and let not the people perish for lack of knowledge.

It is a fact, there are now labouring for God amongst the schools HERE in this Barony, as scripture-readers, many men who formerly were priests' clerks and priests' schoolmasters, but now, under the divine blessing, are daily contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.

And, dear friend, with respect to the base charge that the Rev. C. Gayer takes in every creature that offers, and that without due consideration, I deny the fact altogether; and I challenge any man or woman to bring a single proof of so unholy, so unrighteous, an accusation. No! believe me, it is a *fact*—an undeniable fact—that Mr. Gayer's heart often bleeds under the necessity of declining to encourage very many, who seek, and have sought, to unite themselves with the despised converts of Dingle, and I myself, and I say it without a desire to exalt self, had to send a convert to America this very year, because I could not support him at home, and I knew it was in vain to ask Mr. Gayer to do so.

Hoping the Lord may bless these few hastily written, and ill-digested lines.

J remain, my dear friend,

Yours faithfully in the Lord,

H. J. CLIFFORD.

Trustee of Dingle Colony.

TO MISS MAHON.

Sources from which these various objects are supported.

LADIES AUXILIARY SOCIETY, AND VENTRY TRUSTEES, <i>support the</i> }	Ventry Mission, including part of Mr. Moriarty's salary—Salaries of three Irish Scripture Readers—Salaries of a school master and mistress—School master and scripture reader for Dunquin—Scripture reader at Keel.
MISS MAHON'S COLLECTION FOR DINGLE COLONY, AND LOCAL SUBSCRIPTION, <i>support the</i> }	Rent and labour of Dingle farm—Dingle school master and mistress with two scripture readers for Dingle—school master at Keel—Rent of farm at Keel—Scripture reader and school master at Dunurlin—Rent of farm at Dunurlin—Manufacture of linen, stockings, &c. &c.
COLLECTIONS BY MRS. D. P. THOMPSON, <i>support the</i> }	Mission in Blasquett Island.

SINCE the foregoing pages were printed, the following documents have been received from a friend in Dingle, and are added for the purpose of exhibiting the present state of the colony.

I.

THREATENING NOTICE SENT TO LORD VENTRY.

TAKE NOTIS,

That if you do not send Gayer the bastard out of this country, from a quiet and pesible people, and discountenance all blagards that deny their holy religion for soup : this do, and you will do right. By the Eternal God i will drive a brace of balls through your carcass privately, otherwise in the noon-day if not.

Signed by

A RIGHT GOOD AIM.

Tipprey
for ever.



Parson Goodman is a good man,
he interfaries with no man's religion.
I lave him to you.

His Lordship's house has since been attacked at night by armed men, and his son-in-law fired at, when the miscreants made off; a large reward has been unsuccessfully offered for any information as to who the parties were. Robbery decidedly not being the object of the attack, but to cause alarm to the family.

II.

PRIEST SCOLLARD'S LETTER TO LORD VENTRY PROPOSING
TERMS OF PEACE IN THE 'DINGLE DOINGS.'

' *Dingle, Jan. 20, 1845.*

' MY LORD,

' A letter, at this important crisis in the history of Dingle, from (two lines here obliterated,)

surprise.

' I am prompted to take the liberty of writing to your Lordship, with the hope that you will in all goodness exert your mighty influence to quell the jarring elements, with which we are on all side beset. In order that my hope may be realized, I beg leave to state respectfully, that your Lordship has been imposed upon with regard to Dingle doings.

' I am told, that some one has informed your Lordship, that the first of those letters published in the Kerry Examiner, in which allusion was made to your amiable and interesting family, were written in the house of Mr. Collis of this town; very few know better than I do, where these letters were written, and I pledge myself to your Lordship, 'Coram Deo et angelis ejus,' *that such has not been the fact.* On the contrary, I always heard Mr. Collis and children to speak of you and yours in terms of the highest praise and gratitude, and if further proof of their innocence of this charge proffered against them be required, I am willing to give it.

' Your Lordship's next great complaint is, (if I be rightly informed), the persecution of the so-called Dingle 'Converts,' Not to speak now of their total want of faith in the Protestant religion, proofs of which are daily crowding upon me, may I take the liberty of telling you-

Lordship, that they themselves are in fault. They make their religion principally to consist in insulting your numerous tenantry *and long-trying friends*, of which I myself am an eye-witness. The only preventative to this, was a total separation from them, and really I don't know how they, or their supporters can complain of so simple a remedy.

'The terms of censure, made use of in the Dingle Chapel, towards your Lordship's manner of acting, as reported to you, were, I have no doubt, considerably aggravated. But, my Lord, if you allow yourself to be undeceived, and give 'fair play' to *all*, I promise, that whatever has been said will be retracted, and that your memory will be enshrined for ever in the hearts of a grateful people—the people of Dingle.

'Hoping, my Lord, that you will pardon the liberty I have taken in thus addressing your Lordship, and that you will now begin to view 'our Dingle doings' in their true light.

'I have the honor to be, My Lord,

'Your Lordship's most Obedient Servant,

(Signed.)

'JOHN SCOLLARD, C.C.

'To the

'Right Honourable LORD VENTRY.'

III.

Mr. Gayer and Mr. Scollard have had a public discussion, before a thousand persons, relative to one of the poor converts who has been induced to relapse—when Mr. Scollard accused Mr. Gayer with bribery and corruption; and the converts, with hypocrisy and total want of conviction in the profession they were making. Mr. Gayer called for '*proofs*.' Mr. Scollard averred, he could give '*a list*' of those whose children had been carried to the Priest for baptism, '*while they were receiving his pay*.'

Mr. Gayer at this unblushing falsehood, demanded *the names*. The Priest refused to give them. Mr. Gayer hesitated not to declare he *totally disbelieved* the assertion. Many voices demanded '*the names.*' Mr. Scollard then promised publicly to send a *written list* of the individuals.

Two days after, the '*list*' not having come, Mr. Gayer sent for it, and Mr. Scollard *refused to send any*—thus giving the lie to his own assertions. Not only has the poor creature, who was the cause of this meeting, been loaded with benefits in the shape of *blankets, clothes, for self, and children, and good food*; but another poor woman, in a sick and weak state, has received overtures, that '*if she will return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, and DIE HAPPILY—a horse, cart, and feather-bed shall be sent to fetch her; and if she feared her husband, he would send twenty or thirty stout fellows, who would bring her by force.*' This poor woman, however, was not to be shaken; she returned for answer, '*Her Priest was already with her,*' she required no other—and would have none of *his help!*

IV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KERRY EVENING POST.

'DEAR SIR—The converts from the Church of Rome in this district feel much indebted for your generous defence of themselves and the Church of their adoption.

'For the last four or five months, we have been maligned, misrepresented, and abused in the most unchristian manner, from the altars, and in the pages of the *Kerry Examiner*. The Roman Catholic people of this district are, indeed, naturally very much disposed to peace and good will towards us, who are "their own flesh and blood," or we could never have withstood the consequences of such terrible teaching. I am thankful to say, that all this time we

have preached from our pulpits peace and good will towards all—even our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers. Our people know this, and, thank God, are influenced by it. We have patiently and quietly listened to all that has been falsely said of us and uncharitably done against us. We are at last driven to act on the defensive. We have appealed to the Government of our country for protection. All we ask is liberty of conscience—the birthright of every subject of the British empire. Would to God that we had it here. But we can never expect it while Roman Catholic Priests are allowed with impunity to speak of us, and excite people against us, as they do from their altars each Sunday. Our only crime is, that we have left their communion and conformed to the Established Church: this is very evident to the whole country; and if the very worst character were to join us for a time, and to go back again to the Roman communion, he may be sure of caresses, loud praises, and temporal aid, that is never thought of for other poor Roman Catholic people. However, our patience and forbearance may be misunderstood. The constant dropping of water wears the stone, and the greatest lies pass for truth with many when constantly repeated. To prevent any such consequence from the weekly repetition of false statements and abuse of us for the last few months, I beg leave to address the public through your pages. I shall state the truth, and nothing but the truth. I leave it to others to write under assumed names, which betrays their want of moral courage, as well as their consciousness of a bad cause. What I write you need not be ashamed to publish; I shall state facts well known through this district, and capable of proof by most respectable and impartial testimony.

‘ In the first place, then, I beg leave, through your pages, to inform the public, that we are insulted, threatened, and often assaulted when passing through the country on our

lawful business, and for no other reason in the world than that we are converts from the Church of Rome.

‘ Secondly—Be it known that converts cannot purchase the necessaries of life in this district, and that the Roman Catholics in general refuse to have any dealings with them, for no other reason in the world than that they are converts from the Church of Rome.

‘ And thirdly—That the converts, and any of the Protestant gentry who have the moral courage to show any sympathy for them, are held up to public scorn in the Roman Catholic chapels of this district, as well as in the pages of the *Kerry Examiner*.

‘ I shall now, with your leave, give the public a few out of many facts, in proof of each of these three assertions.

‘ A few weeks since it pleased God to take to Himself the soul of one of our poor brethren ; he sealed the sincerity of his conversion at the trying hour of death, in presence of Romanists and converts ; he departed this life stedfast in the faith of Christ ; he was buried on Sunday ; and one would suppose that the solemn funeral procession, on the Lord’s Day in particular, would be allowed to pass undisturbed through a professedly Christian country. One might expect some feeling from all, as we passed, for the poor widow and orphans ; but, no—I am sorry and ashamed to be obliged to say it of my countrymen, that they have been latterly in particular, brought into such an unchristian and unnatural state of mind, that they could not let that funeral pass without shouting and insult of every kind. More than once several evil-disposed persons, on their way from the Romish chapel, made attempts to excite a row, but, thank God, in vain ; and on our return home, for a mile of the road, we were not only shouted after, but pelted with clods and stones. But how can it be otherwise—“ As the priest is, such are the people.” A new *nickname* for the people is proclaimed almost every Sunday from the altars.

and wherever a convert goes through the country, he is saluted with those opprobrious epithets. What a spirit is in Romanism, when its poor deluded votaries, while actually on their knees around the chapel during the celebration of mass, could not let the converts pass on their way to Church, without shouting after them and calling them opprobrious names. No convert can pass the high roads of this district without being grossly insulted and grievously provoked; indeed he may be thankful if that be all. How often is the poor convert, on his way to and from the town of Dingle, not only insulted and provoked, but shouldered, pelted, and beaten; a rush is often made by a party of people, as if in great haste, but with a view to run down the poor convert, if he be not expert enough to avoid it.

‘ I have seen the skeleton of a horse dragged out of the dike, with bad intent, before myself as I rode, on a most dangerous mountain-road, a horse well known to be skittish. Few weeks since, a poor man was pelted on the road from Donquin to this—he ran from his persecutors into a forge for shelter—the smith pulled the red-hot iron out of the fire, and thrust it towards his face, desiring “the devil to be gone.”

‘ Mr. John Cavanagh of this place, an educated and respectable convert, was attacked on the strand of Ventry, by men with their faces blackened, only a few days after he had taken the liberty of asking the Roman Catholic priest, why he abused him from the altar of his Chapel? In Dingle the other evening, the windows of Mr. Gayer’s school-house were smashed.

‘ A threatening notice was served on Lord Ventry, and the writer swore by the Eternal God to shoot him if he did’nt discountenance converts and send away Mr. Gayer—the greatest benefactor and the best friend to the poor Roman Catholics of Dingle, as well as to the converts of the district. Every body knows how that kind-hearted

nobleman and his amiable lady have been held up to public scorn in the Romish chapels, and for no other reason (as is distinctly affirmed), than that he pities the poor converts and will not join in exterminating them.

‘ In cases where we knew the parties, we have occasionally availed ourselves of the ordinary course of law, for our protection—many have been bound to keep the peace, and others convicted before magistrates and the assistant-barrister, of assaults, &c. ; often too, both before and after conviction, we have forgiven many with a christian spirit—while the converts are not even charged before the tribunals of their country with any such crimes. Still it is to be feared that no ordinary course of law can grapple with such a state of things, and magistrates require more than ordinary moral courage, to take an active part in putting an effectual stop to such outrages upon civil and religious liberty ; if they do, they too, come in for their share of the new “ Gospel of the day” ! In a word then, to conclude this part of the subject, I must say that the converts of this district, humanly speaking, could never stand their ground but for the clannish feeling of the country, and some fear of the law. Above all, we know that the Lord reigneth, this is our greatest comfort and best protection. May He cause all to work together for our good.

‘ Let us now give a few facts in illustration of the second head of my subject.

‘ ’Tis too well known, sir, in Dingle and throughout the country, that the Roman Catholics in general refuse to have any dealings or keep faith with the converts. They refuse to sell them potatoes, milk, fish, and other necessaries of life, and we should have been obliged long since to import provisions for our flocks, but for what they are still enabled to sell to each other, together with what potatoes were grown on the Dingle colony farm. I have myself looked on in Dingle while a kind-hearted Roman Catholic bought

potatoes, as if for himself, and gave them after to some converts. Yesterday two Roman Catholic men went from this to Donquin to repair a boat belonging to the converts there, and they were refused bed or board in the two lodging houses of the parish, because they went to repair the converts' boat.

' On Sunday last, I witnessed an instance of the cruelty and inhumanity of such a system. I left this as usual early in the morning for Divine Service at Donquin, which I reached with difficulty—the ground was covered with snow—it blew hard with pelting sleet—in the middle of all the storm and piercing cold, I met a young man, one of my little flock, on his way from Donquin to my house, for some drink for his aged mother, who had been ill all night; not one of the neighbours would dare give or sell a drop of milk, for love or money, and all this through fear of the priest. I do bear the people in general, testimony, that they are driven to it against the natural bent of their own Irish hearts. One of my people, the other day, asked a Roman Catholic, for loan of a tub in which to salt a pig he had killed. The Roman Catholic farmer, poor fellow, had to struggle between the fear of the priest and love for his neighbour, at last he said, " I cannot GIVE it to you, but if you send some one after night-fall, it may be found in the corner of the kitchen-garden."

' We lived in peace and good will with the Roman Catholics of the country in general, till these new batteries were opened upon us, and certainly our enemies have, according to their Bishop's order, "*kept up the fire*" incessantly for the last four months. This is a desperate effort to put down the Reformation by starving and frightening back the poor converts, or driving them out of the country; this object is openly avowed. Many and great are the trials, sufferings and losses, of the converts, as may well be imagined under such circumstances. The convert trades-

men and labourers can't get any employment, except what we ourselves provide for them. The Roman Catholics are instructed to sue without mercy such converts as may owe them anything; many who bought pigs, potatoes, &c., on time, according to the custom of the country, have been processed before expiration of the time; if a poor convert's pig be one of many which commits trespass he is sued for all; if his stock be put in pound, the poundkeeper refuses to give him his stock on his word of security, as to others. The Roman Catholic farmers are forbidden to give a convert-labourer potatoe-ground. The converts cannot venture in spring or harvest to go to the east of the country, to Cork or Limerick, for work: no man, not even a Romanist, dare go on such journeys without repeal-card and temperance-medals *as a passport*.

'Several converts are thus deprived of the ordinary means of earning money wherewith to pay for their potatoe-ground, house, &c. A convert can hardly buy or sell anything. The other day a poor woman who ventured to ask the price of some fish, got a slap of the fish on the face in reply, and was rough handled by the women who were selling it. Last Saturday week a convert had his pig sold, and a penny earnest on his hand. Some one came up and said he was a "*souper*;" immediately the purchaser let go the pig,—she was kicked about the market,—the man himself was shouldered, thumped, and pelted with mud; the poor fellow was so much concerned to keep an eye on his pig, that he never minded who assaulted himself, and he escaped with difficulty. This is a lamentable state of things—'tis dreadful. I know that the Roman Catholic priests have reason to be annoyed by the loss of much of their influence, as well as many ways of making money. Time was in this country, when one-tenth of their present efforts would have banished most effectually all persons obnoxious to them; but light has been spread-

ing for the last few years throughout the district, and has not been without some effect on the minds of the people in general. We seldom or never now hear of masses in fishing-boats, dairies, and such like—even masses for the dead are less sought after. This is their only ground of complaint.

‘ But I must hasten to the third part of the subject, and this too is well known throughout the district. Who is among us ignorant of the fact that the converts and such of the Protestant gentry as shew them any sympathy, are held up to public scorn every Sunday from the altars of the Roman Catholic chapels. The places said to be consecrated to the worship of the God of “peace and good will to men,” of Him whose most glorious attributes, whose very name is *Love*, and where the Saviour of the world is said to be present in his human as well as His Divine nature, “as glorious as he is in Heaven;” that Saviour whose teaching is, love your enemies, &c.—these very places resound with the most uncharitable, the vilest abuse of us converts, and of all the Protestant gentry who venture to shew us any countenance in the country. Many leave the chapels in disgust, others hang down their heads in shame; sometimes the people tremble—again they laugh; and such is the scene enacted during what is called the awfully solemn sacrifice of the body and blood, soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ for the sins of the living and the dead. Alas! for religion—alas! for the people who put up with such exhibitions. Can the priest himself possibly believe that he has brought the Saviour from the throne above, held Him in his hand, laid Him on the altar, and then turn about to enact such a scene before a crowded audience. A new practice prevails in the Dingle chapel of late: the sermon!! or the scene before mentioned, takes place in the middle of the mass, and not as before at the close or after mass. This is done of

course with the view that none should lose the benefit of it, as some were in the habit, under the old rule, of leaving chapel at the close of mass and before the sermon. Many of the respectable Roman Catholics of Dingle—to their credit be it told, have in many ways expressed their disapprobation of such conduct; and latterly, as a sort of justification of it, people were told what incensed the priests so much against Lord Ventry, was that he exhibited to his children a book in which the Roman Catholic priests and their religion were caricatured. Now if this were true, one might make some allowance for men's feelings, but a more infamous falsehood was never invented: 'tis of a piece with the rest, and as I said, seized upon as a provoking cause for the honourable mention made of his Lordship's name.

'Tis very true that a vile little book was circulated in Dingle about *four years ago*, reflecting on all religion, on converts as well as on certain strange practices of the Romish priests—'twas in reality an infidel production, and more read by the Roman Catholics than by Protestants—it was written, I understand, by a stranger who visited this part of the country. Lord Ventry was given a copy, which he first locked up from sight of all, and then put it into the fire. I have often heard his lordship speak of it with severe disapprobation; it would be well for Roman Catholics, that they had Lord Ventry's reasons and motives for disapproving the like;—a mind enlightened by the word of God, and valuing pure and undefiled religion, above all this world can bestow, can have no sympathy with the infidel's mocking of all things sacred—he cannot “sit in the seat of the scornful.”

' In like manner, to justify attacks on myself, I am represented as having told at public meetings, stories which never proceeded from my lips. I had, indeed, no necessity to invent stories, facts are many and glaring before our eyes.

I have never spoken half of them, through shame, and pity for my poor country, which with all her faults I love the best. I have never even said as much as I have now written—but 'tis the truth, and is it a sin, for me merely *to say* that these things are done, and no sin for them *to do them*!!

' Who has not heard of the abuse heaped on Lieut. Clifford, Inspecting Commander of Coast Guards, an officer beloved by his men, Protestants and Roman Catholics, a gentleman respected and esteemed as most benevolent and inoffensive. And will it be believed, triumphs were sung on the death of the late, ever-to-be-lamented, D. P. Thompson, Esq. He was, indeed, a public and a private loss; I know well how he detested dishonesty and hypocrisy in all men, whether Protestants or Romanists. He was a true friend to every honest man under his controul, and many a family he raised to independence in this country. He was the widow's friend too. The Lord comfort his widow. Every one knows how the Ventry estates improved under his agency. He knew well the state of things in this district, and had the manliness to provide turf and potatoes for the poor persecuted converts, from the tenants under his charge. This was one of his last acts before leaving for Dublin, hence the triumphs at his death. Alas! for religion. Alas! for humanity itself—how devoid of both, must be the hearts of these men.

' My sister was for six years enjoying liberty of conscience as a Roman Catholic in my house; she was their idol and boast all that time—an angel in their eyes. When, after a long and painful struggle of conscience, best known to her late confessor, she comes to church, nicknames and abuse of all sorts are heaped upon her too by an unmanly priest. Even the editor of the *Kerry Examiner* is ashamed to print in his generally filthy pages, the Dens'-taught expression of this reverend gentleman!

‘ I need not here more than allude to their abuse of my friend and brother, Mr. Gayer. It will appear before the public, I expect, at the coming Assizes. The effect is already manifest to this country—in the smashing of his windows—the threatening notice to Lord Ventry—not allowing his servants to buy potatoes, turf, &c., in the markets.

‘ But I have said enough on this topic. One word I would add. Such is the excitement in Dingle particularly, that it behoves the authorities to be on the alert. We have lived for years *as converts* in peace with our neighbours, and why not now? They are excited against us. The Lord only knows what may come out of it. May He preserve us.

‘ But I must bring this letter to a close. I have given few out of many—alas! too many facts, in illustration of the state of things through this district. This is but a small part of what can be proved before any tribunal by old Protestants, converts, and Roman Catholics; but I have now stated enough to assure our Christian friends and the public, that the Romish Priests refuse us liberty of conscience in this district, however much it be talked of elsewhere. They seem to stop at nothing to banish us or bring us back; but greater is He that is for us than all that are against us. Well may we sing the 124th Psalm. We are still over 150 families, amounting to more than 800 souls, thank God, besides all who have departed this life in the faith, and some who have emigratèd. If there be hypocrites and deceivers amongst us, none will rejoice more than we ourselves, that this day should declare them—this fire will try the work of what sort it is. The wood, hay, stubble will be burned up—the gold, silver, and precious stones will stand, and be more purified and established. We have laid the good foundation—the Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus. We build on no other—our material

is mixed, like even that of the apostles. We dare not attempt to patch up the crumbling fabric of Rome. We would rather pull it down, and build up its material on our good foundation—'tis the only sure and safe remedy.

' We preach peace and good will to our people, and pray for our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, that God may forgive them and turn their hearts to the faith and fold of Christ—the Church of Saint Patrick and St. Columbkil, to the ancient Irish, Rome-denying Church—which alone deserves to be called Irish and national, as she alone has given the Divine Word of God, and all her offices, in the language of our beloved country.

' What sacrilege for a man professing to be a minister of Christ, to burn a portion of this Divine Word the other day in this neighbourhood. The Lord open their eyes and convert them.

' May God grant us grace to be steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

' I am yours, faithfully,

' THOMAS MORIARTY.

' *Ventry Parsonage, Dingle, Jan. 25, 1845.*

' P.S.—*Monday, Jan. 27.*—Mr. Gayer received a letter this morning, threatening that his and other lives would be sacrificed if he did'nt leave the country. May the Lord, in whom we trust, preserve us.

V.

THREATENING NOTICE TO MR. GAYER, AND THE REPLY HE HAS PLACARDED THROUGHOUT DINGLE.

' PARSON GAYER THE BETRAYER,

' Will you never cease to do evil, and learn to do well;—never,—and conscious of that I now warn you and your

family to leave this part of the country at once, where you are beginning to create a civil war, between the inhabitants of this hitherto quiet and peaceable town and neighbourhood, and your ignorant and deluded followers, if you still persevere in remaining among us. Your life, or the lives of one or other of your confederates must be sacrificed, as there are many who would deem it an honor and a glory to rid the earth of such monsters as yourself, and a certain would-be Noble Lord; and that paymaster General of the Soupers, Lieutenant Clifford, Royal Navy, take heed and carry your hated presence to some other country, or if you do not, mark the consequence; as you have none of her Majesty's War Steamers in the Dingle Harbour now, to protect the lives and properties of our Tory gentry, nor will they or you ever have the pleasure or gratification of seeing the 'Hecate,' and her orange blood-sucking crew in our harbour again, as there was many an anonymous letter sent off against her, until we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing, that she could never come in our safe harbour again—as for that rotten Lynx, and her old commander, they are too insignificant to be afraid of her, nor would the few men he commands avail much against the fury of an enraged and justly-incensed populace, though the few sailors he commands are most all of them Roman Catholics, and would in case of emergency help sooner than fight against us; so you see you are beset, on all sides;—once again, I tell you beware—beware, and quit this part of the country in time.

‘ Address,

‘ Parson Gayer,

‘ Fairnakilla House,

‘ DINGLE.’

THE PLACARD.

‘ Having received a Notice yesterday, in which my life is threatened unless I leave Dingle, I take this way of informing the writer that it has come to hand. I quite agree with him that ‘ there are many who would deem it an honour and a glory to rid the earth of such monsters as myself and others are.’ As in all ages there have been those who, through ignorance and blind zeal have thought as did Saul of Tarsus, that by “killing those who called on the name of the Lord Jesus, they were thereby doing God service ;” and the reason of which the Saviour gives, because “they have not known the Father nor me.” I would now tell the writer a few things.

‘ 1st—That, whatever is the consequence, I am resolved not to leave Dingle.

‘ 2ndly—That I fear not him who can *only* kill the body, but, *after that*, has no more than he can do.

‘ 3rdly—That my life is in God’s hands and not his, and that it cannot be touched without His permission.

‘ 4thly—That I would consider it an honor to be called upon to lay down my life in the service of Him who laid down His life on the cross for my redemption.

‘ 5thly—That I forgive him from my heart the evil that he meditates against me, and trust that he may find forgiveness at the hand of God who alone can pardon it, and who has said that “no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.”

‘ CHARLES GAYER.

‘ *Dingle, Jan. 27, 1845.*’

VI.

LETTER OF THE PRIEST MR. SCOLLARD TO THE COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF THE COAST GUARDS, REQUIRING LIEUTENANT CLIFFORD'S DISMISSAL.

‘ Dingle, January 10, 1845.

‘ CAPTAIN PHIPS HORNBY,

‘ SIR,

‘ Already upon a former occasion, your attention has been called to the conduct of Mr. Clifford, officer of the Coast Guards, stationed in this locality, unbecomingly holding as he does, a public situation under Government. He has been, and is more in the character of an Itinerant Preacher than anything else. The Catholic men over whom he has controul, are daily pestered from him, because they do not conform to his religious belief.

‘ Had he confined himself, however, to his own men, I would perhaps not have taken the liberty of troubling you now ; but he has not done so. He has rendered himself odious to all, by telling every Catholic whom he meets, no matter when or where, or how respectable, that “ he will surely be damned, unless he worships God according to his mode ;” and here I may remark, that he himself acknowledges that he has never met with any one of the same religious creed with himself, except one.

‘ To crown the climax of his folly and insult to the people of Dingle and its vicinity, he has adopted an Apostate Priest, and daily parades him through the streets of Dingle as he is going visiting his stations, by which mock triumph, he has disturbed the peace of this once peaceable locality so much so, that Mr. Clifford himself thought







BW5337 .K4T4

A brief account of the rise and progress

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00035 3955