

There is not, perhaps, another instance in the category of meanness, ingratitude and perfidy, since the day that Iscariot betrayed his blessed Master, equal to that of the venal Dutch merchants in the harbors of Japan. After the Catholic missionaries had been butchered, their churches destroyed, and the homes of their adherents made desolate, the ports of that barbarous nation were closed against all foreigners except the Chinese, unless they complied with the Emperor's conditions, the chief feature of which was, that all hailing from Christian nations should trample on the cross. None were found base enough to comply with such a heathenish demand, until the Hollanders came along, when, Judas like, they not only trampled on the glorious emblem of man's salvation, but denied having any thing in common with Christians, and thus succeeded in selling their God for a cargo of merchandise.

I am very suspicious, my dear doctor, that much of this hub-bub about the "schools,"

and great love for the Bible is put on; it may be a mercenary trick after all. I have seen men like you before, who, notwithstanding their high pretensions, turned out to be regular humbugs; and not a few, who had never studied the religious question beyond the length of their own tether. I remember to have seen and heard of such fellows in the old country when I was a little boy, and not one of them ever amounted to a row of pins. There were a few who started out with the "no-poperly" cry, who had the honesty and manliness to renounce their errors, after being set right by superior minds, and became humble pupils in the school of Christ.

Dr. Cummings, of London, used to be the great Exeter Hall champion, but the poor fellow became crazy. He went from one subject to another, mixing up one theory with the next, until his most intimate friends could not tell what he was driving at. He then became a prophet, and set the time, not only for the downfall of the

“man of sin,” but the destruction of the world, which was to have taken place in 1849. Twenty summers have come and gone since then, and old mother earth is as dignified as ever, hale and hearty; Pius IX is far more secure in the chair of Peter than he was then, and the last that I heard of Cummings he was making a goose of himself writing letters to the Pope.

I recollect another young man, full of zeal for the Protestant cause, and as eloquent and commanding as Wendell Phillips ever was. He fancied himself especially called to deal a fatal blow to the papacy, and created a terrible excitement in and around Birmingham. He lectured, wrote and preached with the vehemence and impetuosity of a Luther; but what was the result, think you? God saw that he started out with a candid mind and an honest heart, and, like St. Paul, he was arrested in his course. The light of truth beamed upon him; he at once discovered his error, went straightway to the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, cast himself in humility at

the feet of the prelate, and begged to be received into the bosom of that Church he had so bitterly opposed. With the meekness of a little child he humbled himself at the foot of the cross, sought forgiveness for the evil he had done, and the once brave and eloquent John Mason did penance in a cloister the rest of his life.

Who knows, Doctor, but you might one of these days go and do likewise? 'Tis true, that the longer a man keeps on in his sins, the harder it is for him to renounce them; but still we have the assurance, that

“While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.”

Pray to God, in the sincerity of your heart, that the scales of error may fall from your sinful eyes, so that you may see the pure light of the gospel, and do penance for your misspent life. Think, oh think, poor deluded man, of the number of souls you have been the means of sending to that eternity of sorrow, where the worm dieth not and where the fire is never quenched!

NOTE.

On the eve of going to press, I was asked if I had seen Dr. Clark's book ; to which I replied in the negative. A day or two after a gentleman presented me with a copy, bearing the name of "The Question of the Hour," which caused me to change my title-page to *The Question Solved*. Although his book is sufficiently vindictive, it is not a faithful copy of his lectures, for they were meaner still ; besides, he delivered other anti-Catholic harangues before and after he discussed "The Bible and the School Fund," so that I am obliged to answer him in a general way. He did not confine himself to the School Question alone ; he wandered all over the earth, from China to Hindostan, from Italy to England, from North to South America, so that it would be no small matter to pursue him in his airy flights and crooked ways ; for, as the Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, once said, "error and falsehood would run around the world while St. Paul would be getting his boots on."

If any should consider me harsh in dealing with these questions, it is Dr. Clark's fault ; he set the example. He has been so thoroughly educated in the school of religious hate, that it is impossible for him to say a kind word of any one differing from him, particularly if he had the least suspicion that the individual stood higher in the moral scale than himself. The Doctor has such an extravagant opinion of his own capacity for every thing great and good in the world, that nobody else has a chance to come in for a slice. He swells out to such a degree, in his boasting, that he fancies that he could not only swallow Jonah but the whale too.

Now, if like David I have put the stone of invincible truth into my sling, and succeeded in hitting this Protestant Goliath on his face of brass, I shall feel amply repaid for this small effort in the cause of religious progress.

