

**LATIN PRAYERS  
NOT FIT FOR IRISHMEN.**

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

**MARGARET**

AND

**THE MINISTER;**

AND

**SODA WATER.**



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EVERY other Christian Church has found fault with the Church of Rome for reading public prayers in a language not understood by their congregations; and while the prayers of the Roman Catholic service are read, either in whole or in part, in the Latin language, all other prayers are delivered or read in the common language of each country. In England and Ireland, in Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and France, as well as in Syria and Armenia, every person that does not belong to the Church of Rome enjoys the privilege of praying publicly in his own language. And, certainly, no good reason can be given, why Latin prayers should be

read to an Irish or English congregation. It is surely an extraordinary thing, when a congregation assembles to join in the public worship of Almighty God, to have a Priest reading to them such prayers as not one of them can understand. And we need not be surprised to find St. Paul forbidding prayers in an unknown tongue. In the 14th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, he tells them, that some of them, who possessed the miraculous power of speaking in a great many different languages, used to do so, when there was no one present who was able to understand them; and that the gift of prophesying, or public preaching, was a more desirable and edifying one. The several reasons he gives to prove all he said, are so many unanswerable arguments against the use of Latin prayers in this country.

Firsts, he says, that public worship should be so ordered as to edify the church. "He that speaketh in an *unknown* tongue, edifieth himself; but he that prophesieth, edifieth the church. I would that ye all speak with tongues;

but rather that ye prophesied; for  
 greater is he that prophesieth than  
 he that speaketh with tongues, except  
 he interpret, that the church may re-  
 ceive edifying." Ver. 4, 5.—" Seek  
 that ye may excel to the edifying of  
 the church." Ver. 12.—Secondly, he  
 tells us what is plain enough, "that any  
 thing spoken in unknown language  
 does not edify the church." See 4th  
 verse.—" If I know not the meaning of  
 the voice, I shall be unto him that  
 speaketh a barbarian, and he that speak-  
 eth shall be a barbarian unto me. Even  
 so ye, forasmuch as ye are zealous of  
 spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel  
 to the edifying of the church." —Ver.  
 11 and 12. Thirdly, he commands that  
 "if any man speak in an unknown  
 tongue, let it be by two, or at the most  
 by three, and that by course, and let  
 one interpret. But if there be no in-  
 terpreter, let him keep silence in the  
 church, and let him speak to himself  
 and to God." —Ver. 27, 28. —  
 Again St. Paul tells us, that public  
 prayers ought to be offered up by the  
 Priest or Minister, so that at the end



the people may say *Amen*, *So be it*, signifying their assent to what has been said; and that no man can say *Amen* to what he does not understand. "When thou shalt bless with the Spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say *Amen* at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest."—ver. 16. Prayers in an unknown tongue are quite forbidden by St. Paul in this chapter; Latin is an unknown tongue to an Irish congregation; prayers in Latin cannot edify them, because they cannot understand them; therefore if we believe the plain meaning of St. Paul's words, *Latin prayers are not fit for Irishmen.*

The early Christian Church understood the Apostle's words as we do, and considered, that they forbid prayers in an unknown tongue: Justin Martyr's second Apology for the Christians, and St. Jerome's Preface to his Comment on the Epistle to the Galatians, shews us, that in their days the whole congregation answered *Amen* at the end of each prayer: and the writings of other ancient fathers clearly prove, that

in each country public prayers were in the common tongue. The Council of Lateran made an order in the year 1215, that as there were in many places mixed people of divers languages and customs, the Bishops should take care to provide fit men to perform divine service among them, according to this difference of rites and languages. Nicholas de Lyra, and Thomas Aquinas, both celebrated, and of high authority in the Church of Rome, have written against prayer in an unknown tongue; and Cardinal Cajetan has confessed that "prayer ought to be in a known tongue." Here are Christian Fathers, Catholic Doctors, Councils, and Cardinals, all declaring, that public prayers should be understood by the congregation; and therefore that *Latin prayers are not fit for Irishmen.*

The custom of praying in Latin was confirmed by the Council of Trent, which sat after the Reformation. Fearing that they might seem to oppose the intallibility of their church, if they made any alterations, or condemned any thing which had formely been

practised; they confirmed almost every thing to which the Protestants had objected, and among other things, they pronounced a curse upon all those who should maintain or teach, that prayer ought not to be made in an unknown tongue. In defending this unscriptural custom, the Priests say, that St. Paul does not speak of ordinary and common public prayers, but of extraordinary spiritual songs, uttered by those who had miraculous gifts: we reply, that the Apostle mentions prayer, and with blessing, on giving of thanks, and it was as necessary for the people to understand the daily service, as the extraordinary effusions of inspired speakers. It is further said by them, that though St. Paul prefers prayer in a known tongue, he does not condemn the use of it in one that is unknown; but this is not true, for he does condemn the use of an unknown tongue, when he orders the speaker to be silent when there is no interpreter; and if it was true, why does not the Church of Rome adopt the mode of worship which St. Paul thought the best? The



notes on the 14th chapter of the Corinthians, in the Roman Catholic Testament, say, that Latin is not a strange or unknown tongue, but perhaps the best known in the world. This may be true, but certainly the lower classes of the Irish do not understand it; to them it is a strange tongue, and therefore ought not to be used. The Priests maintain that there is some peculiar charm in the Latin language, which makes a Latin prayer more efficacious than an English one; and many of our poor people believe it is the only language which the devil does not understand. It is in vain to tell us, that the Latin prayers are all translated, and that those who have read their prayer-book know what prayer the Priest is reading. In the first place, none of them were ever translated until the Reformation; and in some countries they are not translated at all. And, in the next place, these translations are not of any use to those who cannot read, and a great proportion of their congregations are of this description. The Church of Rome has reasons

for continuing this antiscrptural and absurd practice, which perhaps she dare not confess. Reading prayers in Latin was a great convenience to those foreigners who were sent by the Pope, before the Reformation, into England and other countries, to get bishoprics and parishes, not knowing the language of the country into which they came, they could never have read prayers, or said Mass, if the custom of reading in Latin had not been kept up, and therefore, it was the interest of the Pope to maintain and continue it.

In the next place, reading Latin prayers makes the ignorant people think more highly of their Priests, and leads them to continue in that state of subjection to them in which they have always laboured to retain them. The service in the Chapels seems like something done by the Priest for the people, not a service in which the people are to unite with him from beginning to end.

Again, if the prayers were not in Latin, the people would soon come to see that some of them were foolish,

and some of them were wicked. What would any man think of such prayers as the following, if the were asked to say them in plain English:—"O St. Mary, who dost enlighten the whole world, who dost illuminate hearts, who art the Fountain of Mercy, from all evil, good Lady, deliver us." "O holy Dorothy, a clean heart create in me." "O St. George, save us from our sins, that we may rest in heaven with the faithful for ever." Most of these prayers to saints ask from them what God alone can bestow; and we need not wonder at their wishing to hide such blasphemies under cover of an unknown tongue.

The evils which arise from forcing Latin prayers upon Irishmen are very many. In the first place, God's name is taken in vain by every congregation that joins in Latin prayers; they do not understand what is saying, and how can they unite in supplication? or how can their hearts be affected with contrition, by a confession they do not know, or with gratitude by a Latin thanksgiving? They repeat the name

of God without hallowing it; they transgress the third commandment; and they fall under the rebuke which the Jews received from our Lord, "This people draweth nigh to me with lips, and honoureth me with their mouth, but their heart is far from me." In the next place, how can they pray in faith, when they pray in an unknown tongue? Yet faith is required in prayer; "Let a man ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed; for let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord." St. James's Epistle, 1st chap. 7th verse. Further, such congregations cannot tell what is asked for; because, while they are reading one prayer in English, the Priest may be reading another one in Latin. Now, since all these things are plainly contrary to the nature of true prayer; since God has taught us, he must be worshipped in spirit and in truth; since St. Paul has said, "I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding;" and since no poor Irish.



man can understand the Latin prayers at Mass, he neither prays with the understanding, or worships God in spirit or in truth; and, therefore, we cannot help believing that *Latin prayers are not fit for Irishmen.*

How differently do all the Protestant Churches act; they follow Scripture and common sense, in having public prayers offered up in a language which all present understand; there is not a word in any Protestant service that is not intended for the edification of the people. Portions of the Scriptures are read, and sermons are preached, to explain the doctrines, and enforce the practices, contained in the Bible. How careful ought all Protestants be to enjoy these advantages; and while they reject Latin prayers, which they do not understand, to attend the public service, which is in their own mother tongue.

From all that has been said in the foregoing pages, we may learn that the Protestants, by having prayers in their own language, prefer and choose, -- *First*, the practice of the ancient Chris-

tian Church, before it became corrupted, rather than the practice of the Church of Rome after it had departed from the truth of God's Word. They prefer and choose, *Secondly*, true devotion rather than ignorant superstition.—*Thirdly*, they prefer what spiritually comforts the soul, rather than unmeaning and untelligible ceremony.—*Fourthly*, they prefer a rational service, rather than one that is a mere mockery; more fit to amuse children than to edify the church.—*Fifthly*, they prefer what affects the understanding and the heart, rather than a service which affects only the eye:—and lastly, the Protestants prefer and choose to follow the wisdom and Spirit of God, rather than the blindness and folly of men; therefore they believe, that *Latin prayers are not fit for Irishmen.*

MARGARET  
AND THE MINISTER.

A douse, religious, kintry wife,  
 That liv'd a quiet contented life,  
 To show respect unto the priest,  
 Whom she esteem'd within her breast,  
 Catch'd twa fat hens, baith big an' plump  
 An' butter she pack'd up a lump,  
 Which she a present meant to gie him,  
 And wi' them aff she gaed to see him.  
 Dress'd in her ain auld kintry fas'on,  
 Wi' brown stuff gown, an' brow white  
 bussin,  
 A dark blue cloak an' hood co'er'd a',  
 Sae lade, sae clad, she march'd awa;  
 Thus trudg'd alang—an' hence, belyve  
 At the manse door she did arrive—  
 Rapp't, was admitted by the maid;  
 Ben to the kitchen wi' her gade—  
 Syne for the Minister inquir'd,  
 Who soon came butt, as she desir'd,  
 When she to him a curtechie made,  
 An' he to her thus smiling said

*Min.* O ! my dear Margaret, is this you ;  
 I'm glad to see you ; how d'ye do ?  
 How's Tamos, my auld worthy frien' ?  
 How's Jock your son, an' daughter  
 Jean.

*Mar.* They're gaily, Sir, we're a neat  
 heal—

Tho' Tamie's e'en but craz'd an' frail  
 But here's some butter, I present ye,  
 Which wi' thir hens I compliment ye.

*Min.* Howt, Marg'ret! this speaks t' ex-  
 pense

But thanks ye'se get for recompence:  
 Wi' gratefu' heart, I freely tell  
 Ye're ever kind an' like yoursel.

*Mar.* Whisht, Sir ! wi' thanks—nae  
 thanks ava;

Ye're worthy mair—the gift's but  
 sma' ;

But this acknowledgement from us,  
 Means ye're beloved by me an' Tamos.

*Min.* Sic favours, sure I ne'er expected.

Yet blyth am I, I'm sae respected ;  
 Fling off your cloak and follow me ;

Come ben, an' rest an' crack a wee ;  
 'Tis no sae aft ye come to see us ;

Ye'll wait an' tak your dinner wi' us—  
 It's ready, waiting on my comin' ;



Come! ben then, Margret, honest  
woman

Mar. Na, na, Sir! dinna speak o' that,  
I'll tak' nae dinner weel I wat:  
Wi' gentle manners (ye will grant it)  
I've ever yet been unacquaintit.

Min. The manners that ye use at home—  
Use here, an' banish fear an' shame.  
The company's but few they're wholly  
h' My wife, a preacher, Jess, and Polly;  
Ye'll tak' your dinner on ye gang  
Just do like me, ye'll no gae wrang.

To do be, at length, she was advised  
Gade glawrin' ben like ane surpris'd;  
Spread wide her gown, her head ereck'd,  
Confus'd and awkwardly she beck'd  
While rev'rend Mess John, kind and fair  
Conducted her unto a chair;  
An' told them wi' a knacky sentence,  
She was an intimate acquaintance.  
Blate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd;  
But at the table was amaz'd,  
She ne'er before saw siken fairlies,  
Sae mony antic turlly-whurlies,  
How to behave; while she was eating,  
In sic a nice, gentle meeting,  
She had great fears—her heart—was  
beating,

Her legs did shake—her face wa  
sweating,

But still she was resolved anon,  
To do in a' things like Mess' John.

A' ready sitting face to face,  
His rev'ence, gravely said the grace;  
Then, wi' a frank an' open air,  
Bade them fa'on, an' lib'ral share.  
But he being with the palsy troubl'd  
In lifting spoonfu's often dribl'd,  
Sae to prevent the drops o' broth,  
He prin'd to's breast the table cloth.  
Now Margret's settled resolution,  
Was quickly put in execution;  
For, as was said already; she did  
Resolved to do whatever he did,  
She therefore also like the priest,  
Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breast,  
(Wi' a prin twa inches lang at least;  
Which smiles frae them at table drew  
As far's gude dreeding wad allow.

Sae soon as they the kail had supp'o  
Tog lancin' knives an' forks they gripp'o  
Wi' them to weel fill'd plates fell keenly  
Ate—took a drink—an' crackit frienly  
But Margret only was a hearer,

She was sae blate; nought seem'd to  
 cheer her  
 Sae mony things appearing new,  
 Cam' ilka minute in her view,  
 And fill'd her mind sae fu' o' dread,  
 Cracking was clean out o' her head.  
 In course, the Pastor, her example,  
 That brought her there to feed her  
 example,  
 She notic'd twa or three times take  
 Out o' a' dish slaik after slaik  
 O' MUSTARD; which she judg'd to be  
 Gravie, or some delicious brie;  
 For Margret never did peruse it.  
 Kenn'd na' it's name, or how to use it;  
 But now determin'd to partake o't,  
 She wi' a tea-spoon took a slaik o't,  
 Heedless she supped up the whole,  
 Then instantly she looked droll,  
 Dung doited in a moment's space,  
 She hung her head and threw her face!  
 Threwdown her knife an' fork displeas'd  
 Syne wi' baith hands her nose she seiz'd,  
 While it did bite an' blin' her een;  
 The like o't sure was never seen;  
 For startin' up as fast as able;  
 The hale gear tumbl'd aff the table!  
 The crash o' crock'ry ware resounded,

Plates truntlin'—ilka ane confounded.  
 Straight to the door she frantic flew,  
 An' after her Mess John she drew;  
 Which drave the company a' thro' ither,  
 As they were kippled baith thegither.  
 But in a crack, the prins brak loose,  
 An' Margret, ravin' left the house,  
 Hameward, in haste, she hobbl' sweating  
 Tell'd Tamos the disaster greeting  
 Wring baith her han's, an' soléms wair,  
 To dine wi' gentle folk nae mair.

### SODA WATER.

Puir Scotland's scaith is whisky rife,  
 The very king o' cursés;  
 Breeds ilka ill, care, trouble, strife,  
 Ruins health and empties purses.  
 It fills a peaceful land wi' strife,  
 The ale house fills wi' roarin';  
 It fills wi' broils domestic life,  
 An' fills the kirk wi' snoarin'.  
 'Twas on a bonny morn in May,  
 'Twa three chieks did forgather;



The night before they'd gane astray,  
 And were a' drunk thegither;  
 Wi' pain their paws were like to part,  
 Their very tongues did russel;  
 Wi' shilpit look and shiverin heart,  
 And throats as dry's a whussel.

O for a drink of something cool,  
 Says ane, for I'm maist faintin;  
 Then let's go in, another says,  
 For my poor head's just rentin;  
 And I've the very best receipt,  
 The stomach fumes to scatter;  
 Then lose nae time and let us get  
 A waught o' Soda Water.

Water will never do, says ane,  
 Gie me some cheese that's mittie;  
 And then a bumper o' good gin,  
 Or sterling aquavitæ;  
 To make you right this is the plan,  
 'Twill make you fair and fatter;  
 But says the chiel that first began,  
 There's nought like Soda Water.

If Soda Water be sae good,  
 Gang ye and drink your fill;  
 But I wad hae it understood,

That I'd prefer a gill;  
 Water's a blessing, nae doubt, fixt,  
 And may it ne'er be missing;  
 But when wi' whisky it is mixt,  
 It's then a double blessing.

(On fixed air the hale house rang,  
 Aud pointed observations, (wring)  
 For some were right and some were  
 And some were out of patience.  
 Ye dinna seem to be in haste,  
 For a' your chitter chatter;  
 Come bring it in, and let us taste

This self same Soda Water,  
 Unto ilk man a bottle's plac'd,  
 In silent expectation,  
 That they wad better be in haste  
 After so much oration;  
 It's just to be, or not to be,  
 To take an unkenn'd zoze,  
 Short-sighted man can hardly see  
 An inch before his nose.

I'll ask a favour frae ilk man,  
 And ye will surely grant it,  
 To drink it up as quick's you can,  
 Nor take time to decant it;

Like bugle-horns then in a raw,  
 They glower up to the lift,  
 And it was hardly down when twa  
 O' them began to rift.  
 That's curious stuff, it's made me weel,  
 I ne'er drank this before,  
 Wi' that the Soda Water chiel  
 Got up wi' sic a roar ;  
 I'm gone, I'm poison'd, fatal drink !  
 For me there is no cure,  
 When o'er his cheeks, black streams  
 Ran gushing to the floor. [like ink  
 He held the bottle up to break,  
 Nae langer life expectin',  
 Syne read the label round it's neck,  
 The real JAPAN BLACKIN ;  
 He's ill before, but now he's worse,  
 Wi' gut and ga' he's partin.  
 And 'twixt ilk boak he gaed a curse  
 Against real DAY AND MARTIN.

### INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

When the Lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of

it with his feet; somewhat in the manner we have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from the hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavours to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of this ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground where they are seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.

Against the Day and Martin.  
 And twist ik back he gaid a curse  
 W'it gus and gae het's partin

### FINIS.

### INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

When the Lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of